

The True Witness

Witness



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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

LENT.—Next Wednesday will be Ash Wednesday, the first day of the annual period of penance and mortification, which the Church has designated as Lent.

To prepare for His public mission, Christ retired and spent forty days in the wilderness, where He fasted and prayed. The great event of Easter is approaching, and in imitation of her Divine Founder, the Church ordains that for forty days the faithful should practice mortification and in humility and penance prepare for the celebration of the glorious day of the Resurrection. There is something peculiarly impressive about the ceremonies of the Catholic Church—whether they tend to awaken sentiments of awe or delight—and there is an appropriateness in each of them that bespeaks the perfection of the institution founded by Divinity. The warning words of the priest on Ash Wednesday, and the solemn significance of the act of placing ashes upon the forehead tend to awaken serious thoughts in the Christian. We learn at the altar rail that we are but dust and that the day is not very far distant—much nearer than we may imagine—when back into dust we shall crumble. With that awful truth before us, the entry upon the season of sacrifice and mortification marks a most important period in our short careers.

Having felt, in all its truthfulness, that death is certain, the mind pauses in dread before that other fact—the uncertainty of the hour place and manner of our exit from life. Perhaps this is to be a last Ash Wednesday for many of our readers; most positively for a few their last Lent is soon to commence. It is impossible to tell how many of us and which of us shall be "dust again," when Ash Wednesday, 1905, dawns upon the world. Consequently it is wisdom to seize the opportunity that now presents itself; it may be the last.

In olden times the fasting, the mortifications, the sacrifices of Christians during the Lenten season were so severe that even the reading of them almost makes one feel inclined to believe that the accounts are exaggerated. In our age the prescribed penances are comparatively insignificant. According to circumstances the members of the hierarchy modify and change the rules and obligations of Lent in order to suit the health, the condition and the requirements of each individual. In times of epidemic the fast and often the abstinence may be dispensed with. In fact the modern Lent is very easy to observe, and yet there are hundreds who complain of the severity of the Church's laws, and seek to avoid by every imaginable excuse, the proper fulfillment of the few simple regulations that are imposed. It would be profitable for such Catholics to meditate seriously upon the words of the priest, when imposing ashes on the heads of the people. A person finds it difficult to abstain from flesh meat, or to follow the rules of fasting, during a period of forty days; let us suppose that next Wednesday will be the commencement of the last Lent for each person; how very much more satisfactory would be the "returning to dust" when the soul would have a few sacrifices and voluntary penances to present before God! But, apart from the ordinary fasts and abstinences of the Lenten season, there are many other acts of mortification and of merit which can be heaped up to one's credit in the treasury house of God. There are extra prayers to be said, special visits to the Church to be made, fits of temper that may be curbed, evil

thoughts that may be banished, hot words to be left unsaid, cruel slanders to leave unuttered, and the creating of enemies to be avoided; there are also many extra acts of virtue to perform. There are charities to be given, soft words of consolation to be spoken, kind deeds to be performed, generous and holy thoughts to entertain. In fact there are a hundred and one ways in which a good Catholic can help to keep Lent. The will is all that is required, the opportunity is not wanting, nor is the capability. If you cannot fast, at least you can refrain from cursing or lying, or slandering others, or using immoral language; if you cannot abstain, there is nothing to prevent you from saying a few extra prayers, or from omitting to give offence to others. In a word, the Catholic who wishes to imitate the One who fasted for forty days, can make Lent a season of countless blessings and graces, and even should it be his last one earth, he can turn it into a harvest season of the most abundant returns.

THE WAR COMMENCED.—The famous "war cloud" that has hung over the Orient for so many years, and which has been like a perpetual menacing volcano, has at last broken, and the downpour of fiery rain has been commenced. Japan has struck the first blow; what will be the ultimate result, and which of the conflicting Powers will strike the last blow, is something that only the future can tell. The world hoped for peace; the Holy Father still prays for it; the Czar personally would wish to secure it; the Mikado had trusted that it would prevail; the Russian people were not desirous of a strife—for it must interfere with their grasping march southward; the Japanese preferred peace, for it was their security in their possessions and national existence. Yet all have been disappointed, for the cannon booms to-day in the Yellow Sea, and the thunders and flames of war are at Port Arthur. England and France have so far declared their neutrality and it would seem as if the two Eastern Powers were to be left to themselves to fight out the war to the bitter end.

Japan certainly has the greater portion of outside sympathy; not so much on account of her own claims being upheld by foreigners, as of their opposition to the vast encroachments of Russia. Like a huge avalanche, or rather an unmeasured glacier, Russia's ponderous bulk has been for generations slowly but surely moving southward, and it is clear to all who will see that her ultimate aim is to obtain universal Empire in the Orient.

Just let us glance back for a moment over the story of Russia's increasing advance into domains that are not by nature her own. For a century or more Russia's advance in the East has been like the tramp of time or the march of fate. India and Persia are her two objectives on the South; ice-free ports and fresh markets in the Far East. The Ural river was her southern boundary in Asia in 1689, with a nominal sovereignty over the wild tribes that were as far East as Omsk. The years 1725 and 1796 saw her boundary line shifted southwards to the Sea of Aral, and beyond the sandy shores of Lake Oalskash. Since 1856 she has made a further series of advances which have left nothing between her and India's boundary but the dilapidated back yard state of Afghanistan. She holds the forehead of the Eastern Hemisphere, has occupied and fortified Manchuria, se-

curated a port in the Liaoting peninsula. She has seized, as it were, the outer line of Japan's defenses, and through her attitude in Korea, she stands in a menacing position facing the threshold of the land of the Mikado. Japan has just cause for alarm at Russia's movements in the Distant East. By diplomacy Japan failed to make Russia turn from her evident purpose; it now remains to be seen whether that progressive and dashing people can by war permanently check the advance of the nation that never turned back, and whose cool defiance of all treaties replaced its defeats in the momentous struggles of the past.

As the giant conflict progresses we will do our utmost, as far as our space will allow, to keep our readers posted in regard to the fortunes of the war.

GRASPING THE AIR.—For some years past the once notoriously anti-Catholic churchman, Bishop Doane, of Albany, has been less aggressive in his remarks concerning our Church. Not it would seem that he is again afflicted with the old time fever; at least if we are to judge by some words of his, which, by the way, have excited the admiration of the "Observer," a New York Presbyterian organ. That publication recalls the language of Bishop Doane on the occasion of the consecration of Bishop Greer last week. Amongst other passages that have sent the "Observer" into an ecstasy of delight is the following:

"When unity is won it will be, not by pride in Apostolic succession, but by the humbleness of the Apostolic spirit, not by insistence upon Catholicity as meaning merely, what it does in part, an unbroken hold upon the authority of the past, but meaning still more, the universality of full sympathy with the age in which we live, and a larger outlook upon the wide world—not by the denial of grace in the Sacraments, but by manifestations of holiness which the grace of these sacraments breeds in ourselves."

