

A VISIT TO THE TRAPPIST MONASTERY AT OKA.

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

THE BUILDING, ETC.—The monastery of Our Lady of the Lake is situated in a valley and is a large and substantial building. One wing was built as late as last year. As you enter the main door, the following words are written in French: "It may be hard to live at La Trappe, but it is sweet to die there." One of the Fathers, who was an Irishman, by the way, received us, and after a few minutes we were also visited by the Abbot. The Abbot is a venerable looking man, clothed in a white habit, with a black scapular. He wears a pectoral cross on his breast and a ring on his finger. He has the powers of a bishop, and then wears the mitre. Owing to three different parties arriving that day, the Irish Father (Rev. Father Alberic) informed us that we would have to wait about half an hour for dinner. We were brought to one of the waiting rooms and passed our time in reading the regulations for visitors to the monastery. At the appointed hour Rev. Father Alberic announced that dinner was ready.

THE REFECTIONARY AND DINNER.—The refectory for visitors, including clerical and lay, is quite large, neatly furnished, and has a table capable of accommodating nearly twenty persons. Among those at dinner were two secular priests and three or four Protestant gentlemen. The bill of fare consisted of fried eggs, potatoes, cheese, bread, butter, honey, rhubarb and cider. Each person was given a large bottle of this beverage which is made in the institution, and which has quite a name with those who have already used it. Everything on the table was scrupulously clean. During the meal we were served by a priest and two lay brothers. There is a notice hung in a prominent place, which tells the visitor, that silence is to be observed here. After dinner one of the choir brothers was sent by the Abbot to show us through the monastery.

THE CLOISTER.—Our first place to visit was the cloister. This consists of a long hall with the Stations of the Cross hung on the walls. Several of the lay brothers were either sitting, standing, making the Way of the Cross, or walking up and down in meditation. In a part of the cloister, which contains boxes on which each monk's number or name is printed. The box is used for the spiritual reading book or other books of each one. The rule of perfect silence must be observed in this place.

THE CHAPTER ROOM.—This room is a long narrow room, and contains five confessionals. Here the monks assemble, and the Abbot gives them some spiritual advice, tells each one of his allotted work. The golden rule of silence is perpetual here also, the Abbot being the only one allowed to speak.

THE LIBRARY.—The library room consists of a number of bookcases, which contain the spiritual books used by the monks. Each monk is given a book suitable to his wants, and when finished, it is handed to the Abbot, who either gives him another one or returns the same to be read a second time. What volume of sound thought, noble advice, and the lives of great saints of God are contained in this library. It is from these works that the monks derive great spiritual consolation, being encouraged on in their hard path of the monastic life by the example of the many who have already walked the thorny path and who are to-day enjoying the reward of the Faithful Servants of Our Lord.

THE WRITING ROOM.—This is a plain room, in which are placed a long table which answers for the purpose of desks. Here are placed ink, pens and paper. The rule says that a good monk writes to his parents or friends once during his novitiate, which is for a term of three years. They can write often after the permission of the Abbot. All letters received at the monastery and addressed to any of the monks are first read by the Prior and then given to the proper person or persons. There are many who have never written a letter since their entrance, as they have entirely forgotten all about the world, friends and home.

THE CHAPEL.—The chapel is a beauty, both in its arrangement and artistic work. It contains a very pretty main altar with a set of large silver candlesticks and a crucifix. Besides the main altar, there are some fourteen side altars, where the priests of the monastery, as well as those who go there from the city or elsewhere to make a retreat, say Mass every morning. The side altars are separated from the rest of the chapel by a wall, and this space forms a kind of ambulatory. The chapel is divided into two parts, the main part, forming about three-fifths of the whole, is reserved for the priests and choir brothers or religious. The back part for the Brown Brothers or lay Brothers. The seats are so arranged that the monks face each other. Reading on stands are very large office books, perfect gems of art, with silver clasps, and beautiful binding. Each book is used by two monks. At an elevation is a place where the Abbot occupies, and from where he gives the necessary instruction at about 5.30 each morning. This place forms the separation between the monks allotted for the choir and lay brothers. A large gallery is situated at the end of the chapel. This is the place where visitors who may wish to assist at Mass remain. In the centre of the chapel is the organ. When the monks recite or sing Vespers every alternate psalm is recited or sung sitting, the others being recited or sung standing. As we were passing near the chapel the voices of the monks could be heard chanting the praises of the Lord. They were at "The Holy Hour of Prayer." They were praying for others, as well as for themselves.

"Yes, pray for whom thou lovest. Thou mayest vainly, idly seek. The fervid words of tenderness By feeble words to speak. Go kneel before thy Father's throne And meekly humbly there. Ask blessings for the loved ones In the silent hour of prayer."

And should thy flowery path of life Become a path of pain. Thy friendship formed in times like those Thy spirit shall sustain. Years may not chill nor change invade, Nor poverty impair. The love that grew and flourished At the holy hour of prayer."

Outside near the sacristy, there is a large iron safe, in which are kept a large number of gold and silver chalices, among them being some very pretty and costly ones. The sacristy itself is also well laid out, and contains many cupboards of polished wood, as well as neat little drawers for amices and purificators.

DORMITORY.—The dormitory is a very large room and contains nearly 150 cells. Each cell is the same size, and contains nothing except a board and a mattress. Here the Abbot sleeps, his cell being just the same as the others. His cell occupies the first place, and then the others follow in order of seniority. Above the entrance each one's name in religion is printed. When the monks retire they never undress, and at the sound of the bell at 2 o'clock, and on week days, and 1 a.m. Sunday and holidays, they immediately rise and proceed to the chapel for matins and meditation. They don't even wash themselves before going down. This being at 4 a.m. The reason for this may seem strange, but it is imposed as a penance.

THE REFECTIONARY.—The refectory is a long, plain room with the tables placed in a certain position. Each monk's service is placed on the table opposite the place he occupies and consists of a wooden fork, a wooden spoon, a wooden knife, and an ordinary table knife. The Abbot occupies the place of honor, but there is no distinction as regards the quality or the quantity of food. Each one receives the same. There is a monk appointed each week to read during the meals. At the end of each meal the Abbot gives a signal, and then grace after meals in Latin is said, after which the monks pass out in single file, the Abbot first and the others according to seniority. Perpetual silence is obligatory here. The Abbot cannot even speak during meal time.

THE CEMETERY.—The present cemetery is situated at the back of the monastery, the one situated in the court being filled up. The present one is small and contains seven wooden crosses. These emblemize tell the visitor that there rest the remains of monks who, no doubt, must have found it hard to live at La Trappe, but who persevered and found "It sweet to die." Resting among them was one whom I was particularly acquainted with, and also with whom I had passed some time in community life. Such a religious for his piety and demeanor I have never seen before or after. To-day I hope he is enjoying the reward of the faithful servant. The death rate in the monastery considering the severity of the rules is not high. During the past four years they have lost only seven members. The monks after death are simply dressed in their habits, and after the Requiem Service are carried to the grave by those appointed by the Abbot, and then covered up. There is no coffin used.

"No useless coffins enclose their breasts. Nor in sheet, nor in shroud they wind them. But they lay them down like Christians, taking their rest. With their Holy Habits around them."

THE HOTELRY.—The place set aside for visitors, that is priests and lay folks who wish to spend some time either in retreat or rest, is called the hotelry. It consists of a large number of rooms well furnished and containing a copy of the regulations of the house. There is a large verandah going right around the building, and the part attached to the hotelry is used for smoking and social purposes. There are always a number of visitors at the monastery, generally priests, either resting or in retreat. The priests and other guests are allowed the use of meat twice a day.

VISITORS TO THE MONASTERY.—At certain hours each day males are admitted to see certain parts of the monastery, permission being first obtained from the Abbot, who sends a certain religious to accompany them, and explain to them the necessary details in connection with each department. A short time ago, there appeared an article in a contemporary, stating that women were allowed to visit the monastery. Under no circumstances whatever are

they allowed to go through it. Some time ago permission was given to a female, who had been given to see the cloister, but not the dormitory or any other part of the place. This was before the monastery was consecrated, but afterwards a female was never admitted inside the door which leads to the different departments. This was fully exemplified the day of our visit. Several ladies, who came out with us remained the whole time of their visit in a parlor reserved especially for females. Here their dinner was served. If females were allowed to visit the monastery as the contemporary stated, these persons would have been the first to avail themselves of the opportunity.

THE FARM.—The farm is a very extensive one, and comprises a large amount of land under cultivation. Everything is carefully looked after by the monks who have several men under their charge. Soon they will be storing away the products of their farm.

"When earth repays with golden sheaves The labors of the plough, And ripening fruits and forest leaves All brighten on the bough."

At present 160 cows are used and 22 horses. The latter are noble looking beasts. The stable is well laid out, and a board with each animal's name is hung above the stall. Only one horse was there, we were not able to see the creamery department, the cider-press, and a few more places and things. At 2.15 we bade good-bye to Rev. Father Alberic, and we started for the village well pleased with our short but eventful visit to the monastery. Often have the words "It may be hard to live at La Trappe, but it is sweet to die there," come to my mind, and as I ponder over them I am convinced that men who go through such a life are like Angelic beings, and whose places are numbered with the elect.

"How wild so'er the tempest of the demon's raging strife, However dark and dreary be the thorny path of life We can bear our burden through the world's pitch and toss. If we turn for light to guide us to the sunshine on the Cross."

CHURCH ATTENDANCE.

By OUR CURSITOR OBSERVER.

It is not exactly the observance of the precept to hear Mass on Sunday that constitutes the subject of this week's column. I wish to record a few of my private observations in regard to matters of church attendance, that is to say attending to various religious duties, during the summer months. Possibly what I have to say would come more naturally from the pulpit, nor do I wish to intrude upon that domain, but the lines printed in a Catholic paper sometimes come under the eyes of people whose ears do not receive all the instructions that flow from the pulpit. Any way, have often twenty-four hours that follow. It may not be our intention to so consider him; but nevertheless, our actions would indicate as much. Now, I don't think any of our good clergymen will object to my stating the truth as I see it. These are human beings. As such they are made of flesh and blood, like the rest of the human race. They may be less peccable than other members of the human family, but they certainly are subject to all the other "ills that flesh is heir to."

We are too frequently inclined to consider the priest as a piece of machinery that is wound up at a given hour and is supposed to run, without cessation, for the whole twenty-four hours that follow. It may not be our intention to so consider him; but nevertheless, our actions would indicate as much. Now, I don't think any of our good clergymen will object to my stating the truth as I see it. These are human beings. As such they are made of flesh and blood, like the rest of the human race. They may be less peccable than other members of the human family, but they certainly are subject to all the other "ills that flesh is heir to."

