

CK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
March 6th, 1856, incorpor-
revised 1884. Meets in
ck's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-
at, first Monday of the
committee meets last Wed-
Officers: Rev. Director,
Callaghan, P.P. President;
Justice C. J. Doherty;
F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd
J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasur-
er, J. Green; Correspond-
ary, John Cahill, Rec-
retary, T. F. Tasey.

CK'S T. A. & B. SO-
ciety on the second Sun-
day month in St. Pat-
rick's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-
der St. after Vespers. Com-
mittee Management meets in
the first Tuesday of every
month at 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. Mc-
Evoy, President; W. P. J.
Vice-President; J. No-
n, Secretary, 716 St. An-
ne St., Henri.

T. A. & B. SOCIETY,
1883.—Rev. Director,
McPhail, President, D.
M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn,
Dominique street; M. J.
Laurier, 18 St. Augustin
street on the second Sun-
day month, in St. Ann's
Church Young and Ottawa
8.30 p.m.

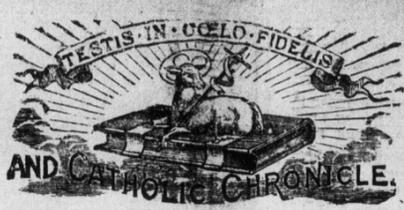
YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY
1885.—Meets in its
Ottawa street, on the
second of each month, at
8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser,
Rev. M. J. Quinn; Presi-
dent, C. S. R.; Secretary,
Thomas; Treasurer, Thomas;
Sec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

IES' AUXILIARY, Di-
vision No. 5, organized Oct. 10th,
1903. Meetings held in St.
Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-
der St., Sunday of each month
at 8 p.m. President, Miss An-
ne; Vice-President, Mrs. An-
ne; Recording-Secretary, Mrs.
Ward, 51 Young street;
Secretary, Miss Emma
Palace street; Treasur-
er, Charlotte Bermingham;
Adv. Father McGrath.

VISION NO. 6 meets on
the fourth Thursdays of
each month at 816 St. Law-
rence St. Officers: W. H. Turner,
McClure, Vice-President;
Quinn, Recording-Secretary;
Denis street; James
Laurier; Joseph Turner,
Secretary, 1000 St. Denis

F CANADA, BRANCH
No. 26 meets at St.
Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexan-
der St. on Monday of each
month. Regular meetings for
the promotion of business are
held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays
of each month at 8 p.m. Spiritual
Adviser, M. Callaghan; Presi-
dent, P. J. Seary; President, P. J.
Seary; Sec., P. J. McDonagh;
Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan;
Treasurer, H. Feeley, Jr.; Mem-
bers, H. J. Harrison,
Duff and G. H. Merrill.

The True Witness



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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IRISH FICTION TO-DAY.—One of our American exchanges, a leading daily, in its column of Book Reviews refers to "An Irish Cousin," written by E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross. This is a new edition of a work that appeared in a less elaborate form some twenty years ago. It had a success then; the authors scored successes with subsequent works; and now this old story, in a new form, is a failure. Why so? The reviewer gives his explanation of such a queer freak in public taste. We will reproduce the reviewer's explanation, and then give our own. He says:—"Few novelists can resist the temptation to exhumate an early effort and embark it on the current of a recent success. The enterprise falls regularly, but the example never deters. The authors of 'Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.' have made their own the short story dealing with certain aspects of country life in the west of Ireland. Their success with two volumes of amusing and well-written sketches has prompted them to issue a new edition of an earlier achievement in the more ambitious line of the long novel. 'An Irish Cousin' fell flat five years ago, and is not to be rehabilitated. Instead of lively pictures of what does actually happen among the horse-dealing, drinking, improvident inhabitants of County Cork or County Galway, we are presented with a sensational story of a lost will, a murdered heir, and all the accompanying incidents familiar to English fiction of half a century ago. But the touches of description of Irish untidiness, Irish weather, Irish gloom, and Irish wit which have made their short stories popular, redeem the improbabilities of the plot. The book can be read, and would pass muster in the mighty array of modern fiction if one were not driven to contrast it with the more recent work of its authors."

eye and when every man, woman, or child, who can read knows all about that country and her people. Time was when it was a disgrace to be considered an Irishman and a shame to belong to the race. But, in this age, Ireland is looking up, and the race is being both honored and courted by those who formerly were prone to shun and ridicule the sons and daughters of that land. Thus it is that the novel which was a success, from a financial point of view, twenty years ago, is a failure to-day. Not that its authors have lost strength or popularity, (on the contrary that have gained both in other fields), but because the public has become enlightened on the subject of Ireland and has ceased to be prejudiced.

LESSONS OF INTEMPERANCE.—The Imperial Health Office of Germany has issued a very important pamphlet. In dealing with the subject of liquor, it presents a mass of material, which is so arranged that ordinary readers can thoroughly understand it, and which shows many of the injurious effects of alcohol. On the other hand, while not claiming to advocate total abstinence, the pamphlet states that total abstinence is not disadvantageous to health as many believe, and that it does not impair the working ability of man. In Germany during the year 1902 the total amount spent on alcoholic liquors, throughout the entire Empire, was about six hundred and twenty-five million dollars. This is an average per head, for persons over fifteen years of age, of thirty-five dollars. When we look at figures of this character we are inclined to say that they are exaggerated, and very much so. The sum is so enormous that we can scarcely think of it, except as a lark sum, for if we go into the consideration of it in detail, we are sure to become bewildered. Just imagine the amount of food, clothes, rent, and legitimate pleasures could be purchased for six hundred and twenty-five million dollars. It seems to us that with such a sum utilized for other purposes there should not be a single poor person in the entire German Empire. Still it has gone for the one useless, and most profitless, purpose of intoxicating drink. This alone should suffice to give us an idea of how much German squanders in a year that might be used to build up the national industries. When we contemplate the millions needed to keep up an immense standing army and a very powerful navy, and we add it to the alcoholic bill, we are surprised at the remaining wealth of that country. Take that sum and pour it into Canada and it would change in a few months the whole aspect of our affairs.

The foregoing may be an explanation from the standpoint of the reviewer, but it is not the true one. What the authors of this novel wrote a score of years ago and found acceptance with the public, should be equally true and popular to-day, if there were not something radically changed. It is not the book that has changed; for, despite a little padding and a few corrections, it is the same story, with the same scenes and characters. Nor is it the form and manner of presenting that has changed; and if there is any change it is only in the way of improvement. Where then is the change that brings defeat where victory formerly perched? The change is in the public, and in public sentiment, taste and knowledge. The last fifteen years, or so, have witnessed the ostracising of the "Stage Irishman." The day has gone past when Ireland can be made, as of yore, the butt of the ribald's jest; when the ballad singer could chant her in burlesque, the artist paint her in caricature, and the easy-going nonentity eke out a precarious living with the plagiarisms of her slander. The time is now dead when the sketches of Carleton could be pawned off as genuine pictures of Irish life, character and habits, and when the idiotic antics of "Handy Andy" could be paraded abroad as just delineations of Irish peculiarity. Just delineations of Irish peculiarity as the one in question, that brought them at any price and that revelled in their misrepresentations of an entire race, no longer exists. The public of to-day knows better how to estimate the value of such works. Hence their success in the days of ignorance about Ireland and of prejudice against her; hence, also, their comparative failure in an age when Ireland is before the world's

ECCENTRICITIES.—It is strange how people, of eccentric character or disposition, will make light of that which is most serious in life—the end that awaits us all. Some, think only of the manner in which their lives will be commemorated after death, but never give a thought to what will become of their souls when this life is over. The other day we read about an individual in Putnam, Conn., by the name of Phineas G. Wright. He had his tomb and bust erected in the local cemetery in anticipation of his death. Beneath his bust he had inscribed, "Going, but can't tell where." It is at best a very poor piece of wit or of composition; for by the time his remains would be under that tomb he would be "gone," not "going," and he would have a very fair idea of "where." It is just another sample of the thousands of cases in which men try to glean a small amount of cheap notoriety, within their own very narrow circle, by pretending to have no faith in hereafter. Well, if they do not know to what place they are going, they are aware of one thing, at least, that as far as this world is concerned, they are going to the cemetery. It is not an inviting place, nor is it one in which they are likely to enjoy any degree of amusement, even though they may be humorous and silly, scoffers and fools. It is a pity that the severe lesson that each death brings home to men cannot be taken to heart. For, after all, there is nothing serious in life, except death; and the most serious part in death is that which comes after it.

A NOVEL PHILOSOPHER.—Some short time ago, at Atlantic City, there was held a National Conference of Unitarian and other churches, at which Dr. Carroll D. Wright, ex-United States Commissioner of Labor delivered an address, which "The Christian Register," of Boston, reproduces in full. Dr. Wright is an optimist as far as religious matters go; although from his remarks he does not appear to have a very clear notion of what religion is. He says that, taking the community as a whole, there is no decadence or lessening of a true religious spirit. He admits "a great change in the theological thought of the people;" but he merely admits this, he does not enter upon the subject. No more does he consider the subject of Church attendance, nor the devotional, or as he calls it, pietistic, sense of the age. He emphasizes "the evidence of the growth of a real religious sentiment, without regard to these other matters." That is to say, he undertakes to study the growth of religious sentiment apart from religion. He casts aside all the external evidences of religious sentiment when studying that same sentiment. It would not be difficult to thus contradict the best informed preachers and students of the subject. Nine out of ten Protestant preachers complain of the great falling off in Church attendance, and the consequent lack of religious feeling. Dr. Wright says, practically, that Church attendance has nothing to do with it; that he will prove the contrary regardless of Church attendance. The minister says that piety is dying out, people do not pray as they use to; Dr. Wright says that piety has nothing to do with religion, that the world may be forgetful of God entirely and yet increase in religious sentiment. In fact, Dr. Wright is like the professor of law who would lecture upon the subject regardless of what the laws are; or the professor of medicine who would say that "materia medica" and the art of surgery have nothing to do with the profession, and as long as men pretend to practise the profession, it does not matter how little they know about its principles. Exactly the same absurdity as to say that religious sentiment is increasing in the world, regardless of theological principles and of devotion.

When this is his method of dealing with the subject we have very little to say. But we are curious to know by what means he can reach his conclusions. He sets out with saying that there is so much in our life to develop the sense of right and wrong, that church and church attendance play but a small part in the work. It may be true that there are, outside the Church, influences for good, but that is not religion, nor does the increase

of these influences mean an increase of religious sentiment. For example, he shows that our criminal statistics show more crimes than formerly, but that is because things exist to-day that are wrong which either did not exist years ago, or were not then wrong. Such as the breaking of the liquor license law. When there was no such law that category of crimes did not exist. Suppose this be true; still it has nothing to do with religion. It is a social affair from the temperance standpoint, and a municipal affair from the legal standpoint. But it in no way affects religious sentiment, its increase or its decrease.

Then he speaks of penology. He says that the old doctrine of the fall of Adam has been eliminated from penological science. This, then, instead of marking an increase simply denotes a decrease in religious sentiment and faith. He is on the wrong track. Then he adds: "We have come to regard the criminal as a man morally diseased. We are concerned not so much with his punishment as with his reform." But, again, we repeat this is not an evidence of an increase in religious sentiment. This is all humanitarian. There is nothing devotional about it. Consequently, Dr. Wright fails, because he cannot stick to his subject, to establish his theory.

At the close he speaks of the tributes paid to Emerson, on the occasion of his centenary, and of those paid to Leo XIII. on the occasion of his death. This latter passage is a very touching one, coming from such an outside source, but it has its weakness. Thus does he close a long series of arguments that have absolutely nothing to do with his proposition, and in no way tend to establish it.

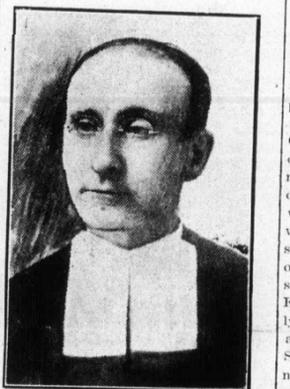
"But perhaps the grandest experience has come through the death of Leo XIII. To read the estimates of his character as given in different Protestant churches by ministers of different denominations one would suppose that the old attitude toward Catholicism had passed away. Not an acrimonious word has been said, there being only praise for the sublime character and devout spirit which attended the late Sovereign Pontiff. . . . The demonstrations at the time of the death of Leo emphasize the fact that we are more tolerant, more appreciative of real worth, more ready to recognize the highest personal character, than at any previous time in the history of the world. The universal estimates of Emerson and Channing on the one hand and of the Pope on the other accentuate the ways of the Spirit—ways that would not have found expressions a quarter of a century ago. They symbolize the truest religious development of our time."

By no means do these expressions indicate a religious development; they are absolutely apart from religion. The Protestant world spoke of Leo XIII. as it knew him, a man, a statesman, a philosopher, a poet, a personage of noble life and lofty sentiment, a sublime character passing over the stage of time. The expression of such appreciation indicates an advanced stage of civilization; but not of religious development. Emerson was an iconoclast; he aimed at uprooting the sacred traditions of centuries. It was not a sentiment of religious development that stirred men of different denominations to pay tribute to his memory; for not one of them agreed with his teachings any more than with those of Leo XIII. It was the social spirit of what is called tolerance, which is at the bottom of the one great heresy (one religion as good as another) that urged them to such generous-sounding praises. But instead of proving the increase in the religious sentiment of the age, all this simply establishes the very contrary. Dr. Wright's address is based on a false premise, and the syllogism he seeks to make is, therefore, necessarily false.

THE POPE AND PRESS.—In this age of invention and wonderful discovery it is not astonishing that men of fertile imaginations and of fevered brains should be able to unearth strange and unheard of objects. We once read of a man, in Iowa, who claimed to have discovered a poem written inside of an egg that had just been laid by a hen. It was a wonderful discovery, and went a long way to prove that the hen, when feeding, must have picked up a bit of

paper with the poem on it and have swallowed it. There were many other explanations attempted, but this one seems to have been the most reasonable solution. Out in Michigan, there is an organ called the "Christian Advocate," and in it a Rev. Dr. Potts—his name has nothing to do with the discovery—has written to inform the world that he has just discovered that most of the men who write for the daily papers and who control the same, in the United States, are "emissaries of the Papacy," in disguise, and that their aim is to further in secret the nefarious ends of Rome in the Republic of America. To borrow an expression from Junius, the most of them that we know of, must certainly "do their furthering of Rome's cause in secret, for all their other aims and works are on record." But Dr. Potts, having found all this out, is surely the proper person to expose these journalistic emissaries of Rome. We would suggest that he publish a list of their names. In Canada, here, we could start the list for him, with the leading writers of the "Daily Witness," the "Orange Sentinel," and the "Mail and Empire."

IN OUR SCHOOLS.



REV. BRO. PRUDENT.

Through the kindness of an old friend and subscriber we are enabled to print the likeness of one of the best known and most zealous members of the local branch of the great teaching Order—the Christian Brothers.

Brother Prudent has been long associated with Irish Catholic education in Montreal. The success he has achieved in the noble work to which he has consecrated his life, since taking up his residence in our midst, is in evidence in abundance in every walk of life in this great commercial metropolis.

At the time of his appointment in 1893, to the office of Director of "Old St. Ann's," Rev. Brother Flaminien, the then Visitor of the Order, made the following announcement:

"The good parishioners of St. Ann's will find in Rev. Brother Prudent-of-Mary, whom they already know, a heart entirely devoted to them, and an ardent spirit that will be unreservedly in the service of their children."

That the promise of the Bro. Visitor has long since been realized every reader of the "True Witness," in this city, will cheerfully acknowledge.

IN MEMORIAM.

Few auxiliaries of the Church in Montreal have rendered more loyal and more efficient service to our race than the Christian Brothers and at such little outlay on the part of the recipients. That fact should never be forgotten.

The anniversary service of the late Patrick Gallery will be held in St. Ann's Church on Monday next, at 7 o'clock a.m.

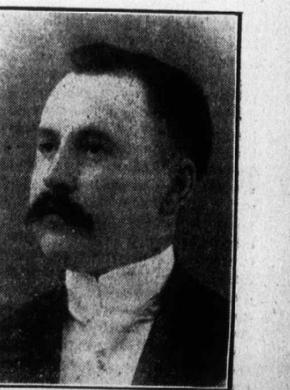
Catholic Sailors' Club.



PROF. J. A. FOWLER.

Prof. J. A. Fowler, director and organist of St. Patrick's choir, and his well trained choirists and soloists, assisted by a number of ladies, and by several of the seamen of the ships now in port, contributed the programme for the concert of the Club, held, on Wednesday last. That the efforts of the choir of the parent Irish choir of Montreal were appreciated was evident by the enthusiastic manner in which the large audience present manifested their approval at the close of each number.

The chair was occupied by Mr. George A. Carpenter, leader of the choir. In opening the proceedings, he made a neat speech during the course of which he dwelt upon the noble work which the executive of the Club was doing to make the short stay of seamen in the port of Montreal not only pleasant, but profitable. He also alluded to the fact that Prof. Fowler and St. Patrick's choir fully realized the importance of the aims and objects of the Catholic Sailors' Club, and their presence to-night was a prove that such was the case.



MR. GEORGE A. CARPENTER.

The following were amongst the performers: Miss Sadie Tansey, Miss Isabella Foley, Miss A. Menzies, Mrs. Dr. Johnston, of Boston, assisted in the chorus by the lady members of the choir, Messrs. J. Quinn, J. M. Pover, Lamoureux, McAndrew, Carpenter, Jos. Donnelly, Mr. Greenwood, W. J. Walsh, and J. J. Walsh, Seaman; Master W. Hughes, steamship Lafe Champlain; Mr. Cook, Manchester Corporation; William Lee, steamship Virginian; Watty Jack and Alex. Young, steamship Alcides. Miss Gertrude Murphy discharged the difficult and important office of piano accompanist.

Next Wednesday's concert will be under the direction of Mrs. Jennie Riley McIntyre.

INVESTED WITH PALLIUM.

Most Rev. Bertram Orth was invested with the pallium on October 4th, at St. Andrew's Cathedral in Victoria, British Columbia. The ceremony was performed by His Excellency, Mgr. Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate.

A TERRIBLE DISASTER.

Two thousand persons were rendered homeless Oct. 9 in Passaic, N.J., by inundation caused by the overflowing of the rivers Passaic and Dundee, which was the result of the great rainstorm of Oct. 8 and 9.

Revelation And Science.

A REVIEW.

By "CRUX."

LAST week I reproduced several of the leading points in the admirable sermon of Rev. Father Walshe, delivered on the occasion of the visit of the British Association to Southport. It will be remembered that he touched upon science and revelation, science and nature, science and God, science and man, and defined true science and pointed out how instead of conflicting with it aided religion.

I reserved for this week the second section of that sermon, which treats of science and the Scriptures. I did so for the reason that this is one of the most universally discussed questions in the domain of polemics. As the subject is vast, and my few comments can only be a summary of Father Walshe's views, while his expressions are only a summary of the great subject itself, I will enter upon it without further preface. "The subject matter wherewith the Church is concerned is mostly of a spiritual, supernatural and moral character, and so far the boundary lines of science and revelation do not intersect. On the other hand, in the Church's interpretation of Scripture, she finds herself sometimes within a region which is also claimed by science." There are the words with which Father Walshe introduces his divisions of this section of his subject. It is thus divided:—

- 1.—The origin of the universe.
 - 2.—The origin of man.
 - 3.—The unity of the human race.
 - 4.—The antiquity of man.
- With these four points have we now to briefly deal.

I.—ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE.—

Of the four this is the most important, because it is the basis, or starting point of all the others; or, in other words, we must begin with the origin of the first created objects before coming to that of subsequent creations. The simple catechism tells us that "God created the world from nothing." The creation of the universe is, therefore, the starting point. But at this very outset we meet with denials of the creation and conflicting theories regarding the origin of the universe. Taking up his subject here Father Walshe says:—

"The nebular hypothesis is well known as the scientific solution of the world's origin. According to this teaching, the materials, whereof the universe is composed, were once in a gaseous and incandescent state. In process of time the gaseous rotating mass became more and more condensed; portions of the mass separated from the central body and ultimately formed the planets which revolve round the sun. The process of cooling and condensation went on until the crust of the earth, for instance, became capable of supporting organic life. The hypothetical character of this suggestion is, of course, confessed, though many astronomical and physical facts seem to lend it support and tend to move it from the region of hypothesis."

My purpose is neither add to nor take from the words or arguments of the preacher; I would not pretend to do so; it would be presumption. But as the sermon was delivered before a scientific association it stands to reason that the ordinary reader may not, without some difficulty, be able to grasp the arguments. It is merely the reducing of those arguments to less scientific language that I pretend to do.

Taking the above described hypothesis; whether it be a mere hypothesis or a proven fact does not much matter as far as Catholic teaching is concerned. The sole point is that the power of God is the energizing principle whereby the universe has come into existence. Whether it came into existence in a flash, or by long and slow evolution, does not change the attitude of science and revelation regarding each other. It is the power of God acting, whether with instantaneous rapidity, or in a gradual and almost imperceptible manner that is the main point. I will not quote the lengthy passage that tells of the origin and development of vegetable life and of animal life through different cycles of the prehistoric aeons. It would only serve

to confuse. But the Rev. Father Walshe says:—

"The human mind is much attracted to any hypothesis which helps to bring order and arrangement into elements hitherto diverse and confusing, and which seems to confer knowledge at the cost of small labor. This fact may explain to some extent the enthusiasm wherewith the evolutionary hypothesis was greeted in the middle of the last century. It is the simple truth to say that more careful observations have served to modify its claims very considerably and that centuries must elapse before the last word can be definitely spoken. The difficulty of proof or disproof is accentuated by the fact that during the supposed evolutionary process in the vegetable and animal kingdoms—a process extending over immense periods of time—all or nearly all the intermediate types are said to have perished. Existing species represent merely the 'tips of the branches' of the genealogical tree, of which the members represented by the trunk and main branches have long since become extinct."

The question now is this: "Is the principle of evolution in conflict with Catholic teaching?" If there should be any conflict between evolution and Catholic doctrine, it would be simply between a hypothesis and revelation, and not between science and revelation. Father Walshe thus explains this:—

"In answer to the question just proposed, we say that the materialistic school of evolution, which seeks and finds in the constitution and potentiality of matter for a sufficient explanation of the universe and denies the necessity of creation and of a Creator, this school is absolutely opposed to the teaching of the Catholic Church; it is equally opposed to the dictates of common sense."

