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VOL. XI. No. 40

The Catholic Register.

"Truth is Catholic: proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

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Dawn of a New Pontification

Rome, Sept. 22.—Pius X., that soul of crystal, is revealing the beauty of his character and the firmness of his mind. Hearts that are extremely good are strong hearts. "One must be infinitely intelligent to be wholly good," said Mme. Swetchine. His race, his beginnings, his education in supernatural things, his commerce with men and his experience of affairs have elevated the soul of the Holy Father to an extraordinary perception of things. His love for the humble and for workmen fills him with pity and inexhaustible benevolence, but experience and the spirit of government protect his exquisite urbanity by an active and often inflexible energy. When he has made up his mind it is once for all.

At Venice the Difesa refused to support the alliance of conservatives and liberals with the Patriarch, Cardinal Sarto, had taken under his protection. "You must fall into line," he said to Father Zocchi. "I cannot... wish it." "Then allow us to disappear." "The Difesa must go on." "In that case I resign as editor." "You must remain at your post."

From the very beginning Pius X. met with disillusionments which increased his fear of power and his regrets at leaving Venice. Weary with the duty of commanding, which he never loved, Cardinal Rampolla declined the honor and the crushing weight of the Secretariate of State; that mystic and pure spirit cared no longer to deal with human failings. And as everybody is sure that, in spite of the martyrdom to which he has been subjected, the policy of the Cardinal will be continued, nobody has dared to take the helm. This desertion has saddened Pius X. "After having placed me here," he said, "all abandon me." But as he is an optimist and a man of initiative he soon decided what he would do. He would be his own Secretary of State as Leo XIII. was until Cardinal Rampolla came into office. So Mgr. Merry del Val.

This Spaniard, son of a Castilian lady and an Irishman, born in London, enjoyed the intimate friendship of Cardinal Rampolla and the love of Leo XIII. He keeps up the policy of both. Once, when Leo XIII. had lost an assistant, he summoned Mgr. Merry del Val and said to him: "I mourn for a friend, but you shall take his place." Evil tongues in Rome call the new reign a government of novices, but Pius X. will imitate Sixtus V. and will acquire easily the methods of work and the bold of supreme command.

His first acts show at once his personal character and his intention of continuing to develop the pontificate of Leo XIII. "Expect nothing new from me." He is jealous of his authority. Some imprudent journalists and wrong headed persons started a campaign in favor of the abolition of the non-expedit. The Pope was told: "You must advance." The desire for a change has come over a great many Catholics even upon some of the Guelphs and the Christian Democrats. "We have a definite socialist programme," they say to themselves; "the people follow us, but unless we carry our popular ideals into parliament and into legislation it is all a waste of effort."

Pius X. did not like this invasion of his prerogative. With immediate decision and rare firmness he declared that the press had no orders to give to, nor policy to force upon, the Papacy. The Holy Father, who has seen close at hand the real facts of national agitation, knows that the participation of Catholics in parliamentary affairs would not modify the situation in their favor, but, on the contrary, would strengthen the dynasty, the throne and the mathematicians.

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WE'VE got the whole province into our way of thinking that it pays to buy good goods. That's the reason why every train coming into Toronto carries one of our patrons. You should be one if you wish to be dressed stylishly at the same cost as it will take you to do it the other way.

Our new fashions in Fall Hats are now in—Derbys, Silks and Alpines, by such makers as Dunlap and Henry Heath, of London. You can't be well attired without a Dineen Hat.

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cally unitarian Government at the expense of the powers and influence of the Holy See.

What will save Italy and renew in a new form the independence of the supreme moral power will be a federation adapted to circumstances, the communal system, whence sprang the hundred cities of Italy with their wonders and glories, that broad and elastic system in which the movement of the varied provinces of the land had easy play. That is the real fact, for such is the law of history and such the imperative impulse of necessity.

Pius X. looks on the social and democratic question as the keystone of government and the master force of the time. Signor Toniolo, the theoretical head of the democracy; Count Medolago-Albani, the chief organizer and president of the second group; Count Grossoli, confirmed as director of the "Opera dei Congressi"; all the leaders of popular activity, are old friends of the Pope.

At the Padua congress in August, 1896, when he blessed the schemes of the "Union for Social Studies" during his Patriarchate in Venice, when he filled Venetia with associations for protection, Pius X. came into contact with the new necessities, encouraged Christian democracy, followed with ardor the severe and lofty aspirations of Leo XIII. No sooner had he become Pope that he confirmed Count Grossoli in his office. The presidents insist that he did not care for a perfunctory reappointment; he explained his views, which were those of Leo XIII., of Signor Toniolo, of Count Medolago. Pius X. approved and praised; it is by those ideas that the acts of the Holy Father will be guided.

When eager opponents undertook to attack Count Grossoli, Pius X. interferred at once and stood up for Christian democracy. That good and gentle man is a vigorous pilot. He administers, he will be the living and fruitful executor of the policy impressed on the Papacy by Leo XIII.

That will be his place in history, a high and full place. To make his way Leo XIII. would creep in sinuously; his mind adapted itself to the surrounding difficulties. He created slowly, with tact and gentleness, the new Catholic state of mind such as present conditions demand. The legislator became a Fabius Cunctator.

Well disposed persons sometimes regretted the patience of Leo XIII.; they went so far sometimes as to reproach the pilot with a certain lack of consistency between his ideals and his actions, between his policy and his actual administration. The reason is that Leo XIII. believed that historical currents are all powerful and expected little from men. He preferred, consequently, a policy of successive stages to direct, immediate administration; by temperament and education he disliked violence and sudden action.

The beginning of a new era required such circumspection. Pius X. is a democrat by birth, by bringing up and by faith. The democracy of Leo XIII. had something academic about it; that of Pius X. is like the Sermon on the Mount, to which the multitudes will throng. By his declaration that the Holy See will collaborate with the International Association for the Protection of Workingmen, Pius X. has marked distinctly the feeling and the tone which will hasten the accomplishment of the Papacy's social ideas.

INNOMINATO.

Historical Notes of the Emmet Centenary

Although the most patient search in the graveyards of Glasnevin, St. Michan's and St. Peter's, Dublin, has failed to locate the place of Emmet's burial, it is a matter of satisfaction that the late Dr. Madden succeeded in finding out the grave of Anne Devlin, "the faithful servant of Robert Emmet," who died in absolute poverty at No. 2 Little Elbow Lane (a squallid alley running from the Coombe to Pimlico), containing four tenement houses, on September 18th, 1851, aged 70 years. This brave heroine was half hanged by the yeomen for refusing to tell the whereabouts of "Mr. Ellis," in Butterfield Lane, and indignantly spurned the tempting bait of £500 for betraying her master offered by the notorious Major Sirr. Anne Devlin was in Kilmainham when Emmet was executed, and was treated most barbarously, as is attested by Mr. St. John Mason. For years she suffered untold tortures, and was at length turned adrift, homeless and friendless. Only one Good Samaritan—the late Father Mehan—occasionally assisted this poor creature from 1842 till her death. She now sleeps in Glasnevin, near the O'Connell plot.

Some of the Finest

Archbishop Farley, of New York, on Sunday last completed the changes in the pastorates of the New York diocese. The transfers have taken to the Cathedral the three tallest priests in the province, Father William B. Martin, the Rev. Thomas Murphy, and the Rev. Dr. William J. Sinnott, all of whom tower over 6 feet 2". In addition to these are Father R. O. Hughes, 6 feet 1", and Father Dyer, only a quarter of an inch shorter.

To be humble to superiors is duty, to equals is courtesy, to inferiors is nobleness, and to all safety.

Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present—it is thine.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1903



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TORONTO STREET TORONTO.

Kingston Knights of Columbus Les Debats, of Montreal Placed Under the Ban

The first meeting of the new Council of the Knights of Columbus, of Kingston, was held in the C.M.B.A. Hall, and was attended by a very large number of members, who were more than pleased with the great success that the Knights of Columbus were meeting with since they were instituted there only a few weeks ago.

The Council have chosen the name Frontenac in honor of the distinguished French founder of the old Limestone City, and has now a membership of over seventy-five.

After preliminary business was got through with the following officers were unanimously elected:

Grand Knight—T. J. Rigney.

Deputy Grand Knight—N. E. O'Connor.

Chancellor—Rev. Father M. McDowell.

Recorder—E. J. Keene.

Recording Secretary—Thomas Fallon.

Treasurer—Arch. Hanley.

Lecturer—Frank J. Reilly.

Advocate—Wm. Cook.

Warden—Wm. J. Cunningham.

Inside Guard—Thomas Keeney.

Outside Guard—P. O'Connor.

Board of Trustees—Messrs. Frank Conway, Dr. Ryan and T. P. Thompson.

A committee composed of the following gentlemen were selected to look around and see where they could procure a suitable hall to be made the permanent headquarters and meeting place for the Knights hereafter: Knights T. J. Rigney, N. E. O'Connor, J. J. Behan, Dr. Ryan and A. Hanley.

Transferred to Quebec

Rev. Father Dominic, of the Franciscan Order, who had charge of the English-speaking members of the Third Order, has been transferred by his Superior to Quebec, where he will occupy a similar position.

The newspaper to which we made allusion is Les Debats.

WARNINGS WERE GIVEN.

"As we have said this solemn warning was preceded by others. From Rome even we wrote to the manager, to make him aware of the evil a sheet of that nature was producing in the heart of our population and conjured him to cease publishing articles of that kind."

"We may say we have exhausted,

with regard to Les Debats, all means of charity and kindness. However, to our great regret we have noticed no improvement. The evil work has been continued with perhaps even morefulness.

"Regarding evolution, this paper has put forth doctrines, bordering on heresy, if they are not formally heretical; it has insulted in an ignoble manner the holy and venerated memory of Mgr. Ignace Bourget; even at the time when the diocese was preparing to erect to him a monument of homage, of admiration, and of thankfulness, it has insulted Pius IX., and has scoffed at the Syllabus. We cannot recall all here. When recently we wrote to the Catholics of one of our dioceses, recalling to them certain laws for the sanctification of Sunday it found nothing better to do than to turn our letter into ridicule."