The priest feels the cold in winter, and it makes him shiver; he feels the broiling heat of summer, and it makes him uncomfortable and causes him to perspire; he feels the burning of thirst, the gnawing of hunger, and the drowsiness of sleep. In fact, if he is to live, he must eat and drink and sleep. Some people act as if they were under the impression that the priest should be above these evidences of a common human nature. Well, such people are greatly mistaken, and when they subject the priest to unnecessary and frequently unkind endurance they need not think that they are doing him a good turn, nor affording him an opportunity of performing meritorious deeds of self-sacrifice. When it comes to a question of duty the priest is ever ready to respond to the call, were it a martyrdom that awaited him; but he can save his soul perfectly well without the aid of petty annoyances that serve to make his life miserable.

I will take the case of the confessional. Any reasonable person will admit that it is far from a healthy recreation to be seated in a confessional box, during these hot months, for hours at a time. No doubt, the priest finds much wherewith to occupy his time. If penitents are scarce he can read his breviary for a while, then say his beads by way of change, then go over in his mind a sermon for the next Sunday; and when he has done all these things he has an opportunity of reading a little more of his breviary, of saying the beads a second time, and of devoting a few moments to pious meditation. But we must not forget that these acts, however meritorious they may be, are not the object of his lengthy incarceration in that confessional box.

Let us suppose that he has announced from the pulpit that he will hear confessions on Saturday from three till six, especially for boys and girls, and the female portion of the congregation. If any one came at three and the priest was not there that person would be angry, would find fault, and would probably go away, not even deigning to wait five or ten minutes. But the priest does enter the confessional at three. The young lady that were sent to confession play outside for an hour or so; the young ladies meet their fellows, and have a little walk; at three, at half past, at four, and even at half past four their fellows have not finished their cigars, or the young ladies have not finished their conversations. So the priest sits there, wipes the perspiration from his face, reads his breviary, tells his beads, and endures all the monotony of waiting on the good pleasure of the young people.

Suddenly, about four o'clock, the penitents begin to flock into the church; they come in scores. The confessional box is soon surrounded by a crushing, hurried, elbowing mass of people. The priest sees that he can scarcely ever hear so many confessions before six o'clock; he has been sitting there for three mortal hours, and he finds as a result that he has had to hurry his confessions have been made, and twenty or thirty more remain unmade. If he would only forgo his supper and remain there right along, it would be such an accommodation. But he does not remain, and the person who spent from three to four hours enjoying a walk, while the priest endured a long wait, feels very much annoyed that he cannot hear her confession. Now, is this reasonable? I honestly believe that there are Catholics in Montreal who would try the patience of Job, if he were alive to-day, and humiliate me that a little forethought, a little care for the feelings and conveniences of others would do no harm—especially in this matter of confessions.

I do not pretend to be any better than my worst neighbor, but I would not like to go to confession after having assisted in keeping the priest pilloried for a couple of hours. It is just as easy to go at the hour appointed. Smoking cigars, playing games, chatting, gossiping, are all things that can be done every day in the week, but the confession does not come into the same category. Besides I have been taught that careful preparation was needed in cases of confession. How can a person be properly prepared who runs in off the street and dashes into the confessional with a hastily prepared prayer? Moreover, preparation includes excitement to contrition; and such is not the excitement generally found outside the Church door.

ARCHBISHOP KEANE

And Irish Immigration

In reply to an address presented to him on the occasion of the opening of St. Eunan's Cathedral, Letterkenny, Archbishop Keane spoke as follows:

I would be more or less than human if I were not profoundly touched by this manifestation of will and goodwill from the people of Donegal. The ways of God's providence are very strange. Over fifty years ago God was pleased to carry me away from Donegal, and here to-day he brings me back to shake hands with my noble-hearted people, and to congratulate my noble bishop on an achievement that will hand his name down to history. I speak not merely of the achievement of erecting this cathedral; I speak of being one of the greatest powers in bringing Ireland to that unity in which alone is found strength. "In unity is strength" is a proverb that we cherish and understand the meaning of in America, and the Bishop of Raphoe has by his action in the political life of this country shown that he fully understands its meaning and its importance. I give honor to him, and I give honor to the noblemen, clergymen, and laymen who with him have done the great work of cementing the political unity of Ireland, upon which her future must absolutely depend.

I have heard a good deal to-day that has saddened my heart. I have heard more than once repeated the expression—the extinction, the extermination of our Irish people. It has made me profoundly sad to hear any such expression, and I feel that I am doing a service to Ireland by entering against that expression my earnest protest. There is no such thing—and there never can be any such thing—as the extinction of the people of Ireland. Wherever the people of Ireland have gone they are a living factor and an active reality. They are not dead, and they are not extinct; and, no matter in what country they have entered as part of its life-blood, they always feel that their allegiance to their adopted country has in no manner diminished their devotedness to the country of their birth. I once asked an Irishman in Chicago: "How many Irishmen are there in this city?" "Fifty, your reverence," said he. "I don't know, but I was reading the other day that there are forty millions of Irishmen outside of Ireland. Now, that may be an exaggeration, or it

may be a mathematical truth, but one thing is certain, that wherever the Irishman is he tells, and he tells for what is true, and he tells for what is good. And where will you find a place where the everlasting Irishman is not to be found? One day I was talking to the Archbishop of Oregon, the extreme boundary of the United States, who had previously been Bishop of Vancouver. I said to him, "Had you really any Catholics in Vancouver?" "Yes," said he, "I had about fifteen hundred, and all of them Irish."

This was away out in the Pacific Ocean. I was one day in Rome talking with the Archbishop of Salonicia, which is the capital of Macedonia, in Greece, the country of the Thessalonians, to which St. Paul directed his two epistles. To my surprise I found that the Archbishop spoke English. I said: "Your Grace, how does it happen that you speak English? Have you any English in your diocese?" "Yes," he said, "I have about twenty-five hundred English in my diocese, and they are nearly all Irish." (Laughter and applause). I never yet have been able to find out what in the world brought this twenty-five hundred Irishmen to the country of Macedonia, but I have never yet come into contact with representatives of any other part of the world in which the Irishman was not the representative of the truth of Christ, and the Church of our blessed religion. The Providence of God never makes a mistake, and during these fifty years past the Almighty God has been scattering Irishmen to every corner of God's world in order everywhere to plant the cross of Jesus Christ, and who is going to call that the extinction and destruction of the Irish race? It cannot be so called. Irishmen when they leave Ireland are not dead. They are just as thoroughly Irish as though they lived here on the green hillsides, and not merely they but their descendants.

Everybody knows I am an American; everybody in America recognizes me as an exponent of the principles that constitute our Americanism; and yet everybody knows that I am Irish, a Donegal man, and a Ballyshannon man. Now, while it is true that God has brought Irishmen into every corner of the world for the world's good, and used them as He used the people of God of old, to carry knowledge and love of God throughout the universe, still we cannot but recognize that, since the Providence of God makes no mistake, the turning point has already come. I fully agree and sympathize with those gentlemen who have lamented the fact that the people of Ireland to-day are only something about four millions, whereas fifty years ago they were nine millions. But while the millions that have gone and their descendants are doing good work throughout the world, the millions that are left in the old Motherland are not to be overlooked or forgotten. The time has come when Ireland needs her Irishmen. The time has come for the turning of the tide, and I feel confident that in the Providence of God the turning of that tide will bring about a condition of things in which twenty years from now, the population of Ireland will be seven or eight millions, and even that the population of Ireland will be greater than it was fifty years ago.

In my journey to Letterkenny I have traveled from the extreme South to the extreme North, and everywhere I have been struck by this fact: that there are thousands and tens of thousands of acres of ground that only stand in need of Irish arms to make them bloom, and bloom like a rose. What we want is a method of legislation and a method of industrial action on the part of the people that will have all those Irish acres cultivated by Irish arms. There is work for tens of thousands of other brave young Irishmen who will say to the Irish girls: "Stay at home; we will make you wives." (Applause and laughter). There is the solution of the Irish question. Don't be going up in clouds looking for unrealities. What are the two great things that are to be done in order to make Ireland populous—to make the population grow, as in the past it has been decreasing? Multiply Irish industries, set possession of the Irish land, and no Irish girl who has any common sense will want to cross the ocean in order to find occupation or a partner. I am glad to have this opportunity of saying these few words of Irish and American common sense. I shall to my very last day bear in mind the remembrance this visit to Letterkenny and the people of Donegal.

DIVISION NO. 1, Ladies' Auxiliary to the A.O.H., held a special meeting on Sunday, June 30th, in St. Patrick's Hall, for the election of officers, with the following result: Rev. Father Luke Callaghan, Chairman; Mrs. Sarah Allen, President; Miss Annie Donovan, Vice-President; Miss Nora Kavanagh, Recording Secretary; Miss Inspector street, Miss Emma Doyle, Financial Secretary, by acclamation; Mrs. Mary O'Brien, Treasurer, re-elected. Committee: Miss Rose Ward, chairman; Miss Mary Cheny, Miss Mary McMahon, Miss Lizzy Hanley, Mrs. Ann Gannon.

EVERY DISHONEST ACT leaves its eternal record. The awful penalty of sin is the devastation which it works in the soul; in the deadening of high sensibilities, the coarsening of fine feelings, the eclipse of noble ideals, the loss of rich resources; in the slow and terrible severance of the man from the greatness and glory of his life.

REBUKE your energies and talents in the rescue of infancy and youth from the energy of corruption and infidelity, and thus prepare a new generation.—Leo XIII.

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THE TEETH, THEIR DAILY CARE
BY D. G. SIMMONS.

It is my purpose to give you an article upon this subject that shall cover the entire ground, yet no more than is really necessary. I will do this more in the nature of a "talk," and will consider that my reader is a patient sitting in my office and one in whom I take especial interest. I will give you the best advice that I am able to, and will give it conscientiously and honestly.

It seems a most opportune time for something practical and reliable upon this subject. There have been a variety of small pamphlets given to the public of late that have been written and put out for the sole purpose of advertising some patent or proprietary preparation for the mouth and teeth, and in every case that I have noticed, the author has ignored matters of importance in the care of the teeth in order to push forward the preparation that it was his mission to advertise, and in some cases, giving really harmful advice. Without further preamble, we will at once take up the subject in hand. To begin with, cleanliness is the first and most important thing. If absolute cleanliness were possible the problem would be solved. To attain this condition as nearly as possible is what we must try to do. (To be continued.)

2 Busby Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1138.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION

SATURDAY JULY 13, 1901.

FIFTY YEARS.—This is a season

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.

Of Interest to Members of Religious and National Societies.

A decision which will interest Catholic benevolent societies throughout the country was made recently by the Supreme Court of Missouri, whereby Catholic Mutual Benevolent Societies of that State have the right to expel members who do not live up to their religion. The decision was reached in the case of the minor children of Peter Pranta, deceased, against the Bohemian Roman Catholic Central Union of the United States. The defendants contended, which contention was upheld by the Supreme Court, that their association is made up of members of this Roman Catholic Church; that by its constitution and by-laws it is a Catholic organization and that it is not a Roman Catholic and who does not perform his duties as required by the Church, and that one of those duties is to go to confession and receive the sacrament of the Holy Communion every year during Easter time, and the constitution and by-laws require every member to perform that duty and to produce to the society a certificate of the priest, that he had done so, or failing therein, the society has the authority to suspend him indefinitely for such time as it may deem just, first giving him an opportunity to clear himself of the charge. * * * That plaintiff's father did not receive the sacrament of the Holy Communion during Easter in 1896, and was charged in the will with that omission, and in a regular meeting he admitted the truth of the charge, and thereupon in due course the society suspended him from membership indefinitely, and he died while so suspended. That by the laws of the order a suspended member loses all benefits during his suspension.

