

to take up your abode in the heavenly mansions, you must reach there by works, without which you cannot enter.

man who modifies the nature of crying out at such wounds or operations will live in peace with himself.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE



Vol. LII., No. 14

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1902.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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

250 St. James 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 Witness" P. & P. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A STRIKING LESSON.—A forcible and eloquent lesson is embodied in the following letter which we have just received from a man who has been a subscriber of the "True Witness" for over thirty years. The truly Christian spirit of resignation in which he refers to his infirmities, and his scrupulous anxiety to pay even a small debt before he leaves these mortal scenes, throw a strong light on the religious character and moral fibre of the pioneer Irish settlers of Canada, and explain the abiding fidelity to their faith which has always distinguished them and their offspring. The Celtic temperament is also seen in the familiar joke about the prelatical dignitaries of a certain sect—a temperament from which no amount of physical or mental affliction can altogether banish the keen sense of humor.

To the Manager of the True Witness.
Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed one dollar to pay subscription to next April. I have not yet been able to read a line in book or paper for the past nine months. It has pleased God to deprive me of my sight and almost of my hearing, I am old and feeble, and I do not want to leave this world indebted to my weekly companion for over thirty years. You cannot imagine how lonesome it is to be always in the dark like a Protestant bishop. Now I wish you would send my paper to my brother-in-law, O. B., and I hope he will take my place and become a regular subscriber.

Yours truly,
J. McC.

The "True Witness" sincerely sympathizes with Mr. McC. in his affliction, and hopes that it may soon be alleviated if not completely cured.

INACCURACIES OF FICTION.—In the Cosmopolitan Magazine appears a short story—which the "Star" of Saturday last has reproduced—entitled "The Canon's Curse," "A story of old Quebec," by Arthur E. Macfarlane. Our purpose in calling attention to this wildly imaginative bit of fiction is not to pass any criticism upon its literary merits. We simply wish to indicate some glaring inaccuracies; and, we do so, because they are unpardonable in an author who lays claim to so much general information concerning Catholic institutions. Needless to say that, to any Catholic reader, the whole story is an absurdity. But fiction of the current time is mostly absurd. What we desire to point out is the fact that non-Catholic writers display more and more in their works a consummate lack of knowledge, an entire absence of information, in regard to Catholic institutions, Catholic customs, and Catholic discipline.

The scene is in Quebec city: the principal theatre of the little drama is the organ loft of a Sulpician Church; there are two organs; upon one of these a young New York musical student plays, upon the other a young lady, a Protestant of Quebec—who has long been in the habit of practising in the Church—creates symphonies to correspond with the young man's improvisations. The young man is awaiting the return of the Superior of the Sulpicians, who has gone on a visit to Montreal, in order to get his permission to examine some of the old musical documents conserved in the Sulpician library. He is anxious to find one in

particular that Louis XIV., of France, gave "to his dear Sulpicians of Quebec."

We need not enter into any further details. The poetic license—or the novelist's license—may excuse certain inaccuracies of detail; but it would have been as easy for the author to have set the scene in Montreal as in Quebec. There is no Sulpician Church in Quebec; the Sulpicians have no monastery in that city, nor have they a monastery any place—they are not cloistered, nor monastic; their Superior-General is in France, not in Canada; their Canadian Superior is in Montreal, not in Quebec; their splendid library is in the Montreal College, not in a monastic, dingy edifice in Quebec. The author then pictures Father Laurence, the organist of that supposed Church in Quebec, as a "white-robed Sulpician." The Sulpicians do not wear white robes; the Dominicans, the Trappists, and a few other orders wear white; but the Sulpicians wear the ordinary black soutane, devoid of any special insignia.

We will not say anything about the confusion, the inaccuracies, the impossible situations, and the absurd rules that the author's lack of acquaintance with Catholic affairs brings out on his page. We have just given sufficient to show that even in mild fiction, the so-called well-informed novelist, would do well to learn something about the Catholic Church before writing of her.

MILLIONS FOR RELIGION.—Some short time ago we had occasion to comment upon the proposed

Church Trust that the mighty Morgan and the almost equally mighty Hanna had projected, and we expressed our views somewhat strongly on the subject. This idea of subjecting religious propaganda to the influence and domination of money—a veritable erection of Mammon's temple—does not seem to have been original. A couple of years ago an "inter-denominational movement" was started in England and America for the purpose of raising \$50,000,000, as a fund to be devoted to the furtherance of religion, the clearing off of church debts, the supporting of missionary work, and such like. According to reports about \$40,000,000 of this amount has already been raised. The "Church Economist," a Protestant religious organ of New York, states that half of this grand total "was raised in this country, the Methodists North alone claiming \$17,000,000. The Canadian Methodists and Presbyterians, each of which bodies set out to raise \$1,000,000, have collected respectively \$1,250,000 and \$1,430,000. The English Wesleyans have secured \$4,500,000; and the English Congregationalists \$3,312,000. Congregationalists in Wales have raised \$860,000; in Australia \$415,000."

We have no doubt that these figures are correct. But what do they prove? They simply confirm our previous contention that the various denominations possess, in their ranks, men of extreme wealth, and that they have found the sublime methods of Christianity, from its earliest days—as illustrated in the history of the Catholic Church—no longer adequate, and that they have to fall back upon the purely human aid of wealth in order to save themselves from extinction. The gathering together of millions was not the system taught, nor practised by Our Divine Lord in the establishment of His Holy Religion on earth; no more was it adopted by the great and saintly missionaries who went forth in their poverty and heroism, to carry the truths of the Gospel into all lands under the sun. We are not alone in our estimate of this gigantic effort to save Protestantism, at all hazards, from the abyss towards which it is being impelled by its own principles.

PULPIT SENSATIONALISM.—Rev. E. H. Byington, in the Boston "Congregationalist," defends sensationalism in the pulpit. He claims that it is Biblical, and even pretends to trace it to Our Lord Himself. In closing a very lengthy article, the details of which add nothing to the conclusions, he says:—"My plea is for more sensationalism. Let each preacher study his field and determine in what way he best can stir, attract, impress the indifferent about him. Let him advertise as freely and as strikingly as the most successful, upright business man in the place. Let the churches not only permit, but urge their ministers to arouse a church-neglecting community by the use of dramatic and winning methods. If all about you attend church, then avoid sensationalism."

To our mind Rev. Mr. Byington has at least the merit of frankness and honesty. He preaches what he practises, and he does not attempt to draw audiences by means of sensationalism and then pretend to rely simply upon the power of God's word to reach the souls of men. Moreover, in his case, as in thousands of others, we believe that more or less sensationalism is a necessity. Without it there would be absolutely nothing to draw men to the Church. In the absence of any deep and solid dogmas of religion, a preacher must make use of some kind of lever—or fail. When there is a lack of sentiment and soul-stirring devotion, there must be some other substitute—and sensationalism is about as practical a one as any. Above all when the great sources of grace—the sacraments—are wanting, it cannot be expected that men will freely abandon their ease or self-indulgence for the sake of sitting in a building called a church and spending a given time listening to prosaic sermons upon subjects that do not interest them. It needs a little, and often a great deal of sensationalism to draw people away from the other enjoyments of life and to compel them to attend Church services. Of course, we have no practical experience, in our Church, of the necessity of any such methods; but, when dealing

with non-Catholic institutions and means of religious propaganda, we must divest ourselves of all our fixed ideas concerning dogma, morals and discipline, and face the issues as we would those of commerce, of politics, of science, or of aught else that has no special relation to the soul or to the spiritual life of man. Taking the situation from a merely human and modern standpoint, we cannot but agree with this reverend gentleman. In fact, we see no other hope for him, if he desires to keep up the traditions of Protestantism, and to save its churches from the fate that seems to menace their existence. Based upon extreme sensationalism, in all its branches, Protestantism cannot but subsist upon the emotional. From Luther to the Salvation Army, and from Henry VIII. to Rev. Mr. Byington, the origin, life, and perpetuation of each fragment of Protestant Christianity have been sensational; hence our agreement with this novel argument.

AN ELECTRIC AGE.—So accustomed have we become to being propelled, lighted, and enabled to speak by electricity that we are beginning to feel the need of that potent current in almost everything we do. The latest scientific idea in connection with this great auxiliary of man, is that of an electric production of sleep. A French physicist, M. Leduc, has found a method of producing sleep by means of electric currents. The inventor described his method before the Paris Academy of Sciences, and it appears that a considerable amount of appreciation was the result. A most careful writer, the editor of "The Electrical World and Engineer," comments upon the subject in a very sensible manner. We will not attempt to enter into any of the scientific explanations of the method; moreover they are beyond our capacity, not being electrically educated; but we will reproduce some of the above-mentioned editor's remarks. He says:—"As the authority for these statements is not a newspaper writer but a French physicist of authority, the matter takes on a real interest. It is true that the apparatus necessary is somewhat formidable, and that in the case of the animals experimented on, the first step consisted in producing apparent death, from which the subject was resuscitated to the intermediate stage of slumber. But even this condition would not deter one so afflicted with insomnia as to render any remedy, however heroic, the lesser evil. As insomnia is the result of a disturbance of the nerve-centers, it appears reasonable that a titillation properly set up by an interrupted current at such centers should have some effect, and perhaps a tranquilizing one; but whether it could be one oft repeated or have a permanent curative power is a matter for neurologists rather than physicists to pass judgment upon, and the verdict of the former will be awaited with interest."

This is exceedingly interesting; and we suppose that some day or other sleepless people will be enabled to carry about with them pocket, batteries, so charged, that at any moment they may turn on the current and go off in a sound dose. We were almost going to say that people may yet want to die by electricity, were it not that the "electric chair" so much in prominence in the neighboring Republic has already afforded a certain class of citizens that unenviable facility. But it would be exceedingly convenient if some person would invent a method of praying by electricity, it would obviate a deal of trouble, and the world is now getting to seek the avoidance of all kinds of trouble. Then there is the fearful necessity of eating; all men must eat in order to preserve life; yet a great deal of time is lost in that operation. If we could only fill our stomachs by electricity it would be lovely. In fine, anything that may tend to efface all necessity for work, for exertion, of fatigue, of pain, of living, will be acceptable and reckoned as a boon for the human race. The days of strong endeavor, of noble emulation, of heroic privation, of willing sacrifice are no more. If we could convert the world by electricity, and have telephonic communication with heaven, we would feel ourselves on the eve of a millennium. But until that golden age comes we think that some of the olden methods will be found to be still conducive to human happiness.

THE FITZPATRICK BANQUET.—Elsewhere in this issue will be found a full report of the magnificent banquet given, at the Windsor, last Tuesday, by the St. Patrick's Society, in honor of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice for Canada. As our account of the proceedings is so complete we do not deem it necessary to add thereto any extensive editorial comment. However, there are a couple of features, special to that particular banquet which we cannot allow to go unnoticed.

In the first place the calm observer of the event could not fail to have remarked that the entire entertainment was one of the strongest and most practical temperance lessons that could possibly be given. The marked absence of any abuse of intoxicants, and we might say that almost general disuse of wines, could not but attract attention. It is a rare thing in our day, or in any other age, to find five hundred guests seated around the festive board, and to behold them enjoying to its fullest the "flow of soul" without the assistance of any stimulant to increase the excitement. Yet such was the spectacle afforded the public, and such the lesson set before the eyes of the younger generation, by those who met on that occasion to do honor to one of Canada's foremost Irish Catholics. We can safely say that, for years, no dinner in this city has been conducted with more dignity and decorum, and scarcely ever did we meet with such a powerful argument in support of the true characteristics of the Irish people in this land.

As a natural consequence of this temperate atmosphere that prevailed throughout the evening, there was a very remarkable degree of practical instruction in the various speeches. In fact, the high standard of the different addresses was dignified as was the dignified manner in which they were delivered and received. It was a "feast of reason," as well as a "flow of soul," and we must say that all this calmness and propriety did not check the loftier flights of true eloquence—so characteristic of educated Irishmen in all times.

It was an encouraging sight to contemplate so many young men, the sons of fathers who had held high positions in the past, perpetuating the influence and fine qualities of their parents, and adding the link of another generation of great and good men to the grand chain of Irish Canadian citizenship that has done so much to bind together the divers elements of our young country's population.

At the outset the chairman—Hon. Mr. Justice Doherty—struck the keynote of the evening when he declared the gathering to be absolutely non-political. And from the first to the last there was not a single discordant note—the gamut of enthusiasm was completely non-political. In responding the toast of "Our Country," so ably and eloquently proposed by Dr. Devlin, Sir William Hingston, in the few remarks that he made, pointed out how pleasing it was to see Irishmen of all shades of opinion gathered together, in friendship, to do honor to one of their race whose successes in life so strongly reflected upon them all. This was the spirit in which the entertainment was organized, in which it was carried to a most successful issue, and in which all our gatherings should be conceived and governed.

St. Patrick's Society is to be congratulated upon the timely and important step it has taken, for it has done very much, in one night, towards the cementing of all elements, the effacing of prejudices, and the elevation of the Irish people in the eyes of the entire community. We will not make any further comment, beyond expressing the fervent hope that the grand lessons of temperance and of high ideals which that banquet has taught, may be taken to heart and shaped into the basis of all future public events of a national character. An upward impetus has been given, let its influence be far reaching and perpetual.

A NIGHTMARE STORY.—Writing in a French paper, a Mr. Jean de Bonnefon has let loose the reins of his imagination, and in attempting to secure something original and sensational, has invented a cock-and-a-bull story about the Pope going to

or wanting to resign in favor of Cardinal Rampolla. Our very esteemed friend the "Daily Witness" has deemed the concoction of sufficient importance to accord it space on the editorial page, under the heading "A Startling Vatican Story." It is certainly startling—at least for all those who know nothing about the Papacy and the succession to the See of Peter; it is a "story" in the real sense of the term, for it is a pure invention, and a glaring one at that. The author of it, as well as the "Witness" appears to know that this startling story cannot "hold water," for the article closes by saying: "Now that this scheme is known it will come to nothing." No doubt. Surely the inventor did not expect that his phantasm scheme would ever prove other than a delusion. Certainly it will come to nothing; just as that which has no existence, cannot but remain nothing.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

One of the best concerts of the season in the Catholic Sailors' Club was that given on Wednesday evening, under the auspices of Branch 26, C.M.B.A. The hall was crowded. The President of the Branch, Mr. Frederick J. Sears, occupied the chair, and made a speech, in which he thanked the large audience for their presence. So numerous an attendance spoke volumes, he said, for the popularity of the concerts given by the Catholic Sailors' Club, Branch 26, C.M.B.A., felt highly honored at being invited to give an entertainment in the Club, for its members all recognized that it was an institution engaged in a noble work. Next year, he hoped, every branch of the C.M.B.A. in the city would give a concert in the club. He advised the sailors to make the club



MR. FRED. J. SEARS.

and its work known to their comrades, who could not fail to derive considerable benefit from being brought under its elevating influence.

Those who took part in the concert which was heartily enjoyed, were loudly applauded. Their names were as follows: Messrs. J. Beauchamp, J. H. Maiden, A. Jones, J. Kennedy, W. F. Costigan, J. Legal-lee, E. T. Callaghan, J. Donnelly, Mr. Farler, and Mr. Sullivan; Miss Harrey, Miss McKeown, Miss Gregory, Miss A. McKeown and Mrs. A. Price. Seamen: James Dorofoe, Preston; R. Jones, J. Owen, P. Henshaw, Ottoman; William Rhodes, Philadelphian; Miss Norton was the able accompanist.

The entertainment was brought to a close by the singing of "God Save Ireland."

Next Wednesday's concert will be under the auspices of St. Lawrence Court, Catholic Order of Foresters.

O! friends, open some hearts to the life divine, and this will be a new world; the humblest home will be a heaven of peace and joy, and God beyond will open the beautiful gates where for you and for me the loved ones watch and wait.

AN HISTORIC BOOK.
Every Irish Catholic should buy The Golden Jubilee Book, and Read The Story of The Irish Priests and Laymen in Montreal During The Past Fifty Years.
ON SALE AT Patrick's SBYTERY, and at MILLOYS, Catherine St., Telephone to in 1182, WILL INSURE PROMPT DELIVERY OF THE BOOK. PRICE, \$1.00.
Terms to Book Agents, MISS, THE WITNESS, BOX 1138, P.O., MONTREAL.

OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

By a Special Correspondent.)

In my younger days I resided on a large farm that was about five miles from the city, and upon the main highway. On the opposite side of the road dwelt a Mr. Robert Stewart. He owned some two hundred acres of splendid land, extending from the highway to the river and divided in two by a lane that was a municipal or public road. Down this lane all the farmers in that section drove their sheep to be washed; their cows and horses to water, and had a general right of passage to and fro. It was also a very inviting promenade for the young people of the countryside, especially when they were courting. On each side of the lane was a magnificent row of tall elm trees, and the sandy paths on either side of the carriage track were delightfully soft under foot. In those days I knew every inch of that lane, and I must have travelled it thousands of times. Mr. Stewart was then an old man, but one full of good nature and fun. He delighted in practical jokes, and many is the one that he perpetrated in his time.

About half a mile behind my father's place lived a family by the name of Ralph. I believe they were English people; at least one of the sons—Edward—was constantly boasting that he was a "blooming British subject," and that he "ad shouldered a gun for 'er Majesty the Queen." What he meant by that we could not exactly tell, nor did it much interest any of us at the time. I believe he had been a private in a volunteer company at one period in his life. Possibly this led him to believe that he had actually shed his blood, or possibly given his life for his country. But Ned's boasting was of little consequence compared to that of his brother Charlie. I might as well state at once that this Charlie "was not all there." He was a robust, lazy, gigantic, uncouth fellow, who could sit by a fence all day and "spin yarns," but who had a most wholesome dread of anything that savored of work. Many an hour did old Mr. Stewart spend, seated in the barn door, with Charlie Ralph, making the poor fellow go over and over his unending series of supposed adventures. To hear Charlie tell of all that he had done in his time you would have to conclude that he was either a hero of the crusader mould, or else the most inveterate liar on earth. In fact, if he were taken seriously, and if all that he told were exact, he should have been long since tried for murder and hanged. But no person ever dreamed of lodging a complaint against Charlie for having killed a human being; moreover no person would ever have been able to establish the truth of such an accusation.

One evening, about the end of August, (I think it was in 1875), I was coming up the lane from the river, when I met Mr. Stewart. He had been looking at a field of oats that was just cut, and the greater part of which had been bound and stooked. We commenced to chat, and as it was exceedingly warm, and the air of the evening coming up from the river was cooling and refreshing, we felt inclined to prolong our conversation and to enjoy the situation. We sat down upon the fence that divided the field of oats from the lane, and as the round full moon rose slowly and gloriously upon the Eastern sky, we drank in all the invigorating air of the country and enjoyed the beautiful surroundings.

After a few moments we saw, through the gathering night, the form of a man coming down the lane. We ceased speaking; he passed within a few feet of us, and we had no difficulty in recognizing Charlie Ralph. He was going to the river to look for a cow that had strayed away from his father's yard. We let him pass without giving any sign of our presence. When he had disappeared over the hill, Mr. Stewart said: "There goes the greatest boaster I ever met, and I believe he is as big a coward as he looks." After a few more comments on poor Charlie—and not all to his credit—Mr. Stewart suggested a joke. No sooner suggested than put into execution. He got down from the fence and going into the field, selected three sheaves of oats. He handed them to me over the fence and then

came out to the lane. He stood two of them up in the middle of the road, placed the third sheaf across the two, and set his own hat on the top of the pyramid. This done, we both crossed into the field and crouched down behind the fence to await developments.

In about ten minutes Charlie came along, evidently having failed to find the cow. He was swinging his long arms and striding ahead in a free and easy style, when, suddenly, in the moonlight, he caught a glimpse of something standing in the road. He began to whistle "Rule Britannia," but did not keep up the musical delusion very long. As he approached the pile of oats he slackened his pace till he finally stood still. He hesitated for a while, and at last, picked up courage to speak.

"Good night, sir," said Charlie. No answer came from the oats. "I say good night, sir," again ventured Charlie. Still no reply from the stook. "You'd better step aside," said Charlie; but the oats did not stir. He grew excited, and began to retreat. When he saw that the enemy was not in pursuit, he again ventured to address the oats.

"I'm a brave man; I'm a dangerous man; I tell you that you ain't safe on this road at night with me. You'd better go home." He paused for a reply; but none came. "I'll go home for my gun," roared Charlie, who by that time was as wild as a maniac and in such a state of fear that he did not know what side to turn to.

"My brother's been a soldier, and I'll get him to shoot you if you don't clear the way." This terrible threat did not appear to have any effect upon the stolid foeman. "I'll have to commit murder if you don't let me pass," cried Charlie.

At this point Mr. Stewart could stand it no longer, and he let out a roar that would have frightened any ordinary person in the night. Charlie did not wait to investigate any further. You'd have thought he was propelled by electricity, so rapidly did he vanish over the opposite fence and scud down the meadow that extended for ten acres towards the woodlands.

We took in the oats and walked up the lane together, laughing at Charlie's expense. I left Mr. Stewart at the corner of his farm and found my way quietly homeward. We enjoyed the joke immensely, and next morning the old gentleman came over to tell my father about the fun we had with Charlie Ralph. We were speculating upon the probable story that Charlie would have to tell to all the neighbors. We naturally expected that he would go about, from house to house, to tell each one how he had fought a brigand, or how he had conquered a most dangerous enemy on the night previous. While we were relating many personat reminiscences of Charlie, especially in connection with his imaginary achievements, a farmer from the back concession drove up to the house. After our first greetings, when Mr. Stewart was preparing to tell the newcomer of our evening's adventure, the latter started us with the information that Charlie Ralph was dead.

You can scarcely conceive the shock that news produced. Of course, the details of the sad event had to be told. They were few and simple. Poor Charlie had long been a victim of heart-failure, and the least excitement usually produced alarming symptoms. Of this we had been in absolute ignorance. We knew him to have been excitable and eccentric, but we did not know that he was actually suffering from such a dangerous affection. It appears that he ran home that evening—a distance of about three-quarters of a mile—and on entering the house fell unconscious on the floor. They lifted him up and placed him on a sofa. He revived after a time, and told a most incoherent story of murderers and highwaymen, and of one in particular whom he had left dead in the lane. Soon his strength began to fail again, and before midnight the end came. Needless to say that the lesson was severe enough to end for all time Mr. Stewart's inclination for practical jokes.

tions in the world they become dishonest. Before they are aware of it, the habit of inaccuracy extends to their statements. They do not take pains to be thorough in anything they undertake, even in clearly expressing the truth.

These people never carry much weight in a community, however honest in principle they may be, because no reliance can be placed on their words or work. You cannot depend upon what they tell you. If they are orators they are discredited; if they are at the bar, the judges always take their statements with some margin; if they are in business, they soon get a bad name for inaccuracy. In fact, whatever those people do they are placed at a disadvantage because of their habit of inaccuracy.

There is a great difference between going just right and a little wrong. These victims of inaccuracy did not start right. They failed to realize that what is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life.