"In tolerating any longer such a newspaper, we should be lacking in one of the principal duties of a bishop and the people, whose keeping has been entrusted to us, would have the right to ask for protection. This duty, my dear brethren, we shall accomplish to-day, and we feel sure that all Christian families will be thankful to us for it."

"To convince ourselves that we are putting an end to legitimate tears, we have only to recollect the complexities of many good citizens of our city, and those heard recently in the country districts during our pastoral visits."

ADDRESSES PARENTS

"Fathers and mothers, will you leave at the hands of your children poison that would cause them death? A bad book, a bad newspaper, are for the soul, as you know, fatal poison. We wish to preserve for all, and especially for the young so dear to us as they are easily exposed to danger—faith, good morals, religious practices, the love of the Church, and respect for its authority. For this reason we raised our voice recently against bad theatres, which are the cause of so many disorders; for this reason we have endeavored to stop the profanation of Sunday; for this reason we desire to stop the diffusion of those dangerous sheets capable of consigning irreparable injury to souls."

"Therefore, by virtue of our episcopal authority, and by virtue of the rules of the Index, we interdict to all the faithful of our diocese, the selling, buying, reading, or keeping in their possession of the newspaper Les Debats.

"In this prohibition, we have in view, as you know, my dear brethren, only your welfare; you will respect it then, as you have always respected the regulations and suggestions of your parish pastors."

"This mandement shall be read in all churches, where public services are celebrated, and at the chapter of all the religious communities, on the first Sunday following its inception."

"Given at Montreal under our ring and seal, and that of our chancellor, the 29th of September, one thousand nine hundred and three."

"PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal."

"We may say we have exhausted,

the merits of a piano lie in the construction, on which depends the tone, quality and the endurance of the instrument. The

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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

RAISONNÉE OF CIVILISATION IN FRANCE

Divorce and its Effect on Society

Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun, has protested publicly in his cathedral against the insult offered to Breton Catholics by the erection of a monument to Ernest Renan. In this connection it is noteworthy that only one member of the French Academy, to which Cardinal Perraud belongs, was present at the unveiling of Renan's memorial in front of the Cathedral of Treguier. That one member was Anatole France, the novelist. It may be said of all the other Academicians, whether they be scientific men, authors, poets or dramatists, that they are opposed to the present state of affairs brought about by M. Combes, or rather by the men who use him as their puppet. The Academicians, most of whom are Catholics, could not have attended the Renan function even if they had been invited to do so. Renan was a leading member of the Academy in his time, and it is possible that if his statue were put up in Paris all the Academicians would attend the unveiling. The Treguier memorial they justly considered, with M. Brunetière, as a provocation to the Breton Catholics. The statue in the meantime continues to cause enormous discussion in the press.

IRELAND

In a letter to the Irish Times, referring to a bigoted article in that paper against the employment of nurses as nurses, Bishop Hoare of Ardagh, writes: "There is just one misfortune that I should ask Religious Nurses, Catholic and Protestant, and Lay Nurses, to guard against—namely, not to allow themselves to be drawn into hostility with one another by such writings as yours. There is room for all—even in Ireland—if not in the workhouse, then elsewhere. The Lay Nurse has her superior training; let her enjoy the results of her education. The Religious Nurse, together with caring the sick according to her lights, looks beyond this visible scene, assuages human sorrow, and works for a happiness that will not fade. But they are all Irish women, and should foil the modern Puritan, and the Scotch Covenanters, when they introduce their Divide et impera."

Future of the Concordat in France.

(The Messenger Magazine.)

In view of the French premier's radical hostility to the Church, in view especially of his recent threat to the secular clergy, the much-discussed question of the Concordat takes on a keener interest. According to The Eclair, imitating our American methods, has asked the opinion of the prelates of France concerning the grave question. The Bishops of France are conservative, and in a delicate and dangerous matter of this kind do not feel called upon to speak without reserve. Moreover, their views, at least generally, are well known, and in many cases have been recently expressed. Reserve and caution mark, naturally, the answers of a great number of the Bishops; the present Ministry is not accustomed to be scrupulous in getting up charges against them. "I have no hesitation in saying," says Mgr. Ricard, Bishop of Angouleme, "that the abrogation of the Concordat would be a misfortune to the Church of France; and that, if even we may be prepared to suffer it, we ought not to seek it." It was signed by a Holy Pope (Pius XII), who knew intimately the needs of France. If at the present moment a hostile ministry does so much against the Church while the Concordat is still ostensibly respected, would we not have, in case of its abrogation, some of the evils remedied by it in 1801? It has secured for France a century of peace and prosperity, after the chaos and bloodshed of the Revolution; "nor has there ever been a more prosperous hundred years in all our country's Christian and religious life." The Concordat, because it was loyalty interpreted, has not hindered the recruiting of the clergy, nor their absolutely unsurpassed loyalty to the Holy See. Guaranteeing to their priests and bishops a sum which, while it excludes wealth, prevents also actual poverty, it leaves all the voluntary contributions of Catholics for other religious needs. To impose a new and very heavy burden on a people who have contributed so generously to the great works of the Catholic Church is a very unpleasant, if not a very dangerous experiment. Mgr. Bonaparte, Archbishop of Aix, confirming the opinion of his brother prelate, is led by all the signs of the times "to fear that the separation of Church and State will only result in a sort of outlawry of Catholics and their works." The Archbishop of Bourges, the Bishops of Grenoble, Everoux, Fréjus, Perpignan, Troyes, Moulins, etc., the Archbishop of Toulouse and others, support the views of Mgr. Ricard. A few other prelates, such as the Archbishop of Albi and the Bishop of Quimper, are opposed to the abrogation of the Concordat, but less fearfully as to the consequences. On the other hand, Mgr. Le Camus declares that "whether the Concordat is more or less responsible for the separation of Church and State will only result in a general repugnance for marriage and reluctance to rear large families, caused by an extravagantly high standard of living."

One cannot help subscribing to the commonsense answer of the Bishops of Troyes and Cahors, that too much importance is being attached to the present agitation, that the question is "more artificial than real," as if one who has been so long, and in so many respects still is, the leading nation of Europe, were going to utter words like "a little head of state." The common sense answer of the Bishops of Troyes and Cahors, that too much importance is being attached to the present agitation, that the question is "more artificial than real," as if one who has been so long, and in so many respects still is, the leading nation of Europe, were going to utter words like "a little head of state." The common sense answer of the Bishops of Troyes and Cahors, that too much importance is being attached to the present agitation, that the question is "more artificial than real," as if one who has been so long, and in so many respects still is, the leading nation of Europe, were going to utter words like "a little head of state."

Two boys on an omnibus were playing in front of a city dwelling when a strange man went by. That man, an undertaker, said to one of the little girls, "How do you know?" asked her companion. "Oh, because he is the man who undertook my grandmother,"—Lippincott's.

and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh; viz., they will be as inseparable as unity is from itself. The Jews were faithful to this divine command until they witnessed during their captivity in Egypt the transgressions of their oppressors. In later years on account of their weakness of faith, their corruption of morals, and "their hardness of heart," a man was permitted to give a bill of divorce to his wife and dismiss her. This permission did not regard conjugal infidelity, for which the penalty of death was decreed, but was very vague, for a man could dismiss his wife if she "found favor in his eyes on account of some uncleanness." This law was rarely resorted to until a short time before the coming of Christ. Christ, however, restored marriage to its original purity and indissolubility, for we read in St. Matthew, chapter xix: "And there came to him the Pharisees tempting him and saying: Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause? Who, answering, said to them: Have you not read that he who made man from the beginning made them male and female? And he said: For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and they two shall be in one flesh. Therefore now they are not two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together let no man put asunder. They say to him: Why then did Moses command to give a bill of divorce and put away? He saith to them: Because Moses by reason of the hardness of your hearts permitted you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so. And I say to you, let whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, shall marry another committed adultery; and he that shall marry her that is put away, committed adultery."

The first impression in reading this text is that Christ did away with divorce except in the case of adultery, in which case divorce may be granted. We admit that this text considered by itself has been a source of much perplexity and confusion, but it is not beyond interpretation, and a flood of light is thrown on it when compared with other texts that bear on this matter. The most important of these texts is St. Luke xvi. 18: "Every one that putteth away his wife and marrieth another, committeth adultery; and he that marrieth her that is putteth away from her husband, committeth adultery." This text admits of no exception and is plainly to the point. St. Mark in the tenth chapter says: "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. And in the house again his disciples asked him concerning his wife. And he saith to them: Whosoever saith, 'I registered' himself with society, and his effects upon society are even worse than those wrought upon it by the Mormons. These support several wives, while divorced men have several wives without supporting any. The case of the wife who deserts her husband is no better, and is even deserving of a severer censure, because when woman induces man to do wrong, she being the weaker, will be the greater sufferer in the end.

Strict anti-divorce laws should be enacted in every State of the Union, so strict as to render human weakness sitting on the beach unable to put aside what God hath joined together. A personal responsibility to God must be inculcated in the minds of our young men and young women. God must not be considered simply as a force of nature but as a personal Being who rewards and punishes, and to whom we are indebted for all we are and have. Our aurnal and eternal happiness both depend on our fidelity to him. Unless married men and women are guided by higher motives than mere external obedience to human laws, the institution of marriage will and must suffer; for human laws are inadequate to root out the abominable crime of race-suicide by which the fundamental laws of nature are violated, and which is a prolific source of much unhappiness and of divorce.

President Roosevelt's name will go down to posterity because, as the highest representative of the people, he had the moral courage to point out the great wrong which secretly threatens to destroy our nation. Our system of co-education, especially after the age of fourteen or fifteen years, is also responsible for many hasty marriages and much unhappiness in the married state, because it sets aside the laws of nature, which require a different training for the girl from that of the boy, according to the different natures and different callings in life. Experience is also in contradiction with the theory that by bringing boys and girls together (especially between the ages of fourteen to eighteen) their temptations are lessened and that greater purity of life is thereby attained. Boys and girls find, on the contrary, that instead of being gods and goddesses they are but very frail human beings with like temptations, the satisfaction of which they can easily procure. Another great evil and fruitful source of divorce is that the people of moderate means in their mad desire to shine in society and enjoy all the luxuries of life, live far beyond their means, neglecting home and sacred duties. Self-sacrifice being unknown to them, a very slight disagreement is sufficient to break the sacred bond and separate them.

