

NO. 2, meets on Wednesday of 1899 Notre Dame Hill, Ottawa: Albany, N.Y. President, J. F. Quinn, Vice-President, M. J. Young, Secretary, H. J. Harrison, Treasurer, M. J. Young, Standing Committee, Danell, Marshall.

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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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 excellent work." — PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SITUATION IN IRELAND.—Whether it may be looked upon as a favorable comment or not, or whether or not it is intended to be friendly, certainly there is a great deal of food for reflection in the recent despatch sent from London, by its correspondent to the "Evening Post."

HON. SENATOR COFFEY.—From press despatches we learn that Mr. Thomas Coffey, the esteemed and enterprising proprietor of "The Catholic Record," of London, Ont., has been appointed to the vacancy in the Senate, caused by the death of the late Hon. John Donahoe.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE.—The first anniversary service in memory of the late lamented pastor—Rev. John Quinlan—of St. Patrick's parish, was held in St. Patrick's Church on Thursday, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P., officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers McGrath and Ouellette, as deacon and sub-deacon.

ADAM BRANON (18th November) meets at 8 1/2 St. Alexander on Monday of each week at 8 p.m. Spiritual Callaghan, Chairman, B.O.L.; Preceptor, Reborning, Coogan; Piaz-Robb; Warren; Preley, Jr.; Mad-H. J. Harrison; & G. H. Merrill.

MR. CHARLES R. DEVLIN, N. P. The cable announces the election of Mr. Charles R. Devlin for Galway, Ireland. Mr. Devlin who is widely known in this city, is yet quite a young man. He was born at Aylmer, P.Q., on October 29, 1858.

ST. ANN'S WARD.—The proposal to divide St. Ann's Ward, with a view of increasing its representation in the City Council, is one which should be closely watched by Irish Catholics.

Lenten Mission At St. Patrick's.

The mission under the direction of the Passionist Fathers, now in progress at St. Patrick's Church, is one of the most successful held in that parish for many years. During the first week which was set apart for the married women it is estimated that the average attendance at the exercises was 2,200; and it is now stated on the most reliable authority that the attendance this week during the exercises for the unmarried women has reached the magnificent figures of 3,500.

On Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the closing of the mission for married women took place. Judging from the remarks which a representative of the "True Witness" heard, from the lips of one of those who had attended the mission, the scene must have been not only impressive, but soul-inspiring.

The sermon was preached by Rev. Urban Foley. It was worthy of the occasion and made an impression upon the large congregation which will not soon be forgotten. Father Foley said in part:—

"You have made the mission, and I hope, made it well. . . ."

Oh! Catholics, ever be true to yourselves, your Church and your God. You will be so, if you are careful to say your morning and evening prayers. Never leave your room in the morning before kneeling down and saying at least three Hail Mary's. Do the same thing before retiring to rest at night. Do this much at least, it will not take you more than a few minutes! I vouch for it, you will feel the protecting armor of God thrown around you. . . ."

What are we to think of those women, who not only miss Mass themselves, but who, by their bad example cause others to do likewise? No wonder so many lives are blighted! No wonder so much infidelity stalks abroad! No wonder a ray of heaven's sunshine never lights up so many desolated homes!

How can you have the blessing of God, upon yourselves, your homes and your families, when you begin the week by outraging Heaven? When you scorn God's greatest gift to mankind; when you deliberately shut Heaven's gates of mercy.

Mass-missing is one of the worst sins you can commit.

The black clouds of infidelity that are gathering upon the horizon of this continent, are mainly due to the accursed practise of Mass-missing. The greatest danger to the Church in America, is this sinful practice. When you miss Mass you break the last chain that binds you to God. You destroy the last hope of your salvation. Gaze upon Calvary's Cross! See Christ offering himself in a bloody manner. That was the first public Holy Mass. The Jews who jeered and jibed, and scorned the dying Saviour, left that hill of sacrifice; they went down to their homes; they missed that holy Mass, and they were lost eternally. Whereas the Jews who remained upon that hill of sacrifice heard that holy Mass and were converted and saved. I care not how wicked a woman is. Let her be more unjust and treacherous than Judas; more impure than Magdalen; yet if she comes to this new hill of sacrifice, if she hears holy Mass, sooner or later the blood of Christ will touch her heart, she will repent and confess her sins. Yes! the holy sacrifice of the Mass is the greatest gift of God to mankind. It is the greatest treasure in the Catholic Church. . . ."

Do not be discouraged go forth from this new fortress of Faith.

Wherever you go you shall have seen two contending armies. The leaders are Christ and Satan. The army of Christ is small and insignificant, while that of Satan is large and powerful. Between the two armies you can see thousands of soldier-stragglers, who are wavering in their allegiance. Some approach nearer the banner of the Cross. They are going to join the ranks of Christ. You belong to this army of Christ. You are supposed to fight under the banner of the Cross. Will you lose courage? Will you waver in your allegiance? Will you again join the ranks of the erring? . . ."

Now, to prove faithful we need something to spur us on. Some inducement must be held out to poor human nature. What is it that causes young men to bid farewell to home and country; to cross the seas; to endure trials and hardships; to nerve them in withstanding trials and hardships; to stand at the cannon's mouth and sacrifice their young lives for their country's weal? It is the hope of victory, the hope of reward. What caused millions of humanity's noblest sons and daughters to rally around the banner of the Cross in the trying days of persecution? What caused timid, innocent girls like St. Lucy, St. Agnes and St. Cecilia to scorn the threats of tyrants. It was the hope of victory, the hope of reward. . . ."

How long, Oh! God! how long! will it be till thou wilt encircle our brows with the crown of immortality? Oh! the echo comes back upon the winds from the great White Throne: "A few more weeks. A few more months. Perhaps a few more years till that glorious crown shall be yours."

During the past days you have reflected upon very important truths! You have realized that you have souls to be saved; that your grand life-work is to secure your salvation; that there is a hell to be avoided; a crown to be won and a God to be possessed.

You have examined your consciences; you have confessed your sins; you have been united to Christ in the sacrament of his love; you have made high resolves and determined resolutions! You have enlisted under the banner of the Cross, and have sworn eternal allegiance to Christ your leader! Oh! then, be women of honor! Respect your womanhood! Be true to yourselves; to your colors; and to your leader—Christ. Take unto you the armor of God; and do so by daily and fervent prayer; by hearing Holy Mass; by frequently receiving the sacraments, and by fidelity in keeping your good resolutions.

Remember what you are! Frequently gaze upon your banner. If the very right of the tattered and blood-stained that led our heroes on to victory, causes the patriot's heart to throb with pride and jermeates his whole soul with dauntless resolution to die for his country's flag. Oh! Christian women, what effect should not the banner of the Cross have upon your Catholic hearts?

Gaze upon the tattered, blood-stained banner of the cross. It has been crimsoned with the blood of millions upon millions, heroes and heroines who died embracing it; your own forefathers bled and died for it. The blood of a God—man sanctified it. That banner has floated over the Republic of the Catholic Church for nigh 2,000 years; millions upon millions have borne it aloft, and by it have conquered the world, the flesh and the devil; yes, they have scaled the battlements of heaven, and they stand to-night victorious, crowned with the jewelled diadem of everlasting glory!

And if you would follow up their victory! If you would be heroes in the strife! If you wish to wear that crown for all eternity; you, too, must bear the cross; you must be true to the Cross, you must hold to the Cross, for by the Cross you shall be judged when you and I—when the whole human family shall be gathered together for the last judgment.

Keep the imagination sane—that is one of the truest conditions of communion with Heaven.

Open thine ear to the voices of Nature and thou shalt hear them in concert inviting thee to the love of God.

CONDOLENCE. At a regular meeting of St. Ann's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society, held on Sunday, March 1st, 1903, a resolution expressing sympathy with Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., Director, on the death of his esteemed and venerable father, was passed.

The St. Ann's Young Men's Society at their regular meeting, held recently, also adopted resolutions of sympathy which were ordered to be transmitted to Rev. Father Flynn.

Lenten Preacher At Notre Dame.

AT NOTRE DAME.—On Sunday last, Rev. Father Lemerre, O.P., who is preaching the Lenten Station at the Church of Notre Dame, delivered a grand, touching and powerful sermon upon the necessity of spiritual life. Much comment has been made upon the eminent Dominican, and he has been pronounced to be a master of sacred eloquence. The word of God is the Truth; and whether it be delivered with simplicity, or with the most fervid eloquence, it is still the word of God, and the results of it in the souls of the faithful is the best evidence of the preacher's success. But, taken apart from the work that he, as a priest, is called upon to perform, and regarding it from a purely human standpoint, it must be admitted that God has gifted Father Lemerre with all the accessories needed to constitute a great orator. He has the voice, the gesture, the appearance, and the spirit; in addition he has the great advantage of the Dominican garb, which lends elegance to movement and, like the toga of Cicero, aids in the attractiveness that all orators must seek to produce.

But richer than the voice, more emphatic than the gesture, more inspiring than the attitude, more attractive than the garb, is the solid and dogmatic argument that underlies and constitutes the basis of the sermon. When he tells the Christian that Christ, in His humanity, presents a model of relative perfection that man may reach by a close imitation of the life and a faithful adherence to the teachings of Our Lord, he imparts a hope and gives us an impetus to virtue. We know that absolute perfection belongs to God alone, and that man cannot ever reach it; but man can aspire to that human perfection which Christ displayed in His humanity—apart from all question of His Divinity. When he shows us the balance of power or of justice in the Hand of God, he encourages the Christian to live faithfully in accordance with God's law. The rich man who prospers and is an infidel, and the poor man who suffers privations, and yet is a faithful Christian, are equally considered by Divine justice, and on the last day the balance will be found correct and in accordance with Divine Wisdom. The man of success and means may have some natural virtues, he may do good in some way or other, without doing it, for the higher purpose of an eternal reward; he gets his reward of a day for a day's goodness. He is rewarded in this world for whatever good he did. The other must await an eternal reward, for his merits are supernatural and beyond they demand a recompense far in excess of anything merely temporary. Thus he encourages hope and faith in the Christian. He shows how all of life's obstacles are but as the clouds of morning obscuring the rising sun. But behind the clouds, and away beyond there reach is God. It is thus that the great preacher sows the seeds of the truth, scatters the word of God, implants Faith, Hope and Charity in the heart and soul. And seen in this light, he is truly a great preacher; but he is a still greater teacher.

We had rather leave our final doom in the hands of the all-holy God than in those of the most merciful of sinful men.

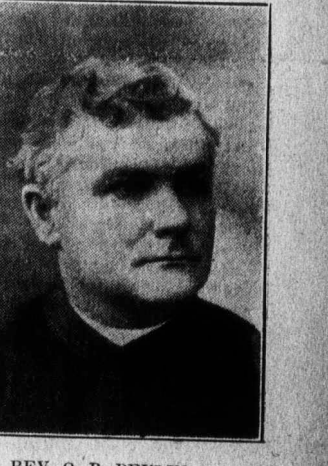
Lenten Mission in St. Gabriel Parish.

Rev. William O'Meara, pastor of St. Gabriel's, ever solicitous about the spiritual welfare of his parishioners has arranged to have a two weeks' mission in his parish, which will begin on Sunday, March 22.



REV. G. O'BRYAN, S.J.

Rev. Gregory O'Bryan and Rev. O. B. Devlin, two well known and highly esteemed members of the Society of Jesus, will be the preachers. They possess in an eminent degree all the zeal and eloquence, so characteristic of our race.



REV. O. B. DEVLIN, S.J.

The first week will be for women, married and unmarried, and the second week for men, married and unmarried.

Lenten Mission at St. Ann's

In St. Ann's Church, last Sunday evening, the closing exercises of the married men's retreat took place, and certainly it was for the Fathers of the parish a gratifying end to a most successful mission week.

The parishioners turned out almost to a man, every night and morning, and it was not uncommon to see numbers of those who work all night, go to Mass and wait for the instruction before going to their homes. Sights such as these give evidence of piety that well may edify the parish, and give silent proof of a great and successful retreat.

The sermon—an eloquent, strong appeal to strong Catholic men, to make a practical Faith the glory and happiness of their families and their homes—was given by Rev. Father McPhail, the regular preacher, during the week.

After the sermon, more than two hundred new members were received into the Arch-Confraternity of the Holy Family, and then a beautiful program of sacred music was rendered during Benediction at the Blessed Sacrament.

AL NOTES.

Feasts of the Month.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

The month of March is one that contains within its thirty-one days a number of very important religious festivals.

The beginning of the month is marked by the feast of the "Angel of the Schools"—St. Thomas Aquinas; the middle of the month brings us the festivals of St. Patrick and St. Joseph; and the close of the month presents us with the grand feast of the Annunciation.

St. Thomas Aquinas has been sur-named the "Angelic Doctor," or, frequently the "Angel of the Schools."

St. Joseph not only has the honor of a special day during the month of March, but the entire month is known in the Church as the "month of St. Joseph."

The work of the nuns of the Order of the Holy Child among the native girls in Japan is described in a letter from a member of the community published in "The Illustrated Catholic Missions" for February.

The Annunciation is the first of the many grand feasts of the year that belong especially to the Blessed Mother of God.

marked his life, death, and very ashes after death, that canonization only affirmed a sanctity that the world recognized and that the Church believed.

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gelic Salutation" was pronounced — and pronounced by angelic lips. That day the "Hall Mary" was said, for a first time, by a direct messenger of God.

THE SEE OF TUAM.

Telegrams from Rome have been received in Dublin and other parts of Ireland stating that the Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Bishop of Clonfert, has been appointed to the See of Tuam, vacant through the death of the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly.

Work of Nuns in Japan

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An American View of Reciprocity With Canada.

THE MOVEMENT in the United States for closer trade relations with Canada has made rapid progress in the past three months.

SOME FIVE YEARS AGO the Governments of the United States, Great Britain, and Canada agreed to appoint a commission that would go into the matter of arranging friendlier relations between the United States and Canada.

A RADICAL CHANGE has come since the commission adjourned. American capital, enterprise, and population have overflowed into Canada, and are making that market more valuable to the United States than that of any other country in the world.

CANADA WANTS FREE TRADE in natural products, and insists that no other concession would be of any material advantage to her.

thus it is that the Joint High Commission is to be reconvened for the renewal of negotiations for a reciprocity treaty that will establish friendlier relations.

THE ORGANIZATION of public sentiment in the border States for reciprocity with Canada took practical shape last December in Detroit, at a convention called by the National Reciprocity League.

Within the past few weeks a chain of reciprocity leagues has been established across the northern tier of States by the committee, assisted by the National Reciprocity League.

Every little bird that droops and dies in its nest falls as softly into God's hands as do His saints and martyrs.

that closer trade relations with Canada upon this basis would so increase the volume of trade that exchange of concessions on tariff on manufactures would naturally follow, and the tariff wall would gradually be lowered.

THE NECESSITY for arranging a reciprocity treaty as quickly as possible has been made evident by the strength of the movement in Canada for a higher protective tariff and exclusion of American trade.

The United States has invited Canada to reopen negotiations for a reciprocity treaty because the market of Canada has so increased in value in the last three years that the concession of free trade in natural products has become justifiable.

When the Joint High Commission reconvenes, which may be any time before next summer is over, there will probably be a stronger organized opposition in both countries to the arrangement of a mutually profitable treaty.

Mechanical Notes.

FROZEN PIPES.— One of the uses to which electricity is put at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., is to melt the ice in water pipes.

The thawing trade is practised by an electrician named William Gorby. With a wagon and a pair of horses he takes around from place to place a big instrument called a transformer.

Most of the trouble at Sault Ste. Marie arises from supply pipes leading from the street mains into the houses of consumers.

Every little bird that droops and dies in its nest falls as softly into God's hands as do His saints and martyrs.

Office of Coroner

of the present Coroner of New York is about a bill of Senator Ellison down this expense to propose, first of all, to the office of coroner by the medical functions of are to be transferred to the Department, and the office of the District Attorney, in place of the coroner to be six medical examiners, four for Manhattan, four for Queens, two for Richmond, and two for Westchester, each to be \$3,500 each.

The National Festival.

LET US UNITE.—St. Patrick's Day is an occasion when the members of our various parishes may unite and appear together in public. It is therefore of the greatest importance that the demonstration should be made as representative as possible. We should bear in mind that the procession to the Church is an act of faith as well as one of patriotism, and those of other nationalities and creeds are apt to judge us by our appearance on that occasion.

THE ROUTE.—An error crept into our report of the route of the procession after Mass. Instead of the line of march being along Dorchester street to Windsor street, the procession will go by way of Dorchester street, Phillips Square and St. Catherine street to Windsor street.

THE VARIOUS DIVISIONS of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will assemble at Hibernia Hall at 8 a.m. on St. Patrick's Day, and form in line under the direction of County Marshal Tracey, and lead by their bands and the Hibernian Knights, Capt. P. Doyle in command, take part in the usual parade.

It is confidently expected that their turn out this year will greatly surpass that of former occasions. The old-time silk hat has been discarded, and a neat soft felt hat with green and white cord and tassels adopted.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—The parent Irish national society will honor the evening of the National festival by holding a banquet in the Windsor Hotel. We are informed that the sale of tickets, so far, has exceeded by far that of all previous similar undertakings. Among the toasts to be honored are:—

- "THE KING."
- "IRELAND."
- "CANADA."
- "OUR GUESTS."
- "SISTER SOCIETIES."
- "THE LADIES."
- "THE PRESS."

It is expected that leaders in public life will be well represented. Acceptances have been received from Hon. R. Prefontaine, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and from Mr. Borden, the leader of the Opposition at Ottawa, and many others. Among the speakers who will propose and respond to "toasts," will be—Hon. Mr. Justice O. J. Doherty, Hon. Dr. Guerin, Mr. R. L. Borden, Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, Rev. Isidore Kavanagh, S.J., Hon. M. F. Hackett, Mr. R. S. White, Dr. F. E. Devlin, Mr. Frank J. Curran, B.C.L. and others. The committee in charge of the arrangements intend to spare no effort to make the function one of the most memorable in the history of the society.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. A.—This patriotic organization will, true to its time-honored custom, celebrate the closing hours of Ireland's Day by holding a dramatic entertainment. The stirring and pathetic drama "Robert Emmet," will be presented in Proctor's Theatre with all the accessories of costumes, scenery and music. It is a foregone conclusion that a bumper house will greet the performers.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN.—This well known and progressive Society will hold its celebration in the Monument National when the "Irish National Minstrels," and a two act drama, "The Irish Patriot" will be presented. The musical programme will be under the direction of the popular director, Prof. P. J. Shea.

There is no doubt that St. Ann's Young Men's Society will have a crowded house.

THE A.O.H.—This enterprising and intensely patriotic body will hold a celebration in the Windsor Hall, when an attractive and essentially national programme will be offered to its countless supporters and admirers. Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, K. C., will deliver an address on the occasion. The Hibernians should be well patronized.

THE BOYS OF ST. PATRICK'S.—The Sanctuary Boys of St. Patrick's will not occupy a second place in honoring the day. Their enthusiastic director, Rev. Gerald McShane, will assist the boys in presenting a programme—at the Windsor Hall, in the afternoon—of a national character, comprising vocal and instrumental selections, which will do much towards conserving the spirit of our race amongst the Irish Canadian youth. They deserve a bumper at their matinee.

ST. ANTHONY'S Y. M. S.—This enterprising society will hold a eucure and musicale in the basement of St. Anthony's Church. The parish may be relied upon to support its own organization.

National Holiday on St. Patrick's Day.

The following letter has been received by the National Holiday Committee of Dublin, from His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin:—

Archbishop's House, Dublin, 21st Feb., 1903.

Dear Sirs,—Your committee can, of course, count upon my full sympathy being with it in its praiseworthy effort to have the festival of our National Apostle observed in Dublin as a National holiday.

It has always been a humiliation to me to read, as I have been reading, from year to year, of the impressive civic celebrations of St. Patrick's Day in New York and other cities beyond the seas, whilst the only public celebration of it in Dublin—outside the churches—was the gathering of a crowd in the Upper Castle Yard to witness some military spectacle and dance to the music of a military band.

As to those who wish to celebrate the feast day of our National Apostle in such a fashion, no Dublin Nationalist, I feel confident, will ever think of interfering with their liberty to do so. We are a population of close upon 300,000 people, and amongst us there are, and always will be, thousands who are out of sympathy with the feelings of the overwhelming majority of their fellow-citizens. But Dublin is not Belfast. With us it has always been proudly upheld as a civic tradition that every man, woman, and child in the metropolis is free, without fear of molestation, to hold and to express as they may choose, their own particular views upon any topic whatsoever, political or religious. May it never cease to be so.