The Use of Soft Coal.

Now that the coal question is the all-absorbing topic of the hour, and as it grows daily more evident that this winter the great bulk of our people will have to fight the cold with soft coal and wood, it may not be out of place to reproduce some of the directions regarding the domestic use of soft coal which the "Scientific American" has editorially given.

The writer tells us that there is no quality in soft coal that unfits it for domestic use. And he claims that in spite of the possibilities of gas, wood, and electricity, the cheapest substitute for anthracite coal will be the bituminous. We take the following from the article in question:—

"Indeed, as a matter of fact, practically no other fuel is used, or has been used, for domestic purposes in Great Britain, and while the cooking-ranges differ somewhat in design from those used in this country for anthracite coal, it will be quite possible for the householder, by using a little judgment, to burn soft coal to advantage in the ordinary American cooking-stove. The most important fact to remember is that the great quantities of gas thrown off when soft coal is first ignited render it necessary to supply considerably more air above the bed of fuel than is the case with anthracite coal. Thus, in replenishing the kitchen stove, it will not do to fill the grate entirely full of fresh fuel, since this would result in the rapid lowering of the oven temperature, which would not be restored until the mass had become ignited and the gases had become somewhat burned off. It will be found that the best method is to feed small quantities of fuel to the fire at frequent intervals, keeping the lower drafts closed more than they would be in burning anthracite coal, and keeping the upper draft constantly open. For use in the heating furnace, soft coal will be found to give good results when once the proper manipulation of the furnace has been learned. It should be understood at the outset that more constant attention will be necessary, for the reason that soft coal burns more quickly and will not remain incandescent for so long a time as anthracite coal. During the daytime the attendant will have no difficulty in keeping a steady fire if he is careful to feed the furnace frequently; to keep the bottom drafts but slightly open; and to give a liberal feed of air through the air-inlet in the furnace-door. Owing to the rapidity of combustion of bituminous coal, it will not be possible to bank up the furnace for the night and leave it with a certainty that there will be a live fire remaining in the morning; but this difficulty can be overcome if a ton of anthracite used only for banking up the fire over-night. A ton of anthracite used for this purpose should suffice to tide the household over the period of high prices.

"There is one feature connected with the use of soft coal, however, which, unless it be carefully safeguarded, may introduce an element of danger. We refer to the heavy deposit of soot in the flues which will occur when soft coal is used. This soot, unless it is swept out at stated intervals, will accumulate, and being inflammable would be liable to ignite and produce a fierce fire in the chimney, with a consequent risk to the dwelling. It sometimes happens that the ends of rafters or beams are, by careless or ignorant construction, allowed to project into the chimney flues. These might become ignited and carry fire to the interior of the house. There is further danger that the shower of sparks from a burning chimney would ignite the shingle roof of the suburban cottage. These risks may be obviated by sweeping the chimney, say, once in two months. The 'chimney-sweep' is an important personage in the old countries, and it would be a curious incidental development of the strike if he should make his appearance, even temporarily, in this country."

The Duty of Catholic Young Men.

A notable address was delivered by the Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., in the Cathedral of Hartford, Conn., before the members of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, who were about to hold their twenty-eighth annual convention in that city. The duty of the Catholic young man of to-day was his theme; and certainly he chose a very opportune topic. Three things, he pointed out, should be left behind by those who cross the bridge that separates the boy from the man—childish speech, a childish grasp of truth, and childish reasoning. There is far too much childish speech to-day among those who ought to speak as men. We have duties of speech towards our fellowmen; for each one is affected by what he hears, and there is a moral, as well as a physical atmosphere around us. "And we must not be satisfied," he said, "with merely speaking as men; we must also take a man's grasp of the many weighty questions now before the American people, and reason on them as men should. And here let me call your attention to the mighty power almost irresistible of a union such as yours; let me say a word on the actual necessity of association and of federation. A child considers himself merely as a unit; he has not as yet grasped the great principle that ten times one are ten. The Catholics of the United States have been thinking as children in this regard. We have been acting as separated units, and hence we have accomplished comparatively little in this great country of ours. I have heard more than one young man say, when urged to take some more determined stand for the good of his fellowmen: 'Oh! what can I do? I am only a very insignificant unit, only one tiny grain of sand on the seashore.' I answer at once: 'Oh! no, you are not a mere grain of sand; a grain of sand has no power in it; but you are a grain of dynamite.' Suppose, for a moment, that in our late naval conflict at Santiago, each minute grain of powder wedged shoulder to shoulder against its neighbor in the dark cavern of the Oregon's thirteen-inch gun, had said to itself: 'What can I do to propel an enormous projectile against the enemy's fleet? I am utterly useless for so tremendous a work. I shall not lend my tiny aid to do my country's bidding.' That grain of powder would have been a traitor to the cause. But it did lend its tiny aid; and when the gigantic projectile crashed through the enemy's ship, the result was due to that tiny grain of powder, not by itself, but side by side with its myriads of fellow tiny grains. It was the federation of these minute grains of powder that won the day. Every Catholic young man here before me is dynamic, and the power which Almighty God has given him is to be used for good. Let him be welded into one with his million neighbors; let cool heads and skillful hands direct the moral guidance, and then no obstacle can stay the Catholic young man's onward march for 'God and the neighbor.' For let it be well understood, let it be shouted from the housetops, let it be through deepest love for our great country that we Catholics are drawing closer the bonds that unite us.

"The United States of America are entering upon a new era of existence, and if our prosperity has increased almost beyond belief, so have our dangers. It is childishness amounting to treason to close our eyes to those 'breakers ahead.' Now, we Catholics know that the ethical principles of our holy religion are most important for the stability of a nation. Let me explain the Catholic stand for reverence, for authority, parental, civil and religious, and every one who reads aright the signs of the times must admit that in America reverence for authority, parental, civil and religious, is rapidly dying out. We Catholics stand for the sanctity of the marriage, tie and the protection of the home. We believe that the unit on which the State must rest is not the individual, but the family, and that whatever tends to the disruption of the family tends with equal certainty to undermine the State. Once more, every one knows that in many parts of our great country the family is disappearing. So marked is this sad feature of our material progress that our fearless President deemed it his bounden duty to call public attention to the fact that in many parts of New England the official

birth rate was rapidly becoming a blank page! "Catholics believe that after the family the school is the surest support of the State, but we maintain that the school is not doing its duty to our homes or to our country if it only looks after the intellectual development of our children. We maintain that God has at least as good a right to enter the class room as the multiplication table has or the speller. Time was when we Catholics were the only people to raise our voices against the banishment of God from the schools, but now on all sides, from distinguished Protestant ministers, from college presidents and from the press, comes the mighty question, How shall we increase the moral power of the schools? The Catholic Church studied and answered this question 1,900 years ago, and the answer is. It is impossible to separate morality from religion. So pointedly has the need of morality in the schools been brought before the country by certain recent unsavory happenings in some New York schools, that one of our great daily papers fearless champion of the truth, does not hesitate to write: 'We are within measurable distance of the time when society may for its own sake go on its knees to any factor which can be warranted to make education compatible with and inseparable from morality, letting that factor do it on its own terms and teach therewith whatsoever it lists.'

"The Catholic Church in this country has, by heroic sacrifices, been solving the question practically, educating one million of its children in its own schools at an expense of \$22,000,000 annually. We are thus doing yeoman service for the State; but, strange to say, the State, which does not begrudge paying the men who look after the cleanliness of the streets, absolutely refuses to alleviate the burden of our Catholic fathers and mothers, who are not by any means millionaires, and who are striving, by sound education, to keep the moral atmosphere of the country sweet and pure. It will not do to answer that it is against the Constitution to expend money for sectarian purposes.

"This answer may satisfy children, but we have left the nursery and crossed the bridge to manhood, and we want a man's answer to a man's question. As was recently pointed out by a professor of Princeton Seminary, it is by no means against the Constitution of the United States to disburse money for so-called sectarian purposes.

"What about the many Protestant chaplains for the brave soldiers and sailors in our army and navy? Are not these chaplains placed where they are in order to teach religion, and are they not paid for it in good American money? What about the Protestant ministers and Catholic priests in our public asylums and prisons? Are they not there to teach religion, and does the Constitution of the United States forbid them to be paid for their services? Now, is it in harmony with the noted good sense of the American people to wait until our fellow-citizens become cut-throats and convicts and then administer with a considerable outlay of American dollars a small dose of religion as a tardy remedy for crime? Would it not seem a saner policy to try religious teaching at an earlier stage and make use of it as a preventive of crime rather than merely as a doubtful cure for a chronic case? Might not the entrance of religion into the hearts of the pupils in the class room diminish the number of applicants for the convict's cell? And might not this plan diminish also the outlay of American dollars later on, when fewer prison cells would be needed?"

"Must religion be called on by the Government only at the eleventh hour, when the human heart is seared and grimed, and would not the same religion be far more powerful in the days of childish purity and innocence, to keep the soul well balanced and loyal both to God and man? After this fashion reasons the man from Princeton, and after this fashion must reason every man who is not a child. So, Catholic young men, must you reason."

The Centenary of Robert Emmet

On the twentieth day of September, 1902, will occur the hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of Robert Emmet; and it is a prediction that may safely be made that on that day this tragic and glorious event will be enthusiastically celebrated all over the habitable globe, wherever a group of faithful and true-hearted are found. Lapse of



The title of the work, *Hib. Dominicana, Col.* The extract is translated by a man who resided in the early sixties, and who was the original in the *Br.* I have it before me now, and in English. How well afford to let the *L.* "In the year 1647, the v. tute the Reverend Father Barry (of Cork) con of Cashel and Pres whom the heretic army tured with others on the Patrick, reserved for t ecclesiastics there with ber of lay Catholics or tack. Therefore being that he might reject C habit which he wore ar to their rites, boldly "This vestment rep dress of Christ and His represents the banner fare." On uttering wh is bound to a pillar a branches are got ready the most cruel manner, to the wanton insults diery; presently the fire around he is slowly bur hours about the lower body. During which to not cease to commend faithful people as his o God. Transfixed with side to side he yielded on the 15th September departure of the enemy ried from thence and b own convent."

BOYS OF ST. ANN'S SCHOOL HOLD FIELD DAY.

Of course, the leading feature in the day's sports was lacrosse. There was a match in every corner, and judging from the way scores of little lads handle the stick, we may conclude that the National game is only in its infancy. The following is the names of the prize-winners:— 100 yds. run, over 14 years.—1, Thos. Benoit; 2, J. Clarke; 3, Thos. Coonan. 440 yds. run, over 14 years.—1, Thos. Benoit; 2, J. Clarke; 3, J. Gallery. Hop, step and jump, over 14 years.—1, J. Mooney; 2, W. Kennedy; 3, J. Clarke. Long jump, over 14 years.—1, J. Mooney; 2, W. Kennedy; 3, J. Clarke. Three quick jumps, over 14 years.—1, J. Mooney; 2, J. Clarke; 3, W. Kennedy. 100 yds. run, 12 and 13 years.—1, T. Rossiter; 2, M. Meehan; 3, M. Sproul. 440 yds. run, 12 and 13 years.—1, M. Meehan; 2, T. Rossiter; 3, J. Cooney. Hop, step and jump, 12 and 13 years.—1, P. Gallery; 2, R. Carroll; 3, J. Sheeran. Long jump, 12 and 13 years.—1, J. Laydon; 2, R. Carroll; 3, F. Liston. Three quick jumps, 12 and 13 years.—1, R. Carroll; 2, J. Shea; 3, F. Liston. 100 yds. run, under 12 years.—1, J. Cloran; 2, P. Horan; 3, P. Gallery. 440 yds. run, under 12 years.—1, P. Horan; 2, P. Gallery; 3, M. Delaney. Hop, step and jump, 12 and 13 years.—1, P. Gallery; 2, R. Guilfoyle; 3, J. Gleeson. Long jump, under 12 years.—1, P. Gallery; 2, C. Pegnem; 3, J. Gleeson. Three quick jumps, under 12 years.—1, P. Gallery; 2, C. Kelly; 3, H. Laflie. Three-legged race, over 13 years.—1, J. Sheeran and R. Carroll; 2, T. Coonan and W. Murphy. Three-legged race, under 13 years.—1, G. McCrea and J. Regan; 2, P. Horan and P. O'Reilly. Wheelbarrow race, over 13 years.—1, T. Coonan and J. Shea; 2, J. McMenamin and J. Gleeson. Wheelbarrow race, under 13 years.—1, J. Regan and G. McCrea; 2, T. Hughes and J. Smith. The Executive Committee wish to thank the following gentlemen who gave prizes for the day's sports:—Hon. Dr. J. J. Guerin, Ald. D. Gallery, M.P., Ald. M. J. Walsh, Mr. J. Slattery, Mr. Thos. O'Connell, Capt. M. Fennell.

THE LATE MR. T. HEFFERNAN

The teachers of the Edward Murphy School have forwarded to the Rev. Thomas Heffernan and the Rev. Peter Heffernan a resolution of condolence with them in the sad loss of their father. A copy of the resolution has also been sent to their mother, Mrs. Heffernan. The bereaved family have been deeply touched by this manifestation of sympathy in their bereavement.

A RARE

AST week I co very curtailed Archbishopric which I had un weeks ago. W ver the papers, book upon which that sketch came upon an extract, rare work that is pres British Museum; and might be of interest to readers were I to reproduction.

The title of the work, *Hib. Dominicana, Col.* The extract is translated by a man who resided in the early sixties, and who was the original in the *Br.* I have it before me now, and in English. How well afford to let the *L.* "In the year 1647, the v. tute the Reverend Father Barry (of Cork) con of Cashel and Pres whom the heretic army tured with others on the Patrick, reserved for t ecclesiastics there with ber of lay Catholics or tack. Therefore being that he might reject C habit which he wore ar to their rites, boldly "This vestment rep dress of Christ and His represents the banner fare." On uttering wh is bound to a pillar a branches are got ready the most cruel manner, to the wanton insults diery; presently the fire around he is slowly bur hours about the lower body. During which to not cease to commend faithful people as his o God. Transfixed with side to side he yielded on the 15th September departure of the enemy ried from thence and b own convent."

These records are of Ilian persecutions in Ireland the foregoing is an ment, on the same subj originally in Latin. I count of the rarity of of the historical glow upon a dark period—a frequently sought to be h the eye of the modern I reproduce these extra "Our Daniel O'Daly, a centem of the Rosary, a contem er, related in very suita same. The Rev. Father ry, Prior of the Metro of Cashel, in the Provi ster, and preacher gene the second place among of our order in Ireland extreme suffering of the then wasted away in t For the forces under Mo Baron of Inchiquin, fro tion of vipers, approach multitude of barbarous to besiege the city of Catholics took refuge w band of soldiers and so tics at the greater chur might protect the sac and certain moveable p life, for the Rock rises lly and towers on high of ascent. In this chap cent times dedicated to

Marriage When Religions Differs.

(By a Regular Cont In the last issue of "ger" is a very elaborate ly reasoned article, from Rev. Charles Coppens, S important subject of riages. We can do litt draw attention to this tribution. It must be in order to be rightly But we cannot refrain a couple of extracts fro as they furnish powerl in favor of the Church's condemning mixed mar

INACCURATE PEOPLE

It is not safe to trust people who are habitually inaccurate in their work. Even with the best inten-

BANQUET TO HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK.



Mr. Justice Doherty, Chairman, proposing the First Toast at the Fitzpatrick Banquet.

St. Patrick's Society earned for itself the golden opinions of the five hundred gentlemen who sat down to the banquet, organized in honor of the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice. It was, without any exaggeration, a magnificent demonstration. Everything passed off in a most successful manner. The gathering was a representative one in every respect; and this was one of the most gratifying features about it. Although primarily an Irish demonstration, got up to honor a great Irishman, it was also a French-Canadian, Scotch-Canadian and an English-Canadian demonstration. There were almost as many Protestants as Catholics present; and this was also a felicitous circumstance. The Minister of Justice must have felt proud of this sign of testimony to the esteem and respect in which he is held in Montreal.

The vast dining hall was tastefully decorated, the emerald flag being, of course, predominant.

Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty, President of St. Patrick's Society, occupied the chair, having on his right the guest of the evening, the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick; Sir William Hingston, Sir Melbourne Tait, acting Chief Justice; Premier Parent, Mayor Cochrane, the Hon. Frank Latchford, Ontario Minister of Public Works; the Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's; the Rev. Father Teefy, rector of St. Michael's College, Toronto; the Rev. Father O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's; Rev. John E. Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's; the Rev. Father McKenna, St. Patrick's; Dr. F. E. Devlin, ex-Mayor Prefontaine, M.P., and W. A. Weir, M.L.A.; and on his left the Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State; the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture; Mr. Justice Taschereau, Mr. Justice Mathieu, Major-General Bittinger, American Consul-General; Senator Dandurand, Senator J. P. B. Casgrain, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, president of St. Patrick's Society, Ottawa; Senator Beique; Hon. Dr. Guerin, M.I.A.; Hugh A. Allan, Arthur Dansereau, editor of "La Presse"; Hon. James McShane, and Mr. W. Wainwright. The following delegation from Quebec were present: Alderman Madden, and Messrs. W. J. Power, W. J. Maguire, W. Murphy and B. Leonard.

The vice-presidents of the banquet were Messrs. F. B. McNamee, Thos. Kinsella, P. Kearney, B. McNally, D'Arcy Scott, John Kavanagh, Gerald Egan, M. Hicks, M. Guerin, Frank Green, D. Hoctor, and F. Bussiere.

Before proposing the toasts the Hon. Chairman stated that a large number of letters had been received from all over the country and from

England expressing the regret of the senders at their inability to be present. Amongst them were the following:—

"Regret exceedingly business will not permit me to attend Fitzpatrick dinner. I wish you and him every success.—Laurier."

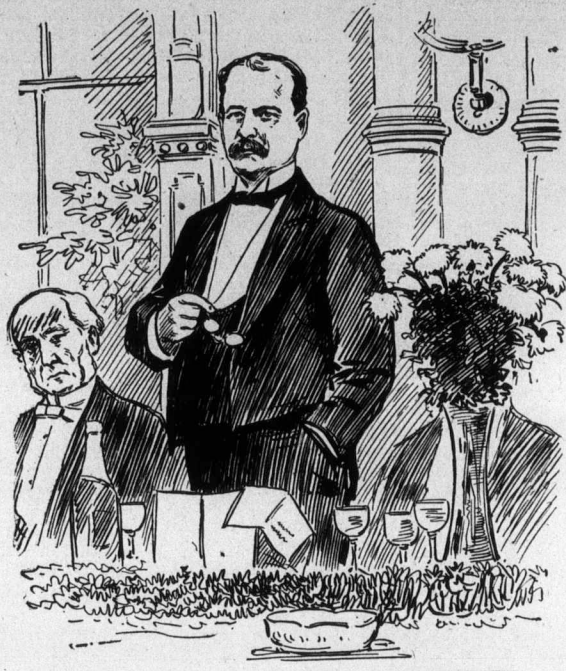
"Many thanks for kind invitation to attend Fitzpatrick banquet. Regret very much that my engagements here prevent me from accepting.—R. L. Borden, Winnipeg."

The Hon. Justice Doherty, after the toast of the King and the President of the United States had been proposed and acclaimed, gave the toast of the evening, "Our Guest." He said: It does not belong to me to formally propose the toast of this evening. But it does fall to my lot as President of St. Patrick's Society, and in that quality as chairman of this gathering, to say a few words introductory to the proposal of that toast. In this tribute, and in the motives that inspired it, there is absolutely nothing of a political character. (Applause). I feel that I should almost apologize for even making that allusion to politics, when I look around me and see so many belonging to both political parties gathered here to do honor to one who does honor to his race; and when I reflect upon the fact that the society of which I have the honor to be president is an absolutely non-political society, and that the election of my humble self, who occupy a position which makes me stranger to politics of every description, to the presidency of it is a proof of this. It affords me an opportunity of enforcing upon our distinguished guest of this evening the fact that this demonstration in his honor, like all the honors that have crowded upon him, is a tribute to his own personal worth, and, I am not exaggerating when I say, to his own transcendent ability. (Applause). And yet there was something in it that was not purely personal to him. It has been the good fortune of this great country in which we live to have been populated by the sons and daughters of different races, all of them sturdy and virile races, each of them bringing to this country the traditions of a past rendered glorious by warlike achievements on sea and land, and by the more-to-be-valued achievements of peace, material and intellectual progress; a past, too, perhaps, made glorious by the halo of a martyrdom that called for the sacrifice of all that is dearest and nearest to the human heart as the price, the willingly paid price of fidelity to a cherished faith or a beloved country. (Applause). Blazoned on the shield that bears the arms of our beloved Province of Quebec, the province of our birth and our home,

the mother province of our grand Dominion, are the simple words "Je me souviens." These words fittingly represent the people of Canada who, thoroughly devoted to this great country, still remember the lands of their forefathers, and take a pride in their race. This is especially true of the Irish Canadians. They remember the traditions and the glories of their old land across the Ocean. They remember those of their race whose ability and patriotism has shed lustre on Canada. They remember, for instance, with pride, that great father of Confederation, whose persuasive eloquence did perhaps as much as any other father of Confederation to bring about the existence of this great Dominion,—Thos. D'Arcy McGee, (applause) just as we remember with pride the great Irish-Canadian, who in our own day won the favor of his sovereign and the unbounded confidence of the people of Canada, Sir John Thompson, (loud applause); and just as we are proud of the transcendent ability of our distinguished guest, Charles Fitzpatrick, who is crowned with undoubtedly the highest honor that could come to a lawyer engaged in the practice of his profession. We have watched him from his earliest youth win his way step by step to the front, until he achieved his present eminent position. I know that a great achievement that is. I know that a man must have extraordinary ability to reach that position. (Applause). When we conceived the idea of honoring him who has reflected so much honor upon our race, we resolved to invite our fellow-Canadians of other creeds and races to join with us in honoring him; and the large number here to-night proves that we were right in thinking that they who take pride in the achievements of their best men share with us in doing honor to our distinguished guest, of whose achievements we are so justly proud. (Applause).

Hon. Dr. Guerin, in proposing the toast of "Our Guest," said that the pride of race is implanted in every human heart, just as is the sacred love of country. That æcietic word "country" unites all hearts in the bonds of love and charity. It makes us forget our differences. In offering the respect of this great multitude to the distinguished guest of the evening I feel that I am only offering him something that he deserves to receive. (Applause). In every path of life in which he was engaged he always came to the front rank. At the bar I have no hesitation in saying that he has no superior. It is a strange coincidence that we should be offering our congratulations to Mr. Fitzpatrick on the feast of St. Ives. St. Ives was a lawyer. (Laughter). But he was canonized. Why? Because the book says, although he was a lawyer, he was an honest man (loud laughter). I don't know if his legal contemporaries were any better than the limbs of the law of the present day. I am afraid, however, that few of them will be canonized (laughter); and few also will ever attain the eminence of our honored guest. As a juriconsult Mr. Fitzpatrick stands out prominent amongst his confreres. (Cheers). Well, do I remember one of the judges of the Superior Court at Quebec saying to me "Doctor, I want to say one thing to you. You have in Mr. Fitzpatrick one who has no peer in his profession." (Cheers). I must say, that, notwithstanding his eminent position, Mr. Fitzpatrick never forgets the land of his forefathers. There were days when it was not too popular to believe in the Irish National cause. Charles Fitzpatrick in those days stood out and, as president of the National League, gave valuable assistance to that grand leader, Parnell. (Applause). And if he loved that land of his fathers he was also loyal to Canada, to promote whose greatness he is giving his best efforts. I propose the toast of the learned statesman, the gifted lawyer, the patriotic Irishman, Charles Fitzpatrick (loud applause).