Many other considerations on this subject might be advanced, but it will suffice to say that only by returning to the chaste virtues of our forefathers, we shall be enabled to strengthen and make inviolate the sacred bond of matrimony. Stringent laws should be enacted, and a healthy opinion should be fostered by our press, by the leaders of society and all those that are concerned in this vital question.

SHE RECOGNIZED HIM

Two little girls were playing in front of a city dwelling when a strange man went by. That man, an undertaker, said to one of the little girls, "How do you know?" asked her companion. "Oh, because he is the man who undertook my grandmother,"—Lippincott's.

NO POSER FOR HIM

Two boys on an omnibus were watching everything, and talking as boys do, when the conductor's whistle attracted their attention. "What's he got? It tied to a string for?" asked one of them.

This was a poser for a minute, and then the other chirped out:

"I know; it's ter kipself from swallerit it."—Chums.

The Pope's Daily Life

The Difesa, the Catholic organ of Venice, in which Pius X. took such an interest during his occupancy of the Patriarchal See, has received from Signor Fornari, his Vatican correspondent, precise details of the daily life of the Holy Father.

"Pius X. is a very early riser," says Signor Fornari. "When the ainsante, young Sili, enters his room in the morning shortly after five, the Pope is already the first up. As soon as His Holiness has risen, he reads his breviary. After six the Pope says Mass in the little oratory opposite the window, arranged the day after his election. The altar is surrounded with a carpet which half covers the room; a prie-dieu and a gilded armchair are placed before the altar. From the ceiling hangs a Venetian crystal lamp from the Murano works. The Mass is generally served by His Holiness' private secretary. After Mass the Pope takes his place at the prie-dieu to assist at a Mass in thanksgiving. The Holy Father next takes his first breakfast consisting of a cup of coffee.

The morning passes quickly. If the heat is not excessive, Pius X. goes down to the garden where he likes to take a long walk, during which he enters into conversation with his private chamberlain, participant and the events of the Noble Guard, who are on the daily service. The Holy Father never fails to visit the grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes to pray; he has done so specially of late, wishing of associating himself in spirit with the pilgrimage of Italian Catholics to the celebrated sanctuary in France dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

"The walk does not last more than an hour. The day's letters, always very numerous and to which the Pope attends himself, are waiting for him in his study. Then he receives the reports of the Sacred Congregations and gives his enlightened decision upon all these important and complicated questions. Pius X. cannot abide negligence, want of order, regularity or exactitude.

"Next comes the turn of Mgr. Merdy de Val, pro-Secretary of State, when the Pope occupies himself with relations with foreign Governments. Then follow routine, official and private audiences. The Cardinals, Prelates of Sacred Congregations, secretaries and functionaries, as well as the Major-Domo, have routine audiences on fixed days. What particularly fatigues the Pope are special audiences, which he rather freely grants plus X. talks with everybody, questions them, comforts, encourages and blesses them. The Pope's affability has gained all hearts to him. Those who approach him speak of him as a father.

"Shortly after noon the Pope dines (prena). It is a very frugal meal. Then he takes a siesta for about an hour in his bedroom, and afterwards resumes the reading of his breviary and his usual occupations. At six o'clock in the evening, accompanied by the Abbe Pescini, a young Venetian priest, Mgr. Bisietti, Maestra di Camera, and Signor Sili, aintante, the Pope takes a promenade in the loggia of the first floor and the galleries of geographical maps. The Pope is generally awaited by groups of the faithful who have come to kiss the Cross on the Sovereign Pontiff's foot.

"Pius X. next remains alone with his secretary and walks along the galleries, access to which is then guarded by a Pontifical gendarme. During this promenade the Pope is at complete liberty, and during his walk frequently calls to mind memories of Venice, sometimes stopping to look at the pictures and decorations, sometimes to cast a glance over Rome and the Albanian and Tuscan hills, which wear a marvellous aspect from this elevation of the Vatican.

"The promenade over, the Pope goes in to work until nine; then he takes his supper and finishes reading his breviary. Sometimes he reads some paper and then retires to rest, but never later than half-past ten, and he needs it."

These details, from an authoritative and reliable source, will be read with interest.

In 1888, the year of the sacerdotal met of Leo XIII., two ecclesiastics met at one of the altars in the basilica of St. Peter, Rome. One was a Roman prelate and Canon of the Vatican basilica, the other an Italian bishop who had come to Rome to assist at the jubilee celebrations. The Roman prelate, who was getting ready to celebrate Mass, was looking about him, and seemed uneasy. His customary server had not arrived.

The bishop, kneeling quite near, guessed the nature of the embarrassment discreetly drew near and said, with great simplicity, "Would you wish me, Mgr., to supply the place of the server?" "I would not allow it, my lord." It is not the place of a bishop to serve my Mass." "But I can get over it, I assure you." "Of that I have no doubt, my lord; but I should be deeply humiliated for your lordship. I should not allow it." "Be at ease, my dear friend; go at once to the altar and begin. Introitio." Speaking thus, the bishop having knelt down, the prelate had to proceed. Attended by his new server, the Monsignor went off with his sentiments—with increasing emotion. Then, when he had ended, the officiant was profuse with thanks for the unexpected and undeserved honor which had been done him. The officiant was Mgr. Radini Tedeschi, director of the recent Italian pilgrimage to Lourdes, and Canon of St. Peter's. His server, who was twenty years older, was the then Bishop of Man-

tau, now Pope Pius X.

Permission has been granted by Father Louis Martin, Superior-General of the Jesuit Order, to the American Jesuits to have an exhibit at the World's Fair, in St. Louis, next year. Ex-Congressman Glynn, who has charge of the Catholic educational exhibit; Rev. Dr. Wm. Banks Rogers, S. J., president of St. Francis Xavier's College, are preparing maps, histories of the early explorations of the Jesuits in the Northwest and Southwest, led by Marquette, and an illustrated catalogue of the entire exhibits.

The exhibit is to be divided into several groups and is to be entirely separate from the one which the Government has requested from the Jesuits concerning their work in the Philippines Islands. Group one will occupy three sections, the exhibit being furnished by the seven Jesuit institutions in the province of St. Louis.

The first section will deal with the labors in this country of the Jesuit missionaries, and teachers from as early a period as 1823.

The second division will represent the work of the twenty-four Jesuit colleges in this country, including St. Francis Xavier's, New York, Father Gannon, provincial of the New York-Maryland province, will shortly appoint several members of the order to assist Father O'Gorman in preparing the local institution's exhibit. This will include maps, sketches, designs, paintings and everything of historic interest bearing on the labors of the Jesuit missionaries in the Hudson Bay region, and scenes from the old Jesuit missions.

The third division is to be devoted entirely to the work of St. Louis University and its associate institutions, Milwaukee, Chicago, Cincinnati, Omaha, Detroit and St. Mary's, Kansas.

The most striking feature of the exhibit will be the gallery of immortals, containing sculptured busts of old paintings, etchings and drawings of celebrated men who received their early training from Jesuit teachers. Among the notables will be the poets Tasso, Calderon, Moliero, and Corneille; scholars such as Galileo, Descartes, Vico and Muratori, such distinguished generals as Tilly, Conde, Wallenstein and a score of more Roman Pontiffs, including the late Pope Leo XIII.

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TENTH MONTH
31 DAYS
October
THE HOLY ANGELS

SAINTS & FEASTS

Children's Corner

PONY TO THE RESCUE

By George Ethelbert Walsh

Pony kicked up his heels, threw down his head, and cavorted around with all the grace and coquetry of his proud mother, who, for years past had held the championship record for fleet trotting. Winfield, twelve years old, and strong and sturdy of limb as his pet colt, held out a beseeching hand and called:

"Come, Pony! Come now! Whoa there!"

But Pony was in no mood for riding his young master down the turnpike to the ocean, but preferred to graze quietly in the heavy grass pasture which spread so temptingly before him.

"Now, Pony, now come here! Gently!"

Then in disgust, with the perspiration running down his hot cheeks, Winfield flung the halter angrily at him, and said: "You mean old thing go it! You won't get any breakfast this morning."

Throwing the few ears of sweet corn across the fence, Winfield turned and started to walk up to the house. Pony stopped and watched him, and even ventured to follow a short distance. He dearly loved sweet corn and choice selected oats, and now he seemed to understand that they were to be denied him.

Winfield went up to the house, and soon reappeared with his bathing suit in his hands. The short cut to the ocean was across the lower meadow field, and he passed purposely close to pony's pasture lot. Pony, as if sorry for his behavior, greeted him with a pleasant whinny, and trotted up to the fence. But Winfield was angry, and refused to rub the silken nose pushed between the rails to card him.

You should have seen him when he heard the chain drop! He bounded off and then back again, upset Ben in a comical excitement, leaped up to give Laura a kiss, and there is no telling what he would have done next if he had not caught sight of some chickens scratching away in the flower-bed.

"It's w-u-u!" roared the hungry beast again, away off in the distance.

My Aunt Annie put the bar across the door and drew all the curtains. Then she sat down and waited and listened. Presently she heard it again but nearer this time; so close that she knew the lion was in the barn.

"Oh, he will get Tommy!" she thought, when she heard it. Tommy was her pet sheep.

"Bur-r-r-r!" roared Royal Ben, and my Aunt Annie knew that the lion must be almost up to the house by this time.

"Deary me!" ejaculated grandma from the window. "If we had a dog as smart as that, my sweet pony might have a chance to bloom!"

"He wasn't thinking of sweet peas," chuckled Papa. "It's just because he's a bird-dog. He'd chase anything with feathers till he's trained it to be only an old stiff owl!"

"The children listened with respect and admiration for Papa knew almost as much about dogs as Uncle Ted."

They had a delightful afternoon with Boxer and he begged off so when they took him back to the post that they decided to leave him loose.

Next morning there were seven little green goslings missing at feeding time. They found them at last, scattered along at the edge of the pond!

It was so easily accomplished that Pony seemed to smile at his former doubts. He was half tempted to jump back again just to show how easily he could do it. But the breakfast of sweet corn was lying near his feet, and he decided to eat first. With a contented sigh, he sauntered the corn, and licked up the last grain that had fallen from the ears. Then he turned to trot around the field. There was no trace of the lost, and nothing could prevent him from taking his favorite trot down to the ocean.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 8, 1903.

