

The Catholic Record

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Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the usual condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

When subscribers ask for their paper at the post office it would be well were they to tell the clerks to give them their CATHOLIC RECORD. We have information of carelessness in a few places on the part of delivery clerks who will sometimes look for letters only.

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LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

Apostolic Delegation, Ottawa, June 13th, 1905.

Mr. Thomas Coffey: My Dear Sir—Since coming to Canada I have been a reader of your paper. I have noted with satisfaction that it is directed with intelligence and ability, and, above all, that it is imbued with a strong Catholic spirit.

Yours very sincerely, Christ.

DONATUS, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate, UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, Ottawa, Canada, March 27th, 1906.

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, the CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCÓNIO, Arch. of Larosa, Apost. Deleg.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1908

MATRIMONY.

The "great sacrament" gives great trouble to editors and other young people. We have a question or two before us which will afford an opportunity of imparting a lesson touching mixed marriages. A correspondent asks us whether the Church considers the marriage of two infidels valid.

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Speaking about matrimony, there seems to be a doubt in the minds of many, since the publication of the Encyclical on marriage last Easter concerning mixed marriages. Several are under the impression that these marriages are no longer allowed, that the Church has absolutely forbidden them.

AN OLD BOOMERANG.

The children of Protestantism are rising up against their mother with increasing force and numbers. Private judgment is a dangerous weapon to be placed in the hands of people indiscriminately. An open Bible has brought forth the evil fruit of untold divisions and its own destruction as the written Word of God.

PRAYER.

We have received a question upon this subject, whose long introduction we omit, as not bearing closely upon the point. Whatever might suggest a thought or an enquiry does not concern us.

font of healing at the stirring of the waters—that some wells should be holy and others merely natural, are facts old in history and saintly in recollections. What are these that should shorten God's arm or weaken His power? There are oases in the desert.

PAPAL POLICY.

The bugbear which has worried Goldwin Smith's life and now haunts his declining years is Papal Policy. Not only does it affect and distort his vision of the Catholic Church; it interferes with his views of other matters with which that policy is not directly connected.

development only along the line of religion, freedom and energy. All talk about Papal interference is twaddle, unwarranted by fact and unpatriotic in spirit.

CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY.

Of all societies this is easily the first, the type and rule of others. We are particularly glad to see that the Canadian hierarchy are taking an interest in it, and organizing to place its benefits within reach of outlying districts.

BLESSED MADELEINE SOPHIE.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week there took place at the Sacred Heart Academy, London, a triduum in honor of Blessed Madeleine Sophie, the foundress of the Order.

CORRECTION.

In one of our late issues there appeared a selected article entitled "A minister's experience, results of his efforts to convert a Catholic."

AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC paper very properly criticizes in forcible terms the Catholic families who have little or nothing about their homes indicative of their faith.

A REMARKABLE FEATURE OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

The Eucharistic Congress was the reception accorded the Papal Delegate, Cardinal Vannutelli, at the great meeting in Albert Hall.

A CASE WELL WORTH THE ATTENTION OF THE GOVERNMENT.

Four boys, all under fifteen years of age, appeared before Judge Bazin on a charge of theft. The boys had read dime novels until they had determined to lead lives of crime.

SOME YEARS AGO A VERY SERIOUS CRIME WAS COMMITTED IN THE CITY OF DETROIT.

The press as usual gave the public a full account of all the horrible details. Within the last few days a reporter of a yellow paper heard that one of the women connected with the crime was married and now living a good life in the city named.

ible for the existence of this state of things would be an interesting study. If a criminal, no matter how depraved, turns over the new leaf and leads a good life he or she should not, without cause, be made the subject of newspaper notoriety again.

AN AMERICAN CONTEMPORARY MAKES COMPLAINT THAT CATHOLIC PAPERS IN THAT COUNTRY ARE NOT SUPPORTED AS THEY OUGHT TO BE BY CATHOLIC PEOPLE.

This is quite true. But it is not well to consider that some of these papers are not worthy of support. They are in large part made up of stereotyped plates from the foundry.

