

ER 17, 1903  
CO. LIMITED  
STUMES  
London and New  
is exquisite exhibit  
centres of fashion,  
ns and Coats, and  
to day adds to the  
Length Coat in light  
and new puff sleeves,  
ce.....\$11.60  
or light brown cloth,  
of collar and velvet,  
.....\$16.00  
ok cloth; the coat is  
f, epaulettes, trimmed  
es; skirt is cut latest  
.....\$17.00  
ranite cloth, blue or  
self-trappings and  
trimmed black tulle  
Price.....\$19.20  
TS.  
a and New York  
ers of ladies' visited  
Hat worthy of note  
exquisite creations,  
ed "Directoire," and  
the display.  
READY,  
ices.  
freest choice. The  
ality never was better  
satisfy varied taste in  
pestry Carpets arrive  
color, that is worth  
40c, 48c, 63c  
with equally hand-  
75c to 95c  
aves sewing, making,  
as and colorings, full  
2c, 97c, \$1.25  
Co. LIMITED  
Street Montreal  
less  
received, I am con-  
fident.  
y, WE CAN REMBER  
the foot of every bill  
t the rush and give  
of goods at prices  
S and BEDDING  
E BUILDING,  
St. Catherine St.  
PRESS.  
correspondent of  
urch" (Protestant  
s that the Sp  
e making a good  
more or less than  
d of Index with re-  
s, especially those  
b, socialistic and  
sentiment, are cause  
to quiet consciences.  
of Seville has taken  
matter, and on the  
eeting of a Society  
of the Good Pres  
e urged his brother  
the matter in hand  
to the faithful what  
be avoided. This  
the evil influences  
nals in Spain seem  
s' correspondent  
and children; "but  
in Spain there are  
ho are 'simple and  
trust in' the  
and he significant-  
ay not be losers in  
ee given."

# The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle



MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1904. PRICE FIVE CENTS

**THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE**  
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & F. CO., LIMITED.  
325 BUSHY STREET, MONTREAL, CANADA. P. O. BOX 1138.  
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—City of Montreal (delivered), \$1.50; other parts of  
Canada, \$1.00; United States, \$1.00; Newfoundland, \$1.00; Great Britain, Ireland  
and France, \$1.50; Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00. Terms, payable in  
advance.  
All Communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Wit-  
ness" P. & F. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

**A NEW PROPRIETOR.**—Ere this issue reaches our subscribers the documents transferring the control of the "True Witness" from the present management, which has held office uninterruptedly for a period of ten years, to other hands, will have been signed.  
In retiring from the position we desire to offer the readers of the old organ who have so staunchly supported us in our endeavor to continue the good work for another decade the sincere expression of our gratitude.  
We wish the new proprietor every success in his undertaking. May the "True Witness" enjoy new life and prosper as it deserves to prosper during the decades that are to come to our sincere wish.

**OUR SCHOOLS.**—"Our pupils are increasing, but the number of our school buildings are not," remarked a well-known leader in Catholic educational ranks to a representative of the "True Witness" the other day, when discussing the lack of accommodation for the constantly increasing number of young applicants for admission to Catholic schools in this city.

**IRELAND'S LEADER.**—Preparations are now in progress for receptions to Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., and his colleagues, in Montreal, Toronto, Ottawa and Quebec, all of which will be held during the coming week.

**THE SWAY OF THE CELT** in the United States is becoming more pronounced as the years pass. In no manner has this been shown in such a marked degree as during the recent visits of the Irish envoys to New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

**EDUCATION.**—"Keep the boys and girls at school as long as possible to afford them a training which will enable them to lift themselves above the level of continual service in the lower positions of life," is the keynote of leading articles in the Catholic American press. Elsewhere in this issue we reproduce one of the articles for the benefit of our readers. It deserves more than the passing glance so characteristic of Catholics whose experience in the practical affairs of life should make them the staunchest supporters of Catholic education. There is need for more enthusiasm and co-operation in regard to our schools on the part of our laity. As a Catholic American exchange wisely remarks: "If Catholic education is to become a great, lasting and meritorious system, it will only be because Catholics give it a hearty support. It is not right to hold aloof and wait until the parish school is an ideal institution. Catholics must go in, and with generous contributions, hearty patronage and good report, make it what they desire it to be. This should be the spirit of parents at the opening of the schools."

**RESULTS OF INTEMPERANCE.**—In passing the death sentence on an unfortunate man standing in the dock of the Criminal Court of this city on Monday last, the presiding Judge said that the crime was the result of that terrible passion for strong drink which numbered so many victims. There was nothing to palliate the deed in such cases, and the murderer had to suffer the utmost penalty provided by the law.

**THE IRISH LANGUAGE.**—Bishop Sheehan, in an address before the

pupils and their parents in the Christian Brothers' High School, Clonmel, said: Men thought the Irish language was dead and gone forever; it was not dead. The Irish language appealed not to any passing need, not to any mere superficial quality or characteristic of the people, but it appealed to the heart and soul of the Irish nation. It awakened in the hearts of the Irish people something which was immortal in them—the love of their own land, the love of what was best and purest, when their land was a great nation. It carried them back to the time when Irish orators stirred with Irish eloquence, and Irish poets, with their own peculiar sweetness, spoke of the greatness of their own land and appealed to all the feelings of the people. It leaped over centuries, and brought out from the fair storied past a wealth which they now saw being displayed before them.

## LOCAL NOTES.

**A GOOD APPOINTMENT.**—At a meeting of St. Bridget's Refuge Trustees, held this week, the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. J. H. Semple was filled by the election of Mr. John Barry, one of the oldest parishioners of St. Patrick's parish. Mr. Barry has been associated with many important undertakings in our Irish parishes.

**PILGRIMAGE TO CEMETERY.**—The annual pilgrimage of all the city parishes to the Cote des Neiges cemetery will be held on October 30th.

**WEDDING BELLS.**—A very pretty wedding and one which awakened much interest in the ranks of the young members of St. Patrick's parish, took place on Wednesday morning. The contracting parties were Miss May Helen Gertrude Sexton, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Sexton, Montreal, and Mr. Patrick Charles McKenna. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Alyward, of London, Ont., assisted by the Rev. Martin Callaghan. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. J. Hammans. Her bridesmaids were her sister, Miss Estelle Sexton, and Miss Gertrude Agnew, and she was also attended by two little flower girls, her niece, Miss Marguerite Connolly, of Boston, and Miss Muriel Gauthier. The groomsmen were Dr. Tansey and Dr. Cleary. The bride wore a gown of white crepe de chine over white tulle, with lace berthe and soft trimmings of chiffon, veil and orange blossoms. The bridesmaids were in white China silk dresses, with lace trimming, blue girdles and pale blue panne velvet hats with long chiffon ties, and they carried shaded pink roses. After the ceremony a reception was held by the bride's sisters, at 96 University street. Mr. and Mrs. McKenna have gone to New York and Philadelphia on their wedding trip. Both were the recipients of many beautiful presents from their large circle of friends.

**THE JUBILEE.**—St. James Cathedral, Dorchester street, is the scene of many visitors during the opening days of the jubilee in honor of the 50th anniversary of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. During this week thousands of pupils of Catholic schools made their visits under the direction of the Nuns of various Orders, and the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

## LESSONS OF CATHOLIC UNITY.

**ALL CLASSES UNITE.**—There is ample justification for the remark made by a speaker at the German Catholic Congress just held in Ratisbon that the Church does not suffer in Germany as it is suffering in France because the German Catholics are well organized. The Catholic Congresses are at once an exercise and a proof of their organizing power. In the first place, they have an excellent local influence. Catholic energy is stimulated. The Catholic citizens of the town in which the meetings are held are, as a rule, eager to supply evidence that their zeal in the interest of religion is as earnest as that of the people amongst whom the Congress was held on other occasions. Ratisbon has in this way honorably distinguished itself. The preparations were as near perfection as possible, and the welcome given to the delegates was exceedingly hearty. There were, on every hand, signs of rejoicing, and the hospitality extended to the visitors was most generous. In the next place, the Catholic Congress strengthens the social bonds between the different classes. All ranks and sections of Catholics were represented. The papal Nuncio at Munich, the Bishop and Assistant Bishop of Ratisbon, the Archbishop of Munich, the Right Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Assistant Bishop, of Dublin, and other prelates were present as representatives of the Hierarchy. There was quite a large attendance of nobles, headed by the veteran Prince Charles zu Lowenstein and Count Droste-Bischering. Parliamentarians and public men of almost every type including speakers of high ability such as Dr. Schadler, Dr. Porsch and Dr. Esser, were strongly in evidence. Students put in an appearance in their collegiate regalia, and of artisans and peasants there were thousands. Thus in promoting the welfare of the Church, prince and peasant, ecclesiastic and layman, were confirmed in unity of purpose and in the spirit of fraternity.

**PRACTICAL WORK.**—But perhaps the best feature of the German Catholic Congress is in its directly practical work. Long since the Congress brought about what the American Catholics are striving for—the federation of Catholic societies. Catholic organizations of all kinds join in the deliberations and also hold their own meetings during Congress week. At Ratisbon the workers made a demonstration and no less than 300 Catholic associations were represented on the occasion. The Catholic delegates especially interested in Catholic missions met in congress and exchanged views as to the requirements and prospects of foreign missions. The Marian Association for the Protection of Girls discussed the means of finding employment for Catholic women who are in need of work. The Cecilia Association had under consideration the recent "Motu Proprio" of the Pope and decided upon certain alterations in their own programme. The League of the Cross and the Priests' Total Abstinence Association took counsel together as to the furtherance of the total abstinence movement, the necessity of which has of late years been felt more and more by German reformers. In fact, the German Catholic Congress may fittingly be described as an expression of Catholic activity in every department of public life.

**THE DISCUSSIONS** and resolutions were largely directed to maintaining the position which the Catholic forces have won in the political arena and to securing equality for them in the matter of public rights. The success of the Centre party in legislative action has excited admiration in many quarters. In no small measure it is due to the discussions which take place at the Catholic Congress. There every detail of the Centre's policy is carefully examined in committee. Men who are both tactful and thoughtful give it the closest attention, and in this way serious mistakes are guarded against. In the struggle for equality the Congress has played an import-

ant part. Though the Catholic Church is, on the whole, flourishing throughout Germany, public life still affords evidence of unfairness towards Catholics. They are not always treated with justice. The Centre party, however, backed by the Congress, has been gradually effecting the redress of grievances, and many disabilities have been removed. Again, in respect to labor questions, the Catholic Congress has been most serviceable. Not only have measures which are now the law of the land been outlined for the benefit of the working classes, but the toilers have received advice, instruction and encouragement in their agitations. What could be of more advantage to the workers than the language addressed to them at Ratisbon by Dr. Schadler? The Catholics of Germany, he told them, not only respected their rights as men and Christians, but considered it their duty to do what they could to protect them, and under the standard of the Cross their cause would advance from victory to victory.

**POPE AND EMPEROR.**—Both the Pope and the Emperor sent good wishes to the Congress. The Holy Father's letter indicated very clearly that he would be glad to see the Catholics of other countries organizing as the German Catholics have done. When, said His Holiness, the Catholics of the Fatherland met and took into consideration the interests of the Church in German lands, it was a certainty that the assemblage would face their work skilfully and carry it through successfully. The knowledge and care shown by the promoters of the German Catholic Congress in preparing for its proceedings, and their tact and ability in conducting them, were well known. They had not to look to foreign models. In their own brilliant Congresses they found ample guidance. Some time ago the idea conveyed in the Holy Father's letter, that the results achieved by the German Catholic Congresses should stimulate the Catholics of other countries to form a similar organization, was advocated in our columns. We urged that a general meeting of the most representative Catholics in these islands would be of great advantage to the public, and to the Catholic body, in particular. The events which have occurred since the proposal was put forward have tended to strengthen our belief in the utility of the scheme. Difficulties would, no doubt, arise in harmonizing within the limits of a single programme the political aspirations of different classes of Catholics. But the German Catholics encounter the same difficulties, and the unity which prevails at their Congress is excellent testimony to the success with which they surmount them.—Catholic Times, Liverpool.

## BURGLARS ENTER CHURCH AND PRESBYTERY.

An occurrence rare in this city and district is reported in the local daily press this week. The facts are as follows:

Burglars who broke into the Cote St. Paul Roman Catholic presbytery early yesterday morning, carried off \$200 worth of jewellery and about the same amount in cash, the personal property of Miss Diana Brisset, sister of the parish priest. They entered on the ground floor, through the front parlor window, and after ransacking the rooms downstairs, including the study of Father Brisset, where all the drawers of his desk were forced open, the burglars went up into the apartment of Miss Brisset and stole the money and jewellery.