FIRST ENCYCLICAL OF POPE
PIUS X.

It is remarkable how exact was the world-wide opinion concerning the new Pope that found expression immediately upon his election. A few hours before his name had seldom been seen in print outside Venice. He was not in public eye. To the non-Catholic world he was practically unknown. Instantly it was heard that the choice of the Holy Spirit had fallen upon him, from every land came one dominant note in response: Here is the democratic Pope, the spiritual pontiff, the embodiment of the highest religious thought of the times.

Every day that has since passed furnished its quota of confirmation of that electric opinion. It was inevitable that impulsive leaders and parties in Europe should endeavor to narrow down the broad gauge of a spiritual character that suited so fully the hopes of humanity. Furtive efforts! The Pontificate is developing deeper hopes; and the first encyclical is an assurance that the teachings of Leo XIII. on Christian life and marriage, on the liberty of the Church, the constitution of states and the Holy Spirit will seek increasingly practical application to our modern society at large under his successor. The Catholic world will study with keen attention the text of the document, only a brief reference to which has been wired from Rome.

NEWSPAPER SNARLING.

Newspapers that persist in viciously barking at Catholic priests and Bishops succeed only in injuring their own political parties. Last week The News kept up a foolish snarl at a Catholic priest for no better cause than its own idle assertion that the priest had interested himself in the appointment of a High School teacher. Another evening sheet abuses the entire hierarchy upon a still more ridiculous pretext. A Catholic name is mentioned among the applicants for an appointment in the Provincial Secretary's department. It is straightway assumed that if the Catholic be selected Mr. Stratton will be obeying the behest of the hierarchy. The Catholic hierarchy of Ontario and the Catholic priests of this Province, as a matter of fact, trouble themselves less about Government appointments than clergymen of any of the Protestant denominations. Of course the calculation of the newspapers in question is to create a prejudice against the Provincial Secretary at the expense of the Catholic Church in this province. Calculations of this sort are always vain and foolish. The people as a rule are not more silly than the press. There is not in Ontario a single section of the Protestant community in which respect and esteem for the Catholic Bishop and priests of the place are not generally entertained. The politicians should whisper to the quidnuncs of the half-penny press that the people of Ontario have got quite beyond them.

AN IMPERIAL MESS.

Mr. Balfour, the British Premier, is having quite as hard a time trying to hold his Cabinet together as the most candid of his critics anticipated. None of his predecessors was ever humiliated to the extent that he has gone for the sake of holding office. And all the while he is suffering fresh disasters at the instance of his quondam colleague, Mr. Chamberlain, who on Tuesday last inaugurated his "fiscal tour" of the country, thus making it impossible for the Premier to retain the confidence of his own party. The latest bolter is the Duke of Devonshire, a man who was willing to compromise with the newer Conservatism in order to save the older Unionism. He has not only gone, but with his going delivers a broadside at Mr. Balfour which indicates a final cleavage between Toryism and Unionism.

There must be something behind the scenes which the people are still only guessing at. The King has been drawn into the press turmoil half a dozen times since the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain. It is no secret that King Edward does not trust General Hunter. As Prince of Wales, His Majesty was well reputed

to have been a sympathizer with the Gladstonian policy of good will between Great Britain and Ireland, and between the British and Irish peoples throughout the Empire. Mr. Chamberlain by his treachery towards Mr. Gladstone ruined the promise of peace which the future King had turned his eyes upon. The change of Sovereigns found the Dutch race in South Africa at war with the empire on Mr. Chamberlain's account. The war dragged behind it the inevitable train of corruption and treachery, a good deal of which has been exposed by the War Commission. Mr. Chamberlain deserted the Government when the washing of the nation was being washed by this commission. He had been in South Africa and had returned to receive the popular plaudits as a great hero. What happened none can say. The King keeps his mouth closed; but gossip has it that Mr. Chamberlain was ignored by his royal master. The rumors have penetrated into the columns of The London Times, from the London correspondence of a Paris journal, which was supplied from The Times office. It must be true in fact, and most amazing because the Times copies it that: "There is a persistent rumor that Mr. Chamberlain, who was never persona grata with the King, has lost His Majesty's confidence. It is worthy of note that this eminent Minister has not been received in audience by his august master, and has not been favored by any royal letter since his resignation."

Is the cat not out of the bag? Mr. Chamberlain went to South Africa as the peacemaker and the statesman. He found South Africa a hell and he dared not tell the British people the truth. He was ignored by the King and the scandal of the War Commission was in sight. Mr. Chamberlain saw the inevitable and deserted. Mr. Balfour saw the inevitable and like the Tory he is prepared to fight. His desire to hold on to office until Parliament meets again is dictated by his hope of being better prepared for fight by the advantage which time allows. Mr. Chamberlain, who is out, wants to pull all his colleagues down to the same level to avert the appearance of individual disgrace.

THE LIBRARY SITE.

It is quite incomprehensible that the joint Sub-Committee of the Public Library Board and the City Council should think of the partition of the Library as a way out of the difficulty of pleasing all parties in regard to the site of the proposed Carnegie building. The Public Library Board is an irresponsible body in the popular sense, and its members are not always gentlemen who may be reasonably suspected of an intimate knowledge of the literary character and needs of the citizens. The aldermen who acted upon the Committee, on the contrary, are responsible to the people, though as literary experts they hardly rank above the average standard of the Library Board.

The proposed partition would work out in this way, that the library on Church street would degenerate to the use of the branch libraries and become an agency for the circulation of cheap fiction. The Reference Library would practically be withdrawn from the use of the citizens if it were carried up into or near the Park. Whatever may be thought of the principle of placing the city under an obligation to Mr. Carnegie, there is no doubt that his donation is to the citizens, not to the University, the Library Board or any other body.

EDITORIAL NOTES

According to The Italia of Rome, Archbishop Bourne and Monsignor Storoz and Walsh will be raised to the Cardinalate at the next Consistory.

The Sydney Freeman's Journal renews the resignation of Mr. Kingston, Minister of Customs in the Federal Cabinet. To Irishmen and Australian ex-ministers of Customs was an especially grata persona. When occasion offered he never hesitated to say a word in favor of Irish aspirations; his most recent deliverance in this respect being at a meeting of the Brisbane Irish Club.

The manner in which some American generals flattered each other after the war with Spain was not more amusing than the British style. General Hunter began the passing of compliments by describing the naval shooting at Ladysmith as such that he offered to take the girls out of the school to serve the guns and make as good practice. Admiral Lambton retorted: "Of course he shows himself an extremely ignorant man. He is a very gallant man, but it is bravery and stupidity combined in his case. There were several number-skills there, and apparently he is one of them. General Hunter is a very young general and a great friend of mine—at least, I thought he was—

and a very brilliant man, but I do not suppose he had ever seen a big gun before, and he certainly knows nothing whatever about the shooting—the firing." It takes heroes to size each other up correctly.

Professor Goldwin Smith writes to The London Speaker to correct a mistaken impression formed upon his recent article in one of the reviews dealing with Ireland's relations to the Empire. Writing from Toronto on September 8th, he says: "From a cablegram received here it would appear that something said by me on the Irish question is open to misconception. I have never said a word against local self-government for Ireland. That which I have always deplored is the creation of a vassal Parliament, which it seems to me could hardly fail to lead to a renewal of strife. To this I should I even independence preferable. I should also deem independence preferable to enforced and contentious union such as we have hitherto had, with an Irish Parliament acting as a separate interest and distracting the councils of Great Britain. But, best of all it seems to me, and as it seemed to the patriot Irishmen who were my teachers on this question, is free, equal and amicable union."

An Archbishop's Hat Astray

Archbishop Ireland arrived in New York from St. Paul on Saturday last on his way to Washington. His visit to the capital is semi-official, but he refuses to disclose its nature. Asked concerning the Philippine question, he said:

"I know a great deal about that, much that will be of interest to the public, but the time has not come to speak about it."

It is believed that Archbishop Ireland will take some active part in the reorganization of the Church in the Philippines. If the Fourth Plenary Council should be held in New York it is believed that Archbishop Ireland will represent the Philippine hierarchy, as Archbishop Harty's friends assert that he will not attend the Council.

Speaking of labor conditions, Archbishop Ireland said: "Throughout the Northwest, President Roosevelt has been indorsed for his attitude in the Miller case. He took a stand for a principle, and the stand was well taken."

"All this talk about trusts and capital is nonsense. Every man who has \$10 in the bank is a capitalist, and if two men are partners in a little grocery store there is a trust. Organized capital and organized labor are part of this age—they are here to stay. And they are harmless, except when they violate the law, and when they do the law should act against them."

"And speaking of labor questions, here is a good story. I am wearing somebody else's hat. This is the only New York hat I ever owned, and, as a matter of fact, I don't own one. Six months ago I went to a labor meeting here. After the meeting had adjourned I went for my hat, and this was the only one left. Whoever owned it had a big head, but he is wearing a better hat now than he did before that labor meeting."

Many stories have been told of Archbishop Ireland's hat. He is known for his broad-brimmed black headgear, and the New York hat he has been wearing for the last six months, and will probably wear for the next six years, is of that type, although not quite so expensive as his own.

Speaking of flats suggested Cardinal Gibbons' announcement that another red hat is to come to the United States. Asked concerning the rumor that it is to go to the Archbishop of St. Paul, Archbishop Ireland replied: "You want to keep it here," and hinted that the insignia of the new Cardinal would get no further than New York.

Archbishop Ireland denied that the Paulists are to go to St. Paul. "Chicago is big enough to keep the overflow. Paulists busy for a while," said he. "They will establish themselves there and do great and good work."

DIGGING OUT ROMAN WORKS BEneath Old London

The latest excavations of the ruins of Newgate Jail have brought to light a most interesting section of the old Roman wall, which dates back about A. D. 300. The wall, which runs through the centre of the site of the old jail and extends from the sessions house to Newgate street, is some 15 feet in height and 9 feet wide and is in a perfect state of preservation. For the purposes of the new building the whole of the wall will have to be demolished. In the progress of the work, which has been in operation a little over 12 months, an entrance was effected into a subterranean vault running immediately beneath Newgate street at a considerable depth below the street level. A mediaeval archway exists, which there is every reason to believe belonged to the old Newgate of Dick Whittington's time. Underground passages run from the vault in a northerly direction, but they have been converted into sewers at some remote period. Situate in the centre of the ruins the workmen have come upon what is undoubtedly the original Newgate Well which was in olden times the main water-supply for the jail. It is about 140 feet deep.