This question has been a troublesome one in all Catholic fraternal societies, and the decision will doubtless create a precedent which many will follow.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

From time to time we have published many evidences of appreciation of the noble work which the Catholic Sailors' Club of Montreal is performing. The latest proof of the zeal and devotion of the executive of this organization comes from across the sea. Rev. Father Larue, S.J., the devoted and enthusiastic chaplain of the Club, received the following letter, a few days ago, which explains itself:

Saint Louis, 7th June, 1901.
Rev. A. E. Larue, S.J.,
Chaplain C. S. Club,
Montreal, Canada.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—On behalf of Miss A. Langelier, we beg to acknowledge your kind and generous letter of the 22nd ult., which has just reached us. We read with deep regret the loss of our beloved relative, Mr. Maxime Langelier, and we must tender you as well as your kind associates our sincere and heartfelt thanks for your kindness, you have evinced to a stranger in a strange land not only our own behalf, but especially for the bereaved sister, who begs us to offer you her deepest gratitude for the words of comfort to her contained in your kind and fatherly letter.

It is to us a great relief to hear that our dear brother has received the rites of a Christian burial, and Miss Langelier cannot be too profuse in her thanks to you especially, both for being instrumental in bringing this about as well as for your kindly interest in writing our full details of the circumstances which though distressing gives a great deal of comfort to their bereaved relatives.

Please accept our united heartfelt thanks and offer to the other members of your worthy society our deepest expression of praise for the beneficial organization of which they form a part, which has been so conducive to the good of their fellow-creatures here.

We will thankfully receive the promised card showing the vicinity of poor Maxime's grave. We will be very thankful to you if you will forward us a memorandum of the expenses entailed for his last illness and burial which we will defray by return mail.

We beg to remain,
Yours gratefully,
(Signed)
ROGER LANGELEIER.

THE LATE JOHN O. FLEMING.

We learn with deep regret of the death at Brooklyn, N.Y., of Mr. John O. Fleming, on the 30th June last. Mr. Fleming was for some years editor of the "True Witness," under a former management. He was a man of talent and genial disposition. His experience was large and varied, but he had no considerable merit as a dramatist and writer of short stories. Amongst his contributions to the literature of the time, many will remember the widely read letters of "Miles O'Hagan." At the date of his death Mr. Fleming had attained his 57th year. He had many warm friends and admirers in this city, amongst them Honorable Justices Curran and Doherty. To his sorrowing widow and children, the "True Witness" extends its heartiest sympathy.

RECENT DEATHS.

MISS O'DONAHUE.—A young lady, aged 22, died at her home, 100 St. Patrick's street, on the 10th inst.

of Miss Maggie O'Donahue, of Brockville, reached this city. She was well known in St. Patrick's parish, and highly esteemed for her noble qualities of both head and heart. Deceased was a woman of much talent and tact in business affairs, and a welcome visitor in the homes of many leading Irish Catholics of Montreal. It seems but a brief period since the writer saw Miss O'Donahue assisting at Mass in St. Patrick's Church evidently in the enjoyment of the best of health. May her soul rest in peace.

MARTIN SINNETT.—At a meeting of Div. No. 8, A.O.H., sympathetic references were made to the death of Mr. Martin Sinnett. Appropriate resolutions of condolence were passed and ordered to be sent to the family of the deceased.

ARCHITECT OF NOTRE DAME CHURCH WAS AN IRISHMAN.

The Quebec "Telegraph" says:—It is not generally known that the designer and architect of the beautiful French Cathedral of Notre Dame, Montreal, was an Irishman. "Canadian Antiquary," who is contributing just now some very interesting press sketches of the memorial tablets in the different churches, Protestant and Catholic, of the sister city, has unearthed the fact and makes it known in the following terms:—"In an out of the way place in the basement of our Roman Catholic French Cathedral—somewhat neglected, and seldom visited, lie the remains of the architect of that grand edifice. A very plain, short white marble tablet attached to one of the square stone floor pillars—reads about as follows in French:

Here Lies
James O'Donnell, Esq.,
Architect, Born in Ireland
And Died in This City
The 28th January, 1880,
Aged 56 Years.

He labored 5 years on this church, giving the plan and directed its erection with zeal and intelligence. Having embraced the Catholic faith, he desired that his ashes should rest here. His disinterestedness, his talents and probity of character, merit the esteem of this parish. And the Church Warden have consecrated.

This Monument to His Memory.
"Requiescat in Pace."

CATHOLICS AND PUBLIC LIFE.

The Rev. Father Hays delivered a lecture in Carlisle recently in furtherance of the claims of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Great Britain. He strongly urged the necessity of united Catholic action on the part of our men. This was essentially the age of democracy—the age of the people. Let them be up and doing. It was not the time for profession, but for practice, and not only was it their duty to secure but to maintain with credit to their religion the place in the life of the nation to which, as citizens, they were entitled. The spirit of jealousy and carping criticism formed the microbe, which, poisoning the healthy life-blood of a society tended first to divide and then to destroy the vital forces of every organization. The microbe must be destroyed, and in its place let them plant the spirit of unity and brotherly love by which the self-seeking interests of the individual gave way in the interests of the whole organization. Let them be both loyal Catholics and loyal citizens.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Rev. Father Heffernan, of St. Anthony's, is at Old Orchard.

Sir William Hingston leaves for Europe at the end of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Smith and family are spending the summer at St. Agathe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. McNamara are contemplating another visit to the Old Land.

Rev. Father Quinlivan, P.P., of St. Patrick's, is spending a few days at the seaside.

Mr. John P. Curran, son of the Hon. Mr. Justice Curran, has returned from Ottawa.

Mr. M. Burke and family, and Miss Eliza Burke, have gone to Old Orchard for their summer vacation.

The residence of Rev. W. O'Meara, on Centre street, says the "Herald," on Monday, the scene of a very happy reunion when his four nieces, all members of different communities in the city, met for the first time in four years. Two of the sisters belong to the congregation of Jesus and Mary at Hochelaga, and the other two to the sisters of the Holy Cross of St. Laurent.

The Rev. P. Fallon, formerly of St. Patrick's Church in this city, who has been the guest of the Rev. Father Quinlivan during his stay in Montreal, was hurriedly called away last Saturday to his home in Jerseyville, Illinois, owing to the serious illness of a member of his household. The news of his departure was a great disappointment to the Rev. Father Brady, as at that gentleman's invitation the Rev. Father Fallon intended visiting St. Mary's Church last Sunday.

A TERRIBLE DISASTER.

At Pocatonga a dam burst in the dead of night. The result was the wiping out of fourteen towns and thirty villages, together with the destruction of 500 lives. The bursting of the dam liberated thousands of tons of water, which swept down the hills, and without a moment's warning, swept everything before it.

The damage is estimated at \$1,000,000. Miners and their families are the chief sufferers, the scene of the disaster being one of unparalleled desolation and misery. Thousands of miners and their families are homeless and camping on the hill-sides. They are threatened with starvation, the means of transport having been destroyed, and the Government is making every effort to send the sufferers food. There have been many revolting instances of heartlessness also on the part of the negroes. They have absolutely refused to work to help the living, preferring to pillage the dead. All this misery, loss of life, suffering, and damage to property might have been avoided by a little forethought. Had the dam been inspected daily the disaster could not have occurred. The Britisher could not have occurred. The matters of this kind he can give his American cousin points. The law, as mentioned before, makes him pay, but the heavy, for injuries to his fellow-citizens, is the result of carelessness or want of forethought; consequently he is on the look-out for that which is dangerous to human life, and so avoids it. —London Universe.

NOTES FROM ROME.

CARDINAL GIBBONS DEPARTS.

On Thursday of last week His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons had a farewell audience with the Holy Father. According to the correspondent of the "Catholic Times" who had interview with most cordial. His Holiness more than once expressing the fatherly interest and affection which he feels for the great Transatlantic Republic and the Catholic Church has made and continues to make such enormous progress. In giving his parting blessing to Cardinal Gibbons the Pontiff was greatly moved, remarking that on account of his extreme old age there was very little probability of their meeting again on earth. The Holy Father added that he included all Americans in his Apostolic Blessing. Cardinal Gibbons left Rome on Friday morning by the 9.30 "Florence" express, leaving members of the American colony assembling at the railway station to wish His Eminence a happy journey and a "felice ritorno" to the Eternal City. Cardinal Gibbons expressed himself greatly satisfied with his visit, from which his health has derived the greatest benefit.

PRINCESS TAKES THE VEIL.

On Thursday, 27th June, a most touching ceremony took place in the chapel of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of the Via Machiavelli, when Donna Alfonsina Orsini, youngest daughter of Don Filippo Orsini, Hereditary Prince of the Abruzzi, Papal Throne, and of Princess Orsini, nee Hyone, formally renounced the world, its pomp, and its vanities, and was enrolled among the humble followers of the Most Holy Francis. The Roman aristocracy was largely represented at the ceremony, and a thrill of intense emotion passed through the crowded congregation when Donna Alfonsina, who is only 21, and extremely beautiful, appeared in the chapel clad in the coarse habit of the Order, having previously discarded her bridal robes, and the Mother Superior cut off her long tresses with a pair of silver scissors. The Holy Father, who received Donna Alfonsina and her parents in private audience recently, sent a special blessing to the young postulant and her family on the day of her entering the religious life, for which she has had a strong vocation ever since her childhood.

FEAST OF ST. ALOYSIUS.

The Feast of St. Aloysius was celebrated in this church by the First Communion of the children of the English and Italian Convent School, under the direction of the Poor Sisters of the Mother of God. His Eminence Cardinal Gennari, Cardinal Protector of the Institute, said the conventional Mass and preached an eloquent sermon before giving Communion to the children. The Holy Father, who received Donna Alfonsina and her parents in private audience recently, sent a special blessing to the young postulant and her family on the day of her entering the religious life, for which she has had a strong vocation ever since her childhood.

TELEPHONE AND TROLLEY IN RURAL DISTRICTS.

A special despatch from Albany to the New York "Tribune" tells the story of the introduction of telephones and electric cars in rural districts of New York.

If the construction of new trolley roads is astonishing and interesting to the State, so also there is a new resource of general interest in the great increase in the number of telephone lines. The telephone innovation is even penetrating rapidly the "rural" portions of the State. From the great and the small cities of the State there are radiating out into the surrounding farm lands long trolley lines. The farmers are also beginning to organize independent trolley lines.