Mr. Fitzpatrick responded as follows:



Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick acknowledging the great honor conferred upon him by the Irish Catholics of Montreal.

"I am touched most deeply by your cordial welcome, which recalls a banquet given to me at Quebec a few years ago, when I first joined the present Government. Then, however, I could recognize in the faces about me those who had been, and were still, my friends and neighbors, and, as John Bright once said: 'I had lived much among the tents of my own people.'"

"Now the scene is changed. I see around this board representatives of all shades of party politics and opinions; men of all creeds and nationalities, to some of whom I am almost unknown. Most grateful to me is the sight, and most gratefully do I acknowledge it."

Dr. Guerin has alluded to the fact that this is the feast of St. Ives, who, he said, according to the book, was canonized because, although he was a lawyer, he was an honest man, I suppose he had in his hand the hymn with which the chairman is familiar:

Sanctus Ivus,
Advocatus,
Sed non iatro,
Res miranda populo.

That hymn must have been composed by a disappointed suitor who did not dare to attack the judge, but who vented his spite upon his lawyer. (Laughter).

You have been good enough, Mr. Chairman, to refer to myself in very flattering terms, but I am not vain enough to imagine that this magnificent banquet is simply a tribute of public favor to one who is painfully conscious of his limitations and shortcomings. No, on the contrary, while I am highly gratified with this expression of the warm, generous enthusiasm which is so characteristic of our race, I see in this varied assemblage a manifestation of the esteem in which you, Judge Doherty, and the gentlemen of St. Patrick's Society, the organizers of this banquet, are held, and evidence of the sympathy and regard entertained for their Irish fellow-citizens by those in the midst of whom they live.

Of that friendship and sympathy you and the Irish in Canada have not been, I believe, wholly unworthy. Coming to this country, under conditions to which no reference is now necessary, our people were forced to climb the steep ascent which leads to places of preferment and power, in the face of difficulties which to less courageous and vigorous men must have appeared almost insuperable; and we can fairly claim that some measure of success has attended our efforts. To the Church we have given those numerous mit-

red statesmen of whom McGee spoke, and the name of the latter will live in this country so long as true eloquence is appreciated in our midst. Men of our race have worn the ermine with dignity and honor, and the profession to which I belong has not infrequently had an Irishman in the front rank, while in the medical profession Irish names have been, and are, household words.

Among the great captains of commerce, as well as among those who are engaged in the silent task of clearing the forest and subduing the prairies, or in the work of diverting rivers and tunnelling mountains, we have had those of whom we are justly proud; in a word, in the development of this country we have borne our part, and we may fairly claim that we have never allowed the undying love we bear our mother land to interfere with the deep affection we give to this, to some the land of our adoption, but to the great majority the land of our birth.

Our forefathers had wrongs to remember. There have been, and there are still, legal injuries to redress, but never have we faltered in our loyalty to Canada and Canadian institutions—never have we hesitated to give the best that was in us for the advancement of this country.

Tried in the uses of adversity, we have learned that patriotism demands greater sacrifices than the mere payment of rates and taxes, and Irish blood has flowed freely when occasion demanded it in the defence of our common heritage.

Perhaps I may be permitted to draw attention, in one phrase, but in no complaining spirit, to the somewhat anomalous position in which we have sometimes been placed. The Irish Catholics in Canada are a minority, and this is, and must of necessity, be a distinct disadvantage so long as the qualifications for public positions are made to depend upon considerations of race and creed, rather than upon fitness and capacity to do service to the state. If a position is to be assigned a Catholic, then we are deemed to form a part of the English-speaking minority in that class. If, on the other hand, language is a requisite, then we are of the Catholic minority. In either case, we are too often in the position of the man who is upper and the nether mill upper and the nether mill-

Panquet to Hon.

(Continued)

stone. Let us hope are approaching of the day—in fact of dawn is already sky—when honesty, skill, training and to duty, shall be qualifications for vice.

Thirty years ago, a Irishman, then on the his native land to assume the office of Governor of Canada, it is doubted whether the of the Dominion them fully awake to the manly in store for them, they realized the progress and virile nation a virgin goddess in a Canada walks in uncon among her golden w the margin of her track catching but broken radiant majesty, as m surface, and scarcely r the glories awaiting Olympus of Spoken.

These words, spoken is now no more, are tr and of Canadians to-g nation of our own grea our own hands. We ha heritage, the bounds of ly dimly realize—a her led by any other peo sufficiently conscious of less possessions for w thers toiled, and which privilege to enjoy. Unde measure of responsible with political freedom, envy of less fortunate the British Crown, it is to turn ourselves, wit to creed or party, to i lopment, and to place that position to which her, which her resourc and which her intelligen This is a noble ambitio patriot should make his therefore, that you will if I dwell for a few mo the nature of our grea and upon the part whic duty to take in its dev

Indeed, how best to v utmost the splendid ad which nature has downe minion must tax the s of this country for m With unceasing eagerne press on the great wor ment, until the world is that we are not only th of the greater half of the erican continent, g speaking, but that we r inheritors of an equali tion of its natural reso industry and enterprise.

From Cape Breton to we have mines of gold coal and iron, so wide ly appreciated as to renou anything more than reference. Our agricultu are almost unlimited.

In Eastern Canada, can grow almost every will flourish in the temp Europe, and much else Southern Ontario, we h vineyards, and peaches by the acre. In the We ter seems lord of a far only by the horizon, an the plough furrows ara the league, and the for grounds of the buffalo h become one of the great of the world.

In its forest products, a national asset, which gives her a place apart. Properly managed, her are practically inexha the stars in their cour ing for Canada to-day. T of scientific discovery has ized the timber trade. T ly increasing use of wo the manufacture of paper ly increased the deman but has invested with a precisely the class of tre this province is now fou greatest abundance, and hitherto been passed ove lumberman as almost ur his notice.

In addition, we have borders more than half water of the globe, and o river, connecting the At the Great Lake system heart of the continent, n remain the true commerc of the country, the royal broad bosom of which sh to the sea a large share ducts of all those lands b the waters which it drain that the vaster possibili Canadian waterways are

Panquet to Hon. C. Fitzpatrick

(Continued.)

stone. Let us hope that we are approaching the dawn of the day—in fact, a streak of dawn is already in the sky—when honesty, ability, skill, training and devotion to duty, shall be the sole qualifications for public service.

Thirty years ago, a distinguished Irishman, then on the eve of leaving his native land to assume the governorship of Canada, said: "It may be doubted whether the inhabitants of the Dominion themselves are yet fully awake to the magnificent destiny in store for them, or have altogether realized the promise of their young and virile nationality. Like a virgin goddess in a primeval world Canada walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods, and by the margin of her trackless streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant majesty, as mirrored on their surface, and scarcely reckons as yet the glories awaiting her in the Olympus of Nations."

These words, spoken by one who is now no more, are true to Canada and of Canadians to-day. The limitation of our own greatness is in our own hands. We have a glorious heritage, the bounds of which we only dimly realize—a heritage unequalled by any other people. We are not sufficiently conscious of those priceless possessions for which our fathers toiled, and which it is now our privilege to enjoy. Under that ample measure of responsible government, with political freedom, which is the envy of less fortunate possessions of the British Crown, it is time for us to turn ourselves, without reference to creed or party, to internal development, and to place Canada in that position to which nature calls her, and which her resources warrant, and which her intelligence demands. This is a noble ambition that any patriot should make his own. I trust therefore, that you will pardon me if I dwell for a few moments upon the nature of our great inheritance, and upon the part which it is our duty to take in its development.

Indeed, how best to utilize to the utmost the splendid advantages with which nature has dowered this Dominion must tax the statesmanship of this country for many a year. With unceasing eagerness, we must press on the great work of development, until the world is made aware that we are not only the possessors of the greater half of the North American continent, geographically speaking, but that we are also the inheritors of an equally large portion of its natural resources, of its industry and enterprise.

From Cape Breton to the Yukon, we have mines of gold and silver, of coal and iron, so widely and so highly appreciated as to render superfluous anything more than a passing reference. Our agricultural resources are almost unlimited.

In Eastern Canada, our farmers can grow almost everything which will flourish in the temperate zone in Europe, and much else besides. In Southern Ontario, we have miles of vineyards, and peaches are grown by the acre. In the West, each settler seems lord of a farm, bounded only by the horizon, and of which he plough furrows are measured by the league, and the former roaming grounds of the buffalo have already become one of the great wheat belts of the world.

In its forest products, Canada has a national asset, which economically gives her a place apart in the world. Properly managed, her vast forests are practically inexhaustible, and the stars in their courses are fighting for Canada to-day. The progress of scientific discovery has revolutionized the timber trade. The constantly increasing use of wood pulp for the manufacture of paper has not only increased the demand for timber, but has invested with a new value precisely the class of trees which in this province is now found in the greatest abundance, and which has hitherto been passed over by the lumberman as almost unworthy of his notice.

In addition, we have within our borders more than half the fresh water of the globe, and our national river, connecting the Atlantic with the Great Lake system in the very heart of the continent, must always remain the true commercial highway of the country, the royal road on the broad bosom of which should travel to the sea a large share of the products of all those lands bordering on the waters which it drains. I realize that the vast possibilities of our Canadian waterways are associated

with cheapness rather than with speed. It is the cost of carriage, and not any fractional saving of time which determines the route by which the produce of the West is taken to the market; but in these busy times it is necessary also to realize that the mile has practically ceased to be the measure of distance; it is now become the hour, and we must demonstrate that the route by the St. Lawrence is not only shorter in point of distance, and cheaper than that by way of Buffalo and New York, but that measured by time, our ports have ceased to be two days further away from Liverpool than the Atlantic ports of the United States.

But here I stop, through fear that I may be charged with repeating what I have already said, and because I am anxious not to poach on other men's preserves. In many other ways, however, this wonderful wealth of waterways weights the scale when we are balancing the probabilities as to the future which Fate has in store for the Dominion. Without insisting further upon the part which is played by the rivers and canals of Canada, in bringing to market the produce of our prairies, our forests, our coal fields, and our factories, there is another resource which is only beginning to be tapped, and which ought some day to go far to secure for the Dominion a long lead in the great world struggle for commercial supremacy.

The supreme advantage which Great Britain has enjoyed all through the Victorian era of steel, she has found iron and coal to work it with lying side by side beneath her fields. Colonel Stuart Harrison has called the "glowing bars of the furnace" the foundation upon which rests the industrial prosperity of the United Kingdom.

Speaking of the recent past, this is certainly true; but to-day we are in the presence of another force, which in many ways is likely to take the place of steam—I mean electricity. Given the right conditions, mechanical power in the shape of electricity may be stored as if the full gift of heaven. We may harness every torrent and cascade in Canada, to make them work in unending labor, even while we sleep. Along the thousand miles of the Laurentian hills, not to take count of all the streams that fight and foam their way to the Pacific, Canada has an unnumbered succession of these torrents and cascades which to-day run wild to the sea. Sooner or later, as the land is filled with people, all this riotous waste of force will be stayed, and the owners of half the fresh water of the planet will enter the industrial struggle with an unbought energy at their back, which will enable them to defy competition.

But, as I have had occasion to say before, there is one thing more important and precious to Canada than rich mines, vast forests, fertile wheat lands, or ample waterways. I mean the character of her people. First in the list of the assets of the nation must stand the moral fibre of the races which are combining to build up and give its distinguishing traits to Canadian nationality. I have already said what I thought of the two great lines of race and descent which meet in Canada, and I wish to add that the strong-limbed, quick-witted men and women of our race are in no small measure helping on our national expansion. Put we must bear in mind that the destinies of this Dominion cannot be worked out solely by men herded and cooped up in towns. Our people must busy themselves in the great, if silent, task of subduing nature from sea to sea, tunnelling her mountains, turning her rivers, furrowing her prairies, and sifting her riches from the very heart of the rocks.

Viewing our national life from another side, we may assert that for instances of the public spirit, of the care for the common good, which are the healthiest and surest expressions of national consciousness, no Canadian has to look far afield. In this connection, it is hard to say whether the poverty of one district or the wealth of another has the stronger claim upon the gratitude of the people. Take the facilities for higher education offered by Laval University, and you will find that the blessings of liberal culture are brought within the reach of a poorer class of people than is probably the case in any other country in the world. There are no great endowments to make fees a matter of slight consequence, but the spirit of sacrifice is an abiding tradition within its walls, and its doors are open to all comers, because its professors are content to give their services for a pittance.

On the other hand, nowhere has private wealth recognized its public duties with greater generosity than here in Canada. It is not necessary to recall, in the presence of a Canadian audience, the names of the

men whose benefactions have endowed McGill University with the revenues of a principality. It may be of interest, however, to mention that a writer in the London "Times" was recently moved to express the hope that Cambridge University might yet find friends to emulate the example of the benefactors of McGill. I am bound to add that the writer does not seem very hopeful.

If we care to consider public spirit in another aspect, we may well ask: wherever did a people perform such a great work as, when still numbering less than 5,000,000, all told, we laid a railroad across the plains, and through the Rockies, and joined the oceans? It was a sublime instance of national faith, supported by untiring energy and courage. Even to-day you can look with confidence across our southern border to see whether the seventy millions of the republic can show anything to surpass the all-Canadian route to the Orient.

The hammer stroke that drove home the last rivet in the last rail in the line which now unites the west and the east with a band of iron, did something more than complete one of the greatest engineering feats of the century. It put an end to the old era in which Canada was a mere geographical expression for a number of sundered, squabbling, and sometimes almost mutinous provinces. The limbs of the young giant were knit more closely together, than realizing for the first time how mighty was his strength, how great his resources, how magnificent his opportunities. The consciousness of his power came to him, and a new nation was born.

I have done. I dare not be so bold as to forecast the future which heaven holds in store for this favored land; but let me repeat, in conclusion, those words of D'Arcy McGee: "There is in this country room, and to spare, for one united people under one flag; but there is no room for two, three, or four jealous, suspicious, contending nationalities."

"Then let us be firm and united
One country, one flag, for us all;
United, our strength will be freedom;
Divided, we each of us fall."

Dr. F. E. Devlin proposed the toast of "Our Country" in an eloquent speech, in which, after paying a high compliment to Mr. Fitzpatrick, he traced the rise and development of the Dominion of Canada.

The Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, was the first to respond to the toast. He said: I am filled with envy. Whenever I am called upon to make a speech I wish I were an Irishman. When I listened to the able speeches of the chairman and others, and the guest of the evening, I wished again that I were an Irishman. When I was a boy I heard the greatest speech that I have ever listened to. It was made by that great Canadian-Irishman, Thos. D'Arcy McGee. (Applause). The patriotism and eloquence of that speech have never been forgotten by me. They have been an inspiration and a guiding star for me all through my life. (Loud applause). As to "Our Country," it is making great progress, both in the East and the West, and as these portions of our country developed, it will not be many years before Canada is the granary of the empire. I am glad to see so many young men gathered together here to-night to honor our young guest. As a colleague of his in the Cabinet, I am proud of this great demonstration in his honor. I know that this demonstration, great as it is, is a just tribute to a great man. Mr. Fitzpatrick has always shown himself to be a cultured gentleman—an Irish gentleman, who is the best type of that product. Great as he is as a lawyer, he is, as his speech to-night shows, a greater statesman. I was glad to receive an invitation from St. Patrick's Society to be present to-night. I am glad to come and take part in this great demonstration in his honor. (Applause).

The Hon. John Costigan also responded. He thanked St. Patrick's Society for having afforded him the pleasure and the honor of being present that night to take part in that demonstration in honor of Mr. Fitzpatrick. "I congratulate him upon the position he has attained. It is all very well to talk of all the elements being united in one country. They are not united. We are aiming at uniting them. No legislation can force these distinctive elements to unite. They can only be united by justice and fair-play and mutual respect. Show me the French-Canadian who is not proud of old France, and I doubt that he will make a good Canadian. Show me the Irishman who is not proud of Ireland, and I say he will not be a good

Canadian. The aim of the fathers of the Confederation was to unite all sections by justice and fair-play; and that aim is now being carried out. I am old enough to remember when there was a bitter prejudice against the Irish minority. But, thank God, it is gradually dying out. I came here as a Canadian to do honor to a great Canadian, a distinguished member of the Canadian Government. As an Irishman, I am proud to honor a great Irishman. This is an Irish banquet; and I am glad to see all sections represented at it, without distinction as to race or creed. The honored guest of to-night will be a source of strength to the Cabinet of which he is a member. He will find that he has behind him a strong and a loyal backing. (Applause).

Senator Dandurand said: I am glad, as a French-Canadian to come here to testify to the union that exists at this grand banquet, where all races are represented, in honor of Charlie Fitzpatrick, as we call him at the bar. (Laughter and applause). Mr. Costigan has said that this was an Irish banquet. He made a mistake. There are almost as many French-Canadians here as Irishmen. There are many who are Scotch and English. They are all united. If Charlie Fitzpatrick was sent to the Local Legislature, and afterwards to the Federal House, he owes it to French-Canadians, who comprise ninety-five per cent. of his constituents. We took one of the most brilliant Irishmen we could find, and we elected him. We have also elected brilliant Scotchmen and brilliant Englishmen. The union of races is well illustrated here to-night, especially the union of the French and the Irish. I belong to race that is in a minority in Canada, but I have no grievance. When I look at the number of brilliant Irishmen in the House of Commons and in the Senate, I say that Irishmen have no grievance either. (Cheers).

Sir William Hingston—It gives me great pleasure to come here to-night to join in doing honor to the guest of the evening. I have known him from his boyhood, and I have known his distinguished family. I believe you all know that I am a fozzitized Tory. (Laughter). I cannot help it. The leopard cannot change his spots. (Laughter). Yet I am glad to be here to-night to do honor to a great Liberal. (Cheers). Such gatherings as this do a great deal of good in rubbing off the angularities and sweetening the acerbities of character, and making people aware of the fact that, after all, they are not such bad fellows. (Laughter and applause).

Mr. D'Arcy Scott proposed the toast of "Our Legislatures." In a forcible speech he pointed out the great work which the Legislatures, which are the training schools for the members of the Federal House and the Federal Government, are doing in building up this great nation, which is free and prosperous. He felt that it was pardonable in him to digress a little, and to refer to a question which was dear to his heart and also the heart of the chairman—the question of a legislature for Ireland. (Applause). The justice of Ireland's cause could not be denied. Yet to-day she was suffering from tyranny and oppression. The British constitution and flag were stained and soiled by the laws passed for Ireland by the Imperial Parliament. (Cheers). He hoped that the day was not distant when the British Parliament would recognize the justice of Ireland's cause, and grant her Home Rule. The example of a happy and loyal and prosperous Canada ought to have weight with the British Government, and induce it to grant a legislature to Ireland which would then be happy, loyal and prosperous too. (Applause).

The Hon. Frank Latchford responded. He was glad to assist in doing honor to the Minister of Justice, Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick. Ontario was delighted to witness the advancement of so able and thorough a Canadian, so remarkable a representative of a race to which many people of the Province of Ontario belonged. He was delighted when he received an invitation to be present; delighted to take part in that great demonstration in honor of a brilliant statesman, the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick. (Applause).

The other toasts, "The City of Montreal," "Our Journalists," and "Our Colleagues," were done full justice to by the Hon. James McShane,

Mr. E. B. Devlin and Dr. Hackett, and the gathering broke up after singing "God Save Ireland," followed by "God Save the King."

The musical programme—consisting of instrumental and vocal selections—under the direction of Montreal's popular young Irish Canadian, Prof. P. J. Shea, organist of St. Ann's Church, were of a high order of merit. During the evening the "Orpheus Quartette," composed of young Irish Canadians, rendered a number of popular Irish selections in a manner that won all hearts. Mr. William Murphy, a member of the quartette delighted the gathering by the artistic way in which he gave the "Dear Little Shamrock." The solos of Miss Virtue and Mr. Lebel were, needless to add, artistically rendered. Both of the vocalists were heartily applauded. Mr. Lebel's singing of "O Canada, mon pays, mes amours," was especially appreciated.

Great praise is due to the committee who had charge of the banquet, and to whose efforts much of the success attending it was undoubtedly due. The members were as follows:

Dr. F. E. Devlin, chairman; J. P. Tansey, secretary; F. Green, treasurer; Mr. Justice Doherty, Hon. J. J. Guerin, F. Green, D. M. Sexton, J. Guerin, Dr. E. J. Kennedy, Dr. F. J. Hackett, Wm. McNally, F. J. Curran, E. Cavanagh, Bernard McNally, J. P. Kavanagh, J. M. Howard, J. McShane, F. B. McNamee, W. H. Cox, P. Kearney, J. Dillon, J. Egan, D. McIntyre, M. Guerin, Richard Barry, H. Trihey, W. P. Kearney.

Catholic Happenings In United States.

FORTY YAARS SERVICE.—The Rev. Dr. Bauer, pastor of the Church of St. Joseph, Fremont, Ohio, has just celebrated the fortieth year of his connection with that parish. It was his desire that the occasion should pass unnoticed; but his parishioners entertained a different opinion. As he was leaving his residence to proceed to the church for the purpose of offering up the Holy Sacrifice, he was met at the porch by the parish societies in a body. They formed in procession and escorted him to the Church. Eight little flower girls, scattering blossoms in his pathway, preceded him. The church was filled to overflowing the altars had been piled with flowers, and the choir had prepared a special programme of music. After Mass a committee from St. Joseph's Society, presented him with an address and a purse containing \$200. The other societies of the parish followed suit, presenting him with a total sum of \$500. The worthy pastor was deeply touched by the demonstration of kindness.