The robbery was conducted with so much deftness that no one was awakened. Father Brisset, who retired at midnight, and occupied a room above the parlor, said he heard nothing. His sister and the vicar were likewise unaware of the burglars' presence. The only one who heard a noise between midnight and 5 o'clock in the morning, the time during which the robbery was committed, was a servant girl, but the disturbance was so insignificant that it failed to arouse her suspicion, and she gave no alarm. Nothing was taken

in the house besides the property of Miss Brisset. Failing to discover any valuables in the desk of the priest, the burglars made their exit by the study door.

Through a window in the basement they entered the church. Three contribution boxes, which had been emptied the night before, were broken in vain. The thieves then went to the sacristy and examined a receptacle where sacred vessels are kept. These were respected, but a relic of St. Epedit and some small change destined to the choir boys were stolen.

Father Brisset said last night that no sacrilege was committed. Everything in the church except the contribution boxes were left intact. He believed the burglars had carried away the relic, which was carefully wrapped up, under the impression that the parcel contained some money. The altar with all the costly decorations remained untouched, and the furniture was undisturbed.

## TIMELY REMARKS.

Affairs in France have evidently been drifting for many years. Candidates for political honors were, in too many instances, men devoid of religious sentiments, and the electors on casting their votes did not sufficiently realize the danger of putting power in the hands of such persons. Moved by merely local issues and blinded by personal interests, they failed to grasp the general bearing of the questions before them, and all the while anti-clericalism was steadily growing in strength and sending its roots deeper into the soil. Today it is not so easy to mend matters. With a party on the Treasury benches, unscrupulous in its methods at election times, the votes of a few years ago have silently, but none the less effectively set up an influence which the votes of to-day are unable to counteract. And hence the people view with sorrow the departure of so many religious, who are driven from the country, if not directly, at least remotely, by the votes of a nation now helpless to stay the tide of deportation.

In the exercise of the franchise we should always remember that man's life is measured by years, while that of a nation is computed by centuries, and just as the term of man's natural life decides his condition for endless ages, so also the political non-balance of the Catholic voter, spread over a few years of his manhood, may set up evils whose baneful effects may be felt throughout centuries of national existence. Whilst praying for the welfare of the dispersed religious, let us piously hope that their unfortunate condition may prove a salutary lesson to Catholics the world over. Especially is this necessary in our own Canada, where problems may arise at any moment fraught with interest to the Catholic Church, problems whose only chance of a satisfactory solution lies with an electorate in which religion and politics, like justice and peace, "have met and kissed."—P.P., in the Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

## CAPITAL AND LABOR.

There is a unit of power in our common Christianity that can bring capital and labor together. Christ exemplified in His own person the union of both. Being God, the owner of all things, He was the greatest capitalist of the universe, and yet, the reputed son of a poor carpenter. He labored at the bench.—Archbishop Ryan.

## POPE AND IRELAND.

The Holy Father has been pleased to address the following gracious letter to His Eminence Cardinal Logue: To Our Beloved Son, Michael Logue, by the title of St. Mary of Peace, Cardinal Priest of the Holy Roman Church.

## PIUS X. POPE.

Our Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction. Although not many days since We have addressed to you a letter, in which We congratulated you on the dedication of St. Patrick's Temple, which has been most happily celebrated, it pleases Us, however, to write to you again for the purpose of giving more ample expression to Our wishes. For Our Venerable Brother Vincent, Bishop of Palestrina, whom We sent to Ireland as Our Legate a latere, to preside in Our name at the aforesaid dedication, on his return related so many and such signal things regarding the splendour of the celebration, the religion of the people, the kindness of you and of the other Bishops, and your united devotedness to Us, that his report filled Our mind with pleasure. We, therefore, in the first place, give thanks for the honor shown to the aforesaid Legate, which We regard as if it had been bestowed upon Ourselves, whose person he represented. Then We likewise congratulate with you on that constancy and ardour of faith which Our same Venerable Brother Vincent saw manifested among you, by so many proofs, and admired so much during his whole stay in your midst. For not only did he visit churches, at every stage of his progress, and bestow, in Our name, a blessing on the multitudes by which they were so closely thronged, but he beheld schools for the education of youth, hospitals for the solace of the sick, and divers associations devoted to every kind of religious and charitable works, thus everywhere witnessing the active industry of the Irish in promoting the welfare of religion. To your endeavors, Our dearly Beloved Son, and to those of the other Bishops, We freely attribute the credit of this consoling state of things, desiring from Our heart that God may daily grant more ample fruits to your efforts. Which that He may vouchsafe according to Our wishes, and that you may be encouraged by the testimony of Our benevolence, We most lovingly, in the Lord, impart the Apostolic blessing to you, to the other Bishops, and to the whole clergy and people of Ireland. Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, the XXVIII day of August, in the year MDCCCIV; the second of Our Pontificate.

## PIUS X. POPE.

Concordat cum Originali.  
MICHAEL CARDINAL LOGUE.

## LARGE DONATIONS.

The merchant princes of Canada are giving their money generously to McGill University of this city, the leading non-Catholic educational institution of this Dominion. Two magnificent donations, forming the sum of \$100,000 were announced this week; one of \$75,000 from Lord Strathcona, and another of \$25,000 from Sir William Macdonald.

## A SAD ACCIDENT.

Nine persons killed and nineteen others injured was the result of an electric car striking a fifty pound box of dynamite that had fallen off an express waggon, at Melrose, Mass., on Wednesday last.

## MARRIED.

SHERIDAN-WEHR. — At Notre Dame de Stanbridge, on the 20th September, by the Rev. Father Lawrence, Mr. Albert Sheridan, of St. Sebastian, to Maggie, eldest daughter of Charles C. Wehr, of Notre Dame de Stanbridge.

SATURDAY, SEPT... A Fierce Rus...

THE FIVE DAYS'... which ended in the occu...

THE JAPANESE PLA... vious strategy was for G...

OVER CONFIDENCE... evident from the outset...

RUSHED TO SLAUGE... ter an artillery fire last...

SECOND ATTACK R... On the Russian left the...

ON DEFECTS IN TEACHING.

Bishop Casaroli delivered an address recently before the members of the Manchester and Salford Teachers' Association.

His Lordship spoke in part as follows:

He had been at school for over forty years; in fact, nearly the whole of his life had been spent in the teaching profession.

Two things occurred to him—what we had not gone too far in the opposite direction; or, whether they were not running after fads.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli and Mgr. de Waal have both promised to lend many interesting pictures and objects of Marian devotion.

FOR GAELIC TEACHERS.—A training college for Gaelic teachers has been opened at Ballingearry, not far from St. Finbar's ancient shrine of Gougane Barra in Cork.

A CARDINAL'S VISIT.—For the first time in the history of Young Italy, says the Messenger Magazine, a Cardinal paid an official visit to a government establishment.

Referred to examinations, Bishop Casaroli said he saw the rise of these competitions. They had now gone through the mill, and they had good points, he admitted.

When one looks back on one's own life, did they not feel the influence of their teacher's character? It was a sort of secret relationship, and, therefore, those engaged in teaching should be qualified, should be possessed of those high, ennobling characteristics, personal conduct, so that they might impart to those entrusted to their care qualities excellent in mind and thought.

Why build churches? That heaven be brought down to men; that hope remain upon earth.—Extract from an address by Archbishop Ireland, at Sioux City, Sept. 8.

meanwhile, the members of the different 'corps elus' addressed a request to the Governor of Pondichery developing all the reasons militating in favor of maintaining the Sisters and begging him to order the committee to reconsider their decision.

THE MARIAN EXPOSITION.—Late this month, or early in October, the Marian Exposition will be opened in the Lateran Palace, Rome. This bids fair to be one of the most interesting features of the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

CATHOLIC ENDEAVOR.—In Chicago the Sisters of the Good Shepherd are about to begin the erection of a new institution to cost \$350,000.

THE OLD STORY.—A correspondent to the Catholic American press points out the inclination of non-Catholics to believe all kinds of stories about the Church.

FOR GAELIC TEACHERS.—A training college for Gaelic teachers has been opened at Ballingearry, not far from St. Finbar's ancient shrine of Gougane Barra in Cork.

A CARDINAL'S VISIT.—For the first time in the history of Young Italy, says the Messenger Magazine, a Cardinal paid an official visit to a government establishment.

Referred to examinations, Bishop Casaroli said he saw the rise of these competitions. They had now gone through the mill, and they had good points, he admitted.

When one looks back on one's own life, did they not feel the influence of their teacher's character? It was a sort of secret relationship, and, therefore, those engaged in teaching should be qualified, should be possessed of those high, ennobling characteristics, personal conduct, so that they might impart to those entrusted to their care qualities excellent in mind and thought.

Why build churches? That heaven be brought down to men; that hope remain upon earth.—Extract from an address by Archbishop Ireland, at Sioux City, Sept. 8.

Mary's Church. All the most prominent citizens of Waverly took part in the dedication ceremonies.

A WONDERFUL CURE has just been reported from the little Welsh town of Holywell. The patient is James Plunkett, a builder's laborer of Manchester, who became almost a helpless cripple after falling from a scaffolding twelve months ago last December.

A PRIEST'S FUNERAL.—The Catholic Press of Sydney, Australia, says: "The funeral of the late Very Rev. Father Le Rennelet was probably one of the largest seen in Sydney since that of Archbishop Polding in 1877.

THE OLD STORY.—A correspondent to the Catholic American press points out the inclination of non-Catholics to believe all kinds of stories about the Church.

FOR GAELIC TEACHERS.—A training college for Gaelic teachers has been opened at Ballingearry, not far from St. Finbar's ancient shrine of Gougane Barra in Cork.

A CARDINAL'S VISIT.—For the first time in the history of Young Italy, says the Messenger Magazine, a Cardinal paid an official visit to a government establishment.

Referred to examinations, Bishop Casaroli said he saw the rise of these competitions. They had now gone through the mill, and they had good points, he admitted.

When one looks back on one's own life, did they not feel the influence of their teacher's character? It was a sort of secret relationship, and, therefore, those engaged in teaching should be qualified, should be possessed of those high, ennobling characteristics, personal conduct, so that they might impart to those entrusted to their care qualities excellent in mind and thought.

Why build churches? That heaven be brought down to men; that hope remain upon earth.—Extract from an address by Archbishop Ireland, at Sioux City, Sept. 8.

RANDOM NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE IRISH ENVOYS.—Ireland's cultured and patriotic leader, Mr. John E. Redmond, and his colleagues, Captain A. J. C. Donelan, Patrick O'Brien and Conor O'Kelly have been the recipients of receptions in Philadelphia and New York such as was not surpassed in the days when Parnell was the idol of the hour.

The demonstration in Boston, which took place at the Boston Theatre, was of the most enthusiastic character, and the best evidence of this fact was that \$8000 was subscribed during its progress.

TO GO TO ROME.—One of the biggest pilgrimages organized for many years will leave New York for Rome early in November. It will be headed by Bishop McDonnell of the diocese of Brooklyn, and it is intended that the pilgrims will arrive in Rome on the eve of the golden jubilee celebration of the Immaculate Conception.

ABOUT OFFICE-BEARERS.—Mr. John O'Callaghan, Boston, the National Secretary of the United Irish League of America, in his report of the workings of the League, touched upon a feature which is characteristic of nearly all organizations, and one that in many instances has sounded the death knell of useful associations.

WAR AND MISSIONS.—"La Croix," a daily newspaper published in Paris, France, says that should the Japanese conquer in the war with Russia the yellow pagans would regard Catholic missionaries with scorn, and hold the religion they teach in such contempt that they would not "condescend" to inquire as to its truth.

EDUCATION.—The glided descent of this age is without parallel, says the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo. It prevades, with noxious influence, all the great walks of life; the press, the pulpit, the stage; weaving its shining web especially round the time-honored profession of medicine, and the numberless fields of mercantile pursuits.

INTEMPERANCE.—A jurist and priest have entered into an arrangement for the reformation of men convicted of drunkenness at Des Moines, Ia. Under the Iowa law a drunkard can be sentenced to the workhouse, but Judge Mathis has adopted the plan of suspending the sentence in the cases of prisoners who go before Rev. Father Nugent and take an oath of abstinence.

A NON-CATHOLIC GIFT.—St. Joseph's Hospital, Waverly, Ia., which was recently dedicated and placed in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, was formerly the residence of a wealthy non-Catholic philanthropist, Abraham Slinger, who donated it to the city for hospital purposes on condition that it be placed in charge of a Catholic Sisterhood.