But if it be granted that the power of God is the agency which slowly evolves the creatures of the earth, that He in the beginning created some few primordial forms and imposed upon them the law of development, then, excluding the case of man, such modified evolutionary teaching is not opposed to any article of Faith, and stands or falls accordingly on its own intrinsic basis. The conflict therefore between science and revelation is no longer a conflict of the very moment God the Creator is admitted. The Church is opposed to the theory of evolution because the theorists exclude the power of God as the creative agency, not because the theory presents a certain slow and developing form of creation. Grant the power of God behind all the changes and Faith has no war to wage on the evolutionary hypothesis.

II. ORIGIN OF MAN.—

Once the Divine creative principle is admitted in regard to the origin of the universe, it is only a matter of logical sequence to apply the same to the origin of man. If we find that inanimate matter has necessarily come from the hand of a Creator, much more so animate life, and being must have come from a like science. Here is the brief manner in which this is set forth:—

"It is of Divine Faith that God created directly an immortal, immaterial, spiritual soul which He infused into a material body and so fashioned the first man the father of the human race. It is against Faith to hold that man, in the entirety of his nature, could be evolved from a lower form: The belief and teaching of some of the highest authorities in anthropological science, including amongst them the most famous living English advocate of evolution, is quite in accord with Catholic doctrine that the formation of man requires the direct interposition of God."

That life be created there must be life behind it. The inanimate cannot produce the animate. Spontaneous generations is impossible, for back of it there must be some first principle of life, no matter how remote, no matter how great or small. There is no escape from the necessity of ascending link by link the chain of being until we reach a first cause. Science can go as far as the confines of the limited, the finite, but there it ceases all explorations for there is nothing material beyond for it to investigate. But having reached that limit, it must pause to ask what is the first general cause of all that is framed within the circumference of the finite. It is then that revelation comes into play and supplies that which science cannot reach. And in this there is no conflict. It is merely that revelation takes up the chain where science has left it down, and carries it to its source.

III. UNITY OF ORIGIN OF MAN.

—This is a subject of more than exceptional interest at the present moment. According to the first chapter of the Book of Genesis the world was created by God in six days, now Father Walshe says:—

"It is well known, moreover, that there have been and are in the Church three distinct schools of interpretation regarding the Mosaic cosmogony: (a) The literal interpretation which accepts the words in their obvious sense and regards the 'days' as periods analogous to ours. (b) The concordistic interpretation which takes the word 'yom,' or 'day,' for an indefinite period and endeavors to identify the six days and the creatures created therein with the geological periods and their flora and fauna. (c) Finally, a school of interpretation has existed from the days of Augustine which gives an 'ideal,' or 'metaphorical' account of the events recorded in the first chapter of Genesis—the purpose of the sacred writer being (in the opinion of the 'Idealists') to emphasize the claim of God as Creator or to give liturgical expression to devotional feeling or some such praiseworthy object."

He adds then:—

"Now the ideal interpretation cannot be extended to any fact which is bound up with dogmatic teaching. Accordingly, it is certain that God created the first man who was the father and representative of the human race—that Adam sinned by disobedience and thereby incurred the Divine displeasure upon himself and his family—that in consequence of sin a new Adam was necessary for the redemption of mankind."

Consequently the Catholic doctrine of original sin and of subsequent Redemption involves the unity of origin of the human race. All scientists agree that racial differences are not as pronounced as are the specific differences amongst plants and amongst animals, which belong to the same stock and can be traced to a unity of origin in their respective kingdoms. This much being allowed, whether the man of science be an evolutionist or not he must see that there is no conflict between science and revelation as far as the unity of origin of the human family goes. All are agreed upon that score. And we thus see that revelation corresponds with science in as far as science can go; and when science can go no farther, then revelation completes the task—but without there being any clash.

Our Curbstone Observer

How Names of Places Arouse Bigotry.

SHAKESPEARE it was, I think, who said that "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." He may be right; but still it would not be recognized as a "rose," it would have another name. If that other name had been given to it from the very beginning I suppose it would not make any difference as far as the popularity and odor of the flower are concerned; but having had the name of "rose" and being universally known as such, it would no longer be recognized were we to agree to give it, at this stage, some other name. There are many names that have been given to objects and places that would have been different had those who gave the names any idea that there could be objections to them later on. After a name has become generally accepted, or is consecrated by long usage, or has a special significance and designates in a precise manner a particular thing, or place, it is no longer permissible to change it at will, or to suit the whims of individuals.

NAMES OF PLACES.—No matter how unacceptable to some people the name of a place may be, no individual has a right to change it. If that person be a public official, to whom the public must look for information he should be ten-fold more exact in his use of place names. For example if a certain name be given to a small town, and that in the official postal guide it is known as A.B., no person has a right to call it C. D. The latter may be more appropriate, may sound better, may have many other claims to recognition; but if a person were to use it in directing a letter, that letter would be sure to go to the "Dead Letter Office." There are means, of a legal character and formality, whereby the names of places may be changed. But unless such proper means are used, there is no doubt that it is a wrong to the public for any individual, no matter what his reasons for so doing, to make the alteration. This may seem a queer subject, but I will give an illustration and it will be then clear to the reader what I mean.

A CASE IN POINT.—I have had occasion to make several trips, from one city to another, along a certain line of railway this summer. On that line there are three places that are called after Saints. The names I will not give as they are for I do not want to be the direct or even remote cause of trouble for any person. But I will call them St. Peter's, St. Anthony, and St. Mary's. I have noticed each time, that, on approaching these stations the brakeman, whose duty it is to call out the names, goes through the cars shouting "Peter's," or "Anthony," or "Mary." At first I thought it was an oversight, or a slip of the tongue, or due to the hurry in which he shouted, and that I had failed to catch the word "Saint" before each name. But I soon learned otherwise. Two weeks ago I was travelling on the same line and a lady was on board who wished to get off at "Saint Mary's." She was a stranger to the route, and depended on the officials to tell her when her station would be reached. The brakeman ran through the car, and shouted twice, "Mary." The lady paid no attention. When we were pulling out from the station, she glanced through the window and saw the name over the door of the station. She sprang up and rushed to get off, but it was too late, the train was flying, at thirty miles an hour, towards a station ten miles ahead. I told this story to a fellow passenger, and he, who travels for a large fur store in Montreal, had all the pluck of a drummer. So when the brakeman came around shouting "Anthony," the drummer, stopped him and asked:—"Anthony whom, are you looking for?" The reply was that he was calling out the name of the next station. But the drummer remarked that there was no such station on the line; that the next was "Saint Anthony." The answer he got was:—"I have no believe in these 'er saints." And he proceeded to the next car to call for Anthony.

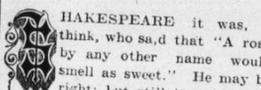
IV. ANTIQUITY OF MAN.— On this last point, in which those who would efface the idea of God and who have no faith in revelation, are most emphatic and persistent. Father Walshe says:—

"Man was created at the end of the sixth day. How long is the period which has elapsed from that event to the present time? Do we accept the computation of the Vulgate or that of the Septuagint? The genealogies of Genesis are doubtless incomplete. The fact of the chronological discrepancy proves that the chronology itself is not a matter on which the Church has pronounced. The geological record shows that Let us therefore appeal to science. man did not exist upon the earth until the beginning of the Quaternary period, and whether the Quaternary period has already lasted for 20,000 years or only for 10,000 years is a question for science to answer. It matters not to us whether the longer or the shorter period be ultimately chosen as nearer to the truth."

Taking the general features of the Mosaic record we find that it is supported by the record of the rocks. In the strata of the earth's formation, and in the records of all scientists, we have a procession from simple to complex forms. This is apparent in every case, be it in one kingdom or the other. So that in this scientific record, just as in that of the Scripture man is shown to be the most recent and the most perfect of the works of God. Therefore, there is absolutely no conflict between science and revelation on that score. Thus, if we resume the whole subject, we find that revelation completes the work of science and science proves revelation.

This seems to me to be one of the clearest of refutations that have been made if the claims of the infidel scientist against the existence of God, and consequently against creation, then Redemption, and finally all revelation and religion. It is plain, it is simple, and it is, in itself, scientific in the highest degree. Man may delve into the secrets of nature and build on what he extracts any theories he may desire, but he cannot set up an hypothesis against a fact; nor can he, by any means, bring science and the Scriptures into conflict.

RANK PREJUDICE.—Deep, and very ignorant (much as I dislike the



term, I can find none other) must be the prejudice that could push a man, especially a man in an official position, to such an extremity of foolishness. Granted that he had no faith in saints, nor in God, for that matter, the fact remained that the name of the place was Saint Anthony and he had no right to alter it in any form. By that bigoted and silly exhibition of his lack of education the man caused a poor stranger to travel ten miles out of her way, and at an inconvenience to her that we do not know. I was aware of this one case; but there may have been others during the years that the man in question is on the road. If he had a letter of great importance to himself to send to a person in that town, would he take the risk of addressing it to Peter, or Anthony, or Mary? Certainly not, for the intuition that comes of self-interest would make him understand that he ran the risk of his letter never reaching its destination. Then why should he, in his official position, and when acting, as it were, a guide for the public, allow his rank prejudice to alter a proper name and to thereby deceive those whom he is bound to properly direct?

ANOTHER EXAMPLE.—A few years ago I was standing on the curbstone in front of the Jesuit Church on Bleury street, when a number of American tourists came out of the Church and crossed over to my side. One of them, an elderly lady of apparently "blue-stocking" proclivities asked me the way to "Catherine street." I politely told her that the next street up was "Saint Catherine street," if that was the one she was looking for. She thanked me and said "yes," that is the street," and added "without the necessity of a saint on it." I made no reply, as I considered the remark beneath contempt, but I felt in my heart that if there were no saint on it, there would soon be a rank hypocrite there—just as soon as that lady reached it, I cannot say whether she intended to be humorous and failed, or intended to display her lack of good breeding, and succeeded; at all events I paid no further attention to them. There is nothing to be gained by such acquaintanceship.

CONCLUSION.—These couple of examples, drawn from my personal experiences, sufficed to show me how utterly inadequate must be the home and school training of such people. And unfortunately, they are not the exceptions. Their kind is to be met with in all ranks and stations of life. Yet they must be very miserable; for I think that all small souls must be miserable, and deserving of pity. There is one consolation, however, in the fact that their influence is absolutely null in the world, and they simply are able to secure for themselves the contempt of all right-minded people. Still, in this small way, they show what they would gladly do if they had the means and power to accomplish their purpose. The will they have, the power they lack; and well it is for modern civilization that it should so be.

Late Archbishop Kain.

The editor of the "Western Watchman"—Rev. D. S. Phelan—in his editorial references to the death of Archbishop Kain refers to some of the chief characteristics of the great prelate as follows:—

The death of this distinguished churchman though long expected, came like a shock to the people over whom he has exercised rule for the past ten years.

If that event had occurred a year ago it would have been little short of a calamity; but with that wonderful foresight for which he was remarkable all through life, he made ample provision for the great diocese by having a coadjutor appointed with right of succession, so that St. Louis will not be without an Archbishop one hour by reason of his demise.

Archbishop Kain has been in charge of this diocese and ecclesiastical province since 1893; and these ten years have been filled with monuments of his zeal and activity. For he was engaged in worldly business, and it was while a clerk in a village store that he acquired those habits of industry, assiduity and economy that clung to him through life.

It is remarkable how often a short business career in the world has developed the greatest qualities in the subsequent churchman. The late Archbishop Kenrick was for several years engaged in business in Dublin. The Archbishops of Halifax and Baltimore were similarly employed before they began their studies for the Church. It develops earnestness, method and persevering industry, and teaches the value of money.

Young men who have spent all their

lives in a seminary and have never had an opportunity to work off or spend their surplus animal energy are apt to prolong their happy-go-lucky college ways after they are ordained, and until hard and sometimes sorry experience solers them and makes them realize that the ministry is a field of toil and trouble and that the lot of the priest is to labor and pray.

Archbishop Kain governed the diocese as he would conduct a great business in the world. He was a great church builder. He revealed in work for the orphan and the sick. He seemed to find a superterrestrial satisfaction in seeing the orphans and the poor sitting at his knee and listening to his merry laugh and humorous tales. He was never better than in such company.

He was saving almost to the point of parsimony, but he had his purse ever open to the calls of the orphans and the outcasts of the city's streets. He left behind him in Wheeling when he came to St. Louis \$130,000 with which to continue the works of charity he had undertaken. During his stay in St. Louis he strained every nerve to raise enough money to build a cathedral worthy of St. Louis and her Catholic people. He had a large income, but it was always eaten up by the end of the year. The only property he could call his own, having purchased it with his money presented to him on his departure from his former see, the \$10,000 lot near the site of the cathedral chapel, he devised by will to the Cathedral Board as his personal contribution to that great work.

Archbishop Kain was not a man to surround himself with a coterie of friends. He had no favorites in the diocese. The men he advanced were those who seldom darkened his door, as indifferent to his friendship as he was to theirs. He did not understand that the honors of the sanctuary should follow personal regard. The men who did most for him were the men who received least from him.

He was brusque and inconsiderate of the conventionalities, oftentimes to a painful degree. This was the fault of his training and temperament. He was made a Bishop very young, after eight years of priestly ministry, and he developed that unamiable, magisterial temperament which is so repulsive in pedagogues; but in him it was not accentuated as in many other Bishops, with a chilling self-consciousness. He was as simple as a child in his deportment, but sometimes as thoughtless and impulsive as a spoiled child.

Archbishop Kain was never appreciated by the laity of his diocese. They could never get accustomed to his bluff ways and his abrupt style of official intercourse. But the priests all loved him for his honesty, straightforwardness and truth. He could say "no" with a round resonance that drowned further attempt at parley. He had no secrets. He was too open for a prudent ruler. But he never got into trouble on that account, as he never was afraid to repeat in any company what he had said "in secreto aurium."

In his private life Archbishop Kain was a very devout man. At home or abroad, on land or sea, he rose promptly at 5 o'clock for prayer and meditation. He never omitted Mass where it was possible to celebrate. He had a fixed hour for saying the office and rosary, and his spiritual reading was done with as much regularity as when he was a student in the seminary. He allowed nothing to interrupt his devotions.

When with him in Paris he was on one occasion making his thanksgiving after Mass, when a high French ecclesiastic requested the pleasure of an introduction to "Sa Grandeur" of St. Louis. When he was asked to shorten his devotions to meet the dignity he showed irritation and refused to interrupt his prayers. When he finally arose the dignity was gone.

Archbishop Kain loved the company of priests. He never was happier than when surrounded by his brethren, himself the "older brother." He was kind to those who needed kindness, and could be very bluff—the less deserving was sure to find sharp retort.

To the everlasting credit of Archbishop Kain it must be said that he found St. Louis a diocese thoroughly unorganized—not disorganized—and he left it one of the best organized dioceses in this country. He established the parishes with new buildings and fixed regulations governing the administration of the sacraments; he gave the whole diocese a code of laws that bespeak his consummate zeal and prudence.

He labored long and well in the vineyard of the Lord, and the Bishop of Bishops will reward him. If he was sometimes hard on others, he never spared himself, and his death was the final breaking down of a splendid constitution and the culmination of a devotion that asked only to spend and be spent in the service of God.

the Armenians rebel and ragely at their oppressor. ves us the true and exact he situation in a few words, on of Russia is a national it is a state religion, and ed upon national interests exigencies. Thus it is ver the Czar desires shall y must be obeyed. He is of the Church as well as of Napoleon once said:— a Russian and you will find Beneath the venter of the Tartaric barbarism and coating is only skin s it is that when Russia's interests are to be safe- her navy, her national en- and her religious fervor; I government are equally the scales and she recog- le saved that of "might," rmed Christianity, but ing other than Tartaric under the mask of Chris- and in the armor of eremonials.

NOTIONS AND WHIMS.

AND MINISTER.—A rev- man, preaching in one of ational churches on a nday laid down as le that the clergy- no higher and pos- more authority than his congregation. He de- existence of a priesthood ed it to be the mission ner to preach and not- He said that the words rs nowhere in the Bible, w a distinction between a an evangelical ministry. cluded by saying that, what he had said the onception must be the t requires a good, pure, and trained man for its functions. Intellectual is demanded. The Bible dered over, the hearts of studied, and the mech- anding the Holy Scrip- known.

going to enter into dis- subject, as to do so us into a field that is or the present circum- besides the futility of it us. But we wish in a is to show the lack of above reasoning. The us needs no distinctive while the evangelist lar. By the very most rinciple that which is st contain that which

The priest must be a minister as well as a an evangelical minister thing more. The priest perform all his sacra- as, but he must also re- pel. Therefore, he re- the greater degree of a as a proof of this, tice that the priest is educated classically— ould never reach the lo any individual who the hour, pour out his meaning, deliver him- statements in very may be bad English, a accepted evangelist- hem by the scores— fanatical, and abet- ed men; and we met the priest who at least from four- years of study. So tements of this re- on this score, may standard whereby to ce that can be put guments on such an ct.

the "True Witness"

ENCYCLICAL LETTER

OUR HOLY FATHER,

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE

POPE PIUS X.

To the Patriarchs, Primes, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries in Communion with the Apostolic See.

Venerable Brethren,—Health and the Apostolic Benediction.

About to address you for the first time from the Chair of the Supreme Apostolate, to which by the inscrutable design of God We have been raised, We need not say how We endeavored by tears and earnest prayers to avoid this formidable burden of the Pontificate. Indeed, although altogether unequal in point of merit, We can apply to Our case the words in which Anselm, a man of the greatest sanctity, complained when against his wish and desires he was compelled to accept the honor of the episcopate. For to show in what state of mind and will We took upon Ourselves the weighty office of feeding the flock of Christ, We may give the same signs of sorrow in which he indulged. "Witness is borne by my tears, my voice, and the groanings of my heart," he wrote (Epp. l. iii, ep. 1.) "such as I never remember to have gone out from me on the occasion of any sorrow before that day on which that severe trial of the Archbishop of Canterbury appeared to have fallen upon me. This cannot be denied by those who saw my face that day. . . . I was blenched by astonishment and grief, my color being more like a dead man's than that of a living person. And my election, or rather the violence done me, speaking with truth which I have up till now observed, I opposed as much as I could. But now I am compelled to confess, no less, that the judgments of God resist my efforts daily more and more, so that I do not appear to be able to escape them in any way. Wherefore, being overcome by the violence not so much of men as of God, which cannot be resisted with wisdom, I understand that I have no other duty than, after having prayed as much as I could and having endeavored to make this chalice if possible pass from me so that I should not drink it, to put aside my own feeling and wishes and to conform myself entirely to the design and Will of God."

Certainly many and great reasons were not wanting to account for Our reluctance. For besides considering Ourselves altogether unworthy of the honor of the Pontificate owing to Our insignificance, who would not be moved at finding himself nominated to succeed him who for nearly twenty-six years ruled the Church with so much wisdom and was endowed with such quickness of mind and with such lustre of all the virtues as to excite the admiration even of adversaries and to leave an indelible memory of himself in most noble works. Then, passing over other things, We were alarmed above everything else at the present lamentable condition of human society. For who is not aware that human society now more than in any past age is a prey to a most serious disease which, increasing every day and eating away at its heart, is bringing it rapidly to ruin. You understand, venerable brethren, what this disease is: the apostasy and withdrawal from God; then which assuredly nothing is more fraught with misfortune, according to the saying of the Prophet, "for behold they that go from Thee shall perish" (Ps. lxxii, 27). We saw then that in virtue of the Pontifical Ministry entrusted to Us it was Our duty to find a remedy for so many evils, feeling that God's command was addressed to Us: "Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms to root up, and to pull down, and to build, and to plant" (Jerem. i, 10). Conscious, however, of Our weakness, We feared to undertake a duty of the utmost urgency and difficulty.

But since it has pleased the Divine Will to raise Us, weak as We are, to such a height of power, We turn Our thoughts to Him Who comforts Us; and setting to work with reliance upon the might of God, We declare that Our one intention in assuming the Pontificate is to "restore all things in Christ" (Ephes. i, 10), so that

"Christ may be all in all" (Coloss. iii, 2). No doubt there are those who, judging of Divine things as of human affairs, will endeavor to discover what are the objects We have in view and to misrepresent Our intentions, referring them to worldly and party purposes. In order to do away with vain hopes, We proclaim to them with all sincerity that We do not desire to be anything and that with God's help We will be nothing before human society but the minister of God, of Whose authority We are the depository. The interests of God will be Our interests, for which We are resolved to spend all Our strength and Our life itself. Wherefore if anyone asks of Us a watchword which will be the expression of Our will, this one We will always give: "To restore all things in Christ."

In this sublime undertaking venerable brethren, We are inspired with the greatest eagerness by the knowledge that We shall have you all as strenuous co-operators. If We entertained a doubt on the point We should unjustly believe you to be either ignorant or indifferent with regard to the wicked warfare that is now stirred up and carried on nearly everywhere against God. For truly "The Gentiles have raged and the people devised vain things against their Creator" (Ps. ii, 1); so that the cry is pretty common amongst the enemies of God, "Depart from us" (Job xxi, 14). And accordingly We see all reverence for the Eternal God quite extinct in the majority of men and that no account is taken in public and private life of His supreme Will; nay, that every effort is made and every artifice used that the very recollection and knowledge of God should be destroyed altogether.

Whoever considers this must, certainly fear that this perversity of mind is a sample and perhaps the commencement of the evils reserved for the last days, and that the son of perdition of whom the Apostle speaks (II. Thess. ii, 3) may be already in the world. Such, in fact, is the audacity and fury with which religion is assailed on all sides that the dogmas of the Faith are attacked and attempts are being made to destroy completely the relationship of man with God. "E contra," man—and this, according to the same Apostle, is a special mark of Antichrist—has, with supreme temerity, put himself in the place of God, raising himself up above "everything that is called God"; so much so that although he could not altogether blot out the mark of God in himself, rejecting His majesty he has made of the visible universe, as it were, a temple to himself in order to be adored by others. "He sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself as if he were God" (II Thess., ii, 4).