But surely the time has come for the vast majority of the people of our city to recollect that they have other duties to discharge than that of according their fullest and most friendly toleration to those who are not of their own way of thinking. They have had before them for many a year the example of their fellow-countrymen abroad. Better late than never. Let them now at length follow that example by making the feast day of the Apostle of Ireland a civic, as it has for centuries been a religious, festival in Dublin.—I remain, dear sirs, your faithful servant,

WILLIAM J. WALSH, Archbishop of Dublin.

To Messrs. H. A. O'Neill and E. O'Higgins, Hon. Secs.

A SILVER JUBILEE.

The members of the congregation of the Church of St. Louis de France are busy organizing a grand festival to take place in July next. It will be honor of their parish priest, Rev. Father Laroque. The occasion will be the celebration of his fiftieth birthday, his twenty-fifth year of priesthood, and his fifteenth year as pastor of the parish. The event promises to be one of great importance and no pains are being spared to make it a grand success.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, March 10.

OPENING OF SESSION.—Great, if usual, are the preparations going on in the Capital. The influx of members, and of accompanying deputations and general camp-followers, is now regularly commenced. All the rooms in the hotels are taken, and the private boarding houses have their space at a premium. Ottawa's harvest is at hand, and the city seems to feel it—despite the mud and slush that spring brings in its train. Around the central Parliament building there is no end of activity. Everything announces paint, varnish, washing, scrubbing, new carpets, grand mosaic pavements recently completed, and all that eternal turmoil of preparation that indicates the respect paid to the representatives of the people. Before these lines will be published the ceremonies of the opening of Parliament will be over, and your correspondent will reserve for next week the details of incidents that are likely to take place.

FOUR DOLLAR BILLS.—Our various denominations of bills are very convenient, but many have been anxious to have the four dollar issue increased and better and newer bills given. Consequently, Hon. W. S. Fielding, Minister of Finance, has written in reply to a request of the grocers asking for the issue of a new \$4 Dominion of Canada bank note to replace the one now used, the grocers claiming that the figure on the present bill is so indistinct that it is frequently mistaken for a one dollar bill. Mr. Fielding promised that the four dollar bill now in circulation would be withdrawn and that the new issue would bear figures that would render mistakes of this kind impossible.

FLOODS PREDICTED.—Montreal knows, from the experience of years gone past, what it is to have floods in the spring time. Here the Rideau River is the Nile that menaces, each spring, to overflow the surrounding country. The tall cliffs that flank the Ottawa prevent that river from ever becoming a danger as far as floods are concerned. But it is otherwise with the Rideau, which bounds Ottawa on the east side. At present that river is rising in a startlingly rapid manner. A general break-up of ice in close proximity to the piers is going on. Since six o'clock on March 12, the water has risen three feet, and is still rising. If the present weather continues the residents predict one of the most dangerous and serious floods on record. Great excitement is prevalent as the people fear the rise of the waters will continue.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.—The route of the St. Patrick's Day parade has been decided on as follows: Starting from St. Patrick's Hall, Maria street eastward over Laurier bridge and along Theodore to Cumberland street, north along the latter to Rideau, westward along Rideau and Wellington streets to Kent street, southward along the latter thoroughfare to St. Patrick's Church. Returning, the procession will proceed to Bank street along Bank to Sparks to Elgin, southward along Elgin to Maria street, and thence to the hall again. No trouble has been experienced this year regarding the music. Both the bands of the G. G. F. G. and 43rd D.C.O.R. have been engaged, as well as the band of La Garde Champlain. A large delegation will be present from Perth.

THE A.O.H.—On Sunday last Division No. 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians, held an exceptionally large meeting in St. Patrick's Hall, there being over three hundred members present. Dr. Freeland occupied the chair, and conducted initiation of 31 candidates. Mr. W. J. McCaffrey rendered some excellent music. A similar initiation ceremony will be conducted next Sunday, when another large batch of candidates will become members of the Order.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—On Sunday evening the Finance Committee of the Separate School Board met. Chairman Charbonneau presided. The estimates for the year were presented

and discussed, but final action was deferred. The pay lists for February were presented and adopted. The figures for the month for teachers, officials and caretakers were: French section, \$1,444.81; English section, \$1,795.84.

Two reports of expenditure were submitted and adopted. They were No. 2, French section, \$588.70; English section, \$133.35. No. 3, English section, \$1,754.85; French section, \$1,842.81.

ALASKAN BOUNDARY.—It is said that Hon. Clifford Sifton, Minister of the Interior, will be the Canadian agent on the Alaskan boundary tribunal. Hon. Edward Blake is expected here any day to assist in the preparation of the Canadian case. Mr. W. F. King, Dominion astronomer, and Mr. Pownall, of the Department of Justice, are at work on the preliminaries. Mr. F. C. Wade, K.C., will be an associate counsel.

LATE MR. CASEY.—The friends of a life-time were present on last Monday at the funeral of the late Mr. John Casey, of the Excise Department, and one of the most widely connected and most important Irish Catholic in Ottawa. The Catholic Mutual Benevolent Society, Ancient Order of Hibernians, St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society and St. Vincent de Paul Society with all of which Mr. Casey was actively identified were well represented.

The Papal Delegate.

The Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Sbarretti, arrived from Ottawa last week, and proceeded to the Archbishop's Palace, on Sunday, at High Mass in the Cathedral an official welcome was extended to His Excellency, on behalf of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi. Before beginning the second of the series of Lenten sermons, Mgr. Archambault made the following remarks:—

"I owe to the kindness of Mgr. the Archbishop, who has charged me to preach the Lenten sermons in his metropolitan church, the great honor of welcoming you amongst us on behalf of the diocese.

"During an audience accorded our venerated pastor in December last, our Holy Father Leo XIII., whose



MGR. SBARRETTI.

glorious pontifical jubilee has just been celebrated with such splendid éclat by the Catholic world, expressed the particular affection which he felt towards our country. His Holiness indicated as an evident mark of his interest and solicitude the establishment in Canada of an Apostolic delegation.

"This institution is indeed of a nature to strengthen the ties which bind us to the Holy See, while it is at the same time an affirmation of the plenitude of that jurisdiction, which rests with the Vicar of Jesus Christ, the exercise of the divine right which he possesses to govern by himself or by his delegates the churches or the faithful of those churches.

"The precious gifts, which God in so large a measure has given Your Excellency, the various positions which you have successfully filled in the government of the Church, the long experience which you have acquired, have admirably prepared you for the functions which the Holy See has called upon you to perform.

"In your mission of love and peace Your Excellency will be readily seconded by an episcopacy noted for its piety, its prudence, its zeal to promote the religious and social interests of the country, its never failing constancy in the defence of truth, of Catholic doctrine, the purity of public morals, and the rights of our mother, the Church. You will meet on the part of the clergy and

Monument National, St. Patrick's Day, MARCH 17th. MATINEE 2.30 p.m. EVENING 8 o'clock.

PRICES: MATINEE: Adults.....25c Children.....15c EVENING: 25c, 50c and 75c. Boxes \$4.00 and \$5.00.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society PRESENTING THE Irish National Minstrels IN THE Latest Songs, Dances, Reels, Etc. CONCLUDING WITH 'THE IRISH PATRIOT' An Original Two Act Drama. Plan of Theatre is now open at Mr. T. O'Connell's, cor. Ottawa and Murray Streets, and will be at "Star" Office, St. James, from 11 to 2 o'clock every day after Monday next.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. Association Anniversary of Ireland's Patron Saint. GRAND PRODUCTION OF THE HISTORIC IRISH DRAMA

PROCTOR'S THEATRE GUY STREET, Tuesday, March 17, 1903. ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT

Comment Cast! Special Scenery and Stage Effects! Songs, Choruses and Dances of the Emerald Isle. Special Souvenir Programme will be issued March 14th. PRICES—Reserved Seats 75c, General Admission 50c, Balcony 25c. Boxes \$6 and \$8. Reserved Seats on sale at Mulcairn Bros., 1941 Notre Dame street. Telephone Main 2645.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Great Reduction in Prices. Fine Assortment of Sheet Music, Largest Stock and Cheapest Place in the City.

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VIOLINS.....\$4.00 up
CORONETS, French make.....\$5.00 up

All Kinds of Musical Instruments at Reduced Prices. STRINGS for all Instruments. All kinds of Repairing done on premises. Sole Agents for the celebrated makers, BESSON & CO., London, Eng., and PELLISSON, GUINOT & CO., Lyons, France.

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faithful, minds well disposed and wills submissive to authority, hearts really attached to the throne of St. Peter, and ready to sacrifice everything in order to remain faithful to the orders and directions of Rome." In the evening His Excellency held a reception in the Palace, which was attended by leading citizens in all walks of life. During the week visits were made to the Grand Seminary, Villa Maria Convent, Notre Dame Church, St. Patrick's Church, St. Mary's College, the Convent of the Holy Names, Hochelaga, Mount St. Louis Institute, and various other institutions.

Women and Business Affairs.

It was a formidable array of papers; one original contract, three copies, and ever so many little slips of paper that did not amount to anything apparently, but had to be signed for good measure.

The woman looked at them dubiously. "What do I have to sign all these things for?" she asked. "Where shall I put my name?"

When the proper place for the signature had been marked on each separate sheet she wrote her name with a brave flourish. That dreadful task having been finished the man who finds fault arose with a remark.

"Did you read the contract before signing it?" he asked. "No," said the woman. "What is the use? I know what it is about, so why waste time in wading through all those herebys and whereases?"

when they find their signature a necessary part of a document they hustle the job through with the greatest dispatch. In their opinion, to read what goes before would only prolong the agony, so they skip that and trust to luck and the honesty of the other party to get through all right. Fortunately, the other party generally is disposed to do the square thing, so they suffer but few impositions.

"It really would be a good thing, though, if women would cultivate the judicial cast of thought, and at least glance through contracts before signing them. With their present happy-go-lucky way of attending to legal matters an unscrupulous person might cheat them out of their very eye teeth, without their knowing anything about it till they happened to want them, and then they would find that they had signed them away so effectually that there was no possibility of ever getting them back."

The woman took up the bundle of papers thoughtfully. "Perhaps I had better run through the things, after all," she said. "It is too late now," said the man who finds fault. "You will have to save your energy till another time."

—New York Times.

Come to our aid, ye elements, ye skies, ye angels, animals, plants and flowers. Let us love God, let us love God! God is love, love is God.

How beautiful are the smiles of innocence, how endearing the sympathies of love, how sweet the solace of friendship, how lovely the tears of affection!

SYMMETON'S COFFEE ESSENCE

make delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble no waste. In small and large bottles from 10c to \$1.00.

Church Federation

(By a Regular Contributor)

When Charles Phillips, speaking of non-Catholic Christians, mentioned them "bragging fragments of their broken shells against each other," he possibly did not think that a day would come when these same sects would receive the lack of logic and coherence which would lead to their annihilation and would seek while persisting in ignoring the source of all unity. During the few years we have read more attempts at federation, or union of churches than ever before, and the obvious reason of all this is the fact that the thinking and discussing minds amongst them have become more and more the absolute necessities of the times. The principle such as that which governed the Catholic Church centuries ago—from the very day of Christ.

Last week the Ottawa Ministry Association issued a circular containing proposals and recommendations regarding the "Federation of Churches Movement." The circular stated that, if the time be opportune, a meeting will be held on the 26th March, for the purpose of considering this movement. The proposal, as embodied in the resolution of the special committee of the association is as follows:—

"The time has now come when the new spirit of fraternal unity which is common within some churches requires an appropriate organ for its expression and development.

"The essential unity of concern concerning their nature and aims, and the fact that each church is claiming all desire for self-advancement at each other's expense, are the principal of mutual cooperation and support.

"The reciprocal influences which have hitherto operated to the enriching of these churches would be even more effective if given the opportunity of larger and closer cooperation.

"The present position of our country imperatively demands the union of the organization of the Christian forces."

In addition it is stated that the aim is to "secure unity of thought and concerted action, on matters of common interest, and to prepare the way for a yet closer union of the denominations."

Now this is all very delightful and a prospect of a programme of union. We are not able to see, however, by what means they can reach a "unity of thought," although we admit freely that they are able of "concerted action."

In fact, ever since the Reformation there has been "concerted action" amongst the various denominations that have sprung into existence. "concerted action," of the most aggressive character, against each other, they consider their one only foe, the Catholic Church. But experience has shown that the past four hundred years have not been a demonstration that, with "unity of thought is impossible, and unity of thought there must be a unity of principle; in matters of faith principle means dogma, and dogma, no matter how good, has no dogma, nor will they be of any; therefore, as far as religious faith is concerned they have no common principle; the lack of unity of principle pre-supposes a diversity of opinions, views, conceptions, and creeds; a diversity of these forbids absolutely a unity of thought. Consequently they are simply aiming at the unnatural when they thus attempt a federation of their churches on the basis of unity of thought. That point of union, without any further consideration. As long as the denominations, or any of them, do come down to the solid basis of faith, one Church, one baptism, one order of sacraments, one God, long must they clash in thought as well as in conceptions of religion. But there is, possibly, some hope in the effort being made to federate and churches for purpose of "concerted action." That has been the predominant idea of the Protestants from the beginning. They do not want union; they know it to be destructive of their very prospect. The same is the disunion that has existed, and that continue to exist, and in extent are there, not only because they are the result of the will of the Protestant, but because they are the result of the will of the Protestant. He regrets their presence, and it is an inalienable evidence of error. But he cannot help it. He has his own will, and he will not spare to admit the fact, that he is against his will; he did not want any such result; but he cannot control the temper, he has no power over the elements, he was

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Church Federation

(By a Regular Contributor.)

When Charles Phillips, speaking of all non-Catholic Christian denominations, mentioned them "brandishing fragments of their broken creed against each other," he possibly did not think that a day would come, when these same sects would perceive the lack of logic in their situation and would seek for union, while persisting in ignoring the great source of all unity.

Last week the Ottawa Ministerial Association issued a circular containing proposals and recommendations regarding the "Federated Churches Movement." The circular stated that, if the time be deemed opportune, a meeting will be held on the 26th March, for the purpose of considering this movement.

"The time has now come when the new spirit of fraternal unity existing in common within some of the churches requires an appropriate organ for its expression and development."

"The reciprocal influences which have hitherto operated to the enriching of these churches would be even more effective if given the opportunity of larger and closer intercourse."

"The present position of our country imperatively demands the utmost economy in the organization of the Christian forces."

In addition it is stated that the aim is to "secure unity of thought and concerted action, on matters of common interest, and to prepare the way for a yet closer union of the denominations."

Now this is all very delightful as a prospectus or a programme of action. We are not able to see, however, by what means they can ever reach a "unity of thought," although we admit freely that they are capable of "concerted action."

In fact, ever since the Reformation there has been "concerted action" amongst the various denominations that have sprung into existence — a "concerted action," of the most aggressive character, against what they consider their one only foe—the Catholic Church. But experience of the past four hundred years proves to a demonstration that, with them, "unity of thought is impossible. To have unity thought there must exist a unity of principle; in matters of faith principle means dogma; they have no dogma, nor will they admit of any; therefore, as far as religious faith is concerned they have no fundamental principle; the lack of a unity of principle pre-supposes a diversity of opinions, views, ideas, conceptions, and creeds; a diversity of these forbids absolutely a unity of thought. Consequently they are simply aiming at the unattainable when they thus attempt a federation of their churches on the basis of a unity of thought. That point we can dismiss, without any further consideration. As long as the denominations, or any of them, do not come down to the solid basis of one faith, one Church, one baptism, one order of sacraments, one God, so long must they clash in thoughts as well as in conceptions of religion."

But there is, possibly, something in the effort being made to federate sects and churches for purposes of "concerted action." That has been the predominant idea of the leaders of Protestantism from the very beginning. They do not want discussion; they know it to be destructive of their every prospect. The clashings and the disunion that have existed, and that continue to augment in force and in extent are there simply because they are the natural, logical, and irresistible results of a false principle. They are there against the will of the Protestant thinker; he regrets their presence, because it is an infallible evidence of error. But he cannot help it. The man whose barn is burned by lightning, has to admit the fact; it took place against his will; he did not want any such result; but he could not control the tempest, he had no power over the elements, he was in-

potent to stay the clouds in their headlong charge against each other. He might have placed a lightning rod on his barn, but this he neglected to do, and he must suffer the consequences. The means were not given to him to stay the thunder-cloud, but means were afforded him to prevent such a result as the destruction of his property. It was his own fault if he did not set up the rod; and he need not blame nature, nor God. So the means have not been given to Protestantism to check the spread of Truth, nor to destroy the Church that contains the same; but a lightning rod is offered for use — the acceptance of that Church's teachings—and if the leaders of Protestant thought are unwilling to make use of that special means of safety, they need not blame any one other than themselves if they are cracked into fragments, and if they have no unity of thought, principle, dogma, or Faith. No grander testimony to the infallible Truth within the bosom of Catholicity, than these piumy and spasmodic efforts at Federation of conflicting sects, and unification of antagonistic denominations.

Burning of the Steamer "Montreal"

In large centres, such as Montreal, great conflagrations, with frequently fatal results, are to be expected; but, as a rule, in winter time it is in the heart of the city that such disasters take place. Naturally the burning of the new palace steamer the "Montreal," on last Saturday night, attracted a great crowd of people.

It was 8.55 o'clock when Assistant Superintendent Ferns, of the fire department, was sitting in the tower of the City Hall and noticed a strong reflection from the river front. He ran to a window with a hand telescope. It took about a minute to make out what was burning, and the first alarm was sent, and not for seven minutes afterwards did any alarm come in from the outside.

By this time the big steamer was a mass of fire from stem to stern. On arrival the firemen saw they could do little to save the Montreal.

With the greatest difficulty they strung line after line of hose over the stone wall and on towards the fire.

The Montreal was lying about 40 yards from the face of the wharf, and about 1,500 feet from the nearest spot, which was accessible to the fire engines. The gates at the Commissioner street side of the wharf were closed and consequently the fire engines were unable to advance beyond the street line.

As a result of the great distance which separated the engines from the Montreal only a couple of streams could be at all brought into play. These were not directed on the steamer, so much as on the freight sheds, which a little later were to become the scene of a most distressing accident.

Meanwhile the rushing crowd had swarmed anti-like onto and over every projection or elevation from which a good view of the spectacle could be obtained. For this purpose there was no better coign of vantage than the freight shed, the collapse of which was attended with results so dire.

On the roof of the shed the people poured, pushing, jostling, craning and stretching so that not a jot of the weirdly magnificent scene might be lost to them. Thus they stood, unmindful of the mighty strain to which the shed was subjected. Suddenly there came an ominous crash as the southeastern truss which supported the roof buckled and snapped off, and one after the other the others followed. The entire roof collapsed like a house of cards. Great heavy beams, each carrying a huge shrieking, almost panic-stricken man freight plunged downward upon hundreds below. In a moment it was all over, and a pile of debris and a struggling seething mass of men, some of them frightfully maimed, others torn, cut and bruised.

A panic ensued. The big crowd settled back, those around the shed yelled, but many inside were silent, not dead, but insensible, with the beams across their chests.

Never have doctors, medical students, ready helpers, handy men, firemen, and policemen, worked with better will to relieve suffering.

The one man who was killed is Niccolò Fiorilli, an Italian laborer, of middle age, who died from a crushed head one hour after he was brought to the General Hospital. He lived at 28 Rue Agathe lane, and worked with the Grand Trunk Railway.

at about \$400,000. It was learned that the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company had advanced, the sum of \$325,000 to the builders and held £80,000 insurance.

In connection with this sad and disastrous event we are forced to pause and to reflect upon that peculiar spirit of curiosity, that disregard all danger and taking possession of people, in moments of excitement, drives them into perils, which at any other time they would carefully avoid. The "London Spectator," some time ago, published a very thoughtful article on this subject, and after reviewing the various kinds of peril in which men seem to take pleasure the writer says:—

"There is not pleasure in all peril, then, and the exceptions give a clue to the rule. There is delight only in the danger wherein something of some one is overcome, wherein there is an enemy over whom to triumph, or a fellow mortal to save or benefit. The man toppling over the verge of the cliff, or struggling in mid torrent, has nothing in view but his solitary death—there is nothing in the bitterness of death so agonizing as its uselessness. Only give me a prize, says the human soul, and I condemn my habitation to any end; I will make it climb the swimming cliff, or plunge into the racing waters, or rush through the flames; it shall take the same risks calmly as the creature it would rescue did with a yell of terror; only give me a prize, honor, or a life, or the chance of honor of a life, in exchange for death or the chance of death. How small the prize of honor for which men have made faces at death; a lion's skin, a mountain top!"