ELECTIONS IN IRELAND.—In making his appeal at the recent con-

vention of the United Irish League of America, Mr. John Redmond, M. P., explained the urgent necessity that there was to have ample means to conduct an electoral campaign. He said: "We hold 85 out of 103 Irish seats—85 Irish Nationalists are elected. In Ireland the whole cost of an election is thrown upon the candidate. The State bears none of it. All the Sheriff's expenses, the expense of loaths, expenses of clerks, everything connected with the election is paid by the candidates. The State does not contribute one penny. These 85 seats will, very probably in most cases be contested. Not that our enemies will have any hope of winning the seats, but because, if they think we have not got a sufficient campaign fund, they will think that the easiest way to knock us down will be to contest every seat, whether they have a hope of winning or not, on the off chance that they will be able to exhaust our resources. Suppose that only half of these seats are contested, at the lowest possible computation it will cost us about two thousand dollars a seat, and even for the seats that are not contested our men cannot be returned, even unopposed, with no other candidate, without paying a very considerable sum, amounting to at least a couple of hundred dollars, to the sheriffs for all sorts of ridiculous expenses."

TO GO TO ROME.—One of the biggest pilgrimages organized for many years will leave New York for Rome early in November. It will be headed by Bishop McDonnell of the diocese of Brooklyn, and it is intended that the pilgrims will arrive in Rome on the eve of the golden jubilee celebration of the Immaculate Conception. Nearly all the pastors of the Brooklyn diocese will accompany their Bishop, and it is said that scores of the laity have already signified their intention of taking part in the pilgrimage.

ABOUT OFFICE-BEARERS.—Mr. John O'Callaghan, Boston, the National Secretary of the United Irish League of America, in his report of the workings of the League, touched upon a feature which is characteristic of nearly all organizations, and one that in many instances has sounded the death knell of useful associations. He said: "I am emphatically of opinion that in the selection of the new national committee only such people should be chosen for that position as declare their willingness to work energetically in this cause. One-sixth of the membership of the national committee elected at the Boston convention two years ago has never once to this date responded to an official communication addressed to them. A continuation of the work of the United Irish League under these conditions would not only be practically impossible, but would be to a great extent an imposition on the other members of the committee. In the selection of the men who are to be charged with the conducting of this organization for the next two years, considerations more important than those of mere personal friendship or a desire to honor any particular person should come first. Men who will not work themselves in the movement can never arouse enthusiasm for that movement among others."

INTEMPERANCE.—A jurist and priest have entered into an arrangement for the reformation of men convicted of drunkenness at Des Moines, Ia. Under the Iowa law a drunkard can be sentenced to the workhouse, but Judge Mathis has adopted the plan of suspending the sentence in the cases of prisoners who go before Rev. Father Nugent and take an oath of abstinence. The results of the experiment so far have been satisfactory to the representatives of both state and church.

A NON-CATHOLIC GIFT.—St. Joseph's Hospital, Waverly, Ia., which was recently dedicated and placed in charge of the Sisters of Mercy, was formerly the residence of a wealthy non-Catholic philanthropist, Abraham Slinger, who donated it to the city for hospital purposes on condition that it be placed in charge of a Catholic Sisterhood. The donation is estimated at \$30,000. An additional \$16,000 for a wing was collected among the citizens by Rev. Father Daugherty, pastor of St.

NUNS APPRECIATED.—The pagans of India seem able to appreciate the noble work of Catholic nuns. Some time ago the "Catholic Examiner" of Bombay stated that the government threatened to secularize the Chandernagore Hospital on August 1. Now, says the latest "Examiner" at hand: "When it became known that the 'Comite de Bienfaisance' were taking steps to expel from the hospital, founded by the generosity of the inhabitants, the devoted Sisters, who for the last twenty years had taken care of the poor patients to the great satisfaction of all, protests were raised from all sides. To give practical shape to this expression of opinion, a petition asking to keep the good nuns at their post was circulated in the native quarter, and was covered in a few days with more than 2000 signatures of non-Christians. In the

# A Fierce Battle Between Russians and Japanese

**THE FIVE DAYS' FIGHTING** which ended in the occupation of Lia-Yang by the combined armies under Marshall Oyama was a costly and barren victory for Japan. Day and night General Oku hurled masses of infantry against the Russian rear guard, only to see them sent reeling back in shattered fragments, leaving heaps of dead to mark the successive stands of that iron wall upon which Kuropatkin relied for safety.

The following graphic account of the battle is from the report published by the special correspondent of the New York Times:

On August 20 the Japanese army was ready for the final operation against the Russian concentration, the main force of which was believed to be at Lia-Yang.

**THE JAPANESE PLAN.**—The obvious strategy was for Gen. Kuroki to strike the Russian communications north of Lia-Yang while the remaining divisions attacked from the south.

Immediately the outposts came into touch four miles north of Hai-Cheng. Gen. Oku was opposed by a Russian rear guard sent to delay him. This force delayed the advance three days, its efforts being aided by the weather, which made the roads in a terrible condition.

On Aug. 20 the headquarters halted, while the advance guard felt the Russian front.

The 30th opened threateningly, and found the Japanese army deployed under cover of the crops, facing seven hills which the Russians held.

**OVER CONFIDENCE.**—It was evident from the outset that Gen. Oku's recent successes had caused him to despise the staying power of the enemy, for, without waiting for adequate protection, he pushed his infantry down to the limit of the standing crops which had not come under the Russians' precautionary sieges.

The Russians, from rocky eminences, could get occasional glimpses of the snake-like infantry columns, and they opened an accurate shrapnel fire from four gun positions, which throughout the two days' fighting had remained masked.

The Russian tactics at Lia-Yang were a revelation for which General Oku had to pay dearly.

As the Russian guns opened, Japanese batteries stationed along the front began to shell the crests which looked likely to be gun positions, but the shelling that day had no effect on the defenders' fire beyond increasing its intensity.

**RUSHED TO SLAUGHTER.**—After an artillery fire lasting all day, which must have been more serious to the attack than the defence, the divisional commanders were ordered to press the infantry forward at dusk.

The movement was prepared by heavy artillery fire, in which the Japanese had 160 field guns and sixty howitzers engaged. Against this the Russians returned a united fire from probably forty-eight field guns, from which the fire was indirect.

The result of this infantry advance was abortive. Gallantly the little infantrymen responded in groups of twelve, their formation for such an attack, and pressed up towards the inferno prepared for them.

The leading battalions of the Fourth and Sixth Divisions essayed the approaches to the rock eminence, but a sheet of lead from a loop-holed village at the base of the eminence and from supporting trenches swept them back, and they were fain to dig themselves into the soft mud on the fringe of the standing corn.

The Third Division, with the gallant Thirty-fourth Regiment leading, made a similar attempt near the centre, but the result was the same harrowing slaughter.

**SECOND ATTACK REPULSED.**—On the Russian left the right brigade of the Third Division and the Fifth Division had made better progress, though even this was little, and considering the disparity of the rival forces, the laurels rested with the Russians.

But the Japanese art of war counsels persistency, and in spite of the failure of the first attack another was ordered to begin at 2 o'clock the following morning.

The cold, gray morning witnessed another scene of slaughter on the Russian right, as the defenders again hurled the attack back, enflaming

fire on every salient swept each rush away before the men could even lay hands on the entanglements.

The Fifth Division had more success against the Russian left. The position here was composed of a brush-covered hog's back, sloping to the east, defended by a tripple line of trenches, with the glacis protected by ten feet entanglements covering a honeycomb of pits containing spikes at the bottoms.

The lower feature of this hill was a salient, but the upper works were flanked by a conical hill in front, which acted as a bastion, and was cunningly entrenched.

In the semi-darkness of the morning the Forty-first Regiment carried this under feature after losing 75 out of 100 pioneers, who hacked their way through the entanglements with axes. The men, rushing through the gap, overpowered the sentries in the trenches before the support sleeping in the splinter-props behind could reinforce them, but day-break brought a tragedy of a kind which is common in modern war.

Shell fire, believed to be from Japanese guns, drove this gallant storming party from its hold, filling the Russian trenches with Japanese dead.

Thus at the hour of sunrise the positions of the defence and the attack on this front were practically in statu quo.

**PLAN FAILED.**—All the preceding day I had heard the sound of the Tenth Division's guns and a more muffled booming to the north-east, which, I conjectured, came from Kuroki's guns, but it would seem certain that Gen. Kuropatkin had concentrated his main force previously in an endeavor to crush Gen. Kuroki, and that thereby the main feature of the Japanese strategical plan had failed.

Anyway, as far as we could judge, neither the Tenth Division nor Gen. Kuroki had made any perceptible progress in the five days' fighting, and we know that after the second day the Russians had only held Gen. Oku and Gen. Nodzu with a rear guard.

On the 31st the weather was fine, and the energy of this southern attack in artillery fire on the bushy hill that had been won and lost.

**RUSSIAN POSITION.**—At ten o'clock we could see the Fifth Division moving against the Russian left. The slow, creeping work of this division had enabled it to approach within nearer range of the enemy, and its little hand howitzers, which weapons accompany every infantry brigade, were now brought up to support the firing line.

They massed against the rocky excrescences, which gave cover from the Russian artillery fire, until the preparations seemed complete. Then they extended down the inner and outer slope of the ridge in company columns, single file, shoulder to shoulder, lying down.

At 11.45 the advanced lines broke into groups of twelve and began a series of rushes, according to the usual method of Japanese infantry attack. After making a short rush the men lie down. They do not fire their rifles, support coming from the supports in the rear. In this case the firing line was thrown out along the actual crest which divided the two attacking lines.

**LIKE A VOLCANO.**—There is a moment's intense excitement, while the summit of the Russian position is like a miniature Mont Pelée in eruption, owing to the bursting of dozens of shimoshe shells. The head of the assault is in a gap in the entanglements. The artillery is supporting the assault.

Three or four ground mines explode in the midst of the leading assaulting groups. Then, as the smoke clears, black-coated Russians are seen leaving the position.

In a moment the Japanese are in, and the whole of the lines in support on the crest are firing down the slope into the retreating Russians.

But one swallow does not make a summer. Although the under feature of the bushy hill was carried, the rest of the assault failed miserably. No Japanese could live within 500 yards of the bastion hill, and though the Japanese groups were so numerous that I can liken them only to swarming bees, it was only to be swept backward into cover again,

leaving behind the heavy price of their valor.

The handful of men who seized the hill were able to hold it, but they could not advance an inch, and thus the afternoon wore on.

All along the line, no movement could be traced except the moving nearer of some few Japanese batteries. The artillery duel, however, continued unabated.

Along the fringe of the Japanese front individual infantrymen crept forward and dug themselves in where mounds or water courses made it possible to escape the searching fire of the Russian rifles, while all the time the Russian shrapnel was causing hundreds of casualties in the flats.

**SENDS MEN TO SLAUGHTER.**—But Gen. Oku was growing desperate. From the position of the Fifth Division it was evident that the Tenth Division and General Kuroki were making no headway, so Gen. Oku determined upon a third general assault that night.

Just think of it, the third in twenty-four hours! But all day he had been moving his reserves up into the firing line. At 7 o'clock the whole strength of the Japanese artillery began a rapid fire, in preparation of the whole position, taking it in sections. This continued an hour, and afterward, for the third time, the infantry were hurled against the position.

In general the assault was a repetition of all the previous assaults, except in one portion of the line. For the rest, there was gruesome evidence the following morning to show how like hares in snares the heroic infantry had struggled into the bard-wire entanglements to die; how, blundering in the darkness, sections had thrown themselves down thirty yards from the firing line of muzzles whose flashes marked the goal they were never to win.

But the first battalion of the Thirty-fourth Regiment, which for forty-eight hours had been lying in the scrub at the foot of the green glacis, of the centre hill, broke the rough abatis and entanglements, and, in spite of a flanking fire which swept away group after group, had enough endurance to reach the first trench.

What happened there none know, but in the morning, when we viewed the positions, Russians and Japanese were lying intermingled waist deep in the ditch, while from the parapet to the entanglement, perhaps 150 yards, a thick trail of prostrate khaki told a tale no pen can describe.

Everywhere again the assault had failed.

The divisional telephones told headquarters the desperate news, but the Japanese infantry are not to know failure. The laconic reply was: "Reinforce and assault again before daybreak."

**RUSSIAN RETREAT.**—But the curtain had already fallen on the first act of the drama. Whether shaken by the repeated attacks, fearful for the left flank, or finding that Gen. Kuroki could be held with difficulty from his communications, Gen. Kuropatkin, who was present in person, countenanced a general withdrawal from the position about midnight.

So the Japanese occupied the whole position in the morning up to the second position without striking another blow, while the Russians fell back to their third line, leaving seven prisoners entombed in a trench in Japanese hands.

These, with the position and a portion of the Russian dead, were the net results of this negative victory, which, at the lowest computation, cannot have cost much less than 10,000 casualties.

Gen. Kuropatkin was beaten, but not routed by any means, in spite of the Japanese official report that the Russians had fled panic stricken from the field.

When the position was found to be evacuated, it was thought that the Japanese army would march into Lia-Yang immediately, but this was not so. There were to be forty-eight hours' more of sanguinary struggle before Gen. Kuropatkin withdrew—a struggle which cost the Japanese more casualties than they suffered during the capture of the first position.