In truth, no one of sound mind can doubt with what result this strife of men against the Most High is being carried on. Man, abusing his liberty, can violate the law and majesty of the Creator of the universe; but the victory will always be with God; nay, destruction is even then all the nearer when man in the hope of triumph becomes most audacious. God Himself gives us this assurance in the Holy Scriptures. Unmindful as it were of His power and His greatness, "He overlooks the sins of men" (Wisdom xi, 24); but immediately after this apparent withdrawal of Himself, "being awaked like a mighty man that hath been surfeited with wine" (Ps. lxxvii, 65). "He shall break the heads of His enemies" (Ps. lxxvii, 22), in order that all may know "that God is the King of the earth" (Ps. xlvii, 8), "and that the Gentiles may know themselves to be but men" (Ps. ix, 24).

This, venerable brethren, We believe and expect with a sure faith. But it hinders us not from endeavoring, each in his own way, to hasten the work of God; and this not only by persistently praying, "Arisis, O Lord, let no man be strengthened" (Ps. ix, 20), but also—what is more important—by asserting and upholding in word and deed and in the most open way the supreme dominion of God over men and all things so that His right and power to command

may be truly appreciated and respected by all. This is required of us not only by the duty which nature imposes, but also by the welfare of the human race. Who is there, venerable brethren, that has not been filled with trouble and consternation at seeing the greater part of men, whilst deservedly boasting of the progress of civilization, fiercely fighting against each other so that it would seem as if all were engaged in a battle against all. The desire for peace, no doubt, is to be found in the breasts of all and there is no one who does not earnestly long for it. But to wish for peace without God is absurd, for where God is absent so is justice, and where there is not justice it is vain to hope for peace. "The work of justice shall be peace" (Is. xxxii, 17). We know well that there are not a few who, animated by this desire for peace, that is to say, for tranquillity and order, group themselves into societies and parties which they call parties of order. Hopes and labor lost! There is, in fact, but one party which can bring back peace amidst the disturbed state of affairs, and that is the party of God. This party, then, we ought to promote; to it we ought to draw as many as we can if we are truly inspired by the love of peace.

However much we strive, venerable brethren, to lead men back to the recognition of God's majesty and power, we shall never succeed except through Jesus Christ. "Other foundation no man can lay," so the Apostle warns us, "but that which is laid, which is Christ Jesus" (I Cor., iii, 2). Christ is the only one "Whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world" (John x, 36), "the brightness of His glory and the image of His substance" (Heb. i, 3). The true God is true Man, without Whom nobody can know God as is necessary, for "neither doth anyone know the Father but the Son and he to whom it shall please the Son to reveal Him" (Matt. xi, 27). Whence it follows that to restore all things in Christ and to lead back men to subjection to God are one and the same thing. Our efforts therefore should be directed to this end—to bring back the human race into subjection to Christ; that being done, they will already have been brought back to God—We mean to God, not to that being, inert and indifferent with regard to human affairs, imagined in the dreams of the materialist, but to the living and true God, one in nature, three in person, the Creator of the world. Who rules all things most wisely, the most just Legislator Who punishes the guilty and rewards virtue.

Now, the way to Christ is open, namely, through the Church. Wherefore St. Chrysostom rightly says: "Thy hope is the Church, thy salvation the Church, thy refuge the Church" (Hom. de captio Eutropio, n. 6). For this in truth Christ founded it, establishing it at the price of His Blood; and He made it a depository of His doctrines and of His laws, giving it at the same time an ample wealth of graces for the sanctification and salvation of men.

You see, then, venerable brethren, what is the duty entrusted alike to Us and to you—to recall to the discipline of the Church human society, which has wandered away from the wisdom of Christ; the Church will ensure subjection to Christ, and Christ to God. And if with God's help We succeed, We shall rejoice in having made iniquity yield to justice, and for our happiness we shall hear "a loud voice in Heaven saying: Now is come salvation and strength, and the kingdom of our God and the power of His Christ" (Apoc. xii, 10). In order, however, that this may be accomplished conformably with our wishes it is necessary that by every means and by all the exertions in our power we should radically remove the terrible and shocking wickedness characteristic of this age by which man puts himself in the place of God; after that the sacred laws and counsels of the Gospel are to be restored to the honor in which they were formerly held; the truths taught by the Church and the Church's doctrines on the sanctity of

marriage, the instruction and education of youth, the possession and use of property and men's duties towards public authorities are to be boldly proclaimed; finally the balance between the different classes of society is to be regulated by the standard of Christian teaching and customs. We certainly in submitting to the Divine Will proposed this much to Ourselves in Our Pontificate, and We shall endeavor to attain it by all the earnestness We can command. It is for you, venerable brethren, to second Our efforts by holiness, knowledge, experience, and above all by zeal for the Divine glory, having no other object except that Christ be formed (Gal. iv, 1, 9) in every body.

What means are needed to achieve this great work it seems unnecessary to point out, for they are self-evident. Let your first aim be to form Christ in those who by the duty of their vocation are destined to form Him in others. We refer, venerable brethren, to the priests, because those who are invested with the priesthood must know that amongst the people with whom they live they have the same mission that Paul declared he had received in those touching words: "My little children, of whom I am in labor again, until Christ be formed in you" (Gal. iv, 19). But how can they perform such a duty unless they themselves have first put on Christ, and put Him on in such a way as to be able to say with the Apostle "I live, now not I; but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. ii, 20). "For me to live is Christ" (Phillip. i, 21). For this reason, although the exhortation to proceed "unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ" (Ephes. iv, 13), is addressed to all, nevertheless it is directed before others to those who exercise the sacerdotal ministry; who are therefore called "another Christ" not only on account of the communication of power, but also for the imitation of good works by which they shall carry marked upon them the image of Christ.

This being so, venerable brethren what great solicitude you should show in forming the clergy to sanctity of life; every other task should be subordinate to this. Accordingly your principal diligence should be exerted in so arranging and ruling your seminaries that they be notable both for the excellence of the teaching and the integrity of morals. Look upon the seminary as the delight of your hearts, and in favoring it omit nothing that the Council of Trent determined upon with such great foresight. When the time is come at which the young candidates are to be promoted to Holy Orders do not forget what St. Paul wrote to Timothy, "Impose not hands lightly on any man" (I Tim., v, 22), bearing well in mind that as the priests are, so, generally speaking, will be the Faithful. Take not heed, therefore, of individual interests, but think solely of God and the Church and the eternal welfare of souls in order that you may not, in the warning words of the Apostle, "be partakers of other men's sins" (I Tim., v, 22). Moreover, let your care be no less with regard to the young priests who have already come forth from the seminary. We earnestly exhort you to take them often to your bosom, which ought to burn with heavenly fire; communicate that fire to them and inflame them so that they may desire nothing but to gain souls for God. We, venerable brethren, shall take great care that the members of the clergy be not drawn into the snares of a certain new and deceptive science which does not savour of Christ, and which with masked and subtle arguments endeavors to introduce the errors of Rationalism or semi-Rationalism; against which the Apostle warned Timothy to be on his guard, writing to him: "Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding the profane novelties of words, and oppositions of knowledge falsely so called, which some promising have erred concerning the Faith" (I Tim., vi, 20, 21). This, however, does not prevent Us from considering worthy of praise those who devote themselves to the study of useful doctrine in every kind of science in order to be the better prepared to defend the truth and to refute the calumnies of the enemies of the Faith. Still, We cannot conceive, but rather openly proclaim the fact that Our preference is for those who, whilst giving attention to ecclesiastical and literary erudition, dedicate their lives more closely to the welfare of souls in the exercise of those ministerial duties which are the proper functions of a priest zealous for the divine honor. "We have great sadness and continual sorrow in our heart" when We find that the lamentation of Jeremiah applies also to our age: "The little ones have asked for bread, and there was none to break it unto them" (Lament. iv, 4). For there are not wanting clergymen who, suiting their own taste, devote themselves to works of more apparent

(Continued on Page Eight.)

FACTS AND RUMORS.

(Gleaned by Our Rambler.)

AN IRISH DISPENSARY.—After long and weary years of waiting and knocking at the doors of institutions of other races and creeds, by suffering and afflicted members of our race, there is a movement under way to organize a dispensary.

This was the rumor your "Rambler" heard on St. James street a few days ago. He sincerely hopes it has some foundation.

THE MAYORALTY.—There are a large number of Irishmen in Montreal who are very tenacious of their rights as citizens. They are now discussing the turn of an Irish Catholic to hold the office of Chief Magistrate. So far one name has been mentioned. It is that of an Irish Catholic alderman, who, for many years, represented a large and important district in the eastern section of the city. He is popular with the masses of French-Canadians, and his record in the City Council is one of the best.

AWAY FROM SMOKE.—Several of our local religious institutions, educational and charitable, and leading business men of wealth, are making enquiries about large parcels of land in municipalities on the immediate outskirts of this city. The constant encroachment of manufacturing establishments in localities hitherto occupied by public institutions and private residences is the cause of the proposed migration.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE.—Mr. and Mrs. F. B. McNamee, of this city, will soon complete the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage.

ENERGY AND SUCCESS.—Mr. William H. Cox, the well known notary public of this city, has entered into partnership with a confrere—Mr. E. H. Stuart, who controls one of the largest and most lucrative practices in the notarial profession. "Rambler" congratulates Mr. Cox on his well deserved success. He has earned it by his ability, integrity and close attention to his profession.

FREE WATER.—A prominent and energetic Irish Catholic member of a local labor organization stated in hearing of your "Rambler," the other day, that an effort would shortly be made to start an agitation in Montreal to abolish the water tax.

A RIGHT SPIRIT.—The old pupils of this city and district, of St. Patrick's Academy, Alexander street, have with a true spirit of gratitude decided to open a subscription list with a view of making good the loss of money which the enthusiastic and kindly superior of that well known institution suffered recently, the facts of which are familiar to all readers of the "True Witness." Your "Rambler" wishes the old pupils every success in their laudable undertaking. It is a little recognition of the worth of a sincere friend of the dear little Irish girls of Montreal of several generations.

A GOOD HIT.—In a conversation, the other day, with a well known Irish Catholic lady, one of the class that has been inclined to underestimate the influence of the "True Witness," your "Rambler" was informed of a fact which should be known to all readers of the "True Witness." It is this: "For many weeks," said the lady, "I had advertised for a servant in the local press, but only received two replies, both from young women who were not qualified. In conversation with an enthusiastic admirer of the 'True Witness,' I was induced to put an advertisement in that journal. During the course of the week following the publication of the advertisement, I was very much surprised when I received four applications, two from a town about 40 miles from Montreal, and the others from residents of this city."

"As a result," said the lady, "I have secured a first-class domestic, and my anxiety, on that account, which was great, has been dispelled, thanks to my friend's confidence in the local Catholic newspaper." "Rambler" is tempted to indulge in

SITUATION VACANT.

WANTED.—A good general servant, must be able to cook; good wages. Call on or address Mrs. Power, 84 Shuter street, Montreal.

some comments on the above piece of news. But on second thought he will leave the words of the lady interviewed, to confront those who are guilty of indifference in any form towards their own organ.

VILLA MARIA.—It is said that plans are now in course of preparation for the erection of an extension, for accommodation of pupils, to the old historic building, known as Villa Maria.

PREPARING FOR WINTER.—Rumors of the formation of private euehre clubs and reading circles, by the heads of some of our Irish Catholic households, have reached your "Rambler." In an early issue he hopes to be in a position to give more particulars.

The plan adopted is new in some particulars, especially in regard to the prize winners in euehre, but the best feature is old, and that is all the gatherings, both of euehre club and reading circle, will take place in the homes of those comprised within a circle.

LADIES OF CHARITY.—This well known organization of ladies of St. Patrick's parish, will hold a social and oyster supper next month in one of our public halls.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.—The ladies of this parish are now busily engaged in interviewing the "Summer Enthusiasts," with a view of enlisting their sympathies in the direction of tendering the "Boys in Green" a banquet early next month.

We are anxious to know how many of the first named hide in nooks and corners when the young women of St. Gabriel's knock at the doors of their offices.

THE DURATION OF PARLIAMENTS IN CANADA

There is now so much talk and so much guess work about general elections after the present session of Parliament, that it might be of interest to have an idea exact as to the duration of the different Parliaments since Confederation. The legal life of a Federal Parliament is five full years. If the present Government were to appeal to the people before another session, this Parliament would have lasted only three years. Now here is the length of each successive Parliament since Confederation:—

- 1st. From 6th November, 1868, to 8th July, 1872—or 4 years, nine months and 15 days.
2nd. From 5th March, 1873, to 3rd January, 1874—or nine months.
3rd. From 30th March, 1874, to 17th August, 1878—or 4 years, 6 months and 24 days.
4th. From 13th February, 1879, to 18th May, 1882—or 3 years, 5 months and 27 days.
5th. From 8th February, 1883, to 15th January, 1887—or 4 years, 5 months and 8 days.
6th. From 13th April, 1887, to 8th February, 1891—or three years, 9 months and 28 days.
7th. From 29th April, 1891, to 24th April, 1896—or 4 years, 11 months and 30 days.
8th. From 19th August, 1896, to 8th October, 1900—or 4 years, 2 months and 26 days.

The last general elections took place on the 4th of November, 1900. The three years will only be up on the night of the 6th November next. Consequently, should there be general elections this year, the present will be the shortest Parliament (except the second one) since Confederation. If not, it will run into the general average of four years.

NUNS IN CHICAGO.

The nuns of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary have opened a branch of their establishment in Chicago.

ANOTHER LESSON.

William Beals, a young aeronaut, was killed while making a balloon ascension at Coney Island, the other day.

OUR TORO

(From Our Own



EDWARD JAMES Hearn

There are several well known popular, several methods of accomplishing this by a performed at the opposite others again by study; comment and adapting it in such a way as to none and pleasure become "all things to mere force of native genius spontaneous geniality which radiates from traces within its scope under its influence. Of class is Mr. E. J. Hearn of Toronto.

Mr. Hearn has been our city for something years, and yet he is kept out its limits from east his kindly disposition ness to help by his time whatever may come un as needing assistance, and have the Catholic and I been encouraged by his counsel, and the Catholic society, literary and other have received no incompetus from the practice given them from time to gentleman whom this was sent to the readers of "Witness."

Mr. Edward James Hearn, son of William Hearn, J. pioneer of Peel County, Ontario. He received education at the Public at the Brampton High School matriculated in May, 1871 law in the offices of Green, Lawder and Proctor, then with Morphy, and Morphy, and Howland Ryerson, Toronto. He his degree of barrister at in February, 1884, and began practice in Simcoe partner in the firm of Murchison. They opened offices at Tottenham and in 1888 this partnership solved. Mr. Hearn taking ham office. Here he served as Councillor of the being elected at the head on each occasion. Before Toronto, in 1894, Mr. Hearn to partnership in the Toronto Mr. John J. Lamont, this partnership still continues March, 1901, the present firm of Hearn and Slattery established.

In politics Mr. Hearn has life-long Conservative, and an active part in several campaigns. He was President Macdonald Club for one year at the present time holds the vice-president of Ward Fourative Association, Toronto past treasurer of the County Old Boys, and a member of City of Simcoe Old Boys, of He is solicitor for several corporations, and since coming Toronto has worked up a practice.

Of the Catholic societies Mr. Hearn has been interested may mention St. Mary's Truth Society. This society sends the largest parish in Toronto and its success as shown by attended meetings and 4th m

POSITION VACANT.

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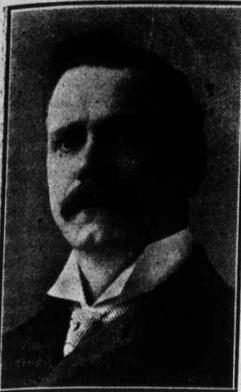
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OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)



EDWARD JAMES HEARN, Barrister.

There are several ways of becoming popular, several methods of ingratiating oneself with a community. Some accomplish this by a brilliant feat performed at the opportune moment, others again by studying their environment and adapting themselves to it in such a way as to give offence to none and pleasure to all; others become "all things to all men" by a force of native kindness, by a spontaneous geniality of manner which radiates from them and embraces within its scope all that come under its influence. Of this latter class is Mr. E. J. Hearn, Barrister of Toronto.

Mr. Hearn has been a resident of our city for something less than ten years, and yet he is known throughout its limits from east to west, for his kindly disposition and willingness to help by his time or talents, whatever may come under his notice as needing assistance. In particular have the Catholic and Irish societies been encouraged by his presence and counsel, and the Catholic Truth Society, literary and other associations have received no inconsiderable impetus from the practical addresses given them from time to time by the gentleman whom this week we present to the readers of the "True Witness."

Mr. Edward James Hearn is the son of William Hearn, J.P., an early pioneer of Peel County, and of Margaret O'Shaughnessy, daughter of the late Thomas O'Shaughnessy, of Toronto Township. Both parents were Canadian by birth, but his grandparents and all their ancestors were Irish. The subject of this sketch was born at Mayfield in the township of Chinguacousy, Peel County, Ontario, 11th May, 1858. He received his early education at the Public schools and at the Brampton High School. He matriculated in May, 1878, and studied law in the offices of Milligan and Green, Lawder and Proctor, Brampton, then with Morphy, Winchester and Morphy, and Howland Arnoldi and Ryerson, Toronto. He received his degree of barrister and solicitor in February, 1884, and immediately began practice in Simcoe County, as partner in the firm of Hearn and Murchison. They opened branch offices at Tottenham and Elmville, but in 1888 this partnership was dissolved, Mr. Hearn taking the Tottenham office. Here he served two terms as Councillor of the village, being elected at the head of the polls on each occasion. Before moving to Toronto, in 1894, Mr. Hearn took into partnership in the Tottenham office Mr. John J. Lamont, B.A., and this partnership still continues. In March, 1901, the present Toronto firm of Hearn and Slatery was established.

In politics Mr. Hearn has been a life-long Conservative, and has taken an active part in several election campaigns. He was President of the Macdonald Club for one year, and at the present time holds the office of vice-president of Ward Four Conservative Association, Toronto. He is past treasurer of the County of Peel Old Boys, and a member of the County of Simcoe Old Boys, of Toronto. He is solicitor for several firms and corporations, and since coming to Toronto has worked up a successful practice.

Of the Catholic societies in which Mr. Hearn has been interested we may mention St. Mary's Catholic Truth Society. This society represents the largest parish in the city, and its success as shown by its well-attended meetings and the number of

brilliant and instructive lectures delivered, has been something greatly out of the ordinary. Of this association Mr. Hearn was president for two years, and is now the esteemed honorary president. The St. Vincent de Paul Society also shares largely in Mr. Hearn's attention, and since his coming to Toronto he has taken an active interest in its welfare; of St. Patrick's Branch he is, and has been for some years, vice-president. He is also a member of the Mount Hope Catholic Cemetery Committee, and has been for several years Grand Deputy of the C.M.B.A. in Toronto. If we had not before stated the fact Mr. Hearn's descent and sympathies would be revealed when we state that he is vice-president of the Toronto branch of the United Irish League, and a member of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union.

In 1886 Mr. Hearn became a member of the Independent Order of Foresters, and in 1890 was unanimously elected High Councillor of the High Court of Ontario. In 1897 he was elected High Councillor of Central Ontario. Later, in 1900, he was elevated to the position of High Vice-Chief Ranger for Central Ontario, and in the following year to the highest position, namely, that of High Chief Ranger, in which office he has under his charge 13,000 members. So successful was Mr. Hearn in this office, that he was given a second term at the High Court meeting held in Guelph last year, and he is still on the High Standing Committee as judge at Los Angeles, California, in tended as representative of this High Court meetings of the Supreme Court of the Order, held at Montreal in 1887, at London, England, in 1895, and at Los Angeles, California, in 1901. He was unanimously recommended at the late High Court meeting held at Barrie in August last, for the Cross and Jewel of the Grand Legion of Honor; this was a signal honor as there can be only 100 Grand Knights living at any one time in the whole membership which is now over 210,000.

In 1889 Mr. Hearn was married to Miss Mamie Donohoe, niece of the late Bernard Callary, Mayor of Collingwood; they have six children; four boys and two girls. In matters of education Mr. Hearn is naturally interested, and he is the present representative of the Separate Schools upon the High School Board.

When so many offices of importance and trust have been held by Mr. Hearn, it is needless to say, he is held in the highest esteem by all who know him.

NEW CHURCH IN VIEW.—A new Church for St. Patrick's parish is now in view. For some years past it has been evident that the old St. Patrick's has become too small for the needs of the congregation; it is also becoming shabby; the most artistically kept altars in the city are contained within walls seared by the wear and tear of time. The Redemptorists who have charge of the parish, intend building at no distant date, and to enable them to enlarge their Church have lately bought three houses with their grounds, adjoining the Church property. The new Church will open on McCaul street, and St. Patrick's so long connected with William street, will then be almost a thing of the past.

MR. MULVEY'S APPOINTMENT.—The position made vacant by the death of Mr. Geo. E. Lumden, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Thomas Mulvey, K.C.

Mr. Mulvey is a Catholic, and among other things has fourteen years' practice as a lawyer to recommend him for the important work of the department, in which he is now engaged. The office is by no means a sinecure, the department as a whole being one of the busiest in the service.

Mr. Mulvey is a native of Toronto, and a graduate of St. Michael's College and the University; he is also a medalist in physics, in which subject he held the fellowship for two years. Mr. Mulvey is one of the founders of the Canadian Magazine and of the Young Liberal Club.

WEDDING BELLS.—A wedding of interest because of the standing of the groom as a member of one of Toronto's oldest families, and of the bride as daughter of Major Gray, amongst Toronto's best known Catholics, was that of Miss Marion Gray to Mr. Walter Percival Merrick, son of the late Sheriff Merrick. The Church was decorated with chrysanthemums, red berries and palms. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Treacy, D.D., and the bride was given away by her father, Major Henry Gray. The bride was gowned in rich ivory silk and the usual tulle veil and orange blossoms. The maid of honor was Miss Marie Miller, and the bridesmaid Miss Ethel Hughes,

while Miss Lillian Gray made a dainty little flower girl. Mr. James Merrick, brother of the groom, was best man, and Messrs. Bennet, Bernard Hughes, Bertram Watson and Dr. Charles Currie, were the ushers. After a reception at the home of the bride's father, Mr. and Mrs. Merrick left for a trip to Philadelphia and Washington. On their return they will reside at 142 Mutual street.

LITERARY WORK.—The committee of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association who have the programme of the year's work in hand, met on Monday evening last. It was decided that the work to be taken up should be the study of Ulyssis, and the continuation of French history, also that the "talks" on Parkman as gathered from his work on Frontenac should be continued, together with the series on "Current Events."