A PIONEER GONE.—The funeral of the late William O'Brien, a hardy pioneer of Toledo, Ohio, was the occasion of an impressive ceremony in the Church of the Good Shepherd in that city. He was ninety-eight years when he died. Requiem Mass was sung by his son, the Rev. Patrick O'Brien, pastor of the church. In the course of an eloquent sermon, Rev. Father McMahon said: "The life of this good old man was full of simple eloquence—the eloquence of fidelity to duty, of perseverance in well-doing to the end. When I stood by his bed-side two weeks ago, the good old man expressed his thanks to the Almighty for not taking him off suddenly and then said, as simply and as confidently as a child, 'The blessed will of God be done.' Here was the key-note of his long life—submission to God's will. It is not given to many in our days to round out nearly a century of life. Mr. William O'Brien exceeded the Scriptural age by nearly twenty-nine years. He was born in County Wexford, Ireland, on the 3rd of May, 1804. A few years ago, while sailing on the beautiful river Barrow, I thought of my old friend as I passed the home of his early days. The attractive surroundings led me to observe that it was no wonder that Mr. O'Brien had an intense love for his native land, and transmitted that love to his children. The laws of oppression and the lack of opportunity drove him to make his home in America, here he landed in 1855. The love for his adopted country led him at the age of sixty years to give what service he could in the civil war to uphold the flag. To the Church Mr. O'Brien was faithful—faithful and constant when trials were many and

prejudice was strong. Doubtless he could say as the shadows were falling about his death-bed, 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith and for the rest a crown of justice is laid up for me.'

A ROMAN PRELATE.—The Church of St. Thomas, Madison South Dakota, was recently the scene of an interesting ceremony, when the Very Rev. Thomas Flynn, V.G., the pastor, was invested with the purple robes of the Roman prelate, the Papal Bull appointing him a Domestic Prelate, with the right to the title of Monsignor, having been received by Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls. The Church was crowded. Bishop O'Gorman preached,

CATHOLIC POPULATION.—Including Cuba and the Philippines, the population of the United States now comprises twenty millions of Catholics.

HIS PEN LAID DOWN.—William Hopkins, the well known "Bud Brier" of the Boston "Globe" and the editor of the "People in Print" department of Donohue's Magazine, died in Boston recently, after a long illness.

PASTOR DEAD.—The Rev. Edward L. McCure, pastor for nearly twenty-five years of St. Patrick's Church, Brockton, Mass., is dead. He was born in Maumee City, Ohio, and was educated in Canada and the United States. He was ordained June 4, 1871, and celebrated his silver jubilee in 1896.

THE DEATH is announced of the Rev. William D. McKinnon, chaplain of the First California Regiment, in the Philippines. A military funeral was held in the Cathedral of Manila, and the remains were then sent to his family in California. He was the first American Catholic chaplain to arrive in Manila.

SUMMER SCHOOL.—The directors of the Columbian Catholic Summer School at their recent meeting in Milwaukee, decided to change the name of the corporation from the Columbian Catholic Summer School of America to the Western Catholic Chautauqua. The next session will be held in St. Paul. The following officers were elected: President, Very Rev. Patrick Daney, St. Paul; vice-president, M. J. Cantwell, Madison; second vice-president, Very Rev. P. J. McGraw, Charles City, Ia.; secretary, Dr. John A. Hartigan, St. Paul; treasurer, Lawrence B. Murphy, Madison. Directors for the next three years were elected as follows: M. J. Cantwell, Madison; P. H. Martin, Green Bay; L. B. Murphy, Madison; H. J. Desmond, Milwaukee, and Rev. James Cleary, Minneapolis.

TO ESTABLISH A COLONY.—The Order of St. Benedict has closed a deal whereby it obtains possession of one hundred thousand acres of wheat and farming land in the Saskatchewan Valley. Rt. Rev. Peter Engel, the head of the Order in the United States, says that the intention is to establish upon this land a German Catholic colony, for which the Order will erect schools, colleges, convents and churches. German Catholic farmers, mechanics and artisans will be gathered from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and adjacent States.

GRATIFIED A WISH.—During President Roosevelt's recent visit to Detroit it was reported to him that Thomas K. Doherty, a local veteran of the Spanish war, had expressed a desire to see the chief executive of the nation. Doherty is dying of consumption at St. Mary's Hospital, and being unable to go to see the President, Mr. Roosevelt called at the hospital, where he remained some time chatting at the bedside of the invalid and expressing words of comfort and hope.

BOHEMIAN CATHOLICS.—Last Sunday the Bohemians of Cleveland, O., celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the First Bohemian Catholic Mutual Benefit Association. There are forty-five branches of the society in the city, representing nearly three thousand members. Bishop Horstmann, Mayor Johnson, Father Cerveny and many prominent Bohemians were among the speakers.

On Novel Reading

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

CHARLES DICKENS.—Last week, in dealing with the subject of novel reading, we proposed to say a few words about each of five prominent and classical English novelists.

The late Brother Noah, of the Christian Brothers, one of the most careful and eminent critics of recent years, has given, in his admirable course of English literature, a very fine appreciation of Dickens.

How terribly, oppressively, touchingly descriptive that picture. The sound of the heavy cart drawing nearer and nearer—the fewer of delirium—which meant the approaching of the sad but inevitable end.

Religious Life and The New Century.

Archbishop Ireland, addressing the Sisters of St. Joseph, in St. Paul, Minnesota, on the occasion of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of a branch of the Sisterhood in that city, said, regarding the new century upon which we have entered:

In this twentieth century, as in the past, humility and self-denial, fidelity in prayer and confidence in divine grace, undaunted zeal and heroic patience, purchase victory, and naught else secures the prize.

of that struggling soul. In a word, the entire scene is one calculated to bring tears to the eyes of the hardest and to soften the hearts of the most callous.

But when all this is said, we have gone as far as it is possible to go. Mark it well! Dickens deals with the purely material aspect of every life and every situation.

Take the death-bed scene to which we have just referred. It is the most perfect example of that nature to be found in all his novels. You are made to stand witness of the slowly certain approach of that sad end, you are given every minute detail of sorrow, of misery, of grief, of pathos, you are caused to follow poor Jo to the very threshold of the unknown, the dark, the fathomable abyss into which his little life is sinking.

We draw attention to this peculiar aspect of Dickens' otherwise immitable works, simply because we have not ever found it observed by any critic and we have not heard it commented upon by any one who has laid claim to having studied Dickens. We do not say that the reading of Dickens is wholesome, nor that it is a loss of time; on the contrary it is, in our mind, a necessity for all who wish to master the beauties of English literature.

Through such virtues were the deeds wrought which we recall this morning; through such virtues will the coming years be made likewise fruitful.

If difference there be, it is this: that as the coming years open wider opportunities and provoke to higher efforts, the more intense must be our Christlike life, the stronger must we be in the virtues of the saints.

Be as new, soldiers of Christ, as is the world around you; be as forward as it is along pathways that are good; be as brave as it is and as progressive. With the love of Christ aiding you and urging you; rise higher than the world; go beyond it in achievements which it honors, which turn to the greater good of humanity and the greater glory of God.

newest applications of the laws of hygiene, the newest ingenuities of the art of nursing back the ailing to life and to health. In asylums and protectorates, together with the old charity and humanity, be there the thorough study of the new social conditions in which your wards, when once across your threshold, must scramble for a livelihood; and be sedulous in preparing them for those conditions, so that through their whole existence your memories be held by them in benediction.

A POPULAR BELIEF.

THAT RHEUMATISM IS DUE TO COLD, WET WEATHER

Such Conditions Aggravate the Trouble, But it is Now Known to be a Disease of the Blood—Outward Applications Cannot Cure It.

The once popular belief that rheumatism was entirely the result of exposure to cold or dampness, is now known to be a mistake. The disease may be aggravated by exposure, but the root of the trouble lies in the blood, and must be treated through it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These pills not only cure rheumatism, but all troubles whose origin comes from poor blood or weak nerves, such as anaemia, consumption, neuralgia, kidney trouble, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis and the irregularities which make the lives of so many women a source of misery.

A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

Be careful that your mind become not the highway of sentiment instead of the fruitful field of generous affection.

Benefit your friends that they may love you more dearly still. Benefit your enemies that they may at last become your friends.

It is but reasonable to regard the force of gravitation as the direct or indirect result of a will or consciousness existing somewhere.

The act of common helpfulness is so simple, so easy, so natural to the noble soul, that it rises from the heart and flows through the hand unnoticed by us. But nothing, great or small, ever escapes the attention of the Divine Teacher, and so He assures us that every noble act done in His name shall surely bring its reward.

Burdens of Children

Recently the Rev. E. Welsh, O. S. A., delivered a very practical discourse in London on "The Duty of Catholics." Having spoken of the domestic, the national and the religious obligations of Catholics, he dwelt in a special manner upon the commandment "Honor thy father and thy mother."

But there was one thought which came particularly home to Catholics—the burden that came to them as members of a state which had for its ruler Jesus Christ. He was the King of Kings, He had issued His commands, and they must be obeyed. It was not a question of a private being overlooked and an officer mentioned in dispatches, not a question of backstairs diplomacy.

Continuing, the very rev. preacher spoke of the burdens placed upon the bishops and priests of the Church, and the duty imposed upon all of looking after the salvation of the children. This (he said) was so done in two ways. First, by the rescue of those who were utterly bereft of any support and deprived of parents and decent homes, and placing them where their hearts and souls could be looked after, and where they would be trained up to earn their bread honestly as Catholics.

But, whatever there might be in the Bill, and whether it would be God's will that it should pass in a form likely to do them good meanwhile there was work to be done.

and, whether the Bill be for good or not, that work still remained to be done. The education of Catholic children in England would never be subsidized by the State. If they were Christians, if they desired to fulfill the law of Christ, if they were Catholics not in name only but in deed, what was their duty? It was to bear the burden of those who were responsible for the education of Catholic children.

Domestic Reading.

The lessons of life are lost if they do not impress us with the necessity of making ample allowance for the immature conclusions of others.

The universe in its thousand-fold phenomena with the charms of all its myriad voices, becomes one sublime psalm to the praises of the Most High.

Souls naturally generous, but chilled by experience, resemble brooks covered with ice which are full beneath of beautiful movements and sweet murmurs.

To suffer one hour with and for one we love brings us nearer in spirit to them than many years of joyous companionship, for only in sorrow does the heart reveal itself.

A soul that dwells with virtue is like a perennial spring; for it is pure and limpid, and refreshing and inviting, and serviceable and rich, and innocent and uninjured.

If we desire our prayers should be heard, our actions must be suitable to our petitions; we must exert ourselves both before and after prayer in rendering ourselves worthy of the favor we ask.

Unworldliness is this—to hold things from God in the perpetual conviction that they will not last; to have the world, and not to let the world have us; to be the world's masters and not the world's slaves.

I have just fallen upon the two saddest secrets of the disease which troubles the age we live in; the envious hatred of him who suffers want and the selfish forgetfulness of him who lives in affluence.—Journal of a

Catholic Sailors' Club

ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening.

All Local Talent Invited; the finest in the City pay us a visit. MAE'S at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening. Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. Tel. Main 2161. St Peter and Common Sts.

C. A. McDONNELL,

Accountant and Liquidator 180 ST. JAMES STREET. Montreal.

Fifteen years experience in connection with the liquidation of Private and Insolvent Estates. Auditing, Books and preparing Annual Report for private firms, and public corporations a specialty.

TELEPHONE 1182.

SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 8007. Dame Elisea Sigouin, wife common as to property of Phyllis Sauniers, shoemaker, of the City and District of Montreal, duly authorized to "ester en justice," plaintiff, vs. the said Phyllis Sauniers, defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this case on the twelfth day of September, nineteen hundred and two. Montreal, 12th September, 1902. Beaudin, Cardinal, Loranger & St. Germain, attorneys for plaintiff.

IF YOU WANT TO SELL ANYTHING TRY THE ADVERTISING COLUMNS OF THE TRUE WITNESS. RATES ARE LOW.

New Books AND New Editions.

A Practical Commentary on Holy Scripture; for the use of Catechists and Teachers. By the Right Rev. F. J. Knecht, D.D. With illustrations and maps. Second edition, Two vols. 12mo. Half morocco, net \$4.00.

Manual of Sacred Rhetoric; or How to prepare a Sermon. By the Rev. Bernard Feeney. 12mo. net \$1.25.

Translation of the Psalms and Canticles with Commentary. By the Rev. James McSwiney, S.J. 8 vo. net \$3.00.

The Triumph of the Cross. By Fra Girolamo Savonarola. Edited with introduction by the Very Rev. John Proctor, O.P. net \$1.85.

The Little Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Frederic P. Garesche, S.J. 12mo. net \$0.60.

The Oratory of the Faithful Soul. By the Right Rev. Abbot Lewis Blossius. Translated by the late Bishop Coffin, C.S.S.R. 16mo. net \$0.20.

A Mirror for Monks. By the Right Rev. Abbot Lewis Blossius. 16mo. net \$0.20.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction I "Instructio Spiritualis." By the Right Rev. Abbot Lewis Blossius. Translated from the Latin by the Rev. Bertrand A. Wilberforce, O.P. Second edition. 12mo. net \$0.75.

A General History of the Christian Era. For Catholic Colleges and Reading Circles, and for Self-Instruction. By the Rev. A. Guggenberger, S.J. In three volumes, 8vo.

Vol. I. The Papacy and the Empire; with a table of Aryan Languages and ten colored maps. \$1.50.

Vol. II. The Protestant Revolution; with four colored maps. \$1.50.

Vol. III. The Social Revolution; with six colored maps. \$1.50.

The Life of Bartolome de Las Casas and the First Leaves of American Ecclesiastical History. By the Rev. L. A. Dutto. 12mo. net \$1.50.

A Benedictine Martyr in England. Being the Life and Times of the Ven. Servant of God, Dom. John Roberts, O.S.B. By the Rev. Dom. Bede Camm, O.S.B. 12mo. net \$1.25.

Lucius Flavius. An historical tale of the time immediately preceding the destruction of Jerusalem. By the Rev. Jos. Spillmann, S.J. 12mo. \$1.50.

The Place of Dreams. Four stories by the Rev. William Barry, D. D. 12mo. net \$1.00.

The Marriage of Laurentia. By Marie Hautmont. 12mo. net \$1.60.

B. HERDER, 17 S. Broadway, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

The V Directory United Irish Dublin, Septemb A NATIONAL DEFENCE The eighth meeting of Directory was held in Irish League offices, 39 nell street, Dublin, on ber. Mr. John E. Red Chairman, presided. Members of the Direct sent. Mr. William O'Brien, posed the following tw 1. "The National D turns its thanks for th enthusiasm, and irrepro sense with which the c sponded to its appe June last for renewed work of the organizati sequence has been that Irish League has now a unsurpassed degree of p cipline in the country. of crimeless combinati of the people has been an outburst of fu cion directed against th free speech and of a free interest of a secret coun tion of the landlords, w that seventeen of the c chief towns of Ireland a privied of the most elem stitutional rights. Th fails with satisfaction a resolute attitude with v tiquitous conspiracy bet Castle and the Landown tion has been confronte Irish race, and looks fo out anxiety to the conti illegals and barbarit coercion regime, relying tainty of ultimate victo the continued and incoo dom of the country fro crime; (2) upon the fact United Irish League facti cency wholly upon the o outspoken public opinio dom of combination for tion, which are the adm of Trade Union combina conflicts with capital, a the Chief Secretary has fessed that the Governm settle the question whic be the most urgently p settlement in Ireland, a that it must be settle ies interested, and, cons deprived himself in the e lovers of constitutional any justification for exer tem of merciless coercion tenants' organization, wh has displayed either the or the capacity to settle tion, and in the interest lord court organization set its face against every settlement, and has notor ed his own advice as to t Land Conference." 2. "The National Direc ing regard to the fact Landowners' organizatio pealed to its members fo \$100,000 wherewith to people's combination and out its diabolical project extermination of our raco pursuance of this design, tuted costly proceedings i for the ruin of the peopl and, having regard to th the landlords' allied an conspirators in Dublin C made it one of the princi of their coercion proceedi up crushing expenses upo ed Irish League by insti tural campaign for the de the Irish National Press prosecution with special y members of Parliam organizers who distinguish by effective action in the and that, in consequence, any funds of the United I will be quite unequal to t dinary demands upon the necessities for large ar ate expenditure are week ing; hereby declare that t come to appeal to the Iri to take immediate steps t National Defence Fund t extent to enable the Natio ory to combat the powerf resources at the disposal emies; that the branches o ed Irish League be request earliest possible moment, tute parochial collections object, and that all subsc forwarded to this office of of the National Defence Fr any of the National Trust Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Lord Raphoe, Alderman Steph and Mr. John E. Redmond.

The Week in Ireland.

Directory United Irish League.
Dublin, September 27th, 1902.

A NATIONAL DEFENCE FUND.—The eighth meeting of the National Directory was held in the United Irish League offices, 39 Upper O'Connell street, Dublin, on 23rd September.

Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., Chairman, presided. Members of the Directory were present.

Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., proposed the following two resolutions: 1. "The National Directory returns its thanks for the unanimity, enthusiasm, and irreproachable good sense with which the country has responded to its appeal of the 27th June last for renewed energy in the work of the organization. The consequence has been that the United Irish League has now attained to an unsurpassed degree of power and discipline in the country. This work of crimeless combination on the part of the people has been met with by an outburst of furious coercion directed against the rights of free speech and of a free Press in the interest of a secret counter organization of the landlords, with the result that seventeen of the counties and chief towns of Ireland are now deprived of the most elementary constitutional rights. The Directory thails with satisfaction the calm and resolute attitude with which this iniquitous conspiracy between Dublin Castle and the Landowners' Convention has been confronted by the Irish race, and looks forward without anxiety to the continuance of the illegalities and barbarities of the coercion regime, relying for the certainty of ultimate victory (1) upon the continued and incontestable freedom of the country from agrarian crime; (2) upon the fact that the United Irish League relies for its efficiency wholly upon the weapons of outspoken public opinion and freedom of combination for common action, which are the admitted rights of Trade Union combinations in their conflicts with capital, and (3) that the Chief Secretary has publicly confessed that the Government cannot settle the question which he owns to be the most urgently pressing for settlement in Ireland, and declared that it must be settled by the parties interested, and, consequently has deprived himself in the eyes of all lovers of constitutional freedom of any justification for exercising a system of merciless coercion against the tenants' organization, which alone has displayed either the willingness or the capacity to settle the question, and in the interest of a landlord counter organization, which has set its face against every project of settlement, and has notoriously flouted his own advice as to the proposed Land Conference."

2. "The National Directory, having regard to the fact that the Landowners' organization has appealed to its members for a fund of £100,000 wherewith to crush the people's combination and to carry out its diabolical projects for the extermination of our race, and, in pursuance of this design, has instituted costly proceedings in Chancery for the ruin of the people's leaders; and, having regard to the fact that the landlords' allied and brother-conspirators in Dublin Castle have made it one of the principal objects of their coercion proceedings to heap up crushing expenses upon the United Irish League by instituting a general campaign for the destruction of the Irish National Press and for the prosecution with special virulence of the members of Parliament and organizers who distinguish themselves by effective action in the movement; and that, in consequence, the ordinary funds of the United Irish League will be quite unequal to the extraordinary demands upon them, while the necessities for large and immediate expenditure are weekly increasing; hereby declare that the time is come to appeal to the Irish people to take immediate steps to raise a National Defence Fund of sufficient extent to enable the National Directory to combat the powerful financial resources at the disposal of our enemies; that the branches of the United Irish League be requested, at the earliest possible moment, to institute parochial collections with that object; and that all subscriptions be forwarded to this office on account of the National Defence Fund, or to any of the National Trustees, Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Lord Bishop of Raphoe, Alderman Stephen O'Mara, and Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., (in

whose names the fund will be invested), or to Mr. Alfred Webb, 39 Upper O'Connell street, Dublin."

Mr. Michael Davitt seconded the resolutions, which were carried unanimously.

Mr. John Dillon, M.P., proposed—"That we hereby express our grateful acknowledgment of the valuable moral and other support extended to our movement by the auxiliary branches of the National Organization in Great Britain, the United States of America, the various States of the Australian Commonwealth, and the Dominion of Canada, in the crisis which an unscrupulous use of irresponsible power in the form of coercion has forced upon Ireland, and we call with confidence upon all the friends and supporters of the justice of our cause—National self-government for our country and the land for the people—to sustain our efforts to achieve these rights and blessings for the Fatherland of the Celtic race."

This resolution was seconded by Mr. Richard M'Ghee and adopted unanimously.

Rev. James Clancy, C.C., West Clare, proposed—"The newspapers attacked under the Coercion Act are entitled to the thanks and the special support of all Nationalists and of all who value a free Press, because their sole offence is the free expression of Irish popular opinion and the maintenance of their own rights and the constitutional rights of the people, and we call in a particular manner on our County Councils, District Councils, and other representative bodies to give practical effect to this resolution."

This resolution was adopted unanimously.

Mr. Thomas Higgins, Co. C., North Galway, proposed:—

"Remembering how courthouses and other buildings, erected and maintained by public money, were, while the landlord faction exercised irresponsible power, freely used for the detriment and defamation of the Irish people, for the extortion of exorbitant rents, and for political, partisan, and class purposes, we cordially approve the action of those County and District Councils and Poor Law Boards, which have already determined to use those public buildings for lawful purposes affecting the people's welfare, and to maintain no buildings but such as they may so use. Their determination is so manifestly just and legal—so clearly the only course consistent with the maintenance of their rights—that we look with confidence for its general adoption by all local representative bodies."

It was seconded by Mr. Thomas Harrington, North Kilkenny, and adopted unanimously.

Mr. P. A. Meehan, Chairman of Queen's County Council, proposed:—

"We respectfully tender our thanks to the members of this Directory, members of Parliament, and other gentlemen who have undergone, or are now undergoing, imprisonment under the Coercion Act, and also those who have already been sentenced by Dublin Castle but have not yet been subjected to the fraudulent formality of trial by the Removable Magistrates of the Coercition headquarters."

Rev. James Brennan, C.C., South Kilkenny, seconded the proposition, which was adopted unanimously.

The following resolution was proposed by Mr. Michael Davitt, seconded by Mr. A. J. Kettle, and passed unanimously:—

"We hereby place on record our deep regret for the death of Mr. Patrick Crampsey, of Derry, representative of the Nationalists of that city on this Directory; and we tender our respectful sympathy to his family and to the Derry Executive of the United Irish League."

MUZZLING THE PRESS.—In the Northern Police Court, this city, on September 21, the first batch of prosecutions under the recently resurrected Crimes Act in Dublin, which had been adjourned from the 15th inst., was heard. The presiding magistrate was Mr. D. Mahony, and the defendants were Messrs. Timothy M'Carthy, Acting Editor; Stephen Holland, publisher; and Thomas O'Dwyer, manager of the "Irish People" newspaper. The defendants were charged on a joint summons, signed by Mr. Mahony, and brought at the suit of Superintendent Lankester, of the Dublin Detective Force, and on three separate counts, with having between the 1st of July last and the 8th of September, published certain

matter in "The Irish People" in the county borough of Dublin, being a proclaimed district, and unlawfully used intimidation towards certain persons unknown, namely, the occupiers of grazing lands and evicted farms in Ireland. The defendants were further charged with having incited certain persons, whose names are unknown, to unlawfully use intimidation towards the occupiers of grazing lands and evicted farms. On a third count they were charged with having incited certain persons, whose names are unknown, not to take, use or occupy grazing lands or evicted farms.

Mr. Chambers, K.C., (instructed by Sir Patrick Coll, Chief Crown Solicitor), appeared for the prosecution. Mr. Bodkin, K.C., and Mr. George M'Sweeney (instructed by Mr. Valentine Kilbride, solicitor) appeared for the defendants.