But of all the cases in which people run great risks, and seem to be regardless of the dangers they incur, none appears to us more inexplicable than that which is prompted by mere curiosity. The prize, after all, to be gained is very small—if prize it can be styled. In fact, it would look as if the world has become so athirst for abnormal excitement that men, women and children, go into a delirium of delight the moment an occasion, such as the burning of the "Montreal," affords them an excuse to rush into peril; forgetful of the scriptural warning that "he who loves the danger shall perish therein."

Random Notes And Gleanings

FLAMES IN THE YUKON.—Even in the far north, in the land of the snow and ice, and equally of gold and "a future," the destructive element has been playing havoc and with fatal results. From Vancouver comes a despatch saying:—

"In the fire which destroyed the Aurora road house, 55 miles below Dawson City, on Hunker Creek, Klondike, Thursday night, Charles Burnside, the proprietor, with his wife and two children, Beatrice and George, perished. A young miner from St. Mary's, Ont., a cousin of Prof. Baird, of Manitoba College, shared in their awful fate. Mr. Dice, of Claim 44, discovered the fire, but too late for rescue efforts to avail. The remains of the five victims with the charred body of a dog were recovered in the morning by Corporal Ryan, and a coroner's jury returned a verdict of death by suffocation. The bodies of Burnside and Baird had been partially clothed and the original theory of the police suggested foul play, but later opinion favors pure accident. All the charred bodies were given burial at Hunker. The Burnside family came from Portland, Oregon, where Mrs. Burnside's three sisters are in the St. Vincent's hospital, the one a sister superior and the other two as nuns. Another sister is a nun at Yakima, and a brother is in the Seattle Police Department."

THE BOXERS AGAIN.—From Peking we learn that Yuan-Chi-Kai, the former governor of Chi-Li Province, having been informed that the boxer organization was resuming activity in the eastern part of the province, dispatched troops who discovered members of the society, well armed, were drilling at night in a town a hundred miles east of Peking. The boxers were dispersed after a dozen of them and several soldiers had been killed. Yuan-Shi-Kai ordered the prisoners to be beheaded and their heads displayed in public, and issued a proclamation imposing the death penalty on members and abettors of the organization.

ANOTHER DISASTER.—A list of the dead at Olean, N.Y., the victims of the terrible oil fire that took place on the night of the 9th March, suffices to show how terrible was the

calamity. The report says:—

Two persons are missing, a boy named Hubbard and a man named Rogers. Neither has been seen since. Those at the hospital are all doing well with the exception of James McDonald, who is not expected to live out the afternoon. The following is a revised list of the dead: John D. Stemplinger, 17 years; Norman Brown, 15 years; John Tobin, 16 years; John McCready, 10 years; John McMahon, 19; Walter Swift, 19; Michael Driscoll, 22; Waller Jackson, 13 years; Walter Roth, 16 years; Richard Connell, 19 years; Herman Bollman, 15 years; Rololo Quarantino, Carmen Steliano, all of Olean, and Henry Godden, aged 16, of Boardmanville.

THE GARDE CHAMPLAIN. — A convention of the Independent French Semi-Military Corps of Canada will be held in Ottawa next summer. La Garde Champlain has the matter in hand, and a meeting was held last Tuesday at which plans were discussed. Invitations were sent to the different corps in Canada, about nine in number. As soon as the corps in the States are located invitations will also be forwarded to them. A number have been organized, the majority in the New England States, along the lines followed with La Garde Champlain in Ottawa and La Garde Leo XIII, in Hull. The object of the formation of these corps is the furtherance of a military and religious spirit amongst the young French-Canadians.

MANITOBA STATISTICS. — All who are interested in the Province of Manitoba and who would like to have a special knowledge concerning the area of the province, the products of the soil, the farms, their stock, the gross value of products, the rate of wages, and all such details will find the following very instructive:—

Bulletin No. 15, containing the agricultural statistics of Manitoba, has just been issued by Mr. Blue, the census commissioner. The Province of Manitoba, it shows, comprises 41,169,093 acres of land, of which 258,697 acres is in forest and 4,589,102 in unbroken prairie or marsh land. The area of land in wheat, oats, barley, rye, corn, peas, potatoes, beans, buckwheat, flax, tobacco, hops and roots was 1,232,574 acres for the field crops of the 1890 season. The increase at the end of the last decade, therefore, is 1,523,532 acres, or 124 per cent.

Compared with the former census, an increase is shown in horses of 89 per cent., milch cows 71 per cent., other horned cattle 41 per cent., swine 133 per cent., and poultry 115 per cent. Sheep show a decrease of 18 per cent. The production of home made butter is 3,846,293 lbs. greater than ten years ago, and in the interval 20 factories have been put into operation. The total value of farm property is \$149,617,965.

Reduced to a farm of the average size in the province (277.96 acres, whereof 125.57 acres is improved, and 152.39 unimproved), the value of property is \$4,703,19, made up of \$3,560,22 for land and buildings, \$377.15 for implements and machinery, and \$765.82 for live stock.

The total gross value of farm products for the census year is \$16,815,964 for crops (69.96 per cent.) and \$7,221,883 for animal products (30.04 per cent.), making an aggregate of \$24,037,847, or \$755.62 in the year for an average farm, which is 16.07 per cent. of the investment. This low average is a result of the failure of grain crops in the census year.

In the value of dairy products is included the milk and cream sold to cheese and butter factories, amounting to \$318,714. There were in operation in the province during the census year 67 factories, of which 3 made cheese and butter, 39 made cheese only and 25 made butter only. The cheese product was 1,257,413 lb. worth \$120,344, and the butter product 1,506,882 lb. worth \$282,487, making a total value of \$402,831. In the former census year there were 23 cheese factories and eight creameries in the province and the total value of their product was \$103,887.

The rate of wages for hired labor on the farm, including board, is \$6.24 per week. There was paid for hired labor in the census year \$2,615,111.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE IN ENGLAND.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Peckham branch of the League of the Cross, which was very largely attended, was held in the mission schoolrooms on a recent Sunday evening, Father Alphonsus presiding. He remarked that their crusade was very slow in gaining the public ear. It was slow in gaining Catholic adherents, in attracting to itself earnest workers, yet there was every

reason, to rejoice. They, as Catholics, were taking part in the formation of public opinion against that terrible evil they were pledged to combat. Thank God, they had firmly established in their midst the League of the Cross, which had done, and would still do, such excellent work in this holy crusade. They had the Anti-treating League, which would do still more than it had already done in raising the tone of public opinion.

While on this point he would like to say a word about a similar institution, which had lately been started, called semi-temotalism. He welcomed any movement which made for the suppression of drink in however limited a degree, and, as a sign of the times, this was a welcome indication of the trend of public opinion. But when he was asked last week to take up this crusade and preach it he felt bound to say that, though it might assist other districts, he hoped it might always be found to be a saving influence, he did not think it was fundamental enough for their district. It might suit, and he had heard it did so suit, the man on 'Change, business man, and the clerk, but his own experience was that it did not appeal in the same degree to the working men of their own parish. Their own particular danger was drinking and treating between Saturday when the funds ran short, and they were compelled to solicit the alms of a respectable relative—(laughter) — to tide them over the rest of the week. What he wanted to do was the work to bring home to men the evil of treating and squandering their money in this lavish fashion. It was the treating system which the Anti-Treating League wanted to strike at.

Among men whose hours for meals were uncertain, where very little ceremony was made about meals, where, at all events, the periods of the day were not clearly defined by real meals, the appeal did not go home. He might be wrong, but that was his experience up to the present, and which compelled him therefore to urge upon them the claims of the Anti-treating League as he had done in the past.

A great deal has been done towards establishing our principles by the movement which has now set in all over the country for the reduction of licenses. Minimize the temptations and you will lessen the sins. Who were the real instigators to evil in this matter. They were the licensing magistrates, who made use of their position, not to benefit but to demoralize the people. True, many licenses had been refused during the year, but when he looked into the matter he found nothing heroic about the refusal of the license. In a great number of cases they were houses about which the brewer cared little, and the holder of the license less. Where the brewer really cared for his property, and when the license made a good thing out of it very little had been done in the way of refusing licenses. King Bung was still omnipotent in the land. We may get fifty drunkards' Acts like that which has just been passed, but until we struck at the root of this evil the liquor traffic will rule and dominate us as it does to-day. Let us do away with the licensing justice, whose only claim upon us is to be execrated for the facility with which he has multiplied the number of temptations to drink. Let the licensing committee be made responsible to us, the electors, and much more will be done in this matter than is being at present effected.

SOMETHING NEW

THE "IVANHOE" BLOATERS (SMOKED) 6 fish in a box. Heads and tails cut off and inwards removed. Prepared from best selected fish, carefully cleaned, and ready for the broiler. Handy and convenient for the consumer, the Ivanhoe Bloaters (6 fish in a box).

100 Kits Extra Shore No. 1 Mess Mackerel Extra Shore No. 1 Messed Mackerel, 10 lbs. kits ... \$2.25 each Extra Shore No. 1 Messed Mackerel, 20 lb. kits ... 3.75 each McEwan's, Portland, Finnan Haddies Supplies by Express fresh three times per week.

SOMETHING NEW

FRESH CRAB MEAT "HIGH LIFE BRAND," in Tins These Deep Sea Crabs are the finest and choicest product of the Pacific Coast, particularly packed for a high-class trade.

Fresh Crabs in Tins 25 cents per tin. \$2.75 per dozen tins. \$10.00 per case of 4 doz. tins This Crab Meat has been prepared with great care and is guaranteed extra choice. Pacific Coast Fresh Crab Meat 25 cents per tin \$2.75 per dozen tins: \$10.00 per case of 4 doz. tins FRASER, VIGER & CO.

"GOLDEN EAGLE" BRAND OF FLORIDA GRAPF FRUIT "Mammoths" and "Superlatives" Florida Shaddocks, "Mammoths," 30 cents each ... \$3.25 per dozen Florida Shaddocks, "Superlatives," 25 cents each ... 2.75 per dozen FRASER, VIGER & CO.

500 DOZEN CHOICE "SAUTERNE WINE" Our own bottling, in quarts and pints, for use with oysters and all sorts of fish Quarts, \$3.50 Pints, \$2.25 per dozen. FRASER, VIGER & CO.

\$1.25 per Imperial quart bottle, \$13 50 per case of one dozen bottles. FERNET-BRANCA FERNET-BRANCA OF Fratella-Branca of Milan 35—Via Broletto—35 Awarded Diplomas of Honor and Gold Medals. GRAND GOLD MEDAL By the Ministry of Agriculture, Industry and Commerce of Italy in 1892. The highest awards at all the International Exhibitions, Member of the Jury not competing. The "World's Appetising and Digestive Bitters," Fernet Branca.

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Londonderry Lithia (Natural) in half-gallon bottles Recommended by the Medical Faculty as the Great Specific for Gout, Rheumatism, and all kindred ailments. 50 cents per half gallon bottle. \$5.50 per case of 1 doz. half gallons. Londonderry Lithia (Carbonated) Spring Water, in splits (half pints), pints and quarts. SPARKLING LONDONDERRY ... \$1.20 per dozen splits, 9.00 per case of 100 splits SPARKLING LONDONDERRY ... \$1.55 per dozen pints, 11.75 per case of 100 pints SPARKLING LONDONDERRY ... \$2.35 per dozen quarts, 8.75 per case of 50 quarts. Special prices to the trade.

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OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER

On Over Zealousness.

WEEK or so ago a very queer case was brought to my attention, under circumstances, that are not necessary to mention. The press of the country was full of the event, or rather series of events, and I do not suppose that there is any harm in mentioning the same. During the recent Referendum voting in Ontario, a Dr. Hollingsworth of Ottawa, who had two votes in municipal affairs, thought that he enjoyed the same privilege in that particular case. As his wife was a strong supporter of the temperance cause, to please her, he went to the polls and voted in favor of the referendum. But having votes in two wards, and believing that he could do as in municipal elections, he marked a ballot at each of the polls. The temperance people having discovered this fact, laid a complaint before Judge Deacon, of Pembroke (one of the county judges appointed to try such cases) and the judge condemned Hollingsworth to a fine of \$200 and six months imprisonment. The public took up the matter, and a petition, signed by 1,500 citizens of the Capital, was presented to the Minister of Justice, who recommended clemency to the Governor-General, and the latter signed a full pardon. So Dr. Hollingsworth was released after four days confinement in prison, and was discharged from the obligation of paying the fine. The whole difficulty arose from the fact that the temperance people imagined that he had voted in favor of the liquor interest. As soon as they learned that he had voted in favor of their cause, they felt very much abashed. But, the case had gone too far for them to withdraw, and as a consequence the defendant was given the extreme penalty of the law. Naturally, it was supposed that the very good reason he had given for having voted twice would have been accepted as an excuse. Not so, however; and it was only when the public and the Minister of Justice intervened that he got the benefit of more than a doubt—a real certainty—that there was no wrongful intent on his part. I simply recall this incident as an example of that over-zealousness which sometimes defeats its own purposes.

ANOTHER EXAMPLE.—Some time ago I was acquainted with a gentleman, once a member of the legal profession, who had abandoned the law for the preaching of religion—after the ideas of the Methodist denomination. I have no doubt that the man was sincere, decidedly he was animated with a zeal that it would be difficult to conceive unless you had come in contact with him. I mean no disrespect when I say that his fervor amount almost to a mania. He was determined, after his manner, to convert every one with whom he came in contact. He was so zealous in the cause that he had no time to attend to even the most elementary duties of one responsible for a young and growing family. While he was abroad preaching, lecturing, rushing after souls in every direction, he left God to provide for the home—something which savors of a presumption upon the goodness of God. His children were only half clothed, and at times not well fed; they were without any special care, and they drifted into the street. They became, as might be expected, fair samples of the spoiled and ruined youth of the country. They learned all manner of evil habits—and, in the inverse ratio of the fathers religious work was their descent along the slopes of vice. They had sense enough and were cute enough to pray with mock enthusiasm whenever the father was at home. But, in his absence, which was more frequent than his presence, they took full advantage of their chance, and went to the bad at a rate far more noticeable than had they never to curb themselves into forced devotions. As a final result, the father in his zeal for the salvation of souls

allowed those nearest and dearest to him, and over whose future—temporal and spiritual—he should have the utmost care, and for whose salvation he was responsible, go a-drift down the current of sin and final ruin. I am not blaming his zeal in a good cause; but not cause is so good that it can be upheld at the expense of duty and the well-being of souls. There were hundreds of others in the world to do the evangelizing, had he never attempted it; but he was alone to train and cultivate and save his own children.

A FEW CONCLUSIONS.—I simply give these two examples as evidence that we may often sin as much by over-zeal, or excessive and ill-regulated zeal, as by lack of a sufficient amount of that impelling sentiment. In the course of my long and varied observations; I have found that this fault—for it is actually a fault—has proved the ruin of many a good cause and of many a deserving undertaking. It is noticeable in every sphere of life—not in religious matters alone. It is to be seen in the political field, in the social domain, in the national sphere. Who will blame the brilliant and hearty enthusiasm of the patriotic Irishman—for example—when he devotes all his thoughts, his actions, his energies to the one grand cause of his country's liberty? It is a glorious sentiment that fills his breast, and it is a noble impulse that drives him to action. Yet, have we not seen, more than once, in the story of Ireland's past, the very triumph of the cause checked and driven backward on account of the ill-directed enthusiasm, or over-zealousness of some anxious and well-intentioned patriot? What is true in such cases is to be found equally true in many others, in different arenas of life. Even coming down to the much more simple affairs of a private family. Have we not frequently seen the son, who was talented and promising, actually spoiled by the extra amount of zeal in his ambitious parents? Honestly desirous of making the most of their child's talents, feeling a legitimate pride in his ability and aptness, they would push him along, with an encouragement not born of calm reason and precaution, to ruin his future prospects by over-exertion, by forced efforts, by disease-inviting labor, by vain displays of a brilliancy destined to fade only too soon in the night of premature death.

IN THE CAUSE OF FAITH.—It may be truthfully said, that, possessing as we do the true Faith, we can never be too zealous in the propagation of the same. In principle I am prepared to admit that this is exact; but when it comes to a question of practice there is another important consideration that must not be overlooked. Before one should attempt to display zeal in the cause of his religion, it would be well for him to make sure that he fully understands that religion, that he is not going to talk at hap-hazard and by guess-work, that he is not going to base his views upon what his enthusiastic nature suggests, without having previously made sure that he is fully equipped for a struggle in such a conflict. If he is lacking, for one reason or another, in all these essential qualities and qualifications, no amount of devotion, faith, zeal, or enthusiasm can make his work other than dangerous and hurtful. It would be infinitely better were he to inculcate a love or admiration for his faith, by the strict practice of its precepts, than to attempt to explain its dogma to those who are liable to defeat him in the unequal contest. There is as much need of calmness as there is of zeal in the world, and I would warn the Catholic against the danger of over-zealousness.

watching over our Lady at Bethlehem, worshipping the new born Mystery Incarnate, bringing daily his gifts of love and care as the Magi brought their presents of gold and frankincense and myrrh, fleeing from home and native land to care for his beloved charges in Egypt; at home again, tolling for them in Nazareth,—in all these vicissitudes we have St. Joseph portrayed in art, and he appeals to us as the ideal of the true husband and tender father.

Of the royal line of David, from the tribe of Judah, had his character been otherwise than spotless, he would never have been chosen for the high place which he filled so conscientiously. A widower, an elderly man—though young enough to be strong and active—legend relates many beautiful things of his life, revealing him as gentle, lovable, faithful and tender. All countries revere him and whether as Saint Joseph, San Giuseppe, Santo Josef or Der Heilige Joseph, he is loved as the patron of the family, of money matters, or of a happy marriage. Many happy lovers burn their candles at dear Saint Joseph's shrine, and especially interesting is the legend of the Saint's own espousals to the Blessed Virgin.

Told in the quaint language of the Protevangelion or History of Joseph the story runs: "When Mary was fourteen years old, Zacharias inquired of the Lord concerning her, what was right to be done; and an angel came unto him and said, 'Go forth and call together all the widowers among the people and let each bring his rod in his hand and he to whom the Lord shall show a sign, let him be the husband of Mary.' And Zacharias did as the angel commanded, and made proclamation accordingly. And Joseph, the carpenter, a righteous man, throwing down his axe and taking his staff in his hand, ran out with the rest. When he appeared before the priest and presented his rod, lo! a dove issued out of it,—a dove dazzling white as snow, and after settling on his head, flew toward heaven. Then the high priest said to him, 'Thou art the person chosen to take the Virgin of the Lord, and to keep her for Him.' And Joseph was at first afraid, and drew back, but afterwards he took her home to his house, and said to her, 'Behold I have taken thee from the temple of the Lord, and now I will leave thee in my house, for I must go and follow my trade of building. I will return to thee, and meanwhile the Lord be with thee and watch over thee.' So Joseph left her, and Mary remained in her house."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—The current number is a very creditable one to the publishers. One of the interesting contributions is "Ireland's Coming Day," by John J. O'Shea, and from which we take the following extract:—
Are there any breakers ahead in the new situation thus unexpectedly developed? He would be an optimist overbold, indeed, who could shut his eyes to the truth. What has been accomplished amounts to little more than a mutual confession that a state of war is bad for both sides, and that an amicable understanding on the terms of change is desirable for both parties, as well as for the country at large. The crux will come when the terms of capitulation are presented for discussion. It is understood that the element of compulsion is to be excluded, and the aim of the Government to lending assistance to both parties when they desire agreement—to carry out the terms of the bargain made. Naturally the landlords will endeavor to secure the highest figure that capitalized annual value will bring; and quite as naturally the tenant purchaser will seek to keep down his annual instalments to the margin where repayment will not mean starvation or ruin. Fortunately, the basis for a reasonable settlement of the terms of agreement is practicable, by means of the returns kept in the land courts. The recorded results of judgments under Mr. Gladstone's law—which provided for a fluctuations in market values of produce, and the rates fixed by the decisions rendered under this arrangement, all over the country—will afford a reliable guide for a mutual understanding. The danger point arises when the conflicting interests of both parties bring pressure to bear in opposite directions, when the proposals of the Government are brought forward. These may induce such a spirit of stubbornness and impracticability as may impel the ministry to throw up the whole measure and abandon the respective contestants of their own resources.