"A few days ago," said Charles F. Wheelock, the head inspector of the university of the State, to-day, "I described an article in a newspaper describing a farmer's telephone line in Illinois. We have such a line in this State, and a rather remarkable one. It extends from Herkimer and Mohawk, in Herkimer County, south to Richfield Springs, in Otsego County. I think there are over one thousand farmers in the Otsego County. Their lines cover a large part of the

southern section of Herkimer County, south of the Mohawk River. The cost of the plant to each farmer has not been over \$10, and it has been of the greatest benefit to every one in the region. It keeps one in touch with one's neighbor in a remarkable way. I have a brother-in-law who is a physician. He says his telephone has already saved a life. A man was badly cut on the arm with an axe and was bleeding to death, and he was unable to obtain a physician's aid, but by the use of the telephone the physician was brought to the man's house in less than half an hour and the required surgical assistance obtained. The rural region is ended. The farmer's wives call each other up and have a chat over the telephone. The farmer telephones to Mohawk and learns the condition of the markets. I should mention that by the payment of a slight additional fee access is obtained at Mohawk to the general telephone lines of the State. When I go up in that region also to leased to a tenant, the telephone line gives me a chance to ask that the carriage be sent down to Mohawk for my convenience up country. There is no exchange; each subscriber has a particular ring.

Pliny T. Sexton, of Palmyra, Wayne County, one of the regions of the university, speaking about the growth of the trolley and telephone systems in the State a few days ago, said: "The trolley and the telephone are going to revolutionize rural life. It has been said that the cities are growing at the expense of the country. That has been due to the fact that manufacturing could be done at less cost in the cities. But I think the trolley system will take back into the country many a manufacturing operative, and that we shall have small manufacturing along the trolley lines whose machinery will be run by electricity taken from the trolley wire. There is in Wayne County now a new trolley line, the Rochester and Sodus Bay, which has been remarkably successful. It runs thirty-five miles from Rochester northeast to Sodus Bay, through a farming country. The farmers send their farm products to the Rochester market, and then get back goods and take them to the trolley. A farmer came to me recently to buy a house he thought I owned upon that trolley road, and said he had accumulated enough money to live upon comfortably for the remainder of his days, and therefore wished to buy that house and make his home in it. In a brief time that entire thirty-five miles between Rochester and Sodus Bay will be so lined with dwelling houses as to resemble a continuous village. The loneliness of rural life will be ended by the trolley and the telephone also will be another instrumentality in ending the loneliness of life in the country. There is a third factor at work making the farmer's life a more tolerable one."

"Rural free delivery of letters," answered Mr. Sexton, "and that promises to be a most useful new enterprise of the United States Government. Not only do the carriers deliver letters and newspapers, but they are also permitted by the government to carry articles for the use of farmers from a town to their farm and back."

INTELLECTUAL REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., contributes an interesting article, on the above subject, to "The Gael," from which we take the following extracts. He says:—

This subject is one that excites no controversies, that appeals to no passions, but which appeals, on the other hand, to our highest sympathies, to our intelligence, to our love of the beautiful. We are beginning a new century, a century to which we may look forward with hope, as portending better and brighter things in the evolution of our national destiny. And what seems to me now a duty to hold the most hopeful days of the future is the change which is surely coming over the thought and spirit of our people; the intellectual revival which is gradually making itself manifest throughout the land.

There has been a great change in Ireland in the last few years. It has been a change in the largest and most unobtrusive development. It is all the more likely to be enduring and to produce lasting results. For the past twenty years or more we have lived intellectually in an atmosphere of materialism. This was probably inevitable in the social and political circumstances of the country. But this condition of things could not be permanent.

The Irish mind, whatever else may be its characteristics, is not cast in the material mold. The Irish race will never find its intellectual salvation in the material, the sordid or the commonplace. The thing is, impossible. This truth has been grasped by the Gaelic League. It has reminded us that the intellectual regeneration of the nation is essential to her regeneration politically. That, as a nation, and politically we are doomed. The phenomenal success of the Gaelic League is due to its intelligent perception of this great truth, and to its practical exposition of the principles which follow from it.

While I cannot speak to you in Gaelic I can at all events follow humbly in the direction in which the Gaelic League is now all to travel, and along delightful paths in which I have wandered for many a year already. But before I come to the real matter, let me lay down a principle that is equally sound, and matter to what tongue it may be declared, viz., that no one can be really and intelligently patriotic who does not know the history of his own people. By history I do not mean merely the political history, I

mean as well the history enshrined in the legends, the traditions, the literature, and the antiquities of his country.

We are fond of calling ourselves a patriotic people. Are we really patriotic? How much do the average Irishman know of the history of Ireland, and generally, or even of the history of his own locality? The Gaelic League will furnish us with interesting information on this point, no doubt. And yet for our want of patriotism in this direction, what excuse have we to offer? Can we plead lack of material, or lack of interest in the material itself? Or can we plead our poverty and the dearth of books? Or can we trot out our ancient bugar, and perpetual excuse for all our failings—the British Government.

On the point of material—our fund of material is limitless. Few countries, either in ancient or in modern times, come nearer to ours in this respect, and when it is objected that we have no Irish literature, I am reminded of the statement of O'Curry, who tells us that in one single branch of literature, that of folklore and mythology, we have in Dublin, in the original Gaelic, sufficient manuscript material to fill 4,000 printed pages, very little of which has yet been published. Lack of material! Why our ancient manuscripts, come nearer to ours in this respect, and when it is objected that our poets may be counted by dozens, from Dubhach Mac Uí Lughair to T. Suro, said: "The trolley and the telephone are going to revolutionize rural life. It has been said that the cities are growing at the expense of the country. That has been due to the fact that manufacturing could be done at less cost in the cities. But I think the trolley system will take back into the country many a manufacturing operative, and that we shall have small manufacturing along the trolley lines whose machinery will be run by electricity taken from the trolley wire. There is in Wayne County now a new trolley line, the Rochester and Sodus Bay, which has been remarkably successful. It runs thirty-five miles from Rochester northeast to Sodus Bay, through a farming country. The farmers send their farm products to the Rochester market, and then get back goods and take them to the trolley. A farmer came to me recently to buy a house he thought I owned upon that trolley road, and said he had accumulated enough money to live upon comfortably for the remainder of his days, and therefore wished to buy that house and make his home in it. In a brief time that entire thirty-five miles between Rochester and Sodus Bay will be so lined with dwelling houses as to resemble a continuous village. The loneliness of rural life will be ended by the trolley and the telephone also will be another instrumentality in ending the loneliness of life in the country. There is a third factor at work making the farmer's life a more tolerable one."

But then we are too poor to buy books about Ireland! They are so expensive! Strange! And yet we are not too poor to speculate occasionally on the results of English horse races. And there are some of us who are not above venturing a fortune in South African mines. American fish oils, pneumatic tires, and solid and substantial things of that sort! But are we too poor to buy books about Ireland? Well, now, I possess a catalogue of books, that reached me by post from Messrs. Clery & Co., of Dublin, a day or two ago, and let me quote to you the prices of some of these expensive Irish books.

I begin with the New Irish Library, "The Patriot Parliament of 1689," by Thomas Davis, 9 pence; "The Bog of Stars and other Stories," by Standish O'Grady, 9 pence; "The New Spirit of the Nation," by Martin Spier, 9 pence; "A Parish Province, a Country Tale," by E. M. Lyones, 9 pence; "The Irish Song Book," with original Irish airs, by A. P. Graves, 9 pence; "The Story of Early Gaelic Literature," by Dr. Douglas Hyde, 9 pence; "The Life of Sarsfield," by J. P. Taylor, 9 pence; "The Life of Dr. Doyle, J. K. L., by M. McDonough, 9 pence; "Lays of the Red Branch" (a fascinating work), by Sir Samuel Ferguson, 9 pence. Or you can buy all these twelve books together for 6 shillings.

I go on through the list. The select speeches of each of our great Irish orators, from Curran to Sheil, can be bought for 1s. 6d. But the speeches of our great Irish orators may be perhaps too dry reading, and so I pass to something more exciting. "Teeling's History of the Rebellion of '98," 1s. 11d.; "The Irish in the Service of France," by P. Callaghan, 1s. 6d.; "The Spirit of the Nation," 9d.; "The Life and Times of Hugh O'Neill," by John Mitchell, 9d.; "The Life of O'Connell," by Canon O'Rourke, 9d.; "The Irish People," 11d.; "The Poets of Ireland," by J. O'Donoghue, 11d.; "The Confederation of Kilkenny," by Father Meehan, 8s. 6d.; "The Fenian Nights' Entertainment," a series of Ossianic legends told by a Wexford fireside, by P. J. McCall, 9d.; "The Geraldines," a history of that illustrious family, by Father Meehan, 9d.; "The History of the Irish Volunteers in 1792," by McNevin, 9d.; "Young Prince Marigold and Other Young Fairy Tales," by J. F. McGuire, 9d.

A WIFE BEATER'S REPENTANCE.

The Abbe X, being one day called to hear the confession of a poor old woman who was dying in one of those houses in Paris which served formerly as a refuge for rag-pickers, heard plaintive cries which seemed to come from an adjacent room, and a noise as of some one falling. On going to see what was the matter, he saw a woman lying on the ground whilst a man beat her severely. "Ah!" cried the priest. "The man turned round and exclaimed: 'What do you want here? I will throw you out of the window,' seizing him as he spoke.

The room was on the third floor. Fortunately, however, the priest retained his presence of mind, and he said: 'I came to fetch you to help the poor neighbor who is dying.' The man stopped, only just in time, for they were close to the open window, and loosing his hold, he asked: 'What is it?' 'A poor old woman dying on a heap of dirty straw, and I want you to come and help her. Come and see!'

So saying, he conducted the man into the room he had just left, where lay the poor creature covered with a few miserable clothes, and in a burning fever.

"Poor woman," said the rag-man, whose anger had quite subsided at this sight. "I want you to find two

or three bundles of clean straw so that she may be a little more comfortable," said the priest, holding out a two-franc piece.

"Very well," said the man. Taking the money he rushed out, going down the rickety staircase two steps at a time.

Hardly was he out of sight before a number of women rushed in exclaiming: "Run away, M. l'Abbe, run away quickly. He is as strong as he is violent, and if he finds you here on his return he may do you bodily harm."

"No, no," said the priest, smiling, "he is not as bad as you say, and I must manage him."

A few moments after, the man returned carrying three bundles of straw which he threw down on the floor. He then untied one, and spread it carefully on the ground, after which he took the poor woman up in his arms and laid her gently on the fresh clean straw. He then removed all the dirty straw and threw it away.

The poor woman thanked him by signs, and by the look of contentment with which she lay on the newly-provided bed.

The priest watched him, and when all was done took his hand and said kindly: "Now tell me if you are not much happier than if I had allowed you to go on beating your wife?"

"Oh—well—I don't say no!" and looking again at the woman, he added: "Poor creature, I did not know she was so ill." "You are a man," said the priest. "I saw how well you managed to nurse that poor sick creature."