At mid-day there were few in the vicinity of the courts beyond the usual crowd to be seen there each morning, and the Northern Court was practically deserted almost up to the hour fixed for the hearing of the charges. As on last Monday, the pressmen were accommodated with seats in the dock, the defendants occupying seats in the Press box. A crowd began to collect outside the building shortly before one o'clock, but the precautions taken by the police to prevent overcrowding prevented the greater number from obtaining admission. At a quarter to one o'clock Messrs. Joseph Devlin, M.P.; Swift M'Neill, M.P.; J. P. Nannetti, M.P.; Denis Kilbride, and David Sheehy arrived, and were followed shortly after by the defendants' counsel and solicitor, and the solicitor instructing on behalf of the Crown. Five minutes before the case was called the defendants appeared, and from this forward the court filled quickly notwithstanding the precautions adopted by the police. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., occupied a seat at the table near the defendants' counsel, as did Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and Mr. Davitt, while Mr. Nannetti sat in the dock immediately behind the reporters.

The defendants answered when their names were called, and entered the Press box.

When the case was called, Mr. Bodkin said he had a preliminary application to make to his worship which he would make with the leave of the court. I move on the affidavit of one of the defendants, Mr. M'Carthy, who says:—"I, Timothy M'Carthy, of 51 North Great George's street, in the city of Dublin, one of the defendants herein, make oath and say as follows:—I have been advised by counsel to procure the attendance of the following persons for the purpose of being summoned as witnesses on the hearing of the case therein, viz.:—The Right Hon. Arthur Hugh Smith Barry, otherwise known as Baron Barrymore, of Fota Island, Queenstown, in the County of Cork; Lord Clonbrock, K.P., of Clonbrock, Ahascragh, in the County of Galway; Captain Walter Shawe-Taylor, of Castle Taylor, Ardahan, in the County of Galway; Lieutenant Colonel William Hutchinson Poe, of Heywood, Ballina, D.L.; Lord Ardilaun, of St. Anne's, Clontarf, in the city of Dublin, D.L.; Right Hon. George Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Dublin Castle; Wm. Irwin, Esq., D.L., R.I.C., of Ennistymon, in the County of Clare; Daniel Mahony (laughter), ex-constable, of Partry, in the County of Mayo; and Sergeant John M'Cabe, R.I.C., of Boreisoleigh."

After an able argument by Mr. Bodkin, K.C., and the reply upon behalf of the Crown, the magistrate would not accede to the application for the issue of summonses, and the case was proceeded with. Mr. Bodkin made an able and, from a legal point of view, a brilliant defence. He was followed by Mr. G. M'Sweeney, B.L. At the conclusion of their speeches, the Crown, seeing that their summons was wrongly drafted, made an attempt to have it amended, which was resisted by the defendants' counsel. The magistrate adjourned the decision on the whole case till Monday, 29th inst.

On September 21st, Mr. Carden, D. L., R.I.C., called at the Town and County Club, Sligo, and informed Mr. B. M'Ternan, T. C., former manager of the suppressed "Sligo Champion," and present manager of the "Sligo Nationalist," that he had a warrant for his arrest on the old charge of conspiring with Mr. P. A. M'Hugh and Mr. J. George Quilty for alleged intimidation. Mr. M'Ternan was then escorted to the Albert Police Station, where he was detained for the night. At the proceedings on the previous Thursday, in the absence of Mr. M'Ternan and Mr. Quilty, the charges against these defendants was dismissed.

On September the 22nd, in the courthouse, Longford, before Mr. William Jones (Boyle) and Mr. R. L. Brown (Strokestown), Removables, Mr. J. P. Farrell, M.P., was prosecuted under the Coercion Act in re-

spect of certain publications in the paper the "Longford Leader."

The summons, which was signed by Mr. William Jones—"The King at the prosecution of D. J. Hurst, R.I.C., against James Patrick Farrell, M.P."—set forth that a complaint had been made that the defendant, by the publication of certain matter in the "Longford Leader" between the 15th July and 9th September, in Longford, being a proclaimed district under the Criminal Law and Procedure Act, 1887, unlawfully and without legal authority did use intimidation towards one William Martin in consequence of the said William Martin having done certain acts which he had a legal right to do, namely, having taken legal proceedings to recover, and by such legal proceedings recovered, possession of certain lands and premises occupied by Patrick Hughes; and, furthermore, it was charged that defendant incited certain persons whose names are unknown "unlawfully to use intimidation towards William Martin, and further used intimidation towards Patrick M. O'Reilly" and other persons "names unknown" who had used, occupied, or taken farms of land from which tenants had been evicted; and further, that the defendant did unlawfully use intimidation towards persons, "names unknown," to wit, persons who had not heretofore become members of the United Irish League, with a view to cause "said persons unknown" to become members of the said United Irish League.

After hearing the Crown evidence, on the application of defendant's solicitor the case was adjourned till the 10th of October.

On the 21st of September a Crimes Act Court was held in Roscrea by Messrs. Ulick Bourke and A. E. Heard, resident magistrates. Mr. Preston, D.I., was the complainant against Messrs. Carroll, Nagle, Rodolphus Meagher, Joseph Gantley, James Fogarty, Thomas Searson, James Murnane, Andrew Holohan, of Roscrea, and Daniel Powell, editor, and Margaret Powell, proprietress of the "Midland Tribune," Birr, who were charged with intimidating William J. Menton, solicitor, because he evicted Thomas M. Ryan from a business house in Roscrea, and refused to relet it to him.

Mr. Petherstonhaugh, K.C., prosecuted, and Mr. Muldoon, B. L., defended.

On proof of the proclamation by the Dublin "Gazette," Mr. Muldoon objected, as it was not printed and published by the King's authority, as required by statute but the court overruled.

After the evidence of Mr. Menton, solicitor, Sergeant Boylan, and other members of the R.I.C., Mr. Muldoon spoke upon behalf of the defendants. The usual adjournment took place to allow the Removables to consider their sentences, which they announced as follows:—Mr. Daniel Powell, editor of the "Midland Tribune," was sentenced to two months' imprisonment without hard labor, and at the expiration of the sentence to give bail, himself in £50 and two sureties in £25 each, to be of good behavior for twelve months, or in default an additional two months. Messrs. Carroll and Nagle were sentenced to six weeks without hard labor; Rodolphus Meagher, two months without hard labor; Joseph Gantley, two months' hard labor; Thomas and Andrew Holohan, six weeks' hard labor; James Murnane, five weeks without hard labor. The charges against James Fogarty, Michael Bergin, and Margaret Powell were dismissed.

POLICE AND PEOPLE.—On Sept. 23rd, several conflicts between the police and people occurred as Mr. Powell and his co-defendants were being removed from here to Clonmel Jail, where they are to serve the terms of their imprisonment. On the way to the railway station the prisoners and their police escort were followed by a large crowd of people. The police attempted several times to keep the crowd back, and frequent encounters occurred, in which some constables and civilians received injuries. On arriving at the station the police endeavored to exclude the crowd, and this led to a scene of great excitement. There was an amount of pushing and shoving, and blows were exchanged. The police failed to keep the people out of the station, and the armed escort having taken up a position in a waiting room pending the arrival of the train for Clonmel, a treble line of constables confined the greater portion of the crowd to one end of the platform. Later, however, as the prisoners and escort were boarding the train, the crowd broke through the cordon, and here again blows were exchanged, and a scene of much confusion followed. The situation looked critical for a time, and the excitement was very great. A number of arrests were made by the police.

LEAVING FOR AMERICA.—A Queenstown correspondent writes:—The numbers leaving Queenstown for America by the various Transatlantic liners which have called during the present autumn are altogether unusual. Unfortunately for the country, the numbers mark a big increase of emigration. Between the Cunard, White Star, and American steamers calling at Queenstown on Sunday week and Sunday last, inclusive, possibly as many as 1,800 souls were taken from Queenstown to America. It is quite possible that those figures constitute a record for the season. Without going in detail through the lists, it would be impossible to tell right off how many of the 1,800 come under the head of emigrants and tourists respectively; but it may be assumed that the big majority came under the head of emigrants. There is no getting rid of the fact that America is the one country to which the eligible young people of the rural population of Ireland turn with longing eyes, and their demeanor here in Queenstown is one of gladness in the extreme. The Majestic, leaving here on Saturday, carried over 530 steerage from Queenstown, and the Celtic on Saturday will take nearly as many. Numbers of persons are being shut out on some ships for want of accommodation, so great is the demand.

PROSECUTION OF MEMBERS.—

On Sept. 24th in Nisi Prius Court, Dublin, before Mr. Justice Wright, sitting as vacation judge, the case stood in the list (Crown side) of ex-parte County Inspector Talbot against Wm. H. K. Redmond, who did not attend.

The Solicitor-General (instructed by Sir Patrick Coll, Chief Crown Solicitor) said:—This is an application to compel Mr. Wm. H. K. Redmond, one of the members of Parliament for one of the divisions of Clare, to find sufficient sureties for his good behavior. The application is founded upon two affidavits, one by the County Inspector of Wexford, County Inspector Gilbert Joseph Talbot. After the affidavits had been read and commented upon by the Solicitor-General.

Mr. Justice Wright, addressing Mr. W. G. Gibson, who appeared with the Solicitor-General for the Crown, said—"The order of the Court is that Mr. W. H. K. Redmond do within fourteen days from the service of the order enter into recognizances, himself in £100 and two sureties in £50 each—that was stated already—and to be of good behavior for the period—I find the general term to be two years, and there is no reason why that general time should not be followed in this order. And in default of his entering into said recognizance for such time, that he be committed to prison for six months."

The Coercion Act proceedings against Mr. Reddy, M.P., were concluded on the 26th September at Ballymore, County Galway. Police-sergeant Sooman, who gave evidence as to a speech of the defendant, admitted in cross-examination that Messrs. Nearly and Satchwell, the graziers referred to in the evidence, were popular in the district.

Mr. Reddy submitted that there was no act of intimidation proved against him, and said he would stand by the speech he made on the occasion. The Removables held that the charge in the two summonses had been proved, and sentenced Mr. Reddy to two concurrent periods of two months' imprisonment without hard labor.

Mr. Reddy lodged an appeal to Quarter Sessions. Recently at Claremorris Mr. John O'Donnell, M.P., was arrested as he stepped from the Dublin train on to the Claremorris platform on a warrant issued at Birr. The police hustled Mr. O'Donnell into a waiting-room amid great excitement. Mr. Conor O'Kelly, M.P., claimed as a magistrate the right to enter the room, and was admitted.

Mr. William O'Brien's entrance was opposed. He declared the waiting-room was public, and forced his way in amidst cheers. A few minutes later the crowd carried the place by storm, and, filling the room, shook hands with Mr. O'Donnell. A little later Mr. John O'Donnell walked out, followed by his friends cheering loudly.

Father Denis O'Hara and a number of priests were present. Mr. O'Donnell, who was virtually rescued, was afterwards re-taken and conveyed to Birr Jail.

Mr. John Roche, M.P., for East Galway, was arrested at Woodford on a warrant for failing to attend at Mounthelaw Petty Sessions on a summons issued for language alleged to have been made use of by him at a meeting at Caltra. Mr. Roche was brought into Galway by a mid-day train under a large escort of armed police, and conveyed from the station to the county jail on a side car.

C.P.R. ANNUAL REPORT

On Wednesday, 1st October, at the general offices of the Company, the general office of the Company, the shareholders of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was held. The most important feature, as far as the public is interested, of the meeting was the address of Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy, the President, in moving the adoption of the report on the affairs of the company for the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1902. That part of the President's remarks which deals with a fast Atlantic service affects one of the most important questions before the public to-day. There is no doubt possible left in the minds of the people as to the intentions of the great Canadian Railway Company in this connection. The cable has flashed backward and forward various reports, opinions and surmises regarding the intentions of the Company. Some of these have been confirmed, in interviews, by the President, and some of them have been left unconfirmed. But the report of the annual meeting now before us leaves us in a state of certainty that sooner or later the C. P. R. will establish rapid connection between Canada and Great Britain. We take the following extracts from Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy's address:—

"When the subject of an improved Atlantic service between Great Britain and Canada was receiving consideration in London, your directors thought it wise to submit to the Canadian Government, on behalf of the Company, a proposition to provide what they believe to be the best and most practicable service under existing conditions."

"The Company offered, subject to certain traffic arrangements, to establish a weekly service of twenty knot steamships between Liverpool and a St. Lawrence port during the winter months, for a subsidy of £265,000 sterling per annum during the first ten years, with a graduated reduction in the amount of subsidy during each of the two following periods of five years, the ships to be most modern in every respect and to be built specially for the route. In addition to this, the Company signified its willingness to furnish a fleet of modern freight steamers of 10,000 tons capacity each, sailing at a speed of about twelve or thirteen knots per hour, serving Canadian ports."

"Up to the present time your directors have no information as to the policy likely to be adopted by the Government. It is evident, however, that whatever may be the outcome of the negotiations for the fast mail service, the rapid growth of your export tonnage and the necessity for being in a position to meet the rates of any of your competitors, make it imperative that your Company be so situated on the Atlantic that it can quote through rates of freight and give through bills of lading without being compelled to negotiate for space and rates with independent steamship lines. To that end there will be submitted for your approval a resolution authorizing the directors to make arrangements for the character or control of vessels, if an when, in their opinion, they are required for the protection of the Company's freight interests on the Atlantic Ocean. It is not expected, of course, that these freight vessels, when provided, will receive any Government subsidy, and, therefore, there will be no restrictions to prevent your Company from running them between such ports as may, best suit the purposes of the Company."

"The rapid and pronounced increase in the volume of traffic leaving little opportunity to provide the additional facilities required for handling it economically, caused a perceptible increase in the ratio of working expenses for the year. Expenditures are being made as rapidly as possible to meet present and future requirements."

From this we are at liberty to conclude that no matter what the outcome of all the present negotiations concerning a fast Atlantic service may be, one thing is certain, that the Dominion will have the rapid transportation facilities furnished by the Canadian Pacific Company. This, in itself, is an evidence of the successful operations of that gigantic Company, as well as of the future certainty of an all-Canadian line of Trans-Atlantic vessels of the most modern class. To our mind there is a vast deal of encouragement for Canada behind these few, but pointed remarks of the President. It is not for us to enter more fully into the consideration of the Company's affairs, as set forth in the annual report, but we feel a great satisfaction in being able to point out to our readers that the future has a very bright coloring, as traced by one so eminently capable of speaking with practical effect as is Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy."

IF YOU WANT TO SELL ANYTHING TRY THE ADVERTISING COLUMNS OF THE TRUE WITNESS. RATES ARE LOW.

Books AND Editions.

Commentary on Holy... Sacred Rhetoric; or... The Psalms and... Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Garesche, S.J. 12mo.

of the Faithful Soul... Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Garesche, S.J. 12mo.

of the Faithful Soul... Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Garesche, S.J. 12mo.

of the Faithful Soul... Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Garesche, S.J. 12mo.

of the Faithful Soul... Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Garesche, S.J. 12mo.

of the Faithful Soul... Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Garesche, S.J. 12mo.

of the Faithful Soul... Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Garesche, S.J. 12mo.

of the Faithful Soul... Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Garesche, S.J. 12mo.

of the Faithful Soul... Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Garesche, S.J. 12mo.

of the Faithful Soul... Imperfections. Translated from the French, by the Rev. Garesche, S.J. 12mo.

Windsor Hall, THURSDAY EV'G OCT. 16, (THANKSGIVING DAY)

Gabrilowitsch

Prices \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Seats on Sale at SHAW'S, October 8th, EVERETT PIANO USED.



What Catholic Astronomers Have Done.

A correspondent writes that a gentleman with whom he has engaged in controversy asserts that "the Catholic Church will not allow any of her subjects to go in for astronomy and science."

It would be interesting to know what proof the gentleman gives of the truth of his assertion. Because, as a matter of fact, no science has been so enthusiastically cultivated by Catholics as astronomy; and in the fields of other sciences they have achieved marked distinction.

At the time of the recent Boxer outbreak in China special mention was made by the press of the magnificent Observatory at Pekin, controlled by the Jesuit Fathers, whose instruments were said to be amongst the finest known.

The French Academy has often recognized their scientific labors. Through Jesuits, Jersey is now one of the recognized meteorological stations of the world, and their observatory at St. Louis has been described as "magnificent."

available a Catholic? "Whatever is available in Chinese astronomical science," says Gutzaff, "has been borrowed from the treatises of Roman Catholic missionaries."

It would be difficult to mention a branch of science in which Catholics have not excelled. And as Robertson, the historian, writes: "The Popes were the protectors of arts, science and literature; and Samuel Laing: "Law, learning, education, science, all that we term civilization in the present condition of the European people, spring from the supremacy of the Roman Pontiffs and the Catholic priesthood over the kings and nobles of the Middle Ages."

Three Catholics, Vesalius, Fallopius Eustachius, are responsible for the modern science of anatomy, which rests upon their work. Museums of natural history and botanic gardens were first established by Catholic Italy, which first organized scientific societies.

At the present moment the Catholic Church possesses more astronomical observatories than any country or Government. Beginning with the Vatican Observatory at Rome, founded out of the private purse of Leo XIII., they are to be found all over the world, even in China, Patagonia and the Philippine Islands.

But so far from opposing the pursuit of science and the attainment of knowledge, the Catholic Church does her utmost to encourage both. For B. M. A., D.D., and others, were instituted by Pope Eugenius: and it is example, the academic degrees of A. may not be inappropriate to rote that in Rome, education, from the great university downwards, is free.

Irish Emigrant Girls.

In his annual address to the patrons and friends of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the protection of Irish immigrant girls the Rev. M. J. Henry, director of the institution, points out that the number of Irish immigrants to the United States has decreased materially in the last year.

"From the records of New York, Boston and Philadelphia we learn that during the year ending June 30 there came from Ireland 28,846 immigrants of both sexes. For the year ended June 30, 1901, there were 30,257. This shows a falling off of 1,411.

"It would be interesting to find a cause for this decrease. Admittedly this has been a very prosperous year for the United States. Intending emigrants from Europe are now-a-days kept well informed of the industrial conditions of this country. The more prosperous the times the larger the immigration.

"In proof of this I may state that one hundred thousand more immigrants landed at New York this year than the year previous. In the face of such conditions we must trace the decrease in the number of immigrants from Ireland to some great and potent influence.

"Perhaps with the improved condition of labor in Ireland young men and young women are not as anxious to leave their homes as they used to be.

"We would rather find the cause in the movement against emigration which the Irish bishops, the Irish Parliamentarians and the Irish press have inaugurated.

"At a recent meeting in Maynooth the prelates of Ireland adopted a series of important recommendations with a view to check the exodus of the people."

"There are many, I presume, who will hear of the mission's existence for the first time. On their account we will briefly summarize the extent of its charity.

"First—it exercises a moral influence over steamship lines to protect the immigrant on board their vessels. Second—it watches over, guides and assists at the landing depot those immigrant girls who intend to proceed by rail or steamboat to destination. Third—it examines the claims and fitness of the relatives or friends who call for the immigrant. Fourth—it provides a home "free of charge" for those girls whose friends do not call on the day of arrival or who have no friends at all, or who are unable to proceed on their journey.

"From this you will see that the work allows plenty of room for the exercise of charity. The fathers of the mission, together with Agent Patrick McCool, are at Ellis Island on the arrival of the Irish girls. Every attention is given to their guidance and comfort. The process of landing in a day thousands of immigrants, with their baggage, is a necessarily tedious, uncomfortable and distressing one.

"It is wonderful how a cheery welcome or a kind word from a priest will lighten the weight of care and anxiety from young Irish hearts. Charity must not shrink when a little assistance may possibly be needed to smooth the troubles of a long journey inland. And there is a silent charity, too, which only those immediately acquainted can and will ever know. Often and often the unseen hand has faced a barrier between guilt and innocence or unearthened the snares laid for the feet of the unwary.

"All Irish girls left over at the landing depot are in the evening brought to a pleasant home provided for them at No. 7 State street, where they are welcome to remain without any payment for board or lodging. Of these there were 1,835 during the year. They remained with us, some for a night and some for a week.

"Connected with the home is a free-employment bureau. All applicants for female help must undergo court-ship scrutiny of the mission fathers. Letters of introduction from well-known and responsible people are required. In this way the young girl is assured of the morality of the home she enters. Positions in good families were secured for about four hundred girls during the year.

"This mission receives no aid from anybody except the charitable contributions of the people. During the last year 10,650 Irish girls were met and assisted at the landing depot, 1,835 received "free of charge" the hospitality of the home. Positions were secured for 406. Such a

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP EXCURSION

BOSTON \$9.00 and Return. Going October 8th to 12th inc. Scouring until October 12th.

Extensions granted until Nov. 12th, 1902, or deposit of ticket with Joint Agent in Boston not earlier than October 9th nor later than 12 o'clock noon October 12th, 1902, and on payment of 50c.

Thanksgiving Day, Oct. 16th, SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Good going October 15th and 16th. Returns limit October 20th.

\$48.65 Pacific Coast

Until October 31st, 1902, Colonist Rates from Montreal to Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, Rosland, Nelson, Trail, Robson, Spokane, Anacosta, Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, Salt Lake, San Francisco.

CHANGE IN TIME, OCT. 15th. Particulars Later.

Portland Service Through Parlor and Sleeping Cars will be discontinued after Friday, Oct. 16th.

Springfield, Mass. Through Sleeping Car service will be discontinued after Friday, October 16th. Commencing Saturday, Oct. 17th, through first class will be run on night train.

City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 129 ST. JAMES STREET, next Post Office

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM CHEAP EXCURSION

Via G. T. R. and C. V. Ry. BOSTON Fare - \$9.00 and Return.

Going dates—October 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Returns limit—October 13, 1902. Extension granted until Nov. 12th, 1902, on deposit of ticket with Joint Agent in Boston not earlier than Oct. 9th, nor later than 12 o'clock noon October 12th, 1902, and on payment of 50c.

THANKSGIVING DAY, OCTOBER 16, 1902.

Return Tickets will be issued at lowest FIRST-CLASS

SINGLE FARE

Going Dates—Oct. 15, 16. Returns limit, Oct. 20, 1902.

SPECIAL COLONIST RATES To Western and Pacific Points. Until October 31st, 1902.

Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, Rosland, Nelson, Trail, Robson, Spokane, Anacosta, Colorado Springs, Denver, Pueblo, Salt Lake, San Francisco.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays at 10:30 p.m., for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West thereof as far as the Pacific Coast.

FOR COMFORT TRAVEL by the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. CITY TICKET OFFICES, 127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

record is worthy of your generous interest. "We confidently appeal to the charitable public, and especially to Irish immigrants and their descendants in America."

Mascagni Is Coming.

The famous young Italian, who has been styled by more than one musical writer, as the "Pride of Italy," opened his American tour in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, on Oct. 8th, and scored an enormous triumph.