Rents of the settlement known as second term—that is, first revision after the original ruling on the amount by the land tribunal, after a lapse of five years—were suggested as a base by the members of the

Land Conference. Seeing that there was little likelihood of both sides agreeing on the scale of ratio, the proposal was made that the tenant was to be allowed to buy at eight-yearly capitalized value of the holding, at "second term" rate, while the landlord would be given twenty-five years for his interest. Thus either side would have an inducement to agree. The difference between those extremes was to be made up by the Government, which could in time recoup itself by a gradual diminution in the cost of governing Ireland, especially in the departments of magistracy and police. Ireland at present has a police force three or four times greater than its proper need, all because of the existing landlord system; and, besides this anomaly, has to pay the cost of a huge standing army, one-fifth of which would be amply sufficient for garrison duty were the people friendly to England, as in the case of Scotland. The cost of this army of soldiers and military police is not justly chargeable to Ireland, since it is incurred in pursuance of an imperial policy which is now admitted to be altogether wrong and mistaken. But the saving to be effected by the reduction of these forces would offset any loss which might be entailed by composing the differences between landlord and tenant. In any case there ought to be no delicacy about asking the British tax-payer to pay some price for the pacification of Ireland, since it has been conclusively shown that Ireland has for many years been heavily over-taxed in her share of imperial burdens by the English fiscal system. This is the verdict of a Royal Commission, arrived at after a most exhaustive enquiry ordered by Parliament, and not the random statement of an individual or a party. The over-charge is variously estimated at between fifteen and seventeen million dollars a year, and has been going on at that rate, approximately, ever since Mr. Gladstone assumed the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Now here is an opportunity for English statesmen to do something in the line of "conscience money" without any sacrifice of England's amour propre. By helping on the arrangement needed between the Irish landlords and the cultivators, they can at one stroke secure peace and safety for the empire at home and make some sort of restitution for the wrong inflicted upon Ireland for the length of a life-time. It is erroneously assumed by some of the writers on this subject that Ireland is by necessity solely an agricultural country, or almost solely. This is a grievous mistake. These writers seem to be quite ignorant of the great eminence which Ireland had attained as a manufacturing and artistic country prior to the disastrous "Union." Its position as a self-governing country, with a resident nobility and gentry, attracted men of genius and enterprise to the place; the cities were hives of industry and artistic production; the cabins of the peasantry, in many places, the centre of a home output which afforded profitable and decent employment to all members of the family able to work. All this was changed when Castlereagh's sinister project became law. Trade vanished with national life. It has been shown in some measure that it can be revived, but with a diminishing population what hope is there that the revival can be anything more than a pre-mortem flicker? On the preservation of the people at home everything depends. Their fate is in the hands of the present National leaders, and the auguries are hopeful.

Honor makes men faithful in keeping secrets, and therefore unwilling to receive them, for secrets are like red-hot plough-shares. Only saints can walk safely between them.

DEATH OF MRS. C. DONNELLY

Last week, after we had gone to press the announcement of the death of the venerable and esteemed mother of the pastor of St. Anthony's Church—Rev. John E. Donnelly—was made. The funeral service, which was held in St. Gabriel's Church, and at which Father Donnelly officiated, was attended by the clergy and laity in large numbers. To Father Donnelly and other members of the family of deceased the "True Witness" offers its most sincere sympathy in their bereavement.—R.I.P.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.
Report for week ending Sunday, 8th March, 1903.—Males 320, Females 45. Irish 181, French 134, English 41. Scotch and other nationalities 9. Total 365.

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OLD

This week I purpose giving letters, from my bundle, and will not require any special conditions. The fact is that I am the "True Witness" and a clergyman conversant with all careers—in Ireland, and Canada—of the author of



LATE HON. THOS. D'AR...
Lines, to exempt me from fifty of any elaborate review. I will simply comment on a few words of regarding the purport of the whole biography. The thus—
"Ottawa, 22nd Oct."
"Dear Friend:
"I return you the pamphlet men, and I do so very thanks. When next you come and see me. I am upon a desk that is ornate end of wood-carvings; oaks and wheat, bundles, ploughs, harrows, and agricultural implements.

Lenten Pastorals of Irish Prel...
CARDINAL LOGUE's Lenten Pastoral:—
"The best proof which can give of their love for and zeal for her welfare attachment and filial Christ's Vicar on earth, Pontiff. He is the divine head and sovereign Christ's mystic body. The Church speaks with authority. From him she able. What was true of of his successors "ubi Petrus," where Peter is the Church. Therefore, what once, subjection, and all owe to the Church, we her Supreme Head. It God to give us a Pontiff been a special providence Church in days of stress through robbed of those aids to government which sessed by his predecessor of them has been surpluse influence which he wielded in the Vatican his sounds throughout Christ an authority to which of the Church yield importance, and which has won and admiration of many gals. His life has been beyond the span usually men, yet there is no sentiment in that vigor of nness of perception, sound judgment, largeness of ate grasp of detail, and memory, which have wonder of his age. In t shadowy body, necessary age, burns a spirit which forth with all the vigor of youth. We may that he has been thus the full procession of his ers, by a special providence to meet the special wa Church in a restless a age. On the 20th of th will celebrate the twenty- vensary of his elevation tificate; on the 2nd of ninety-third birthday, 3rd March the twenty-

Catholic Magazines For March.

THE ROSARY MAGAZINE.—The leading article in this attractive magazine is entitled "St. Joseph in Art," and is from the pen of Mary J. Nixon Roulet. It opens thus:—
"Thy soul was like the lily white, That blossoms in the Spring."

There are few sacred characters more adapted to artistic representation than that of Joseph, simple carpenter of Nazareth, in station humble, yet of lineage royal and chosen as the foster father of the King of Kings. Nearly every great painter of the Christian era has portrayed St. Joseph, not often alone, but as he is always thought of, as the
"Dear guardian of Mary,
Dear nurse of her Child."

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OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Correspondent.)

This week I purpose giving a short letter, from my bundle, and one that will not require any special explanations. The fact is that the readers of the "True Witness" are all suffi-



LATE HON. THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE

lines, to exempt me from the necessity of any elaborate review of the same. I will simply confine my remarks to a few words of explanation regarding the purport of the communication. Moreover, to attempt any more would mean the writing of a whole biography. The letter runs thus:-

"Dear Friend: I return you the pamphlet you sent me, and I do so with sincere thanks. When next you are in town, come and see me. I am writing this upon a desk that is ornamented with an end of wood-carvings; sheaves of oats and wheat, bundles of hay, ploughs, harrows, and various other agricultural implements. And over

Lenten Pastorals of Irish Prelates.

CARDINAL LOGUE says in his Lenten Pastoral:- "The best proof which Catholics can give of their love for the Church and zeal for her welfare is a devoted attachment and filial loyalty to Christ's Vicar on earth, the Roman Pontiff. He is the divinely appointed head and sovereign ruler of Christ's mystic body. Through him the Church speaks with unerring authority. From him she is inseparable. What was true of Peter is true of his successors 'ubi Petrus ibi Ecclesia,' where Peter is there is the Church. Therefore, whatever reverence, subjection, and allegiance we owe to the Church, we owe also to her Supreme Head. It has pleased God to give us a Pontiff who has been a special providence to the Church in days of stress and trial. Though robbed of those material aids to government which were possessed by his predecessors, by none of them has he been surpassed in the influence which he wields. From his prison in the Vatican his voice resounds throughout Christendom with an authority to which the children of the Church yield implicit obedience, and which has won the respect and admiration of many outside her pale. His life has been prolonged far beyond the span usually allotted to men, yet there is no sensible diminution in that vigor of mind, clearness of perception, soundness of judgment, largeness of view, accurate grasp of detail, and marvellous memory, which have made him the wonder of his age. In that frail and shadowy body, necessarily worn by age, burns a spirit which flashes forth with all the brilliancy and vigor of youth. We may well believe that he has been thus preserved, in the full procession of his great powers, by a special providence of God, to meet the special wants of the Church in a restless and troubled age. On the 20th of this month he will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the Pontificate; on the 2nd of March his ninety-third birthday, and on the 3rd March the twenty-fifth anniversary

of them all is a fine ruse; surely when they set that ornament on the top of the pile they did not mean anything personal towards.

"Yours ever, THOS. D'ARCY MCGEE."

As to the pamphlet mentioned in the foregoing brief note, I have no knowledge; I never was told what its subject was, nor did I ever see it. But the desk was one that had been purchased for the Department of Agriculture, and the carvings upon it were symbolical of all that should interest a Minister of Agriculture, or any other official whose duties had to do with that department. The allusion to the "rake" was a real Irish witicism, and is an evidence of how keenly McGee could appreciate the humorous or the ludicrous. In fact, there is but little in the letter to make it a document of importance; yet, I consider it to be a rare relic. We can get the speeches, the poems, the essays, the history, the sketches and all the other productions of his pen that passed into print; but this is a short note, intended only for the eyes of one person, and dashed off in a very great hurry, and possibly forgotten as soon as it was written. Yet, it gives an insight into disposition and genial character of the man. The one who could pen such beautiful poems, deliver such inspiring and elevating addresses, was, in the intimacy of his private life, and in his particular friendships, a most lovable and delightful person. You can easily see in these few lines the absence of all affectation, of all vanity, of all that self-assertion which mars too often the effect of the brightest talents and of the finest work. As it is I give the little scrap to the readers, and I expect that next week I will come to a letter of another character, and of great historical importance.

sary of his coronation. These are events which the whole Catholic world is preparing to celebrate with special solemnity, joy and gratitude. Crowds are flocking to Rome to join in the gorgeous ceremonies of which the grandest of Christian temples alone can furnish an example. Those who cannot enjoy this great privilege are preparing to honor in their own localities an occasion so rare and so auspicious. Surely, my brethren, we, the children of St. Patrick, should not be behind in this holy rivalry. We cannot be unmindful of the legacy of our Apostle, 'Sicut Christiani, ita et Romani sitis,' as you are children of Christ, so be ye children of Rome. Already you have given the Holy Father a very substantial material proof of your devotion, for which he has conveyed an expression of his gratitude and bestowed his blessing. It only remains for us to join with the Catholic world in a spiritual manifestation of our joy and gratitude. With a view to that I hereby order that on the 3rd of March, in every Church and Chapel of the archdiocese where the necessary appliances exist, there shall be a solemn Te Deum and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, to return thanks to God for the blessings bestowed upon the Holy Father during his long reign; to pray for the prolongation of a life so precious, and to beseech God to make his reign in the future what it has been in the past—fruitful in benefits to the Church.

Another way in which we can show our special love for the Church is by an earnest, active zeal for the extension of her dominion. There are still millions who "sit in darkness and the shadow of death," upon whom the light of supernatural faith has never shone. Outside the Church, among professing Christians, there are multitudes of simple, earnest generous souls who need but the illumination and guidance of Divine grace to lead them into the one fold. All these we can aid by our prayers; and our prayers should never be wanting to them. There is, besides, material aid required to enable devoted missionaries, who have sacrificed for Christ's Kingdom whatever this world can bestow, to bring the blessing of faith to the multitudes of the pagan world, those vast fields which are whitening to the harvest, and only await the reaper's sickle. Those missionaries have already done wonders with the slender means at their disposal; but they could do much more were their resources more abundant. To further their efforts the

Association of the Propagation of the Faith and the Holy Childhood have been established, and both merit every aid and encouragement. Though this good work is taken up in many parishes of the archdiocese, I fear there are others in which it is neglected. It requires but a little organization and a little attention to produce satisfactory results. The contribution of each member of a circle is such a trifle that it would not be missed; yet the aggregate sum would do much to extend the saving work of the missionaries, while the organizers and contributors would share in the spiritual privileges and abundant merit which such a work cannot fail to secure.

DIocese of Raphoe. — The Bishop of Raphoe says:—The temperance movement, besides its other services, is no small help in promoting bright and healthy homes. However, within the past few months parish committees have been formed in almost all our parishes with this object specially in view. The guidance and enthusiasm of these committees are precisely what was needed to bring about social, sanitary, and industrial improvement. These committees will draw out the enterprise of the people and fix attention on what may be done in the less busy months to brighten the homes in which they live and make more fruitful the farms which they till. If a man drains his land there is a chance now he will reap the benefit. If he improves the surroundings of his dwelling or the dwelling itself, it may be that he is insuring against fever or consumption or diphtheria. Anything that makes the home bright, healthy, and attractive is an influence, besides, to elevate the condition of the household and keep the members of it within the range of danger and temptation. Thus the work of these committees will raise the people socially, morally, and intellectually. But it is in reality the work of the people themselves for themselves alone; and all should concentrate their energies upon it whenever they have a spare hour available without waiting for the chance of a prize from the Congested District's Board or parish committee. Unsanitary dwellings were unavoidable in the past. The sad history of our people forced them upon us. But we have now to a large extent the remedy in our own hands; and in the events of this very winter the people have an assurance they never had before that the improvements on dwellings and farms, that their toil accomplishes, will be their own, and no one else's, to enjoy in future.

One of the advantages of a bright and healthy home, however humble, is that it supplies an attractive spot for family reading as well as family prayer and devotion. Good booklets are now so cheap that the time has almost come, to pass from encouraging parish or school libraries, to recommend even those whose means are very slender to buy for their families a little work now and then to read and neatly preserve for those who may wish to read it over again. It will be a great pleasure for parents to hear their children read the Irish publications that are available. If parents had no other inducement for sending their children regularly to school, the fact that our good teachers are willing to carry out suitable courses of instruction, to enable them to read and write the beautiful language of their country, should alone supply the necessary impulse. In future the diocesan inspector will be of much assistance to the managers and teachers, not only in promoting the religious education of the young, but in helping to modify programmes of secular instruction so as to make them as suitable as may be to the aims of parents and the needs of children in each locality.

Associated with the teaching of Christian Doctrine in our schools is the call upon us to aid in propagating the faith in heathen countries, where millions redeemed by the Blood of Christ still sit in darkness and the shadow of death. After so many Christian centuries they have never yet heard of the glad tidings of salvation; and surely the diocese that in the early ages sent St. Columba and his companions to preach the Gospel to the unbelievers ought to do anything it can for the Society of the Propagation of the Faith. The emigrants who leave us are indeed often so many missionaries to civilized countries. Still, those at least of us who stay at home are called on to reflect that without much outlay, in our times, it is not possible for the most intrepid missionary to make his way to the Far East of Asia or penetrate the jungles of Africa. Any of us who helps this holy work will be discharging a lofty duty. He will have the merit of co-operating in the sublime mission our Lord assigned His Apostles, when

He charged them saying, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

DIocese of Dromore.— Bishop O'Neill says:—

But we shall fall far short of the advantages we may hope to gain during this holy season unless we join to the practice of penance the exercise of frequent and fervent prayer. Prayer is a chief duty at all times. We cannot live as Christians unless we lift up our hearts to God with a certain frequency in prayer, because we are made to love Him, to adore Him, to thank Him, to petition Him for His grace, and to ask His pardon for our sins, and this is what prayer means. And, therefore, prayer is simply so necessary for us that we must be devoted to it, unless we desire to turn our back upon God, and give up the work of our salvation. But may we not say that if it is of such importance all through the year, and all through our lives, it must have an additional efficacy and value before God in a time like this, when it is offered simultaneously throughout the whole Christian world, and springs from hearts purified by the humiliations of the Lenten penance. And while we pray for our own individual wants, we must not forget the special claims which our Holy Father has upon us in this year, which marks the jubilee of his glorious Pontificate. It would, indeed, seem that his life has been prolonged by a special providence far beyond the ordinary span, to provide for the necessities of the Church in these times when her work and mission are being thwarted by the spirit of infidelity and irreligion so prevalent in many continental countries. We should join at least in spirit in the congratulations he is receiving from all parts of his world-wide kingdom, and we should pray with all the earnestness and devotion of our hearts that God would grant him still greater length of days, and spare him to see the triumph of the Church and the realization of those aspirations for the welfare of the human race, to which he has so often given eloquent expression in his encyclical letters.

We should pray, too, for our own sorely tried and afflicted country, that God, in His great mercy, would be pleased to dispel the clouds which overshadow her and restore to her a gleam of the peace and prosperity to which she has been so long a stranger. It is said that we are on the eve of momentous legislative changes. We shall, indeed, welcome them if they come to us in any shape that will raise our country to the position which is hers by right, and give her tranquility after all these years of unrest and agitation; that will provide those facilities for the education of her children, of which she is unjustly deprived; that will root her people on the lands and in the homes of their fathers, and plant their feet in the paths of industrial progress, and stem the tide of emigration, which year by year is carrying them in ever-increasing numbers from her shores. At Holy Mass, during our visits to our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of His love, at the other devotions gone through publicly in the Church, or in private in the quiet of our own homes, we should keep these intentions in mind, confident that God will in some way give effect to our petitions if we only urge them with love, with humility, and with perseverance.

DOWN AND CONNOR.—Rt. Rev. Dr. Henry, in the course of his lengthy and interesting pastoral, says:—

Another evil against which all should carefully and constantly guard is the promiscuous reading of newspapers, novels, and other publications, containing matter contrary to the integrity of the Catholic faith and subversive of Christian morality. The possession of the true faith, which has been handed down to us through ages of persecution, is our most precious inheritance. Obedience to the divine law, and respect for the authority and teaching of the Church, are duties incumbent on Catholics for the preservation of the faith and the purity of their lives. The reading of journals and reviews, which aim, whether openly or covertly, at undermining the dogmas of the Catholic religion, or seek to bring into disrepute the authority of the Church and her ministers, inevitably tends to the dissemination of false ideas respecting moral duty. The greatest precaution is necessary to protect the young, the unwary, and the im-

perfectly instructed from the manifold agencies which are engaged in the production and circulation of irreligious and immoral literature. Thanks to the zeal and enterprise of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, the reading public have a substantial and continually increasing supply of instructive and interesting books and pamphlets.

Besides avoiding the dangers of errors in doctrine and all occasions of sin, it behoves Catholics to acquire a sound knowledge of their religion, and to be diligent in the practice of the Christian virtues. The knowledge of the truths of their holy faith will furnish them with the means of detecting and refusing the sophistries and the erroneous ideas respecting Catholic belief which are the commonplaces of most of the current literature of the day.

The want of technical instruction, and the persistent refusal to concede to us our rights in the matter of university education, as well as in many other vital concerns, are grievances which have retarded the material prosperity and social advancement of Catholics. To the same causes may be attributed, to a considerable extent, the lack of enterprise and much of the poverty which we find prevailing amongst our people. Thank God, notwithstanding our poverty, our people are rich in the divine virtue of charity. Their generous contributions to the charitable institutions of the diocese prove that they are sharers in the blessings bestowed upon those that understand "concerning the needy and the poor" (Ps. xl. 1).

DIocese of Clogher.— From the Lenten pastor of the Bishop of Clogher, we take the following:—

Dearly beloved brethren, I make an earnest appeal to you not to relax your efforts in the cause of total abstinence, but to carry on with unabated zeal and vigor the holy crusade, some time since auspiciously begun, against the degrading vice of drunkenness. You can engage in no higher or holier work—in nothing that will contribute more to God's honor and glory, to the welfare and prosperity of your neighbor, to the freedom and independence of our afflicted and impoverished country, and to your own happiness here and hereafter. To form a correct judgment of the excellence and merit of this work we have only to consider the nature and the extent of the evil against which our efforts are to be directed. Drunkenness, if not the greatest, is admittedly among the greatest evils of our time. In Ireland at this moment it is, as indeed it has been for generations, the fruitful source of innumerable offences against God, of the loss of countless immortal souls, of nearly all the crime that disfigures the annals of our country, and of most of the shame, poverty, and degradation that we all so deeply deplore. I believe I am safe in saying that, as a nation, we are the poorest, or at all events among the poorest, on the face of the earth; and yet we foolishly and insanely expend upwards of thirteen millions of pounds sterling every year on the purchase of alcoholic drinks. In other words, we expend at the rate of £3 a head of the entire population on drinks that, according to the highest medical authorities, are never necessary; that may be useful when taken medicinally, but which, as they are in common use, are a deadly poison to the body as well as to the soul.