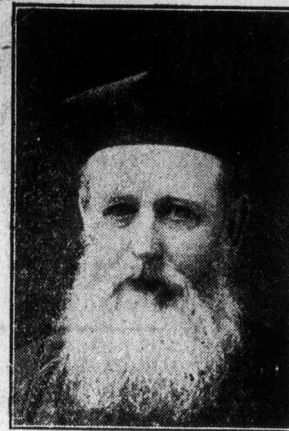
To us these are almost meaningless expressions. This good Bishop wants none of our Catholicity; he believes in unity, and that it cannot come through Apostolic succession, he wants union in Christianity, but it is to have nothing to do with a past that reaches to Christ its Founder, it must concern itself with the present age and the outlook for the future of the wide world. Now the "Observer" steps in to make matters worse and more confused and less Christian by saying that the need is "a more perfect visualization of truth all round and more of the universality of full sympathy with the age in which we live, in order that the truth may be more truly taught, and the holiness of the Christian life be more generally manifested in all relations of society and the State."

We do not quite grasp the meaning of this elaborate stringing of words and phrases. It seems to us that both Bishop Doane and the "Observer" are not satisfied with the past, that they want Apostolic succession effaced, that they are anxious for unity in some form or other, that they consider truth not truthfully taught, and that they require—for the purpose of unity—that the holiness of Christian life be manifested in the relations of man to society and the State—not in relation to God and Eternity. Well, from our humble standpoint, this is simply rank nonsense, and a wild beating of the air in a vain hope to secure unity by the determined rejection of the source of all unity. From a philosophical standpoint, it is pure sophistry; from a dogmatic point of view it is simple heresy; from a literary consideration it is obscurity and confusion; from a common sense light it is the height of the ridiculous. Imagine a Christian unity without Apostolic succession from Christ's own time; imagine God's truth utilized for the purely secular ends of society, and the materialistic aims of the State. This is real Protestantism, which means disintegration instead of unity. But it is characteristic of Bishop Doane.

A FRIEND.

Some one has described a friend as "the first person who comes in when the whole world has gone out."

LENTEN MISSIONS IN MONTREAL.



REV. WILLIAM DOHERTY.

One of the greatest means of securing all the benefits of the Lenten season is that of missions. In almost all churches do we find regular Lenten sermons preached by specially selected priests. For example, it has been the custom at Notre Dame Church, as it has ever been at Notre Dame of Paris, to have an eminent preacher come to deliver a series of sermons of a dogmatic character during the seven Sundays of Lent. This same system has spread abroad and in all our leading churches, such as St. Patrick's, the Gesu, St. Ann's and others, each Sunday in Lent a preacher treats one grand subject in a series of well thought out and perfectly prepared sermons. For the man, or woman, of the world, whose daily occupations precludes the full opportunity of studying those matters so essential to a full comprehension of Christian life, and to the practice of the same, these Lenten missions are a boon and a blessing. But advantage should be taken of them.

In following any one of these missions you have a splendid opportunity to refresh your memory in regard to subjects that are of paramount importance. Remember that you sit for half an hour, or an hour, and without any effort on your part, without any cost to you, you derive the full and entire benefit of the long days and nights of study and preparation that constituted the labor of the preacher prior to coming to you with his mission of instruction. He toiled and sowed, and even he reaped the harvest; all you have to do is to enjoy its fruits.

And what numbers there are among us who stand in need of a better education than they possess in matters that concern the soul and the great life to come. In the hurry and bustle of life we are carried away on a turbulent stream, and it takes almost all our energies to tow against the current that perpetually tends to rush us downward towards the great ocean of futurity. It is consoling and comforting to be allowed an hour of rest, to lean upon the oars, to gaze about us, to drink in the beauties of nature, to enjoy some repose while feeling assured that our progress towards the great goal is checked, and that not a moment of our time or an atom of our strength is being lost.

This year, as in the past, we will have advantages very numerous of this class, and it is for us to make good use of them. We all need instruction; we all require to be spurred on to nobler endeavors; we all require consolation; we all have reason to reflect and to turn our minds from the fleeting to the more permanent interests of our existence. All these things will come to us during the present Lent if we make it a point to follow faithfully and attentively some of the several missions that will be given.

AT ST. PATRICK'S—A three weeks' mission under the direction of the Paulist Fathers will open on Sunday, Feb. 21. The opening week will be for married women, the second week for unmarried women, and the last week for men, married and unmarried.

AT ST. ANN'S—In St. Ann's parish arrangements are now in pro-

gress to hold a mission for the men, married and unmarried. The date of the opening sermon has not been definitely fixed, but we are informed that it will not be later than the 28th inst.

AT THE GESU—The English sermons in this Church, at 8 o'clock on Sunday evening, which were delivered by Rev. William Doherty, S. J., during the Lenten season last year, and which attracted a large attendance of Catholics and non-Catholics, will be resumed this year. Father Doherty will again be the preacher. We have much pleasure in reproducing the likeness of the eloquent, zealous and genial priest who has scores of friends in this city.

ST. ANTHONY'S—In this parish the pastor has arranged for a two-weeks' mission for the women and men. The first week will be for the former section of the parish, and the second week for men. Two members of the Society of Jesus will conduct the Mission.

MISSION TO NON-CATHOLICS

At the ending of the mission for non-Catholics which the Paulist Fathers have been conducting for three weeks at the Paulist Church at Fifty ninth street and Columbia Avenue, New York, Father Conway announced that 64 conversions had been made. Of the converts 23 were baptized Sunday. The others had already received the Sacrament. The instruction of the converts will be continued for three months before their confirmation.

Father Conway said that one of those converted was an actress of considerable prominence. A Presbyterian minister connected with one of the West Side churches is under instruction. Father Conway said, but has not yet decided to enter the Church. One of the converts is a Jew, the first to be baptized by the Paulists in seven years. Of the others, nine came from the Episcopal Church, six from the Lutheran and two from the Presbyterian.

A LENTEN PRACTICE.