He is reported by his managers as being asked for everywhere, but as he has only a limited number of engagements, and could only do justice to himself and his immense troupe of artists and musicians in certain large towns, he will confine his visits to the places already contracted with Montreal and Toronto.

He is reported by his managers as being asked for everywhere, but as he has only a limited number of engagements, and could only do justice to himself and his immense troupe of artists and musicians in certain large towns, he will confine his visits to the places already contracted with Montreal and Toronto.

One can never get an insight into a man's character by looking over his head.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now; but yet men are led away from threatening destruction—a hand is put in theirs which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. Notre Dame Street. Montreal's Greatest Store. St. James Street. SATURDAY, OCT. 11, 1902.

Ready-to-Wear Clothing

For Men and Boys.

Man Tailored Overcoats and Suits. The touch of the man tailor is visible on every garment. Table after Table is piled high with the best of Fall and Winter Clothing for Men, Youths and Boys. The Big Store has the monopoly of goods, styles, and our prices are much lower than you pay for commoner styles.

MEN'S OVERCOATS. Men's and Youths' fine Fall Coats, very strongly made, sewn with silk, made in the latest style and equal to tailor-made garments.

\$9.00 to \$10.50. Men's and Young Men's fine Rainproof Overcoats, sewn with silk, velvet collar, slanting pocket, the up-to-date coat.

\$13.00 and \$15.00. Men's fine Oxford Gray Cheviot Fall Overcoats, sewn with silk, Italian cloth lining, equal to tailor-made coats.

\$9.00. Boys' all-wool imported worsted tweed coats, "Raglanette" style, best serge lining, the most up-to-date garment. The ideal of the boys. Price \$8.50, \$9.50, \$11.00.

Boys' fine quality Venetian Cloth Covert Coats, in very pretty shade of fawn, silk sewn, workmanship and cut equal to made-to-order garments. Price \$5.00, \$5.50.

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Reefers Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows braid, buttoned close to neck, the very garments for little ones. Price \$3.75.

Four Specials in LADIES' FALL COATS.

"The Kalma" Ladies' 3-4 Coat in heavy English beaver corded cloth applique, yoke effect, Chesterfield front, flare sleeve, attached, lined twill serge, fawn and black. Special \$13.00.

The Automa Ladies' 3-4 Coat in heavy English beaver corded cloth applique, yoke effect, Chesterfield front, flare sleeve, attached, lined twill serge, fawn and black. Special \$13.25.

The Penelata Ladies' 3-4 Coat in checked reversible tweed, deep velvet collar, plain cloth facing and applique, fancy cuffs and revers, Chesterfield front, in wood brown, gray and Oxford. Special \$12.00.

The Domina Ladies' Paletot in black Esquimaux cloth, velvet collar, ruffled sleeves, with clasp, fancy cuffs, mohair cord edging, satin lined, Chesterfield front. Special \$14.50.

Three Specials in LADIES' KID GLOVES.

Judging by demands for our "Special Kid Gloves," they must be fulfilling all the good things we claimed for them. They're undoubtedly the best Kid Gloves sold in this city.

"KATHLEEN" The "Kathleen" Kid Gloves, soft and pliable kid, 2 stud fasteners, fancy silk points, in colours, Black, White, Tan, Gray, Mode, Purple, Brown, Blue, Red, Green. Sizes, 5 1/2 to 7. Regular price \$1.75. Special \$1.10.

"COUNTESS" The "Countess" Kid Gloves, extra fine quality, 2 dome silk points, colours Black, White, Tan, Brown, Blue, Purple, Red, Green and Gray. Size, 5 1/2 to 7. Regular price \$1.75. Special \$1.10.

"ALEXANDER" The "Alexander" Kid Gloves, extra fine quality, 2 dome silk points, colours Black, White, Tan, Brown, Blue, Purple, Red, Green and Gray. Size, 5 1/2 to 7. Regular price \$1.75. Special \$1.10.

EXTRA Special in MEN'S DRESSING GOWNS

WORTH \$5.00. SATURDAY \$3.90. 40 Men's Heavy Quality Miderdown Dressing Gowns in newest colorings and designs, new style collar, made latest fashion throughout, all sizes. Worth \$5.00. Special \$3.90.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 to 194 St. James Street, Montreal.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF Carpets & Floor Coverings

In Montreal to make your Fall Selections from High Class Effects. Exclusive Designs Characterise our Goods.

Rugs, Curtains and Draperies. In an Endless Variety.

THOMAS LIGGETT, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET

J. J. & S. Famous Dublin Whisky.

Commands highest price in London and Dublin.

J. J. & S. Is a pure Pot Still Whisky.

J. J. & S. Made only from choicest Materials

With no more eclat than a crowd of scholars who were enjoying a day's steeple chase, and happened to be on the grounds at the time...

In the airship, upon which he has been for some months, and it has made some 30 navigations from the polo grounds of Palace, he started from London into the country...

Eastcote, near Harrow, of 80 odd miles.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

TIME is money, modern axioms mean it since the time man Emperor...

ing lost a day, the we have been anxious to All our modern inv steam-engines, our elec telephones, and such vances are only so much saving time and energy quiet affairs of student eagerness to avoid the gle moment appears to possession of people. led to these reflections servations that it has to make during the co summer. I have had a frequently to travel or cars in and around the made many excursions a fre ger on different steam have stood for hours sone; and, in all these have been struck by t people who appear to reading. One would ac that it was a general a cation, and that all cla were bent on acquiring knowledge possible, and to utilize every spare time for that purpose. you carefully look into you find that you have what mistaken. There and often shan, than t this hunger for learning

ON THE STREET C town any morning on car, and you will see a gentlemen glancing hu the columns of the mo They certainly are tryi time, but it has been a what benefit they coul rise from this method o press. Decidedly they to glean more than a vague idea of the curren orded, and they are no forget in a few momen they have thus snatch this is more or less ex fact that these men are to their business, and t want to have their offi truded upon even by th They feel that it woul time to await the quiet in order to more carefu paper. But, side by si hurried men, do you se —young women—on the work, with their book, the young person has a couple or more no Now the girl, the woma mother, that carries ar may be met with every seems bent on living in the fancy and ignoring the actualities of life. o mountain, or into any or unto any steamboat, you are sure to meet h modern novel. It seem ion, and a very queer o often inclined to ask m does not stay at home, anxious to read. But I unable to answer my o

READING AND STU not help concluding th this carrying about of sham. If the work is a

A Voyage Across Lo In an

With no more eclat than a crowd of scholars who were enjoying a day's steeple chase, and happened to be on the grounds at the time...

In the airship, upon which he has been for some months, and it has made some 30 navigations from the polo grounds of Palace, he started from London into the country...

Eastcote, near Harrow, of 80 odd miles.

LIMITED. St. James Street. OCT. 11, 1902.

Clothing

Boys' all-wool imported tweed coats, "Ruglan" style, best serge lining, most up-to-date garment. Price \$5.00, \$9.50, \$11.00.

Boys' fine quality Venetian Covert Coats, in very rich shade of fawn, silk trim, workmanship and cut equal to made-to-order garments. Price \$5.00, \$5.50.

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

Boys' Navy Blue Serge Coats, with large sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of buttons, close fitting, the very garments for the ones. Price \$3.75

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER. ON UBIQUITOUS READING.

"Time is money" is a very modern axiom; but its meaning is very old. Ever since the time that the Roman Emperor lamented having lost a day, the world seems to have been anxious to "gain time." All our modern inventions, our steam-engines, our electric cars, our telephones, and such like contrivances are only so many means of saving time and energy. Even in the quiet affairs of student life the same eagerness to avoid the loss of a single moment appears to have taken possession of people. I have been led to these reflections by certain observations that it has been my lot to make during the course of my summer. I have had occasion very frequently to travel on the electric cars in and around the city, I have made many excursions over the mountain, I have been a frequent passenger on different steamboats, and I have stood for hours on the curbstones, and, in all these situations, I have been struck by the number of people who appear to be devoted to reading. One would actually suppose that it was a general age of self-education, and that all classes of people were bent on acquiring the most knowledge possible, and were bound to utilize every spare moment of time for that purpose. Still, when you carefully look into the matter, you find that you have been somewhat mistaken. There is more show, and often sham, than reality in all this hunger for learning.

ON THE STREET CAR.—Go down town any morning on an electric car, and you will see a number of gentlemen glancing hurriedly over the columns of the morning paper. They certainly are trying to save time, but it has been a puzzle to me what benefit they could expect to derive from this method of reading the press. Decidedly they cannot expect to glean more than a general and vague idea of the current events recorded, and they are most certain to forget in a few moments all that they have thus snatched up. But this is more or less explained by the fact that these men are on their way to their business, and they do not want to have their office hours intruded upon even by the daily paper. They feel that it would be a loss of time to await the quiet of the office in order to more carefully peruse the paper. But, side by side with these hurried men, do you see young girls—young women—on their way to work, with their books. As a rule the young person has a novel, if not a couple or more novels in hand. Now the girl, the woman, even the mother, that carries around a novel may be met with every place. She seems bent on living in the realm of the fancy and ignoring or forgetting the actualities of life. Go up on the mountain, or into any public park, or onto any steamboat, and there you are sure to meet her with her modern novel. It seems to be a fashion, and a very queer one it is. I am often inclined to ask myself, why she does not stay at home, if she is so anxious to read. But I am equally unable to answer my own query.

READING AND STUDY.—I cannot help concluding that most of this carrying about of books is a sham. If the work is a serious one

A Voyage Across London In an Air-Ship.

It was the greatest distance ever accomplished in an airship. Santos Dumont's flight round the Eiffel Tower was one of some seven miles only. The German trip over Lake Constance covered some four miles, while again Dumont's experiments over the sea at Monaco were never more than ten miles.

Mr. Stanley Spencer started at 4.15 p.m. At that time, although the air was somewhat misty, the weather conditions—the air being dead still—were considered to be favorable. Mr. Spencer alone occupied the car, which rose into the air like a bird, leaving the northern end of the palace, and taking a north-westerly direction. His object was to cross over the more quickly populated parts of the metropolis, subsequently continuing his voyage into the country until he found a suitable spot for descending. This he succeeded in doing, to the intense interest of many people, who actually saw him in the course of his traveling, many of whom followed him on

Technical Education In Ireland.

The Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, opened a Technical School at Clonmel on Thursday, founded by the Christian Brothers, and most effectively equipped with the aid of the local Technical Committee.

Mayor Alderman Condon, M.P.; Dean McDonnell, P.P., V.G.; Canon Flavin, P.P., and a large number of clergy and laity were present.

The Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, who was loudly applauded, said, in the course of an interesting speech:—The Technical Board never lost an opportunity of making promises to this country, and, furthermore, I say that it was on the faith of these promises that in the great majority of instances in this country the people consented to tax themselves, and that if that promise had not been given and reiterated as it was, that now in a great many parts of Ireland the people would have the rates they contributed in their pockets, and would not have the feeling of sore disappointment which rankles in the minds of many in Ireland to-day who have deeply at heart the interest of technical education.

I pity the position of the Technical Board in a way. I am not one of those who are inclined to judge the working of the department hardly. On the contrary, I think I only state what is just when I say that it has displayed great energy and great intelligence in the administration of the Act up to the present, and that, in spite of all difficulties which have attended it—and they are many more than can be known to the people generally—it has achieved very considerable success. But while I do say so, I pity its position. It has obtained money from the country by a promise of a certain kind. It has given, as it were, its undertaking to the country, and now it finds that it is unable to carry out that undertaking, and that the country is deprived of this assistance, and to which it looked—mainly led to do so by the Technical Department—and has to work out its own salvation on very slender means provided for it under another clause of the Act of '99.

As a result of all that it comes to this, that outside of the six county boroughs not one spot has peculiarly benefited to the extent of one penny by this Agriculture and Technical Instruction Act of 1899. Outside of these six county boroughs, if the country taxed itself before the Act of '99, as it is doing at present, it would receive as much, and, as I will presently show, more, from the English Department and the Treasury funds than it is receiving at present from the Irish Department and from Irish funds mainly provided for the department. That has been made a cause of complaint, and a just cause, against the Treasury in reference to technical education in this country; but I have come to think that our grievance in this matter is much greater than we imagine.

I was one of those who believed—I may say I only shared the feelings of the whole country—that while not better off under the new state of things pecuniarily, we were not worse off at all events. Now I have come to find we are a great deal worse off than before '99, and my reason for saying so is this. £55,000 per annum given for the purpose of technical education in Ireland by the Act of '99, was to be divided into two parts, one set apart for instruction in these county boroughs—Dublin, Cork, Belfast, Derry, Limerick, and Waterford, and the other was to defray the expenses of technical education for the remainder of the country. Now, I discovered that the valuation of Ireland in round numbers is £15,000,000 a year—that is to say, £14,932,523; the valuation of county boroughs, £2,432,489, leaving the valuation of the remainder of the country outside county boroughs, £12,491,034, or, in round numbers, £12,400,000. A penny in the £ on that ratable valuation would be £25,000. If before '99 the country had taxed itself a penny in the £ it would receive £25,000 per annum from South Kensington for the promotion of technical education. The department has given £25,000 to the county boroughs, and £25,000 to the remainder of the country, and £5,000, I believe, is set apart for special purposes. You will see, therefore, that while before '99 the country, if it taxed itself and availed of the privilege conferred by the Act of '99, they would have received

cycles, but lost sight of him as he gained the open country. The descent was made, as already stated, at Eastcote, the time being six p.m., and a telegram from Mr. Spencer to his brother Percival was as follows:— "Aeronaut, London.—Splendid descent Eastcote, near Harrow. Wait for me before arranging conveyance.—Stanley." Such was the message handed in at Harrow at ten minutes past seven, and received at Aberdeen Park at half-past seven. Immediately the fact of the success of the trip became known the residence of Messrs. Spencer at Aberdeen Park became the object of dozens of journalists, representatives of the two worlds, all awaiting the return of the hero of the hour. To these Mr. Percival Spencer then gave from telegrams he had received the route taken by his brother.

Leaving the Palace it seems that Mr. Stanley Spencer navigated his balloon via Tulse Hill and Streatham, on to Clapham Common, manoeuvring over the junction, afterwards crossing the Thames, where he was seen from the Victoria Bridge, on to Chelsea and over Earl's Court to Wormwood Scrubs, on over Ealing, where again he manoeuvred on to Harrow.

Such, in short, is an accurate description of the first great trip ever made in an airship, in which connection it is interesting to remember that it has been made within a day or so of the centenary anniversary of another of the greatest aeronautical deeds ever performed.

The airship in which the trip was made is the result of six years of experiment made practicable by the financial assistance of Mellins & Company. It is 75 feet long, 20 feet in diameter, the silk case holding 20,000 cubic feet of pure hydrogen, with which it was filled, at a cost of £50. In appearance it is elongated, and somewhat fish shaped, as distinguished from the cigar or cylindrical shaped vessels.

From the balloon is suspended a bamboo framework, upon which is the platform for the aeronaut, surrounded for safety by network. The car is situated one-third along the framework. There is suspended a Simms petrol motor, which develops a speed of 2,000 revolutions a minute, which speed is conveyed to a ten-foot propeller, which revolves at a lesser speed of 250 revolutions per minute. The rudder is placed between the bamboo frame-work and the balloon, and consists of the same fabric as the balloon. The propeller is placed in front of the bamboo framework, and thereby essentially differs from most of the continental airships.

The machinery is set in motion by means of a cord reaching from the car to the clutch gear between the propeller and the motor. By its means it is possible to start or stop the propeller at will. The speed of the motor may also be regulated by means of another cord leading to the "timing" gear of the motor, by which the speed and power of the motor can be modified at will.

There is also an electrical communication between the motor and the car, so that the electric current may be cut off and the motor stopped at any moment. In a dead calm the airship is, theoretically, capable of going fifteen miles an hour. In order to cover the distance from the Crystal Palace to Harrow, therefore, the airship must have achieved its highest possible speed of fifteen miles an hour! The first trip was entirely successful. The actual cost of the balloon was £1,000.

One of the witnesses of the ascent was Mons. Lechambre, the builder of Dumont's airship.

Premium TO Subscribers. We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 3 new Subscribers to the True Witness. This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholic Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

Memorial to Father O'Coigley.

The memorial erected at Maidstone to the Rev. James O'Coigley, who was executed in that town in 1798 as an United Irishman, was unveiled on Sunday in the local Catholic Chapel. The memorial, consisting of three beautiful stained-glass windows representing St. Patrick, St. Brigid, and St. Francis of Assisi, and a mural tablet of Kilkenny marble, were unveiled by the Rev. M. J. Murphy, S.M., of Staunes, Spittalfields, himself a descendant of Father Murphy, of Vinegar Hill fame. A special Mass for the repose of the soul of Father O'Coigley was celebrated by Father Le Bosquet, the rector, and a panegyric sermon was preached by Father Murphy from the text—"And they said each man to his neighbor let us raise up the low condition of our people, and let us fight for Liberty and Sanctuary." The preacher spoke feelingly of the ties that had always bound the Irish priests and people together in the fight for religious liberty and national independence, and described the struggle made by Father O'Coigley for religious liberty, his work for Ireland, and his trial and execution. Subsequently the pilgrims from London, members of the United Irish League, proceeded to Fommed Heath, where the patriot priest was executed and buried.

A PROTEST.

The municipality of Brest, France, has resigned, as a protest against the Government's laicization of the girls' school recently conducted by the Sisters.

The National Finances

The Finance Department has completed the final tabulation of the financial returns of the Dominion for the fiscal year up to June 30, 1902, and for the first quarter of the new year.

The final returns for the fiscal year up to June 30, 1902, are announced as follows:—

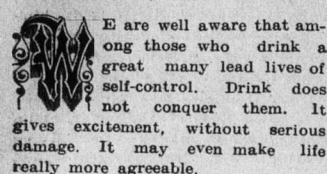
Revenue—	1901.	1902.
Customs	\$28,425,284	\$32,191,978
Excise	10,318,266	11,205,288
Post-Office	3,441,504	3,881,266
Public Works and Railways	5,770,070	6,468,311
Miscellaneous	4,559,574	4,277,384
Total	\$52,514,701	\$58,024,228
Expenditure	\$46,866,367	\$50,739,953
Capital Expenditure—		
Public Works and Railways	\$7,290,542	\$9,449,174
Dominion Lands	269,060	370,358
Militia	135,885	299,697
Railway subsidies	2,512,329	2,053,939
Iron and steel bounty		782,348
South African Contingent	908,681	257,613
N. W. T. Rebellion	1,631	1,543
Total	\$11,114,866	\$13,252,068

For the three months of the current year the returns are as follows:

Revenue—	1901.	1902.
Customs	\$8,009,768	\$9,099,088
Excise	2,653,265	2,834,455
Post-Office	780,000	800,000
Public Works and Railways	1,652,248	1,750,744
Miscellaneous	453,238	613,079
Total	\$13,548,519	\$15,187,367
Expenditure	\$8,083,135	\$7,975,993
Capital expenditure—		
Public Works and Railways	2,438,510	1,075,635
Dominion Lands	52,585	35,425
Militia	22,504	10,793
Railway subsidies	745,930	127,420
Iron and steel bounty		52,482
South African Contingent	86,248	65,610
N. W. T. Rebellion		267
Total	\$8,345,778	\$1,587,069

UNRULY CHINA. Telegrams from China announce a recrudescence of the Boxer insurrection, in the province of Szechwan. Catholics in Pekin report the massacre of nearly a thousand native converts.

A PATH THAT MANY HAVE TRODDEN.



We are well aware that among those who drink a great many lead lives of self-control. Drink does not conquer them. It gives excitement, without serious damage. It may even make life really more agreeable.

There are thousands of self-controlled for the present at least. Each of these is apt to look upon himself as proof of the fact that drinking is not necessarily harmful. But each of these, especially if a conspicuously successful man, is one of the most dangerous men in the community.

Weak young men follow the example of those whom they admire. If the successful business man drinks and controls himself, his weak clerk follows his example and does not control himself.

Many a poor creature has gone to jail, indignantly prosecuted by his employer - by the very man from whom he learned his bad habits.

We write to-day to urge upon successful men, upon all temperate drinkers, this fact: You can, of course, do as you please with yourself - but don't put temptation in the way of others.

If you have a son of fifteen you would be furious at any man who should tell him that a little whisky would not hurt him. You would call the giver of such advice a villain.

Remember that what you can stand others cannot stand. When drink is discussed, think of the harm it does, think of the women and children made miserable by it, think of the pitiless slavery that it inflicts on mankind.

Never say a good word for whisky or for any of its fellow troublemakers of civilization.

You are a responsible part of the human race. You have no right to be indifferent to the effect of your example on others. The greater your own strength of character the more followers you will have. Lead them on the path that will keep them free from harm.

You are powerful and fearless. Do not on that account encourage the weak to pick a quarrel with an enemy that will vanquish them.

Harm is done by the admiring stories told of drinking men.

You never meet a successful Whisky Manufacturer on that path. The saloon owner wants, demands, and gets sober men as bartenders. The whisky manufacturer will have only sober men for his agents and managers.

Young men, keep off that path. It leads only one way. You may walk just so far, stop and come back. But why start at all?

Human success is becoming more and more a matter of clear thought. Keep your clearness of thought. Keep your force, your vital energy to build up success.

Pity the man who drinks - he needs pity. But set him a good example. Remember this: A drink of whisky never did for a man anything that sleep will not do.

And whisky, while it seems to rest you, hurts you. Sleep builds up your brain. Look at the man rolling out of a gin mill in the morning; compare him with the fresh man going to his work after natural sleep.

Compare their eyes, their gait, their speech, their mental alertness. The difference between two such men is the difference between sleep and wakefulness.

Take sleep for your stimulant. Take good thoughts and the command of whisky. Leave whisky to others. - New York Journal.

THE LESSONS OF LIFE.

An American journal says: - Loving comrades bore to the cemetery in Atlantic, Ia., last week, the body of Robert Major, a veteran of the civil war, whose uneventful later life was marred by one shadow that only served to bring out in bold relief the inherent nobility of his character.

Robert Major served in Bureau's Independent Cavalry, recruited in Ohio, and when the war closed he had become a first lieutenant in the Fifth Ohio Cavalry. After the war he made his way in the world but slowly, and twelve years ago he became janitor of the Federal building in this city.

After eight years in this position, he was one night sweeping out the mailing room of the post-office, when he espied two pennies on the floor. He picked them up, dropped them in his vest pocket and continued with his work.

But the lynx eye of a Government post-office inspector had witnessed this act, and the next day Robert Major was arrested. When the facts were presented to the Grand Jury he was indicted.

Then his friends came to his rescue and had the indictment quashed. Major went to Huntsville, Ala., where his two brothers were in business. He had only been in Huntsville a short time when both brothers died and left him \$40,000 in cash and nearly as much more in property.

The old man took a train for Omaha. Arrived here he called on Euclid Martin and Major Clarkson, former postmasters, who had befriended him when indicted and to each he gave \$5,000 in cash, saying: "I intended to leave it to you in my will, but I thought that you were growing old as well as I, and that it would do you more good now than at any other time."