I am far from thinking that this diocese is in an exceptionally bad state from the drunkenness of its children, or that we are worse off in this respect than are the people of any other diocese in Ireland. On the contrary, I believe that through the merciful favor of Heaven, owing chiefly to the exertions of a zealous and exemplary clergy, we enjoy here in Clogher greater freedom from the degrading slavery of this vice than can be claimed by almost any other part of the country. In proof of this statement I may refer to the statistics, recently published, of the arrests for drunkenness in the several counties of Ireland during the year ended 31st December, 1902. From this return it appears that the counties of Monaghan and Fermanagh, within which the diocese of Clogher is mainly situated, are the lowest on the list of the counties of Ireland in regard to the arrests for drunkenness during the year 1902; and the lowest, be it borne in mind, not merely as among the several counties of Ireland, but also the lowest in proportion to their population. There is an idea among many devout Catholics that the evil of drunkenness might be diminished, if

not entirely removed, by an earnest and united appeal to our great National Apostle. If, during his life on earth, St. Patrick succeeded, and a pious tradition assures us that he did succeed, in banishing from the sacred soil of Ireland toads, reptiles, and every species of poisonous animals, how much more powerful is he now, seated as he is in glory, to procure for our people the grace to root out of our dear country, in all other respects so crimeless, this degrading vice. To the intercession of St. Patrick are we indebted, under God, for the preservation of the faith in Ireland in its original simplicity and fervor. During centuries of sorrow and trial the National Apostle watched over his Irish children with more than paternal care, and obtained for them the priceless grace of fidelity to the faith preached by him to their fathers on the Hill of Tara. Surely he will not now refuse to commend to the throne of God an earnest, persevering prayer, made by our devoted people in the holy cause of total abstinence. I am of opinion, my dearly beloved, that you could not more fittingly honor St. Patrick at the approach of the National Festival than by practising some public devotions in honor of the saint, in the confident hope that he will procure for you the grace to entirely remove from your midst the hated sin of drunkenness. Accordingly I direct that in every parish church of this diocese a novena of public devotion in honor of St. Patrick be kept for the object above explained. This novena will commence on Sunday, 8th prox., and will conclude on the feast of St. Patrick. The public devotions, already recommended for the approaching Lent, together with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament where possible, will suffice for the novena. I would earnestly recommend that as many of the faithful as possible will avail themselves of the opportunity they will get in every parish of the diocese in bringing the novena to a close by devoutly approaching the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. A plenary indulgence may be gained on the Feast of St. Patrick. I do not believe that the practice of treating, which is working much evil in other parts of Ireland, is a prolific source of drunkenness in this diocese. If, however, in particular instances, the parochial clergy are satisfied that treating is attended with evil results among their people, the introduction of an anti-treating league by such clergy has my warmest approval.

French-Canadians For South Carolina.

Governor Heyward has held a conference with Revs. A. J. Prevost and A. Beyrube, of Fall River, Mass. the former a native French-Canadian who is in charge of churches having over 12,000 French-Canadians in their membership, and their object is to find land for a French-Canadian colony in South Carolina. They were accompanied by Bishop Northrop. Two years ago, Bishop Northrop, while on a visit to Fall River, New Bedford, and adjacent towns, seeing the dense population, told Father Prevost about the great amount of undeveloped land in South Carolina. Father Prevost became interested, and gradually a large number of the people have been saving up something with which to go to such a colony and get a start. Feeling that the time was ripe, Father Prevost went to Charleston and informed Bishop Northrop that his people were ready to enter upon the establishment of a colony and that he had come to look at the country. At the conference Father Prevost explained his plan and indicated that it was desired to keep the colony in as compact form as possible. He said that they would want at least 30,000 acres of general agricultural lands, suitable for all kinds of farming. Governor Heyward assured the visitors that such a colony would be heartily welcomed to South Carolina and has undertaken to give Father Prevost all the aid possible in the collection of information. If the proper location can be secured, the land being available at reasonable figures, it is almost certain that the colony will be formed and settle in South Carolina.—Exchange.

Never be despirited; never say "It is too late." Never lose heart under opposition. The fitting course for a man is to do what is good for the moment, without vainly forecasting the future—to do the present duty and leave the results to God.

Father Campbell, S.J., Tolls of the Influence of Leo XIII.

On the occasion of the celebration in honor of the Papal Jubilee, held in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., was the preacher. He said in part: "Twenty-five years ago Pius IX. was dead. A frenzied mob followed his sacred remains in the dead of night with curses and imprecations, clamoring to have them thrown in the Tiber. Twenty-five years ago Bismarck, the remorseless and relentless Titan of blood and iron, was crushing Catholicity out of Germany. Russia was improving on her age-long reputation as a persecutor of the Church. Ireland was in one of those perpetually recurring throes of coercion and repression. England was exulting over the fall of the Papal power, for which through so many administrations it had so persistently and shamelessly plotted. Spain was red with the blood of the Carlists, who were assumed to represent the Catholic cause. Belgium, under its Masonic Legislature, had torn down the crucifixes from the schools and dismissed the Papal Nuncio. France, just emerging from the horrors of the Commune, was already inaugurating that diabolical war against the Church which it carries on with such malignity to the present day. Catholicity was dead, or equivalently so.

"An old man scarcely known beyond the limited circles of his intimate associates was chosen Pope—Leo XIII. He was one in whose veins ran the blood of the famous Rienzi, last of the Tribunes. Singularly enough, he had received part of his theological training from an American professor, the illustrious Anthony Kolman, of the Society of Jesus, identified with his assault on Unitarianism and with this diocese itself, of which he was the administrator before a Bishop was appointed; who was the pastor of St. Peter's, the builder of old St. Patrick's, the possessor of the very ground on which we stand. And thus, it would seem providentially, the ancient and modern Roman, the popular hero, and the noble, the democratic, and the American were commingling elements preparing the great Pontiff that was to be.

"The Cardinals vested him in his white robes and put the ring of the Fisherman upon his finger. What would be his first act? There was no need at present for definition of dogma. The world would not hear it and was clamoring fatuously for deeds, not creeds; for morality and not religion; for morality without it, it that were possible. And so, with a sublime acquiescence, Leo XIII. has been writing across the century, in letters of light that can never fade, the most magnificent and authoritative code of ethics the world has ever known.

"In those marvellous and multitudinous encyclicals we find almost every subject of national, social, domestic and individual ethics treated in the most exhaustive manner, and so eagerly sought for that they are scarcely dry on the paper before they are read in every language of the earth.

"To the nations drunk with the wine of material greatness and power he says that material betterment is sooner and most securely gained by peaceful means, and warns them that their mad efforts only make for the destruction of their authors.

"To the angry and lowering antagonism of capital and labor he shows the rights, as well as the duties, of both contestants, and how to reconcile their respective claims; while asserting without fear of challenge his undying and tenderest solicitude for the poor, he stands as the fearless champion of the rights of property.

"He addresses a greater foe, in facing the people of every land and declaring that the ban of the Almighty is against the dissolution of marriage, and that even if it were not so to admit divorce is to slay the nation. He has pleaded, pathetically for the Christian education of the child, in order to save the State as well as the child; he has expended vast sums from the treasures given to him for himself in the liberation of slaves, and his inspired armies of his children to give their lives to regenerate Africa's Dark Continent.

"In these days, when religious orders are reviled even in the Church, and persecuted by its enemies, he has written letters of deeper love than perhaps any other Pope has ever written, declaring to the world that religious orders are an integral part of the Church.

"If there is anything that shows the necessity of the temporal independence of the Pope, not necessarily in a domain of great extent or magnificence, but of a sufficient extent for freedom, it is precisely the beneficent influence which Leo XIII. exerts as the teacher of the world. Look at the changed conditions brought about mainly by his influence.

"Germany, from a bitter persecutor, has become a friend. "Ever since the day when the bomb of the Russian Nihilist mangled the body of Alexander the Government of Russia has recognized that its truest friend was the Pontiff, who denounced tyranny as well as anarchy. His attitude to its Polish subjects has changed, and its Grand Dukes come as Ambassadors to the Vatican.

"Is not the altered condition of Ireland and England due in large measure to the patient statesmanship of Leo during those trying times of misrepresentation and calumny, when the susceptibilities of a wronged and outraged race had to be managed while not offending the dogged and almost inconceivably impenetrable prejudices of those who ruled?

"Belgium, whose fate seemed to be hanging in the balance when Leo began to reign, has given to the world a splendid example during all these years of what a Catholic country can do in justice and social freedom, as well as in splendid material advancement.

"Spain, whose young ruler is Leo's godson, though it has lost its colonies, has been blessed with internal peace these many years. "Finally, our own country has had its experience of his influence. For it was his gentle forbearance that never uttered or permitted to be uttered a word that could wound or offend, which has so skillfully guarded diplomatic relations with a proud and victorious people, that the wild clamors of religious fanaticism have been quelled; the unworthy aims of designing politicians have been thwarted, while he, the great father of Christendom, with absolute trust in the fearlessness and keen sense of justice of our great Chief Executive, as well as in the honor of our people, serenely legislates for the religious government of the new possessions, and gives an earnest that the Catholics of the Philippines shall be the most devoted supporters of the American Republic.

Catholic Young Men of Glasgow.

Recently a most enthusiastic celebration was held in St. Alphonsus parish, Glasgow, the occasion being the silver jubilee of the Young Men's Society. A public meeting was held at the close of the religious ceremony.

Father O'Reilly, who was called upon to preside, said that it seemed altogether out of place that he should be making a speech on this occasion. He delayed his coming in the delusion that he would get off without making one, for he was getting amongst the old men now. Looking upon that vast audience today, he thought struck him, "Could they always have such a meeting as this?" What was to prevent it? Nothing but themselves. There were great possibilities before the society for young men were necessary for the Church at the present day, and should be its bulwark against indifference. "A great society of young men would bring about great reforms amongst the people. In Germany 270,000 young men were brought into association during the past year or so, and had done great work. Every man amongst the Catholic body in Glasgow who had risen to anything like fame or position was at one period of time connected with St. Alphonsus' consequently St. Alphonsus' had done a great many good things. Twenty-five years ago those who joined that society looked forward to the great amount of good which could be performed. The great danger of the present day was the loss to the Church of the young men. If any association took these young men by the hand and kept them to the scratch that danger would be averted. This society had done an immense amount of good—not all the good it could have done, but it certainly had done a great deal. Which one knew whether or not he had done his best? When they considered that men connected with it had risen to fame and position in the city like Dr. Colvin (cheers) a man who was not only a credit to St. Alphonsus' but also to the Catholic body of Glasgow and the profession he adorned. If they had only him (if alone they would have something to boast of, but they had Professor

Bennett, a past member of the society and still a great friend of it. They should put this question to themselves: What can we do to raise ourselves? That parish was the cradle of the great men of Glasgow. Though St. Alphonsus' had the credit of having the first Y.M.S., yet within the bounds of the parish they had the first university. He had no doubt that if the young men looked about and tried to bring another man to the hall he would be obliged, and it would be a pleasure, to build a larger hall. Though Glasgow was becoming slowly Catholic the progress would be by leaps and bounds if they were only faithful to themselves. He hoped this jubilee would be the first milestone on the road to success in the time to come. (Cheers.)

Miss Buchanan having sung "The Children's Home" with fine effect, the Rev. Stephen Thornton, who was accorded a hearty reception, said that it gave him great pleasure to come back again to St. Alphonsus' and see so many faces that he saw years ago. Father O'Reilly regretted that he would not always have the same audience. In the old days they had an audience like that every Sunday. Father O'Reilly had tried to impress on them the great need and necessity of the Y.M.S. That was true. It seemed to be that young men thought that if they went to Mass on Sunday and occasionally to their duties they were doing a great deal. Catholic young men should enter as heartily into their organizations as Protestant young men did. He wondered what they would do if the priest said, "I am going to preach at the corner of Charlotte street to-morrow night. Will you come and sing a few hymns?" (Laughter). They thought it was a huge joke, but it was no joke at all. (Hear, hear). The Protestant young men took an interest in their religion. (Hear, hear). However, it was a great pleasure for him to come back amongst them. (Cheers). He was very young when he joined the society, so young, indeed, that his mother wanted him to go to the Sunday School—(laughter)—and very often he used to spend the penny he got on sweets—(laughter)—but, nevertheless, dear old men like Mr. Monaghan took him by the hand and passed him along. He hoped they would see their golden jubilee. (Cheers). He did not know where Father O'Reilly would be then—(laughter)—but he did know he would be in heaven—(laughter)—at any rate, he wouldn't be there. He thanked them for asking him to come to his old home. (Cheers).

Father Scannell said that during his association with the society he could bear testimony to the fact that it had accomplished a great deal of good. He congratulated it on celebrating its jubilee, and they could challenge any society to show as effectual a record as they had done in their time, and the work was not confined to the parish limits, for they had there that day men distinguished in various professions who had done splendid work in Glasgow. He hoped that the work to come would be a greater success than in the past.

After a song from Brother Gregory, Dr. Colvin said that this day, no doubt, was a memorable day in the history of the society. It was also a memorable day to himself, for he thought no member had been so closely identified with it as himself. (Cheers). He was present at its foundation twenty-five years ago. Many present then had joined the great majority, whilst many others were scattered far and wide by land and sea. The memories of that time brought with them the memory of the late Father Maginn (cheers), of whom it could with truth be said that he was imbued with the highest and noblest attributes of his sacred calling. (Cheers). His ambition was to raise his people to the highest plane of spiritual, moral, and material comfort. He was full of practical ideas, and soon realized the necessity of a society for the young man, which would take him at the most critical time of life—between leaving school and beginning work. His first attempt was made in the direction of a high-class Sunday School, but after a time that was abandoned. The speaker then gave some interesting reminiscences of the society, the first scientific lecture by the first president, Edward Sheerin, or Father Joseph as he was called. Edward had a weakness for geography, and investing in a penny candle, he borrowed a globe from the school and proceeded to give a lecture on the motion of the earth round the sun. Holding the candle in one hand and the globe in the other, the latter always slipped and put out the sun. Edward stopped his lecture, and during a dead silence looked fiercely at the laughing members and said, "Brothers, I'm glad to see that if you are not getting instruction, you are getting amusement, at any rate." The speaker then recalled Matthew McDowell and Pat-

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rick Monaghan to the memory of his audience, along with many incidents of the early days of the society. He hoped the good work done in the past would be a stimulus to the younger members to greater achievements in the future. (Applause).

Mr. Robt. Gallouher having rendered "The Holy City," Mr. Carmont and Brother Monaghan, the latter of whom has been in connection with the Y.M.S. for twenty-five years, spoke, and Miss Buchanan gave a solo.

After Mr. Frank Henry had spoken a few words, Father Kelly said that it now rested with the young men of the parish to carry on the good work their predecessors had handed down to them. He had occasion to see the great good done in that hall Sunday after Sunday, and he always felt delighted, gratified, and instructed when he came to their meetings. In conclusion he sincerely hoped that Father Thornton's prophecy would not be realized, but that they would have their rector with them at their golden jubilee, a hearty, strong, hale, and healthy man. (Laughter).

Brother White moved a vote of thanks to the speakers and artists. Brother Cooke having seconded the meeting terminated. On Monday evening a banquet was held in the halls, His Grace Archbishop Maguire being amongst the speakers.

Wit and Humor LOOKED HUNGRY.—One of the funniest experiences of the traveling politician I have ever heard was that which happened to Mr. John Dillon during a tour many years ago in America. Mr. Dillon, it will be known, has a very light frame, is very delicate, and though he is of a very equable nature, with his deep dark eyes, with his beard and hair, which, now turning grey, were a few years ago black as the raven's wing. He looks rather melancholy, though as a matter of fact, he has one of the most equable tempers I have ever known. He and the late Mr. Parnell appeared once together on a

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A PROFITABLE DOG.—"Expect they had some fine dogs at the show," remarked a man to Gubbins; "but I have a dog at home I wouldn't exchange for the best of 'em." "What breed is he?" "Don't know exactly, but call him a coaly." "Coaly, you mean." "No, I mean just what I say—coaly. Money wouldn't buy that dog. He's a cur, but we couldn't keep house without him. You see, several years ago I trained him to bark at the railway trains as they passed our house. That's his sole business—barking at trains. Well, he annoys the railwaymen so that every driver and stoker on the line has sworn to kill him. Oh, he's a valuable dog." "I can't see where the value comes in." "You can't? Well, you could if you were in my place, and had all the coal you could burn, and some to sell, thrown right at your back door free of cost."

A LAWYER'S OUTFIT.—In the course of a case heard recently at a provincial court, one of the witnesses described himself as a hairdresser. "Hein! a barber," remarked the young solicitor who was conducting the cross-examination. "I don't suppose it's a very expensive job to set up in business as a barber?" "Not very," was the reply. "Still, there are other professions less exacting in that respect." "Indeed?" ejaculated the solicitor sceptically. "Can you mention one?" "Yes," was the calm retort. "A hairdresser—or barber, as you prefer to call him—requires at least a chair, a pair of scissors, a comb, a couple of razors, a lather-brush, soap, soap-dish, water, towels, brains, and a ready tongue. Given the tongue, all the other things appear to be unnecessary to the making of a lawyer." The emphasis on the word "all" was not lost on the solicitor, who closed his cross-examination.

BUSINESS-LIKE.—The doctor hurried in and called the chemist to one side. "I've just been called to attend the Croesus baby," he said, "and I've given a prescription that calls for nothing but pargorie. When they send it over here you must tell them it will take at least an hour to make it up and the cost will be seven-and-sixpence. That's the only way to make them think I'm any good, the medicine's any good, and you're any good, and I want to keep their patronage."

Father Martin's Surprise Party.

The good folks of St. Patrick's parish felt they owed their bishop, their pastor, and everyone else who might be in the matter, when known positively that Father Gardiner was, at moved. Father Gardiner "Father Tom," as even old and affectionately was truly an ideal priest ten long years that he among the people, not to raise against him the note of disparagement. bed of suffering, first in sional, the dreary after- ter or the close, sultry summer; first to utter comfort to a half-despa. Father Gardiner was al in every plan the young congregation advan own amusement. No pic- plete without him; no- peared to prosper u Tom's ringing laugh or of approbation gave its the occasion. Many a wretch, weaned from his evil, could point to Fat the means, direct or ind mending; many a pious ing in the music of his quence, had risen to eve- tainments in the service ter. Thus one and all l Gardiner; so when it be- dled fact that in view of record of earnest labor, had appointed him past- known church downtown of St. Dominic was a u- greef.

There was a farewell re- in St. Dominic's Hall, a "handsome purse"—to q- honored phrase, employe "Morning Chronicle" in the affair—was presented to his curate, now su- come the pastor of a pro- gregation. Father Tom thanks in a few heart- which were met with a- tears and open lament- very next morning depar- latest charge.

On the following morn- Martin made his appear- was no reception given in no brass band turned out come him. He came—a man, of a stooping figur his youthful age, with a vious manner, and quiet took up his waiting dut- Around his confessional the number of penitents At High Mass next m- preached the sermon. It fully criticised. John Ed- had been to college an- president of St. Dominic's Society, declared that th- voice was poor and the Clementine Hall agreed adding that his gestures nervous; while Mrs. O'Gar- ed profoundly, declaring much—that she would-t- ther Tom back again!

In Sunday school that the young Father had, p- severest trial. The order- ways prevailed under the of his predecessor was r- en. The work of Father- fang the numerous cla- harmonious whole was in- ling undone. The boys tal- ed, even went so far as t- while the girls were aud- comments as to "the diff- tween Father Tom and F- tin," the distinction, of- ing largely in favor of F- The days went by, roll- ever do, into weeks and- The new curate was no l- Things were assuming- shape. More penitents sto- "the box" on Saturday- der in the Sunday School- restored, and the people w- ang accustomed to the- changes always incident i- to the advent of a new- But there seemed to be- lition of the fact that Fa- was unpopular in some q- charge could be brought- real in the performance- duty, but there was a cer- ness of manner—an occas- nes of speech—that repel- vances of many and evoke- favorable comment.

Exactly four years from that witnessed the unwell- of Father Martin into St. parish, its people received surprise. It was whisp- the teachers in the Sun-

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LE DOG. "Expect the fine dogs at the dog at home I...

The doctor called the chemist to be called to us baby," he said, a prescription that paragonic...

Father Martin's Surprise Party.

The good folks of St. Dominic's parish felt they owed a grudge to their bishop, their pastor, and to everyone else who might be concerned in the matter...

There was a farewell reception held in St. Dominic's Hall, at which a "handsome purse"—to quote a time-honored phrase...