"Oh, she is so weak," said the rag-man, and coloring a little, he added, taking the hand the good priest held out to him. "Excuse me, sir, if I was angry at first, now."

"I shall come back in a few days, and meanwhile, you must promise me something."

"What?"

"That till then you won't beat your wife!"

"Oh, but there are times when she is so obstinate."

"Well, during those times you must go and see your neighbor. You promise!" the priest shook the man's hand and went quickly away.

He returned at the end of a week and first went to see the poor old woman, who told him how kind her neighbor had been to her.

He then paid the rag-man a visit, and the man said a little abashed: "Twice I could hardly keep my hands off her," pointing to his wife who stood near him, and after having told me over: 'but I did as you told me, and came back when my passion was over.'"

The ice was broken and the Abbe spoke a little about charity. No one could speak of it better than he who set such a good example. Then he spoke of the love of God, and leaving the husband and wife very pleased, he went away, after having exacted another promise from the man to be patient. Under this rough exterior there was a germ of good, and so that it was not difficult for the Abbe to convert him, and after having been the terror of the neighborhood, he became its apostle and model.

Early one morning, some time after, when the Abbe was at St. Sulpice, he saw this man enter the church, and after having said a short prayer go up to the poor box, throw something in and walk quickly away. The Abbe followed him and asked him what he had just done. At first he hesitated, then, knowing he had been seen, he said: "Well, it was my breakfast money that I put into the poor box. I spent a great deal too much at the tavern; I caused great scandal; so to repair my fault, I fast sometimes, and as it would not be just to keep the money, I throw it in here for the poor."

Mr. Sibout, his Archbishop, once asked the Abbe X how he managed to convert those fierce natures.

"Your Grace," he answered, "I try to induce them to perform an act of charity, and if I succeed they are mine—Annals of our Lady of the Sacred Heart."

LET every citizen resolve to fear God and keep His Commandments: to love and follow Christ; to be reverent, devout, humble and chaste; to seek virtue rather than money, wisdom rather than knowledge, peace rather than pleasure; to hate vulgarity, pretence, cant, hypocrisy and lies; neither by word nor act to weaken within the worth and sacredness of human life, nor to corrupt taste or morals or deprave public opinion. Let him resolve to honor woman, to reverence the child, to protect the weak, to console the sorrowful, and finally so to live as to be able at any moment to render an account of his life to an all-wise and omnipotent judge.—Bishop Spalding.

WELL-DOING. — Not unfrequently weariness in well-doing is a punishment for past sin. An intermittent piety is especially punished in this way. If we are easy in allowing our interpretations to break our usual devotions, if for slight ailments we suspend our ordinary prayers, if we permit anxieties and occupations to make us omit our frequentation of the sacraments, and above all, if we are not punctual and systematic in our examinations of conscience, the feeling of weariness comes upon us as we return to them. In the ordinary course of life, perseverance gives freshness. Yesterday is an impulse of to-day, and to-day will be an impulse of tomorrow. Being plowed by jerks is common enough, but it is sure to be a failure.—Father Faber.

"Did you celebrate the Fourth?" asked the Philadelphia woman.

"The Fourth? Why, no, I'm still living with my third," replied the Chicago woman.—Philadelphia Record.

Society Directory.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1855, 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. J. Quinlivan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Dwyer; 1st Vice, J. O'Neill; 2nd Vice, F. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, P. J. Curran; B.O.L., Recording-Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Division meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 32 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p. m., and every Thursday, at 8 p.m., of every month. President, Mrs. Sarah Allen; Vice-President, Miss Anna Donovan; Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Loyle; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien; Recording Secretary, Nora Kavanagh, 155 Inspector street. Division Physician, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 207 St. Catherine St. Application forms can be procured from the members or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Mass in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and Laprade streets on the 2nd and 4th Fridays of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 886 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. H. Lennon, 255 Centre street. Telephone Main 2239. Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 E. Bernia street,—to whom all communications should be addressed. Peter Doyle, Finance Secretary. E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League—Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A. O. H., DIVISION NO. 3, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1893 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M. P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec. Secretary, 1528 1/2 Ontario street; L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Finance Secretary, 65 Young street; L. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in 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, R. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League, J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and J. Casey.

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; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; John P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.


C.M.B.A. of CANADA, BRANCH
26, - Organized, 13th November
1893. - Branch 26 meets at St. Pat-
rick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St.
on every Monday of each month.
The regular meetings for the trans-
action of business are held on the
2nd and 4th Mondays of each
month, at 8 P.M. Applicants for
membership from any one desirous
of information regarding the Branch
may communicate with the follow-
ing officers: Frank J. Curran, B.
C.L., President; P. J. McDonald,
Recording Secretary; Robt. War-
ren, Financial Secretary; Jno. E.
Feeley, Jr., Treasurer.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY
established 1868.—Rev. Director,
Rev. Father Flynn, President, B.
Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn,
625 St. Dominique street; M. J.
Ryan, treasurer 18 St. Augustine
street. Meets on the second Sat-
day of every month, in St. Ann
Hall, corner Young and Ottawa
streets, at 3.30 p.m.

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A TENDER love of our fellow-citizens is one of the great and excellent gifts that Divine Goodness

BLESSED be the goodness of God for giving us the grace to remain in Him, for out of that grace will all others come; and thrice blessed be His infinite compassion for the bestowal of His grace of loving Him, and of loving others.

To your care I commend infants and youth, zealously attend to their Christian education: place in their hands such books as may teach them to fly from vice and steadily walk the path of virtue.—Pius IX.

CK'S SOCIETY.—Established 1864. Incorporated 1864. Meets in the hall, 92 St. Alexander St., first Monday of the month. Officers: Rev. Director, Mr. J. P. Curran; P. President, Mr. J. P. Curran; Sec. Vice, Mr. J. P. Curran; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. P. Curran; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. P. Curran.

AUXILIARY to the A. of H. Hibernians, Division 1.—The above Division meets in the hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on the first Monday of the month, at 8 p.m., and then at 8 p.m., of every second Monday. President, Mr. J. P. Curran; Sec. Vice, Mr. J. P. Curran; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. P. Curran; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. P. Curran.

VISION NO. 2.—Meets in the hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on the first Monday of the month, at 8 p.m., and then at 8 p.m., of every second Monday. President, Mr. J. P. Curran; Sec. Vice, Mr. J. P. Curran; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. P. Curran; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. P. Curran.

VISION NO. 3.—Meets in the hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on the first Monday of the month, at 8 p.m., and then at 8 p.m., of every second Monday. President, Mr. J. P. Curran; Sec. Vice, Mr. J. P. Curran; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. P. Curran; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. P. Curran.

YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—Established 1885. Meets in the hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on the first Monday of the month, at 8 p.m., and then at 8 p.m., of every second Monday. President, Mr. J. P. Curran; Sec. Vice, Mr. J. P. Curran; Recording Secretary, Mr. J. P. Curran; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. P. Curran.

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Our Boys and Girls.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.—It was a dark and stormy night in the most melancholy of all the months—desolate November. A young man of prepossessing appearance, but pale and haggard, gazed up and down an elegant apartment evidently in a state of great anxiety. Robert Thurston was the only son of a wealthy family. From early childhood he had been accustomed to indulge every whim. When but a little lad of three fair summers his fond mother had been taken hence by death in the bloom of youth with all her bright dreams of happiness unrealized. How she loved the little dark-eyed boy. The last look of those beautiful eyes, that had ever rested on him in deepest love, was his, her last feeble words were, "O Robert, my boy, cling to the Sacred Heart."

Then a stifled sob, and she had passed from the domain of shadow and doubt to the land of realities, realities such as the station of our life here have made them. Poor boy, with his warm heart and impetuous temper, he sadly needed the tender restraining hand. The guiding love of a devoted mother. Mr. Thurston's father, was a busy man, devoted indeed to his duty, yet his manner of proving his paternal devotion was as worldly as his other chief aims in life. Nothing that money could procure was denied the boy. Fortunately, in accordance with the wishes of his deceased mother, he was placed in a Catholic institution of learning. At the time of the reception of his first Holy Communion his teachers hoped great things for him, his preparation was so devout. As an echo of heavenly sweetness from our beautiful home beyond the skies, the parting words of his dearly remembered mother frequently recurred to him. They had been the axis on which many a fiery dart of temptation had recoiled. As the boy came older the impetuosity of his character, and his craving for pleasure caused his preceptors much anxiety.

His collegiate course was completed with distinction, for at last his finite energy and ambition were aroused, and he surprised his professors by his great proficiency. His studies absorbed, he was fairly launched in the restless, swelling tide of life. Robert, said his favorite professor, earnestly, "my dear boy, you are now entering on the duties and responsibilities of life. Let me entreat you to be on your guard against the siren voice of pleasure. Resolve to let duty, not desire, govern you. You are aware that you will be left mainly to your own resources in your career through life. And never fear, Father," replied Robert, confidently, "I have decided on making my mark in life, and I'll do it."

"Right, Robert; but you must not resolve on attaining distinction in this passing life only; you must think of the true life to follow this period of probation," said the good Father earnestly. "Certainly, Father; a man must think of that, too, but you know religion alone is not sufficient to secure a brilliant career in this, our enlightened nineteenth century," he replied lightly. "My son, it is the essential factor in the attainment that is really good and noble if it is duly attended to; all else will follow. Promise me before saying farewell, Robert, that in every difficulty or danger of soul and body, you will remember your Father's words. Heart, as your dying mother enjoined on you."

The name of his sweet young mother always acted on the young man's heart like a charm; it softened and subdued him, and awoke latent aspirations for good which one could scarcely have imagined to exist in a mind so thoroughly worldly. Robert promised, then bade his paternal friend adieu after having received his parting benediction. "Poor boy," said the good priest, sadly, "poor boy, although so richly endowed with worldly advantages. You will have a sharp struggle in life. God grant, that you may obtain the victor's crown. There is, however, one very hopeful feature in the case. No armor so strong as that of a mother's prayers, and these will certainly be his. The good Father's apprehensions were fully justified. Before many months had passed, Robert's life was one continual whirl of gayety and dissipation. Matters soon assumed a worse aspect. The insatiable passion of gambling reduced Robert to a disgraceful bondage, from which he seemed quite unable to free himself. Large sums were thus squandered, and on several occasions he was obliged to ask pecuniary assistance from his too generous father. The request was repeated on more than one occasion, and the amounts became alarming. Suddenly the father awoke to the conviction that his son's reckless expenditure must be checked, or financial ruin for all concerned, would ensue. While these gloomy forebodings were occupying the father's mind Robert was again deliberating on the best means of obtaining a larger amount than any heretofore ever granted by his indulgent parent. There was no help for it. It was a debt of honor, and must be liquidated, or his social standing would be forfeited forever. He entered his father's apartment with a hesitating step.