To say that Clarkson and Martin were surprised would be putting the case very mildly. They made haste to thank him with deepest feeling, but Major quietly told them that he knew just how they felt, and they did not need to tell him.

"I felt toward you once just as you now feel toward me, and I did not know how to thank you. Now I am doing my best to show you what I felt when you helped me out of my trouble."

Major again went South, and there he died. His body was sent to Atlantic to be buried beside his wife.

AN ENANT RENAN STATUE. The Bishop of Saint Brieux, France, has announced that he will suspend the annual procession called the "Pardon," at Treguier, Brittany, should the municipality persist in its intention to insult the Faith of the inhabitants by erecting a statue to Renan.

FATHER GLEASON'S EXPERIENCE IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE Rev. Father Gleason, of San Francisco, who is returning from a long sojourn in the Philippines and in China, honored the Transcript with a visit on Thursday. He is in possession of a fund of information which he will make public in due season. Fresh from the islands, the interview which follows will be found interesting and instructive.

At the outbreak of the Spanish-American war there were only three Catholic priests in the whole United States army. Shortly after the outbreak of the war there were something like 75,000 soldiers in the Philippine Islands, of whom a wonderfully high percentage were Catholics. On the ground at the time there was simply one Catholic priest, and he was with a volunteer regiment, the First California.

Two chaplains from the regular service came on afterwards from Cuba, but even with that there was simply a fraction of the priests who were needed out there for the soldiers alone. As extra acting chaplains three priests went from California with the permission of the Archbishop of San Francisco. Father Doherty, a Paulist, spent about six weeks out there and was returned sick to the United States. He has since been appointed to the regular service as a chaplain. Father McQuade from San Francisco, spent eight months working in the military hospitals of Manila, and Father Gleason, now visiting Hartford, went there and spent altogether with the United States army much more than two years of active service.

Though Father Gleason acted as chaplain of the United States forces during all this time and was the only English-speaking Catholic priest with the whole army of the allies during the Boxer outbreak in China, still he occupied no official position. When there was a general demand for more Catholic priests to accompany the United States soldiers in the Philippines, Father Gleason expressed the willingness to go specially in account of his knowledge of the Spanish language and the Archbishop of San Francisco graciously gave him permission to go, and made the application to the military authorities by which Father Gleason was permitted to accompany the United States troops as an acting chaplain without pay. The Government could not make any provision for extra chaplains, inasmuch as the army reorganization bill had not yet become law. There were thirty chaplains in the United States army. These were appointed, in contradistinction to the system followed in other countries in the world, without considering the belief of the men, but rather the political influence of the applicant. There were three of these Catholic priests, yet the percentage of Catholics in the army has never been less than thirty-five and often as high as fifty per cent. of the enlistment, although the Catholic percentage of the general population is much lower. There was no vacancy in the list of chaplains, and in consequence the Government could not do more than to allow Father Gleason to act as chaplain without pay. Nevertheless, in listening to the story of the campaigns of the Philippines and of China one must say that Father Gleason deserved the gratitude of the United States Government, even though he received none of its money.

Shortly after landing in the Philippine Islands he went on campaign through Luzon and later through Mindanao, mingling with the infantry and the artillery of the different commands, winning the affection and the respect of officers and soldiers irrespective of their creed placating the population of villages inclined to be hostile, making public addresses in the Spanish language to the inhabitants when requested by the military authorities, mingling with the people, learning their likes and dislikes, their weaknesses and their ambitions and often, as the first Catholic priest in a year or year and a half, he has visited different towns and villages and been able to administer the sacraments to the inhabitants.

On occasions of this kind he has married as many as twenty-five couples and baptized two hundred children of the Filipinos in one morning.

Mingling with the people as he did, he was able to get an insight into the Philippine question as few could. The Spaniards spoke freely to him in Manila and the other towns. The Filipinos spoke freely to him because he was a Catholic priest and not a Spaniard, and the members of the army never hesitated to reveal what was in their minds, although very often later investigation showed that their early conclusions were rather unfounded. In this way Father Gleason was of much use to the American force in the Philippine Islands and also to the Catholic Church. He it was who translated into English much of the official correspondence that passed between Archbishop Nozalea, of Manila, and the military authorities. He was friendly with the friars and with Filipino priests alike wherever he met them in the islands, and in consequence of his experience has been able to give us an insight into affairs there, especially ecclesiastical affairs, that is very different from that gotten second or third hand.

In regard to the friar question, his statement of affairs is very simple. The Spanish religious orders made of less than a million savages and Christians of the Filipinos. Outside about 2,000,000 Moros, who are Mohammedan subjects of the Sultan of Sulu and now in revolt against the United States, the rest of the inhabitants are Catholics. Of course, there are good and bad and indifferent among these, but the great bulk of them are as good as could be found. It is true they have their national weaknesses, the weakness of the Oriental character, lack of truthfulness on many occasions and often enough a lack of gratitude. But still these faults are counterbalanced by many a good trait. There is a certain amount of superstition, but not more than might be expected from a people who are only a few centuries removed from absolute savagery. To-day they are perhaps the most cultured race in Southern Asia, especially the most cultured Malay race. They hold a place second to none as regards musical culture, and the bands and orchestras of the entire Chinese coast and that of the Malay Peninsula around as far as Burma are composed entirely of Filipinos. In the Philippine Islands education has always been universal. The Filipino man or woman who cannot read and write, at least in his own language, is comparatively rare among the civilized inhabitants, and it seems an extraordinary thing that the rate of illiteracy in the Philippine Islands was only a small fraction of the rate for Spain to which country it was subject. The parishes all had their schools, which schools have since been taken as American Government schools, with virtually no change of force except an American principal and an American teacher of English receiving at least \$100 per month, while the Filipino teacher of the other branches receive fifteen or twenty pesos (\$7.50 to \$10) as of yore. Spanish never became the language of the people, in spite of the centuries of occupation, and in spite of the theoretical ideas of some of our American people in the Philippine Islands, Father Gleason asserts that the English language has still less an opportunity of ever being universally used there.

As regards the accusations that have been made against the friars time and again, without the slightest foundation except the accusation of the revolutionary society of the Katipunan, Father Gleason states it to be simply a question of veracity between the revolutionary society, whose word has been proved untrue in other cases, though too often accepted in this, and the statements of the Catholic Church and its representatives there in the Philippine Islands. It is true there have been some unworthy priests out there, but for one such there have been forty or fifty good ones against whom the finger of scandal could never be pointed. Yet general statements have been made, even by our American papers and even by some Catholics of high position in the United States, condemning the whole body on the score of immorality. One might just as well condemn the Twelve Apostles on account of the action of Judas. The American public, at least the fair-minded Americans who know something of the Philippine Islands through actual residence there and through actual contact, not with Tagalo members of the Katipunan only, but with the people in general, have laid aside much of the preconceived bias against the friars that they had with them when they went to the Philippine Islands. They know, according to Father Gleason, that the whole friar question was a political question. It was a question between religious orders and secular priests, the friars being all Spaniards and the secular priests all Filipinos.

As regards the general talk of the friars leaving the Philippine Islands, first of all there is a question of justice involved. The American Government made its promises at the Treaty of Paris to guarantee the rights and liberties of these friars, which promises should be kept as a matter of obligation. On the other hand, only a little more than one-third of the original Spanish friars are now in the Philippine Islands. Many died in captivity under Aguinaldo and Generals Luna, Pava and others. Those who could reach Manila in the beginning were sent off as fast as possible to the missions of China, South America and also to Spain until the arrival of Archbishop Chapelle as Apostolic Delegate put a stop to any more friars leaving the Philippine Islands. The feeling against the friars fomented by the Katipunan, in certain districts might prevent the return of the original parish priest in that locality, but if he returned to another place it would be another story. As it is to-day the Filipino secular priests are only one-fourth as numerous as the parishes, and the result is that huge tracts of the country are absolutely without a priest on account of the friars still in the Philippine Islands being kept in Manila.

American priests cannot easily take their places, first of all because it is hard to get a sufficient number from America, and even those who go will find the climate and the conditions much more trying than the army find it, and we all know what the general complaints on their side are. Moreover, even if we had a sufficient number of American priests who could be spared and who would be willing to do the work, it is not merely a question of good intention, but it is the very practical question of the knowledge of Malay tribal dialects, of which the Spanish priests are masters through long residence in these different districts. There are two practical suggestions to a solution of the friar problem; one is the establishment of monasteries all over the Philippine Islands, where the friars will be called upon to assist the secular priests in charge of the parishes. The other is the secularization of the religious orders. This latter is not such a difficult problem as it may seem, because the Spanish friars there, though members of religious orders, have not lived the community life prescribed by the rules of their orders, but have in every instance outside of colleges acted as parish priests, doing the work among the people or in the world that causes diocesan priests to be called secular priests. In short, the friars in the Philippine Islands have been secular priests in everything except their name and the color of their habit.

As regards the lands of the friars, to judge from the ordinary American newspaper one might imagine that they represented eleven-tenths of the Philippine Islands, whereas as a matter of fact there are only some hundreds of thousands of acres, the title to which in every instance is clear as day.

The intention of the Government in buying these lands is a very just one, as it wishes to make peasant proprietors of the tenants who have not paid rent in the last seven years on account of the condition of war.

The aims of the American Government, according to Father Gleason, have been just and honest all the time. But the application of the intention of the Government has not always been such, and many of our American officials have been the worst enemies of the American cause in the Philippine Islands through trying in a day to force upon the Filipino people a new system of conditions absolutely unsuited to them and in certain instances creating the impression that Catholicity is inconsistent with true American principles. - Catholic Transcript, Hartford.

GERALD GRIFFIN AS A CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

ONE of the latest and best of the Irish Catholic Truth Society's pamphlets is "Gerald Griffin as a Christian Brother." Gerald Griffin as a writer is pretty well known to the readers of English literature, but his life as a member of that noble religious institute, the Irish Christian Brothers, is little known. His term of service in the order was brief. He entered the institute in 1838 and died at the North Monastery, Cork, June 12, 1840, aged thirty-six years.

"leaving behind him, with his reputation as a graphic writer, the memory of a genial, lovable and saintly companion."

Gerald Griffin was born in Limerick, December 12, 1803, and his literary taste began to develop at a very early age. He produced many short poems, and before he was twenty years old had written his fourth tragedy, "Gisippus." In his twentieth year, full of literary aspirations, he went to London. His classical dramas but little suited the vitiated public taste of the day. In the field of fiction, however, he was significantly successful. "Hollandide," his first tales, produced a marked effect. Then followed in quick succession "Tales of the Munster Festivals," "The Collegians," "The Invasion," "Tales of the Jury Room," "Poems," "Barber of Bantry," "Duke of Monmouth," "Tales of the Senses," etc. As a delineator of the Irish character Griffin stands unrivaled. "The Collegians" is his masterpiece. Carleton, his contemporary, gives it the first place in the school of Irish, if not European fiction. It has been dramatized by Boucicault in his "Colleen Bawn," and produced in the lyric stage by Benedict in his "Lily of Killarney."

It was such a record of high literary achievement which Gerald Griffin left behind him when, in the prime of life, he gave himself wholly to the service of God in religion. When a member of the Christian Brothers his fame as a writer (everybody was then reading "The Collegians") excited the curiosity of many persons of distinction to see him and have the pleasure of speaking with him, but his detachment from the world was complete. He was desirous of living unknown and placing himself in every respect on a level with his brethren. He requested the master of novices and the director of the house not to call him to people coming to see him. His immediate friends and near relatives came occasionally to visit him, but while he received them cordially and affectionately, he did not remain long with them nor encourage their frequent visits.

His indifference to literary reputation was particularly striking. During the whole time he was with the Brothers he was never heard even once to speak of his writings, except in private conversation with the master of novices, who was himself a literary character, and who had even then to introduce the subject himself. He was sensibly affected and blushed like a child at the least word said in his praise, and he himself avoided everything, directly or indirectly, that could incite it. As for writing new stories, or in fact doing any literary work, poems or historical matter, religious or otherwise, from the moment he had fairly entered on his new mode of life he manifested the greatest disinclination to take a pen in his hand. The Brothers did not in the least urge the subject upon him, but let him altogether to himself. They hoped that this feeling would gradually die away, and that a fondness for literary work would return in due time. In this they were not altogether disappointed, for while stationed at Cork, Brother Joseph (as he was known in the order) received a letter from Mrs. Rhoda White, of New York, wife of Judge White, his nephew, which set him to work on a story called the "Holy Island," which was unfinished, however, when he died. The original manuscript is preserved in the Cork house of the Brothers. It is written on carbonized paper which he used to prepare himself, and he wrote with an ivory style. In this way he could procure several copies together by the impression. The manuscript is neatly written, letters small, but distinct, few erasures or corrections. The tale, as far as it goes, is most interesting. The last sentence he wrote is very remarkable. It runs thus: "Of all things of this world they (the druid priests) are well informed, but of the abyss that lies beyond..."

When he had proceeded thus far the bell rang; he laid down his pen, leaving the last word unfinished. His fatal illness began soon after.



"You're in luck at this harbor master government position. He take it. What do you say, my boy?"

"Is it anything I can do for you?"

"None better," was the reply. "What do you think of Tom?"

The bright look faded from the young man's face as he touched of quiet dignity in the man's eyes.

"You know I've no school to run. Never had a chance, any, but..."

"Hold on, old fellow! You're the general captain. You for a minute that I want one of those perfumed duds, do you? No indeed, runs round the freight your duty is to patrol in our energetic citizens from new track for a dumping ground. There have been several ready. Our poor chap, ever, is lying in the hos smashed head and arm. won't happen once you get - that is if you'll take it."

"That I will," was the answer. "You'll never know means to me, Captain."

"The terms are simple, with only forty dollars a week it will lead to something knows but that some day may be cast over, and it yours."

"Mine is made now, Captain the grateful Tom, joy know how fuck has been. Now I can see my way to 'Getting married?' sure captain blithely."

The newly appointed clerk like a girl, and stammering things have happened, since the harbor master's voice bantering tone. "The man his life to save another man," he said, "brings better to his own home. God Tom, and the girl of you wish I could do more to show I feel about little R."

"Don't mention it," pleaded the world that your boy hanging round the water. I should be near to fish his tumbled in. Don't speak, Captain."

"Well, I won't since I like it, but I'll never forget as Tom fairly ran his expressions of gratitude. He went his way blithely shine falling on the shabby ever worn by a public of a clerk or cashier in the passed but would have any connection with his yet as he passed them by was filled with pity for them."

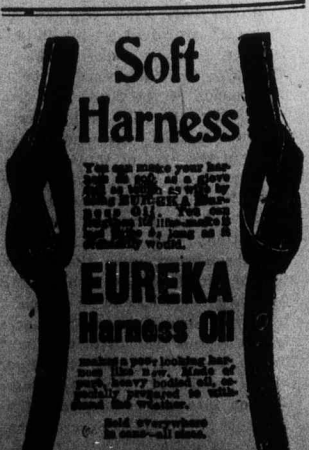
"There you are, poor chap up in caskets, long before any need to be," he reflected my bank - but here I am! down a side street he paused a door set in a brick wall. ered a message that was answered by a tall young welcomed him with a radiant smile.

"You've had a stroll Tom? she questioned eagerly. "Now, Emmie, how did you get on?"

"Your eyes gave it away, Tom." She held up a pocket mirror. reflected in it Tom saw a blue eyes, trustful as a child. "I didn't think you were Emmie."

"And I haven't any cause. But when things go against you to look in that little glass, der what you saw in me. "The glass will never show that," he asserted, stoutly, found out for myself, and tion is, can you see any to make you risk taking a ter or worse. Just no better. I have charge of the steady pay, and findings in. What do you say, Emmie?"

"It will be for better all said, her eyes shining with trust. "All I've got to say that since you found me, your perquisites. Findings you know." A month later the love out of St. James, man. Their wedding trip extended blocks, and in less than an were at home. No bank set up a smaller establishment rooms in a tall tenement, yard, but no bank clerk's entered home than did Emmie led her through the thicket showing her the treasures together for her reception edly pausing before a third glass closet he exclaimed



The Graduation of Consolation.

"You're in luck at last, Tom," said the harbor master. "Here's a government position begging you to take it. What do you say to that, my boy?"

"Is it anything I can fill, sir?" "None better," was the confident reply. "What do you think of being a bank clerk, Tom?"

The bright look faded from the young man's face as he answered, a touch of quiet dignity in his tone. "You know I've no schooling, Captain. Never had a chance to get any, but—"

"Hold on, old fellow!" interrupted the genial captain. "You don't think for a minute that I want to make one of those perfumed dandies out of you, do you? No indeed. Your bank runs round the freight track, and your duty is to patrol it, to keep our energetic citizens from using the new track for a dumping ground. There have been several accidents already. Our poor chap, a trolley driver, is lying in the hospital with a smashed head and arm. Such things won't happen once you are installed, —that is if you'll take it, Tom."

"That I will," was the vigorous assent. You'll never know all this means to me, Captain."

"The terms are small to begin with, only forty dollars a month, but it will lead to something better. Who knows but that some day a fortune may be cast over, and it will make yours."

"Mine is made now, Captain," said the grateful Tom, joyously. You know how tuck has been again me. Now I can see my way to—"

"Getting married?" suggested the captain blithely.

The newly appointed clerk blushed like a girl, and stammered "stranger things have happened, sir."

The harbor master's voice lost its bantering tone. "The man who risked his life to save another man's child," he said, "brings better than riches to his own home. God bless you, Tom, and the girl of your choice. I wish I could do more to show you how I feel about little Richard."

"Don't mention it," pleaded Tom. "It was the most natural thing in the world that your boy should be hanging round the water, and that I should be near to fish him out when he tumbled in. Don't speak of it again, Captain."

"Well, I won't since you don't like it, but I'll never forget it," he added as Tom fairly ran away from his expressions of gratitude.

He went his way blithely, the sunshine falling on the shabbiest coat ever worn by a public official. Not a clerk or cashier in the banks he passed but would have repudiated any connection with his craft, and yet as he passed them by his heart was filled with pity for them.

"There you are, poor chaps, shut up in caskets, long before you have any need to be," he reflected. "Now, my bank—but here I am!" Turning down a side street he paused before a door set in a brick wall, and delivered a message that was promptly answered by a tall young girl, who welcomed him with a radiant smile.

"You've had a stroke of luck, Tom?" she questioned eagerly.

"Now, Emmie, how did you guess?" "Your eyes gave it away; look Tom."

She held up a pocket mirror, and reflected in it Tom saw a pair of blue eyes, trustful as a child's.

"I didn't think you were vain, Emmie."

"And I haven't any cause to be. But when things go again me I like to look in that little glass and wonder what you saw in me, Tom."

"The glass will never show you all that," he asserted, stoutly. "I just found out for myself; and the question is, can you see anything in me to make you risk taking me for better or worse. Just now it seems better. I have charge of the bank at steady pay, and findings is keepings. What do you say, Emmie?"

"It will be for better always," she said, her eyes shining with love and trust. "All I've got to say, Tom, is that since you found me, I'm one of your perquisites. Findings is keepings you know."

A month later the lovers walked out of St. James, man and wife. Their wedding trip extended over ten blocks, and in less than an hour they were at home. No bank clerk over set up a smaller establishment—two rooms in a tall tenement, up a back yard, but no bank clerk's lady ever entered home than did Emmie. Tom led her through the two rooms, showing her the treasures he had put together for her reception, and finally pausing before a three-cornered glass closet he exclaimed, "Look

here, Emmie! I meant this for a surprise. I won't it at a fair long ago."

This was a silver butter dish. While Tom's eyes beamed on her the thrifty housewife tested the metal with a pin, and finding it genuine turned her head away, entreating— "Take it away, Tom; do put it away. I don't want to give way to pride on my wedding day."

If pride was Emmie's besetting sin, she was often tempted in the weeks and months that followed the happy home-coming. Tom revelled in the joy of homemaking, and every day invested in something that made the young wife wish that people could see it, or that their door opened on the front street, so that passersby might share her admiration of the willow rocker with red ribbon bows and the little work table "set out like any lady's."

To do her justice Emmie bravely resisted her sinful inclination to be over-proud of her possessions, and frequently she exhorted herself sternly, "If you give way in little things, Emmie Robbins, you'll fall before big ones." After she had repeated this exhortation, even the new curtain pole with brass rings that Tom had fitted into the window proved powerless to tempt her.

"That's the last touch," said Tom, falling back to view the effect. "It doesn't seem that anything more can be done, unless it's to set rose bushes between the draperies. I'll go out to the country for them before our wedding anniversary comes round."

Some weeks later the bank clerk came in with the roses, but no Emmie greeted his return. Old Mrs. Jewett, a neighbor, stood at the head of the stairway, and commanded him "to come up easy," adding with stern disapproval as she caught sight of the shrubs in his hands, that she didn't know "what any man wanted prowlin' round the country after weeds, while a blessed flower was waitin' a father's welcome."

During his absence, Emmie had gone on a much longer journey, even to the borderland 'twixt life and death, and had just returned faint and weary, with a little daughter for Tom.

And now life in the two rooms took on a glorified aspect. Tom roused himself repeatedly from day dreams in which the bundle in Emmie's arms had a prominent part. When the young mother was strong enough to sit up in the willow rocker plans for the baby's future were eagerly discussed. The choice of a name was also a matter of grave consideration.

"She ought to be named for both of us," declared Tom.

"O, Tom, just imagine the poor little thing being called Tom Emmie!" laughed the mother. "Was there ever such a name?"

"It will only had more schooling, Emmie," deplored Tom, "we could see our way to do right by her more clearly. But neither of us ever got a chance."

"But baby will," said Emmie, softly, "and that will make up for our want, husband."

Tom drew a line on the table while turning over this thought in his slow way, and having grasped it he added one of his own.

"You've settled the question, my girl, as neatly as you did the other one. Baby shall have an education. And now what's her name? you'd never guess it, so here goes for a bit of reasoning! If baby makes up for what we lost or didn't get, why then she's consolation—and Consolation is her name."

"But it seems such an odd one! Now if it were Faith or Hope or Charity—"

"Or Prudence or Patience," put in Tom, "all qualities belonging to her mother; but Consolation is for both of us, so if you're willing."

"You can have your way, Tom. What a man you are for making pretty speeches. Do you know why I never look in that little glass now?"

"Maybe it's because you are free of a bigger one."

"You say that, but you know different. I never need to, Tom, nothing goes against me since I married you. Even if baby doesn't have all them shining qualities of mine, if she has her father's brave heart and loving nature, she'll be what will she be, Tom?"

"Just what she is now—the bank clerk's baby," laughed Tom.

Consolation proved worthy of her name, every day she added a trifle to the sun of her parents' happiness;

the roses in the window were not fairer or fresher than the winsome baby, with Tom's blue eyes, and a quick bright smile—a tiny duplicate of Emmie's.

The idea of giving her a thorough education became a leading one. Before she was six months old, Tom had become familiar with the working of a kindergarten; and by the time she celebrated her first birthday, with Emmie's assistance and a school course laid out on the table he had traced every step of her progress, from the first uncertain movements in the baby class, to the proud moment when, gowned in white, she delivered the valedictory.