A CORRESPONDENT ASKS US IF IT IS NOT A SCANDALOUS THING TO SEE A LIQUOR ADVERTISEMENT IN A CATHOLIC PAPER.

Most certainly the space could be filled up with something infinitely more creditable to the publisher. There is a glaring inconsistency in such a business transaction, for, while in one column we find the so-called Catholic paper pointing the way to Heaven, in the next column may be seen recommended an article which in millions of cases people the other place with lost souls.

"TOWN TOPICS," OF WINNIPEG, HAS SOME VERY FORTIFYING WORDS FOR THE NEW CATHEDRAL OF ST. BONIFACE.

Speaking of the foreign element attached to the parish of St. Boniface, it says the men and women were fine physical specimens, with bright and intelligent faces, and gave promise of becoming good Canadians at no distant day.

ONE OF OUR CATHOLIC CONTEMPORARIES IN THE WEST ASKS THE QUESTION: "WHAT SHOULD BE THOUGHT OF THE MAN WHO TAKES A CATHOLIC PAPER OUT OF THE POST OFFICE YEAR AFTER YEAR AND AT LONG LAST ASKS THE POST-MASTER TO NOTIFY THE PUBLISHER TO STOP SENDING IT, SAYING NOT A WORD ABOUT THE AMOUNT OF HIS INDEBTEDNESS?"

So far as we are concerned we would prefer not to say just what we think of such a person. To fit the case properly we would have to make use of a very strong word. It may be taken for granted that such a man has but a very faint recollection of the contents of the catechism.

THERE IS AN UNLOVELY FANATIC AWAY OFF IN THE WESTERN STATES WHO PUBLISHES A PAPER ENTITLED, "THE APPEAL TO REASON."

It is the organ of Socialism. In almost every issue it prints some of the calumnies against the Catholic Church which are hoary with age. In a recent issue it told its readers that Lafayette once said that if the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed it will be through Catholic priests.

ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST ESTIMABLE PRIESTS IN ONTARIO, REV. FATHER LABOUREAU, DIED IN THE HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE, TORONTO, ON THE 22ND.

For thirty-three years he had been engaged in missionary work at Penetanguishene and gave his whole heart and energy to the erection of a church which is a worthy memorial to the Jesuit martyrs, Fathers Lallemant and Brebeuf. He has fought the good fight. May heaven be his reward!

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

What and How to Read.

A young man found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories, says an exchange. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon as he was reading a foolish story, he overheard some one say: "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything worth reading?"

"No," was the reply: "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy till he took to reading nonsense and nothing else."

The boy sat still for a time, then arose, took the book and threw it in the ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out, and asked him if he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I let you have one?" "Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you." "I will do it."

"Well, come home with me and I will lend you a good book." He went home with him, and received the volume the man selected.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read." The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read simple and wise sentences, but he persevered. The more he read, and the more he talked with his friends about what he read, the more interested he became.

He felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books in which he had formerly delighted. He derived a great deal more pleasure from reading good books than he had ever derived from reading poor ones. Besides, his mind began to grow. He began to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man, and his prospects are bright for a successful career.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Connie's Poem.

Constantia Merivale, aged thirteen, had an inspiration; she would write a poem. Her class at school had been studying the life and poetry of Longfellow; why not imitate not only the sweetness and purity of his character, but his writings themselves?

"I'm sure I could do it," said Constantia in the privacy of her little bedroom that night; and she braided her soft brown hair to the rhythm of "Tell me not in mournful numbers." She went to sleep trying to select a subject for her first lyric.

Next morning she was up bright and early; and, as she dressed, she composed her first line: "We must always do our duty."

"Connie!" came up from below in a pleasant voice. "Yes, mother; I'm almost ready."

"I'm sorry, dear, but the milkman hasn't come, and today must have his milk. Will you step round to Marshall's and get a quart? There's just time before breakfast."

Connie gave one glance at her pencil and paper, and resolutely shut them up in her writing-desk. "Yes, mother," she called down cheerily, "I'm coming."

There was no need of a hat; for it was a bright May morning, and the grocery was only two blocks away. Just stopping for her good-morning kiss, which neither she nor her mother ever forgot, she danced off like a sunbeam, returning presently with the milk and sitting down to her breakfast with a most prosaic appetite.