**RUSSIAN REAR GUARD.**—The general impression on the morning of Sept. 1 was that we had only to advance to occupy Lia-Yang, but when General Oku's infantry began to feel the town they found that the enemy by no means intended to abandon it without a struggle.

As the infantry began to advance artillery opened fire from three positions in front of the town, and by nine o'clock it was realized that the two forces had settled down to another stubborn battle.

The progress made by Gen. Oku during the day was slow. The Fifth Division, part of General Nodzu's command, made better progress.

Trains had been seen leaving all day, and again the rear guard, having completed its duty, retired.

Gen. Oku again ordered one of those terrific artillery preparations which precede a Japanese infantry assault. It seemed that everything before it must be annihilated and that nothing could live.

Just as the fire reached its zenith all along the line, the three Russian artillery positions burst into answering flame, and the Japanese were surrounded with bursts of rapid shrapnel fire. The Russians were not done with yet.

That night the attaches were informed that Gen. Oku had ordered a general attack, which was destined to be final. The promised attack did not take place until just before sunrise on Sept. 3. Reports say it was desperate, but failed, with considerable loss.

It was evident from the increased vehemence of the Japanese artillery fire that morning that Gen. Oku had received information which determined him to roll up the Russian line no matter at what cost.

The Russians still maintained fire from their three groups of guns. Between 9 and 10 o'clock we witnessed a magnificent artillery duel. The Japanese concentrated their fire on each Russian battery position in turn, the bursting shells raising dense columns of smoke and dust.

**JAPANESE FELL IN HEAPS.**—Out of the smoke, however, still came answering flashes, as, despite everything, the Russian gunners doggedly returned the fire with fast work from their quick-firers.

At 10.20 the Japanese artillery fire ceased, and it was evident that another attempt at a general advance was to be made. We could see that the infantry had howitzers supporting the advance until the last moment, when fire in the background gave evidence that Gen. Kuroki's Tenth Division was endeavoring to complete the ruin upon which Gen. Oku was so intent.

But Gen. Oku's attempt was only a repetition of the ghastly carnage. The Fifth Division, however, made better way. We could see the infantry of this gallant unit among the trees and outhouses of the Chinese suburbs, and even saw dark-coated Russian infantry coming back.

In a moment it seemed that the Japanese infantry would be into the Russian battery on the left, which we had admired so much, but the line of Russian trenches stayed the Japanese rush, and their gallantry only went to swell the tale of casualties.

Gen. Oku, however, would not brook failure. Shortly before 11 o'clock the artillery preparations began.

This time, I do not hesitate to say, it was the severest concentrated artillery fire the world has ever seen.

Every gun belonging to the Japanese corps concentrated a rapid fire on the left of Gen. Kuropatkin's position, namely, on the section immediately in front of the Russian settlement at the angle of the city wall. It was a magnificent yet awful and awe-inspiring spectacle. The Shimoshe shells burst and threw great columns of black and yellow smoke into the air.

In a moment the roofs of the Russian buildings shot up into flame. Pillars of dense clouds formed a pall above the settlement, yet the blackness of this sombre canopy was relieved by countless sparkling flashes and white puffs of bursting shrapnel, till the whole mottled mass obscured from view the town behind.

Nothing could live under this, we said: The Russian resistance had come to an end.

**HEROIC GUNNERS.**—Satisfied themselves that the Russians were silenced, the gunners rested from their work of devastation and slaughter, when suddenly, out of the midst of smoke and murky dust left from the reeking shrapnel, came counter-flashes from two or three heroic Russian batteries.

One felt inclined to cheer, but it seemed it was their last effort, a magnificent farewell to the enemy they had balked so long.

Heavy rifle fire continued all afternoon. It was effective, if one could judge by the constant passing toward the firing line of strings of Chinese stretcher bearers.

We have evidence that Lia-Yang would be abandoned, but it seemed certain that, though defeated and forced to retire by superior numbers, superior artillery, and to some extent superior troops, Gen. Kuropatkin had in turn defeated Japanese strategy, for, as far as we could learn, Gen. Kuroki was still fighting to get astride, instead of being astride, the Russians' communications.

That evening the remaining Russians in the trenches still kept the Japanese at bay, but the iron-minded Oku, little recking that his fierce assaults had already cost him close to 20,000 men, determined upon a final enveloping assault.

The last reserves were pushed in, and at 3 a.m. the Japanese army, after five days of the fiercest fighting the world has seen since the American civil war, seized the railway bridge and were in occupation of Lia-Yang.

Gen. Kuropatkin, with the last of the Tenth Siberian Rifles, had left at 1.30 a.m.

system of education such as the country's economic and industrial requirements stand in so much need. But we are now expected by these two dozen gentlemen to accept less than this after all the labors and sacrifices of the past twenty years. The next new Parliament may not offer us all that Mr. Gladstone tried to give Ireland in 1886 and 1893 against the hostility of Lord Dunraven and his associates, but this is our own fault and not that of the English Liberals. It was we ourselves, in an insensate factionism more worthy of wrangling schoolboys than of sane and sober representatives of a whole cause, who were to blame. The hostility of the Dunravens and the rest could not have defeated Mr. Gladstone's efforts had Nationalist leaders not placed their own personal objects and animosities before the interests of national self-government. We must therefore thank ourselves if we find the coming Parliament unwilling to concede to Ireland all she might have obtained eleven years ago, had we proved worthy of the occasion. But it is absolutely certain, my friends, that the new Parliament will have to deal with the Irish question again—yes, and radically, too, and it is well known to the public that a far greater measure of what is termed administrative Home Rule will find favor with the whole of the Liberal party, and a large section of British Unionists, than can be predicted for such a gas and water scheme as that suggested by the new Irish Reform Association.

## Mr. Davitt's View Of the I. R. A.

Mr. M. Davitt was the principal speaker at a great Nationalist meeting at Clonmacnoise, recently. After referring to the glorious past of this famed seat of learning, Mr. Davitt said:—We have recently had a conference of landlords meeting in Dublin who have formed a body called the Irish Reform Association, and it would appear from their published programme that they one and all deny to the country they call their own this right of national self-rule. They take care to put in the foreground of their manifesto a declaration of unqualified loyalty to the continued rule of Ireland by the British Parliament. It is pleaded in their behalf that they are Unionists and not Home Rulers, and are therefore entitled to a lenient criticism from the popular side of the National question. You and I readily grant all this, but we would only be neglecting an obvious precaution if we omitted to look very closely indeed in every respect at proposals which have the name of Lord Dunraven as recommendation. The author of the zones and the successful inflator of Irish landlord property is an astute gentleman who has developed a nice talent for humoring emotional opponents—(laughter and cheers)—and if we are not to witness some surrender of our National claims and position after the coming general election equivalent to that on record in connection with the famous Land Conference, we must be a little more wary next year than we were in 1903.

The programme of the Irish Reform Association is no evidence of a pro-National tendency, but quite the contrary. In my humble judgment it is not intended to be pushed into Unionist circles or to be substituted for Tory principles, but, on the contrary, is devised and intended to divide and weaken the National movement all along the line of its activities. It is evident, at least to my understanding, that what Lord Dunraven is attempting is not the conversion of his class and following to what has been termed "gas and water Home Rule," but to induce, or to seduce, Nationalist Ireland from the growing position and strength of the movement for National self-government to the gas and water level of his new proposals. In other words we are expected to abandon our present demands and our rising hopes in their early concession, and to swallow all our claims and declarations, so as to enable twenty-five individuals among the Irish Unionist class to accommodate themselves to a new West British position, changed in name, but not in purpose. This is not my notion of what true and honest conciliation should stand for when taking into account the facts and figures I have just referred to. No. It was conciliation of that kind we were made too familiar with last year which succeeded in adding over thirty millions to the price of landlord property at the expense of Irish tenants and taxpayers.

Now, my friends, allow me to look a little more closely at this new Dunraven programme. There is not a single demand made in it that Ireland could not have obtained ten years ago from both English parties for the asking in exchange for the demand for Home Rule. Why it is less in every particular than what Mr. Chamberlain offered to us in 1884—namely a Central National Board or Council, with full administrative power over the land, education and finance of the country, without vexatious interference by the Imperial Parliament. That scheme would have given to Ireland the power of settling her own land question, and of creating a co-ordinated

The object of this association is to me quite plain. It is to minimize as far as possible the measure of further reform which we are to expect from the new parliament. It is an insidious attack on the principle of self-government, and if we are omadhauns enough to be misled by Lord Dunraven and Mr. George Wyndham, who is possibly behind this wooden horse stratagem—as he was behind the zones system and the inflation of the price of land last year—if we are to be led by the nose into the acceptance of a gas and water control vestry in Dublin in exchange for our demand for national self-government, all I can say is that we will richly merit the contempt of our race and our friends everywhere for so weak a surrender of the National movement. Our movement has cost years of struggle and sacrifice to build up. It has weathered many a fierce storm and survived many a dangerous crisis during the past twenty-five years, and do not forget that on the records of the British House of Commons there is found a constitution for a self-governed Ireland which was voted eleven years ago. Why, then, should we lower our flag or waver in our resolve to win back this sacred right of National Government? Why, my friends, Ireland's cause is marching on irresistibly to a glorious victory if we will only stand loyally and steadfastly by its mission.

### INVENTOR'S WORK.

The following Canadian and American patents have been recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Mhriou & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

CANADA.

Nos. 88,979—Adjutor Magnan, Montreal, Que. Machine for use in packing biscuits.

89,040—Philippe Edouard Roy, Montreal, Que. Ash sifter.

89,045—Albert Collet, Paris, France. Apparatus for ramming or packing ballast under railway sleepers.

89,062—Pierre Steenlet, Brussels, Belgium. Partitions or diaphragms for electrolytic purposes.

89,078—Herbert S. Stark, Johannesburg, Transvaal. Processes for the extraction of gold from pyritic auriferous ores, etc.

89,100—Francis Paul, Jr., Sorel, Que. Gasoline gas machines.

89,166—Charles Cooper, Matkofoki, N.Z. Apparatus for weighing and delivering liquids.

UNITED STATES.

769,394—Charles Murray, Central Kingsclear, N.B. Neck-yoke and hold-back.

769,394—Messrs. Bleyne & Ducouso, Paris, France. Apparatus for directly operating railway switches and signals by means of a single lever.

770,087—Charles de Mocomble, Paris, France. Automatic brake capable of being operated from a distance allowing right and left movement and descent with precision.

The "Inventor's Adviser" is just out of print; any one interested in patents or inventions should order a copy.

IRISH NOTES.

DECLINED A TESTIMONIAL.—The new Bishop of Kerry, Dr. Maggan, declined a testimonial from his flock the other day. The facts reported as follows:

The Bishop's old flock, rejoiced at his appointment to the episcopate, set about organizing a presentation indicative of their affection and regard for the new prelate. A sum of £109 had been subscribed for the purpose within a period of three weeks, and it was expected that the subscription list, when closed, would not fall short of £300. It was the intention of the committee to have presented His Lordship with a carriage and pair of horses. Then the Bishop heard of the proposal and promptly vetoed it. Writing to the committee he graciously expressed his sincere gratitude for the compliment implied, but inexorably intimated that he could not think of "further trespassing on the generosity of a kind-hearted people who have already conferred on me so many favors."

FOR AMERICAN MISSIONS.—The "Irish Catholic," Dublin, in noting one of those scenes of so frequent occurrence in recent years, says: "An unusually large number were collected on the quay last week to bid God speed to those young Irish girls, members of the Archbishop of Dublin's Sodality, Our Lady's Mount, Harold's Cross, who so willingly and nobly gave up friends and country to work for God in foreign lands. On all sides, one heard nothing but prayers and blessings. It was a sight not easily forgotten, when the steamer moved slowly out, to see the two Sisters from Texas surrounded by their large band of postulants. The priests—the Very Rev. Canon Fricker, P.P., Rathmines; Very Rev. Canon Murphy, P.P., Kingstown; Rev. J. Flavin, C.C., Marlboro street; Rev. L. Kinsella, C.C., Rathmines; Rev. P. O'Donnell, C.C., Rathmines; Rev. F. Selly, O.S.A., John's lane; Rev. F. Mooney, O.S.A., John's lane; Very Rev. F. Cowper Dominic, U.S.—their hands raised in Benediction. The murmured good wishes of the people all showed that Ireland still what it was of old—a land of missionaries, a land of saints."

DIED AT HIS POST.—The death took place recently of one of the most respected priests of the diocese of Meath, the Rev. W. P. Kearney, P.P., Kinnead. Born some fifty-five years ago in the parish of Bohermeen, of an old Catholic stock, Father Kearney made his studies for the priesthood in St. Finian's Seminary, Navan, and in the College of Maynooth. His first mission was in Liverpool, where he won the esteem of his countrymen, among whom he ministered, by his priestly mien, and his ardent patriotism. He was afterwards curate in St. Mary's parish, Drogheda, for several years, and while there took a leading part, in conjunction with the late Father James Anderson, O.S.A., in Nationalist politics. He was one of the founders of the Drogheda Independent newspaper, and one of its directors until his death. From Drogheda he went to Oldcastle, and was afterwards promoted to the Administration of the Bishop's parish, Mullingar, from whence he was appointed some years ago to the pastorate of Kinnead, where he was making strenuous efforts to provide a much-needed new church when the

Master's call summoned him to his reward.