For the encouragement of those who are so often informed that literary, or associations of a like nature are ever short lived, I may say that the C. Y. L. A. is now in its fourteenth year, and each one of the fourteen has been a period of profit and pleasure to its members. Many of those who first joined are still its ardent supporters, and their attendance at the weekly meetings is something pleasurable anticipated.

As this is the mother association in Ontario, it may be of interest to give at some date, not far distant, a short history of its organization and progress; meantime, as information is sometimes asked on the subject, I am authorized to refer anyone desirous of further knowledge for the purpose of information, etc., to Mrs. Kavanagh, president, 93 Walmer Road, Toronto.

THE HOLY FAMILY PARISH.—The parishioners of the Holy Family parish have struck on what promises to be an effective and at the same time somewhat of a unique way of providing a home for the expected resident priest. As yet it is not known who the pastor will be, but on general principles, it is a work of love, and the parish is entering into it with zest. One member of the congregation has given a house free of rent for a year, another has promised to furnish the sitting room, while still others furnish the study and dining-room; kitchen furnishings and extras are to be got by means of a general collection amongst the members of the congregation. The laudable rivalry that exists in all such cases is a guarantee for the physical comfort of the future incumbent.

ST. HELEN'S PARISH.—At the Masses on Sunday last it was announced that the parish with regard to its Building Fund, was being completely reorganized. Owing to the cutting off of the Holy Family parish, and also giving a portion to St. Francis, the collections for the contemplated new Church had dwindled to about half of its former proportions. Now, however, a systematic canvas of the parish is being made, and now districts marked out, with the result that even now although but a third of the area has been gone over, the collection has reached its former standing.

ST. BASIL'S PARISH.—Mr. Moura for many years the efficient organist at St. Basil's, has withdrawn for a time from his work, on account of ill health. His place has been filled by the appointment of Mons. Carrión. Mrs. Moura, wife of the late organist, has also withdrawn, and her beautiful soprano voice is very much missed by both singers and congregation.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE.—A much needed addition to the new wing of the college is lacking because of the necessary funds; the dearth of scholarships is also a matter for regret. Father Martin, one of the late refugees from Franco, is now teaching at St. Michael's.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.—The study of achievement is great, but the study of noble failure is also great, and prepares us to appreciate the cost of achievement.

MARRIAGES.—On the 9th inst., at the Church of St. Louis de France, Dr. H. R. Dunstan Gray, son of Ex-Alderman Henry R. Gray, to Miss Marie Cecile Terroux, daughter of Mr. Charles Terroux, and grand daughter of the late Mr. Geo. E. Clerk, editor of the "True Witness."

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Oct. 21. MGR. SHARETTI RETURNS.—The return of the Apostolic Delegate from the Pacific Coast has made it feel again as if we were in direct touch with Rome. It is wonderful how each succeeding Delegate has become at once popular with all classes in the capital, and especially beloved by the Catholic element. Another evidence of how wisely Rome selects her envoys.

DOMINICAN ORDER.—There is nothing very special in the religious world of the Capital this week. We might, however, mention that Rev. Father Beclair, O.P., who has been for some time connected with St. Jean Baptiste parish, and who is one of the most eminent men of the Dominican Order in Canada, leaves next week for some other mission. During his stay in Ottawa he established a Bible reading class that has had a marked success, and several confraternities, for young men and young ladies, all of which will miss his guiding hand and great wisdom.

A NOVEL IDEA.—Rev. Father Whelan, of St. Patrick's Church, has introduced a new species of hat hook for the pews, and it is certain to be a success and a great boon for the male members of the congregation. You hang your hat on the hook, then touch a button, and a clasp springs out which holds the hat firmly in its place. The result is that people passing in and out of the pew cannot knock your hat down.

A PROFESSION.—His Grace Archbishop Duhamel presided at an impressive ceremony in the Convent of the Precious Blood, on Thursday morning last. On that occasion Miss Archambault, sister of Rev. Father Archambault, of the Palace, took the veil, and Rev. Sister Rose of the Precious Blood made her religious profession. Rev. Father Archambault and Rev. Father Charlebois, O. M.I., chaplain of the monastery, attended, as well as a large number of friends and relatives of those who took the vows. Rev. Sister Rose of the Precious Blood is a daughter of Mr. P. A. Vaillancourt, of Ottawa.

REMEMBER THE DEAD.—Preparations are already being made for the annual pilgrimage, on the 2nd November, All Saints' Day, to the Notre Dame cemetery, on the Montreal Road. This is generally a very imposing and well-attended ceremony.

CLOSING DAYS OF SESSION.—Now comes the question of the political world. It was expected that this long session of seven and a half months would have come to a close on Wednesday or Thursday (at latest) of this week; but, at this writing, there is no sign of any likelihood of such an event. It is quite possible yet that Saturday would see the prorogation; but your correspondent does not think it possible. At all events, a few days more or less make little difference, when we consider that the House has already been in session 225 days. Had it not been for the farce of Wednesday when a whole day was taken to discuss the question of postal bags, the session might have been brought to a close this week.

This postal bag controversy is one of the most laughable events of the whole session. The Montreal "Star" shipped a couple of thousand (possibly more, certainly not less) mail bags full of election literature to the address of Mr. Taylor, M.P., at Ottawa—franked of course. These bags were piled up in the corridors of the House, till the passages looked like the cellars of a pork-packing institution. Then their contents were franked by Mr. Taylor and posted to the various constituencies throughout the country. This was Mr. Taylor's right, as member of the House. But some considered it an abuse of the franking privilege, and hence a debate of four or five hours that was marked by some of the severest blows that were hit during the entire session.

The main, and all absorbing feature of this year's session was the now famous Transcontinental Railway Bill. This was the source of the most lively debate, as well as of some of the greatest surprises. None of these latter more memorable than

the unexpected resignation of Hon. Mr. Blair, former Minister of Railways and Canals. This cast entirely into the shade the resignation, a year ago, of Hon. Mr. Tarte — for it was more dramatic and took place at a much more serious moment. What the result of the passage of the Transcontinental Railway Bill may be is now a matter of speculation. We will simply have to await developments, and the operation of time. Apart from these few items, there is absolutely nothing going on in Ottawa that may be classed as of deep or even shallow interest.

In a few days the cannons that fired on the 12th March last will boom again from Nepean Point—this time for the closing of the session. Since last they were fired the House of Commons and Senate have lost,

through death, eight members. Of the eight, six were present and full of life, hope and vigor when the Governor-General came to open the Parliament. There is always a feeling of sadness about prorogation. The members and all the others concerned, are glad to be at liberty to return to their homes and their own private occupations. But, they have formed ties, and friendships, during all these months that are suddenly broken off by the second booming of the guns. Then the question may well be asked by each one, "how many of us will ever return here? or, how many places will be vacant when another session comes?" That is the one great secret that none can fathom, and that points in a cold and stern manner, to the vanity of all human ambitions.

DENTIST. Walter C. Kennedy, Dentist, 833 Dorchester Street, Corner Mansfield

Peerless Mess Mackerel. "Peerless" not only in name but in quality and flavour. Salt Mackerel in 5-lb. tins, 10-lb. and 20-lb. Kits. (Put up with special care — heads and tails removed) Peerless Mess Mackerel, in 5-lb. cans, \$1.25 per can; in 10-lb. kits, \$2.00 per kit; in 20-lb. kits, \$3.50 per kit. FRASER, VIGER & CO.

Galey's English Ginger Beer. Brewed in Norwich, England. We offer this celebrated Ginger Beer as follows:— Galey's Brewed Ginger Beer, in stone bottles, \$1.10 per dozen. Galey's Brewed Ginger Beer, in stone bottles, \$5.00 per case of 5 dozen. Galey's "Dry Lemonade," \$1.50 per dozen, \$6.75 per case of 5 dozen. Galey's "Dry Ginger Ale," \$1.50 per dozen, \$6.75 per case of 5 dozen. Galey's "English Soda Water," \$1.35 per dozen, \$6.25 per case of 5 dozen.

The Oldest Rye Whiskey to be had in Canada! Gooderham's "Special" 1884 Whiskey. 19 Years Old and 18 Years in Wood. We have only a few cases to offer at \$1.10 per bottle, \$12.00 per case. Delivered free, by freight, to any station in Ontario, Quebec or the Maritime Provinces, in lots of one or more cases.

Gooderham & Worts' "Special" Whiskey. 1887 Make. At \$1.00 per bottle, \$10.00 per case. Delivered free, by freight, to any station in Ontario, Quebec or the Maritime Provinces, in lots of one or more cases. FRASER, VIGER & CO.

THE MOST DELICIOUS OF LIGHT PUNCHES IS A CIDER CUP. R 2 quarts "Kenwood Farm" Sparkling Cider 2 sherry glasses Sherry 2 sherry glasses Curacao 1 Sherry glass Brandy 1 bottle Club Soda.

CUCUMBER AND MINT FRAPPE. PARRY KENNARD'S "SPARKLING RUSSET CIDER" From the Kenwood Farm, Owasco Lake, N.Y. In champagne pint bottles, \$3.00 per dozen pints, \$5.50 per case of 2 dozen pints.

IMPORTED CIDER. John Symon's, Totnes, Devon, England, Sparkling Champagne Cider. In pint bottles, \$2.25 per dozen pints, and \$4.00 per original case of 2 dozen pints.

Of a flavor all its own LILAC TEA. And the only Packet Tea we endorse LILAC TEA. In half pound packages, 25 cents each. In pound packages, 50 cents each. One grade and at one price LILAC TEA. For the money its equal is unknown TRY A PACKAGE TO-DAY. LILAC TEA. A combination of the Choicest Products of India and Ceylon.

A Perfect Tonic and a Grand Combination. FERNET-BRANCA BITTERS and ITALIAN VERMOUTH WINE. Just received—in 1 litre bottles and small pints. A small quantity of Fernet-Branca Bitters, in a wineglassful of "Fratini Sola's" Italian Vermouth Wine makes a perfect Tonic. Fernet Branca Bitters, \$1.25 per large quart bottle; \$13.50 per case of 1 dozen Fernet Branca Bitters, 70 cents per small pint bottle. FRASER, VIGER & CO., THE NORDHEIMER Building, ITALIAN WAREHOUSE, 207, 209 & 211 St. James St. ESTABLISHED 1816.

The Church And School.

(By An Occasional Correspondent.)

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.—In the New York "Sun," of Thursday, 8th October, appeared a letter written by Rev. W. Montague Geer, an Episcopalian clergyman. It is one that deserves very special attention, for it certainly defends in a most energetic and logical manner the stand taken by the Catholic Church on the school question. We have written so much, quoted so much, reproduced in full so much on this subject that we will be certainly excused if we occupy a special space this week with the few extracts from this letter. It is based on common sense and bristles with strong arguments. After telling the editor that there is nothing so topsy-turvy in the country as the treatment of the subject of education and after pointing out the vital importance of that subject, Rev. Mr. Geer says:—

"In a country like this, with a mixed population, it is not the right and not the duty nor the policy of the State to educate. The State is too big and unwieldy an organization to do such delicate work. To allow the State to carry on this kind of ethical and spiritual warfare is as absurd as to intrust to the Church the duty of managing a military campaign against a foreign foe. It is simply a question of adaptability and equipment. The well meant usurping of maternal functions by the State reminds one of the tender-hearted, motherly elephant that undertook to hatch out the eggs of a disabled hen.

"What is the result of our malpractice? Why, we are bringing up all over this broad land a lusty set of young pagans, who, sooner or later, they or their children, will make havoc of our institutions. Lynchers, labor agitators and law breakers generally are human guide posts, with arms, hands and fingers wide extended and voices at their loudest, pointing us to the ruin which awaits society if we persevere in the road which we are now taking."

Is this too strong? By no means. Last week we referred to the paganism of the freshmen who did not know the Ten Commandments, and we were thought to be severe. Then listen to a non-Catholic minister:—

"Foreign war would make a unit of us as brave, as resourceful a people as ever knew existence; but let severe pressure come from within, and we shall see, to our silly surprise, how little the average American cares for his country as a sacred, God made institution. Pagans, under the best ethical training of old time paganism, might be made, even in this Christian era, to do good work for society; but may we be delivered from the handiwork of pagans in a Christian country who know little or nothing either of pagan ethics and pagan religion or of Christian ethics and Christian religion. Such as these are already proving a perilous element. The wealth and extent of the country may put off for a time our evil day, at its worst estate; but if we continue to forge ahead in the darkness at the rate at which we are now moving that evil day may be much nearer than we think."

We will skip over the passages that are more or less metaphorical and in which the writer warns the present generation against the not distant future when American millionaires will be rushing to place their money for safe keeping in Canadian banks. All the consequences of the evil system of education that prevails—education without God, without conscience. We give the balance of the letter exactly as it stands, and in our humble estimation it is one that deserves consideration.

"We have problems of appalling magnitude before us, and our preparation is wholly insufficient in character. We need powers of assimilation such as no other country ever needed; yet we are making ready for a solution of our difficulties with a sort of spiritual dyspepsia. Nothing ever was so haphazard, happy-go-lucky as our well-meant national system of education. It is openly and, I believe, justly charged that this city, for fifty or sixty years

past, through its schools, has been corrupting the immigrants, not the immigrants the city; and the same might be said with equal truth of the country at large. What crass mismanagement! What fatal blundering!

"We pride ourselves on our successful separation of Church and State; but the attempt is the worst kind of failure. No such separation is possible as long as the State has almost a monopoly in educating the children. The truth is, we have an established religion, for the support of which the people are heavily taxed. Our richly endowed established religion (so to call it), is that of agnosticism, running down into atheism. Is not the same true of religion in those families in which the father and mother never speak on the subject to the children? And if things are wrong in the nursery, what need is there to look elsewhere?"

"Protestants, Roman Catholics and Hebrews have struck a compromise by which God and Christ—yes, and with them pagan ethics at their best—are eliminated from the education of the child life of the nation. What is the result? Why, surely, the virtual enthronement of forces that disbelieve in God and Christ and are antagonistic to them. How can those who know what Christianity is and what the nature and needs of children are believe otherwise? There can be no education in these days without religion, or its negation or opposite. What an atmosphere to bring up our children in! Small wonder that atheists and agnostics love to have it so; because in a most pitiful sense of the word the lamb is inside the lion."

AN ARCHBISHOP'S REPLY.—A few days ago Mr. Combes, France's Premier, informed the venerable Archbishop of Marseilles that his stipend was withdrawn. Certainly this was a direct violation of the terms of the Concordat. The Archbishop sent in his emphatic protest, and in the close of it he quoted the words of St. Louis, King of France: "As to all who persecute, enslave, crush, and tyrannize over the Church she has her own revenge and her own triumph; her revenge consists in praying for them, and her triumph consists in surviving them." What a wonderful phrase; how worthy to have fallen from the lips of a monarch and of a saint. Imagine the vistas that it opens out for our contemplation. The Church, like Christ, forgiving and praying for her enemies and those who are her persecutors, "Heaping coals" on their heads by means of her immense charity—a virtue, a sentiment that could only spring from a Divine fountain. Then the second part is still more wonderful. Her triumph, again like that of Christ, consists in outliving all the petty attacks of men, all the wiles of Satan, all the powers of earth, all the most solidly constructed edifices, be they social, political, or national, all the wicked who abuse of the authority that God has delegated to them; in a word, by surviving everything; and finally, adown the future, by surviving the very world itself. And this was akin to the answer that Lacordaire placed on the lips of the Roman Pontiff, when he represented the Imperial Power of earth—Caesar—demanding his abdication. The great preacher said: "And they knocked at the gate of the Vatican, they knocked with boot and sword-belt; and to meet them came an old man, bent under the weight, the infirmities, and the snows of years. A feeble old man, without army, or arms, or earthly strength of any kind; and this old man asked: 'What do you want with me?' and Caesar said 'We want you to abdicate and bow to our authority.' And the old man made answer, 'Go your Caesar said 'We want you to abdicate your armies, and your purple. We will bury you in that purple to-morrow, and the unchangeable Church will sing the unchangeable 'De Profundis' over you. 'And why cannot you change?' asked Caesar. 'The world changes, men change, empires change, ideas change, methods change all change, and why not you?' And the old man smiled a serene smile, and answered, 'The Church cannot change, because it comes from God; and Caesar retired with his army defeated; and the grey old man returned to his palace prison triumphant."

How alike the ideas of the great Lacordaire and those of the Archbishop of Marseilles! And why should they not be alike? Are they not both of the same Church, holding the same faith, sent upon the same apostolic mission, by the same Vicar of Christ, who represents the same God, who is unchangeable, whose Church cannot change, and whose apostles, priests, bishops and teachers cannot have but the same principles, the same dogmas, the same sacraments, the same hopes, the same charity, the same unchanged and unchangeable faith? Ah, the Catholic Church will have her triumphs till the end of time, as she has had them for nineteen centuries—for she will survive her enemies.

Antiquity Of The Church.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

So many historical evidences are there of the Church claims to antiquity, as one of her principal notes, that we scarcely have now the necessity that existed in former times of insisting upon this point. Especially is it so since no reputable writers have the hardihood to question the same. It is, however, very pleasant to find so many prominent Protestant pens tracing tributes to the Catholic Church and proving, in their own way, her right to the titles she assumes, and especially her just claim to direct and unbroken Apostolic succession. Of course, they may not intend their tributes to fear such a broad significance, but there is no other logical conclusion to draw from them. Amongst others that we have noticed of late is one from the "Ladies Home Journal," and, considering its source, we think it well deserving of notice. It contains nothing new for us; but it is an additional evidence that the Church is being considered in a very different light from that in which she was viewed some time ago.

The article in question says:—

"Lord Macaulay rightly called the Roman Church the greatest organization that the world has ever had; and its greatness is never quite so evident at any other time as when a Pope dies and a new one is chosen. The solemn and impressive series of ceremonies, in the most fitting surroundings that the hands of men have ever made, call forth strongly the reverence of men of all nations and of all creeds. The throne of St. Peter has seen a longer dynasty than any other, and the spiritual subjects of the Pope are more numerous now than they ever were before. This is the throne that survives temporal changes; and, as most men regard it, it has ever grown stronger with the loss of its own temporal power. It survives even changes in thought—survives religious revolutions. Its largest and richest diocese is in our Republic—a land that was Protestant from the beginning. Under every political system, in every grade of society, in countries given to every form of religious faith or worship, whatever church thrives or dies, it remains. An American naval officer recently told this story—whatever port his ship had ever approached, and however forbidding or bleak the country, in war or in peace, a priest had soon made his way aboard, offering the ministrations and consolations of the Church alike to believer and to unbeliever. This simple story hints of the force that makes the Roman Church stronger in an era of many religious changes than it ever was before."

This is absolute truth and the fact has long been known that in every section of the world—no matter how remote and difficult of access—the Catholic priest is to be found. Away back in the "eighties" the writer met a missionary priest in the bleak wilds of the north. He was trudging on snowshoes, through a binding storm on his way to a lumber camp some twenty miles distant. He was glad to have an excuse to sit down on the pathway and rest his weary limbs. We had a few moments of quiet chat, and in that brief space it became known to the writer that this priest, who was making his ninth yearly trip into the land of snow and ice, had spent eighteen years of his life in North Africa, undergoing fatigues just as severe, with a scorching sun over head and burning sands under foot. And yet there he was, filled with the same missionary spirit, doing the exact same work of Christ, under entirely different conditions and circumstances. He had gone from Rome to Africa, and on his being recalled, he had set out from the same centre of Christendom for Canada. And he would have been perfectly ready to proceed to South Africa, to India, or to some savage island in the southern seas, were the call to duty in any of those directions. This real missionary life and this is the spirit that has animated the preachers and teachers of Catholicity, from the days of the Apostles down to the present hour. In this we read not only the Church's antiquity, but also

her unity, her universality, and especially her immutability. So, then, it is not a matter of wonder for us that tributes, such as the one we quoted, should be paid by non-Catholics to the oldest institution earth has ever known and one whose perpetual life is an evidence that to her was made the promise of Christ's unceasing presence.

Lessons in New Notes

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.—The Ohio plant of the Carnegie Steel Company, which employs 2,500 men, closed down last week, owing to the conditions of the market.

WHISKEY WINS.—A man in Cincinnati, whose boast was that he could drink the contents of five bottles of whiskey each day before noon, is dead, after a brief experience.

A GOOD FEE.—\$50,000 is the honorarium which Hon. John Morley received from the publishers of his "Life of Gladstone."

LACK OF MEN OF CULTURE.—Prof. Karl Pearson, of London, England, bemoans the lack of leaders of the highest intelligence in science, the arts, trade and politics.

THE EFFECTS OF SADNESS.—A young miner of Tamaqua, Pa., a few months ago was struck in the right eye by a piece of coal, and as a consequence that member was removed. The loss he suffered caused him to become melancholy and he gradually wasted away until the end came the other day.

MINISTER LOCKED OUT.—At a recent conference of the Methodists in a district of Utica a new minister was appointed to take charge. The appointment did not please the congregation, and as a result the door of the church has been kept locked every Sunday since.

EAGER FOR GOLD.—An American journal in the following item shows how eager are the men of to-day to secure the mighty dollar:

A woman's inability to keep a secret is responsible for one of the greatest stampedes in the Northwest for many years. A report says that over 1,500 prospectors and others are on their way from Hamilton, Mon., to Owl Creek, Idaho, where wonderfully rich gold quartz and placers were recently discovered. Snow is now deep on the trail to Owl Creek, and all the way from Hamilton are camp fires of prospectors on their way to the new diggings.

LIPTON'S NEW IDEA.—Sir Thomas Lipton is very careful of his popularity in the United States. His latest move—offering a trophy for an annual race across the Atlantic, starting from Sandy Hook, has fairly captured the Yankee enthusiasts.

THE COOPER BOYS' SUCCESS.—The New York "Sun," in its last Sunday issue, published for the delectation of the masses a story entitled "The Cooper Boy who became a Political Power Yet isn't Stuck Up."

MUST HAVE A RECORD.—Every man conducting a saloon or restaurant in the large cities of our neighbors to the south, must have a record punctuated with some sensational or thrilling incident. A New York daily newspaper, noted for its opposition to yellow principles, devotes a half page to a recent hero who has engaged in the restaurant business. He bears one of those fascinating foreign names difficult to pronounce.