"Robert," began Mr. Thurston, severely, "I was just now studying your position. At this moment your appearance is anything but mark-

my words, Robert, they are final. You must reform, and that completely; you must leave the society of the profligate with whom you have been squandering thousands. Keep aloof from the green table, for I tell you, on my honor as a gentleman, that I shall not advance you a single dollar in future. Boy, do you intend to ruin and disgrace us all?" The young man was stunned. Never before had his father addressed him in such terms. A proud, rebellious spirit was aroused, and he was on the point of replying in a haughty and defiant strain. The thought, however, of the situation to which he had reduced himself by inveterate gambling restrained him effectually. "Father," he began in a strained and unnatural voice, I acknowledge that I have not been doing right lately.

"In that case you must return forthwith to the path of duty and integrity, and you will ever find me an indulgent father." "I am convinced of that, father, but I have just one favor to request." "Money?" interrupted Mr. Thurston, curtly. "Yes, father," replied Robert reluctantly, "I have contracted a debt of five thousand dollars."

"In gambling?" demanded the father severely. "It is a debt of honor, and I must pay, or I shall be eternally disgraced," he said bitterly. "Now attend, Robert, I am fully determined not to give you a single cent."

"Father, for heaven's sake, think of the shame," broke in the young man passionately. "You have incurred it, and if you cannot face the situation, leave the city. I shall have to send Morris on a business trip to Brazil, go with him, for, as long as you remain here you cannot free yourself from the evil influence of the parasites who surround you. Boy, are you insane; do you wish to reduce us all to beggary? No, by heaven, you shall not squander the princely fortune I have made by the sweat of my brow," and he struck the table with his clenched fist to emphasize his decision.

Every trace of color faded from the face of the boy. He hissed through his clenched teeth. "I must have money, and by heaven I shall have it—this time for the last time, I will not submit to disgrace," he insisted eagerly. "From me, sir, there is not a dollar to be expected," said Mr. Thurston, coldly, and turning on his heel he left the room without even a parting glance at Robert.

The youth was crushed. For a long time he remained as motionless as if rooted to the spot. Then he broke out into a paroxysm of rage, blaming his friends, father, everyone, heaven and earth, for his misfortunes, quite forgetful that he alone was the author thereof. His anger against his father's tender and devoted parent was deep and bitter. That one refusal blotted out the fair record of all the lavish generosity of twenty years. Poor Robert! with this imaginary disgrace starting him in the face he forgot the dictates of filial affection and gratitude, he forgot God, eternally, and the fearful reckoning awaiting beyond the tomb.

What was to be done? He would, he could not, endure this ignominious attendant on non-payment of a false debt of honor. A thousand chimerical plans presented themselves; it was the midnight hour and the powers of darkness were busy in seeking the destruction of souls ransomed by the crimson blood of the Lamb. He stood on the brink of a yawning abyss, and all unseen the temper was near, eager to precipitate him into the dark and seething flood tide. Why should he endure the blasting shame? There were his good pistols, a slight pressure, and he would sink into oblivion of all this fearful misfortune. Utter oblivion! was that certain? Shuddering fear seemed to paralyze his outstretched hand. Why not compel his father, with deadly revolver, to accede to his demands? His father, whose hand had so tenderly supported his infant steps, had lavished wealth on him, and—No, no! he would not attack his father, though at that moment so hard, so unfeeling. And then he resumed his restless course and his futile search, for some way out of the fearful entanglement into which he had been led by bad associates. "Ah!" he exclaimed at last jubilantly, "I have it, father has thousands and again thousands in his safe, I understand the combination and the keys are in the library. I will take the requisite sum on my journey and then I will leave these parts and embark on a new career. May my father's mourning for the son whom he would have given up to scorn and disgrace be as bitter as my grief has been to-night. He strode hastily to the library, removed the keys from their accustomed place and entered stealthily his father's private office. With hunted steps he approached the safe. His excitement was intense, his face livid, his eyes bloodshot, his steps now uncertain, he stood trembling in every limb before the iron safe. In his anguish he had not noted the entrance of his father, who remained speechless with horror at his son's depravity.

"It is yours, or will be shortly," whispered the tempter, "why hesitate when driven to such straits by a tyrannical father? Take it, and away."

Was there a visible presence, whispering these cruel words? Robert looked around in horror and his eyes fell on the portrait of his deceased mother. He was spellbound. It seemed as if life and love had reanimated the picture. The sweet young face appeared all aglow with maternal tenderness; it seemed to the excited young man that the sweet lips moved. Had life returned, was she about to clasp and shield her unfortunate boy?

That voice, softer and more musical than a sigh of an Aeolian harp, murmured: again surely it murmured, "Cling, my boy, cling to the Sacred Heart." "Mother, mother! blessed Heart of Jesus! pity me, Heart of Jesus, mercy!" He sank on his knees, the keys dropped from his nerveless grasp. "No, no, I will not add this crime to those I have already committed! I will not rob my father, come shame, come infamy! In their worst form, Mother, mother, be ever near me!" sobbed the penitent youth. Two strong arms encircled the prostrate form.

"O can it be my sainted mother?" "No, my son, but one sent by mother, to save her precious boy." Robert looked into the face of his father, a face transfigured by pity and tenderness. "I have found my son, lost through my carelessness and worldly aspirations. I have found him, thanks to the prayers of my angel Edith."

"O father, you have, God helping, found another son; one determined on treading the narrow path leading to life eternal." The father was convinced of the truth of this promise, and strained his son to his heart, with even more ardent affection than he had lavished upon him since the sunny days of childhood. The debt was liquidated, and never again was one of that nature incurred. Father and son had passed through a purifying ordeal from which came forth resolved to live for higher and holier aims. They became model Catholics, ever seeking to aid Christ's poor and thereby secure intercessions for the great day of reckoning. The mother's dying prayer proved her son's ransom.—B. in St. Anthony's Messenger.

Household Notes.

PRESERVING FRUIT.—On this timely subject a contributor to an American daily newspaper writes: "Fresh fruit is desirable all the year round, and the housekeeper who has a well-stocked preserve closet contemplates it with great satisfaction. The trouble and thereby secure in many experience in canning, and preserving fruits and vegetables could be avoided if proper care and a knowledge of the scientific principles involved were observed. The process is very simple, as canning consists in preserving fruit by sealing in airtight jars or cans, the fruit that has been previously boiled. The fruit must first be sterilized in order to kill all germs of life or fermentation and then the air completely excluded."

SELECTING FRUIT.—Much of the success of the operation depends on the quality of the fruit selected. It must be perfectly sound and not a day over-ripe, especially currants and berries. Neither should small fruits be allowed to stand over night after picking if it is possible to avoid it, for unless they are canned as soon as possible after they are gathered there is great danger of their spoiling, in spite of the greatest care in canning them. The fruit should be ripened naturally, not forced and out of season or bruised by long transportation.

PICKING THE FRUIT.—When picking the fruit over carefully, and quickly by placing in a colander or fine wire basket and dipping in and out of cold clear water. Drain thoroughly. The flavor in the fruit will be much finer if it is not washed. Do not waste time and money canning poor fruit. Over-ripe fruit will be soft and mushy, and lack the fine flavor so delightful in a well-canned article, while under-ripe fruit also lacks flavor.

PREPARING WORK.—Before beginning the cooking of your fruit have everything in readiness, as much of the success of the process depends on the expedition with which the jars are filled and covered. Both jars and taps must be heated to sterilize them and prevent their breaking when the hot fruit goes in. Glass jars with glass or porcelain-lined lids are the best. They can be used again and cannot be acted upon by the fruit acids.

Test the cans to see that they are perfect. The rubbers should be changed each year, as they cannot be depended upon for a second season. As everything must be as close at hand as possible, place jars and covers in a pan of cold water, filling the jars also, place the pan on the stove where the water will gradually heat to boiling point while you are cooking the fruit.

Have a kitchen table conveniently near the stove, and place on it all things needed for the work, such as preserving bottles, wooden spoon or paddle, silver spoon, an airtight jar with a handle for dipping, glass measuring cups, jar filler, sugar, etc.

CANNING FRUITS.—When canning the different kinds of fruit, the process varies but little, except in the amount of sugar and time for cooking. Fruit may be canned without sugar, and used for pie making. This requires great care, and only the very finest fruit, and the jars must be perfectly air tight. Canning differs from preserving in this respect, also, in the amount of sugar used. All fruits that require sugar, such as fresh and uncooked require it when canned. While canning does not require the use of a folded cloth, as in preserving, it is thoroughly cooked, so that every portion of it is subjected to a degree of heat sufficient to destroy all germs in the fruit. But overcooking should be avoided, in order to retain the fresh, natural flavor. The length of time required for

canning varies according to the variety and condition of the fruit, but do not have your fruit spoil for want of sufficient cooking.

Fruits that have been shipped a long distance or have stood for some time after being picked need longer cooking than the freshly gathered. The most delicate fruits require 15 minutes and 30 minutes is not too long for most kinds.

Sugar is not considered necessary to the preservation of fruit, but is added to make it more palatable, to increase the specific gravity of the water or fruit juices, and therefore by additional degree of heat destroy the germs more certainly, and accomplish sterilization of the fruit in much shorter time. The addition of sugar also preserves the shape of the fruit, abstracting the juices and hardening it, which prevents it from becoming soft and falling apart.

Use only the best granulated sugar for preserving fruits. Sub-acid fruits like blackberries and raspberries can be canned with a very small amount of sugar to make them palatable, and remember, the less used the more "natural" your fruit will taste. Two large tablespoonsful of sugar to a quart of the above fruits is really sufficient. Strawberries, cherries, currants, gooseberries, and plums require a good deal more, half a pint at least to a quart of the fruit.

To all juicy fruits like berries, add the sugar, which has been heated in the oven, to the fruit when it boils. For peaches, pears and such fruits contain much less juice, make a syrup by dissolving the sugar in water, a pint of sugar to a pint or a pint and a half of water, as the fruit seems to require. Cook the fruit in this until tender enough to pierce with a straw, but not long enough to lose its form or break.

FILLING THE JARS.—When canning fruit by the ordinary method, fill the jars to overflowing, then run the handle of the silver spoon down the side, inside the jars, and on all sides to liberate the air bubbles, so they will come to the top and can be removed. See that the jars are filled to the brim with the hot syrup. Wipe all the juice off carefully. Put on the lids, hand adjust the top, and screw it down tight. Do this as quickly as possible. Dip a cloth in hot water, fold and place the jars on this. Do not disturb until cold, then try the lids and screw down if they appear a little loose, as the glass contracts in cooling the lids will become loose, and unless care is taken to tighten them it may cause the fruit to spoil. Do not set your jars in a draught after filling them. When the fruit is perfectly cold, stand the jars in a cool dry place, bottom side up, and let them remain for a few days. If, at the end of that time, they show no sign of leaking, you may be sure your work has been successful, and at the end of the time, if the jars are dry, place a cool, dark closet. A very good place is to cover each jar with a brown paper bag, such as your groceries come in. If your jars begin to leak, showing signs of fermentation, open them at once, boil the fruit well, adding a little more sugar, and use at once. Your fruit was probably over-ripe or not cooked thoroughly in every part in the beginning.