No bank clerk's baby was ever happier than Consolation, and certainly no millionaire was happier than Tom. Every day some delightful surprise awaited him; some new instance of baby's cleverness.

One evening he brought home a parcel, and untying it, produced a pair of shining rubber boots that made Emmie scream with merriment. "And Consolation will soon be two, and every day she'll be getting up to five; it will be no time till you see her going off in the shiny boots, on her way to school, wet days. When she does go, she'll want a little lunch, won't she?"

"Yes," assented unsuspecting Emmie, thoroughly enjoying this planning ahead; "just a biscuit or two and an apple, or may be an orange."

"An' she'll want something to carry it in, so I bought this," bringing in a tiny basket. "Two covers and handles that swing both ways. Let's see how she'll look. Stand in 'em, Connie."

Connie stood in the boots bravely. "There you are!" shouted the delighted father. "A trifle big, to be sure. Now, here's the basket! There you're off, Emmie, did you ever see such a child? Ain't she plucky?"

"That she is," said Emmie, catching the tiny traveler just in time, the boots having entered into a conspiracy to secure her downfall. "Doesn't it seem odd, Tom? You and I haven't a set of features between us, an' Consolation is really good-looking."

For answer he drew the child to him and studied her baby face with such love and pride beaming on his own, that Emmie felt it her duty to remonstrate.

"You mustn't set too much store by her, Tom; after all, she's not really ours. She's only lent by the Lord, husband."

"I won't dispute that," he said reverently. "We'll pay the interest regular in raising her for His service, and maybe," with a touch of wistful speculation, "the principal won't be called for, in our time."

"Why, Tom, you're beginning to talk like a real bank clerk."

"If I'd the learning, I might have been a real one."

"Be content as you are," she admonished gently.

"I'm more than content. I often wonder what I've done to deserve such happiness. When I'm down on the track an' there isn't anything going on, I look at the water and it kind of preaches to me till my heart is full."

"Yes," assented the wife, leaning forward eagerly, touched by the home eloquence, though quite unconscious that her husband was one of the "poets sown by nature." Yes, an' then, Tom."

"Why then I think of what I can do for Him, if I can give any one a helping hand for His sake, and to-day—"

"Well, Tom, to-day."

"I was thinking, Emmie, if we could take in that little orphan, the trolley driver's boy, it might be the saving of him. Just think, wife, a baby not much older than our Connie, and with such a set! It's a shame for the town to put a child in such hands—two dollars a week is dear for starving the life an' spirit out of a child; but fearful cheap for an immortal soul. Can we help him, Emmie? Can we take him in without wronging Consolation?"

The answer came promptly.

"We'd be wronging Connie more if we let her stand in the orphan's light. Take him in, Tom, and may God go by our child as we do by the stranger's."

"Amen," murmured Tom, tenderly lifting the baby, who had fallen asleep during this serious conversation. He tucked her into the little crib, and returned to his wife, "now for ways and means, Emmie."

"There isn't any need to talk about them just now. There's enough to begin with. I've been laying by again the time Consolation will be five. Yes," catching a knowing smile, "I'm foolish about her, too; I laid out to have six lawn aprons with lace trimming, and two merino frocks, one blue and one red, with four plain white for summer wear. That money will buy that little stranger needs, and the Lord will provide for Connie."

Prophetic words uttered with un-

conscious pathos! The Lord did indeed provide.

"I'll get things ready to-morrow, and you can bring him home as soon as you like. How did you come to hear of him, Tom?"

"Well you see, his father's misfortune seemed like the cause of my good fortune, so when I heard of his death, I hunted round till I found the boy."

"Ah, Tom," with a loving smile, "your perquisites 'll never make you rich; findin's is keepin's again."

Two hours later silence reigned in the little home in the tall tenement. The moonbeams slanted in across the floor, and seemed to turn whiter with pity as a shadow flitted by the parents and laid its cold fingers on the baby's throat.

A hoarse, gurgling cry followed by a frightened exclamation, brought the sleeping father from viewing a dream picture of a fair, young girl in graduating gown, receiving her degree rolled in a gold ring from the trolley driver's boy, to the little crib, where the future valedictorian was struggling for life.

"Run for the doctor, Tom, while I get up the fire and heat the water; don't lose a minute."

Needless counsel, as he was already down the stairs on his way. The doctor came promptly, and all that skill and love could do was done—in vain. Before morning broke the struggle was over—the loan was returned with two years' interest.

"Don't take on like that, Tom, don't," pleaded the young mother in a voice shrill with pain, yet anxious to comfort. "It's lying in the face of Providence."

"I can't help it, Emmie. I meant to do so well by her." His glance strayed from the rigid little figure to the boots and lunch basket, and grief broke forth anew. "She looked so cunning in them last night, but now she'll never need them. I meant to give her such an education."

"Don't Tom," laying her hands caressingly on his shoulders. Then brightening with a new idea. "Why, husband, she has it now; she began and finished at the same time; when the gates swung open our girl graduated."

The sun rose merrily and peeping in at the window grew brighter still with the kindly purpose of warming hearts numbed by sorrow. With a broad ribbon of golden light it drew the parents from their dead child and led them in spirit to the source of eternal day, where they sought and found an immortal Consolation.—Elizabeth Lyons, in Donahoe's Magazine.

Our Boys And Girls.

HONOR AND LOVE MOTHER. — Have you a mother? If so, honor and love her. If she is aged, do all in your power to cheer her declining years. Her hair may have bleached, her eyes may have dimmed, her brow may contain deep and unsightly furrows; her cheeks may be sunken, but you should not forget the holy love and tender care she has had for you. In years gone by she has kissed away from your cheek the troubled tear; she has soothed and petted you when all else appeared against you; she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has been proud of your success. You may be despised by all around you, yet that loving mother stands as an apologist for all your shortcomings. With all that disinterested affection, would it not be ungrateful in you if in her declining years you failed to reciprocate her love, and honor her as your best friend? We have no respect for a man or woman who neglects an aged mother. If you have a mother, love her, and do all in your power to make her happy.

HOW BLIND MAN TELLS TIME. — There is a blind organ-grinder with a station on one of the down-town streets of New York. The other day a passer-by dropped a nickel in his cup, and, noticing that he carried a watch, asked him for the time. It was a queer question to ask, but he wanted to know whether the blind man was simply pretending to be sightless.

"I think I can tell you," said the organ-grinder. He held the watch close to his ear and slowly turned the stem-winder. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight," he counted, and then said: "That means eighty minutes. I wound up the watch tightly just as the church clock on the corner struck three, and so the time ought to be about three, and so the time ought to be about twenty minutes past four. Here, look and see how near I came to it."

His questioner looked, and the time was 4:26; he was only six minutes off. "Do you mean to say you can tell the time of day by winding up your watch?" he asked.

"Not exactly; but I can come mighty near it, usually within ten minutes. It's an easy trick, and all you have to know is how long one click in winding up will run the watch. I'll explain. Suppose that at three o'clock I wound my watch until it was tight; that is, until another turn of the stem would apparently break the spring. At five o'clock I wind the watch again, and find that the winder clicks twelve times before the watch is tight. Then I know that twelve clicks will run the watch one hundred and twenty minutes, and that one click represents about ten minutes of time."

A TINY HELPER. — I have been reading an account of a little bird, related by Dr. Livingston, that forms a strong attachment to the rhinoceros. Its claws are of such a structure as to enable it to cling to any part of the great brute's body, whose callous hide does not suffer any inconvenience from their sharpness. Sometimes it may be seen perched on his back, and at other times clinging like graceful pendants to his flapping ears. This little creature performs many kind offices for its huge protegee. It preys upon the insects and vermin that infest his skin and which his stiff clumsiness does not permit him to dislodge for himself. Then, being a heavy sleeper, and a dull observer when most awake, he is watched over by this sharp-sighted and wakeful little guardian, and apprised of the approach of all dangers or foes. And so faithfully does it fulfil its trust that the huntsman can rarely come within gunshot before the bird, by darting upward and uttering a thrilling cry, gives the signal for his charge to make tracks with all speed.

I thought, when I read it, that we should not despise the day of small things. If a weak little bird can be of such use to any creature, what cannot a boy or girl do who has the willing heart and ready hand? Oh, that all were enlisted heart and hand in temperance work.—Banner.

CATHOLIC SAILORS. — A Catholic Sailors' Club has been opened at Port Said.

WALTER G. KENNEDY, DENTIST, 758 LaGauchetiere (Palace St.) Two Doors West of Beaver Hall, MONTREAL.

JOHN MURPHY & CO. Ladies' Tailoring, Parisian Dressmaking

Warmth and Value For Cold Weather.

500 Pairs Fine White Wool Blankets—Imported direct from the best Scotch manufacturers, warm and wear guaranteed. We are offering this fine lot at prices ranging from \$3.75 pair.

100 Pairs Grey All-Wool Blankets—"Our Leader"—a genuine bargain—at \$1.50 per pair.

See Our Scotsford Blankets—All-Wool, White, extra value at \$2.50 a pair.

100 Finest Eiderdown Comforters—All of the best English make, and filled with the best of down. English made Eiderdown Comforters in handsome Silk, Satin and Sateen Coverings, Ventilated. Prices from \$5.00.

2,000 yards Finest Fancy Blouse Flannels—Over 100 Patterns of the nicest assortment we have ever shown to select from. Patterns cannot be seen elsewhere.

A full stock of all the latest and best Fall Novelties in Dress Goods and Ready-to-Wear Garments.

Country Orders Carefully Filled.

JOHN MURPHY & CO. 2545 St. Catherine Street, corner of Metcalfe Street. Terms Cash.....Telephone Up 2740

Rubber! Rubber!! Rubber Production Shares will pay YOU 100 Per Centum Annually FOR A LIFETIME. Absolutely Safe Investment. (NO RISK). Write me immediately. WILLIAM F. SHARSWOOD, Mexican Plantation Agent, 180 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

FARM FOR SALE. Consisting of one hundred and nine acres. No waste land. Within six acres of a village, having good stores, two blacksmith shops, wheel-right shop, creamery, Post Office, Catholic Church, a place of Protestant worship, two schools, about the same distance from R. R. Station, less than two hours ride from Montreal on C. V. R. R. The place is well watered, the buildings are large and in first-class repair. A large brick house arranged for two families. This would be a desirable place for summer boarders, or for a gentleman wishing a country home for his family in summer. There are also apple and sugar orchards; with a sufficient quantity of wood for a lifetime. With care the farm will carry from fifteen to twenty cows and team. For particulars apply to PHILIP MELLADY, North Stanbridge, P. Q.

Soft harness

REKA Dress Oil

A pure hard Soap.

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Household Notes.

THE APRON.—It is about 40 years since the popularity of the apron began to wane. At that time no woman's wardrobe was complete without an assortment of aprons for all sorts of occasions. A black silk apron was the acme of elegance and propriety, and any nondescript gown could, by the addition of the black silk apron trimmed with a few rows of black velvet ribbon, be dignified and adorned to the utter satisfaction of the wearer.

An apron had rather a wide field of usefulness when you consider that it not only preserved and embellished a new gown, but it also concealed the defects, and added dignity to an old one. An apron was always en vogue. The best dress was kept clean by its use, and the daintiness of it represented all the feminine traits. It was a regular banner of the home. To its strings the children were tied. "Tied to his mother's apron strings!" Contemptuous expression of subordination. And yet so much sentiment attached to it! Whoever was tied to his mother's apron strings was comparatively safe in his mother's lead. Mother's apron! The baby was rolled in it. Childish tears were dried with it. The little boys used its strings for reins, and the little girls played princess and trailed its ample folds behind them, real ladies in waiting to an imaginary queen.

Those were ante-new-woman days. Knitting and needlework were feminine occupations. It was previous to the day of higher education for women. It may sound far-fetched to say that home sentiment waned with the decline of the apron.

ABOUT SLEEP.—Most persons who have lived to be old have been good sleepers, but this does not mean that they have been long sleepers. A good sleeper is one who sleeps well. He may sleep long enough in six or seven hours to answer all his needs, and it would be folly for him to lie in bed three or four hours more. As a rule, long-lived persons have been early risers because they have been good sleepers. By "good sleep" is meant sleep that is sweet, sound and refreshing; the body recuperates wholly. Those who love to rise early are generally of this sort. They have strong wills and good health to begin with. Late risers are often invalids, or persons of bad habits, idlers who are never free from other vices besides idleness. The nervous exhaustion which keeps a man wakeful throughout the small hours requires sleep late in the morning. This exhaustion is invariably due to one of several life-shortening influences, especially anxiety, or indiscretion in diet or drink.

Early rising is thus rather one effect of certain favorable influences, another result of which is longevity, rather than a cause of longevity. To turn a delicate man out of bed every morning will not prolong his life unless he has slept enough. Preventing a weakly person from sleeping more than four or five hours nightly would not cause him to live to be old, but would tend to shorten his life. Early rising does not mean the time by the clock. The word has a relative significance with reference to the time of going to bed. A person who retires to rest four hours after midnight and gets up at 10 a.m., may be strictly regarded as an "early riser." Thus early rising is synonymous with short sleeping, which means rapid recovery from fatigue, itself a sign of bodily strength. Early rising, as a practice, may be cultivated by all persons in good health. It is excellent as moral discipline, and eminently healthy as a matter of fact. Most persons will eat three meals daily. When a man gets up late, those meals will probably follow each other at too short intervals, and be eaten too rapidly to be wholesome. When he is an early riser it will probably be otherwise. He can enjoy a good breakfast, and when his other meals are due he will be ready for them, and with a good appetite, which is itself one of the signs of health.

Notes for Farmers.

STOP THE LEAKS.—In order to pay, farming should be conducted in the same way as other business enterprises. A suitable return should be received, not only for the money invested in the land, stock and implements, but also for the labor and cares of management. Every farmer should, by a simple system of book keeping, keep careful check of his receipts and expenditures, so as to know exactly which of his farming operations are yielding him a profit, which are conducted at a loss, and which are causing him merely to "mark time." A little figuring of this sort may reveal to him a number of little leaks which almost imperceptibly drain away the profits that should reward his labor. In these days of fierce competition it is only by keeping down the cost of production and preventing all waste that farming can be made successful. Some sources of loss are here given which will readily suggest others.

LACK OF SYSTEM.—One of the chief leaks on many farms is the loss of time and energy because the management is not carried out on any definite system. A study of any old and successful business will show that success has been largely due to a methodical and systematic way of doing things. System may be carried too far so as to become merely mechanical but as a general proposition it may be said that after a well defined plan of action has been determined on it should be rigidly carried out. As mere knowledge is gained, or new ideas acquired, it will be necessary to make changes in the routine, but no changes should be made without due deliberation. All work should be carefully planned in advance and all tools and implements gotten ready so that there may be no delay when operations actually begin.

USE OF TIME.—All men employed on the farm should have well defined duties to perform so that their time may be used to the best advantage. A good system provides for the feeding of stock at regular hours each day. When they become accustomed to the regularity of feeding they thrive much better than if fed at different hours on each succeeding day.

CARE OF IMPLEMENTS.—A very common source of loss is found in the neglect of expensive farm implements and tools. These are left lying in the fields where they have been used subject to all the inclemencies of the weather which are much more destructive than actual use. Small tools are frequently lost, and larger implements rust and rot. There should be a place on every farm where implements may be kept under cover, and none should be left outside when not in use. A workshop should also be provided in connection with the toolhouse so that during rainy days or other slack periods, implements may be painted and necessary repairs made. Much time is lost by farmers, during busy seasons such as seeding, haying and harvest, because a bolt or some other small part has been lost, and a trip to the blacksmith shop or foundry is necessary to replace it. This waste of valuable time might be prevented by a little forethought or examination of the implement before it was required for use. In many cases implements are purchased which the farmer could well do without.

KEEPING STOCK.—This is another frequent cause of loss. If a farmer has more horses than are required to carry on the work of the farm, he should sell those he does not need, if a figure at all reasonable can be obtained. The cow which does not yield enough milk or butter to pay a good profit on her keep should be disposed of, and her place filled by another—a few weeks use of the scales and Babcock tester will usually furnish some surprising results in this direction.

IMPROPER FEEDING.—To secure maximum profits it is necessary that stock should be fed intelligently for the object in view. Rations should be carefully compounded in order to secure a proper proportion of albuminoids and carbohydrates or as it is called, a proper nutritive ration. Animals should be selected for early maturity and fed so as to be ready for market at an early age. The nearer maturity an animal comes, the greater becomes the cost of growth. Again money is lost by failing to provide green crops for feeding during the summer droughts incident to this country. Horses in many cases are given all the hay they care to eat—a practice not only wasteful, but injurious to the animals as well.

WASTE OF MANURE.—In the older settled portions of Canada the restoration or maintenance of soil fertility is already an important question. How desirable it is then that all the manure made on the farm should be saved and used in the best possible condition, without loss from leaching, firefanging, etc.

INFERIOR SEED.—In many cases a partial or total failure of a certain crop is due to the purchase of a cheap or inferior grade of seed. Such seed is usually badly mixed with foreign seeds, so that the farm becomes over-run with weeds which not only replace useful crops, but entail a vast amount of labor to get rid of. The division of a farm into small or irregular fields often provides numerous breeding places for weeds in the fence corners, and other uncultivated spots.

NEGLECT.—Another leak which takes money out of the farmer's pocket is neglect in keeping fences and buildings in proper repair. Inferior fences allow his own and his neighbor's stock to injure his crops, and are a source of constant worry and loss of time. The old proverb, "For want of a nail the horse was lost," is very appropriate in such a case. A dollar or two spent for lumber or nails will often result in a large saving of feed and increased comfort to the stock during the winter months. Neglect of a leaky roof is often responsible for heavy losses of grain or fodder, and in the timbers of the buildings. Many a good frame has been ruined by a leaky roof.

LACK OF KNOWLEDGE.—Nearly all the leaks previously mentioned may be set down to carelessness, but farmers also lose because some of them think that nothing can be learned from others, and that a new idea is necessarily nonsense. No matter how good a farmer a man may be, he can still gain ideas from others that will prove of value to him. The experience of the experiment stations and of successful farmers should be carefully scanned for "pointers."

Business Cards

T. J. O'NEILL,
Real Estate Agent,
180 ST. JAMES STREET.

If you want to buy a property, want to sell your property; if you want to exchange your property, want your rents collected, your taxes, insurance, repairs and renting attended to, call or write for terms. Special attention given to properties of non-residents.
Prompt Returns, Moderate Charge.

M. SHARKEY,
Real Estate and Fire Insurance Agent,
1840 and 1783 NOTRE DAME ST.,
Montreal.

Valuations made of Real Estate. Personal supervision given to all business. Telephone Main 771

GARROLL BROS.,
Registered Practical Sanitarians,
Plumbers, Steam Fitters,
Metal and Slate Roofers.

795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine Street
Drainage and Ventilation specialty.
CHARGES MODERATE. Telephone 189.

CONROY BROS.,
228 Centre Street.

Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters
ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL
BELLS, etc.
Tel. Main 3552. Night and Day Service

TELEPHONE 3833.

THOMAS O'CONNELL
Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints
Oils, and a fine line of Wall Papers.
Cor. Murray and Ottawa
STREETS.

Practical Plumber,
GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTER
RUTLAND LINING, FITS ANY STOVE
CHEAP.
Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.

ESTABLISHED 1864.
G. O'BRIEN,
House, Sign and Decorative Painter
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE
PAPER-HANGER.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON and PORK,
54 Prince Arthur Street.
Special rates for Charitable Institutions.
TELEPHONE EAST 47.

DANIEL FURLONG,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON and PORK,
54 Prince Arthur Street.
Special rates for Charitable Institutions.
TELEPHONE EAST 47.

LAWRENCE RILEY,
PLASTERER.
Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866.
Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of
all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to. 15 Paris
Street, Point St. Charles.

Roofs of Every Description
Asphalt, Cement, and
Vulcanite Floors.
If Low Prices make a bargain, High Quality doubles it, that is why we are sure of our own ground.
All our work supervised by Special Experts.

GEORGE W. REID & CO.,
785 CRAIG STREET.

SAVE YOUR EMPTY BAGS
Users of BIRDIE'S "XXX" Self-Raising Flour who preserve the empty bags and return them to us will receive the following premiums: For 12 six pound bags a beautiful colored picture in extended gilt frame, 12 inches x 16 inches. For 24 six pound bags a larger picture in gilt frame 18 inches x 24 inches. Two three pound bags may be sent in place of one six pound bag. BIRDIE'S "XXX" SELF-RISING FLOUR, 10 & 15 BROADWAY, MONTREAL.

Society Directory.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 3. meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary. 15287 Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, Treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Miss Annie Donovan, president; Mrs. Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Kavanaugh, recording secretary, 165 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer; Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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

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

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized, 13th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan, Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Dr. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

FRANK J. CURRAN,
B.A., B.C.L.,
ADVOCATE...
Savings Bank Chambers, 180 St. James Street, Montreal.

CHURCH BELLS.
Chimes and Peals,
Best Superior Copper and Tin. Get your
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY
Baltimore, Md.

MENEELY BELL COMPANY
TROY, N. Y., and
177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS.

WORLD'S GREATEST BELL FOUNDRY Estab. 1857.
Church, Peal and Chime Bells,
the Superior Bells and Bells for all occasions.
Write for Catalogue to E. W. FARRER & CO.,
Baltimore Bell Foundry, Chesapeake St.

Subscribe to the
"True Witness"

SUBSCRIBE NOW

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER

The True Witness P. & P. Co.'y, Limited
P. O. BOX 1188, MONTREAL, P. Q.

I hereby authorize you to send me THE TRUE WITNESS for which I agree to pay to your order at the rate of One Dollar per year.

Signature.....

Address.....

Subscription Rates, Strictly in Advance

Canada, Newfoundland and United States, \$1.00 per year.
City and Foreign, \$1.50 per year.

THE TRUE WITNESS
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
P. & P. CO., LIMITED
255 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.
Subscription Price: Canada, \$1.00; United States and Foreign, \$1.50; Belgium and France, \$1.50; and elsewhere, in advance.
All Communications to be addressed to P. & P. Co., Limited, 255 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

NOTES

CRIME CURE SYSTEM
National Prison Congress
Philadelphia, last month
have come to the conclusion
is the duty of the State
of society, to reform
to make them come out
useful members of society
in epigrammatic sentences
The people are divided
great classes—those in
out.

If all men and women
were in prison reform
would be no prisons.
Prison reform is not
reform, but for society.
The best index to the
condition of a country is the
state of its prisons.
The better the conviction
the more he realizes the
his disgrace.
A man to whom prison
reform is not punished
ment.
No man is so bad as
time when he had the
smile of Almighty God.
It would be a long
over all the suggestions
the plans laid down for
of criminals into good
books, from the lengthy
we have read, that ever
system has been tried;
of confinement; of con-
troll by night and com-
munications by day; of milder
the majority of cases; of