MR. A. J. ROCHE. one of the pioneers in the tobacco business of St. Louis, Mo., and a graduate of the College of the Christian Brothers, died in that city on the 8th inst.

PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.—"The New World," Chicago, remarks:—"The public school system, as it exists, seems to be exciting the criticism of many centers. In an address delivered Wednesday night before the Chicago Woman's Club, Dr. H. C. Alexander declared that public schools, strikes, lockouts, child labor and alcoholism make hoboes. He thinks the schools ought to teach that work is honorable. It might perhaps be more productive of national good than teaching botany, ornithology and other ornamental studies.

Socialism From Many Points of View

Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, S. J., son of the late Gen. W. T. Sherman, preached a forcible sermon recently at St. Patrick's Church, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. His subject was "Socialism;" and needless to say, that it received a most careful and exhaustive treatment. The preacher drew a distinction between socialism and communism and even anarchism. His easiest way of illustrating the subject was to come down to a level that all persons could stand upon. He, therefore, gave an idea of what the government of a country, the United States especially, would be if socialism were to reign and if socialists were to be in power.

The first contention of the Socialist Government would be exemplified in a law that would make all the land belong to the State. The former would have to sow, labor, and reap for the benefit of the State, that is to say for his neighbors, with whom he would have to divide the product of his labor.

Then speaking directly to his hearers Father Sherman asked:—

"Would the farmer of Iowa be willing to hold his eighty acres, his half section or section as a trustee for the state and share the profits of his toil between 50,000 inhabitants of a China province where, either because of soil that was not fertile or because of lack of industry among the people, the output was less than his own state? The Chinaman could claim that the soil belonged just as much to him as to the Iowa farmer and the state run on socialistic principles could not deny him.

"Our cities, towns and villages with their churches and schools are results of the labor of the farmers—the landlords. Under the rule of socialism the farmer would not cultivate the soil only that others might reap the benefit of his labor. Even now the farmer will not start the plow across the furrow unless the chances are a hundred to one that he will reap the benefit of it."

We need not quote all the examples given by the preacher, but the following is too striking to omit:—

"The socialist would have all machinery, all tools being productive capital, in control of the state. Two women might be arrested for having sewing machines in their possession, the one who was rich and made articles for her own household and not to sell, would be set free; the poor woman who sewed garments to sell for a living would be imprisoned for using an attribute of the government in having productive capital in her possession. Such a state of affairs could result only in a war—the great sewing machine war, the first of a thousand such dissensions under government ownership of machinery and tools."

And carrying matters into details of daily life, we can scarcely imagine a state of affairs such as is pictured in the next passage, yet it is the logical outcome of the adoption of the principle of socialism:—

"Under the socialistic form of government the government will be compelled to do all the producing as well as the distributing, the government would have to do everything instead of a half a dozen things or so that it does now. But the cost of the present government is a billion dollars a year, under socialism, the government doing all the producing, all the manufacturing, all the distributing would cost a million times a billion dollars. This is where social democracy would break down. Suppose a woman wanted a particular shade of blue ribbon for her baby in long clothes and the captain of the ribbon department in Cedar Rapids had no authority from the government to sell such a shade; if she were persistent she would appeal to the brigadier of the ribbon department at Des Moines, then to a higher officer at Chicago, and finally to the highest at Washington. She might finally get the shade of ribbon she wanted after two years, but the baby would then be out of long clothes and she would not want the ribbon. It would be the same in all small affairs of life. Institutions do what is their purpose and nature to do; it is the purpose of government to govern, not to make things, to perform the duties of the individual."

After proving that socialism would

wipe out the home, make woman the instrument of man, and reduce the race to the condition of a herd, he pointed out that, while socialism appeals to the laborer, and is seducing him by making him believe that because he made a thing he owns it, he shows that the laborer owns nothing; and makes nothing. He is paid the value of his labor. He does not make the material with which he works. At the root of the evils of socialism is the fallacy that all evils now suffered spring from capital. "Socialism would result in reducing us all to slavery, to a common herd."

In conclusion, Father Sherman lays the blame for the evils of socialism at the door of atheism; "the socialistic leaders are atheists," and it is this disbelief in God that Father Sherman thinks responsible for the views of socialists.

In that conclusion he is certainly right; for as long as the idea of God prevails there is that of a primal authority to sway man; but to reduce the human race to a level that will recognize no authority it is necessary to begin by wiping out the idea of God; as long as God exists there can be no absolute equality—and this the socialist knows.

HOW DISCORD IS CREATED BETWEEN FRENCH AND IRISH CATHOLICS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

What fools we are—we Irish, we French! Fools to be the tools of the enemies of our common faith; fools to allow ourselves to be cutting each other to pieces to play the parts that those who would destroy our influence have sought to assign to us. The other day the New York "Evening Post," one of the journals of that city, noted for its anti-Irish and anti-Catholic sentiments, speaks out after this fashion:—"Outcry has been made over the Irishman, and apparently is to be over the Italian, but the shrewd, quiet, persistent effort of the Canadian peasant has already won industrial advantages in the section where he has settled considerably in advance of his noisier competitors; and just now there are evidences that he may overthrow the power of the exuberantly political Celt in his Yankee strongholds—in much the same way that he outstripped him a couple of decades ago in cotton mills." Then it goes on to say of the French-Canadian, "He is a Republican because the Irishman is Democrat. He first figured in the brickyard and then went to the cotton mills, where he has displaced the Irishman." Then the "Post" goes on to picture the advance of the French-Canadian, and says that they have simply marched "into mill-town and city politics in solid, silent phalanxes and deposited their ballots where they would do the most good—for the French-Canadian. The result threatens something in the way of a small revolution in local New England politics—a revolution which is, in fact, already well under way. So far, the demands of the leaders have been modest; nominations to the board of aldermen or common council, or the office of city physician, have generally been by that they have asked. In Massachusetts the French have gone very little beyond this. In Rhode Island, however, they have become more ambitious; they have to-day a lieutenant-governor and a mayor of one city."

Just let our French-Canadian fellow-citizens read this carefully. Is it for love of them, or of the Irish that the "Post" thus seeks to create enmity and rivalry between the two races? Not at all. The "Post" detests the Irish, just as it does the French, and simply because they are both Catholic. But, if it could succeed in setting them at each other's throats; if it could create such a strife between them that they would injure each other, in commerce, in politics and in every other sphere, its grand object would be attained. And we are weak enough to allow ourselves to be driven into such an injurious path to satisfy the enmities of the element that the "Post" represents.

This is a subject upon which we intend to dwell at greater length later on, and we purpose following up the masked hypocrisy of those fomenters of strife where perfect harmony should reign.

Our Bo And



MR. ARTHUR M

Mr. Arthur McGovern, and Archbishop's Academy, rector of the Christian joys the honor of being to His Grace Archbishop

PATRON OF ALTAR the last day of August "Paulist Calendar," the brates a feast of a s hero, St. Dominic Val, martyrdom at an He was born in Spain, in the year 1243 years after the canonize great St. Dominic de Gu whose honor he was nar remarkable for the devo which he served at the hence he is venerated as patron of altar boys an On Holy Thursday of the little Dominic was passin the cathedral of his nati he was seized by an inf and was nailed to the v the cathedral. His heart with a dagger, and the martyr expired, as did amid the jeers of the fre The body was taken dow into the river Ebro. A splendor played on the v thus was marked the spot body lay. Many mira wrought by his intercessio

UNCLE'S LESSON.—"I say using in my spending n studying this old dead exclaimed George, who wa memorize a Latin decla found it very difficult to the case endings. Uncle R reading in the same room George's remark.

"Come here, George," said let me see what you are. George handed his open his uncle.

"Ah, I see, the declension 'Pes pedis, a foot.' What we have in our language th rived from this noun?"

"George thought for a mo could not recall one.

"Come now," said Uncle "wake up, and look out of dow and tell me what you

"I see old Mr. Graham across the street."

"Good! What do we call 'who walks?'"

"A pedestrian," answered "Just so. A person who uses his feet. The word ped derived from pes, pedis, a L meaning 'foot.'"

"Where does Mr. Graham see he is going down toward way station?"

"He lives in the suburbs," ed George, wondering why should be interested in old ham.

"Sub, a Latin word meanin and urbs, 'a city,' therefore urbs are near the city. I so?"

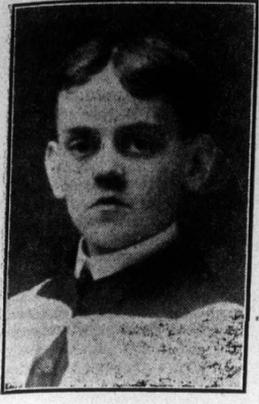
George acknowledged that. "There, I see a number of passing who are carrying va though they had been some of the city," said Uncle How

"Yes, there is Alfred Rhod ong them. He has been up ark to attend the conventio plied George.

"To a convention? Latin from convenire, meaning 'to c gether.'"

George began to feel a litt ish over his exclamation abou less "dead language," and in to turn the conversation, he "The boys are going over t

Our Boys And Girls



MR. ARTHUR MCGOVERN.

Mr. Arthur McGovern, son of Mr. Patrick McGovern, and a pupil of the Archbishop's Academy, under the direction of the Christian Brothers, enjoys the honor of being train-bearer to His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi.

PATRON OF ALTAR BOYS.—On the last day of August, says the "Paulist Calendar," the Church celebrates a feast of a staunch little hero, St. Dominic Val, who suffered martyrdom at an early age. He was born in Saragossa, Spain, in the year 1243, about ten years after the canonization of the great St. Dominic de Guzman, and in whose honor he was named. He was remarkable for the devout manner in which he served at the altar, and hence he is venerated as the special patron of altar boys and chorists. On Holy Thursday of the year 1250 little Dominic was passing from out the cathedral of his native city when he was seized by an infuriated mob and was nailed to the very walls of the cathedral. His heart was pierced with a dagger, and the poor little martyr expired, as did his Master, amid the jeers of the frenzied mob. The body was taken down and cast into the river Ebro. An unusual splendor played on the water, and thus was marked the spot where the body lay. Many miracles were wrought by his intercession.

UNCLE'S LESSON.—"I can't see any use in my spending my time in studying this old dead language!" exclaimed George, who was trying to memorize a Latin declension and found it very difficult to remember the case endings. Uncle Howard was reading in the same room and heard George's remark. "Come here, George," said he, "and let me see what you are studying." George handed his open book to his uncle. "Ah, I see, the declension of nouns. 'Pes pedis, a foot.' What words do we have in our language that are derived from this noun?" "George thought for a moment, but could not recall one." "Come now," said Uncle Howard, "wake up, and look out of the window and tell me what you see." "I see old Mr. Graham walking across the street." "Good! What do we call a person who walks?" "A pedestrian," answered George. "Just so. A person who walks uses his feet. The word pedestrian is derived from pes, pedis, a Latin word meaning 'foot.'"

"Where does Mr. Graham live? I see he is going down toward the railway station." "He lives in the suburbs," answered George, wondering why his uncle should be interested in old Mr. Graham. "Sub, a Latin word meaning 'near,' and urbs, 'a city,' therefore the suburbs are near the city. Is it not so?" George acknowledged that it was. "There, I see a number of people passing who are carrying valises, as though they had been some place out of the city," said Uncle Howard. "Yes, there is Alfred Rhodes among them. He has been up to Newark to attend the convention," replied George. "To a convention? Latin again: from convenire, meaning 'to come together.'"

on Brice's pond, near the aqueduct. "Aqua, meaning 'water,' ductus, 'a canal for conveying it,'" said Uncle Howard, with a twinkle in his eye. "I imagine the boys—" began George, but his uncle interrupted him with: "Imagine, from Latin imago, 'an image,' hence a representation, and from it we get our words 'imagine' and 'imagination.' Do you still think there is no good in studying Latin? Eh, George?" Uncle Howard broke into a laugh. George's brother Milo, a college graduate, came into the room. He inquired if his uncle had read the autobiography of General Thomas, who was a distinguished neighbor of the boy's parents; but his uncle began: "Auto, the Greek word for 'self,' bios, 'life,' grapho, 'to write,' meaning 'to write the life of one's self,'" while Milo's eyes opened in astonishment, and George enjoyed his brother's surprise. Then, to explain to the elder brother, Uncle Howard said, "George thinks there is no use in studying Latin, as it is a 'dead language.'" Milo's eyes became brighter as he said, "That is in consequence of his not understanding its importance."

THE MISER ELF.—I am glad to tell this story, because no one but the hermit crab, who lives in the cove, knows it. So no one can dispute it, and say it happened this way, that or thus. While I was sitting on the rocks one morning I caught the eyes of an old hermit crab who was peeping out of a large whelk shell. For a few minutes neither of us said anything, but I could see his eyes soften, for he plainly saw that I loved the ocean and the keen east wind as much as he. So he crawled out of his shell and sat on the rocks near me. Soon there came floating by in the water a number of those small, round, white jellyfish that look like tiny balloons. He noticed that I was interested and amused and said with much scorn: "I suppose that you think that they are jellyfish, who have come to the surface of the water to enjoy the sunshine?" I nodded affirmatively. "That just shows how much you landsmen know about the sea," and he grunted in high disdain. "Well," said he, "would you like to hear about them and learn how there came to be so many of them around here?" I told him that I would, and he continued: "Then we will have to climb to the very top of the rock over there, so that you may see for yourself, or you will never believe my story."

We climbed to the top of Signal Head, and then he said: "Now look to the right, over there where the water is deepest, and tell me what you see." I looked and looked, and then I saw a patch of yellow like a great topaz in a green jade setting. "That," said he, "that you see is the treasure house of the merman, and the yellow is the gold that shines through the open door." By this time I was deeply interested, and the old crab continued: "Once, hundreds and hundreds of years, this woods back of us was inhabited by elves, and they were not a bad tribe on the whole; but there rose to prominence among them an elf called Crote. You may imagine what he was when I tell you that every evil deed that Crote ever heard of he gathered up and made his own by experiment. "Now, the king of the elves was generous, wise and good, and the majority of his people loved him greatly; but there were a few discontented ones who chose to follow the black-hearted Crote. Crote knew how things stood in the kingdom, and the thought grew in his cunning mind that if he could only get more gold it would give him the power to usurp the throne and make himself king of the elves. "Crote was a miser and already very rich; but he was so avaricious that much seemed little in his grasp, and when he thought of himself he seemed very poor. "Almost every evening the merman came up on the beach to gossip with the elves, for they dearly love to hear about earth people. And, of course, there was some little boasting and bragging done on both sides. Crote always led the talk up to wealth, and would tell of the stores of gold and jewels that the king had hidden away. This always started the merman to bragging a little, and finally one day a loose-tongued courtier offered to show Crote where the vast wealth of the

mermaid queen was kept. And he brought him down and showed him what I have shown you. "Crote knew that the coral treasure house of the merman stood in the midst of a great forest of purple sea feather and that any one not familiar with the place might easily get lost in its many winding oaths. He also knew that were many difficulties to be overcome before one could reach the treasure. "He thought of many plans, but they all seemed impracticable when he counted up the odds. Finally he decided upon a very simple artifice; in fact, so silly that he thought it beneath the diving of Barjota. His plan was this, that when he went to visit the merman he would take a big clay pipe which he often smoked in his pocket and with it a good-sized piece of brown soap. Before he started out to take a walk he scraped the soap up into fine bits and filled the bowl of his pipe with it. The remainder he put in his pocket. That afternoon he met the merman strolling on the beach and he asked him in an offhand way if he would now take him to see their treasure house. The merman proudly agreed to show him. "Crote had never been in the ocean before, and he could not but admit that it was very beautiful and wonderful. The merman was very much delighted with his admiring comments, and showed him the different exits to the forest. So far Crote had not seen any evidence of Barjota, and he began to feel more confident of success. When they came to the treasure house Crote was rejoiced that there were only two swordfish on guard at the main entrance, and the others he could not see anywhere; so he concluded that they were not on duty. Of course, they smiled and bowed grandly to the merman and his guest. "When he thought the opportune moment had arrived Crote took his pipe out of his pocket and began to blow. In a few minutes all the water round was filled with soap bubbles, and the poor fish and merman were blinded, for the soap made their eyes smart so that they did not know what to do. In the meantime Crote had slipped into their treasury and was filling his pockets with everything that he could lay his hands on. As he started to leave he looked up, and there in the doorway stood old Barjota, the magician. Crote stopped as though turned to stone, for in the magician's eye he read his fate; then he fell on his knees begging for mercy. But old Barjota, with a scornful smile, said: "Crote the reward of thy greed shall be the sight of the gold which thou hast coveted. This house shall be forever more thy home. In all the years that are to come perhaps thou wilt grow weary, so for a task I give thee this to do. Blow bubbles, Crote, blow bubbles to the end of time."

mermaid queen was kept. And he brought him down and showed him what I have shown you. "Crote knew that the coral treasure house of the merman stood in the midst of a great forest of purple sea feather and that any one not familiar with the place might easily get lost in its many winding oaths. He also knew that were many difficulties to be overcome before one could reach the treasure. "He thought of many plans, but they all seemed impracticable when he counted up the odds. Finally he decided upon a very simple artifice; in fact, so silly that he thought it beneath the diving of Barjota. His plan was this, that when he went to visit the merman he would take a big clay pipe which he often smoked in his pocket and with it a good-sized piece of brown soap. Before he started out to take a walk he scraped the soap up into fine bits and filled the bowl of his pipe with it. The remainder he put in his pocket. That afternoon he met the merman strolling on the beach and he asked him in an offhand way if he would now take him to see their treasure house. The merman proudly agreed to show him. "Crote had never been in the ocean before, and he could not but admit that it was very beautiful and wonderful. The merman was very much delighted with his admiring comments, and showed him the different exits to the forest. So far Crote had not seen any evidence of Barjota, and he began to feel more confident of success. When they came to the treasure house Crote was rejoiced that there were only two swordfish on guard at the main entrance, and the others he could not see anywhere; so he concluded that they were not on duty. Of course, they smiled and bowed grandly to the merman and his guest. "When he thought the opportune moment had arrived Crote took his pipe out of his pocket and began to blow. In a few minutes all the water round was filled with soap bubbles, and the poor fish and merman were blinded, for the soap made their eyes smart so that they did not know what to do. In the meantime Crote had slipped into their treasury and was filling his pockets with everything that he could lay his hands on. As he started to leave he looked up, and there in the doorway stood old Barjota, the magician. Crote stopped as though turned to stone, for in the magician's eye he read his fate; then he fell on his knees begging for mercy. But old Barjota, with a scornful smile, said: "Crote the reward of thy greed shall be the sight of the gold which thou hast coveted. This house shall be forever more thy home. In all the years that are to come perhaps thou wilt grow weary, so for a task I give thee this to do. Blow bubbles, Crote, blow bubbles to the end of time."

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OBITUARY.

Rev. Matthew Carroll, 78 years old, rector of St. Andrew's Church, Allegheny, Pa., senior priest of the Pittsburg diocese, died Oct. 7. He was born in Queen's County, Ireland, and came to this country with his parents when young. He studied classics at the Grand Seminary, Montreal; philosophy at St. Charles' Seminary in Philadelphia, and theology at the Sulpician Seminary of St. Mary's College, Baltimore.

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ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER, POPE PIUS X.

(Continued from Page Four.)

than solid usefulness; but not, perhaps, so numerous are those who, following the example of Christ, take to themselves the words of the Prophet, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, wherefore He hath anointed me, to preach the Gospel to the poor, He hath sent me to heal the contrite of heart, to preach deliverance to the captives, and sight to the blind" (Luke iv, 18, 19). Who does not see, venerable brethren, that as men are led chiefly by reason and liberty, religious education is the principal way of restoring the authority of God over human souls? How many are there who hate Christ and detest the Church and the Gospel more through ignorance than through wickedness of mind, of whom it can be justly said "they blaspheme whatever they do not understand." And this is met with not only amongst the people and the masses in the humblest conditions of life, who are on that account easily drawn into error, but in the educated classes and even amongst those who are endowed with no slight erudition. Hence the loss of faith amongst a great number. For it is not true that the progress of science extinguishes faith; this is done rather by ignorance; whence it happens that where ignorance prevails want of faith does most mischief. And this is the reason that Christ gave the command to the Apostles: "Going, teach ye all nations" (Matt. xxviii, 19).

In order that his apostolate and zeal in teaching may produce the hoped-for fruit and that Christ may be formed in all, let everyone, venerable brethren, bear well in mind that nothing is more efficacious than charity; because "the Lord is not in the earthquake" (III. Kings, xix, 28). Vain is the hope of drawing souls to God by a zeal that is bitter; nay, even to attack errors with bitterness, to reprehend vices too vehemently, sometimes does more harm than good. The Apostle no doubt exhorted Timothy, "reprove, entreat, rebuke;" but he also added: "in all patience" (II. Tim., iv, 2). Certainly Jesus has left us examples of this kind. "Come to Me"—thus we read of His having spoken—"all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you" (Matt. xi, 28). By these weak and burdened people He meant no other than those who are the slaves of sin and error. How great in truth was the mercy of this Divine Master! What tenderness, what compassion towards all of every sort who were in trouble. Isaiah truly described His Heart in these words: "I have given My Spirit upon Him; He shall not cry, neither shall His voice be heard abroad; the bruised reed He shall not break and the smoking flax He shall not quench" (Isaiah xlii, 1, 2, 3). This "patient" and "kind" charity ought to be extended also to those who are opposed to us and persecute us. "We are reviled"—thus St. Paul protested for himself—"and we bless; we are persecuted and we suffer it; we are blasphemed and we entreat" (I. Co., iv, 12, 13). Perhaps they appear worse than they really are. Intercourse with others, prejudices, advice and example which they receive, and finally false shame, have drawn them into the ranks of the wicked; but their will is not so depraved as they themselves would have people believe. Who will deprive us of the hope that the flame of Christian charity can drive away the darkness from their souls and bring them God's light and peace? The fruit of our labors will perhaps sometimes be slow in coming; but charity does not grow weary of hoping remembering that God's rewards are not for the results of labors, but for good intentions.