On the following morning Father Martin made his appearance. There was no reception given in his honor; no brass band turned out to welcome him...

In Sunday school that afternoon the young Father had, perhaps, his severest trial. The order that always prevailed under the direction of his predecessor was rudely broken...

Exactly four years from the date that witnessed the unwelcome advent of Father Martin into St. Dominic's parish...

first of all; then the report spread like wild-fire that Father Martin was going to leave them!

Now it frequently happens in this world that a possession is never appreciated until we see it slipping from our grasp...

There was little time for demonstration. Father Martin had been tendered a charge in a poor country district and had accepted it...

A poor parish, viewed with city eyes, was that to which Father Martin had been assigned. Its people were mainly spread over a thinly-settled farming district...

An eight-mile drive from Middleton was required every Sunday to convey the priest to St. Mary's. The first Sunday of Father Martin's incumbency being a rainy, disagreeable day...

He was sitting in his room at the Middleton rectory one morning, a day or so after his second Sunday at Meadville...

"Now what's up, I wonder?" ruminated Father Martin, as he read the letter a second time.

Promptly at the appointed hour a closed carriage stopped before the rectory door, and Father Martin was carried at a good pace over the eight miles that intervened between Middleton and Meadville.

Father Martin looked in a bewildered sort of fashion at the pretty grounds set thick with shrubbery, then at the house itself, which was brilliantly illuminated as if for some festive occasion.

The smiles broke into gay laughter as the priest stood gazing on them in open-eyed surprise.

A big armchair was pushed forward, into which he was glad to sink. Then everybody followed his example except Mr. Parsons...

"Reverend Father," he said, "it is the purpose of this meeting to express to you our deep appreciation of your labors during the four years you worked so faithfully among us in the parish of St. Dominic's."

As Mr. Parsons stepped down amid the applause of the assembly, Father Martin struggled to his feet, and taking the vacated place upon the platform, essayed to make reply.

"My dear friends," he managed to say, "to tell you this is a surprise is to put it in the very mildest form. I am amazed, astonished and beyond expression overjoyed."

flowing and renders me incapable of expressing to you all and to each dear member of St. Dominic's congregation, as well as its esteemed pastor, my deepest gratitude."

That evening was one of unalloyed happiness to priest and people. It was late when the company withdrew to meet the last train for the city.

The Irish Language And Its Critics

A writer from London, of the cheap, slap-dash sort, lately spoke of "the so-called Irish literary movement" as "the maddest of all literary crazes."

Up to the great famine in Ireland in 1847 the Irish language may be said, roughly speaking, to have been the language of the whole of Ireland...

The Irish language has never died out. It has always been a living language, largely as the result of the propaganda of the Gaelic League during the last fifteen years.

Counties.	Irish only.	Irish and English.
Cork	2,273	117,447
Donegal	7,073	55,000
Galway	17,638	107,929
Kerry	4,481	69,701
Mayo	4,234	106,121
Waterford	1,321	36,158

Irish is also largely spoken in the highlands of Scotland by nearly as many people who know no English as in Ireland itself...

Irish is, in short, to-day the living tongue of almost as many people as speak half a dozen modern languages of Europe—Welsh, Greek, Servian, Bulgarian, Norwegian or Danish.

To-day the Gaelic League, under the presidency of Dr. Douglas Hyde, has over four hundred branches throughout Ireland...

tival, at Killeen in County Galway near the burial place of the Irish poet Raftery, where there were over 2,000 people assembled on a beautiful Sunday afternoon...

So far from being the "maddest of all literary crazes," European scholars like Zeuss, Bopp, Grimm, Ebel Zimmer, Windisch, Zimmerman, D'Arbois, De Jubianville, Dr. Whiteley Stokes, Dr. Standish Hayes O'Grady, Prof. Kuno Meyer and Dr. Douglas Hyde...

STANDISH HAYES O'GRADY'S great catalogue of the Irish manuscripts in the British Museum, of history, law, medicine, poetry and folklore, occupies nearly seven hundred pages...

It is not with Greek that Irish ought to be compared, it is rather with the literatures of the Middle Ages—French, Germanic, and the rest.

Irish literature possesses an almost perfect system of prosody, self-evolved, self-invented in Irish, that no other European country possesses.

Irish literature also largely spoken in the highlands of Scotland by nearly as many people who know no English as in Ireland itself...

I WOULD also refer to Lady Gregory's monumental and beautiful translation of the Irish prose stories centring around the life and death of Cuchulainn...

TO ST. MALACHY.—We humbly entreat Thy divine majesty, O Lord, that we may be assisted by the merits, and profit by the example of Blessed Malachy, Thy Confessor and Bishop...

lowed, it has succeeded in giving to a series of disconnected episodes a single romantic form, building it into a single tragic study...

Mr. Henry Newbolt, in the Monthly Review of last November, speaks of Lady Gregory's translation as "a treasure that will be ours for our lives and a joy for many generations after us."

I need not refer to Renan's well known essay on "The Poetry of the Celtic Races" and to Matthew Arnold's fascinating "Study of Celtic Literature."

TO ST. PATRICK.—O God, who hast been pleased to send the Blessed Patrick, Bishop and Confessor, to preach Thy glory to the Gentiles...

Prayers to the Irish Saints.

TO ST. BRIGID.—Great St. Brigid, Patroness of Ireland, noble in thy origin, but still more illustrious by thy transcendent miracles and virtues...

TO ST. COLUMBKILLE.—May the intercession, O Lord, of Blessed Columbkille, the Abbot, recommend us to thee, that what we cannot hope for through any merits of our own...

TO ST. KEVIN.—O Blessed St. Kevin, holy Abbot of Glendalough, beautiful for thy angelic virtues, I, thy most unworthy client, recommend to thee, in a particular manner, the purity of my soul and body...

TO ST. LAURENCE O'TOOLE.—O God, who didst adorn Blessed Laurence, Thy Confessor and Bishop, with numberless miracles, grant us, by his merits and prayers, that we may deserve to obtain health of body...

TO ST. MALACHY.—We humbly entreat Thy divine majesty, O Lord, that we may be assisted by the merits, and profit by the example of Blessed Malachy, Thy Confessor and Bishop...

The Woman Saints of Ireland.

From the number of Lives of distinguished persons that are published day by day and the reception they meet with from the public it would seem that there is hardly any branch of literature more appreciated than biography. This is not unnatural; for the sayings and doings of our fellowmen must needs be of interest to us. Differ as we may in thoughts and aspirations and the manner of our lives, we all belong to one family, and the sentiment of the old Latin poet is as true of us as it was of him that nothing that concerns mankind is alien to us. If biography in general commends itself to us, especially does that portion of it with which we are by kinship of blood and national association most intimately connected; and therefore to people of distinctly religious bent the story of the religious heroes or heroines of their own race should appeal with special force.

Much has been written from time to time regarding Ireland's sainted sons, but for the most part in a dry and unpopular manner or in an unfamiliar tongue; and with the exception of a few, very little is known to the general reader regarding even the more prominent of the Irish saints. But famed as Ireland's daughters have ever been for sanctity, with the single exception of St. Bridget, very little has been said about them in any accessible form. This, no doubt, is largely owing to the fact that the life of a good woman, especially in gone-by days, is mostly hidden from the world; and as almost all of the women of Ireland to whose names the note of sanctity is attached were nuns, it is no wonder that we find very little recorded regarding them beyond the fact that they lived lives of heroic virtue, died in the odor of sanctity and were publicly recognized as saints.

There are some people in the world who laugh when they hear of the Irish saints. "Their name is legion," they say; "for, if we believe what we find stated, everyone in the early days was called a saint." In this matter ignorance laughs as in so many others, intelligence thinks and inquires. Considering that from the days of St. Patrick down to the advent of the Danes Ireland was recognized as the Island of Saints as well as scholars, the number of those whose names appear upon the Irish calendars is by no means large. And if Ireland was a land of saints in a broad sense, it must have been well understood what the extraordinary sanctity meant that was required for canonization. But canonization? Of the Irish saints? How could that be effected when we know that it was not done through Papal proclamation? This plea would prove, if anything, a great deal more than the objector bargains for; for the Irish saints were just as much canonized as any other saints of the Church, perhaps excepting those of Rome. Down to the time of Pope Alexander III, towards the end of the thirteenth century, canonization of saints was effected mainly under the direction of the episcopacy and had a local rather than a universal effect. Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, who is one of the first theologians and canonists of our day, writes as follows in the January number of the Irish Ecclesiastical Record for 1903, page 28: "For many centuries it was left free to Bishops — to each, of course, for his own diocese only — to decide as to whether a person who had died with the repute of sanctity might be publicly honored as a saint. Such action on the part of a Bishop was, from the nature of the case, of merely local application. The so-called canonization, then, of those days differed but little from beatification, as the term is now understood.

"Gradually it became evident that a system in which the giving of religious cultus to persons who had died with the repute of sanctity could be sanctioned by merely local authority was open to abuse, and that the only real safeguard lay in a reservation of this matter to the Holy See. The decree *Audivimus*, issued by Alexander III. in 1170, is generally regarded as the first formal act of Pontifical reservation in this matter. The reservation, however, was not, at all once, very stringently enforced, — not at least to the extent of excluding action taken by Bishops with what might be regarded as a presumed sanction from the Holy See. The present practice of the Church in the matter of canonization was not indeed final-

ly settled until the Pontificate of Urban VIII. It was Urban VIII who, in a series of decrees, issued in 1625 and confirmed in 1634, formulated the procedure which, with some few trifling modifications in matters of detail, is followed to the present day."

Even now, when canonization is a special prerogative of the Papacy, we have saints locally honored who are unknown to the world at large. And we have also at this day the Church formally approving of the cult of saints informally canonized. This is particularly true of some of the Popes themselves. Besides, only last year, on the 17th day of June, a decree was issued by the Sacred Congregation of Rites approved by the Holy Father confirming the cult of twenty-five Irish patron saints whose original canonization was no better founded than that of the multitude of others. We may take it then, the sneer of ignorance notwithstanding, that the title Saint applied to so many Irish men and women of the olden time has a well-founded significance, and that the presence of their names in the old Irish Martyrologies, and the abiding fame of their sanctity, and the pilgrimages and other devotions in their honor and the use of their names in the baptism of children would be evidence to a well-balanced mind, as they certainly are to the most conservative of earthly tribunals, of the entire fitness of the appellation.

And speaking of the use of these names in baptism reminds me of the absolute lack of devotion shown by so many religious and lay people of Irish birth or blood to their ancestral saints. How many young women who have received at baptism the name of Ireland's greatest woman practically deny all allegiance to her by changing their name! And yet the most eloquent eulogy of Irish womanhood I have ever read was written by an avowed agnostic, James Redpath, and proclaimed the world's appreciation of the virtue of Ireland's women of the past and present under the caption: St. Bridget and Bridget. But we can hardly wonder at this in the world when we find the name of God's own Mother treated in similar fashion. In how many convents of religious women do we find a sister of Irish birth or race rejoicing in the name of Bridget, or Ita or Dymna or Attracta, all of which are to be found in the Roman Breviary and Butler's "Lives of the Saints," not to mention many less common names? Can it be that Irish nuns throughout the world are ignorant or ashamed of the glorious names that reflect a lustre over themselves and all womankind? Can it be that the names of the saints, especially Irish ones, are not good enough in these modern days and that, like foolish women in the world, nuns too must invent meaningless names suggestive very frequently of dime romance.

What follows will take the form of short notices of the woman saints of Ireland, gleaned with difficulty from the few sources at my disposal. In a few instances the materials are abundant; in most cases, however, the facts that have come down to us are few. There are many difficulties as to identity and location; and not infrequently the statements made are of a legendary character, picturesque and poetical, of course, as becomes the fervid Celtic imagination, but to be accepted cautiously and not without a good deal of modification. The recital will show the frailty of human nature even in those who come to be recognized as saints, as well as its sublime self-devotion under the inspirations of Divine grace. Let us hope that many will be interested in the recital, and that if the sum of knowledge be not much increased, at least the density of ignorance may be somewhat dissipated; and that every Life, be it long or short, may tend to our edification.—Rev. John McHale, in the Catholic Universe.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

A mixed marriage renders unity of hearts impossible. It creates a gulf between the parties as to all that is religious and sacred in matters which concern their own salvation and the religious welfare of their children. The offspring of mixed marriages are born into a divided house, and are sometimes deprived, in spite of previous assurances to the contrary of baptism and subsequent Christian education. Such marriages are unions of unhappiness and misery and is one of the greatest causes of the terrible leakage of the Church in this country. It often happens that both parties compromise by giving up the practise of religion altogether, and bring up their families without any knowledge of religion whatsoever. There are several such cases in this parish. We are leaning steadily in this way, but we to those who are responsible.—Very Rev. Dean Egan.

Cardinal Moran's View of Catholic Young Men's Societies.

The young men of the Catholic societies of the archdiocese of Sydney presented His Eminence Cardinal Moran with an address of welcome on his return from Europe. In the course of his reply His Eminence said that he looked upon such associations as were represented there as most important, not only in the interests of the young men themselves who were connected with them, but in the interests of Australia, too. Looking to the future of Australia he would like to see emblazoned on her banner these two words: "Freedom and enlightenment;" and it was precisely in the interests of freedom and enlightenment that they should encourage these societies of the young men whom he was addressing. If they had made great progress in Australia during the last 50 years, they owed it to the freedom which they enjoyed, but, looking to the future, they must guarantee that freedom. He did not think that there was any danger at all of Australians being deterred from the maintenance of that freedom, but at the same time they often feared a condition of interests — they feared that rival interests might impose fetters upon that freedom which they enjoyed, and it was precisely in such associations and such societies of these young men that they had the surest guarantee both of an ability to defend that freedom and a determination to uphold it. Many of the young men associated with these societies were, like himself, of the Celtic race, who had never feared to assert their love of freedom, and had been ready to shed their blood for that freedom. But at the same time if the Celtic race had been foremost in asserting the rights of freedom, it had also been foremost in asserting its loyalty, and it was a distinctive feature of their Australian freedom that whilst they yield to no country in the world in the freedom which they enjoyed, they also yielded to none in their loyalty to those who were constituted their superiors.

It was not only in the interests of freedom that he thought they should encourage the young men's societies, but no less in the interests of the development of learning and of enlightenment. Every exercise in which they were engaged was one to promote enlightenment, and perhaps they needed some of that enlightenment in Australia. It was not perhaps too much to say that there were not a few in the home countries who were interested in Australian matters, and who perhaps have the guidance of the politics of Australia in their hands, and yet knew but little of the interests of Australia or of that future to which Australia aspired. It was through the various exercises in which the young men of these societies were engaged that they were preparing to develop the resources of Australia in their future careers, and preparing, at the same time, for those who were ignorant of Australian and Australia's destiny, so that these should become acquainted with those facts, which were so important for Australia, and so essential that she might attain her destiny. The young men of today who were only the aspirants of liberty would to-morrow be the custodians and guardians of that liberty, and as they were preparing themselves in the discipline of their various societies, they were preparing themselves at the same time to be the guides of Australian destiny, and to bring home to those who knew not Australian interests their defence and the upholding of those interests.

Famous Jesuit Astronomer.

Father Edmund Goetz, S.J., a famous South African astronomer, who has spent the last fourteen months conferring with American scientists, sailed last week from New York on the Bretagne for France. He will go directly to Paris, where he will procure the astronomical, magnetic and meteorological instruments with which to begin work in the first reliable observatory ever established in South Africa. The new observatory will be located at Bulawayo, Rhodesia, South Africa. Father Goetz has devoted his life to the study of astronomical work in the Southern Hemisphere. Four years ago Cecil Rhodes became interested in the Jesuit's research and encouraged him to plan an observatory for the Southern Hemisphere. Progress along this line was arrested

by the South African war. However, the work is now to be continued under the subsidy of Georgetown College, aided by the Harvard, Yerkes and Lick observatories.

"The object of establishing an astronomical observatory in the Southern Hemisphere," said Father Goetz, is to carry to the South Pole the work in which Georgetown Observatory has been engaged with the Northern Hemisphere during the last ten years under the direction of R. J. Hagen, S.J. The most marked result of these years of labor is the completion of six volumes of charts and catalogues of the fainter variable stars. Four more volumes are now ready for the press and two more of lately discovered variables are in progress at the observatory.

"Hagen's atlas, which is carried down to the twenty-third degree of Southern declination, is of great value to the regions which it covers. The greatest observatories of the world have recognized the value of this work. Harvard, Yerkes, Lick and several other observatories are now determining photometrically the magnitude of certain stars in 'Father Hagen's chart, in order to make a kind of network of photometric measures all over the sky.

"This is the work which I am to continue in the Southern Hemisphere. My station offers many advantages. It is between four and five thousand feet above the sea level. The climate is excellent — far better, in fact, than any of the American stations — and will thus enable me, as far as the covering of the sky is concerned to work much faster than can be done in this country.

"Then, too, it is twenty degrees latitude south, so that I will be enabled to see all the southern stars, and at the same time see many of the stars of the Northern Hemisphere, and thus, by consulting the Georgetown atlas charts, make a scale which will be concordant with that of the Northern Hemisphere in its estimate of the magnitudes. My reports will, of course, be forwarded to the United States, where their discoveries and observations will be made public to the scientific world.

"I have not yet the means to complete my astronomical observatory," said Father Goetz, "but I am confident that when I shall be ready to begin that work the instruments will be provided. I trust the next year or two will find the observatory equipped with the best of telescopes.

WEAK LUNGS. Made Sound and Strong by the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Weak lungs mean weak health, continual coughs and colds — touches of grip and bronchitis, then deadly pneumonia or lingering, hopeless consumption. Weak lungs are due to weak blood. The one sure way to strengthen weak lungs is to build up your blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose makes rich, red blood adds strength, vigor and disease-resisting power to weak lungs. Thousands of weak-lunged, narrow-chested men and women have been made sound, healthy and happy by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills — and they will do the same for you. Mrs. J. D. Naismith, Winnipeg, Man., says: "I contracted a severe cold, which developed into bronchitis and lung trouble. The best of doctors and many different kinds of medicine failed to help me, and my friends all thought I was going into rapid consumption. I had no appetite, was forced to take to bed, and felt that only death would release me. My brother urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to please him I began them. A few boxes proved they were helping me, and I began to get real strength. I continued the use of the pills and was soon able to leave my bed and sit up. I grew stronger day by day. The cough that had racked me almost beyond endurance disappeared, my appetite returned, and I am again strong and healthy, much to the surprise of all who saw me while I was ill. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me after other medicines failed and I shall always praise them."

Bear in mind that substitutes and ordinary medicines will not cure. See that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Modern Public School.

(From Arthur's New Home Magazine.)

Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow;
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek, and trigonometry;
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in;
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in;
What are children made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics;
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same unvarying tale,
Toll the moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep,
Those who've passed the furnace
through
With aching brows, will tell to you

How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, and caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

The Story of a Successful Miner.

From a pen sketch by J. E. Jones, in "The New Century," we take the following extracts:—

There is perhaps no better example of the influence of honest determination than that of the junior Senator from Utah, Hon. Thomas Kearns. Ten years ago he was a hard-working miner, delving into the bosom of mother earth for the riches she so carefully guards. But even in those days he belonged to a higher order of intelligence than the average miner, and the old fellows who used to be on his "shift" in the great Ontario Mine predicted that "Tom" would strike it rich one of these days. Modest and unassuming, but born with a dogged determination to do things he worked a way and kept his own counsel. After his day in the mine was over he spent the "wee sma' hours" delving into the elements of geology, studying at every opportunity stratification, formation and deposits. Here, indeed, was an example of a man determined to learn the business he had sought as his profession, day and night he worked, getting the theoretical knowledge after the labor of the day was over, and putting it into practical use the next day in the mine.

Like all true miners, Kearns also got the "miners' fever." He wanted to make a strike; he wanted to have a mine of his own; yearned for an opportunity to put into practice his theories of running a mine. And so, as soon as the snow left the mountains he would sally forth and spend the summer prospecting. Many, many times he underwent privation and hunger in his search for the precious metal; many nights he risked his life searching for the ignis fatuus, which has led so many, many men to their death. It was not until he was completely starved out that he returned to camp and took up again his pick and candle and worked for other men. But he had that indomitable courage and dogged determination that is part of the wool and web of American manhood and he never for a moment forgot his ambition.