EMIGRATION.—During August there sailed from Derry for the United States a total of 983, as compared with 888 for the same month last year, thus showing an increase of 145. The great proportion of emigrants who departed last month consists of young unmarried people. The exact number of single men is 326 and of unmarried females 385. The departures by the Foyle waterway for Canada during the month just ended likewise shows an increase. There sailed 258 persons, as compared with 221 for August, 1902—an increase of 37. Of the emigrants bound for Canada 114 were unmarried men, and 43 were unmarried women.

TRUE CHARITY.—At a coroner's inquest in connection with the death of a resident of Belfast, the following facts were brought to light.

According to the evidence, deceased had formerly been a ship's foreman, but in recent years he had fallen into delicate health. His plight would have been a very sorry one, but for the friendliness and generosity of a laborer named John McKenna, who had known him for thirty years, and who lodged in the same house with him in Great George street. McKenna had practically supported him during the period of his incapacity.

On Saturday night both were talking together at the corner of Great George's street, when McKenna fell on the ground, and died in a couple of minutes.

The Deputy-Coroner highly commended McKenna's conduct, and said that there was often much more human kindness shown in his rank of life than by those who were higher in the social ladder.

A verdict of death from heart failure was returned.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—The death occurred at Greysteel, Derry, of Mrs. McClelland, at the age of 104 years.

Born in 1799, her life bridged three centuries. She was a young woman of 20 when George III. died; she therefore lived in the reign of five Sovereigns. Mrs. McClelland was the only daughter of a family remarkable for longevity. Her mother, Mrs. Leah Caldwell, who took a keen note of political affairs, and well remembered the Irish Rebellion of '98, died recently at the age of 99. Three of her brothers—two members of the medical profession, the other a minister of religion—were over eighty at their decease, while a surviving brother, a well known tenant-farmer in the North of Ireland, has already passed that age.

Deceased lady had been a widow for fifty-two years. With the exception of a slight deafness, she was in full and complete enjoyment of all her faculties to the last. So good was her sight that she could clearly read, write, or sew, and could easily discern the larger liners as they entered Moyville—a port some ten miles distant, across Lough Foyle—from her residence.

Thirty years ago she was warned a weakness of the heart might be fatal at any moment, but her prolonged life falsified the prophecies of her medical advisers. The deceased lady resided with Mr. R. J. Connor, her son-in-law, who has been for forty years the national school teacher in Greysteel.

CATHOLIC UNITY.

A Catholic movement must be broad-gaged, to command success. All the Catholics of this country concur on certain points, and will unite in certain good works. Let us set about some practical methods of accomplishing that upon which we are all agreed.

Wise leadership studies the policy of toleration in non-essentials. We are not all of one way of thinking. But that is no reason why we may not all be good Catholics. A leadership which acts on the contrary idea cannot command full confidence or earnest support.

Partisan contentions in Church matters are for to-day. The larger and more effective purposes of Catholicity are for all time. Let us as much as possible put aside the transient differences of to-day and seek a platform for Catholic action that in its ends and methods will unite rather than divide.—Catholic Citizen.

OCEAN TRAVEL.

The Shipping Gazette of London learns that as a counter move to the building of two Atlantic turbines by the Cunard Company, the North German Lloyd has ordered from the Vulcan Company, of Stettin, a ship to exceed them in size and speed.

CONGESTED POVERTY.

Bishop Glennon, of St. Louis, Mo., in a recent sermon, said: "Our cities want to grow; they have a welcome for everybody; they proclaim their growth and their prosperity, and advertise themselves as above all others the place for progressive and successful people to come to. The result is that to-day in our cities we have more people than homes; more hands than work, and thus we allow poverty to become a profession. Indeed, this appears to me to be the burning question of the day, namely, that in our large cities whole districts are given over to congested poverty.

Little by little the pontificate to which Catholics are already bound by indissoluble links of fealty and devotion is being brought ever closer to the heart of the people by the tenderly-human hands of Pius X. Never was this fact brought home to the mind more clearly than in a recent visit to the Vatican, when the Sovereign Pontiff received the committee and members of the "Society for the Preservation of the Faith." This association was instituted during the latter half of the pontificate of Leo XIII., for the object of combating the insidious and persistent efforts of proselytizers of foreign nationalities (more especially American and English) to undermine and destroy the faith of the poor of Rome. Naturally these efforts are principally directed against the young, and the Catholic Preservation Society is accomplishing, under overwhelming odds, an active rescue work, in spiritual and corporal works of mercy, such as First Communions, retreats, and spiritual instructions, and the founding of creches, schools, shelters, soup-kitchens, etc.

Many Cardinals, prelates and religious orders have interested themselves in this essentially needful work, while the members of various religious institutes have lent their valuable co-operation for the spiritual assistance. By way of rewarding and encouraging the efforts of the association, the Holy Father graciously consented to receive all the members in collective audience, and tickets were distributed for the event, to take place on June 19th. It was announced beforehand (to the universal satisfaction) that the audience would be an outdoor one. Those who had already been fortunate enough to assist at similar functions given last autumn to the various parishes of Rome, were glad of an occasion of renewing their impressions of one of the most picturesque sights ever seen in Rome, while those who would be present for the first time looked forward to the event with pleasurable anticipation. "In case of unfavorable weather the audience will be deferred to the following Sunday!" so ran the text on the tickets of admission, but there was no necessity for the precaution.

A glorious June afternoon with the sea-breeze blowing over the crest of the Janiculum, straight from the tideless sea; a cloudless sky, and the Sabbath afternoon stillness of the Vatican broken in upon by hundreds of men, women and children, thronging the "Cortile di San Damaso" that noblest of palace-courtyards. Usually its great spaces are silent and deserted, except for the clank of the spurs of the pontifical gendarmes, pacing back and forth on sentry duty, or the carriages of cardinals and ambassadors, arriving for audiences, awakening the echoes on the paving-stones. But to-day, contrary to expectations, its lofty dimensions seemed more than usually extended, populated by the few thousands who scarcely appear to fill it. The pontifical throne is erected against the pillared portico at the further end of the court on a high raised platform—a Swiss guard on either end. All around the cortile the members of the society are assembled; the committee and zealous propagators of the work on each side directly under the platform; then the members and associates, the young men attending the "Irish Christian Brothers' Night School for Foreign Languages," and finally the hundreds of white-dressed, white-veiled young girls from the various schools and institutes, marshalled by the good Sisters who have done so much for their spiritual and temporal welfare. It is a characteristic gathering. Restless, bright, eager, happy, chatting volubly in their excitement, it is difficult to keep the children quiet, and to do them justice, after they have been assigned to their places in the cortile, no one seems to try.

Not even the presence of various bishops, in all the splendor of episcopal purple, and the prelates, monsignori, and chamberlains of the papal court, who flit to and fro among the crowd, seems to exercise the slightest embarrassing or constraining effect. Here a resplendent papal dignitary—the Pontifical Master of the Chamber, (one of the most important personages in the Vatican world) in flowing violet "ferrallo," purple sash, and wide-brimmed hat with crimson cord and tassel—stops for a moment on his busy way to pat the cheek of a tiny child who is far more interested in the manipulation of a paper flag than in appreciating the honor done her. Again an hereditary office-bearer of the papal court, an elderly marquis, in all the gold-lace splendor of court uniform, his cocked hat under his arm, makes his way with difficulty through the serried files of children. Unabashed by his magnificence they are scarcely willing to let "His Excellency"

pass through their ranks into the open space in the centre, and they eye him suspiciously as if to say, "Why may you go, if we cannot?" Even the big pontifical gendarmes only smile the easygoing smile of the giant on pigrimes when a small truant from the ranks crosses their beat, to make investigations of the Pope's palace.

Presently there is a stir in the court. A carriage thunders up to the carriage-entrance, and a cardinal descends, making his way up the side and disappearing under the portico. It is the Capuchin Cardinal Vives y Tuto, his coarse brown robes making a curious contrast to his scarlet cardinalial "zucchetto." Then comes a prince of the holy Roman Empire, resplendent in orders and decorations, and followed by a group of black-veiled ladies, standing out prominently from the summer costumes around; (black is not obligatory at these out-door gatherings) then a number of the Domestic Prelates of His Holiness, (among them Very Rev. Monsignor Kennedy, the Rector of the American College) easily distinguishable by their violet "ferrallo" and sashes, and the crimson silk cords and tassels on their wide-brimmed hats. Group follows group in quick succession, melting and mingling in the crowd; and forming points of varied brightness thrown out by the solid white masses of white-veiled girls and children. In a point of vantage on the left side of the cortile a photographer has set up a series of gigantic cameras in order to take cinematograph pictures of the scene. One wonders, in looking at it all, if the sombre mass of the Vatican ever before looked down upon a scene of such animation and brightness, so different from its usual state and pomp. All is ready and waiting, and expectations quickens as hour and half-hour chimes from the clock over the throne. At intervals a sharp ring of the lift-bell creates a false alarm, and sends the crowds at attention, the children standing on tip-toe and eagerly jostling each other for a first view of the Pope. As the clock strikes half-past six, and all eyes are concentrated on the high raised platform, where the Pope is expected to appear, a small group of figures, unnoticed at first, quietly fits the small doorway to the left of the portico. Then the crowd catches a glimpse of the tip of a white "zucchetto," encircled by a group of burnished helmets, but that one glimpse is enough to send a mighty shout of welcome ringing through the court, together with a burst of music as the band strikes up the pontifical hymn. In an instant the great cortile is a white forest of waving flags, magical in effect, as if a flock of sea-gulls, flapping their wings, had descended in sudden flight. As the thousands of flags catch the afternoon breeze, there is a rushing murmur through the court as of a mighty wind.

The Holy Father has come. As the solitary unmistakable white figure emerges fully into sight, from the environments of scarlet and purple robes and uniforms, and is seen in bold relief against the archway, raising his hand in blessing, enthusiasm redoubles. A second the Sovereign Pontiff stands there, a smile pervading the gentle face whose half-wistful melancholy strikes the spectator afresh every time it is seen. Then almost as if obeying a sudden impulse His Holiness has turned away from the direction of the raised platform, made a step downwards, and in another moment he is among the delighted crowd, walking with quick, decisive steps through their ranks, making the complete tour of the courtyard, and giving his blessing as he goes. In his generous thoughtfulness our Holy Father cannot bear to send anyone away without sight of him, and not one person present—not even the tiniest mite (whose only hope of a sight of "Il Papa" had been a lift on some sturdy shoulder) but is gratified by a long satisfying look and a special blessing. His Holiness is escorted by four Cardinals, his soldiers, and the members of the papal court; but the brilliant escort is left all unnoticed. They are but so many unwelcome obstacles in the way of the people's view of the Pope; and there might be only the one figure in the cortile, for the crowd have eyes for the Sovereign Pontiff alone as he passes along smiling fatherly, apparently enjoying to the utmost the pleasurable surprise caused by his spontaneous act of kindness. The people's unmistakable delight must have been manifest

An Afternoon With Pius X.

(By Marie Donagan Walsh.)

to the Holy Father—even in that almost gasp of pleasure which arose in place of a shout, as he came down among them. They could hardly credit their good fortune. They had come prepared to see the Pope, but from a distance; to hear him speak, to should pass so near that they could kiss his hand surpassed their wildest anticipations. Such a little deed of fatherly kindness to cause such keen satisfaction; but it is by deeds like these that Pius X. daily endears himself even to the humblest of his universal flock.

Followed enthusiastically by the people who crowd about him from every side, the Holy Father makes his way around the entire cortile, then mounts the raised platform and takes his seat on the throne, while the band again plays the stirring strains of the pontifical hymn. The color-picture presented by the scene at this moment is more striking than words can depict. In description it would seem an agglomeration of brilliant color almost too intense and exaggerated, yet the reality forms an effect in which an artist would glory. Violet, purple, scarlet, crimson, every gradation of the dominant note of red, caught up and repeated in a blending, which, seemingly daring, is yet an all-harmonious setting for the pontifical figure in the centre—a study in purest white. The Pope's face is turned slightly in profile; the white hair with its upstanding lock escaping from the white "zucchetto"; the hands crossed on the white soutane; and about his whole pose that slight yet unmistakable droop, not so much of shoulders as of head, so characteristic of His Holiness' bearing when seen in repose. What is that indefinable something about the aspect of Pope Pius X. which suggests to the mind of one who sees him an embodied "Fiat voluntas tua!" It may be but an idea, nevertheless the impression is ineffaceable.