When mold appears on top of canned fruit, treat in the same manner. Preserved fruit will often keep for a long time with mold on top, unless the jars are very small.

Large-mouthed glass jars with glass or porcelain-lined covers are the best, and the pint size most convenient for use in small families.

ANOTHER METHOD.—For those who have not a sterilizer for the purpose the following method is very successful when you wish to can a considerable amount of fruit. A small kind of fruit and save time. All ripe, mellow fruit, as a rule, can be placed at once in the jars. Place these in a large boiler of warm water, with little blocks of wood or board underneath. Make a syrup according to directions given above. A cup of sugar to a quart of fruit for the tart fruits and less for the sub-acid, and from one to three cups of water, according to judiciousness of the fruit. For this syrup while boiling hot into the jars cover the fruit. Set the lids on loosely, cover the boiler closely and keep the water boiling from 15 to 30 minutes, according to kind and quality of fruit. Then screw down the lids at once. Set the jars in a folded damp cloth, unless you do not need the boiler again, in that case you can let the jars cool in the water after sealing. Proceed same as with other process.

All large fruit that is pared should be dropped into cold water immediately to prevent discoloration. Pears should, as a rule, be canned whole, and require long cooking.

Quinces, hard peaches, pears, apples and such fruits as require softening should be cooked in water until just tender, and then in the syrup but directly in the syrup if the fruit is mellow and will soften easily.

If you have not quite syrup enough to fill the cans, use boiling water. The superior juice left from berries or other juicy fruits may be made richer by additional sugar, bottled and sealed for winter use in ices and many other ways.

Recent Novelties by Inventors.

TALK PRESERVED.—When a business man happens to be absent from his office there is no reason why he should miss any telephone messages that come while he is away. Inasmuch as a new contrivance will keep them for him and repeat them to him when he gets back. It is a telephone with a photograph attachment, and is adjusted for work by simply slipping an ordinary wax cylinder on the mandrel. By and by a ring comes in the business man's absence, and a "hello." The machine takes this in the most wonderful part of it is set going automatically, and replies, "Hello!" Then the message comes and is taken down on the cylinder.

MAGICAL

is the effect produced on a big family wash by a single cake of SURPRISE soap. The housewife's labor is reduced one half; the original snowy whiteness is restored to the linens without boiling or hard rubbing and the disagreeable odors so noticeable with other soaps is done away with entirely.

And yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps.



Read the directions on the wrapper.

neously, and replies, "Hello!" Then the message comes and is taken down on the cylinder. After a while the man comes back to his office, and a pointer on the "telephonograph" (as the machine is called) indicates that there is a message for him. He turns a switch, which brings into action the reproducing stylus, and putting the receiving tubes in his ears, listens to the communication. Of course, if he fails to understand it, the machine will give an answer stating that he will return at a certain hour.

MACHINE-MADE STATUES.—If you want a bust or statue of yourself you need no longer feel obliged to go to a high-priced sculptor and contract for it regardless of expense. You can have the thing done by mechanical process.

The machine-sculptor will place you on a pedestal which revolves, and will turn you slowly around while he takes a series of photographs of you with a fixed camera. You can have the views of yourself from every standpoint, and then it only remains to convert these pictures into the portrait in marble that is desired.

There is no preliminary model in clay. A piece of marble of the necessary size is provided, and the outlines of the first photograph, with suitable enlargement, are traced out on the stone, a process being used that makes accuracy certain. Then the stone is revolved in a certain distance so as to correspond mathematically with the view taken in the second photograph, and the operation is repeated. This is done with all the photographs successively, the chisel doing its work meanwhile, until a replica of yourself is produced in the marble.

Though the process is in the main mechanical, some artistic skill is required. The outlines are well reproduced in the manner described, but such details as the ears and the hair must have treatment with the chisel.

CHANGE-MAKING MACHINE.—Machines that handle coins in a wonderful way, counting them and actually giving change automatically, are now coming on the market. They are new inventions, and have just been patented. One of them has pieces of money arranged in separate compartments in trays, and on top is a series of keys. A purchase of thirty-five cents, say, being made, the key numbered thirty-five is struck, and instantly the apparatus throws out sixty-five cents in change (supposing that a dollar has been received from the buyer), a table with the number thirty-five being unlifted at the same instant, and thirty-five cents added on the register inside.

A cashier is in charge of the machine, but the latter does all the thinking. In another contrivance of the kind there is a separate receptacle for each denomination of coin up to a dollar. The placing of a coin in its proper place sets the mechanism so that, when a key is pressed, corresponding to the amount of the purchase, the difference is thrown out. There is no bother about counting the change, which is always right.

Other machines, which are much more simple, are for the sorting of coins, and are intended to be used where a stream of small change is continually flowing in. The pieces of money are thrown indiscriminately into a kind of hopper and sort themselves—a performance that saves the cashier an immense deal of trouble. In one or two cases the mechanism for automatically giving change is combined with the sorting device, reducing the labor of the person in charge very materially, and at the same time doing away with all possibility of mistake in reckoning. Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

lish it fully; that man can no more create his moral being than his physical. The greatest men are those who never planned their own destinies beforehand, but let themselves be taken by the hand and led.—Frederic Ozanam.

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Various Notes.

CREMATION.—Mr. James P. Murphy in the "Catholic World" writes on the subject of cremation, says: "As a matter of fact, the Civiltà Cattolica and other organs of Catholic opinion in Italy have over and over again affirmed that the attempt to introduce cremation in our time is primarily and above all things a blow aimed at the Catholic Church by the Freemasons, who hold the conviction that having once dissipated the profound reverence and piety of Catholics towards the dead they will more easily gain the faith in an eternal life and strike at the very roots of religion."

TO BLESS A SHIP.—A correspondent to an American exchange writes:

I have just heard that Captain Jeremiah Crowley, of Jonesport, Maine, who is building a seven-masted schooner, which will be the largest ship under the American flag, has invited Bishop O'Connell to bless her at the launching. The late Bishop Healy, of this diocese, blessed a number of vessels built and owned by the descendants of the early Irish settlers of this State. The Crowley came from Ireland about 1660, and from that time to the present have, as the down East Yankee phrase is, "followed the sea." There are so many of them that the saying is that the Crowleys can get out ship timber in their own woods, build and rig a ship and sail her anywhere in the world without taking a man for any of the work outside the Crowley family.

HEALTH INSPECTION.—Seventy-five physicians in the employ of the Health Department will begin on Monday, a systematic, thorough visitation of the tenement houses in all five boroughs. Ordinarily only fifty are employed in this work, and a start is not made before the middle of July, but the recent excessive heat caused a setting forward of the date. Practically all the tenements are in Manhattan and Brooklyn; those on the East side will receive the closest attention. The physicians' duties are many and varied. Their mission is to look after any who may be suffering from disease, to advise mothers ignorant of proper methods of caring for children, to abate nuisances, or report them to the proper offices; to distribute tickets for outings given by St. John's Guild, and give away free ice tickets where needed. As for these things the physician notes any habits which are unhealthy; in one tenement he may find a woman who habitually makes a pot of tea in the morning, and keeps the tea boiling all day, "so as to have it hot."

"Nothing is so ruinous to digestion as boiled tea," Dr. Dillingham, who has general oversight of this visitation, said, "and we have to warn many against it. This is a homely illustration of the small things our visitors look after, but it illustrates the need of sound advice to these tenement-dwellers."

NO PUBLIC SPIRIT.—The "Freeman," of St. John N.B., in referring to the question of cabinet representation for Irish Catholics, speaks out boldly as follows:—"It may well be questioned whether there is one spark of public spirit among the Catholics of the southern portion of the province. We believe there is not. We believe they have been so long down-trodden, stamped on, and finally effaced in public life, that they have not enough true virility of character left, so far as politics are concerned, to call their souls their own."

A STRANGE WILL.—By the will of the late Jacob S. Rogers, of Paterson, N.J., the bulk of his estate, estimated at not far from \$10,000,000, is given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His nephews and nieces are given \$25,000 apiece.

SCOTTISH PATRIOTS.—A demonstration, organized by the Scottish Patriotic Association, was held at the Borestone, Bannockburn, a week ago, to protest against the unwarrantable assumption by the King of the title Edward VII. About 1,500 people were present, and addresses were delivered by Rev. David Macrae, Mr. Thomson, schoolmaster, Grantonmouth, Mr. Theodore Napier, Mr. Charles Waddie, and others. Mr. Macrae declared that the action of his Majesty and his advisers was the greatest affront ever offered to Scotland, and he read a protest drawn up by the association against the title, in which it was stated that if the title was not corrected at the coronation it would never be other than a blot on the King's escutcheon involving, as it did, a public breach of faith and a falsification of the national history.

Mr. Theodore Napier kissed his dirk and declared that he would never own allegiance to any Edward VII.

ENTERPRISING WOMEN.—There are many ways of earning a living. It is said, if one only keeps one's eyes open, and there are two women who deal in coal and wood and keels stores opposite each other in Hamilton street, who have "skinned their optics" to some purpose.

Stable G of the Street Cleaning Department is in the same street, which is only one block long. There are about one hundred drivers employed. It is required that each driver furnish his own shoes, and broom, and neither must be left at the stable after working hours. One of the women, who is an Italian, seeing the disadvantage of the men brooms, made an agreement with them to care for them for 10 cents a week from each man. The Italian woman has been doing the whole trade until recently, when the Irish

women on the other side of the street began competition. About half of the drivers are Italians, and naturally they patronize the Italian woman, while the other half leave their shovels with the Irish woman. Both women can be seen at their posts every night and morning when the men come to and from their work.

MR. COCHRAN ON COMMERCIALISM.

In his address to the Wisconsin students, Mr. Cochran gave expression to his views regarding the rapid rise of the spirit of commercialism in the Republic. He said in part:—"This age which you are about to enter is a commercial age, and that fact has given rise to many gloomy apprehensions in the minds of some good people. In fact, the word commercialism has assumed a portentous significance, which would appear to portend grave disasters to the Republic. We are warned of commercialism in law, of commercialism in politics, of commercialism in religion, and I am not sure but some people fear the influence of commercialism on commerce."

Now this fear of commercialism does not proceed from any one class. The note of apprehension rises from all classes. Laborers, college presidents, divines, and even millionaires, seem to be alike vehement in denouncing it, pathetic in bewailing it, and melancholy in foretelling it. Laborers attribute to commercialism and capitalism the conditions that bring on strikes. College professors attribute to those trusts, of which one of them declared that unless they were checked by the social ostracism of their promoters, would subvert republican institutions and erect an empire upon their ruins. And even the millionaires themselves seem to have struck an apologetic note, as if they were ashamed of the language of one of them who declared that to die rich was to die disgraced. In addresses to college graduates this apprehension of commercialism seems to have found a prominent note. If we may judge by the reports that we have read, and when it comes to the graduation class of the law school, they are congratulated because the law is supposed to be free from commercialism, and because the new recruits in selecting their profession are supposed to have turned from high purpose, their backs upon the path that leads to fortune. Indeed, if a stranger to our customs and our institutions were to read these addresses delivered to classes such as this during the last year, he must have come to the conclusion that graduates of the law school were about to engage in lives of ascetic contemplation rather than of active competition, in a life of rigid renunciation rather than of ambitious enterprises.