It is true, venerable brethren, that in this difficult work of the restoration of the human race in Christ it is not our idea that you or your clergy should lose help of any kind. We know that God has recommended to each one the care of his neighbor (Ecl. xvii, 10). Not alone, then, the clergy, but all the Faithful without exception ought to take thought of the interests of God and souls, not certainly on their own responsibility and following their individual views, but always under the direction and the authority of the Bishops; for to preside, to teach, to govern is granted in the Church to no one but to you "whom the Holy Ghost hath placed to rule the Church of God" (Acts xx, 28). Our predecessors for a long time past approved and blessed the action of those Catholics who for various purposes, but always with a religious design, combined together in societies. We also do not hesitate to award praise to such ex-

cellent institutions, and we earnestly desire that they be propagated and flourish in city and country. But we desire that these institutions should principally and above all tend to produce and maintain constantly a Christian life amongst those who become members of them. It is indeed of little avail to discuss many questions subtly and to speak with eloquence of rights and duties if all this be dissociated from practice. The present time demands action; but action which consists altogether in observing with fidelity and in their entirety the divine laws and the precepts of the Church, in the free and open profession of religion, in the exercise of works of charity of all kinds without any consideration of self and worldly advantages. Such bright examples of so many soldiers of Christ will surely be far more effective in moving and drawing souls than mere words and lofty discussions; and it will easily come about that, fear being laid aside and prejudices and doubts removed, a great many will be drawn to Christ, making themselves in turn promoters of the knowledge and love of Him, which is the way to true and solid happiness. Undoubtedly if in every town and village the Commandments of God are faithfully observed, if sacred things are respected, if the Sacraments are frequented, if care is given to everything appertaining to the Christian life, there will be no need to go further, venerable brethren, to restore all things in Christ. Nor is this of benefit for the attainment of Heavenly blessings merely; it will also ensure the greatest advantages to the age and to human society; for, this state of things being assured, the nobles and the wealthy will be just and charitable towards their poorer brethren, and these will bear with calmness and patience the trials resulting from straightened circumstances; the citizens will obey not their own passions but the laws; and the duty of reverence and love will be observed towards rulers and those holding the authority of state, "whose power comes from no other but from God" (Rom. xiii, 1). What more? Then at last it will be clear to everyone that the Church, as it was established by Christ, ought to enjoy full and entire liberty and ought not to be subject to an alien authority, and that we in demanding that liberty are not only guarding the sacred rights of religion, but also providing for the common welfare and security of the people. For "godliness is profitable to all things" (I. Tim., iv, 8); and this being safe and flourishing, "the people shall" truly "sit in the fulness of peace" (Is. xxxii, 18).

May God, Who is "rich in mercy" (Ephes. ii, 4), benignly hasten this restoration of the human race; for "it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy" (Rom. ix, 16). And let us, venerable brethren, "in a humble spirit" (Dan. iii, 39) beg it of Him through the merits of Jesus Christ by daily and earnest prayer. Let us have recourse, moreover, to the powerful intercession of the Mother of God, to obtain which, inasmuch as we address this Letter to you on the very day destined to commemorate the Holy Rosary, we ordain and confirm whatever Our predecessor decreed as to the dedication of this month of October to the Blessed Virgin by the public recital of the Rosary in all churches, recommending also that the spouse of the most pure Mother of God, the patron of the Catholic Church, and SS. Peter and Paul, the princes of the Apostles, be invoked as intercessors.

In order that all this may duly come to pass and that everything may happen according to your desires, we implore for you the most ample gifts of divine grace. As a testimony of the tender charity with which we embrace you and all the Faithful whom the providence of God has entrusted to Our charge, we impart the Apostolic Benediction most lovingly in the Lord to you, venerable brethren, and to your clergy and people.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, on the fourth day of October, 1903, the first year of Our Pontificate.

Translation of the "Catholic Times," Liverpool, Eng.

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Enclosed please find one dollar for one year's subscription to the "True Witness."

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Very sincerely yours, J. F.

Enclosed please find two dollars for two year's subscription. Excuse me for not attending to it before. I am not an Irishman, but I would not be without the "True Witness." I wish you success, and trust it soon will be a daily paper.

Yours truly, J. D. B.

New Catholic Books.

(By An Occasional Reviewer.)

Christian Apologetics or A Rational Exposition of the Foundations of Faith, by Rev. Father Devivier, S. J.; preceded by an introduction on the Existence and Attributes of God, and a treatise on the Human Soul; its Liberty, Spirituality, Immortality and Destiny, by Rev. L. Peeters, S. J. Edited, augmented and adapted to English readers, by Rev. Jos. C. Sasia, S. J., II vols., \$2.50.—Father Pustet & Co., New York, B. Herder, St. Louis; Burns & Oates, London.

As Catholics we like the old,—it is solid and substantial, tested by the experience of ages. Our Faith is old, and that is the proof of its divinity,—our discipline is old, and on this very account we hold the more sacredly to it,—our liturgy is old, entwining itself about the affections, as the ivy does round the moss-covered oak, till it becomes almost one with them, and we cherish it wheresoever we chance to dwell, North or South, or East or West. Yet human nature also yearns after the attractions of the new—original, fresh, vigorous, active; this is what we are drawn to in the much-vaunted progress of the century just past, which had it but hearkened to the dictates of Mother Church, appointed its guardian and guide, acknowledging her authority and energizing under her control, could have wrought wonders for the betterment of mankind.

But omitting these reflections and coming to the volumes that have suggested them, let us honestly affirm that we hail them with delight, since we find in them the old and the new amicably united. Indeed, Rev. Father Sasia has done an immense, a far-reaching service to the faithful on this side the Atlantic by opening to them the treasures Rev. Father Devivier and Rev. Father Peeters had stored up in the original French, and by superadding moreover the treasures derived from his own resources and gathered during twenty-five years of lecturing and teaching.

To afford an adequate idea of the results achieved would be hardly feasible within our allotted space. Suffice to say that the subjects treated are God, the Human Soul, Religion, Christianity, Catholicism. Step by step we are led first from the two postulates of natural reason that there exists a God, and that the Human Soul is spiritual and immortal,—which postulates are both cogently demonstrated against the Atheists, Pantheists, Determinists and the rest of their class,—to the acknowledgment of the necessity of Religion, rendering to God His due and securing the Human Soul, spiritual and immortal, from what might lead to disaster beyond the grave. The abstract necessity of Religion established, we discover its concrete realization only in Christianity, which outside Christianity even is a dark, dismal, intricate labyrinth, Catholicism being the sole true Christianity, "raised aloft like an ensign unto the nations inviting those who do not yet believe and displaying to the children of the household that the faith they profess rests on a firm foundation," as the Council of the Vatican proclaims.

Throughout the learned controversialists calmly join issue with the various errors of the day. In this they are particularly up to date,—Higher Criticism, Agnosticism, Theosophy, Christian Science, the very latest "fads," negations of common sense and the offspring of intellectual pride or fashion or credulity, called to the bar of a vigorous, scrupulous logic confess themselves wanting.

The method is systematic with formal divisions and subdivisions, clearly brought out by the type, yet without the work contains nothing that, supposing a professor's conscientious care, would be above the comprehension of the more advanced pupils in our colleges and academies. Even if they should not be able to peruse the whole in their course it would be a valuable acquisition to the family library, and it might be taken up with pleasure and profit on any occasion. The alphabetical and analytical index, a masterpiece in its line and bearing tokens of painstaking, laborious, straightforward research is intended to facilitate consultation.

But the most striking feature are the references to the literature of the topics discussed, grouped together at the end of each section and subsection. We cite as a sample those given on pages 623 and 624. They are from Part II, Chap. IV, where un-

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der the caption: Accusations against the Catholic Church, the writer has dealt with, The Intolerance of the Church, I.; the Vicious Circle, II.; the Inquisition, III.; coming finally to the Process of Galileo, IV. Here he lays down his thesis: 1. The Error Contained in the Decree of 1616 Proves Nothing Against the Infallibility of the Church or Against the Infallibility of the Pope,—he proceeds then to put the question: 2. Is the Church opposed to Scientific Progress and was Galileo a Martyr to Science? which he satisfactorily solves, concluding:

The enemies of the Church must indeed be at a loss for arguments against her, since they constantly return, in spite of repeated refutations, to rebash their account of an error committed centuries ago by an ecclesiastical tribunal, which never claimed the privilege of infallibility. Have our civil tribunals, and even the Supreme Court of the United States, never committed any blunders? This error, the only one of its kind, was, however, common, as we have noticed, to a great number of learned men of that time, and was quite natural at the epoch when it occurred. The obstinate persistency of the adversaries of the Church in having recourse to this affair, now more than two hundred years old, as a powerful weapon against Catholicity, is all the more strange in as much that Galileo himself was neither a rebel, nor a free-thinker. He was a staunch sincere Catholic, fully convinced of the truth of his Faith; the harshest trials did not in the least weaken his religious belief, and he died piously in the bosom of the Catholic Church.

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ECHOES FROM ROME It has been officially announced in Rome that on the 9th November a secret Consistory will be held, and on the 12th the public one will follow. So far it is mere speculation as to who may receive the "Red Hats." Some of the Parisian papers have published despatches from Rome which state that Mgr. Lorenzelli, Papal Nuncio in that city, is likely to be promoted to be a Cardinal, in spite of the French Government to recommend such promotion. But this as we said, is mere speculation. There is, however, one fact announced; no rumor and no guess-work in connection with it. Mgr. Merry Del Val has been appointed permanently Papal Secretary of State. This promotion is to be followed by the same distinguished prelate being made Cardinal next month. In our last issue we gave a full appreciation of Mgr. Merry del Val, of his diplomatic career, and a sketch of his parentage and surroundings. We then said that Catholics in Canada have a special reason for feeling a deep interest in the progress and achievements of this young prelate, for the good reason that he is personally known to us and that we have had him in our midst and have known and experienced the benefits of his great wisdom and administrative talents.

The clergyman had to own did not know how working used themselves and he re- question to the head of an tion which concerns itself w logical matters in general, man of the American Insti Social Service detailed inv to report on the matter, ar port they finally made was what dismal one. There a club for girls, and these f intellectual enjoyment and a ing in their tendency. Not ing girls are intellectual t tastes, however, and their n diversion are very limited, who live on the West Side established custom of cong groups on Eighth Avenue ar ing part of the evening in up and down, chatting and in shop windows. There ar well-furnished shop windo Eighth Avenue, and one ma some excitement from selecti that would become one if so acle would provide the mean chasing it—like Lady Teazle' lite youthful employment of patterns for designs she had materials to make up.

SATURDAY, O In the Homes of Working One of the import the day is the hou stantly increasing women who are enga merical and manufact various countries. It worthy of the study and prominent layme ing article which we c ing American daily r of the sensational gr ve to those inclined subject—not only from also from the standp a fairly good idea of and the efforts which in such cities as New with it.

"How well," says th aphorism about "the o ples to women of wea hand and working" other, is illustrated b tion between a woman generosity in behalf of and a woman whose gives her unusual opp observing the facts of i its phases. The rich v regretfully of her ow from individuals outsid class.

"I know one woman, "whose favorite diversi family of poor relation thought poor relation ances and congratulat I hadn't any. But this gives my friend more g ure than anything else s There are four girls, t teacher, one in a kinderg school, another stud the youngest a school g perfectly independent, bri ing girls, and never exp from their rich cousin almost beg them to accep hats out of her abund schemes in all sorts of v them without seeming They pay her over and by the diversity they fur their faded point of vie knew some girls of their "Why don't you adopt was suggested, but the reply was: "Where shall I Another benevolent wor on the rector of her chur him that she had a great help self-supporting wome woman of tact as well as hesitated to begin until sh astly what self-supporti needed, or in what way help them without injurin respect.

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In the Homes of Working Girls

One of the important problems of the day is the housing of the constantly increasing army of young women who are engaged in the commercial and manufacturing centres of various countries. It is one which is worthy of the study of our clergy and prominent laymen. The following article which we clip from a leading American daily newspaper, not of the sensational group, may convey to those inclined to consider the subject—not only from a social, but also from the standpoint of religion, a fairly good idea of its magnitude, and the efforts which are being made in such cities as New York to deal with it.

"How well," says the writer, "the aphorism about 'the other half' applies to women of wealth on the one hand and working women on the other, is illustrated by a conversation between a woman known for her generosity in behalf of worthy causes, and a woman whose chosen work gives her unusual opportunities for observing the facts of life in many of its phases. The rich woman spoke regretfully of her own remoteness from individuals outside her own class.

"I know one woman," she said, "whose favorite diversion is a large family of poor relations. I always thought poor relations were nuisances and congratulated myself that I hadn't any. But this family really gives my friend more genuine pleasure than anything else she possesses. There are four girls, the eldest a teacher, one in a kindergarten training school, another studying art and the youngest a school girl. They are perfectly independent, bright, charming girls, and never expect a thing from their rich cousin. She has to almost beg them to accept gowns and hats out of her abundance, and schemes in all sorts of ways to help them without seeming to patronize. They pay her over and over again by the diversity they furnish her rather faded point of view. I wish I knew some girls of their kind."

"Why don't you adopt a family?" was suggested, but the discouraged reply was: "Where shall I find it?" Another benevolent woman called on the rector of her church and told him that she had a great desire to help self-supporting women. Being a woman of tact as well as heart, she hesitated to begin until she knew exactly what self-supporting women needed, or in what way she could help them without injuring their self-respect.

"I would like to give them happiness rather than mere material aid," she explained. "Tell me, what do working girls do to amuse themselves, and how can I add to their enjoyment?"

The clergyman had to own that he did not know how working girls amused themselves and he referred the question to the head of an organization which concerns itself with sociological matters in general. Dr. Tolman of the American Institute for Social Service detailed investigators to report on the matter, and the report they finally made was a somewhat dismal one. There are many clubs for girls, and these furnish intellectual enjoyment and are uplifting in their tendency. Not all working girls are intellectual in their tastes, however, and their means of diversion are very limited. The girls who live on the West Side have an established custom of congregating in groups on Eighth Avenue and spending part of the evening in walking up and down, chatting and looking in shop windows. There are some well-furnished shop windows on Eighth Avenue, and one may derive some excitement from selecting finery that would become one if some miracle would provide the means of purchasing it—like Lady Teazle's favorite youthful employment of drawing patterns for designs she had not the materials to make up.

The girls live in crowded homes where a social life of the normal kind that is, men callers, small dances, innocent card parties, and the like, are quite possible. A large number of the girls are without even such homes. They live in cheap boarding houses, many of which have not even a pretence of a parlor or reception room. They must meet their friends outside or not see them at all. The great need for genuine homes for working

girls and self-supporting women of all classes has been acknowledged so often as to have become commonplace. A great deal of money has been expended on homes and boarding houses. Some of these proved immediate failures; others were found to suit certain classes of girls, who keep them fairly well filled the year round. All of them are patronized to a greater or less extent. They have the merit of being cleaner and cheaper than the boarding houses and lodging houses which are the only alternatives.

The average home for working women is a religious institution. A benevolent society composed of Protestant women maintains three establishments called homes, whose advertised object is "to promote the temporal, moral, and religious welfare of women." A girls' club home is supported to furnish home comforts for members of a club attached to a prosperous parish of the Episcopalian Church. The Catholic Church provides at least two city homes for women in its communion. Several denominational houses have been established. In all these places the object is religious training first and home comforts second. In nearly all attendance at prayers and other religious exercises is compulsory. At the largest and most liberal of them all, the Margaret Louisa Home in connection with the Young Woman's Christian Association, applicants for admission must furnish one reference from a clergyman of a Protestant denomination.

There is one home for self-supporting women in New York where the first object is the comfort and happiness of the young women who live there. It is a Jewish institution, founded by a Jewish woman and committed to the care of a board of directors who are mostly of the same race. Provision was made from the first that the beneficiaries should be partly Jewish, but no discrimination is made against Christians or those who have no religious affiliations at all. The regulations are so few and so slight that they are hardly noticeable. The doors close at a certain hour, it is true, but permission to remain out later than the closing hour is not difficult to obtain. The atmosphere of the place is little like that of an institution. Every girl has her own room, which she sometimes shares with a girl chum for the sake of sociability, or in order that another shall have the benefit of the home. The rooms are mostly furnished and each girl adds what decorations please her.

The question suggests itself, What is the difference between this home and some of the others? The most casual examination of the facts serves to answer the question. The Clara de Hirsch Home was established on the principle that homes were for working girls, rather than that working girls were for homes. The intelligence which conceived this fact grew out of personal contact of the founder with working women. It is necessary to adopt large families of girls in order to comprehend their needs, and this the Baroness de Hirsch did.

There is a custom which has grown rapidly in popularity in Edinburgh, where it originated. Several women of wealth who became deeply interested in the problem of the housing of the poor tried the experiment of buying tenements in wretched quarters of the town, refitting them and making them more habitable than others in the neighborhood, and taking the management of them into their own hands. The owners are the rent collectors, and in their weekly visits to the houses they become intimately acquainted with all the tenants. This has resulted so favorably, not only to the tenants, but to the owners as well, that more and more property owners are adopting the plan. In New York a large building company which erects model tenements and cheap apartment houses employs a "friendly rent collector," a woman of education and undoubted good breeding. She is in no sense a missionary; she does not interfere with or even appear to interest herself in the private affairs of the tenants, but her influence with them and her effect on the general tone of the houses under her care are manifest.

Another instance of the value of the personal contact is perceived in the growth of the social secretary idea. Managers of department stores, factory owners, and other employers of many working people have come to a realization of the fact that they cannot work at a distance from their employees. They no longer consider

them en masse, but individually. It is almost a trite saying that the greatest benefit of the social settlements has been to the settlement workers rather than to the neighborhoods they worked in. The needs of the other half, in the case of working women, the other two-thirds, cannot be comprehended from afar. Men and women who are interested in their welfare must know them as they are. It is gratifying to note the active movement on the part of many women in this direction.

NO PLACE FOR THE DRUNKARD

We have so many suggestions daily as to the best means of preventing the increase of the drinking habit, that we thought the following which we clip from the Salt Lake "Truth," an additional one of a unique character:

"Until the minds of men are so trained that each and all will see the evil of drinking, men will drink. The great corporations and railroads have decided that a man who drinks is not a reliable person to entrust with business; that the engineer who tipsles is not a safe man to entrust with the running of an engine and the lives of the passengers on the train. Orders have been issued to either quit whiskey or the employ of the company.

That action has made more sober men than all the pledge-signing advocates; all the blue ribbon advocates; all the prohibition cranks who ever shouted and raved in public places. It is no longer a question of morals; it is a question of expediency. A man has got to leave it alone if he wants to amount to anything. The drunkard is not wanted. Time was when a newspaper man who got 'drunk as a boiled owl' was looked upon as a 'genius.' But the 'genius' is to-day out of a job. He has been succeeded by the 'plodder,' and the plodder is drawing salary while the genius is trying to attract the attention and enlist the sympathies of the bartender.

The forbidding of employees drinking is becoming more and more common, and it is a good thing. By and bye those who drink will see that those who do not are better off, and will quit of their own volition. The traffic will never entirely cease. There will be some men who will drink and drink again. Some because they have to; others because they like to, and still others who want to be contrary. The sentiment of public opinion will always be adverse, so far as alcohol is concerned, and this last mentioned class will drink out of pure cussedness, and that is all."

Eccentric Aristocrats.

A few days before the prorogation of the last session in England the Marquis of Townsend, who succeeded to his title and to a seat in the House of Lords, four years ago, made his appearance and went through the necessary formalities of taking his seat in the Upper Chamber. This would indicate considerable indifference on his part, and but scant respect for the august body of hereditary legislators to which he was called. But the Government, the Lords, and the people have lost nothing by his absence. He is at best an eccentric individual who has inherited eccentricities from ancestors who were both disagreeable and dangerous. It was the tyrannic policy of Charles Townsend, King George III.'s Chancellor of the Exchequer, in extorting certain taxes from the people of America, that led to the war of Independence. The taxes in question were estimated to produce a revenue of less than £40,000 a year, and it was for the sake of that paltry sum that King George, through the stupidity of his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Townsend, lost what were in those days the finest jewels of his crown—namely, his American colonies. The late Lord Townsend will be remembered in connection with the relentless war which he waged on the Italian organ grinders in London, and likewise on beggars, causing their arrest wherever he found them, and devoting much of his time and a considerable amount of money to their prosecution and punishment.

The Telephone Parishioner.

A somewhat amusing yet very practical sketch of the inconveniences which Rev. William Hickey, of Dayton, O., has suffered by abuses of the use of the telephone, may be read with profit by our local readers. It is from his own pen and is all the more interesting on that account. Father Hickey says:—

Scarcely a day has passed that the writer has not been called to the telephone only to hear the impatient expression, "Oh! they have given me the wrong number," and when this happens three times within an hour, to recall one experience, you doubt whether the inventor of the telephone may justly be regarded as a benefactor of his kind.

While on the subject of telephones, the writer proceeded to unburden himself of some suggestions that may be useful to persons who want to call up the priests.

1. Don't telephone unless it is necessary. Remember that it takes some one's time to answer it, and both the priests and the domestics of the house have their time pretty well occupied as it is. Every Saturday, we are asked about the hours of Mass on Sunday. No need of this, for they are published Saturday, and an investment of one cent with the nearest newsboy will bring you this information. Again as many as ten individuals have called up in one evening to ask at what hour Mass would be said next day, a holiday; most of them had been at Mass the previous Sunday, and heard the hours announced, but they paid no attention. It is all right for strangers to ask these questions, but there are some things that we must take for granted that our people do know.

2. With all respect for persons concerned, the pastor must decline to be the messenger or to deputize persons in his employ to be messengers, either to the neighbors or to the school, or the Sisters, and it is safe to say that similar messages to those that have been received in the past will go unattended, as Mrs. A. wants to inform Mrs. B., living a block away, that she will call on her at two o'clock, or Mrs. C. wants her boy Johnny to call on his aunt for supper, as his mother won't be home, and won't the priest go over to the school and tell him? or Mrs. D. wants to tell the Sister that her daughter can't take her music lesson, because she must have a new dress fitted on at that hour. There is a better way of doing these things—attend to them yourselves—or, as the pastor once hesitatingly suggested, to an angry female at the other end of the wire, who indignantly asked, "Well, if you won't take my messages to the Sisters, how can I send it to them?" "Call up the District Telegraph Company for a messenger boy," seemed the natural thing to say, but this advice did prove acceptable, for the conversation was abruptly ended by the aforesaid irate female.

In case of any accident, we are at your service—even as messenger—but don't make it inconvenient for the priest, just to make it more convenient for yourself.