Surrounding the Sovereign Pontiff stands a notable group of the Sacred College—all members of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith—His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, Papal Secretary of State (President of the Association), Cardinal Cassetta, Cardinal Martinelli and Cardinal Vives y Tuto. Beside the brilliant scarlet of their colleagues in the purple, the black and brown robes of these two latter cardinals of the religious orders, in the respective habits of the Augustinians and the Capuchins, emphasizes a note of decided contrast which renders their sombre figures perhaps even more striking and remarkable than those of the other cardinals, court officials and soldiers. An address on parchment is presented by the members of the committee to His Holiness and to the Cardinals; then the Pope rises from the throne to speak to the gathering, advancing to the edge of the platform in order to throw his voice out as far as possible into the utmost limits of the court. There is no need to impose silence on the people; quietly they have crept nearer and nearer to the platform, not to miss one word of the papal discourse. It is not an every-day privilege to listen to the gospel of the day explained and commented on by the visible head of the Church on earth. The Gospel is that of the "miraculous draught of fishes;"—most singularly appropriate coming from the lips of the actual successor of Simon Peter. What a wonderful and solemn thought! To that white figure standing here before us—on his lips the gospel message which he carries so faithfully in his heart—were also spoken the words—"Fear not!" From henceforth thou shalt catch men"—fateful words, which, on the eve of his great calling, terminated all human doubts and difficulties born of a deep humility.

"And leaving all things they followed him!" There is a shadow of solemnity on the Pope's face as he speaks; for has not he, too, tasted of the supreme joy and pain of the Apostle who left all things to follow his Master? From whose lips can the injunction come with such authority as his—an authority not human but divine—to follow the precepts, to listen to the teachings; above all, to cling with life to the faith embodied in the one true Church which alone can bring us to eternal salvation? It is a stirring discourse for the object of the gathering—the preservation of the faith—and amply calculated to animate the fervor of those engaged in the work. As the terse, vigorous, telling sentences proceed, swelling up spontaneously from a heart so impregnated

with the practical meaning of the Gospel that its message must bear fruit in the minds and hearts of all his listeners, the conviction is borne in upon us that we are blessed indeed in a Pontiff who fulfills one's highest ideals of a successor of St. Peter—St. Peter's humility, St. Peter's impetuosity, St. Peter's burning zeal for souls! "And leaving all things they followed him!" Those words will remain ever imprinted on the mind as a living memory of Pius X. His Holiness seems to close the short discourse almost unwillingly, as if his words had but inadequately expressed the intense desire of his apostolic heart to win and keep all souls for God.

During the course of the papal address one casts a glimpse occasionally through the closely-massed crowds in the cortile; all intent on following the precious words of the Pontiff. Only a few groups of tired little ones weary with play and heat, and eluding the vigilant eyes of the Sisters, detach themselves from the central mass. Their baby-attention is wandering; the grown-ups are fully employed; and they take the opportunity of seating themselves lightly on the steps. Leading to the grandest library in the world; they are busily engaged, with precocious feminine care, in taking off their white veils and carefully folding them up—the while the thrilling accents of the silver-tongued pontifical orator ring out resonant through the court, more than favored children, as yet unrealizing the great boon they enjoy—that mere being in the presence, and hearing the voice of Christ's Vicar on earth—a boon which many a Catholic at the ends of the world, would give much to realize. "As children in their Father's house!" Yes, verily; and Pius X. would have it so; as his Master and theirs once gathered the children about Him.

Finally His Holiness solemnly imparts the Apostolic benediction to all present. The audience is at an end, but when the high clear voices of hundreds of children join in a parting hymn, the Holy Father (as if divining the intention of detaining him as long as possible) returns to the throne, with an indulgent smile, to listen to the sweet yet untutored chorus of childish troubles. Suddenly from the very midst of the crowd comes a flutter of snowy wings, an upward wheeling flight. In a second the scene seems changed. We are no longer shut in by the massive encircling walls of the Vatican, but out in the free broad space of St. Mark's square in Venice, where the white doves rise in circling spiral columns. Some one has conceived the beautiful thought of letting loose a hundred carrier-pigeons, to mark this occasion and in memory of the Pope's beloved home. Slowly with the soft delighted cooings of liberty and freedom, the exquisite creatures disperse, the sunset glory glinting on their wings, as they soar out above walls and boundaries, into the cloudless ether—the incarnate poetry of motion. One dove lingers long behind its mates, under the Vatican eaves; then wheels high above the courtyard, where it balances itself with infinite grace; finally, spreading its pinions and rising slowly, almost reluctantly upwards, disappears straight into the radiance of the western sky! With uplifted head the Pope's gaze follows the doves intently, wandering from one bright group to another with kindly smiling interest; in which, for once, there is no shade of habitual melancholy. Yet for that very serenity one knows the feelings must be deeper. Surely under the smiling exterior the thoughts of the kind heart have gone out with the carrier-pigeons, in a sharp momentary pang of homesickness for the fair sea-city, which even yet Pius X. cannot speak of without a rush of tears to his eyes! Strangest of inequalities—it strikes one curiously, more in this open courtyard than within the Vatican walls—the birds and the children are free as air, yet he in whose hands is earth's grandest spiritual domain, is a prisoner, if even in a palace; and that wide-open doorway through which the crowds are passing and repassing forms a barrier between the Pontiff and the outer world more effectual than iron bolts and bars.

The "great white Father" has gone from among his children; the people have dispersed, but the occasion will remain in the mind as a glimpse of something quite apart from every day life.—Donahoe's Magazine.

A SAD ACCIDENT.

"Save yourself, I'm burning up," cried Sister St. Jean, of the Little Franciscan Sisters of the Sacred Heart, of Springfield, Mass., to a patient. An oil stove exploded in the home, where the Sister had been as a nurse. Her hair caught fire. The flames recurred the patient and her baby, but Sister St. Jean was dead when found.

THE WAYS

"Everything was done so so harshly, and under circumstances so unusual, that I was so dated; so that when I found out in the wide world alone, not where to turn first."

Here the old man seemed deep thought; and for a moment we sat in profound silence. Then he looked up and said: "I am sure you have been much once upon the point of asking why I submitted so tamely to unjust treatment from a kind friend."

"I should have told you that man had been with my uncle years, and was like a member of the family, in whom all confidence placed, and who knew every point of uncle's private affairs."

"So you see, I reposed the trust in him, and relied upon all that he said. Of thought that all this was the benefit and relief of my uncle. Not a doubt ever entered my mind. Every day he brought affectionate messages, full with new promises to visit soon. And I sent my message by him. You see I had the confidence in him and thought was right. Besides I had communication with any one you instruct me, differently."

"Later, I was informed the same man had induced my uncle to do all his property to the servant, and that he was indignant when he saw me live with my uncle, as he had been one day master of the But all this was unknown to the time of my uncle's ill death."

"Well, now to return to the point when I found myself cast without a friend or a place to go to. Oh, what was a terrible time! No home! No friends should I do! I walked along the road, not knowing what to do. At last I sat down by the roadside, and I reflect upon the last words dear uncle."

"Then it occurred to me an unfortunate servant, to call upon uncle to disinherit me, had my uncle to understand the not care for him, that I should interest in him, not even to visit him while he was ill; past coldness and indifference towards my uncle would seem firm his false statement. I must have believed him. I know what else he may have said. Thus, when I wished to make his will, he servant's heir, and left the purse that the servant would have when he ordered me to leave home."

"When all these thoughts through my brain my heart filled with bitter resentment the unhappy man who wronged me by his wickedness. "While I was absorbed in grief and spiteful thoughts happened to pass by, and so sad and desolate, he came and asked the cause of my unhappiness. I answered him of my resolves to rely on myself upon the author of my afflictions."

"Poor boy," he said, patting my heart, "you will be the first, and we will go together at the feet of Jesus, whom we have crucified by our repeated sins."

"I arose and went with my church that was not very far. We entered and walked up till we reached the sanctuary. Here we knelt down; but unable to utter a word, no comfort of a tear was in my heart was too hardened to weep. But the good priest formed a barrier between the Pontiff and the outer world more effectual than iron bolts and bars."

The "great white Father" has gone from among his children; the people have dispersed, but the occasion will remain in the mind as a glimpse of something quite apart from every day life.—Donahoe's Magazine.

The next day he proposed to our Lady of Sorrows; and of course, I continued for nine consecutive days the church and prayed same altar that I spoke. "Little by little I feel the powerful influence of prayers to our dear Mother. By degrees my heart





BER 24, 1903  
Directory  
SOCIETY—Established 1864...  
T. A. AND B. SO...  
A. & B. SOCIETY...  
MEN'S SOCIETY...  
BELL COMPANY...  
McShane's...  
Truth Tells...  
REED & CO...  
Halters, &c.,...  
G STREET.

# THE USURPER.

There was a strange silence brooding over Paris. The moon looked down upon a white city and frosted snow that rested on every pinacle and frosted carving with a gleam and frotted with a silver glory. From the heights of Montmartre could be traced the circuit of the city walls, and outside the circle there gleamed another circle of twinkling lights—the watch-fires of the beleaguering Prussians.

Those among the besieged who were learned in such matters had been heard to declare that in five days at least capitulation must come and the cup of degradation be emptied to its dregs. Within every month there reigned a reign of misery, starvation and mourning. Men looked at one another with an unspoken curse in their eyes, and women bearing the mark of long-drawn-out misery in their pinched faces trudged miserably to the few bakers' shops which were open and waited their turn for the purchasing of such meagre portions of bread as were to be bought.

Therefore silence brooded over Paris, being broken only by the bursting shells that landed in unexpected spots at all hours of the day and night. The quarter of Montmartre was especially dangerous for the pedestrian, for the Prussian marksmen had got their range and bombarded the hill continuously. The defenders of the city had dragged their heavy cannon up to the heights and from their vantage point returned the fire, but the position was a hot one, and the wayfarer in that quarter of Paris took his life into his own hand, for at any moment a bursting shell might bring it to an abrupt termination.

Two men, both wearing the uniform of lieutenants, were pacing the bastion near the eastern gate of the city. From time to time they stopped and looked over the snow-shrouded plain that lay between them and the twinkling lights of the Prussian camp, and then again with a shrug of their shoulders resumed their tramp.

They were both young, having, indeed, but recently left boyhood behind them, and they were curiously alike in appearance, though the likeness was explained by the fact of their being brothers. Enveloped in the long military cloak, and with peaked caps drawn down over their eyes, it was difficult to distinguish between them.

"To surrender," said one of them, "is our only chance. At least it will save the whole place being knocked to bits and the certainty of being starved to death."

"It will be a sorry sight to see Bismarck riding through the streets as a conqueror," replied Armand de Quetteville. "I wonder how the people will take it!"

"The people," observed the other, "have had all their spirit crushed out of them by sheer starvation. What they want is food, Bismarck or no Bismarck! Empty stomachs are great levelers of pride!"

"But we French do not take defeat easily, Silvestre, and there is a pride in us that not even hunger can kill."

His brother did not reply, but again stopped and looked out over the plain at his feet.

The night was dark now, for the moon had set, but the gloom only helped to intensify the glitter of the enemy's camp fires. The lights looked vindictive in their watchfulness and like so many hungry wolves waiting for their prey.

"What of Theresé and Madam Raudin?" asked Silvestre at length. "I have had no time to go up to the house to-day."

and I—brothers and the best of chums all our lives—should be rivals now. Isn't it?"

"I see nothing strange in it," retorted the other, rather hotly. To see Theresé as we have done all these years is to love her, and that I believe we both do."

"But what of her?" persisted Silvestre.

"Ah, that is past man's understanding. I do believe she cares for one of us in the way a woman should love the man she means to take for her husband, but which—"

"At her age women don't know their own minds. They want somebody or something to decide for them."

Armand laughed a little, and leaning against the wall gazed out into the darkness.

"Do they ever know their own minds, Silvestre, think you? I agree with you on one point: they want something that appeals to their imagination or their hearts—whatever they like to call it—before they wake up to the realities of life. Now for instance, if either of us had done something out of the common, anything that called for great courage or personal risk, during these past few weeks, we should not be in doubt now as to which of us she really loves. Women," continued the young philosopher, "are great hero-worshippers, and often love a man more for what he does than for his own personality, though God knows what they ever see to love in us."

"Well, it hasn't been our fault that we might show the girl that is in everything has been as dull as ditch water lately," replied Silvestre. "Perhaps if an opportunity offered us. But I see no chance—"

"Beg pardon, sir."

The young man looked around. A soldier was standing with his hand to the salute.

"Yes," said Armand sharply, "What is it?"

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man again, "but the colonel wants you in the orderly room."

"Right," was the reply. "Come, Silvestre, let us go and see what's up."

They found their commanding officer and one or two others awaiting them.

"Ah," said the colonel, "here you are lieutenant—and your brother, I see. I want to send one of you upon an errand which means the devil's own risk. Which of you will undertake to go through with it?"