Little did Mrs. Merivale think that her daughter was repeating to herself, as she ate her biscuit, "Always do our duty, do our duty."

A SEPTEMBER TRAGEDY.

STORY OF THE MASSACRE OF PHILADELPHIA AND PRIESTS AT "LES CARMES," IN PARIS, IN 1792.

Barbara De Conson in the Guardian. In the Rue de Valenciennes, in Paris, not far from the Church of St. Sulpice, in the heart of what may be considered the religious and learned quarter of the gay city, stands a tall gray building, where the Catholic University has its headquarters.

Curiously enough, in these days of rapid changes and wholesale transformations it has remained comparatively unchanged for the last hundred and fifty years. In September, 1792, this building, which was originally a monastery of Carmelite monks—hence its name, "les Carmes"—was used as a prison for the priests who refused to obey the injunctions of the Government with regard to an oath called the Constitution civile du clergé.

The object of this oath was to withdraw the allegiance of the French clergy from the Pope, their spiritual chief. It was therefore regarded as unlawful, and with few exceptions, all the priests declined to take it.

In August, 1792, over a hundred priests who had rejected the oath were imprisoned at "les Carmes"; they were confined in the church, which is exactly as it was one hundred and sixteen years ago. Among them were men of high birth, such as Jean Marie du Lau, Archbishop of Arles; two brothers belonging to the illustrious house of La Rochefoucauld, who were respectively Bishops of Saintes and of Beauvais; M. de Lubersac, chaplain to the king aunts "Mesdames de France." The rest were professors, chaplains, vicars general, "cures," young clerics who were fresh from the seminary, or aged and infirm ecclesiastics, who came from an infirmary at Issy. The Archbishop of Arles naturally took the lead. He presided at the meals with the easy dignity of a "grand seigneur," but, far from making use of the privileges that were due to his high rank and position, he was so unimpaired by his confinement that he accepted a bed for his own use till all the prisoners were provided for.

The Bishops of Saintes and Beauvais were no less helpful, and the few survivors of the massacre enlarge on their cordiality and kindness and on the generosity with which they insisted in sharing the privations of their humbler companions. From the first the prisoners drew up a code of life, to which all were steadily faithful. Their day was divided between prayer in common, reading and silent meditation. Their cheerfulness astonished their jailers; it was all the more remarkable as they had few, if any, illusions left as to their ultimate fate. They knew that the King was a helpless prisoner; that anarchy reigned supreme, and that the destruction of the Church and of her ministers formed an essential part of the "programme" of the men in power.

The story of the massacre of September 2 has been thoroughly sifted within the last few years and it is now clear that it was the result of a carefully laid scheme of which Danton was the chief promoter. By representing the priests as the secret allies of the foreign invaders, who were then threatening the frontiers, he successfully worked upon the fears of an ignorant people. The services of the paid assassins were secured beforehand, and on September 1 they received secret orders to provide themselves with cudgels to strike the victims, with vinegar to wash away the stains of blood,

and with carts to remove the bodies. The next day, a Sunday, the prisoners were, as usual, turned out in the convent garden for an hour's exercise. They could hear that the surrounding streets were unusually noisy; revolutionary songs echoed above the high walls, footsteps hurried to and fro, alarm bells were ringing. Suddenly a man, named Maillard, surnamed "Tape dur," appeared in the garden at the head of a band of armed men. The priests understand what this meant to them, and spontaneously they fell on their knees and prepared for death. The ruffians made straight for the Archbishop of Arles, who stood near his vicar general, M. de la Pannonie. "They are come to kill us!" cried the latter. "Well, mon cher," was the quiet answer, "let us thank God for letting us die in so good a cause." A few moments later the Archbishop lay on the ground; one man struck the prostrate body with such violence that his iron pike remained imbedded in the flesh. The Bishop of Beauvais, who was on his knees in an oratory at the end of the garden, was badly wounded in the leg. Other priests were disabled, being either shot or stabbed; some few, more vigorous than the rest, climbed the wall that enclosed the garden, and thus made their escape.