As an aid to the proper observation of the holy season of Lent, the total abstinence societies of Cleveland have ordered 10,000 copies of a promise to abstain from intoxicating liquors during those forty days, also a little circular entitled "How to Keep Lent." These will be distributed from the different churches and will no doubt accomplish a missionary work in their small way. The little card is called the "I Thirst" card, and contains the following promises to which the name is signed:

I promise.

1. To abstain from all intoxicating drinks during Lent.
2. To keep out of the saloon,
3. To say one "Our Father" and three "Hail Marys" every day for the suppression of intemperance.

This is to be done in honor of the sacred thirst and agony of our Saviour on the Cross.—Catholic Columbian.

VACANCIES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Much interest is manifested by the leaders of both political parties, in the bye-elections which will take place on Tuesday next in eight constituencies; four in Quebec, St. James, Hochelaga, St. Hyacinthe and Montigny; two in Ontario, East Lambton and East Bruce; one in New Brunswick, St. John; and one in Prince Edward Island, West Queen's.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

This week there is only the usual, or unusual, cold to write about. In the depth of night, while the thermometer was several degrees below zero, the inmates of St. Patrick's Home had a rude surprise. Fire had caught under the furnace in the boiler room. However, it is pleasant to know that there was more smoke than fire, and that the damage done amounted to less than one hundred dollars. No panic occurred, on account of the coolness and discipline that both Sisters and inmates exhibited.

On Sunday next the Archbishop of Ottawa will have published in all the Churches the Lenten regulations for the present year. It is understood that they will be exactly the same as those of last year.

On the 18th February, in St. Patrick's Hall, a lecture will be given by Seamus McManus, the Irish writer and wit. It will be the first time that this gentleman has appeared in Canada in his capacity of lecturer, and it is expected that there will be a very large attendance.

The whole talk of the city now is the fearful railway accident, on the Canadian Pacific, which took place a few miles west of Ottawa early this week. As the "True Witness" circulates amongst a great many people who are personally interested in this sad event, I will take the liberty of asking space to give a few details of the disaster. While the preparations for a coming session are going on so slowly that they seem at a standstill, the people are occupied with the war news, and the details of the Sand Point collision which I now give.

THE DEAD—13.

- Joseph Jackson, 279 Concession street, Ottawa, engineer on No. 8.
- Nelson Robinson, Montreal, express messenger, No. 8.
- Ernest Dubois, Montreal, fireman, No. 7.
- John Toole, 110 Sherwood street, Ottawa, baggage man, No. 7.
- Willie McMullen, Montreal, newsboy, No. 7.
- Roy Thompson, Montreal, messenger, No. 7.
- Dolphus Seguin, 194 Brewery street Hull.
- Jos. Chalut, 89 Wall street, Hull.
- Geo. Paquette, Blind River, Ont., hotelkeeper.
- John Carriere, Ottawa, scorer. Was going to Gordon & Edwards camp, North Bay.
- M. Lehouff, Gaspé, shantyman.
- Wm. Hickey, 2 St. Bernard street, Hull.

One unidentified, a half-breed Indian who was going to the shanties. THE INJURED—21.

- J. Dudley, Hintonburgh, engineer on No. 7, arm broken. Set at St. Luke's Hospital. Doing well.
- Godias Caron, Little Valley, Quebec, skull fractured, dislocated collar bone. Better.
- Edwin A. Beach, 36 McLaren st., Ottawa, mail clerk, bruised and generally shaken up.
- G. F. Price, Brockville, fireman on No. 8. Face and throat scalded. In critical condition at St. Luke's Hospital.
- Peter O'Neill, Ottawa, shock and bruises.
- Etienne Cardinal, 16 Papineau st., Ottawa, leg broken, compound fracture, and face cut. Getting better.
- Antoine Gendron, St. Regis, ribs broken; back injured. At St. Luke's Hospital.
- E. Larose, Ottawa, leg cut.
- Peter Rochelle, Gatineau Point, Sprained knee.
- W. Rail, Montreal, chest squeezed, Peter Fortier, Hull, leg bruised.
- Alphonse Demarce, leg broken.
- James McCaul, Montreal, back injured. Getting better.
- T. J. Higgins, Ottawa, generally shaken up.
- E. Seguin, Ottawa, fingers torn; right hand and left foot sprained.
- J. Jory, Ottawa, left leg injured.
- A. P. Black, 96 Henderson avenue, face cut and chest injured. Progressing favorably at St. Luke's.
- Harvey Brousseau, St. Casmir, Que., leg and arm injured; body scalded; head injured.
- Eusebez Brousseau, Gaspé, ankle sprained; internal injuries. Getting better.
- Ovide Brousseau, St. Casmir, Quebec, abdominal injuries; face cut.
- W. F. Poullott, St. Francis, Que., broken thigh.

FATHER POWER'S SPIRITED DECLARATION

On the School Question.

The Hawera Star of December 23 gives the following report of the references which the Very Rev. Father Power made at the distribution of prizes at the Manaia convent school to the ill-judged and intemperate remarks made by the Chief Justice in reference to religious schools and to those who are opposed to the godless system of State instruction:—

Both the Sisters and myself, said Father Power, owe a deep debt of gratitude to all the people of this district, and it must be our constant endeavor to repay that debt by turning out year after year from this school children who will do credit to their town and to their country. But to do this we must ever keep a high standard of life and duty before the minds of our pupils—not such a standard of mediocrity and dull vulgarity as that which the Chief Justice of New Zealand held up before the pupils of the Auckland Grammar School last Thursday, and circulated through the press of the Colony. To live amicably and peaceably together in such a pitiful peace and in the bonds of such a false and fragile friendship as he described, and at the cost of every religious principle, is, with all due respect to the Chief Justice, not one of the higher duties of citizenship.

I value and respect the duties of citizenship as highly as Sir Robert Stout does. I love and reverence fraternalism; Oh, how sweet and pleasant it is for brothers to dwell together in unity. To knock down the high walls of partition that have hitherto separated class from class, to wipe out the old prejudices and hatreds of warring creeds and nationalities, to stand shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart in every high and noble cause, to unite in mutual fellow-feeling and good-will—this is a spark of the heavenly flame

that adorns human life and sheds the light of joy around it. Such peace, such fraternalism, such citizenship is most desirable, but it is certainly not by itself a sufficiently high ideal to hold up before the young, nor is it to be secured in the manner nor at the price recommended. Our own experience, the common-sense of mankind, and the clear voice of history all declare that he is supremely foolish who says it is only by sitting on the same school forms and MNNN the same school forms and by being brought up under the same school system that children whose parents belong to different classes, have different religious beliefs, or have come from different nations, can be trained in the higher duties of citizenship.