At the midnight hour of the 21st of September, according to Professor Stengel, of Hamburg, the expansion of the "magma and gaseous liquid" under the crust of the earth would cause a general breaking up of the planet into fragments. The fate of man has come and gone and the old world is still spinning.

Rejoicings of An Old Timer

Chicago's Centennial and Where it Finds
Her Catholic and Irish Inhabitants

763 West Madison street,
Chicago, Oct. 3, 1903.

Dear Register:

The City of Chicago has been indulging in a commemorative jubilee for the past six days to celebrate the hundred years of her existence. This city seems to be fond of such things and loves the spectacular. In 1893 she held a similar demonstration in honor of the opening of her great drainage ditch, when among her guests were the Vice-President of Mexico and your own Laurier. But the 9th of October, the anniversary of the big fire of 1871, is Chicago's regular holiday, but this year it will be unobserved on account of the big event just passed.

Canadians, but more especially French-Canadians, have a good deal of interest in Chicago's affairs and more especially her early history, because the first white men to traverse her ground were Frenchmen and French-Canadians.

The whole great Mississippi valley was once a domain of France. At first Chicago was only known as a portage, and as such was used by Pere Jacques Marquette and Sieur Louis Joliet, who visited it in 1673, and were the first white men to tread its soil. In 1680 it had a call from Rene Robert Chevalier de la Salle, explorer and French Government agent, and one of the most intrepid and adventurous men known to the annals of discovery. At this time the country was overrun with warring bands of Indians. The devoted Marquette, who might with propriety be named the apostle of the Northwest, took sick here, returning from Mississippi, and remained a winter, but the exact spot where his shelter was located is now but a matter of speculation. He was faithfully attended until his death by his devoted Indians.

It is a document that is a good deal used of late is to be relied on, De la Salle had a prophetic vision as to the future of Chicago, which was in his day but a morass or swamp, and what in later days was denominated a "mud hole." He is credited with having written to some one in France (some say the King) as follows:

"After many toils I came to the head of the great lake and rested some days on the bank of a river of feeble current now flowing into the lake, but which occupies the course that formerly the waters of these great lakes took as they flowed southward to the Mississippi River. This is the lowest point on the divide between the two great valleys of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. The boundless regions of the West that occupied this place and vicinity as a hunting ground in other days, and have been encamped at Lincoln Park, where they gave war dances and exhibitions daily. I believe most of those Indians are Catholics. I know that some of their chiefs were, but what I am coming at is this: The head chief and manager of the different tribes is, like Sauganash, of the early times, an Irish Catholic, whose name is Thomas R. Roddy, but who is known to his tribe, the Winnebagos, as 'White Buffalo.'

It would be perhaps needless for me to go into details about Chicago's growth and expansion, but three-fourths of it has taken place under my own eyes and observance and my marvel is ever increasing as the city is ever enhancing. There was among Chicago's early settlers between the two great rivers, the Mississippi and the Illinois, a man named Egan—Dr. William B. Egan. It used to be said that when dealing out prescriptions he would direct that his pills should be taken in installments—one-quarter down, the remainder in one, two and three years! When the Illinois and Michigan canal, which was built to connect the waters of Lake Michigan with the Mississippi River, was opened in 1848, this Dr. Egan was the principal orator at the celebration that marked the event and he was isolated nor few. Most of the great engineering and contracting work is in the hands of the Irish and Irish-American people. I noticed a short time since in a Boston magazine a complaint that although the Irish have been long in Boston and have half the population of that great city, they possess but a small percentage of the financial and professional people in their ranks. Not so in Chicago. I have seen Irishmen rise from the humblest positions to great affluence here in a very few years, become millionaires in fact, and the Irish have the millionaires and multi-millionaires in Chicago. I know one banking institution that has two or three Irish millionaires in its leaders of business. The Captains of Industry here are spoken of as "the greatest in the world." Irish business men in Chicago, but space will not permit the recital of them. We have several of the "greatest in the world" Irish business men in Chicago, but space will not permit the recital of them. In future communications I may have opportunities to refer to them in detail. We have some great Irishmen in Chicago, leaders in everything. I will astound you when I tell you that the Irish of this city are so well equipped mentally, that they could put a thousand orators, for instance, into the field at a moment's notice! Some Irish women here, too, are making wonderful records, especially in the educational line of work. I tell you, Mr. Editor, we are the people and Chicago is our home, our country, our boast!

People first began to come to Chicago in numbers in 1835, although it had been incorporated as a village two years before. The dimensions of the village were one mile square. It has now within its corporate limits, I think, 280 miles square and where the expansion is going to end no one can tell, because her possibilities are limitless. She is now stretched for thirty miles along Lake Michigan, with an average breadth of above seven miles on the west, the limit being very irregular. She is now the fourth or fifth city in the world in population. Only London and New York exceed her in commerce. She has more Catholics than Rome, more Irish than Dublin, more Germans than Bremen, and is the third Canadian City for population!

Chicago is a great Catholic city. The first Catholic Church (St. Mary's) was erected in 1833. That was the year the village was organized, and was the first church of any denomination. Other soon followed, however. The first bishop was consecrated in 1844. He was an Irishman—Rev. William Quarter. The second was Right Rev. J. O. Van de Velde, a Belgian, who was consecrated in 1849. Rt. Rev. A. O'Reagan, an Irishman, the third bishop, was consecrated in 1854. Rt. Rev. J. Duggan, the fourth bishop, was consecrated in 1857. Rt. Rev. Thomas Foley, the fifth bishop, was consecrated in 1869. In 1880 the diocese of Chicago was raised to the dignity of an Archdiocese, and Bishop Feehan, of Nashville (a cousin of the late D. K. Feehan, of Toronto), was appointed the first archbishop, and he had a tremendous work before him. The present Archbishop came to us this year from Buffalo, a Canadian-born, and Quigley by name. He has commenced his career most auspiciously and has won the admiration of Catholics and non-Catholics alike. The Catholic population of the Archdiocese is estimated to be over a million souls, and is increasing at a tremendous rate, especially here in Chicago. It is amazing how every want is so readily met. Churches, schools, convents, hospitals, seem to

interest your readers in. No one wielded greater influence in his day. It was "Billy" Caldwell, chief of the Potowatomi Indians, the Indian tribe that the American Government bought six miles square of land from at the mouth of the Chicago River for military purposes, and claimed the ownership of the land hereabouts. There were a few Irishmen in the garrison that came here to occupy the fort in 1803, and they and one Lt. Ronayne were among the soldiers massacred by the Indians in 1812, when retiring to Detroit; but this "Billy" Caldwell, this Indian chief, is recognized as the first Irish settler in Chicago! Strange, it is not, but let me tell you.

Caldwell was the son of an Irish father and an Indian mother. He was born in Canada, somewhere near Detroit and was educated in a Jesuit College in that city. He held a commission as a Captain in the British Army, and when he came to Chicago, without renouncing his British citizenship, was commissioned by the Governor of Illinois as the county's first justice of the peace. And in addition he was "Saugenash," Chief of the Winnebagos! Illinois has produced many extraordinary characters, but none more extraordinary than this character. He spoke English and French fluently as well as many Indian dialects. Mark Baubien, the first Chicago hotelkeeper, named his house after him, hence the "Saugenash" so frequently mentioned in our pioneer annals. But Caldwell was displeased with this because this name in the Indian dialect meant Englishman, and he always looked upon it as an insult to call him by that name, as he was proud of his Irish blood. He was mostly employed in the service of the U. S. Government among the Indians, over whom he had the greatest control. The Government built him the finest house on the north side in its day and paid him a liberal salary. To describe all his fine characteristics and his liberality would occupy too much space in this letter and I will drop him by stating that when the Indians were moved by the Government to beyond the Mississippi he went with them and died at Council Bluffs.

And here follows a strange coincidence: A large number of Indians have been brought here to the Centennial, the descendants of the people that occupied this place and vicinity as a hunting ground in other days, and have been encamped at Lincoln Park, where they gave war dances and exhibitions daily. They have given their heroes, too. Heroes of the police force, heroes of the fire department, heroes of the life-saving service, heroes of the lakes, heroes of the building trades, heroes of the railroad service, and they are not isolated nor few. Most of the great engineering and contracting work is in the hands of the Irish and Irish-American people. I noticed a short time since in a Boston magazine a complaint that although the Irish have been long in Boston and have half the population of that great city, they possess but a small percentage of the financial and professional people in their ranks. Not so in Chicago. I have seen Irishmen rise from the humblest positions to great affluence here in a very few years, become millionaires in fact, and the Irish have the millionaires and multi-millionaires in Chicago. I know one banking institution that has two or three Irish millionaires in its leaders of business. The Captains of Industry here are spoken of as "the greatest in the world." Irish business men in Chicago, but space will not permit the recital of them. In future communications I may have opportunities to refer to them in detail. We have some great Irishmen in Chicago, leaders in everything. I will astound you when I tell you that the Irish of this city are so well equipped mentally, that they could put a thousand orators, for instance, into the field at a moment's notice! Some Irish women here, too, are making wonderful records, especially in the educational line of work. I tell you, Mr. Editor, we are the people and Chicago is our home, our country, our boast!

If this is a Centennial for Chicago, it is a centennial for us, too. And who would blame a bright young Irishman or woman for leaving his dull old home of no opportunities in Ireland for this city of great and growing opportunities and seeking their future there?

When I was young I had many yearnings: I yearned to see Ireland free; I yearned to see my church respected; I yearned to see my fellow-countrymen and country women enjoy the opportunities, social and material, and politically that others enjoyed. I am not only enjoying those passionate desires of the past here in Chicago now, but, maybe, a surfeit!

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Cardinal Gibbons in His Own Home

Talks of Visit to Rome and Conclave—Ideals of John Carroll, First Catholic Bishop in America, Still Rule—Cordial Admiration for Pius X.

(By James Creelman.)