After a few minutes Maillard's voice was heard reproaching his men with their lack of method. The massacre was stopped, and the surviving priests were brought back into the church, where they were to be put through a kind of mock trial. They stood, closely packed, between the communion rails and the wall, hence they were summoned in couples, to appear before their so-called judges. From the sanctuary of the church, where they stood, they went through a narrow passage that communicated with the garden by a small, double stone staircase. In the passage sat Maillard or his deputy, and at the foot of the staircase were the paid assassins, armed with swords, cudgels, guns and daggers. As the priests passed before him, Maillard offered them life and liberty if they would take the oath; one and all, without exception, refused. They were then sent down the narrow staircase, and in the garden below were literally hacked to pieces by the men, who had been promised six francs for the day's work. When the Bishop of Saintes was summoned, he obeyed with an unmovable countenance, but he bent down to embrace his brother, who had been brought in from the garden grievously wounded, and who lay helpless on the floor. The two were closely united; the Bishop of Saintes, who was the younger, was a voluntary prisoner, having refused to separate from his

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brother. As he passed out to his death he was heard to murmur: "My God, I implore Thy mercy for these unfortunate men who would not commit murder had they not forgotten Thy fear and Thy love." The Bishop of Beauvais could not walk; when his name was called he was carried by Maillard and handed him to the ruffians outside.

Not one of the priests present failed in courage or in loyalty to the Church. One hundred and fourteen perished, and eleven or twelve escaped, either because they succeeded in scaling the garden wall or else through a sudden and mysterious impulse of pity on the part of their enemies. One of these survivors, M. l'Abbe de la Pannonie, made his way to London, where a wealthy Englishman gave him a large sum for the waistcoat he wore, which bore traces of the sword thrusts of his would-be murderers.

The house and garden of Les Carmes, the church where the confessors prepared for death, the narrow passage, the stone staircase, all these are untouched and unchanged. Two pictures of this spot, hallowed by sacred memories, rise up before us as we write these lines. On the Fete Dieu a solemn procession winds its way through the enclosure. This year it was a glorious June day; the stiff, old-fashioned garden was a blaze of flowers; the sunshine glorified the gray building. The narrow stone staircase, that bears the significant inscription, "Hic occiderunt," was adorned with symbolic red roses. As the long procession wound in and out under the trees, hymns of praise echoed far and wide, and the horrors of the past were merged into a triumphant feeling of final victory. The bright hereafter, with its unchanging peace seemed nearer to us than memories of pain and death.

The scene is different, and our impression is more realistic on the anniversary of the massacre, September 2. The garden has the aspect that it wore on that fatal autumn day in 1792; the yellow leaves strew the narrow pathways as they once strewed the dead bodies of the martyred confessors. The time of the year, the dull, gray sky, bring back more vividly the tragic picture. For once in the course of twelve months the crypt of the church is thrown open to visitors. There are kept the blood-stained marble slabs that paved the garden chapel where the Bishop of Beauvais was disabled, together with many skulls and bones that were found in a well, where the assassins threw

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their victims. There is a solemnity about the place that in these days has a peculiar meaning. The harassed French clergy of to-day is exposed to trials somewhat similar to those of the victims of that September tragedy. The methods of the men in power may be different, but their spirit is the same, and the story we have just related is fraught with significance. The steady faithfulness with which the martyrs of 1792 faced death, their simple courage and high sense of honor bring home to their twentieth century brethren the duties of their vocation in a most eloquent and impressive shape.

Stations of the Cross in Jail. The Ecclesiastical Review for February publishes the text of a document of the Congregation of the Propaganda which suggests for the making of the Stations of the Cross a method which will recommend itself to priests in charge of penal institutions. It was granted to Rev. A. M. Fish, chaplain to the New Jersey State prison and would probably be extended, on proper application, to other priests similarly situated, thus securing the usual indulgences attached to a form of devotion to the Passion of our Lord which has always offered a most powerful instrument for the conversion and reformation of sinners. The priest simply recites the prayers of the station before the crucifix on an altar erected at the end of the corridor, so that he can be heard by the prisoners in their cells.

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