No nation that we know of has ever acted on such a principle. But is it not more than a folly, is it not a wickedness, to add that religious bodies like ourselves, who establish Christian schools at very great expense, are setting creed against creed and thereby tending to weaken and destroy the national life? Should not I be guilty of great wickedness if I accused Sir Robert of treachery towards his country because he sent his own child to a convent school? And yet he would tell me that because I establish a convent school at Manaia I am a traitor to the country, that I am setting creed against creed, and nationality against nationality, that my friend Mr. Rawnsley and myself are to be henceforth deadly enemies, that the Sisters are to hate Mr. Law and his able colleagues, and that the Catholic children of this town are to be so many bigots, despising and spurning their little neighbors who attend another school. From the very depths of my soul I loathe and abominate bigotry, and I wish to show towards all

men what I expect from them—peace, tranquility and respect for individual rights and sincere convictions. It is not by sacrificing these convictions and uniting in a common paganism, but by mutually honoring them, that men are brought together and bound in bonds of common friendship. The Catholics and non-Catholics of the Gordon Highlanders and the Dublin Fusiliers were brought up under vastly different school systems: some of them sat under Jesuit masters, others, both in Ireland and Scotland, were brought up in the tenets of true blue Protestantism; others still in schools in which religion was not taught. Yet they lately faced together the hill of Glencoe with its sweltering fire, and performed together for love of the Empire what has been described as the most brilliant deed in the records of the British army.

It would seem that to die for one's country is not one of the highest duties of citizenship! The Protestant Lords Roberts and Kitchener, and the Catholic Kenny-Kenny and Clery, and—greatest and bravest of them all—the Catholic Sir William Butler, were brought up under different school systems, and yet their common ambition was to emulate the deeds of their countrymen, the great men of Erin, in shedding lustre upon the Empire to which they belonged.

But the set speech which Sir Robert Stout has been delivering to the girls of Wellington and the boys of Auckland for years, and without the change of a punctuation mark, would deny the patriotism of these men. Lord Russell of Killowen was the most eminent Chief Justice this Empire ever has seen, but he was brought up under a different school system from many of the non-Catholic judges who in a humbler way

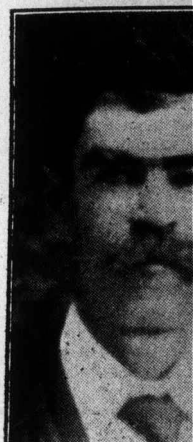
did their best to serve the Empire; our Chief Justice thinks that one little school system is necessary to make good citizens and patriots of the children of New Zealand. He is more loyal than the King, who a few months ago advised his Irish subjects to develop their own characteristics, and thus continue to give that sterling service to his throne which they could not hope to give if their sentiments and ideals were absorbed by and thus lost in ideals and sentiments that were Scottish or English. To sit in a common school from which religion is excluded is, according to Sir Robert Stout, the means of producing worthy citizens; but as he appealed in proof of this to the men who made the English nation and the United States of America, it may not be out of place to remind him that in the opinion of the Duke of Wellington, "the instructing of children without religion is the bringing up of little devils," that Mr. Gladstone declared that "every system of education which placed religion in the background was pernicious," and that "reason and experience forbade George Washington to expect that national morality could prevail in the exclusion of religious principles." But the Duke of Wellington and Gladstone and George Washington were pygmies to the morality-teaching Chief Justice of New Zealand.

Let me but say one other word in conclusion to you, my dear children. If our country is to be great and memorable, something quite other than a mere desire to live in peace must make it so. True history soon loses sight of nations whose only distinction lies in the enjoyment of peace. Refuse to become "solidified" with the common herd, preserve your genius of the race from which most of you have sprung. No wise man

proves his loyalty to the new by forgetting the old. Love warfare better than an ignoble peace; there will be always enough around you to war against. There will be the low aims, the low tastes, the low principles, the low desires of the multitude, and the low morality of those in high places. You are invited to submit to and accept such pagan and immoral principles for the sake of peace, but I preach to you the principles of a holy war: "Wage fierce contention with your time's decay." The Founts of Justice draw their purity from God, and whoever obscures God pollutes them.

You were born of Christian parents in this country not to sink down to the level of an immoral paganism, but that you might rise above your surroundings. Persuade yourselves that you were born to rule, to teach, to lead, and then you will find palpitating within your breast that ceaseless impulse to progress that has been the glory of every race that has attained to greatness. Let others sigh after an ignoble peace, let others be content with the mere material good of the State, but as for you have the soul of a child of God that can soar above the mountains of heaven and the starlit skies and gaze upon the uncreated Beauty. Against Sir Robert Stout I invoke the genius of history, and I ask her to declare that every life that is noble, be it the life of an individual or the life of a state, has its origin in those far distant regions. To raise any other standard of life and of duty before the young is to poison the wells, is to cramp and dwarf the God-given soul, and is immoral and damnable, and from my utmost heart I say: God pity the nation whose judiciary is presided over by one who would drag down to false ideals the noble aspirations of that nation's youth!

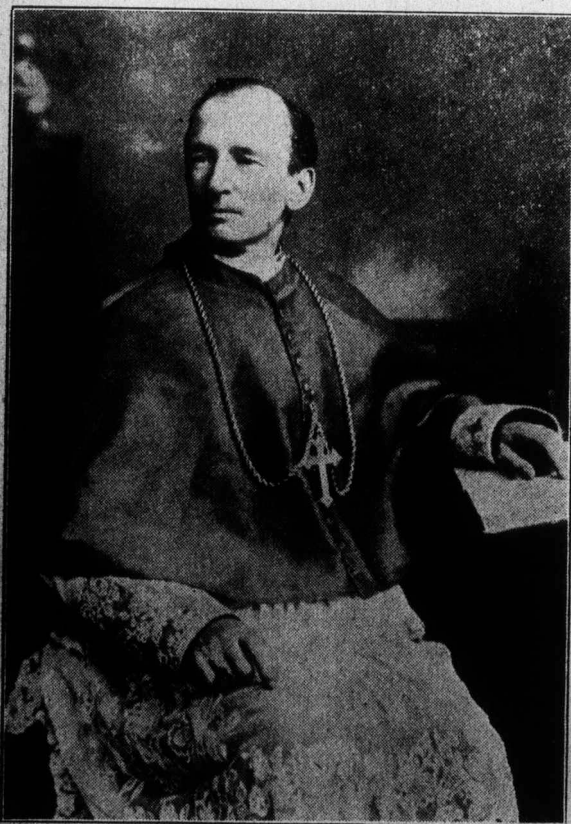
In the valley of the County only are there Irish centres where Old Cou retained, and a serious patriotism is consequent interesting places not the settlement of Mayo ago we received a from a special corres Gaelic League, which lished in that locality of deep interest, not item of news, but also its suggestiveness. Th founding and the ma Mayo's Gaelic class is may regard as a beau set for other distri from the great centre from the main high mence, perched up in th this little town, or v its scattered inhabitant a means of keeping al



MR. RANDELL MCDONNELL, Hon. Pres., Gaelic League.

tions of the Old Country of preserving and perpetuating the language of the sea-divide For somewhat over a Gaelic class has been ex it was not till last aut took definite shape. In

MGR. BEGIN, ARCHBISHOP OF QUEBEC.