Behind the gray old Catholic Cathedral of Baltimore is a prime house of fawn-colored stones, old-fashioned and demure, and there I found Cardinal Gibbons, fresh from the Vatican—whither he went to assist in choosing a new Pope—and full of love and admiration of the latest successor of St. Peter.

It is a place of peace, this dwelling of the primate of the American hierarchy—at least, it seemed so to one who regarded it from the street.

Yet the house was full of visitors—

and the slim, ray-banded Cardinal moved swiftly from room to room, upstairs, downstairs, bestowing a blessing on this one, a word of counsel on that one, always tender of voice and aspect, sweet, smiling and amiable.

There is shrewd common sense in the lean face and masculine vigor in the slender form. And there is a ring of manly Americanism in all he says, for the heir of the episcopal seat of John Carroll, first Catholic Bishop of America, is as staunch a patriot as his famous predecessor and a man of simple ideals. He inherits traditions of a time when Washington was not simply a stone image set on a column in Baltimore, with a rusty lightning rod running up his spine—for the sentiment of earlier American days is strong in the Cardinal's house.

When he talked of Pius X. the Cardinal's face was radiant with enthusiasm.

HE WILL BE A SPIRITUAL POPE.

"He is a man of God and of the people," he said, "and the dominant note of his pontificate is certain to be the elevation of the moral man."

He will be essentially a spiritual Pope. He will lift the standard of the cross very high and the world

will soon recognize that his one supreme purpose is to quicken Christendom, to make men more like Christ.

"He is a man of handsome presence, simple and kindly in all his ways. He brings to his great office the strong physique and good health of his peasant origin. His brow is broad and full and beautiful. His eyes are large and luminous, and there is in them an expression of sincerity and benevolence. He is not tall, yet he carries himself with great dignity. His face is more oval than that of Pius IX., whom I knew well, but his features are hardly so handsome. His hair is very white, and his head is large and noble. He strikes you at once as a man of intellectual power, yet the most striking note of his personality is benevolence."

Pius X. is the very man to lead the Christian world in these days—a simple, earnest, holy minister of God, sprung from the humble life that developed the apostles. He shows his heart in his efforts to accommodate all who are about him. He has made the people of Venice and all the Adriatic coast love him. And I feel sure that he will make the whole world love him.

To understand the Pope's personality one should have seen and heard him in the conclave that elevated him to the chair of St. Peter. He made two speeches asking the Cardinals not to vote for him. In his last speech there were tears brimming in his eyes as he entreated them not to place so heavy a burden on his shoulders, declaring that he was not strong enough to bear it. I saw him in his apartment the night before he was chosen, and I found him downcast. He seemed to realize the formidable character of the great office to which it was then certain he would be elected and his own lack of experience in the affairs of the world at large. The prospect saddened him. I saw him when he had assumed

power, and he was full of courage and hope, but as humble in spirit as ever. He showed a deep and affectionate interest in America.

HE KNOWS THE PLAIN PEOPLE.

"The cause of Christian democracy is safe in the hands of Pius X. He knows the plain people, for he is of them—knows their necessities and problems. But, above all, he will labor for their spiritual salvation while he lives.

"The Pope speaks no languages but Italian and Latin. He is now learning French, as that tongue is a necessity of his office. A French Cardinal, hearing that he was ignorant of French, said to him: 'Why, then, you can never become Pope!' Thank God for that!" was his reply, for I will be saved from the ordeal.

"Will the Pope leave the Vatican and recognize the sovereignty of King of Italy in Rome? It is impossible that no man can tell; it is probable that the Holy Father does not know himself.

He is now engaged in studying the situation and gathering facts and listening to those who have a right to offer advice. He is preparing his mind to deal with all questions.

When he was a Cardinal he was a friend of the King and Queen of Italy and called upon them in state. But what he did as Cardinal and what he will do as Pope may be different things.

"But one thing is sure—a spiritual Pope reigns in the Vatican. He will try to raise mankind to a higher life. He will teach pure religion in simple language."

Catholics and Protestants in Ireland

(Catholic Times.)

Captain Shawe-Taylor, whose initiative led to such excellent results in the resolutions adopted by the Conference between the representatives of the Irish landlords and the Irish tenants, and in the land legislation which followed, has again set his hand to a national undertaking. He has intimated through the Irish daily papers that with a view to terminating the feud between the Orangemen and the Catholics in the North, and removing religious intolerance wherever it exists in Ireland, he intends shortly to invite representatives of the Orange Society, the Catholic and Protestant Churches, including the laity, and the heads of the various educational centres and colleges throughout the country to hold a Conference in Dublin. It is proposed that the Conference should follow the lines of the Irish Land Conference and the Conference at which the licensing question was discussed by the Irish magistrates. The University and other educational questions are to be discussed in the hope that a settlement may be reached in a manner acceptable to Catholics and Protestants alike. Captain Shawe-Taylor is sanguine enough to believe that if the Conference can be brought about it will not only be the means of securing great educational progress, but will put an end to the religious war of centuries in Ireland. All who are acquainted with the religious condition of the North of Ireland will feel that Captain Shawe-Taylor will enable us to judge whether they are sufficiently enlightened to join hands with their Catholic fellow-countrymen for a University in which the majority of Irishmen will have confidence? The matter concerns Irish Protestants as well as Irish Catholics. In a letter which he has addressed to the Irish press, Mr. Charles Dawson points out that years ago the late Dr. Houghton explained the secret of German commercial progress when he dwelt upon the advantages which German lands derived from the labors of 27 distinct University centres of education. The Orangemen's answer to Captain Shawe-Taylor will enable us to judge whether they are sufficiently enlightened to join hands with their Catholic fellow-countrymen for the promotion of Ireland's educational and material welfare, or whether they are so mastered by religious prejudices as to allow them to satiate in the way of national progress.

St. Michael's Hospital Annual Graduating Exercises

On Monday last the graduating exercises of St. Michael's Hospital nursing staff took place. Among those present were: His Grace the Archbishop, Rev. Father Roeder and Rev. Mr. McKeown, Presbyterian clergyman, and Doctors Oldright, McKenna, Nevitt, Wallace, Bingham, Wishart, King, Allen, Guinane, Chambers, Silverthorne, Dwyer, Bruce, McKeown, Wren, Crawford, C. H. McKenna, Marlowe and O'Brien.

Dr. Oldright was chariman and his Grace presented the medals and diplomas to the graduates, who were:

Miss L. M. Graves, London; Miss T. A. Regan, Oakville; Miss H. Anderson, St. Catherines; Miss M. Rowan, Hamilton; Miss M. O'Leary, Newmarket; Miss B. Halpin, Peterborough; Miss C. C. Fraser, Wauhawshene; Miss S. Downs, Belleville; Miss L. Regan, Corunna; Miss A. Fitzgerald, Mount St. Louis.

Nearly all of the doctors present said a few words of praise for the graduates and their instructors. Dr. Allen spoke feelingly of the good work carried on by the sisters, and reminded his hearers of the many sacrifices made in the past by the Sisters of St. Joseph, recalling as an instance the time of the diphtheria outbreak some years ago when the Sisters were the only volunteers who went to the relief of the afflicted.

His Grace also spoke, praising the work of the institution, showing the great advantage it is to the people of Ontario.

Hitherto, no doubt, the obstacles to good relations between the Orangemen and the Catholics have been most serious. The Orangemen have acted as an army in an enemy's country, being fully convinced that they were entitled not only to spoils, but to exemption from severe punishment for offences against Catholics unless they were extremely grave. An incident which illustrates the state of affairs that prevailed in Ulster when the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy was a young man is related in his reminiscences. The High Sheriff of Monaghan appointed as his sub-Sheriff, on whom the business of selecting juries principally fell, Sam Gray, a notorious Orange leader, who had been tried for the murder of a Catholic in broad day and had only escaped by the favor of his brethren in the jury-box. Any time between the Union and the Irish administration of Mulgrave and Drummond such an appointment might have been made with perfect impunity. It was said, indeed, that if Judas Iscariot were selected for such an office the remonstrance of Catholics would be treated as an impertinence. But there was at length a strong, just man in authority, and when the facts were brought under his notice immediate action was taken. Mr. Drummond wrote to the High Sheriff pointing out the impropriety of the appoint-

Pius X's First Encyclical

Declares He Accepted the Pontificate With Reluctance.

Rome, Oct. 3.—The first encyclical of Pope Pius X. is published to-day. The Pope declares that he accepted the Pontificate with reluctance, believing that he was unworthy to succeed such a great predecessor.

The encyclical urges the co-operation of the bishops in re-establishing the empire of Christ on earth and enjoins them to maintain intact the dogmas of the sanctity of the marriage tie and the duty of peoples toward rulers who hold power solely from God. The encyclical concludes by claiming liberty and independence for the Church.

The Observatore Romano publishes the text of an encyclical by Pope Pius X. commemorating Leo XIII. The encyclical, the first issued by Pope Pius, is entirely religious in tone.

The most important and interesting part is as follows:

"We proclaim that we have not, in the supreme pontificate any other programme than to gather all things in Christ so that Christ shall be all in all. There will not be lacking those who, by measuring divine things by human laws, will try to discover what are the secret intents of our soul. We say to them that we do not wish to be and, with divine aid, shall not be before human society other than the minister of God, of whose authority we are the depositary."

His Holiness declares that obedience to the laws and submission to the government are the duty of all citizens.

The encyclical closes thus:

"It is evident that the Church, instituted by Christ, must enjoy full and entire independence."

Cardinal Moran and the Irish

Saints

The Rome correspondent of The London Tablet says that Cardinal Moran, whose departure for Australia has been delayed until the end of October, is at present engaged upon a reprint of his volume on the Irish Saints of England and the Continent, which has been out of print for some years. According to the same correspondent, His Eminence has just been successful in obtaining an important decision from the Holy Father in favor of the Irish Dominicans of Cabra. This Community has developed in a very remarkable way during the last half century, possessing now no fewer than forty houses in Ireland, Australia, and the United States. In consequence of the demands of their work in favor of the deaf and dumb and their institutes of different kinds for the education of girls the Cabra nuns were dispensed from many details of the Dominican rules, and were transferred from the jurisdiction of the General of the Dominicans to that of the Archbishop of Dublin for the time being. In consequence, it was claimed against them that they had forfeited all right to the privileges belonging to the second Order of St. Dominic, and even to the title of Daughters of St. Dominic. Cardinal Moran espoused their cause when in Rome last year, but the Decree which was proposed by Propaganda was, for some reason, never issued. Returning to Rome, this time His Eminence placed the matter directly before the Holy Father, and last Tuesday received from Cardinal Mechi an Apostolic brief in which the Holy Father praises the work of the Sisters, whom he calls "Daughters of St. Dominic," confirms them in all the indulgences, privileges, and spiritual favors of their Order, while at the same time placing the different establishments of Cabra nuns under the jurisdiction of the respective ordinaries of the diocese in which they are established.