At length there was a glimmer of sunshine. He had prospected and located surface pay rock on the Mayflower claim, and carefully guarded his secret. He next sought about to bond the property and work it out. He was a poor man, working for his daily bread, but his credit was good. He had always been regarded as "square," his promises he had held sacred, and his contracts he never broke. So it was not difficult for this earnest young man to interest capital, and finally he began to see the dawn of his ambition, for the Mayflower property had been leased and he was one of the lessees. But the prospect was difficult, propositions the finding of the mine and its devel-

Thousands of men have located mines of vast wealth, but because of lack of funds or tempting offers they have turned them over to shrewder men; but this was not the stuff of which Tom Kearns was made. He believed in winning all or losing all. There was to be no middle ground to his ambition. He must mount the ladder of fortune and stand upon the highest round or else he would not attempt the ascent. Eight hours a day he toiled in the Ontario mine for \$4; eight hours of that same day he spent in developing the Mayflower, and the other eight hours he devoted to sleep and study. But he was made of stern stuff and he reinforced his ambition with a constitution that was well-nigh perfect.

And then one Easter morning Kearns struck a great vein of silver, and gold, and copper and lead, and began to realize that his ambition was about to be fulfilled. Perforce of circumstances, he interested other men in his venture, and when he showed them the wonders of his discovery they were well-nigh overwhelmed with wonder.

Big strikes cannot be kept secret long and soon the entire Western country was ringing with fabulous stories of Kearns' mine. Capitalists chuckled to themselves, and armed with great sums of money sought out the young miner and tempted him with their gold. Those who have not felt privation; those who have not sought ambition only to find defeat; those who have met disappointment after disappointment when success was within their grasp, those, and only those, can realize or appreciate what the temptation of wealth is, especially wealth that crowns all of their defeats and trials with victory. Here we had young Thomas Kearns, a poor miner, who had been fighting, with a valor worthy of a better cause defeat after defeat, when suddenly he finds success within his reach. But the success that he found could only be measured in its magnificence after months and years of endless toil.

And so these moneyed men came with large offers and convincing arguments. First it was \$250,000 for him to get out. Then the sum was raised to half a million, and this great wealth startled the young miner and made his partners weak. And then began the fight in earnest. Not only must he curb his own desires, but he must hold his partners with him, for if he was defeated now, it meant the crowning disappointment of his life, the climax of all. A short time afterwards the moneyed men raised the price to \$1,000,000, and one of Kearns' partners said he was going to quit; that his share of the million dollars was enough to keep him in affluence the balance of his life, and that he was for the acceptance of the offer. But he had to deal with another proposition in Thomas Kearns. He had not aroused the lion that slept within him until now, and then Kearns rose up and told him that he should not forsake him; that he must stand shoulder to shoulder with him; that he had as much at stake as any one else, and that he was going to win or lose all. And it was just this kind of argument that won; this straightforward strenuous policy delivered by a man whose strength of character had developed until he was rapidly becoming a master of men. And so Thomas Kearns triumphed and the little band of miners stuck together. And what of the moneyed men? Were they satisfied with a final "No?" Had they given up all hope of owning this property, which their cunning experts had examined and proved of marvellous value? No, a thousand times no. They were going to seek through other means; it mattered little to them what methods they resorted to, to obtain his great property. And so they bought claims around it and put the Kearns mine into litigation, and for months and months the greatest legal minds of the West were arrayed against this determined miner, who was only seeking an acknowledgment before the law of his rights. Although it is often delayed, right is might and must prevail, and after months of litigation the courts decided in favor of Kearns.

The history of that struggle is as thrilling a novel as was ever written. And throughout it all we find Kearns cool, determined and alert. He met his enemies at their own game, fought them with the weapons they selected and won a most glorious victory.

Having established him as the owner of the Silver King mine and having had his title thereto recognized by law, he set about developing one of the greatest properties in the country and perhaps the largest silver mine in the world. The world's greatest experts declare that in the less than ten years in which he has been at work, he has arranged to the wonderful organization of Senator Kearns.



THE COL

CHAPTER VII.—CO

"His own goodness it
kinned Larry, "that got
him. He was left, poor
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"But," Lowry added, "change come in poor Myle. It was his luck to meet Eily, nor, the rope-maker's daugh-ter, an' he selling his por-tis a new story with h-He's mad, sir—mad in love, gave him powder one day-ple at Owen's garden, who had a benefit, but I could into, such a story as that. Eily is as delicate and te-t herself as a lady."

They were interrupted at-ture by a startling inci- mounted countryman gallop- them, dressed in a complet- frize, made from the undy- of black sheep, such as for- texture of the phalang in- of Gerald Barry. His face and moist and grimed with smooth, yellow wig was pu- way from his temples, disal- mass of gray hair that was and matted with the effect- tent exercise. He looked at- at both the travellers with- pression of mingled wildn- grief in his countenance; an- clapping spurs to his horse, and disappeared at a short- the road.

"I'm blest but that flogs E- exclaimed Lowry Looby in a- utter surprise and coloburn- something great happened s- "Who is he, Lowry? I t- ought to know his face."

"Mihil O'Connor, sir, fa- the girl we were just talkin- looks to be in trouble. Easy- little Foxy Dunat, the hat- trottin' after him, an' he'll- The person whom he nar- small red-haired man, rode- the same moment, appearin- his seat on horseback- much difficulty. His feet- greater security, were stuck- the stirrup-leather while the- frons remained dangling un- For the purpose of making- ance doubly sure, he had- fast with one hand the lofty- of the saddle, while the oth- entwined in the long and u- mane.

"Pre-h! Pru-h! Stop her- erool! Stop her, an' heaven- you. I'm fairly fayed alive- her, that's what I am, - Joulin', for the bare life. Y- ven, Mr. Daly—I'm not wor- ing at. See my wig," she- out of his pocket, and told-

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"His own goodness it was," continued Larry, "that got that for him. He was left, poor fellow, after his father dying of the sickness, with a houseful of children—fourteen sons and two daughters, besides himself to provide for, and his old mother. He supported 'em all by the labor of his two hands, till Lord K— hear talk of him of a day, an' give him a lease o' that farm, an' behaved a good landlord to him since. Still an' all, Myles do be poor, for he never knew how to keep a houl't o' the money. He provided for all his brothers—had one priest, an' another bound to a brogue-maker, an' another settled as a school-master in the place, an' more listed from him, an' two sent to say an' I don't know what he done with the rest, but they're all very well off; and left poor Myles with an empty pocket in the latter end."

Lowry went on to inform our traveler that this same Myles was a giant in stature, measuring six feet four inches "in his vamps;" that he never yet met "that man that could give him a stroke, and he having a stick in his hand;" that he was a clean-made boy as ever "walked the ground," and such a master of his weapon, that himself and Luke Kennedy, the Killarney boatman, used to be two hours "opposite" one another, without a single blow being received on either side. On one occasion, indeed, he was fortunate enough to "get a vacancy at Kennedy," of which he made so forcible a use, that the stick which was in the hands of the latter flew over Ross Castle into the lower lake, merely from a successful tip on the elbow.

"But," Lowry added, "there's a change come in poor Myles of late. It was his luck to meet Eily O'Connor, the rope-maker's daughter, of a day, an' he selling his ponies, an' 'tis a new story with him since. He's mad, sir—mad in love. He isn't good for anything. He says she gave him powder one day in she apple at Owen's garden, where they had a benefit, but I couldn't give into such a story as that at all, as Eily is as delicate and tender in herself as a lady."

They were interrupted at this juncture by a startling incident. A mounted countryman galloped up to them, dressed in a complete suit of frieze, made from the undyed wool of black sheep, such as formed the texture of the phalang in the days of Gerald Barry. His face was pale and moist and grimed with dust. A smooth, yellow wig was pushed away from his temples, disclosing a mass of gray hair that was damp and matted with the effects of violent exercise. He looked alternately at both the travellers with an expression of mingled wildness and grief in his countenance; and again clapping spurs to his horse, rode off, and disappeared at a short turn in the road.

"I'm blest but that fogs Europe!" exclaimed Lowry loopy in a tone of utter surprise and concern. "There's something great happened surely."

"Who is he, Lowry? I think I ought to know his face."

"Mihil O'Connor, sir, father to the girl we were just talking of. He looks to be in trouble. Easy! Here's little Foxy Dunat, the hair-cutter, trotting after him, an' he'll tell us."

The person whom he named, a small red-haired man, rode up at the same moment, appearing to keep his seat on horseback with much difficulty. His feet, for greater security, were stuck between the stirrup-leather while the empty frowns remained dangling underneath. For the purpose of making assurance doubly sure, he had grasped fast with one hand the lofty pommal of the saddle, while the other was entwined in the long and undressed mane.

"Pray! Pray! Stop her, Lowry, stop! Stop her, an' heavens bless you, I'm fairly flayed alive from her, that's what I am, joutin' joutin', for the bare life. Your own, Mr. Daly—I'm not worth looking at. See my wig—do you see it at his pocket, and hold it up to

view. "I was obliged to take it off, an' put it in my pocket, 'twas so tossed from the shakin' I got. I never was a-horseback before, but once at Molly Mac's funeral, an' I never'll be a-horseback again, till I'm going to my own. O murder! murder! I have a pain the small o' my back that would kill the Danes. Well, Mr. Daly, I hope the master liked his new wig? I kep' it a long time from him, surely. I never'll be the better o' this day's ridin'. Did you see Mihil-na-thiadrucha go by this way? I'm kilt an' spoiled, that's what I am."

"I did see him," said Lowry; "what's the matter with him?"

"Eily, his daughter, is gone from him, or spirited away."

"Erra, you don't tell me so?"

"She is, I tell you, an' he's like a wild man about it. Here he's back himself."

O'Connor again appeared at the turn of the road, and galloped roughly back upon the group. He looked ferociously at Lowry, and pointing his stick into his face, while his frame trembled with rage, he roared out: "Tell me, did you see her, this minute, or I'll thrust my stick down your throat! Tell me, do you know anything of her, I advise you."

"I don't," said Lowry, with equal fierceness. Then, as if ashamed of resenting a speech uttered by the poor old man, under so terrible an occasion of excitement, he changed his tone, and repeated, more gently: "I don't, Mihil, an' I don't know what cause I ever gave you to speak to me in that strain."

The old rope-maker dropped the bridle, his clasped hands fell on the pommal of the saddle, and he drooped his head, while he seemed to gasp for utterance: "Lowry," he said, "Heavens guide you, an' tell me do you know, or could you put me in a way of hearing anything of her."

"Of who, aye?"

"Eily, my daughter! Oh, Lowry, a'ra gal, my daughter! My poor girl!"

"What of her, Mihil?"

"What of her? Gone! lost! Gone from her old father, an' no account of her."

"Erra, no?"

"Yes, I tell you. He threw a ghastly look around. "She is stolen or she strayed. If she is stolen, may the Almighty forgive them that took her from me, an' if she strayed of her own liking, may my curse—"

"Howl! howl! I tell you man," cried Lowry, in a loud voice, "don't curse your daughter, without knowin' what you do. Don't I know her, do you think? An' don't I know that she wouldn't be the girl you say, for an apronful of gold?"

"You're a good boy, Lowry, you're a good boy," said the old man, wringing his hands, "but she's gone. I had none but her, an' they took her from me. Her mother is dead these three years, an' all her brothers an' sisters died young, an' I reared her like a lady, an' this is the way she left me now. But what hurt? Let her go."

"The M'Mahons were at the fair at Garryowen yesterday," said Lowry, musing. "I wonder could it be them at all. I tell you there are bad boys among them. There was one of 'em hanged for spiriting away a girl o' the Hayeses before."

"If I thought it was one o' them," O'Connor exclaimed stretching his arm to its full length, and shaking his clenched hand with great passion "an' if I knew the one that robbed me, I'd find him out, if he was as cunning as a rabbit, an' I'd tear him between my two hands, if he was as strong as a horse. They think to play their game on me because my hair is gray. But I can match the villains yet. If steel or fire, or pikes, or powder can match 'em, I'll do it. Let go my horse's bridle, an' don't be holding me here when I should be flying like the wind behind them."

Here he caught the eye of Kyrle Daly, as the latter asked him whether he "had not laid information before a magistrate?"

Instead of answering, the old man, who now recognized Daly for the first time, took off his hat with a smile in which grief and anger were mingled with native courtesy, and said: "Mr. Daly, a stoir, I ask your pardon for not knowing you; I meant no offence to you; or to your father's son. I couldn't do it. How are you, sir? How is the master at the millstone? The Lord bless

'em, an' spare 'em their children." Here the old man's eyes grew watery, and the words were broken in his throat. "Lay informations," he continued, taking up Kyrle Daly's question. "No, no, sir. My back isn't so poor in the country that I need to do, so mean a thing as that."

"And what course would you take to obtain justice?"

"I'll tell you the justice I'd want," said O'Connor, gripping his stick hard, and knitting his brows together, while the very beard bristled upon his chin for anger. "To plant him overright me in the heart o' Garryowen fair, or where else he'd like, an' give him a stick an' let me pick justice out of his four bones!" Here he indulged himself with one rapid flourish of the blackthorn stick above his head, which considerably endangered that of the young gentleman to whom he addressed himself.

At the same moment a neighbour of O'Connor's galloped up to them and exclaimed, "Well, Mihil, agra, any tidings of her yet?"

"Sorrow tale or tidings."

"An' is it here you're stoppin', talkin', an' them villains spiriting your daughter away through the country? Wisha, but you're a droll man, this day!"

Not Hamlet, in that exquisitely natural burst of passion over the tomb of "the fair Ophelia"—where he becomes incensed against the affectionate Laertes for "the bravery of his grief," and treats it as an infringement on his own prerogative of sorrow—not Hamlet the Dane, in that moment of "towering passion," could throw more loftiness of rebuke into his glance, than did Mihil O'Connor, as he gazed upon the daring clansman who had thus presumed to call his fatherly affection to account. More temperate, however, than the Danish Prince, he did not let his anger loose, but compressed his teeth, and puffed it forth between them. Touching his hat to Kyrle, and bidding Lowry "stand his friend," he put spurs to his horse, and rode forward, followed by his friend; while Lowry laid his hand on the hair-cutter's arm, and asked him for an account of the particulars.

"Sonder to me if I know the half of it," said the foe of unshaven chins, speaking in a shrill professional accent; "but I was standing in my little place, above, shaving a boy o' the Downesses against the benefit at Batt Coonerty's, an' being delayed a good while (for the Downesses have all very strong hair—I'd as lieve be shaving a horse as one of 'em) I was strappin' my razor (for the twentieth time), and lookin' out into the fair, when who should I see going by only Eily O'Connor, an' she dressed in a blue mantle with the hood over her head, an' her hair curling down about her neck like strings of gold. (Oh, the beauty o' that girl!) Well, 'tis a late walk your taking, Eily," says I. She made me no answer, only passed on, an' I thought no more about it till this morning, when her father walked into me. I thought at first, 'tis to be shaved he was coming, for, dear knows, he wanted it, when all at once he opened upon me in regard to his daughter. Poor girl, I'm sure sorrow call had I to her goin' or stayin' more than I had to curl the Princess Royal's front—a job that'll never trouble me, I'm thinking."

"Wisha, but it's a droll business!" ejaculated Lowry, letting go the stirrup-leather, which he had held fast during the foregoing narrative. "Ride on after him, Dunat, or you won't catch him before night. Oh! vo! vo! Eily a stoir. Oh, wirra, Eily; this is the black day to your old father!"

"An' the black an' blue day to me, I'm sure, squeaked out the hair-butler, trotting forwards, and groaning aloud at every motion, as he was now thrown on the pommal, now on the hind-bow of the saddle; those grievances telling the more severely as he was a lean little man, and but scantily furnished by nature with the material which is best able to resist concussion.

The misfortune of the poor rope-maker indisposed Lowry (who had once been a respectful and distant admirer of the lovely Eily) from proceeding with the conversation; and his young master had ample leisure for the indulgence of his own inquisitive reveries, until they reached the entrance to the fair domain of Castle Chute.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE READER, CONTRARY TO THE DECLARED INTENTION OF THE HISTORIAN, OBTAINS A DESCRIPTION OF CASTLE CHUTE.

An old portress, talking Irish with a huge bunch of keys at her girdle—a rusty gate-lock—piers lofty and surmounted by a pair of broken marble vases, while their shafts, far from exhibiting that appearance of solidity so much admired in the relics of Grecian architecture, were adorned in all their fissures by tufts of long grass—an avenue, with rows of elms, forming a visit to the river—a sudden turn, revealing a broad sunny law-haycocks, mowers at work—a winding gravel walk lost in a grove—the house appearing above the trees—the narrow-paned windows glittering amongst the boughs—the old ivy'd castle, contrasted in so singular a manner with the more modern addition to the building—the daws cawing about the chimneys—the stately herons, settling on the castellated turrets, or winging their majestic way through the peaceful kingdoms of the winds—the screaming of a peacock in the recesses, of the wood—a green hill, appearing sunny-bright against a clouded horizon—the heavy Norman archway—the shattered sculpture—the close and fragrant shrubbery—the noisy farm-yard and out-offices (built, as was then the fashion, quite near the dwelling-house) the bowing monthly rose, embracing the simple pediment over the hall-door—the ponderous knocker—the lofty gable—the pieces of broken sculpture and tender foliage, that presented to the mind the images of youth and age, of ruined grandeur and of rising beauty, blended and wreathed together under the most pleasing form.

Such were the principal features of the scenery through which Kyrle Daly passed into the dwelling of his beloved. The necessities of our narrative forbid us to dwell at a more ample length on the mere description of a landscape.

To his surprise, and, in some degree, to his disappointment, he found the castle more crowded with company than he had expected. He was admitted by a richly-ornamented Gothic archway, while Lowry remained walking his horse under the shade of the trees. A handsome, though rather ill-used curlicue, which appeared to have been lately driven, was drawn up on the gravel path; and a servant, in tarnished livery, was employed in cooling two horses on the slope which shelved downward to the riverside. The foant that flicked their shining necks, and covered the curbs and branches, showed that they had been ridden a considerable distance, and by no sparing masters.

"Oh, murther, Master Kyrle, is this you?" exclaimed Falvey, the servant boy, as he looked into the narrow hall and recognized the young "collegian." "Ma grine chroo hu! it's an opening to the heart to see you!"

"Thank you, Pat. Are the ladies at home?"

"They are sir. Oh, murther, murther! are you come at last, sir?" he repeated with an air of smiling wonder; then suddenly changing his manner, and nodding with great freedom and cunning, "Oh, the ladies?—they are at home, sir, both of them."

"And well?"

"And well. I give praise—both of 'em well; where is the horse, sir?"

"Lowry is walking him near the shrubbery."

"An' is Lowry come too? Oh, murther, murther!" He ran to the door and looked out, nodded, and raised his hand in courtesy, and then hastened back to Kyrle. "G' me the hat, sir, an' I'll hang it up—poof, it's full o' dust—come in here Master Kyrle, an' I'll give you a touch before you go up stairs; there's a power o' quollity in the drawin' room, an'—here he again cast down his head with a knowing smile—"there's reasons for doin' it; the ladies must be pleased surely. An' now is Mr. Daly, an' herself an' all of 'em, sir? Oh, murther, murther!"

"They are all well, Pat, thank you."

"The Lord keep 'em sol! There's a sight above stairs in the new house. Mr. Cregan of Roaring Hall (ah, there's a rare sporting gentleman) an' Mr. Cragh, an' Pincher, an' Doctor Lake, an' the officer, westwards;" then, with another familiar wink, "there's the drollest cratur in life in the servant's hall abroad, the officer's servant boy, a Londoner afeard o' the world that he'll have his throat cut be the White-boys before he quits the country. Poor cratur, he makes me laugh the way he talks of Ireland, as if he was a marked man among us, the little sprissawnee, that nobody would ever trouble their heads about—coming!"—a bell rang—"That's for the luncheon; I must smarten myself, or Miss Anne will kill me. They're all going off, after they take something, to the races near the point below, where they're to have the greatest divarsion ever you hear; an' so the master is well, eastwards? Why then I'm glad to hear it; that's a good gentleman as ever sat down to his own table"—the bell rang again—"Oh, murther! there's the bell again; I'll be kilt entirely! There now, Master Kyrle, you're purty well, I think! they're all up stairs in the drawin'-room in the new house. I need not tell you the way, Syl Carney will open the door for you, an' I'll wait aisy a minute, for it wouldn't look seemly for me to be takin' in the thray and things close behind you."