RIGHT REV. L. N. BEGIN.

There is not a grander figure in the Canadian episcopacy than His Grace, Mgr. Louis Nazaire Begin. In presenting his portrait this week to our readers, we draw their attention to one whose deep erudition and remarkable virtues have raised him, by the will of God and the favor of the Apostolic See, to the

exalted dignity of Archbishop of the oldest See in Canada. The Archbishop of Quebec was born at Levis, on the 10th January, 1840, of the marriage of Charles Begin, a farmer, and Luce Paradis. Thus on Wednesday last Archbishop Begin celebrated his sixty-fourth birthday. Although well advanced in years, he

is still a young man, in point of view of strength, both physical and mental, and may be considered, in all human probability, as destined to consecrate many more years of his life to the sublime work that has fallen to his share, and for the performance of which he is so eminently qualified.

After commencing his studies at the schools of Levis and St. Michel, he completed them in the Quebec Seminary, and at Laval University, where he took his diploma in Arts, and was the first to carry off the Prince of Wales prize. He began his theological studies at the Grand Seminary, when Laval decided to establish a faculty of theology, the professors of which should make their course in Rome. Young Begin was selected to occupy one of the chairs of Theology, and was sent to study at the Roman College. He left Quebec in 1863. In Rome he was ordained, in the Basilica of St. John of Lateran, the 10th June, 1865, by His Eminence Cardinal-Vicar Patrizi. The following year he received the degree of Doctor of Theology.

Having obtained leave to prolong his stay in the Eternal City to study Oriental languages, he consecrated the greater part of the years 1866 and 1867 to this work. After the ceremonies of the centenary of St. Peter's death, Abbe Begin went to Innsbruck to follow a course of German at the University there. In the month of September, 1867, he left for the Holy Land. After spending five months visiting all the sacred places of the East, he returned to Innsbruck to continue his studies. During the previous years he had spent his vacations visiting Italy, Switzerland, Prussia, Belgium and France. In 1868 he again crossed France and England on his way home, reaching Quebec in July of that year. He brought back with him, for the museum of Laval, several Egyptian mummies and other archeological souvenirs and curiosities.

From 1868 to 1884 he taught dogmatic theology and ecclesiastical history, exercising at the same time

different other functions at the University and in the Seminary. During the winter months he delivered numerous lectures on theological subjects and on ecclesiastical history. In 1873 he published a work on Primacy and Infallibility of the Sovereign Pontiffs, and in 1874 another book on Holy Writ and the Rule of Faith, a work that was translated into English and published in London. In the same year he published his eulogy of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the following year his work on Catholic Culte. In 1884 Abbe Begin went to Rome with the Archbishop of Quebec to support the interests of Laval University. On his return he was appointed Principal of the Normal School. It was while in this capacity that he published his "Aide to Memory, or Chronology of Canadian History," for the purpose of facilitating the preparation of examinations in Canadian history. He remained at the Normal School until the 28th October, 1888, when he was consecrated Bishop of Chicoutimi, in the Quebec Basilica, by His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, assisted by Bishops Lafleche and Langlois.

On the 22nd December, 1891, Mgr. Begin was recalled to Quebec, as coadjutor to His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, with the title of Archbishop of Cyrene. In 1894 he assumed the administration of the Archdiocese. On the death of the Cardinal, in April, 1898, he ascended the Archiepiscopal throne of Quebec.

His Grace is a distinguished member of the Royal Society of Canada, and of the Academy of Arcades of Rome. His pastoral letters, as well as all his other writings, are models of style, replete with learning and wisdom, and Apostolic in every acceptance of the term.

Subscribe to the 'True Witness.'

OUR YOUNG IRISH ORATORS.

The St. Patrick's Y. M. Literary Society held their regular meeting on Monday, the 10th instant. The question debated was: "Resolved, that summer sports are more enjoyable than winter sports." The affirmative speakers were: Frank Brophy, Edgar Roach, Bert Hyland, John Brophy, Frank O'Rourke. The negative speakers were: William Brown, William Steele, Charles Hennessy, William Altimas, James Garrett. The result was a draw. The President, Rev. Peter Heffernan, congratulated the boys on the earnest and intelligent manner in which they had prepared their arguments on both sides.

A STURDY LAITY.

The venerable Oblate missionary, Father Fox, in his reminiscences in Donahoe's Magazine, tells of the unique and edifying way in which a chapel was built at Inchicore, Ireland.

I drove out to Inchicore that same evening and found about fifty of the Inchicore railway men waiting to receive me. The news had spread that we were going to build a chapel for them, so several of them had brought spades and other pickaxes, and, after marking out the site of the future building, they dug trenches all around to prepare for the erection of a frame chapel, seventy-five feet long by twenty-five feet broad. We could do but little that evening, because we had no wood, but I invited them to return on the following day and to bring as many others with them as they could. The poor fellows could not leave their shop until 6 p.m., but such was their anxiety not only to have a chapel, but to build

it themselves, that they came straight to the place without changing their working clothes, or stopping to take their suppers.

After saying Mass on Thursday morning at the Augustinian chapel, I drove to the larger lumber yards in Dublin to secure all the available timber in stock, and to leave orders for as much more. I then purchased some sacks of long nails and a couple of dozen large hammers, and taking my dinner with me, I drove out to Inchicore again. During the whole of the afternoon heavily laden teams were bringing out the timber I had purchased, but not until the barrack clock, not far distant, struck the hour of six was there a single man to help me. I then saw them racing at full speed over a couple of fields which lay between our place and the railway works, and after setting them their several tasks I counted those who had turned up, and found them to exceed two hundred. There were some first rate carpenters amongst them who were invaluable to me.