Senior Fourth—Excellent—George Fayle, Francis Tracey, Joseph Torpey.

Junior Fourth—Excellent—Francis Riordan, Edward Creary, Wilbert Henderson, Wilfrid Galvin, Weldon Marke, Good, Fred, Wallace, Fred Boland, Morgan Byrnes, Francis Hart Boland, Morgan Byrnes, Francis Hart.

Form III.—Excellent—P. Heffron, W. Doyle, T. Doyle, F. Wilson, T. Colgan; good, A. Doyle, W. Kerr, G. Morang, J. Travers, C. Bishop, C. O'Connor, C. King, F. Newton, L. Gracy, W. Pegg, J. Kelly.

Monthly Examination—Jun. III.—B. Kearns, G. Wilson, C. O'Connor.

Junior Division—1st, Leo Martin; 2nd, Joseph Hughes; 3rd, David Stormont.

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The night schools opened in many parishes of the city on

The Catholic Actor

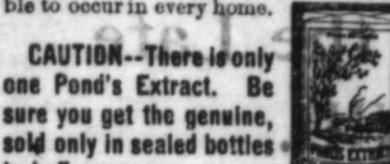
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Syndicate will have it. The actor who devotes himself to the classic play must tour the provinces, and be content with bread and butter most of the year. Haworth has played Hamlet. His Cassius looked much better than ordinary beside the Brutus of Mansfield last winter. A third actor worthy to rank with these two, and in some respects standing above them in the clever, upright, charming Frederick Paulding, one of the most versatile actors on the American stage. At present he is working in stock companies in the West. Nature has not been kind to him in one respect; he lacks height, a drawback which cost him a career. All the other qualities are his in profession. Facking makes, he must be content to make a living. These three Catholic actors profess the faith openly. Their progress towards perfection is not a matter for public discussion.

The actors who belong exclusively to the present generation are a very different class from that represented by Mary Anderson and Frederick Paulding. One might call them ironically the children of the Syndicate, which would not be strictly true. They were not trained under the Trust, but are often owned by the Syndicate. Their stellar glory is of the monstrosity. Their stellar glory is of the monstrosity. Margaret Anglin is leading lady of the Empire Theatre Company, may be accorded the first place by reason of her position, but not for her acting. She is the daughter of a Canadian lawyer, Timothy Anglin, once Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons. She won favorable notice by her acting of a character part. Mrs. Barrymore's last appearance in New York was with Orme in the Senator a successful play in which she shone as the widow. She remained a devout Catholic to the last, and her three children seem to have inherited both her faith and her talents.

Mile Rhea was a familiar name on the billboards for many years throughout this country, and while she was little known in the metropolis, her following was very large elsewhere.

She was a French woman of beauty and charm, a well-trained and capable actress, who played all the classic parts of comedy and tragedy, kept a fine company with her and costumed her plays splendidly. Once or twice she was in New York, but the critics and the audiences declined to accept her pronunciation and her French methods. She introduced the Napoleonic craze in plays by producing The Empress Josephine, a fair melodrama, that toured the country yet with success. A few years ago she retired to her native prettily estate won by her earnings. Almost to the last she preserved the beauty, elegance, and charm which made her dear to thousands of people.

These five people were among the most eminent and successful of their time, and all remained faithful Catholics, at least in the profession of the faith, and all of them died with the grace of the sacraments. When we pass to the consideration of living actors of eminence the name of Mary Anderson is the first to occur. "Our Mary" as the American world affectionately calls her. In addition to her good looks and her talent, Mary Anderson had the characteristics of a strong nature. Her common sense was rather remarkable. Her faith was of the simple kind that must express itself without finching, and her personality did more for the elevation of the stage, the play, and the actor, than any other single force with which I am acquainted. Her beauty was a revelation in the rather lurid Ingmar. Her capacity was not as great, nor her disposition as sweet as Modjeska's, but she could appeal with more directness to the American public than the Polish actress with her accent and her foreign ways. The two women have been the glory of the American stage in our time. Their personality, illumined by faith, gave a new meaning to the old Shakespearean characters. To appreciate the difference, one has only to witness the Tosafot of Ada Rehan, or of Henrietta Crosman, the Juliet of Julia Marlowe, and then compare them with the Juliet of Mary Anderson, and the Rosalind of Modjeska. Not only better acting, but that other indefinable thing, not to be described, only to be felt. Mary Anderson left the stage after her marriage, saddened by the vulgarity, the immorality, the meanness which became more visible to her as her experience increased. Modjeska has never been able to take up private life, and still tours the country somewhere in England there lives a companion of these two in the person of Genevieve Ward, an actress of distinction, who toured this country 25 years ago with success. She played in repertory, and introduced to this country a clever two-part play which had great vogue for years under the name of Forget-Me-Not. Her last appearance was in London, where she delighted the critics not many years ago as Queen Katherine in Henry VIII. It is not a small thing to have given to the stage three such women as Mary Anderson, Genevieve Ward and Madame Modjeska, in a single generation.

Dion Boucicault worked very hard to secure a permanent place for the so-called Irish drama, and his imitators continued to struggle after him, with only nominal success, but it may be admitted that they established the popularity of the Irish character in the current drama. Clyde Fitch illustrated this success when he provided a part for Edward Harrigan in his play, The Bird in the Cage, a drama written for Grace George originally, but found unsuitable. The play was a success except for the part created by Harrigan. This actor, at one time seemed to have a promising career ahead of him. Howells praised him for his sketches of low life in the metropolis, and one of his plays ran a whole season in New York. When he departed from his own ground, and undertook the Weber-Fields entertain-

ment, he had business in hand, it was not Sir Humphrey's custom to beat about the bush. After remarking on the beauty of the evening — so much was customary even in strictly business conversation—he asked her if she would be his wife.

He was a maxim of Sir Humphrey's that, when your mind was made up to a certain course, it was best to act promptly. He went in search of Clarissa.

He came behind her as she stood on the bank of the silver river, lost in sweet dreaming. The soft, white evening gown, made in the quaint, beautiful fashion of a past generation, showed the lines of her graceful figure.

She would look well surrounded by the ancient carved-oak furniture, he had bought in Tottenham Court Road.

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For a moment she did not reply. Sir Humphrey recognized the fact that she was very beautiful, and that loneliness and the moonlight threw him a little off his balance. He felt he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her. The master was getting beyond the strict regime of business.

He had never wanted to kiss any one before.

It could, of course, be only a matter of minutes—a little maiden hesitation—before he had the right to do so.

Minutes? Clarissa was speaking—

"Do you know my father, Sir Humphrey?"

"No, I have not that pleasure."

He anticipated no trouble in that quarter. Was he not Sir Humphrey Potter?

"I think you will not—cannot—refuse this proposal, when I tell you that—that—"

"Yes?" urged Sir Humphrey. As Clarissa paused.

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mentine public deserted him, and he went on the road. This month he will appear once more before the New York public with an old-time play. John T. Kelly has an honorable place in Irish burlesque with Weber and Fields, and his burlesque of Li Hung Chang some years ago was one of the laughing successes of the day. Dan Sully scattered laughter all over the country in the play of The Corner Grocery, and mounting to more serious things gave a creditable impersonation of the Parish Priest a few years ago, rough but not vulgar, sympathetic if not spiritual, and even dignified. Andrew Mack and Chauncy Olcott are birds of a feather, singing birds, whose sole duty is to play the handsome, rollicking, well-dressed Irish vocalist, with no likeness to any character that ever existed on earth. They deal in popular songs, sung by moonlight near a lake or in a mill in the presence of charming maids or vigorous patriots about to rush to death in behalf of their country. All over the land their rougher prototype, Mr. Joseph Murray, still charms his audiences with the ancient Kerry Gow and Shann Rhue, though I believe his voice will now allow him to sing pathetic songs from his prison-cell to the broken-hearted maiden and the English officer standing without the moonlight on the prison walls. It would be interesting to learn how many Irish plays go forth each year on the road to make the people laugh, their character, and their success.

The above record has distinction, which might be increased were the investigation more minute. It will be noticed that Mary Anderson, Madame Modjeska and James O'Neill have left no successors with promise of equal excellence. The fault lies not with the younger generation of actors, but with the changed conditions. No actor can nowadays get the training needed, the training secured by the Andersons and the O'Neills of former times. The moment an actor shows special ability his career is specialized by the managers. Poor John Drew! making money in large quantities by sacrificing his talent and his capacities to the whims of his managers. His father and mother won eminence, and he has won money; that is the history of the time!

Since this article was written the unexpected and untimely death of Mr. Joseph Haworth occurred at Wiloughby, Ohio.

The First Love of Sir Humphrey Potter

(Continued from page 6.)

being late, then," she had said, as they left, the dinner table. Be sure you are there at nine, so that we may come in together, and don't let pa see you alone."

So, while pa sipped his part in after-dinner contentment, Clarissa wandered in the rose garden and dreamed of the lover that was to come.

She did not dream of the lover that was coming.

Sir Humphrey finished his cigar and then went out into the garden. Mr. Latimer said to the sharer of his joys and sorrows—but not his port—that he hoped Clarissa would have the sense to come in. Her health was too delicate for the night air.

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He is in prison, she said, in a very dangerous building, and far away from home.

"In prison?" gasped Sir Humphrey.

There was silence. A faint breath stirred the bushes and died away again. A wakened cornerake creaked once and then subsided, as if he were alarmed by the noise he made in that great stillness.

Sir Humphrey was thinking. He could not decide on the instant what he should do. But the moonlight still exercised its power over him. He still wanted to kiss her.

He was grateful for the interruption that occurred before he was compelled to speak again. Miss Latimer came through the trees and burst on them breathlessly.