3. It has been a mooted question whether politeness is regarded as an essential ingredient of telephonic conversation. We prefer to have it, even a small admixture, just to give it flavor. Questions that would justly be regarded as impertinent, if addressed to you in your house, or face to face on the street, are nonetheless so when hurled at you through the telephone.

To begin with, always start off by giving your name,—"This is Mr. So-and-So, and he wants to speak to Father Hickey or Quinn." If there be anything boorish, it certainly is the opening sentence of many a message over the telephone.—"Who is this?" or "Who is talking?" and thus suddenly called to account, you must declare to some unknown questioner your name and the reason of your existence on this mundane sphere. Just imagine some one ringing your door-bell and asking such a question. More than once, persons calling up a priest have refused to give their names, and with such the priest has no time to talk. One lady, who refused to give her name, not long since, asked when and at what hour an acquaintance of hers was to be married, and when the pastor intimated that this ques-

tion might properly be addressed to the family specially concerned.

It is always flattering to be regarded as a storehouse of information, and questions of all kinds are fired at the priest, who is asked Why do priests in the Greek Church marry, or what is the address of a Sister in Kansas City, or what is the name of the hospital in St. Louis; but to be called at eleven o'clock at night to give the exact age of the Pope, "just to decide a bet, you know," is rather crowding things. Eight hours a day has never been part of a priest's programme, but when the telephone begins ringing at five o'clock in the morning to satisfy some one's curious questions, he just wonders if people think he camps at night alongside of that harmless little box.

4. Now just a word about sick calls. Unless in case of sudden emergency or accidents, we would prefer not to receive sick calls over the telephone, and it will be more satisfactory to send some one to the house to explain the condition of the patient. Oftentimes the priest must know whether the patient is conscious or not, whether he can retain anything on his stomach, whether there is immediate danger, so he may determine whether he will bring the Blessed Sacrament, at once, or wait until a subsequent call.

When your only source of information is the grocer's boy, who, somewhere in the course of his rounds that morning, has the message to call up, St. Joseph's and get a priest,—just like you would order a steak from the butcher's,—about all the satisfaction to be had from questions addressed to this bright boy is "Don't know; they just said to call Father Hickey."

One lad of this kind once called the priest to number 13 Xenia Avenue. There was no such number, and after the priest had called on that number on eight different blocks, he began to understand the prejudice some people have against this number, until the happy thought dawned on him that the number might be among the 1300's, and he found it after two hours' search. Oh, blessed boy at the other end of the telephone wire!

A priest regards a sick call as the most serious duty he has, and is prepared to drop anything else to attend to it,—when necessary,—but to be told in every instance to come right away, oftentimes means missing some engagement he has made, or disappointing some one that is coming for instruction. In lingering cases, it might be as well to drop the "come right away" part of the invitation, and ask him to come that morning or afternoon, and thus let him arrange his hours to attend to his engagements and satisfy all persons.

It is not always reliable to telephone at night, for the instrument is placed downstairs,—and for the present the pastor is not going to place it under his pillow,—and occasionally he sleeps the deep sleep that goes with a good conscience, and that ring is as faint as the voice of a hardened sinner's conscience. Just walk down and give the door-bell a good pull,—that rings just alongside his bed, and in the stillly midnight will bring him to his feet in a jiffy. For a while the pastor sympathized with the disappointment of people who rang his telephone in vain for a sick call at two in the morning, until assured next day that it was too much trouble to have any one go for the priest, and so they just waited until after breakfast. Wasn't it kind of them?

With some attention paid to the suggestions, the priests will have a better opinion of the telephone—that modern convenience.

Power of a Good Book.

A young man of good parentage had graduated from high school. He was to become a lawyer, and therefore entered college. His pious mother trembled at thought of the many dangers which threatened his faith and morals, and considered what she could do to preserve his virtue. She herself could not accompany him to the great metropolis, but as a talisman she gave him a small book, the "Imitation of Christ," entreating him never to part with it.

The student, having promised to fulfill his mother's wish, accordingly took his precious book in hand every evening. It reminded him of her love for him, and of her anxiety for the preservation of his innocence. But soon the young man was surrounded by evil friends. They captivated him by description of their feasts and pleasures. He allowed himself to be influenced, so that they soon had complete control over him. Religious duties became irksome, and after a while were entirely neglected. The talisman given him by his mother now became a burden. He even begrudged it the small amount of space it occupied, for its presence recalled to the mind of the prodigal son the years of virtue and innocence spent under the parental roof.

Whenever he indulged in forbidden pleasures the little book became his accuser. To remove it from his sight he cast it into the farthest corner of the room. From there it wandered into an old chest where all useless articles were kept. But the humble instrument of God's mercy had yet to fulfill its mission.—One day our student was looking for paper with which to cleanse his razor. By a singular coincidence he came across the "Imitation of Christ." "It makes no difference," he said, and tore a leaf from the book. After a few days it was again used for the same purpose, until, from week to week, the poor little book lost many of its gilded pages. But each time a sentence of the torn leaf caught the young man's eye, and disturbed the forced peace of his conscience.

Walking by a church, one morning, into which a funeral procession was just passing, he paused to hear some one remark, "What a misfortune! He was the only son of wealthy parents, and but eighteen years old. He fell from his horse and was killed instantly." Then the verse on the page of the "Imitation of Christ," he had torn from the book the day before suddenly occurred to the wayward son.—"How foolish of you to promise yourself a long life, when you are not even sure of the morrow." Deeply agitated at thought of what the words implied, he followed the funeral into the church. The ceremonies and hymns awakened the suppressed voice of his conscience and compelled him to reflect on the sinful state of his soul. In the course of a few days he cast himself at the feet of a priest to implore his aid in making his peace with God. Thus the piety of the mother was rewarded and in this instance the conversion of her son due to a page of the "Imitation of Christ."—Translated for "The Pilot" from the Breslauer Sountagsblatt, by Mary Schuerkamp.

Patent Report.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted to foreigners by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

- 83,010—Otto Zepf, Montreal, Que. Stopper for bottles.
- 83,027—Wm. Ewart Gladstone, Dunedin, New Zealand. Hair pins.
- 83,060—Alphonse Provost, Tourcoing, France. Spring spokes for wheels.
- 83,183—Summers Brown, London, Eng. Rotary stencil printing apparatus.
- 83,184—Franz Pawel, Hanover, Germany. Peripheral structures for wheels.
- 83,243—Leonard S. van Westrum, Berlin, Germany. Method of sprinkling streets and the like.
- 83,387—Horace Jno. Weeks, Christchurch, New Zealand. Step for windows and doors.
- 83,435—J. Wilkinson & Wm. P. Thompson, Liverpool, Eng. Lighting and heating.

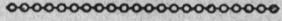
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This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholics Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

THE BROKEN PLEDGE.

By FRANCES WOODROFFE, in "The Irish Rosary" Magazine.



A Striking and Touching Lesson to Catholic Young Men and Young Women on the Dangers of Mixed Marriages.

"I'm not so sure, I'm not so certain sure," muttered the old coast-guardman, as he gazed out to sea. A boat was tacking, her sails fluttered white and shining as she veered around. He raised his spy-glass with a critical air, and cocking his head awry, prolonged his investigations. A trawler it might be, with mere fish as its burden; should Doonennis be its destination, and a big haul in its hold, Tim Dougherty would rejoice; good fish and plenty of it pleased Nan, and meant a cheap supper for both.

But the cargo of a smack may be spirits, and perchance tobacco, too; hence Tim's inspection was, of necessity, a lengthy affair.

At last he seemed satisfied, for he nodded, grunted, and, turning away, walked slowly along the track of the cliff. Doonennis Bay was fringed with granite rocks, bare and precipitous; in the dying light of day they now stood out in bold relief; to the west, a red glow on sky and sea alike foretold dry weather just what Tim loved.

But somehow he was not in a mood to enjoy that fair promise; for no tangible reason his spirits had been falling all day. More than once he found himself sighing deeply, and for the life of him he could not make out why the thought of Roger Harding kept recurring to his mind.

Roger was a new hand, one fresh from England, and had scarcely been on the station six months as boatman; why, of all men, should he think of him? True, he was the first Briton within memory who had come to live upon their shores, but what of that? The alliances of nations and their enmities troubled Tim little, for his politics, if he had any, rose above all party prejudices. The man's religion, certainly, had been a sore point to all in Doonennis, and had they yielded to their inclinations, would more than once have shown resentment, reminding him how his ancestors, in their vain attempt to stamp out the Faith in Ireland, persecuted its loyal sons to death. But remembering that discussion brings often hard words, they forebore, and hastily changed the subject when it bordered upon dangerous ground, fearing to trust their warm blood when once fully aroused.

The shadows grew longer, the smack was but a speck on the horizon, and Tim had reached the end of his beat. Afar off, he could hear the mighty ocean booming as it dashed on jarred rocks, seething around them, tearing their sides, while below, the waves fell gently, idly lapping the shore. Dejectedly he retraced his steps, still wondering what ailed him. Twilight had set in and supper should be ready by this time. Not that he felt inclined to eat, his depression had taken away all appetite. He had not gone far, however, before his eyes lit up with a sudden joy, and a smile chased away all signs of care; he began to feel happy again as he waved his cap to his daughter, Nan. She was standing on the brow of a hill, a kerchief on her head, a small shawl thrown over neck and shoulders.

Tall and erect, with genuine Celtic features, she was not strictly beautiful, but her grey eyes were soft and true; where further charm was lacking they supplied the deficiency. She had some knitting in her hand, but her fingers were idle; indeed, several stitches had fallen from the needles, yet she did not attempt to pick them up. Her ball of wool, too, had rolled away—ten minutes had passed since then and it still remained hidden in the brambles. It was evident her thoughts were all-absorbing, one glance at her contracted brow and vacant gaze was proof enough of that. She often smiled, and yet a moment later, a cloud of sadness seemed to efface her pleasure, and sighing, she would apparently seek to unravel some knotty problem.

Twice did Tim call her before she turned with a start to find him close at hand. "Is it dramin' ye are, acushla?" he shouted, panting as he climbed the hillock.

The color came and went in her cheeks, she was excited, yet nervous, too: "What will his answer be?" she kept repeating to herself as she

went forward to meet him. "Oh! Father," she cried, "I have news, a rare surprise for ye."

Her words were joyfully spoken, but her heart misgave her; would he consent after all?

"An' what may that be, Nan, avourneen?" enquired the old Coast-guard, quickening his pace, with a gasp and a grunt.

"Why! father, ye'll never guess." Out of breath, Tim reached her side, and paused to pant awhile; then tenderly he kissed her, and laughing lightly replied: "Sure an' I niver will, unless it be ye that tells me ow't."

Nan flung her arms round the old man's neck and with a depth of entreaty, exclaimed: "Ye won't be cross, will ye now, father, but—but—" she hesitated an instant, "he axed me to marry him," she hurriedly continued, "an' I said yis."

She lowered her eyes, expecting a storm of opposition, but for a moment Tim was silent; though staggered by the tidings he was entirely puzzled.

"Who? Who did, me darlint?" he ejaculated at length, "was it w'an of the Murphy's now, or maybe Pat Callaghan?"

"Neither nan nor the other," responded Nan slowly, "but since it was Roger himself." The secret was out, she felt somewhat relieved, but the ordeal was not yet over.

Rarely has man's face undergone such a change as did Tim's in that short moment. The light died from his eyes, the smile vanished, while he shivered and bit his lips, as if in sudden pain; then he muttered: "Roger, Roger Harding? Nay, it's jokin' ye are, asthore?" and he looked up for denial of her words.

"Tis thruc, father," she almost whispered, and, turning away her head, toyed with the wool she held.

"Nan, Nan, ye are daft," the old man exclaimed with emotion, grasping his daughter's hand as he spoke. "Ye doan't know what ye're doin'; Why! mavourneen, he's a Protest-an'!"

There was a depth of feeling in the words which expressed volumes, making its echo sound within the girl's heart, but she checked it.

"Bedad, an' I'll make him come in to the church," she answered reassuringly, but there was a dispirited ring in her voice.

Tim paid no heed to her remark; he was gazing far beyond the crested breakers into a region of fear and sorrow, and as he gazed, the legend of Doonennis came back to him with a new force and in a new light.

Long, long ago, before chronicles lived within its precincts, had the Faith been brought to that hamlet, and ever since had its loyalty to the Church been unswerving and devout.

As the centuries rolled on, and age succeeded age, it became their boast that, of its many generations, not one member had betrayed that sacred trust, conferred upon their fathers; no, not even in those dark ages, when persecution was rife, and death with religion went hand in hand. Was the tradition to be annulled now, and Nan the cause of its repeal?

He touched Nan's sensitive nature to the core. She longed to throw her arms about his neck, to comfort him, and declare she would do his will. But her love for Roger stayed her, and, to promote his claims, she weighed each argument in his favor.

Through affection for her, if for no other motive, it was thus she reasoned, he would not wound her religious feelings nor thwart her devout wishes. Ah! Nan, beware! Many another has sought consolation in such a pretext, and, building on the same foundation, deemed the future bright and fair. Alas! their hopes have been shattered, their lives are blighted. But Nan regarded all in roseate hues, and with her chain of reasoning, strove to conquer Tim's objections, endeavoring to point out the utility of his fears. Old Dougherty heard her through, refraining from comment till she concluded with a bright laugh, not wholly sincere: "An' who knows, wan day he hisself may get the true Faith?" Pausing for lack of breath and further arguments, Nan longed to see the effect her words had wrought upon her father, but it was almost dark now, so dark that she could scarce discern his features. A few moments she waited, expecting a reply, his consent, maybe.

Not a word came, however, and impatiently at length she called out: "Father, father, won't ye spake?" Then in the evening quiet his answer came: A deep moan, a cry from his heart, and all was once more still, save for the roar of the waves, far out to sea.

Nan could stand it no longer, and flinging herself at his feet, implored him. "Doan't, doan't, father! Why are ye so sorrowful?"

He raised his tear-stained face; "Thin ye won't marry him, Nan?" he eagerly craved. If Nan had ever hesitated in her choice, or wavered in her resolution, it was at this instant; nay, more than that, the words that would have soled Tim were upon her lips when she faltered, and in that brief space her mind had changed again.

But Tim thought her silence boded good: "Ye won't, will ye now?" he begged, and again he took her hand in his own. She withdrew it, however, feeling too much like a traitor in that loving clasp, a traitor to Faith and father. "I've given him my word, an' I can't go back agin it," was all she said. Strange and hollow her voice sounded, and, as she finished, she wept aloud.

Tim shivered, as he heard her speak; he raised his eyes to Heaven, and groaned: "God forgive ye, Nan, for the blessing will go from Doonennis, and a Dougherty 'll wreak the harm."

He was trembling as he walked away, mournfully remarking: "Come, child, ye must go in, it is gettin' coid and late."

All thought that night, till the stars paled and the east grew bright with dawn, did Dougherty keep a weary vigil. On his knees he prayed and thought and prayed again. He recalled anew the legend, its benediction and solemn words of warning: "May Doonennis be blessed," so it ran, "no soul has gone astray; false doctrine has not stolen one heart from St. Patrick's flock; may she be blessed till the day wherein she fails." Had that day, that day of woe, arrived? Was the pledge of its hamlet about to be broken and its boast made void? Such a grievous possibility filled his mind with terror, and, crushed by presentiments so sad and gloomy, he buried his face in his cold hands. His eyes were heavy, but it was from the weight of sorrow, not of sleep; only a vision came before him of Nan, happy, dancing Nan no more, but weeping and regretful.

His head swam round and round, and his brain was whirling, while he cried aloud in his grief: "O Lord, Lord, forgive her."

As the sun gleamed over the sea, Nan came slowly into the room; she was paler than usual, and her smile lacked warmth and joy. It, too, died away as she beheld her father kneeling before the crucifix, with outstretched hands; she had seen him in that same position how many

hours ago, and had he remained there ever since; could he have knelt there all the night? She feared so, as she caught sight of his muddy boots still on his feet, his cap on the floor before him.

But it was the look on his face that startled her, a look so terribly careworn, that ten years could scarce have wrought the change; the man of yesterday, robust and full of vigor, to-day seemed aged and decrepid. Quickly she ran forward, calling him lovingly by name, but though he turned at the sound of her voice, he seemed dazed, and merely muttered: "We have failed; it will go, an' we will be blessed no more."

Dispirited, Nan sat down to think; suddenly she arose with determination, and catching her shawl from the peg, hurried out of the house. In half-an-hour she returned, radiant and satisfied.

Flinging her arms round her father's neck, she spoke rapidly: "Now, ye must mourn no more; it's hisself I've seen, an' he's promised me—"

"Promised what, Nan?" questioned old Tim incredulously, though there was a hopeful ring in his voice.

She took a stool beside him, and gently stroked his hand: "He promised me," she repeated slowly, emphasizing the words, as if each brought a message of joy, "that he'd never cross my wishes, nor force me to do anything against the Church, and never, never to mock my religion."

She expected approbation but none came: "Is that all?" was his sole remark.

"Doan't ye believe him, father?" implored the girl, and her voice shook perceptibly, while she played with her apron-strings to keep back the burning tears.

Tim raised his head, and staring through the open window, spoke impressively: "Nan, Nan, think on him no further." For a whole minute both were silent, the importunate clock on the stair ticked ominously, the caged finch, hungry for its meal, hopped noisily from perch to perch, twittering the while; then a tear fell on Nan's hand, but she hastily brushed it away, murmuring: "I've promised him, too," then their eyes met. He had glanced at her inquiringly, and she hastened: "that—that—I would trust him." For one moment Dougherty looked at his daughter, his only child, with an indescribable longing, then mechanically he rose, and sought his cap and glass; the next moment he was gone, and Nan was alone, alone with her sad thoughts.

CHAPTER II.

That was six months ago, and Nan was to be married on the morrow. The afternoon was hot and close as she sat in the shaded doorway, putting the finishing touches to her bridal veil, though with so doleful an air, it might have passed for a shroud.

Now and then she would pause in her work, her thumb still on her finger, the stitch but half finished, and for a time the white net lay unheeded on her lap. Her mind was centred on the past; its pleasures, indeed, were buried, well-nigh forgotten; she could only regret its neglected chances, lament its failures; upon the future she could not dwell, there was so much sorrow to leave behind, so much painful truth that it engrossed her meditation, and left no room for brighter fancies or shadowy bliss to come.

Could it be but half a year since Nan had chosen her own course; since she watched old Tim retreating without a word from their cottage-door? The calendar, indeed, taunted no more, but from her troubled looks, her pallid cheeks and even in her hair a streak of grey, it seemed as if each day were one long week, and those few months as many years. Strange it would have been were it otherwise, for glance at her father as he sits mulling at her side—what has worked that woful plight, changing him almost beyond recognition?

An old bent figure, trembling hands, an unkempt beard, and sad, roving eyes. Could anyone have recalled in that half-witted, aged man, the most able coastguard of the Western shores?

And it was Nan's choice that had brought him to this! She knew it, and with the knowledge came most bitter remorse and inconsolable grief; age in appearance, though not in years, followed as a natural consequence.

The needle, reluctantly taken up, soon fell again into the folds of her work, as moodily she rehearsed the sequence of events.

At first, he would spend whole days in solitude, wand'ring aimlessly about, with spy-glass in hand, yet doing no work. He would gaze on the sea, but watch for no ships, and it was only when Nan led him home that he would turn his back on the ocean, restless as his own soul. Com-

municative by nature, he shunned his old friends, and talked to few, while to all enquiries his answer rarely differed: "God will bless us no more."

There were times indeed, when, reflecting on Tim's melancholy, Nan determined to retract her pledged troth, but as she rose to fulfil her mission, the love of Roger stayed her, and with a sigh, she went to bear her bucket to the pump. The pail would fill, over its sides the water flow, but she was heedless of it all, rather seeking to convince herself that time would heal the wound. Little did she dream it was a festering sore, that imperceptibly would spread, taking root, not only in Tim's heart, but in his mind as well.

The process was slow, nor did she fully realize its actual import till, one day, she happened to overhear some chance remarks, a mere fragment of conversation. "Is it true, now, O'Shea," the words came sharply across the hedge, "that owld Tim Dougherty has gone rale crazed an' mad?"

Nan had been plucking weeds, but at this question she started wildly around and they fell to the ground unnoted.

"Indeed and indeed, I'm afraid it is so entirely," the man O'Shea replied, "an' 'tis his girl he'll thank when he's gone to the mad-house, for," he added, with a grim shake of his head, "I'm thinkin' he's not far off it now."

To all this Nan had listened, glued to the spot, her eyes fixed upon the speakers, her unwilling ears drinking in their every word; they were cruel, oh! so cruel, but worse than this, she felt they spoke the truth.

As they paused she seemed to collect her thoughts, for she shuddered, and with heavy steps walked towards the house. O'Shea heard the rustle of her skirts, and with dismay learnt who it was; at once he pulled the other's sleeve: "Whisht, man, whisht!" And he jerked his thumb across his shoulder, at the retreating figure.

The hem beneath her hands had twice been worked upon when, of a sudden, the cotton snapped; it was the end of her musing, and with her dream, the veil was likewise finished.

The next day broke fair and calm, the sea was unruined and a cloudless sky above. Nan's spirits rose, as she viewed the peaceful scene before her, and almost gaily fastened the veil upon her head.

She could hear Tim shuffling in the adjacent room, and quickly went to meet him. He was brewing himself some tea in his old work-a-day clothes: "Aren't ye ready for Church, father?" exclaimed Nan, in a pained voice—she felt hurt he could so easily forget her wedding-morn.

"An' is it a holy-day, that ye're goin' so early?" he demanded.

"Come, come, father, sure an' it's to be married I am," and, ready to depart, she took his arm, unlatching the door as she spoke.

She expected a display of aversion, but a blank look was on his face; it was evident he had but vaguely understood her, for he followed meekly, and she, wondering, led the way. No neighbors met her as she crossed the field: "Mebbe they're all in Church," she thought, and hurried on, fearing to be late.

Her betrothal had, from the first, received indeed a cold reception in Doonennis, for never before had a suitor of an alien religion pleaded there.

Nan called to mind the disapproval of her friends, as, entering the porch, she crossed herself and glanced around. But for a small group at the altar-steps, not another soul was in the sacred edifice; stay! there was one—old Norah Quinn was on her knees, telling aloud her beads, with many a prayer for Nan.