But at eight o'clock we had, to give up as there was no more wood at hand. I had taken notice that we could not make much progress without ladders, so on Friday I purchased half a dozen ladders, more sacks of nails, a few saws, and left orders for a large supply of timber. At 6 o'clock sharp the two hundred willing workers had grown to four hundred, but they were a motley crew. Only about three hundred of them were Catholics, the remainder consisting of Anglicans, Presbyterians, Methodists, and others of no religion at all, but they were all of them animated by the same spirit, and a determination to build a place of worship which should be an honor to them and to the entire neighborhood.

THE NEWMAN MEMORIAL.

It is estimated that the sum required for the completion of the memorial Church at Birmingham to Cardinal Newman, is \$130,000. Of this amount, \$70,000 has already been subscribed.



MR. JAMES MCGREGGOR, Scot. Gael, 2nd in All-round.

year a celebration was held were invited all who were have an interest in the Gaelic. Amongst those present mentioned Hon. John and some of the leading members of the Gaelic Society of Ottawa, Dr. O'Boyle and Mr. Clark, Militia Department, were amongst friends. Much of it is due to the pastor, Rev

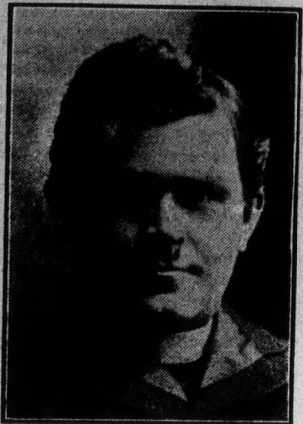
The Ma

(By a Regular Contributor)

We propose commencing articles upon the important subject of the Mass. As it is our intention to write these articles for the benefit of our Protestant as well as our Catholic readers, we desire it to be understood from the very outset that the Church is in no way responsible

IN OUTSIDE CATHOLIC DISTRICTS.

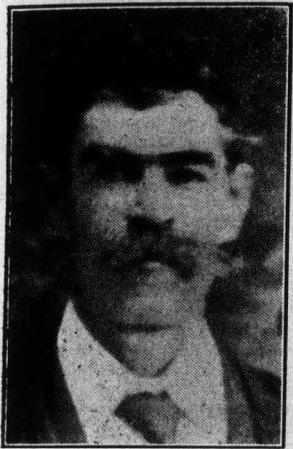
In the valley of the Ottawa, especially in the County of Labelle, not only are there Irish settlements, but centres where Old Country names are retained, and a serious and practical patriotism is conserved. Of these interesting places none more so than the settlement of Mayo. Some time ago we received a communication from a special correspondent of the Gaelic League, which has been established in that locality, and it is full of deep interest, not only as an item of news, but also on account of its suggestiveness. The story of the founding and the maintaining of Mayo's Gaelic class is one that we may regard as a beautiful example set for other districts. Distant from the great centres, and remote from the main highways of commerce, perched up in the Laurentians this little town, or village, with its scattered inhabitants, has found a means of keeping alive the tradi-



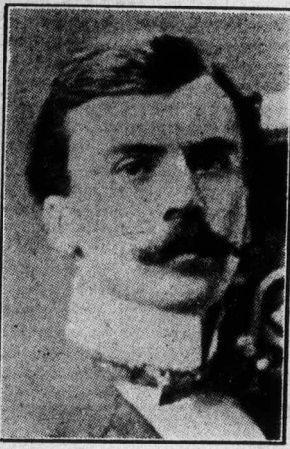
REV. W. E. CAVANAGH, P.P. President Gaelic League.

tic little band of Mayo Irishmen, old and young, organized a grand gathering at which the physical prowess of the Celt and his offspring was made manifest; that in the little Canadian town all that concerns physical culture there are to be found exponents who can uphold the honor and reputation of the grand old race. In this connection we reproduce the portraits of some of the leading residents who organized the athletic meeting which was crowned with so much success, and we are pleased to note amongst the number the representatives of another sturdy race.

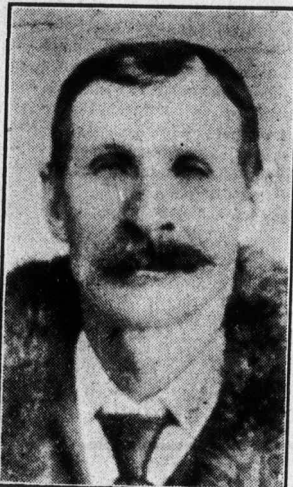
In many outside places in this old province of Quebec there are Irishmen and their descendants who are doing noble work in the cause of faith and nationality, and we would be grateful if they would follow the



MR. RANDELL McDONNELL. Hon. Pres., Gaelic League.



MR. JOHN L. O'NEIL. Manager of Gaelic Games.



MR. MICHAEL O'CONNOR, Gaelic Balladist.

tions of the Old Country, and even of preserving and perpetuating the language of the sea-divided Gael." For somewhat over a year this Gaelic class has been in existence, but it was not till last autumn that it took definite shape. In May of last

Cavanagh, who is the official head of the organization, and who in addition to the important and onerous duties associated with the spiritual welfare of the parishioners, is the most enthusiastic figure in all that concerns their temporal welfare. In

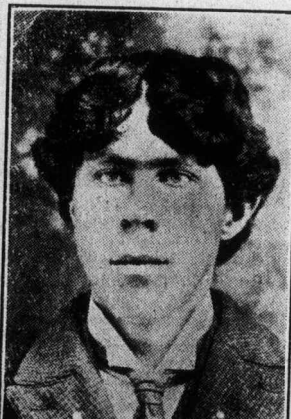
example of one of our subscribers of Mayo, and tell us of their progress and success. Our people throughout Canada should use the opportunities within their reach in making known their



MR. JAMES MCGREGOR. Scot. Gael, 2nd in All-round Games.



MR. MATHEW MALONEY. Junior Athletic Champion.



MR. JOSEPH BURKE. All-round Athletic Champion.

year a celebration was held to which were invited all who were known to have an interest in the Gaelic movement. Amongst those present may be mentioned Hon. John Costigan, and some of the leading members of the Gaelic Society of Ottawa. Rev. Dr. O'Boyle and Mr. Clark, of the Militia Department, were amongst the visiting friends. Much of the credit is due to the pastor, Rev. W. E.

connection with the Gaelic League, the esteemed pastor is ably supported in the undertaking by Mr. Randell McDonnell, Mr. Michael O'Connor, Miss Burke, and by the able and energetic secretary-treasurer, Miss M. C. Spooner.