"Oh, I'm afraid it's awfully late, but—why, Sir Humphrey, I didn't see you! I've been to post a letter."

Miss Latimer believed the truth to be anything you could make people believe.

Sir Humphrey had only one more opportunity of speaking privately to Clarissa that evening (Flo Latimer's powers of conversation were wonderful). That he utilized by whispering: "I should like to renew our conversation in the morning."

Clarissa made no reply.

Sir Humphrey retired early that night, anxious for solitude, that he might consider the situation. He wanted this girl, and he was accustomed to have what he wanted. But the daughter of a felon? People would find it out, and the respectability that was his dearest possession—being an important factor in his business—would be seriously imperilled.

But he wanted Clarissa.

He tossed and turned on his bed, trying to make up his mind what to do. The father would one day—he thought, sorrowfully—get out of prison, and he, Sir Humphrey Potter, would be compelled to acknowledge him. He wondered what crime the man had committed. Forgery, probably; perhaps worse.

But he wanted Clarissa.

Latimer should have told him; it was monstrous to have introduced him to this girl without a word as to her father's disgrace. She was, he supposed, living on the charity of the Latimers. There would be a taint of crime in her blood, and perhaps, if he married her, it would appear in her children. The thought was horrible.

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When at last, he fell asleep, he had almost made up his mind to marry her. It was characteristic that he did not once consider her wishes in the matter. He was rich. He believed money to be all-powerful. The hand that signs the check rules the world. He was confident of it.

But when he awoke in the morning he found his love much less obtrusive and his business instinct predominant. Sentiment had faded with the moonlight.

He wondered how he could have hesitated. Such a marriage was impossible. He must tell Clarissa so at the first opportunity. The news should be broken gently—it would be a sad blow to the girl, but there must be no doubt left in her mind. It was impossible she could be his wife.

"I am very distressed, very distressed, indeed, to learn you are in such an unfortunate position," he said, when the opportunity came; "but you must see, of course, that under the circumstances, I cannot repeat the offer I made yesterday evening, an offer that I should not have—that is to say, had I been informed as I should have been, of the circumstances, I should not have put us both in this painful position."

Sir Humphrey spoke at civic banquets.

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Latimer should



There are very few cleansing operations in which Sunlight Soap cannot be used to advantage. It makes the home bright and clean.

Catholic Notes in Milan

Milan, Sept. 14.—When the memories of things once seen have become blurred and faded by time, and their sharpness of outline has grown dim and uncertain to memory, it is well to renew former impressions by visiting again the scenes and places where they were originally received. Paul Bourget, in his delightful "Sensations d'Italie," remarks that the charm of returning into a city which you know, palace by palace, and church by church, is to have in it three or four works of art which are friends of yours. There is a free and refined joy in forgetting the guide-book, and going straight to your rendezvous with beauty where these beloved works await you.

The first visit which I always make in Milan is to the Cathedral, that white, wonderful structure which stands in the very centre of that noisy city, just as a holy thought dwells in the heart of a busy and worldly man throughout the years. When you look up at the forest of spires, shining pure and white against the intense blue of the sky, and see the hosts of snow-white statues rising higher, until the whole appears as a drama of beauty, you begin to appreciate the magic of this great church. It matters little to read that the style is not correct, that the entrances are not in harmony with the building, and that other faults are to be met with in it; the wondrous charm of the building overpowers every objection, and you will feel it is beautiful in spite of all, perhaps even its defects being the outcome of human handwork endear it to you, for this is spontaneous, ardent always, sublime sometimes, and deliciously unequal. Someone has said that the disproportion between the work and the worker is nowhere so evident as in a cathedral. In all buildings raised by man for his own use there is a plain serving of a visible end; but the purely impersonal character of the thought of these nameless architects, who built for the glory of God alone, the lavish pouring out of all man's best gifts for what was His service, is a very grand and touching testimony to the intensity of the belief in the unseen.

Within, Milan Cathedral is one of the darkest churches in Italy. Florence Cathedral is not particularly bright within, but it is better than Milan; and when you enter this great church from the dazzling sunshine of the square in front of it, some minutes elapse before you can see in the gloom. But the brightness of the stained glass in the very tall windows abates for much. The events of the Old Testament and the New depicted in the glowing hues of the most resplendent gems, are there depicted, to be read as you walk up the grand aisle. The altar, with a white canopy behind it, which depends from the roof, is magnificently placed on a high platform raised many steps from the pavement. At each side of the entrance to the apse, on the two great pillars supporting the roof at this part, are two pulpits brightly gilded. In front of the apse, and beneath it, in a crypt lies the body of St. Charles Borromeo. In the chapel of the left transept a great bronze candelabra wrought in the shape of a tree stands supporting lamps that are lighted before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, and in the opposite transept strangers and country people gain in wonderment at the marble statue of St. Bartholomew—a very clever anatomical study on which the sculptor Marco Argati worked for eight years, but whose pride in his labor is too extravagant. "It was not Praxiteles," says the inscription he has carved on the base, "who carved me, it was Marco Argati!" As if anyone would ever make such a mistake as to attribute the work of Praxiteles. All, however, make their way to the shrine of St. Charles Borromeo, a personage whose presence pervades the whole city. The subterranean chapel in which the body of the saint lies is lighted by a sort of well, covered with glass, opening from the church above, but not so well as to do without artificial light, which is now supplied by electricity. The walls of this little chapel are covered with eight oval bas reliefs in silver gilt, representing the principal events of the life of the saint, in which his distribution to the poor of the proceeds of the sale of the principality of Orixa, and his visitation of the sick during the great plague of Milan, and his administration of the Sacraments to the dying are those which made the deepest impression on the visitor.

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THE MARKET REPORTS.

Dullness in Live Stock—Grain is Firmer—The Cheese Markets.

Tuesday Eve., Oct. 6.
Toronto St. Lawrence Markets.

There was a brisk trade on the street to-day, and receipts in all lines were fair; heavy. The grain receipts amounted to 3,200 bushels.

Wheat—Five hundred bushels of wheat sold at 89c to 92c per bushel, 300 bushels of red sold at 89c to 92c, 200 bushels of gooseneck sold at 72c to 73c and 300 bushels of rye sold at 72c to 73c.

Barley—Receipts were inclined to be heavy. Fifteen hundred bushels sold at 48c to 50c per bushel.

Flour—Five hundred bushels of new soft at 32c to 33c and 300 bushels of old soft at 34c.

Dressed Hogs—Trade continues very quiet, and the market is quoted unchanged at \$7.50 to \$8 per cwt for choice light-weight.

Butter—Saturday continues about the only day when daily offerings are sent in to the market, but a large quantity of butter to-day was listed on the market of light offerings. Quotations are unchanged at 18c to 22c per lb.

Eggs—Few farmers had stocks offering and none were sent in. Prices are about steady at 30c to 32c.

Poultry—Trade was not very active, as stocks were light. Quotations were unchanged at 18c to 20c per lb. Pigeons 6c to 8c for fowls and 10c to 12c for ducks. Turkeys are easier at 18c to 19c per lb.

Hams—About twenty loads were offered. No. 1 timothy sold at 410 to 411 per ton, and mixed or clover at \$3 to \$3.

Straw—There was none offering. Quotations are unchanged at \$9 to \$10 per ton.

Cheese Markets.

Ingersoll, Oct. 6.—Offerings on the boards to-day, 700 boxes; 11c highest bid; n-sales.

Campbellford, Oct. 6.—On the Cheese Board to-day, 1,530 boxes boarded. Hodge son bought \$9 at 18c; trade refused at 14c.

Toronto Live Stock.

Trade at the Western Cattle Market this morning was not very active, but during the past week or so, and, although the run of stock was not heavy, there was a weaker tone to the market in a number of instances, reflecting the poor condition of stock have been loaded up, but for the best cattle, which have been comparably scarce, there continue to be demands for them, and prices are maintained. Other prices to-day have an easement in quotations, although there is very little change.

A well-known cattle-dealer, Mr. ... has just returned from a tour through the Northwest, expresses the opinion that the run of cattle to be shipped from that part of the country this fall will be very light.

It is believed that the cattle market will not have it erected in public. To-day, as you pass to the railway station, if your eye should glance into the courtyard of the Palazzo Elvetico in the Viadelt Senatori Palace in which the Public Archivaria were once kept—there you will see the imprisoned statue of Napoleon III. The dashing hero, who set France to war "for an idea," as he said, now salutes the columns of the porticos which surround the courtyard of the Helvetic Palace, and the horses paw the air with the impatience of one who can't get out of the narrow space within which he is confined.

The Milanese have now no great love for the memory of Napoleon III, yet they have allowed this inscription to remain. Some years ago those people of Milan, who were more mindful of Napoleon III, and more grateful to him for the expulsion of the Austrians, had an equestrian statue made of him, in which he is represented as he was when he entered Milan victorious in 1859. It is in bronze and is a finely-modelled work of the sculptor Barzaghi. The Emperor has apparently just stopped his horse in its rapid movement, and it raises one foot as if impatiently pawing the air; the Emperor sits upright holding out his cap in his right hand as if saluting all and sundry, as he passes on his glorious career. The group is spirited and life-like, and deserves a better fate than has been awarded to it. Strange to say the Milanese will not have it erected in public. To-day, as you pass to the railway station, if your eye should glance into the courtyard of the Palazzo Elvetico in the Viadelt Senatori Palace in which the Public Archivaria were once kept—there you will see the imprisoned statue of Napoleon III. The dashing hero, who set France to war "for an idea," as he said, now salutes the columns of the porticos which surround the courtyard of the Helvetic Palace, and the horses paw the air with the impatience of one who can't get out of the narrow space within which he is confined.

The first Napoleon—in a statue of heroic size, and in bronze, the work of the great sculptor, Antonio Canova—is confined within another courtyard, that of the Brera. Here, however, he is in honor, not in disgrace, as his nephew is. Like to a Roman Emperor with a head as beautiful as that of the young Augustus and a form worthy of a Greek athlete, holding a statuette of a winged victory in his right hand, and a tall staff in his left, and quite nude, he looks a hero of the past bequeathed to our less heroic times. Everyone who visits Milan is sure to go to the Brera Picture Gallery and to pass through the courtyard where the little Corsican, enlarged to heroic proportions, lords it like an ancient Roman Emperor.

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