Now to me this notion that the bar is a kind of sacred priesthood, which is bound to look with indifference upon the objects which other men regard as the prize of life, is based upon a total misconception of members of society. For you must perceive, gentlemen, that if you are to lead lives of isolation, if you are to your profession compels you to renounce the ordinary pursuits of life, that can be credibly done only upon the theory that society is totally depraved, why then the members of the learned professions, who are so virtuous men, should withdraw from participation in its contentions, as the hermits of old sought the solitude of the desert rather than the luxuries and corruptions of the great cities.

But I think it is well that we should inquire for a moment whether the conditions of life are such that you should pursue this isolation, that you should withdraw yourselves from the ordinary competition and pursuits of life, or whether you should share in it, and by sharing in it not merely improve your own condition, but improve the condition of all your fellows.

Now if we were to define the commercialism of this age we would define it as the tendency to regard the acquisition of wealth as the evidence of a successful life. Is that particular to these times? Has there ever been an age when the success of a life was not measured by its acquisitions? I suppose that those good people who are alarmed at the commercialism of our age would tell you that while in these times men devote themselves to the getting of money, in the militant ages men devoted themselves to the cultivation of military glory. Now "military glory" is perhaps the most potent of all the phrases that have worked mischief. There never has been a warfare for anything else than plunder, and plunder is the acquisition of wealth.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

Mr. Frank G. Logan has retired from the Chicago Board of Trade at the age of fifty and he has vexed the souls of other members of the board by saying that after fifty a business man is likely to lose ground. This assertion is palpably against the evidence. Naturally it is denied vigorously. "Most men just begin to make money at fifty," says one member, who wears that he wouldn't retire from business if he were a hundred. "I shall work till I die," says another member. The men who are in the thirties seem to approve Mr. Logan's course. They hope to make their fortunes before they are fifty and then to enjoy them at ease. Some of the older men say, frankly, that they would be at a loss for amusement and occupation if they didn't stick to business. They don't look upon it as a treadmill but as a main interest and excitement of life. So to retire or not to retire is a matter of personal taste and feeling.

When \$100,000 was a good deal of money and the interest rate was higher, the readiness to retire from business at a certain age was perhaps greater than it is now. "He re-

For Gentlemen's wear is
"THE MANSFIELD."
One of the chief reasons why Edison is a great inventor, why Mark Twain is a great humorist, why Irving is a great actor, is because each has been an exceptionally hard worker. Of course there are innumerable other minor persons, but they would all count for little or nothing without the hard work.
The chief reason why
"THE MANSFIELD"
is a wonderfully good \$3 shoe is because it is the outcome of years of experience and hard work in the shoe-making business in an endeavor to create the best \$3 shoe possible. There's been no let-up to the hard work and there will be none in the future. If I can possibly better "The Mansfield" I will do so, but I hardly expect it, as it's already looked upon as the ideal \$3 shoe. Summer styles for both men's and women's wear—\$3.



Mansfield, The Shoerist.
124 St. Lawrence Street, - - - - - Montreal, Que.

tired with a competence." That is a pleasant line in many obituaries. It shows you a picture of middle age or old age spent in travel, the country, study; a period of fruitful labor crowned with a period of enjoyment and repose. But what is a competence? It is a good deal more than it used to be; and with the falling interest rate it is becoming harder to get. It must be admitted, too, that Americans as a class are rather extravagant than frugal. As they journey through life they live by the way. A Frenchman will live with the strictest economy for years so that he may give up business at fifty. An American with the same income will spend more for living expenses, for travel, for amusement, and perhaps be not much better off at fifty than he was at thirty-five. There are a great many exceptions, to be sure, but the rule exists. Wages and profits are larger than on the other side, but the scale of living is more costly. Quick come, quick gone; easily got and easily spent. A definite purpose of giving up active work at a certain age would lead, in a great many cases, to saving habits which are now too often postponed until the productive period is almost over.

If a man is happy in his business and finds it sufficient for his desires and ideas, it would be a cruelty to take him away from it. He may be narrow, but at least he is satisfied; and there is no use in spoiling a happy man. Besides, a great many business men, perhaps the majority of them nowadays, have amusements and avocations which broaden their enjoyments and activities. They do not have to retire from business to enjoy themselves nationally and variously. On the other hand, business in the stress of modern competition is wearingly broadening, and the wise, young man—if ever young men have the luck to be wise—will forward to the time when with a satisfactory bank account and constitution he can be released from the strain.

Whether a man ever retires or not, the hope of eventual retirement, of a change from the long routine of life to a life of independence, to feel that you have got enough to buy bread and butter for your family. To fix upon a time for giving up the daily grind may be a pleasant fiction, but at least it does no harm and it stimulates thrift. Our fellow citizens of German descent are a good example of hard work and consistent saving for the sake of ultimate independence and leisure.—New York Sun.

HINTS FOR HUMAN WATER DUCKS.

To save the lives of reckless summer bathers, the United States Volunteer Life-Saving Corps of New York has issued a circular giving rules for the safety of people who go out on or in the water. Their usefulness is the greater when one sees that in cases of fatal accidents many of them have been more honored in the breach than in the observance. Here are some of the more pertinent maxims:

Impress upon parents the necessary duty of having their children taught to swim.
Go out in no pleasure boat of small or large dimensions without being assured that there are life-saving buoys or cushions aboard sufficient to float all on board in case of upset or collision.

With a party be sure you are all properly and satisfactorily seated before you leave the shore—particularly so with girls on board. Let no one attempt to exchange seats mid-stream.

Where the waters become rough from a sudden squall or passing steamers, never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible, and keep cool until the danger is past.

A woman's skirts, if held out, by her extended arms, while she uses her feet as if climbing a stairs, will often hold her up in the water while a boat may pull out from the shore and save her.

In rescuing drowning persons, seize them by the collar, back of the neck; do not let them throw their arms around your neck or arms.

If the person is unconscious, don't wait a moment for a doctor or an ambulance, but begin at once; first get the tongue out and hold it by a handkerchief or stocking to let the water out; get a buoy, box, or barrel under the stomach; or hold the person over your knees, head down, and let the water out of him; then turn him over side to side four or five times, then on his back, and with a pump-movement keep his arms going from pit of stomach overhead to a straight out and back fourteen to sixteen times a minute.

THE S. CARSLY CO., LIMITED.
Notre Dame Street, Montreal's Greatest Store, St. James Street.
SATURDAY, July 12, 1901.
JULY CHEAP SALE!
EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF
EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF
COLOURED DRESS GOODS
The extraordinary sale of Coloured Dress Goods at The Big Store now going on, has attained a magnitude never before equalled. The goods are this season's importation and comprise many of the most fashionable and exclusive novelties. Every yard will be marked regardless of what it costs and at extraordinary low prices.
This special sale will have unlimited interest for every one and to facilitate a perfect selection and avoid overcrowding, the stock has been divided into 6 different lots and placed on separate tables, so that ladies can make their own selections without assistance from salesmen.

Coloured Dress Goods Lots.
NO. 1 LOT.
33 pieces Light Summer Dress Goods, 40 inch wide, English fabrics, all selected shades and designs, regular value 55c to 70c. Special sale, 19c per yard.
NO. 2 LOT.
47 pieces Beautiful Granite Cloth, shaded samelet, Selkirk checks, etc., in green plaids, all selected summer shades, manufacturer's price 60c to 75c. Special sale, 38c per yard.
NO. 3 LOT.
Fancy Dress Grenadines, Black ground with colored stripes and lace insertion, 2 1/2 inch apart, regular value, 55c and 65c. Special sale, 38c per yard.
NO. 4 LOT.
73 pieces Fancy Check Dress Material, 40 inches wide, French fabrics, in all the most recherche shades and designs, worth from 67c to 95c. Special sale, 42c per yard.
NO. 5 LOT.
70 pieces French Benzalines, Sateen des Indes and Boudoir Dress Cloth, 40 inches wide, in all the most fashionable summer shades. This special lot worth 75c. Special sale, 45c per yard.
NO. 6 LOT.
53 pieces Choice Dress Goods in plain figured and checks, double width, in all the recherche summer shades. Manufacturers' price 67c to \$1.25. Your choice during our special sale at 50c per yard.

THE HUGE CHINA SALE.
The Big Store is selling Messrs. Barnard & Holland's immense retail stock at prices far below anything ever offered to our customers before. 25 p.c. off marked prices.
This means a big saving even in small purchases. 25c in the dollar is worth considering. Splendid range of
Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Tea Sets.
Dinner Sets from \$4.50 to \$90.00 set. Toilet Sets from \$1.50 to \$20.00 set. Tea Sets from \$3.75 to \$25.00 set.
BARNARD & HOLLAND'S Old Stand, 290 St. James Street, Facing Victoria Square

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We represent the best American and Canadian makers and can offer the lowest prices and terms, and allow full value for second-hand Pianos offered in exchange. Favor us with a call at our warehouses, or write for catalogues and price lists.
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Theological, Philosophical, Classical, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Fully Equipped Laboratories. A Practical Business Department.
BOARD AND TUITION, per Session of Five Months, \$50. Calendar sent on application.

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Strong, Serviceable and Guaranteed by Us.
ITEMS WORTHY OF NOTE BY GOING-TO-BE CAMPERS:
Folding Duck Camp Stools.....30c
Folding Duck Camp Chairs.....45c
Folding Duck Camp Beds.....\$1.50
MAIL ORDERS FILLED CAREFULLY.
RELAND, HUBBARD & SON,
483 Craig Street, Montreal.

JOHN MURPHY & CO.
...JULY...
Clearing Sale!
Seasonable lines at exceptionally reduced prices in all departments. A July "Cut" in Dress Goods that speaks for itself.
500 yards fine All-Week Costume Serge, 48 and 50 inches wide, no make for summer wear, never sold less than 75c; our July "cut" price while the lot lasts, 50c per yard.
SPECIAL Silk Inducements.
FOUR LOTS TO CLEAR.
Lot 1—200 yards Fancy Silks, regular value, 85c, to clear at 25 p.c. off, or 64c per yard.
Lot 2—3,500 yards Fancy Silks, all colors in this line, regular price, \$1.10, to clear at 33-1-3 off, or 74c per yard.
Lot 3—3,000 yards Fancy Silks, Checks, Stripes and Fancy designs, regular price, \$1.25, to clear at half-price, or 62 1/2c per yard.
Lot 4—50 pieces finest Fancy Silks, all leading colors, and choicest designs, regular price, \$1.50, to clear at half-price, or 75c per yard.
Remember the Double Values we are offering in Housewear!
JOHN MURPHY & CO.
424 St. Catherine Street, corner of Montreal Street.
TELEPHONE 12-06.

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