In May of last year the enthusias-

undertakings in every city, town and village in the Dominion. They should use their press, which is in sympathy with them. Let the old organ, the "True Witness," be the medium. No event of a spiritual or temporal character should pass unnoticed. Their publication will have a mighty influence over the minds and actions of other races whose eyes are upon

ance. They are not mere optional regalia. They have each a history, each a story to tell, a lesson to impart, a sermon to preach. There are Catholics to-day who would be at a loss to answer, if they were asked to explain the vestments of their clergy. We will study the Mass in its every particular, and analyse that grandest of public offerings, prayers or services. Let the reader pay special attention to these short articles. They may contain things that will be of use to him some day. These articles shall be simple and plain, free from the embellishments of rhetoric, or the ornaments of style. When writing upon the sublimest of themes the simplest of language is the most appropriate. And our object is not to dazzle or attract admiration to the composition, but to instruct the reader in that which every Catholic should know and which too many ignore completely.

We will go through the whole Mass from the beginning to end, from the "Introito ad altare Dei," to the "Ite missa est." From the foot of the altar we will follow the priest to the introit, the offertory, the canon, the Pater, the Communion, and on to the last Gospel. As every star in a system revolves around its central sun, and derives its light therefrom, so each of these parts revolve around and depend upon the grand centre, the great feature of the Mass—the consecration! If in the ornaments there is a special meaning, so in the various colors of the vestments there is also a meaning. If the objects that attract our eyes upon the altar speak to us lessons that we should learn, so the very actions of the priest tell us things that we must not forget. Whether he bends the knee, or kneels; whether he stands erect with hands extended, or bows his head with hands clasped in front; whether he places those hands over the sacred vessels, or makes the sign of the cross upon the altar, in every move, in every attitude, in every word that accompanies his motions there is something to be learned.

Enter a temple or church or any denomination of Christianity, and what do you behold! Four walls in the form of a house, without ornament, order, or ought to attract the attention, drawing the mind from the things of earth to those of heaven. No priest, no altar, no sacrifice! Cold, dull, shivering Christianity, with nothing that speaks of adoration, nothing that tells of God's presence, nothing that even resembles worship. Even the Pagans offered sacrifices. Even the Druid in the sacred grove had a sacrifice, an altar, a victim, a priest. In all ages, in all lands, the conventional worship of the Deity was sacrifice. The Catholic Church alone preserves that mark of religion. And what a sacrifice! Mysterious and terrible, yet sweet and love inspiring—deep beyond the ken of man—lofty beyond the flights of the richest imagination. Perfect in its entirety, perfect in its parts, perfect in its founder, perfect in its Victim, the sacrifice of the Mass is the continuation of that upon Calvary! It is the great shield of humanity that saves the race of man from the wrath of a justly offended God. It is the eternal incense that ascends hourly to Heaven and appeases the anger of Almighty God. Besides the Mass, all other prayers, all other sacrifices, all other forms of adoration pale and become as dim as the brightest stars when the sun lights the world at mid-day.

The sacrifice on Calvary saved and redeemed the world—a sacrifice upon the altar continues the work of salvation and redemption. When we pause to contemplate the death of Christ, the passion of a God-man, we stand in awe, wonderment, fear, hope, love, gratitude. A thousand sentiments commingled in the breast and we are mute before the mystery that surpasses our comprehension, while it consoles our hearts. The sun becoming dark, the veil of the temple being rent asunder, the earth trembling upon its axis, the dead coming forth from the tomb, all these extraordinary occurrences that awakened the fear of the Roman soldiers and made them cry out "truly this man is the Son of God"—all these convulsions of nature were as naught before the mysterious convulsions that the death of Christ produced in the spiritual world. Even so with the Mass! The prayers, the penances, the alms, the good works of the people, are all so many stepping stones to the Kingdom of God; but the Credo, that most perfect act of Faith; the "Pater," that most perfect prayer of man to God, are embodied in the Mass, and all the Gospels, Epistles and prayers are but the accidents of that one supreme part of the sacrifice, "Hoc est enim Corpus meum."

We will first study the decorations of the altar, the ornaments and vestments of the priest, then we will come to the words of the Mass, and we will explain and reflect upon each

part thereof, explaining the object of each prayer, and the meaning of each action of the priest, while reflecting upon the beauty, perfection and solemn grandeur of the entire sacrifice. Study the Mass, know what it is, and your pleasure will be augmented a hundred-fold when you hear it said or sung. Once more we invite our readers to kindly follow these articles carefully, and above all to our Protestant readers do we recommend them.

Civic Supervision Of the Stage.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Mayor Maybury, of Detroit, is coming in for a deal of favorable comment and gratitude for the energetic manner in which he is following up and checking the immoral and suggestive plays that are being placed on the stage in that city. In one case he attended in person the matinee performance at the Whitney Opera House, and at once ordered the manager to eliminate certain lines from his play, and to change certain scenes, under pain of having the play house closed and the drama forbidden by the City Council. According to reports these plays are attended principally by women and young girls, and they draw full houses. We are pleased to learn that Catholic young women are generally noted for their absence on such occasions; but, unhappily there are a few ignoble exceptions to this rule.

It is not our intention to enter into the details that we have read regarding this and other theatres which appear to be of a low type; but we can, in a general way, claim that the majority of the theatres of the present time are most dangerous to morals. The legitimate drama, the interpretation of the great masterpieces, the presentation of the many moral and instructive plays, may be set down as educational in proper sense. But, unfortunately, the craving for sensation, at this hour, create a demand for the double-meaning, the suggestive; and playwrights, managers, actors and actresses prostitute their talents and their opportunities to the satisfaction of this thirst. It is a thirst which that for drink is mild; it is an infatuation to which that of opium is a trifle; it is a craze to which that of gambling cannot be compared. Thoughts lead to desires, desires to actions, actions to their consequences. The immoral stage suggests the thoughts, creates the desires and indicates the path to the actions; and then leaves the victim to the consequences. Above all are these traps, these moral snares, dangerous for the young. They may not be of the extremely open and lewd character; but the atmosphere within them is tainted with the germs of corruption, and no soul can come forth from them without having left behind a portion of its moral strength, of its innocence, of its brightness. Mothers, above all, should make it a rule to prevent their daughters from frequenting such places of distraction and amusement. Unless they do so there is no salvation for the rising generation. A generation nurtured in youth upon such food must inevitably end in an old age of corruption and misery.