"I will, sir!" The brothers spoke simultaneously, and the officer laughed as he looked from one to the other.

"You are both of you as keen as anything," he said, "and small wonder, after being cooped up here with nothing to do but watch the lines yonder. But come," he added, briskly, "there is something on hand now. The general has received information that a fellow in the secret service has secured some valuable intelligence—probably plans of attack—which he has committed to paper—a rash proceeding, but one excusable under the circumstances. He sends word that he will be in readiness to give up the papers to an accredited officer if met on the outskirts of the camp. He has disguised himself as a loafer, but is to be recognized by the exchange of a pass-word and the fact of his whistling airs out of 'Les Huguenots.' Now, do either of you know that opera well enough to be able to continue any air he might be whistling?"

"I do, sir," replied Armand de Quetteville. "And I, too," added his brother.

"So—both of you again! You will have to toss for the honor of going. I won't disguise to you that it is an undertaking of great danger. The enemy's lines will have to be passed—the risk of detection will have to be run—that and the chance of being shot as a spy. Should the secret service man be there and the exchange successfully carried out, the papers must be carefully secreted. The information will be closely written on thin tissue, and if the bearer should be taken on his way back through the lines he must eat and swallow it. The Prussians must not get hold of the papers. You understand?"

"Perfectly!" replied the young men in a breath.

"Now, settle between yourselves which is to be. Whoever goes will make for the knoll—that one with the trees on it—at the extreme left of the camp, and then bear away to

the northeast. He will come to a cottage, leave that on the left and follow the hedge that runs parallel with the garden wall. The holder of the papers will be hanging somewhere about. The words to be answered is 'Le Roi Blanc,' and the reply 'Avec couronne d'or.' He will then know you for our messenger. Whichever one of you goes will have the satisfaction of doing his country an invaluable service; the information received may alter the whole aspect of affairs."

"At what hour will the man expect a messenger, sir?"

"At 2 o'clock. There is no time to be lost."

The brothers saluted and left the room. Once outside the house they faced each other with mutual irresolution. The bursting of a shell not far from them was the only sound to be heard for a few moments. Neither seemed to relish the opportunity of distinguishing himself.

"Well," said Armand at last, "there is nothing to be gained by standing here. Which of us is it to be?"

"Don't you think we had better toss up for it?" said Silvestre with a little laugh. "That will be the fairest way to decide which of us is to court renown—or death!"

Both men felt more than the possible welfare of Paris was at stake in the expedition. The vision of a fair, girlish face lit up with pride was present in the minds of each, and the certainty of her appreciation of a brave action and contempt of danger was a stronger actuating force than patriotism.

"Good. We will toss for it," was the reply.

Armand de Quetteville took a coin from his pocket.

"Ready?" he inquired. The other nodded.

"You call, then, let us decide by a single throw."

The coin was spun in the air and fell in the snow. Silvestre called—and won.

"Yours!" exclaimed Armand. "You are in luck. Come, you had better be seeing about starting." He consulted his watch. "After 1 o'clock. It will take you all your time to get there, for you must have your wits about you and go cautiously. I will wait at the outer gate till you return."

They descended to the drawbridge, the heavy machinery was put into motion and the two men crossed to the moat, making their way towards the second rampart. The man in charge of the outer gate being curiously open it.

Silvestre turned and grasped his brother's hand.

"You bear me no ill will, Armand, for my luck?"

"Ma foi, no! It was an even chance. I only hope it will prove luck to you. Got your revolver all right? Good. Well God guard you, old chap, and bring you safe back—with the papers. Vive la France!"

The gate swung back and Silvestre, creeping cautiously out, was swallowed up in the gloom.

With the advance of the night a light mist had arisen. This, argued Armand, would be in Silvestre's favor, lessening the chances of his being detected by the Prussian outposts. But it was a dangerous job, one requiring all the nerve and thorough knowledge of the lay of the land that his brother possessed.

The reward would be great, however—the consciousness of doing his duty for the honor of his country and of being perhaps the means of averting the grim doom that looked so fatally certain, also—and to a lover's eyes the best—the hope of bringing to a maiden's face a flush of pride for a loved one's deed of daring, a flush that might lead to much—the winning, maybe, of that wavering heart.

With his cloak wrapped well about him Armand de Quetteville kept watch for the return of his brother. The monotonous passing to and fro of the sentry hardly disturbed his thoughts as he leaned over trying to pierce the impenetrable darkness of the country that lay between the walls and the Prussian camp.

An irritating and to all appearance purposeless bombardment was maintained intermittently, the shells being directed against the upstanding hill of Montmartre, where the artillerymen, under cover of night, were busy at the work of remounting guns dislodged by the Prussian fire.

Occasionally a shot fell short and ploughed its way into the hard frost-bound earth at the foot of the walls, not more than thirty paces from where the officer stood. The gate was in the direct line of fire, and those in charge of it ran no small danger of becoming victims to the Prussians' persistent endeavors to dislodge the artillery from their position.

The minutes passed very slowly to Armand de Quetteville. In spite of his words to the contrary, he was very jealous that the lot had fallen to Silvestre. It was not so much that the love of his country burned in his heart as that he begrudged Silvestre the chance of becoming a hero in the eyes of Theresé Raudin.

From childhood those gray eyes had been the load-star of the two brothers. Being orphans, they had of late years found a second home in the house of Madame Raudin, an old friend of their mother's. Thus side by side with themselves had grown up the sweet-faced child whose heart—when she grew old enough to realize that she possessed such a thing—wavered between her two willing slaves.

Each brother considered that the other was the favorite, and Silvestre, on his side, was willing to admit the superior claims of Armand. He was the elder by a year and certainly the cleverer, and possessed of the greater wit and fun.

Armand, to do him justice, was conscious that Silvestre had points to which he could not lay claim. He envied him his gentleness, the power of sympathy and readiness to sacrifice his own pleasure for that of others. He knew, too, that in spite of being the younger he enjoyed the confidence of his senior officers to a greater degree than himself—his word was always implicitly to be relied upon, also his sense of honor.

Thus there were many disquieting thoughts in Armand's brain as he looked out into the gloom of the low winter's morning.

The church clocks had sounded the hour of four, and still there was no sign of Silvestre.

Supposing—!

Armand shook the thought from him; but the devil that had prompted it was only momentarily abashed, and again whispered into his ear, urging the supposition.

If Silvestre failed in his mission failure could only mean one thing. Either he came back with the papers, or he did not! If the latter, then—the devil at his shoulder grinned as he saw the hot flush of shameful hope rise to Armand's face—then his path would be unobstructed.

Dieu! What was that? The flash of a musket caught his eye, and a few seconds later the dull crack of the shot. As far as he could judge it was about a couple of miles distant.

Armand started to his feet, erect and vigilant, and peered intently into the darkness.

The minutes passed, drew out into half an hour or more, and yet nothing happened. There had been but one musket shot, and then—silence. Strain his eyes as he would he could see nothing. That the shot was in some way connected with his brother he was positive yet—

Yes, there was a figure running toward the gate—a reeling, staggering figure, as of a drunken man, groping blindly in the snow, though almost in touch of the gate.

Armand flung himself precipitately down the steps leading to the entrance, and seizing a lantern that hung upon the wall, ordered with an oath the man in charge to unlock the gate. He waved the light frantically to and fro as a guide to the wayfarer, whom he knew for surety was Silvestre.

Out of the darkness a figure staggered into his arms—it was Silvestre, blood-stained, pale and utterly spent. Armand drew him quickly into the guard-room by the side of the massive wooden barrier.

"See here," gasped Silvestre, "the papers—quick, take them—I can go no further—they hit me twice." He pointed to his right arm, which hung helplessly by his side. "I have been bleeding like a dog for God knows how long—take the papers; they are safe enough—take them—"

Before Armand could catch him he tumbled in a heap on the floor in a dead faint.

But the papers were safe.

Telling the corporal in charge to look after his brother and to fetch a doctor, Armand grasped the precious bundle and hurried at the top of his speed towards the inner gate.

He must go at once to the commandant's office; the papers must be delivered.

As he walked swiftly a curious feeling crossed him. With the packet in his hand he could almost have believed that he had been the means of procuring them for his country. True, the colonel did not know which of them—Silvestre or himself—had finally decided to go on the perilous quest. He almost laughed at the strange feeling of envy that swooped across him. Silvestre was wounded, poor chap—but what of that? He would be a hero on the morrow—one who had wrought a great deed at the peril of his life.

A weird humming sound, as of the working of a thousand looms, filled the air—the rush of something that shrieked like a demon in mortal fear as it tore its way through the atmosphere—a blinding flare of light—a crash—a belching hell of flame.

Armand de Quetteville lay on the ground, his hands tightly grasping the package of papers, his body deluged with blood, struck almost insensible by the bursting shell. He was grievously wounded, but he still kept the power of speech. Men rushed from all quarters and raised him gently.

"To the commandant's office," he had sufficient strength to whisper before they would give up their charge.

"Take him to his quarters," said the colonel, "or, stay—better still—take him to the house of Madame Raudin in the Rue Blanchard, and tell the surgeon to go there at once. They will take good care of him—they have known him from childhood. Not much the matter with him, I fancy," added the officer, "a few flesh wounds and a nasty knock on the head from a splinter. Be careful of him my lads—so—he's a brave fellow, and it's rough on him for this to have happened just as he had finished his work—so—gently there."

Not even the roar of the bursting shell roused Silvestre from the deadly stupor into which he had fallen. His wounded arm had been attended to, but the loss of blood that he had suffered had made him as weak as a child, and for a couple of hours he lay in the guard room unable to move.

When consciousness returned to him, his first question was as to the safety of the papers. He was told that they had been duly delivered, but that Armand had met with an accident, and had been taken to the Rue Blanchard. The corporal who was in charge of him was mystified as to the business of the papers—he only knew that the young officer had run some danger in procuring them. Silvestre did not enlighten him as to the mission with which he had been entrusted; the fewer who knew of such matters the better.

The morning was well advanced before he felt strong enough to walk up to the Rue Blanchard. However, he must see Armand first, and then report himself at the commandant's office to give an account of his doings the previous night.

He was very weak, but he somehow managed to reach the house of Madame Raudin. He almost dreaded to ring at the door. What was this accident that had befallen Armand—and so serious a one as to necessitate his removal from barracks? He braced up his courage—he must know the worst anyhow—and rang the bell.

The sound of lightly hurrying footsteps came to him, and the door was flung open.

A pair of laughing eyes met his own, and in them a strange look of happiness such as Silvestre had never seen there before. It was Theresé who was standing there, but—a glorified Theresé! How could she look so radiantly happy with Armand sick in the house?

"Oh, Silvestre, it is you! Where have you been all this time?" she gasped. Then catching sight of his arm in the sling, she cried: "Oh, mon Dieu! You have been wounded, too! Was it by the same shell?"

"How is Armand?" he interposed almost fiercely. "Never mind about me. How is Armand?"

They were standing in the little salon, and he leaned against the table for support.

"He is doing well. His head is badly hurt, but the shell—"

"What shell?" stammered Silvestre, confusedly.

"You don't know, you haven't heard?" the girl asked, her face still in a glow of excitement. "Oh, Silvestre, was it not hard on poor Armand? To risk his life for those papers, and then at the last minute to be struck down! It is grand, though," she continued, her eyes sparkling. "He has done a splendid thing. I don't believe another man in Paris would have dared to go all alone into the Prussian camp and risk being caught and shot as a spy, and all for the sake of a few papers. Dear, brave boy, I always knew he would be a hero some day."

A curious grayness spread over the face of Silvestre de Quetteville, and a dull understanding reached his numbed brain.

"Tell me," he said, "I was wounded last night—a stray shot hurt my arm—and I know nothing of all this. They only told me that Armand had met with an accident."

A look of infinite pride filled the girl's eyes.

he went alone last night into the enemy's camp and got hold of some papers that a spy wanted our general to have—something very important. Then he managed to get back safely, and just as he was coming across the courtyard the shell fell and burst quite close to him. It might have killed him. They took him to the commandant's office, where the papers were found clutched tightly in his hand and then they brought him here."

"Who told you of all this?" asked Silvestre gently, with a curious choking sensation in his throat—

"Armand himself?"

"Oh, no. He was too weak to talk. No, the men who brought him here early this morning told us, and when I asked Armand if it was all true he, just nodded and smiled. Oh I am so proud of him, Silvestre—"

"Has he spoken at all?" Silvestre put the question with dry lips; a horrible sensation of helplessness came over him.

Theresé flushed and again the look of supreme happiness shone in her eyes.

"Yes," she faltered, "just a few words."

"And they were, Theresé?" said the listening man gently, leaning forward as she spoke.

"He—he said he loved me—and asked me—"

She suddenly broken down and hid her burning face on Silvestre's shoulder.