While this communicative retainer slipped away, napkin in hand, to the pantry, Kyrle Daly ascended a corkscrew flight of narrow stone steps, at the head of which he was met by the blooming handmaiden above named. Here he had as many "Master Kyrle's" and pretty smiles and attentions, though kindly meant, as in the usual manner, by complimenting Syl on her good looks—wondering she had not got married, and reminding had not got married, and reminding why coming round again; in return for which the pretty Syl repeatedly told him that he was "a funny gentleman and a great play boy."

They passed through an old banquetting room which had once formed the scene of a council of the Munster chieftains in the days of Elizabeth, and descending a flight of a few wooden steps, stood in the centre of a lobby of much modern architecture. Here Kyrle Daly felt his heart beat a little wildly, as he heard voices and laughter in the adjoining room. Modestly conscious, however, of his graceful person, and aware of the importance of displaying it to some advantage in the eyes of his mistress, he adjusted his ruffles, and, with something like the feelings of a young debutant, conscious of merit, yet afraid of censure, made his entrance on the little domestic scene.

The company all rose and received him with pompous display of affability and attention which our fathers mistook for politeness, but which their wiser descendants have discovered to be the exact contrary, and discarded from the drawing room, as unbefitting the ease and sincerity of social life. Mrs. Chute was unable to rise, but her greeting was at once cordial and dignified. Anne gave him her hand with the air of an affectionate relative; Mr. Hyland Cragh placed his heels together, adjusted his ample shirt frills, and bowed until the queue of his powdered wig culminated to the zenith; while Pincher wagged his tail, looked up at his master as if to inquire the nature of his movements, and finally coiled himself up on the carpet and slept. Mr. Barnaby Cregan gripped his hand until the bones cracked, expressing in very concise language, a wish that his soul might be doomed to everlasting misery in the next if he were not rejoiced to meet him. Doctor Lenke tendered him a finger, which Kyrle grasped hard, and (in revenge, perhaps, for the punishment inflicted on him by Cregan) shook with so lively an expression of regard, that the worthy physician was tempted to repeat his condescension. To the young officer, an Englishman, Kyrle was introduced by the formal course of—"Captain Gibson, Mr. Daly—Mr. Daly, Captain Gibson," on which they bowed as coldly and stiffly as the figures in a clock-maker's window in Holborn, and all resumed their places.

After the usual inquiries into the condition of both families had been made and answered, Kyrle Daly indulged himself in a brief perusal of the personal appearance of the individuals in whose society he was placed. The information which he derived from the few glances that happened to fall side of Miss Chute, shall here be laid before the reader.

Mrs. Chute, the venerable lady of the mansion, was seated in a richly carved arm chair, near an ebony work-table, on which were placed a pair of silver spectacles and the last racing calendar. A gold-headed cane

rested against her chair, and a small spaniel, in the attitude which heralds term couchant, lay at her side, burlesquing the lion of Britannia in the popular emblem. In her more youthful days, indeed, Mrs. Chute might have assumed her part in the latter without exciting any ludicrous association; and even in this decay and moulding of her womanly attractions, there was a grace, a dignity, a softened fire, and even a beauty to be traced, which awakened the spectator's respect, and sometimes warmed it into admiration. Old age, while it took nothing away from her dignity, had imparted to her manner that air of feminine dependence in which she was said to have been somewhat too deficient in her youth, and replaced in tenderness and interest the beauty which it had removed.

Her daughter, who bore a very perceptible resemblance to the old lady, in the cast of her features, as well as in their expression, looked at this moment exceedingly beautiful. A dark-blue riding-dress displayed her figure to such advantage, that if a young sculptor could have taken it as a model for a study of Minerva, and could likewise afford a lobster and a bottle of sherry, to a critic in the "Fine Arts," there is little doubt that he would make his fortune. Her hair, which was shining black, cut short, and curled so gracefully that it might vie with the finest head in Mr. Hope's book of costumes, crept out from beneath her small round hat, and shaded a countenance that glowed at this moment with a sweet and fascinating cheerfulness. The common herd of mankind frequently exhibit personal anomalies of so curious a description as to remind one of Quevedo's fanciful vision of the general resurrection, where one man in his hurry, claps his neighbor's head upon his own shoulders, and the upper portion of a turtle-fed alderman is borne along by the trembling shanks of a starveling magazine poet. But nothing of that incongruity was observable in the charming person of the heiress of Castle Chute. Her countenance was exquisitely adapted both in form and character to the rest of her frame; and she might be justly admired as a piece of workmanship not entrusted by Nature (as in a pin manufactory) to the hands of nine journeymen, but wrought out and polished by that great adept herself as a sample of woman-kind for the inspection of customers.

It was, indeed, remarked by those who enjoyed only a visiting acquaintance with Anne Chute, that her general manner was cold and distant, and that there was in the wintry lustre of her large black eyes and the noble carriage of her fine person, a loftiness which repelled in the spectator's breast that enthusiasm which her beauty was calculated to awaken, and induce him to stop short at the feeling of simple admiration. Hardress Cregan, whom with all his shyness, had the reputation of being a fine critic on these subjects, had been heard to say of her on his return from college, that "she was perfect." Her form and face were absolutely faultless, and a connoisseur might, with a better taste, pretend to discover a fault in the proportions of the Temple of Theseus. "But there," he added, "I must terminate the eulogy; for I could no sooner think of loving such a piece of frost-work, than of flinging my arms in ecstasy around one of the Doric pillars of the old edifice itself."

But Hardress Cregan had been only once, and for a few minutes in the lady's company, when he pronounced this judgment. Neither was he an impartial observer, for the embarrassment which he experienced in consequence of her unconscious dignity, made him throw more asperity into his criticism than the occasion actually required. Those who enjoyed a longer and a nearer intimacy with Miss Chute, found an additional fascination in the very coldness which kept ordinary acquaintances at a distance, and which for them was so cheerfully and so winningly removed. In proportion to the awe which it inspired on a first introduction, was the delight occasioned by its subsequent dissipation; and it gave to her whole character that effect of surprise which is dangerous or available to the influence of the fair possessor, according as the changes which it reveals are attractive or otherwise.

(To be continued.)

A man who has views different from those of the majority is called eccentric; if he insists on promulgating them, he is known as a crank.

It is not so much the intellectual life as it is the moral life that makes us human; it is the life of moral excellence; it is conscience which is good, which is virtue, which is holiness.

Applauded Soap

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

Notes for Farmers.

John Fixter, foreman of the Ottawa Experimental Farm, has been busy the past week addressing meetings of Carleton farmers held under the auspices of the Ottawa Cheese and Butter Board.

Mr. Fixter's chief topic was bee-keeping. He has an extensive apiary at the farm which affords him every opportunity for experiment and observation. Consequently the farmers, many of whom engage more or less in the production of honey, obtained valuable hints and very useful information from the addresses. Mr. Fixter is just as much at home on the platform addressing an audience of farmers as he is on the farm superintending the work among the employees. By the use of charts the instructions were made clear and interesting. If the apiary be managed in a systematic and scientific manner, Mr. Fixter asserts it will return ample profits to the bee-keeper. No farmer, he says, should be without a few swarms to supply the home with honey. There is also a brisk demand for surplus product, and the labor in connection with managing even a large number of colonies is slight.

Going into details as to the best methods of handling bees, Mr. Fixter recommended that they be kept in a cellar during the winter. The floor should be concrete and free from dampness. Another important requirement is plenty of ventilation. After such treatment, a colony of bees will be in a position to produce fifty pounds of honey the next season. The insect originally would cost about five dollars.

Farmers should not fail to acquire all the available information on the most economic methods of fertilization. The question receives much attention at the government experimental stations and chemical laboratories. The Inland Revenue Department has issued a bulletin containing the results of an investigation from which the following facts are derived: The advantages of moss litter over earth for the purpose of absorbing and deodorizing human refuse are very decided. They consist of the perfect inoffensiveness of the moss litter, from the fact that one part will deodorize and dry at least six parts of mixed excreta and in the greater agricultural value of the resulting manure. Dry earth is required in quantity at least equal to that of excreta and is valueless from an agricultural point of view. This is not the case with moss litter, which as its analyses show, often contains as much nitrogen as ordinary barnyard manure. Numerous analyses have been made of moss litter manure and its average contents showed it to be worth \$2.37 a ton.

Trials have been made on various crops with this manure, and very satisfactory results were always reported. In all cases it was stated to excel barnyard manure even when the latter is used in much greater quantity.

Canada possesses in its bogs and swamps inexhaustible quantities of moss litter, which is frequently found in beds, several feet in thickness, lying above the peat.

The manufacture of moss litter has been attempted at Musquash, in New Brunswick, and also in Welland county, Ontario. From the latter county several bales of the moss litter for experimental purposes were supplied and it was shown that 100 pounds of moss litter was sufficient for drying 800 pounds of excreta and rendering it entirely inoffensive. It was worth \$4.46 a ton.

The valuation of ordinary fresh barnyard manure, with 75 per cent. of water, is about \$2 per ton. With 67 per cent. of water, as in the case of the average, the value is nearly \$2.25. Therefore, much better results might be expected agriculturally for a "moss manure" of the composition just described. These facts are reported in order to show that Canada possesses in her waste lands abundance of material which might be used in our towns and villages for

the production of a very valuable manure, with the simultaneous introduction of very many sanitary advantages. It is not to be expected that cities or towns which are advantageously situated for the water carriage system, or which have already adopted it, will make any changes, but there are many towns and villages in the Dominion where the application of the moss litter system would be very suitable and the authorities of which by selling the procedure or giving it gratis to the farmers of the neighborhood might confer a great advantage to agriculture.

Display at Funerals.

The report of the Reform of Funerals Association, which was presented at the annual meeting held the other day in London, brings home to us the fact that though the special evils which the Association set itself to combat are dead or dying, new and prettier, and therefore, more troublesome abuses are taking their places. It was, we think, a Texan town that witnessed, once on a time, the strange spectacle of a clown, in paint patches and baggy pantaloons, weeping honest tears at the funeral of an eccentric benefactor. The idea was incongruous to a degree; but there was, we ween, far less of essential folly in the spectacle than there is in many of the strange absurdities that custom now sanctions in the house of mourning and by the graveside of the dead.

There is neither common sense nor Christian feeling in these exhibitions of foolish pride that glories in a few hours of vulgar and wasteful, if well-meant, displays of seeming wealth. There is as little of either in the present cumbersome displays of flowers at funerals, against which the Association, before-named is inaugurating an active crusade. This custom is condemned by positive ecclesiastical enactments in Australia and the United States. It is strongly discouraged in the decrees of the first Provincial Synod of Wellington, and it is opposed to Catholic feeling. The custom was originally pagan. The ancient Greeks bedecked their dead with flowers. But in the early days of the catacombs, and in every time and place in which the spirit of the Catholic liturgy has been carried out, neither wreaths nor flowers ever surrounded the bodies of the dead. Flowers have been aptly styled "nature's smiles." They are the emblems of sweetness and brightness and joy. They deck the brow of the newly-wedded bride. They appear at every festival, and as we said some time ago in a brief note upon this subject—they are as out of tune in a place of weeping as a step-dance, or as the paint and patches and baggy habiliments of the clown at the Texan funeral. "The dominant note of the Christian death," said Canon Moser some years ago, "is fear and supplication, an acknowledgment of the awful rigors of God's inscrutable Justice, tempered with confidence in the merits of His dolorous passion. So long as the Church is not certain that her children have arrived in heaven's gate, she has not the heart to rejoice. And therefore it is that flowers—nature's symbols of joy—at modern interments are in flagrant contradiction with the spirit of the liturgy."

The custom of decking the death-chamber and the grave with flowers seems to have received considerable impetus in England after the Reformation—perhaps as a substitute for the solemnities of the old Catholic liturgy which were doctored by Act of Parliament. Sir Thomas Overbury tells, for instance, of the "faire and happy milk-maid" that "all her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet." Shakespeare makes the Queen in "Hamlet" scatter flowers over the grave of Ophelia, and Arviragus and Belarius strew with pale primrose and azure hare-bell and leaf of eglantine the tomb of the hapless Imogen. Herrick and others tuned their lyrics and canon-

ized the custom in more or less successful verse. But it required a stronger tonic than Herrick's "Dirge of Jephtha" or the splay-foot lines of the lesser rhymesters to keep the custom alive; and when Washington Irving wrote his "Sketch-book"—which appeared in 1820—he said that the custom was "only to be met with in the most distant and retired parts of the kingdom (England), where fashion and innovation have not been able to throng in and trample out all the curious and interesting traces of the olden time."

Tidy fortunes have sometimes been expended on funeral wreaths. As much as \$2,500 to \$5,000 is quite commonly expended in providing a perishable display of blossom for the funeral of a notable person in England and the United States. When Mr. Augustin Daly, the Anglo-American playwright, had "passed in his checks" and was about to be placed beneath the surface of mother earth, the oppressively odorous funeral wreaths piled in a colored cairn about his coffin represented an outlay of \$12,500—one of them, sent by Mrs. George Gould, cost \$2,000. The wreaths that smothered the coffin of the late Lord Leighton cost over \$25,000. At the funeral of President Carnot a sum of over \$80,000 was spent on flowers. This amount has been expended at the interment of several American millionaires, and it is said that \$500,000 would not have purchased the "floral tributes" that figured at the obsequies of the Duke of Clarence. Without counting the cost of the flowers, the expenses of the funeral of the late Queen Victoria were set down at \$177,500, that of the Emperor William of Germany \$125,000, while it cost over \$200,000 to consign Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia to the resting place where he is to await the last sound of the Archangel's trumpet. It takes a good deal of minted coin to get deceased royalty out of sight. But perhaps the costliest contract of this kind that was ever undertaken was the interment of Alexander the Great. Some \$1,000,000 was spent before the hard-hitting conqueror was safely "planted" in mother earth. "The body," says a writer, "was placed in a coffin of gold, filled with costly aromatics and a diadem was placed on the head. The funeral car was embellished with ornaments of pure gold, and its weight was so great that it took 84 mules more than a year to convey it from Babylon to Syria."

The fashion of "floral tributes" has taken a strong hold upon Australia and New Zealand and during the past quarter of a century or thereabouts custom has brazen it so that it be proof and bulwark against sense. A reform is needed, and there are indications that it is coming, even though its feet be laden and its pace be slow. The Sydney Synod of 1895 strongly urged the discontinuance of the habit. Some four years ago the aged and venerable Bishop Murray of Maitland, said in the course of a sermon on the subject: "When I die there will be no flowers strewn about me; but I hope there will be plenty of rosaries for me, plenty of prayers and Masses and Holy Communions." "The fashion of flowers at funerals," he said, "is a worldly pomp which is growing into a very great abuse, and on and after the first day of January next no flowers will be permitted to enter the church with a coffin, and no priest will assist at funerals where this unbecoming custom of flowers is adopted. The clergy, of course, cannot interfere with people in their own homes. They have, however, authority over the church and over the consecrated ground of God's acre, and are determined that no flowers shall be permitted to enter either of these places in connection with funerals after the first day of the new year (1900)." Sometimes—but all too rarely—we read at the close of funeral announcements the brief and sensible notice, "Flowers respectfully declined." We wish that every Catholic funeral in the Colony were conducted on similar lines, so far as this abuse of flowers is concerned.—New Zealand Tablet.

Calm yourself; let go of all anxieties. Never mind if you are imposed on, maltreated, oppressed; calm yourself, do not care, then all oppressions will vanish, for it is all unreal, and though you may not just now see it, it is yet for ever true that no matter what another does to you, it is for your good, only for your good.

We complain of the ingratitude and hardness we still find in the hearts which love us most; we are right; God alone is fashionless tenderness. Since my friend is so unjust towards me, I must expect justice from God alone.—Lacordaire.

Our Boys And Girls.

THE CONVENT PARLOR.—Most Catholics are familiar with the convent parlor—wives and daughters, husbands and brothers have waited in it, have greeted children and sisters in it, have spent some sweet and pleasant hours, maybe with some venerable Rev. Mother.

This same parlor is most often furnished on the same simple lines; a few cane or Windsor chairs are ranged against the walls, which are adorned by a few religious pictures. Over the mantelpiece is a framed portrait of the Bishop or father director. There is a prie dieu and crucifix; the wooden floor is spotlessly white or stained brown, in front of the grates is a wool or cloth hearthrug, on which sleeps the convent cat.

Should the community be in the suburbs or in a country town, there is generally a garden or small shrubbery outside.

Convent parlors are all places full of old associations. What confidences are given in them to some spouse of Christ, who can sympathize, help, direct; what confessions are made by old pupils who have met chance and change, storm and stress outside the convent walls.

In a quaint, old world London square there is a parlor which is, in one sense, haunted—haunted by the shades of pupils who went through the Commune, who heard the thunder of the cannon in the Civil War, and who found peace, as well as learning, in the elm-tree-shaded garden, where the mulberries and myrtles grew, and the purple-robed Sisters paced up and down in the noon-tide and evening hours.

When the woman who lost her nearest and dearest in a siege or revolution told her losses to the mild Superioress in the little brown parlor, she would feel a hand laid on her arm, and a soft voice would say, "My child, come with me to the chapel, and be comforted of Christ."

When a former pupil brings her own little child to be educated in the dear, familiar fold, her first words when finding herself in the brown parlor are: "I am glad to be here again, M. Mere."

"Think, too, how the poor have been aided, cheered, thought for in these same parlors. I know of one in the Midland Metropolis, presided over by Sisters of Mercy, where the place of a jardiniere in the community room is taken by a large work-basket full of stockings, socks, useful garments, etc.

It is impossible when writing of convent parlors not to think of the empty convents in France, of the sealed doors, and the gentle Sisters, white, placid, trustful, singing "In te Domine Speravi" in their hearts, as they turned away from their sacred home for years. Yet is there one consolation. When M. Combes, in his stupid Gladgrind way, sends these teachers of La Republique's lambs into strange countries, he is sending seed-bearers, who will sow golden wheat of heroism, saintliness, holy devotion in other lands, who will be known and loved in convent parlors far removed from the country of their birth.—San Francisco Monitor.

What spirit of angel or soul of man was ever in such union with God as the soul of Mary!

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NOTICE.
Application will be made to the Legislature of Quebec at its next session, for an act to incorporate a company for the purpose of building a railway from "Grandes-Piles" to "La-Tuque," in the county of Champlain, thence, in a northerly direction to any point in the same county with power to build branches to connect with the Great Northern railway and the Quebec and Lake Saint John railway.
E. GUERIN,
Attorney for petitioners.
Montreal, 4th February, 1908.

SUPERIOR COURT.
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
District of Montreal,
No. 2116.
Dame Myrtle Hungerford, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of George H. Hogle of the same place, Livery stable keeper,
Plaintiff,
vs.
The said George H. Hogle,
Defendant.
Public notice is hereby given that the Plaintiff has this day instituted an action for separation as to property from the said Defendant.
Montreal, February 6th, 1908.
SMITH, MARKEY & MONTGOMERY,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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Society Directory.
A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 2, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1848 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallery, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Sec.-Secretary, 1528P Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Ponnal, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868. Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P. Sec. J. F. Quinn, 628 St. Dominique street. M. J. Ryan, treasurer 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 8. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committees meet last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President; Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. M. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1883, revised 1884. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committees meet last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President; Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. M. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in the hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 8.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. B. meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in the hall, corner Selma and Notre-Dame streets, H. C. McCallum, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; W. F. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; J. F. Quinlan, Secretary; 718 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 24.—(Organized, 18th November, 1878.)—Branch 24 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. E. J. Harrigan, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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Vol. LII., No. 3

FATHER V.
Leader of the Missionary Bar

Father V. of a vigorous ministry, has during his work to no States. In our need an interest in this endeavor. We are not tempt at Father Val's friends and Patrick's brief stay!

YEAR AFTER YEAR do the of the Irish race—and the de- equally—celebrate, in a be- manner, the festival of St. Pa- the patron saint and the Apo- Erin. While it is the real na- day, the one set aside from all days, for commemorations pa- and historic, at the same time pre-eminently a religious fest- And the children of the Irish being deeply and truly devoted to their sentiments and hearts, co- the anniversary, as does the Ch- from the loftier and more spi- standpoint. The very first of the day is the attendance at a practice that has its origin i- days of St. Patrick, himself, that has come down, without raption through the long s- tions of persecution that fol- the era of glory. In this dov- to St. Patrick, as a saint of d- dity of the Irish people to teachings of their great Apost- it there is nothing of hostili- antagonism in regard to the so- Erin who do not participate in same faith. It is with no small degree of