All through the ceremony Tim's eyes were fastened on the couple, noting each action, listening to every word, that bound them man and wife. The veins in his brow stood out in great knots, and his hands were clenched tightly, but beyond this, he seemed calm and self-controlled.

Scarcely, however, had the parting words been pronounced, than a wild cry resounded through the church, ringing once and again in the timbered roof, and Nan, returning from the altar, grew pale and stopped.

"Tim Dougherty is mad," the witnesses cried, while from her corner old Norah prayed: "God help him!" The tears were streaming down his cheeks, as he turned and fled along the aisle and out of the porch. Fearing some evil, Nan hastened after him, forgetful of Roger, forgetful of all, save the hurrying object before her. Tim's head was bare, his long hair was floating in the wind, while more than once he stumbled on the uneven ground, yet he kept well in front of her.

relieved—he would soon be safe. But as he neared the door he paused—forwards the sea; the cliffs between, precipitous and frowning, ran abruptly down till they met the crested waves below.

Terrified beyond measure, Nan quickened her pace yet more, urged on by the fearful certainty that a fall from those dizzy heights meant instant death, tragic and horrible.

She saw him lift his arms clutching at the air, as if in pursuit of some eerie phantom.

Long before had her veil been caught by some thorny bush; her dress, too, was torn, but she heeded none of this. Her legs were shaking, her breath was gone: "Father, father," she tried to call, but the words clung to her dry throat.

Then—, it was but an instant later, her heart stood still, he had reached the edge of the craggy rocks; one moment more, and he would be hurled headlong down, down, from point to point.

She clasped her hands and shut her eyes, not daring to behold that awful leap.

But he had tarried, and when she looked again, he was standing on a clod of turf, his arms still outstretched, his eyes fixed, gazing straight before him.

A yawn scudding along, ploughed its way through the waters, leaving a long wake behind; he seemed to follow its every movement.

"Father," Nan almost whispered; she could bear the suspense no longer, yet dreaded to surprise him.

"Nan," he answered, his face still averted; his voice filled with awe, for he spoke with a strange dignity and emotion: "Mavourneen, the boat is, leavin', leavin' forever!"

There was more in the meaning than in the mere words, yet Nan failed to expound it.

He pointed to the distant ocean, dim in the morning haze, "Stop it, acushla, stop it!" he shouted imploringly; the craft had tacked, and a strong land breeze was driving it farther away, into the open sea beyond. "Tis too late," he gasped, watching it intently, "an' ye might have saved it, Nan, ye might have brought it back."

Attracted by this unusual scene, the villagers, one by one, had gathered round; scared, indeed, they felt, as they beheld that lonely figure halt on the jutting crag, and, as his voice rang out in language shrill and wild, they shivered as they heard him cry, while Nan, powerless to act, crouched on the ground.

The minutes passed. Tim spoke no more, but strained his eyes in anguish as the yawl sped ever onwards. Those about him marked its progress anxiously; it neared the harbor's mouth, it became a mere speck, and round the rocks it sailed, a white flutter, and it had disappeared from view. Tim shrieked as he saw it vanish, "Tis gone," he wailed, and there was an infinite pathos in his voice, "the blessing of Doonennis has gone for aye." He flung up his hands with a despairing gesture, his body swayed to and fro, and he fell backwards, with a thud, to the ground.

With one impulse the neighbors crowded round the prostrate form, while Nan, in broken accents, called him in endearing terms. As they raised him from the ground, a bent figure thrust herself among the foremost; it was Norah Quinn, who had hobbled from the church, her beads still told for Nan.

Sickness was no unfamiliar sight to her, and many in Doonennis were the eyes she had closed in death. A single glance sufficed to tell her now that human aid was vain; mournfully she shook her head, crossed herself, and, "God rest his soul," they heard her murmur low.

The words seemed to reach Nan, as a far-off echo, a dismal scene in one long nightmare; would she not soon awaken, to find it all a hideous dream, and brightness only of her wedding-day to greet her?

As in a vision and with eyes dimmed, she saw her father borne aloft; two men were carrying him away from her, but she did not strive to follow in their path; her limbs seemed void of action, her tongue of speech; her eyes alone were capable of serving her, but it was little they conveyed to her torpid brain. A confused sound of many voices reached her, indeed, but she distinguished no words, save three alone, "He is dead, he is dead."

dy abrupt: "You man," was the sol and only then, c down on Nan, and to pass away; her and her head sank weeping bitterly.

CHAPTER I
"Come, Nan dear, expostulated gently his hand into hers. She was standing grave, as if lay of staring vacantly at arm still raised, first, she had cast upon the coffin. I upon the wood below, erod slightly, but her composure. The sharply over the hill sympathisers gradual older ones, who ling the end hurrying hor of rain caught them Nan, caring little for weather, stood, with heart, over the earth Tim Dougherty.

Again Roger urged, ing, you must come, authoritatively, when heard him and obey they left the cemetery ing to look back; from seen the old grave-dig in hand, was impatient; lugubrious task; soon of earth conceal its o other mound be raised swelling number of the It was Nan who "Roger, asthore," she sad voice, as they pa swing gate, "ye ar I have now, the only o care for me."

"My sweet Nan," closing her shawl more her, "I'll be kind and always."

"I know it, I know reply, "how could it b and confidingly she lif eyes to his.

"Dear heart," he r tending down, kissed face.

In the months that f almost ceased to remem mer days of grief; rem she felt at times; pno suffered much, she knew present happiness helpo way the gloomy thought times would arise, and l niversary of Tim's neat the dreamy look had v her eyes, the wrinkles f

"My husband is so would say, as some old bing by, would drop in stiff limbs awhile, "nev he let me do for meself, selfish an' good man the is," and her face absol with honest pride and j long, too, she would sri house, gaily scrub the f undaunted energy, dig i toes; nothing was hard f er of love, it gilded bot toil and rest.

Her bliss, however, w by one cloud; but for its would have been the ha man in Doonennis Bay; yet won Roger to the Fa seemed so easy in theory, ant ideal; some prayers, and all would be accompl But she had not reckon host, and it was only b learnt the power of the f to deal with; deep-roote ism, bigotry, and, as tim open hostility; these m every turn, and when succ had disposed of some, o rise to menace her hopes.

At first Roger put her o light laugh: "You'll nev over, little woman," he v "so, to please me, let us other things," and openi he would discuss the topic with unabated ardor.

But it pained Nan to with interests akin in all were divided in religion; o and in toil, in the great m life they were not united. Not bear to think that the full of endearing term should never have framed to the Mother of God, whi ed her to the quick to co his soul, unwashed perha absolved, and alas! his prompt to perceive her want, were blind to the S of Love.

Seeing her words, howe no effect, she abstained from very; renewed, instead, her vor and increased her devot seemed to irritate Roger: duty to stay at home."

plained, when, one day, I stolen a leisure moment to church, "you should darn n or be cleaning the pots, b go to the chapel and not v ice to attend to inside."

This harsh reproof griev more than she cared to s even acknowledge to her

would soon be safe. But he paused—

beyond measure. Nan's pace yet more, urged her fearfully that a

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ing in her ears and within her heart, a her shoulder, and she heard the voice of Rog-

ly abrupt: "Your father, poor man," was the sole response. Then, and only then, did the real truth

CHAPTER III.

"Come, Nan dear, come," Roger expostulated gently, and he slipped his hand into hers.

She was standing over his father's grave, as it lay open before her— staring vacantly into its depths—her

It was Nan who first spoke: "Roger, asthore," she murmured in a sad voice, as they passed out of the

"My sweet Nan," he answered, closing her shawl more tightly round her, "I'll be kind and good to you

In the months that followed, Nan almost ceased to remember those former days of grief; remorse, indeed she

Her bliss, however, was shadowed by one cloud; but for its presence she would have been the happiest woman

But she had not reckoned with her host, and it was only by degrees she learnt the power of the foes she had

Seeing her words, however, bore no effect, she abstained from controversy; renewed, instead, her own fervor

trusting for better times, she bravely hid her distress beneath a smile.

The next day, again, her patience was destined to be sorely tried; she was busily plying her needle when,

Thus were paved the stepping-stones of greater sorrows still to come, the first drops of her bitter

Another trial presently awaited her, a trial of a different nature, but nevertheless one hard to bear: Doonennis

As she stepped into the boat and looked behind, to bid farewell to friends and native shores, a tender

Each day she pleaded, each day he refused, till one morning, when she was about to renew her solicitations,

Two hours later, Nan heard familiar steps draw near, the gravel crunched

"Eight mile an' more," repeated Nan as she thought of the Church at home

And she did it, too, though it was only by dint of persevering haste that she managed to return in time

But Roger was not so easily appeased. "I'll not have you go there

again," he muttered, and seeing Nan about to speak hastily added: "It's not a bit of use you're talk-

But the matter did not stop there; henceforth he began to take objection to each Catholic practice, closely

It was in vain Nan expostulated, entreating him to cease his hard

Each day she pleaded, each day he refused, till one morning, when she was about to renew her solicitations,

Carefully she wrapped the child around. "Indeed, Roger, ye are good," she would exclaim at intervals,

"Tis sorry I am, Roger, if I've vexed ye, but I thought mebbe, ye didn't know the way so well as I."

Two hours later, Nan heard familiar steps draw near, the gravel crunched

"He's been christened well enough," Roger retorted, "so take him you, for I'm tired, and he's been

Roger fidgetted uneasily in his chair, but Nan, anxious to make amends

tions you do ask, to be sure, and none that I can answer."

For an instant Nan stared at Roger incredulously, then her face grew white and drawn, as if a sudden pain

She certainly looked ill herself, the gray eyes had lost their lustre, deep lines lay beneath them, and her

Of a sudden the spoon fell from her hands, and she threw herself on her knees

On her return, however, she breathed a prayer of thanks; the arms had relaxed, the face, till then so black

It was past four, the way remote and hard, but no obstacle could deter

Three hours she had battled against the elements, before she was greeted by the twinkling lights of Gradeley,

However, the motherly old house-keeper would not let her depart till

But if it were difficult to walk in the open road, tenfold were her trials

of snow; how was it possible, then, to avoid so many pitfalls?

Her feet were sore indeed, her skirts muddy and sodden, as she reached the flats. Open to every gale

Where the paths crossed she tarried, for, in the pauses of the gale, she caught the sound of approaching

Till now, Nan had thought only of her child. Through the toilsome way the blinding snow, in all her fatigue

Mrs. Swaine kept well ahead; from habit she rarely talked, unless addressed, and at present she was far

The snow, cold and damp, in part revives Nan, and striving to gain a foothold on the slippery ground, she

And now she has fallen on her drags herself forward with an effort.

The snow below receives her lifeless body, the snow above soon forms her pall, and from the ferry

Teacher—What does s-e-e spell? Small Pupil—Don't know. Teacher—What do I do with my eyes? Small Pupil—Squint.

WORDS OF PRAISE.

Many glowing tributes have been paid to the character of the Irishman, even by those who were not of his race. And these are so many trophies that deserve to be preserved in the archives of the nation.

"There is one thing in which the Celt has shown, in his purest existing type, the modern Irishman, that he has no superior in history. Everywhere the great virtues, the cornerstone virtues of the State, of all human society, are the great loves—

Sayings of the Children

Tommy (mysteriously)—I shall have lots of cake all for myself. Mother—Oh! Has auntie promised you some? Tommy—No! I've planted seedcake in the garden.

Clara, aged 4, suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table. "Why, Clara, what is the matter?" asked her mother. "Oh," sobbed the little miss, "my teeth stepped on my tongue!"

Advertisement for SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE, featuring a small illustration of a person and text describing the product's benefits.

MATYRDOM OF THE HOUSEWIFE.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

The difficulty of securing domestic help is not new, and it is not peculiar to New York. A century ago, an English writer, William Fordyce Mavor, in his "Survey of Berkshire," remarked pathetically: "It is greatly to be lamented that good servants every year become more scarce and difficult to command." Such also was the complaint of our own grandmothers and mothers; such is the complaint of our wives to-day. It is true, however, that servants are harder to find than for some years past. Housekeepers from one end of Manhattan, to the other unite in a chorus of grief, which is echoed from Brooklyn, Staten Island, and the Bronx, from Westchester County and Rockland, and from the whole State of New Jersey. The trouble may be more acute here because population is more congested, but if the newspapers of Philadelphia and Chicago are not deceived, the situation in those cities, and indeed in the whole country, is unusually distressing.

Some of the reasons for the present plight are obvious. There have been and must continue to be certain inherent difficulties in the problem. These have often been pointed out; long and irregular hours, confined and often lonely routine, varying quantities of work, vagaries and caprices of mistresses, and the so-called "social stigma." All these combine to draw women into factory employment, with its fixed hours, opportunities to be on the street in going and coming, congenial companionship while busy, definite tasks, formal rules for conduct, consistent supervision, and general independence outside of hours of labor. For the many women to whom the kitchen and its duties are not positively attractive, the factory will always be a strong magnet; and the growth of manufacturing must make even deeper inroads upon domestic service. Various suggestions have been offered for improving conditions, but few or none of the remedies are practicable for people of moderate means, who must continue to meet these inherent difficulties as best they may.

There are, however, some new factors in the reckoning. The demand for the work of women is keener than ever before. With the last decade a number of occupations have opened to them for the first time. Women are, for example, acceptably filling positions as factory inspectors and sanitary officers. Most of these new occupations are above the skill and intelligence of the housemaid, but the women are drafted into the higher service leave room in other callings for the better class of maids to enter, and thus drain off the household service from the top.

The greatest demand for female labor is due to the era of prosperity. Our manufacturing has expanded enormously. With all our factories running full time and paying high wages, the housekeeper is facing a sharp competition at a desperate disadvantage. To add to her troubles, she must compete also with her own class. A few days ago the New York State Department of Labor, in its quarterly bulletin, declared: "Prosperity is so widely diffused that the servant-keeping class is larger than ever before, and has thus created a demand that exceeds the supply." With families that kept no servant now employing at least one, and wealthier families adding an extra nurse, waitress, or laundress, the unfortunate housewife is ground between the upper millstone of the factory and the lower millstone of their own companions in adversity.

Not only is the demand greater than before but the supply is smaller. The very prosperity that has enlarged the servant-keeping class has tain their daughters at home or enabled poorer people either to maintain them to school; and many girls who in 1893 would have been seeking places are now living in ease on the abundant earnings of their fathers and brothers. Statistics on this point are not available, but the facts are patent. It is plain, also, that employment at good wages has allowed many young mechanics to marry, and has thus transformed possible housemaids into actual wives. The "steady company" has been much in evidence, and his attentions have still further disturbed our domestic economy.

Some people ask why the enormous immigration of the last few years has not filled up our depleted stock; for generally in times of heavy immigration household servants are comparatively abundant. An exam-

SURPRISE is SOAP Pure Hard Soap. Includes decorative boxes with the word 'SURPRISE' and a central illustration of a woman.

ination of the government returns shows that in the twelve months ending June, 1902, the number of female immigrants was 182,374, and in the next year it was 243,900. With an increase of over 61,000, there ought to be some balm in Gilead for our housekeepers. But unhappily the character of the immigration has not been such as to furnish domestic servants. Of the total number of women for 1903, 9,877 came from Asia and other lands outside of Europe. Moreover, of the 234,023 Europeans a large number are from nations where modes of life and social conditions unfit women for domestic service in America, without a training that would uproot most of their personal habits. In 1902, some 44,853 came from Austria-Hungary, and in 1903 the flood had risen to 58,027. The figures for Italy are respectively 32,643 and 43,656; and the totals for Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Serbia, Spain, and Turkey are 31,429 and 51,118. Making these deductions, we have left from the immigration of 1903 only 81,222 women from the countries that usually send household servants. Of these, 15,225 came from Germany, 8,212 from Norway, 32,600 from the United Kingdom, and 16,220 from Sweden. Many of them, of course, started directly West to settle on the prosperous farms there.

An Industrial League.

The Irish Industrial League of America has just issued a letter requesting Irishmen to become members of that body. The League is absolutely non-political. The only condition to membership is sympathy with its objects. These objects, as stated in its articles of incorporation, are to aid in the promotion, by voluntary pecuniary aid, or otherwise, industrial, commercial, agricultural, technical and artistic pursuits in Ireland; to promote and develop the economic and material resources of Ireland; to aid and promote the development of agricultural and technical instruction in Ireland, and in general to aid in the development and advancement of the material resources and common industrial interests of Ireland. The League has been founded by a number of men who recognize and wish to assist the work that is being done by the Irish Agricultural Organization Society. The letter thus closes:—

"The aims of that society are (1) to improve existing agricultural industries in Ireland; (2) to establish subsidiary interests to agriculture; (3) to establish small town industries; (4) to do all those through the medium co-operation. The society has already succeeded in establishing nearly 800 co-operative societies with a membership of 75,000. The effect of economy and improvement in production due to these co-operative societies has been an increase in return to their members of from 20 to 30 per cent. in the price of their products. What has been so advantageous to 75,000 farmers must be fully as advantageous to the remaining 400,000 farmers in Ireland, and there is no reason why with some assistance from this country the society cannot succeed in bringing in to these co-operative societies the great body of Irish farmers.

"The annual dues of members are \$2 a year, payable semi-annually in advance, or the entire amount may be paid at once.

"Cheques should be sent to John D. Crimmins, treasurer, 56 Pine street, New York city, N.Y."

This is "certainly one of many ways, and a very important one, of aiding the national cause. For, after all, the principal thing is to have a contented and prosperous country, and with a population that is thriving and industries that are flourishing Ireland's sons and daughters will know "Want" instead of "want," and will be in a position to enjoy and profit by the ever increasing measures of self-government that come.

THE FRENCH ALPHABET

(By An Old Subscriber.)

In "Le Journal de Francoise," last issue, under the heading of "Biographical Curiosities," is a strange paragraph. It runs thus:—"If you were given to read the following verse which, it appears, cost its author long and wearisome efforts 'Qui flamboyant guidait Zephire sur les eaux,' and you were asked what you found peculiar or remarkable about it, certainly you would find it embarrassing to answer. Now, the merit of this verse consists in the fact that the author of it has made it contain all the letters of the French Alphabet, except the 'j' and the 'v,' which at the period when this feat was performed were confounded with 'i' and 'u,' and less the 'k,' in French generally appears only in words of foreign origin." The author of that verse also makes exception of the letter 'w' which we admit plays about the same part in the French alphabet as did the letter 'k.' But surely the same excuse cannot be made for the letter 'c.' No place in the verse can you find a 'c.' Yet that is one of the oldest of the letters used in that alphabet. So the author's wonderful feat has been but partially accomplished. Although we cannot pretend to the genius of that hard-working author, of a more remote date evidently, nor yet to an academic knowledge of the French language; still, we would humbly suggest that the verse should read thus:—

"Qui flamboyant guidait Zephire sur ces eaux."

At all events he would have all the letters of the then existing alphabet, and the change of "les" to "ces" would not alter the measure, and possibly render the verse a little more elegant. This is merely a suggestion but the making of it simply indicates the attention with which we follow French-Canadian literature and especially that admirable publication of "Francoise."

The Examples of Rulers

When Edward VII. of England, paid a visit to the late illustrious Pontiff, Leo XIII., we all remember how the "Protestant Alliances" sent in their protests, and even one of these bodies had the hardihood to telegraph its disapproval to the monarch himself. It is well for them that they live under a constitutional monarch, for were they subjects of Russia, and had they they suicidal temerity of thus addressing the Czar, they would soon find themselves on the way to Siberia. In sending an intimation to the Pope of his intended visit to Rome, the Czar stated that he considered it a "duty" to call upon His Holiness. Now that is going very far for a monarch who owes no religious allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff. Yet we remember that when the German Emperor was about to visit Rome, after the King of England, he informed Pope Leo XIII. that he would do himself the "honor" of paying his respects at the Vatican. Emperors and autocratic rulers, who are independent of the Catholic Church, take the trouble to characterize their visits to the Pope as a "duty," and "an honor." How very small, then, appears beside these tributes, the narrow and prejudice-bound spirit of the people who cannot see that it is the duty of a monarch to be a gentleman, and that no gentleman will entertain ideas such as he would certainly possess were he to pay disrespect to the venerable Head of the most venerable institution on earth, and the ruler of two hundred and fifty millions of subjects. It is a good thing that those who are in positions to give examples do so with such effect.

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1884. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Cahill, Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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. M. J. McKenna, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Birmingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCall, Vice-President; J. Emmet Quinn, Recording Secretary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F.J. Sears; President, P.J. Darcey; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.



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NOTES

ALL SAINTS' day of the year by the Church to some there are some of these curious, and for various widely known than of numerous have been God, that it would be to find one day in that has not its saint. But apart from whose names figure up dar of the Church—and yond number—there are saints of whom the hu never heard of, and lives, virtues and glori- solutely no record. Ta- ple the tens of thousan that suffered death dur- annic family of the ins- came one member after the number of twelve, deeds of barbarism and Christianity. Take the sands of Christians, dur- second, and even third c- were cast to the wild be- murdered by other near- all over the Roman- have no trace of them- martyred in groups, in- it is a question if even- Rome could tell who an- were. Yet all these are- heaven, powerful ther- any saint who has be- canonized. And they hav- days, for it would be ar- dity to have such.

The Church, ever mindf- members, be they on ear- Church Militant, or in P- the Church suffering, or- in the Church Triumphant- one day of the year; and- she dons her "brightest ves- she celebrates the glories- saints. Consequently, A- Day becomes one of grea- blime importance for eve- in the world. How does- dual Catholic know that- not have been a saint am- ancestors—some good, vi- soul, whose name was un- worldly fame, but whose- none the less transcendent- day? At all events the- lions of saints whose pow- tercession are only limited- sets of those on earth- their help. And they have- special day in the year- faithful are called upon- them and to rejoice with- their reward.

To-morrow, the first day- vember, will be All Saints'- this year it falls on Sunda- consequence, it will be an- of rejoicing, in the religio- and, not only will there b- ceremonial and all the p- circumstances of the Chu- blime ritual on earth, but- heaven there will be gre- more unqualified rejoicings- that day, from the thousa- thousands of altars over th- universe will the great- of Calvary be repeated, prayers that will ascend to- chancel, will awaken the gra- the saintly host around- throne; and, in response, th- ings of grace and the benedi- God will pour down upon th- race and upon the Church- cular. That we may all pa- in the benefits of such a fea- are conditions that every tr- nolic knows, and is glad to- course, these conditions are

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