"Oh, I am so happy," she sighed, with a half sob in her voice, "for I love him so dearly. And you, dear old Silvestre, will be my real brother at last."

The blood rushed with one wild throb out of his eyes.

"Yes," he said softly, "I will be your brother, I—I am so glad, dear Theresé. God bless you—both."

"You will see Armand?" she asked, after a little silence. "He can talk now."

"Yes, I will see him—just for a few minutes," he assented.

There was something in Silvestre's face which made her hesitate on the threshold of the sick man's room. Then she let him go in alone and closed the door behind him.

As she stood outside she heard the low murmur of voices within. They were very low, but she could distinguish Armand's now and again raised a little as if in expostulation. But it was answered by the low, even tones of his brother's voice, and after a while the expostulation ceased, and Silvestre came out of the room.

"He is doing well," he said, "and there is nothing like a mind at rest for helping the body to recover. And his mind is at rest now."

Theresé wondered a little at the words, but something checked her from asking their meaning.

"God bless you, little one," murmured Silvestre. "You have got your heart's desire—and so has he. I hope you will be very, very happy!"

The expression on his face haunted Theresé as she watched him pass slowly down the street, but in the light that flashed from her lover's eyes when she stood beside him she soon forgot it. One sentence rang in the ears of the lonely man as he knelt with bowed head before the altar of a neighboring church.

"The men who brought me here told her—they knew no better, and they told her—and I, God pardon me, had not the courage to confess the truth! Forgive—"

And Silvestre had forgiven.

The kindly faced priest whose confessional became so popular in later years was noted, and with some justice, for his extraordinary severity in dealing with all faults that sprang from a lack of moral courage. This, and anything approaching the nature of a lie, caused the weary blue eyes to flash with the light of renewed youth, and the penitent would leave the confessional not a little awed by the holy man's austerity.

Theresé de Quetteville has often wondered at her husband's tacit avoidance of his brother. Armand, though a successful soldier and one marked for distinction, cannot meet the calm, clear glance of the priest's eyes without darters of knowledge being plunged into his soul. He realizes bitterly that there is a human love that finds its highest ideal in laying down its life on behalf of another. He is uneasily conscious that Silvestre's love for Theresé was a nobler one than his own. He sees, too, in those tired blue eyes the reflection of an old sin, the reminder of an hour of cowardice, in which upon one who had done him no wrong he had cast the burden of a great silence—Havelock Etrick in the Catholic Press.

You know what a man lives for when you know what he looks at when alone.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BOY'S GUARDIAN ANGEL. — There is a little town in Pennsylvania at the foot of the eastern slope of the Allegheny Mountains and a church in it with a congregation partly in the town and partly in the country.

Among them was a boy of about eleven or twelve years whom we shall call Tommy. He was a fine little fellow, just such a boy as you would like to have for a companion.

At length the day came for them to go to confession. The Sisters who taught school had the children all in their places in the church.

When the confessions were over and the children had gone back to the school the Sister called those aside that had been making the noise and began to tell them how quiet they should always be in church.

CHEERING THE AGED. — A young girl was passing her aged grandaunt one day when she suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head beside her, and said: "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face, and there was a joyous quaver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy.

"I was astonished to find what an interesting person that old lady is who lives at Mrs. D—'s," remarked one lady to another. "She seems to be an aunt or a great-aunt of Mr. D—'s, but she was always sat back in a corner when I have been there, and I never supposed she knew anything in particular."

"Did you think to tell her how much you had enjoyed talking with her?"

"No, that didn't occur to me."

THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HER WORDS AND PERSONALITY HAD SO FAVORABLY IMPRESSED HER VISITOR MIGHT HAVE GIVEN

the quiet old lady a pleasure that would lighten many hours. "There is no tonic like happiness."

A young man said to his mother: "You ought to have seen Aunt Esther to-day when I remarked, casually: 'What a pretty gown you have on to-day, and how nice you look in it!'"

"I never expect to eat any cookies so good as those you used to make, mother," said a shocked man one day; and he was shocked when he saw her evident delight in his words, for he remembered that he had not thought to speak before for years of any of the thousand comforts and pleasures with which her skill and love had filled his boyhood.

GOOD MANNERS. — "The finest of the fine arts," Emerson calls good manners, and it has been asserted that nothing stands in the way of one whose manners are admirable.

From the lowest standpoint, that of success in business, manners often play a more important part than they are given credit for playing.

When the confessions were over and the children had gone back to the school the Sister called those aside that had been making the noise and began to tell them how quiet they should always be in church.

CHEERING THE AGED. — A young girl was passing her aged grandaunt one day when she suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head beside her, and said: "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face, and there was a joyous quaver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy.

"I was astonished to find what an interesting person that old lady is who lives at Mrs. D—'s," remarked one lady to another. "She seems to be an aunt or a great-aunt of Mr. D—'s, but she was always sat back in a corner when I have been there, and I never supposed she knew anything in particular."

"Did you think to tell her how much you had enjoyed talking with her?"

"No, that didn't occur to me."

THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HER WORDS AND PERSONALITY HAD SO FAVORABLY IMPRESSED HER VISITOR MIGHT HAVE GIVEN

the doors open for them to come in. How any father or mother can go to sleep with an easy conscience, while their boys and girls are out and they don't know where they are, is something hard to understand.

AN INDULGENCED PLEDGE.

By a Pontifical letter dated at Rome, April 16, 1904, a special indulgence of 300 days, applicable to the souls in Purgatory, is granted daily to all who, in a spirit of faith and penance, recite the following offering:

"O my God and Father, to show my love for Thee, to repair Thy injured honor and to obtain the salvation of souls, I firmly resolve not to take wine, alcoholic liquor, or any intoxicating drink, this day. And I offer Thee this act of self-denial in union with the sacrifice of Thy Son Jesus Christ, who daily immolates Himself for Thy glory on the altar. Amen."

AFTER THIRTY-THREE YEARS

A Catholic American exchange gives the following account of the erection of a parish church in Indiana. It says:

St. Joseph's handsome stone church at Jasper, Ind., has just been completed after thirty-three years. The building was planned in 1867 by the pastor, the Rev. Fidelis Mante.

CHEERING THE AGED. — A young girl was passing her aged grandaunt one day when she suddenly stopped, laid her hand gently on the white head beside her, and said: "How pretty and curly your hair is, Aunt Mary! I wish I had such pretty hair!"

The simple words brought a quick flush of pleasure to the wrinkled face, and there was a joyous quaver in the brief acknowledgment of the spontaneous little courtesy.

"I was astonished to find what an interesting person that old lady is who lives at Mrs. D—'s," remarked one lady to another. "She seems to be an aunt or a great-aunt of Mr. D—'s, but she was always sat back in a corner when I have been there, and I never supposed she knew anything in particular."

"Did you think to tell her how much you had enjoyed talking with her?"

"No, that didn't occur to me."

THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HER WORDS AND PERSONALITY HAD SO FAVORABLY IMPRESSED HER VISITOR MIGHT HAVE GIVEN

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC EXCURSIONS. \$48.90

Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, From Montreal. Lower Rates to many other Points.

GRAND TRUNK CHEAP FARES. Until Oct. 15, 1904, low one way fares from MONTREAL to

TOURIST SLEEPING CAR FOR WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS. Leaves Montreal 10.30 p.m. Thursdays, arrives St. Louis Saturdays 7.43 a.m.

CITY TICKET OFFICES: 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

Catholic Sailors' Club ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent Invited: The finest in the City, pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.

DO NOT BUY TRASHY GOODS AT ANY PRICE.

Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate Are the Best. Notice the Name on them. The John Murphy Co. LIMITED

Cloak Department A well earned reputation for always being able to satisfy the requirements of the individual purse and taste has made our Cloak Department a prime favorite with all classes of the community.

Right in Price! Right in Style! Right in Fit! Right in Material!

Full range of Ladies' Short Fall Jackets, all the leading shades and designs, \$6.50. Ladies' Golf Capes, nice line, \$3.90.

SPECIAL Ladies' 3-4 Donegal Tweed Raincoats, half belted, bell sleeves, were \$11.00, special \$3.95.

THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY 2341 & 2343 St. Catherine St. Corner Metcalfe. Terms Cash. Tel. Up 3740

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED MANY EXCLUSIVE STYLES IN Ladies' Costumes and Coats.

In selecting your new Fall Mantle or Costume at Carsley's you are protected from the possibility of seeing the exact counterpart of your purchase on the first lady you may happen to meet.

LADIES' HANDSOME COAT, short tight-fitting style, trimmed with applique, very smart shape. \$11.50. LADIES' HALF FITTING COAT, of Beaver Cloth, handsomely embroidered, very stylish. \$12.70.

THE FINEST COLLECTION OF Oriental Rugs and Palace Stripes

We Have Ever Shown—Under Price Offerings. This Special Sale of Oriental Rugs will appeal directly to Housekeepers and Business Men alike, as they are specially adapted for office use as well as home adornment.

ORIENTAL PALACE STRIPS. These handsome Stripes are very desirable for halls, libraries, landings, etc.

THREE REMARKABLE BARGAINS IN FINE FURNITURE. These Special September Furniture offerings are quite in keeping with the Carsley principle of selling reliable merchandise at unmatchable prices, when it is most wanted and appreciated by the public.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED 1765 to 1788 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street Montreal

Retiring from Business And Although Thousands Have Taken Advantage of this Sale To Furnish Wholly or in Part Their Homes,

Yet, with Fall Importations coming in our immense stock of over \$100,000 of BEAUTIFUL CARPETS, RUGS, CURTAINS and HOUSE FURNISHINGS, BEGGING to be at the bidding of all Close Buyers, and I am sure many will claim in years to come that there was one and a real CARPET AND FURNISHING HOUSE

THOMAS LIGGET, 2474 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

A NOVEL EXPLANATION. "Well, Father, now look here. There's my Sunday shirt that my wife is after washing, and clean and white it is by reason of all the water and soap that's gone through it. But not a drop of water or soap or blue has stayed in it, d'ye see? And it's the same way with me and the sermon. It's all run through me and dried out, but all the same, like my Sunday shirt, I'm better and cleaner for it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE WAGGAMAN FAILURE. Another phase of the Waggamans trouble was reached Wednesday when the United States Marshal at Washington was ordered to seize \$1,200,000 of assets in the possession of the alleged bankrupt.

THE WAGGAMAN FAILURE. Another phase of the Waggamans trouble was reached Wednesday when the United States Marshal at Washington was ordered to seize \$1,200,000 of assets in the possession of the alleged bankrupt.



Vol. LIV., No. 13

CANADA'S O Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick the Office of O

An interesting sketch of the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, in the law journal of Boston Green Bag. The writer, Morse, says:

In undertaking to write of the Chancellors, Lord said that above all things his was that a recital of the glories and triumphs of many great lawyers of his race 'stir the young student of the law and industry, and in his mind the liberal and able maxims which ought to be the conduct of an English lawyer.' Despite the cynicism of that observation that every man's own example in the century, it is somewhat of Campbell's sentiment, as a to the profession in the North that influences the writer to briefly such of the more facts as have come to his career of the Honorable Fitzpatrick, K.C., at the Minister of Justice for the of Canada.

While only in the prime of subject of this sketch has a large and withal so genuine a success that his biographer feels that while it is well to apologize for foresting some extent any posthumous distinction the lawyer's extension will be demanded readers of the Green Bag to their interest in this of his public life.

Charles Fitzpatrick was the city of Quebec, Dec. 19. After a preparatory training well-known Quebec Seminary Laval University, which he received the degree of B.A. followed the law course in mater, carrying off the non-Generals' medal in final examination for B.C. 1876. In the same year he was elected to the Bar of his native province. Three years later he was appointed by the Provincial and District of Quebec. English and French. Sp equal facility, possessing industry and with a natural rhetoric enriched by literary to which he has always been votes, the young advocate, gained an assured place at especially in criminal cases. ing of him in this connection, professional journal recently enumerated the criminal cases in Mr. Fitzpatrick has been whether for the prosecution fence, would be to mention every one of importance before the courts of the Province of Quebec the last twenty years."

One of the earliest cases he was engaged was, in 1884, 7 L.N. 360, in which he acted for the United States in certain extradition proceedings taken against John C. defaulting president of the National Bank of New York following year he led for in the cause of Queen Bail, his client being the confessor, and indicted as the origo malorum in two arm Nons (1870-1885) of the Canadian Northwest. H though unsuccessful defence unhappy zealot may be regarded the corner stone of Mr. Fitzpatrick's fame, for there not only pitted against the greatest advocates in the Bar, Christopher Robins and the late B. B. Osler, K. was hampered throughout theory of the defence, namely, by the indignant and population of it by the whose amour propre was wounded. Addressing the permission of the court after Fitzpatrick's brilliant and appeal for a verdict of Riel said: "It would be easy to-day to play insanity, but circumstances are such as any man. . . I have the fact that if I die, I will