Parnell's Widow a Bankrupt.

A receiving order in bankruptcy has been granted against the widow of the late Charles Stewart Parnell.

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 5 new Subscribers to the True Witness

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

BALTIMORE BUSINESS DISTRICT SWEEP BY FIRE

Once more has the world been startled and shocked by the news of a conflagration that will leave a fiery mark on the annals of this year. The burning of the very heart of the city of Baltimore on last Monday is one of the most appalling disasters that the commercial world has known for many years. Millions of dollars of property laid in ashes within the short space of a few hours.

But if the extent of material destruction has been great, there was one remarkable and consoling feature in the awful catastrophe—the absence of any loss of human life. From this point of view the burning of the Iroquois theatre, in Chicago, last December, was a thousand times more terrible; but from the standpoint of property loss, that of Baltimore surpasses anything that we have read about in recent years.

By the following details, which we have condensed as much as possible, our readers will be enabled to form some slight idea of the vastness of the loss sustained on that occasion. We take the following from the despatches of last Tuesday. It must, however, be remarked that the fire only swept the business section of the city, and that none of the citizens were left homeless by the conflagration—the residential parts being untouched by the fire.

Throughout the terrible contest which firemen and fire waged for supremacy, humanity was handicapped by a gale, which carried burning brands to remote sections. But for the work of volunteers in extinguishing these embers it is almost certain the burned area would have been much greater. As it is about 75 blocks, or 140 acres, are gone. The burned district is within the territory bounded on the west by Liberty street, on the north by Lexington on the east by Jones Falls, and on the south by Basin. Within this district were the big structures on Fayette, Gay, Lombard, Charles, Balderson, Ellicott, Hollingsworth and Cheapside streets. Passing south east along the basin the following large docks were destroyed. McClure's, Patterson's, Smith, Frederick, Long and Union. Small thoroughfares do not extend as far north as Lexington street, and which were in the path of the flames are Commerce, Frederick and Mill streets.

The district thus swept by fire comprised nearly 2500 buildings. Insurance companies have opened temporary offices in Lexington Hotel, but their representatives decline to estimate their loss. The answer of one is typical of all: "Its too big. We have not figures to describe it. Make it above \$100,000,000, the best we can do."

Notwithstanding the magnitude of the catastrophe, the absence of disorder and confusion was remarkable. This was due to the prompt action of the state and city authorities, who, as soon as they realized that they had a calamity to deal with, took a tight grip on the situation, and never for an instant let go.

To-night the fire district and territory immediately surrounding is under the strictest military control. Fearing that with nightfall looting would start, the line of troops around the ruins was so tightly drawn that it will be impossible for thieves to enter the fire zone. As the financial district is included in the burned territory, there is untold wealth hidden in the blistering vaults of banks and safe deposit companies and any unauthorized person found inside the lines will be severely dealt with, and the officers in charge of that particular spot will be called to account strictly. The auxiliary policemen sent here from Washington, Wilmington and Philadelphia, numbering about 400, have been relieved. These men were nearly exhausted, having been on duty about thirty hours. They were warmly thanked by the Mayor.

Mayor McLane to-day closed all saloons, and there was little drunkenness seen, except among some of the visitors.

In the several departments that make up the city government, there were busy scenes all day. Every city official, and those under them, had been on duty since Sunday, and the strain on these men was particularly great. These men had an extremely busy time of it. The Mayor was besieged for passes through the fire lines, but refused all. General Riggs took similar action.

The fire was most remarkable in many ways, especially so in the lack of casualties. Not a single life has been lost, and not a human being has been even dangerously injured. The hospital lists consist of minor burns, with the exception of Jacob Ingelbirt, a fireman from York, Pa. He has a fractured leg, and is badly burned.

The Mass

(By a Regular Contributor.)

We propose commencing a few articles upon the important subject of the Mass. As it is our intention to write these articles for the benefit of our Protestant as well as our Catholic readers, we desire it to be understood from the very outset that the Church is in no way responsible for

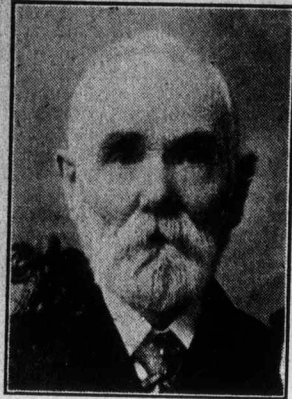
the explanations we shall give. We write entirely on our own responsibility, and our opinion are open to comment, criticism, and even correction, should we—through lack of adequate knowledge—in any way err.

What is the Mass? The Catechism tell us that "the Mass is the continuation and renewal of the Sacrifice of the Cross." The definition is correct, but it is not sufficient for our purpose. How few Catholics know the real meaning of the Mass! How very few study the great lessons that are preached to us in that dread and holy sacrifice! How few can tell the meaning of the different part of the Mass!

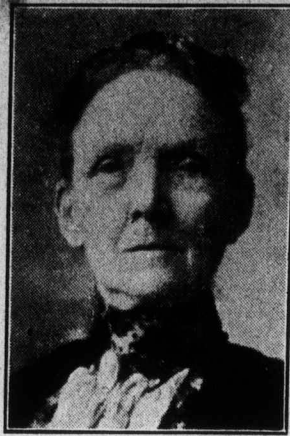
We wish to study thoroughly this grand service of the Church of Rome. The time will not be lost. Everything in the Catholic Church speaks. There are mute sermons that come from the Altar, which, if understood, are far more eloquent than the most perfect orations from the pulpit. From the Crucifix upon the altar to the Ciborium in the Tabernacle; from the Chalice in the priest's hands to the patens that covers it; from the amict and alb to the maniple and stole; from the cord wherewith the priest engirdles his body to the chasuble that covers him, each and all of these objects have a special meaning—a particular significance.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)



MR. MILES MACDONELL.



MRS. MILES MACDONELL.

A GOLDEN JUBILEE—An event delightful in its passing, and which will be long remembered by those privileged to take part in it, was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Miles Macdonnell. The event took place on January 28th, 1904, at the family residence, St. Patrick street, Toronto. Fifty years previously Mr. Miles Macdonnell had led to the altar Miss Anno Lambert, daughter of Mr. Thos. Lambert, then a maiden of sixteen summers, the marriage ceremony being performed at St. Michale's Cathedral by the Vicar General of the diocese, Very Rev. Father Bruyere. The commemoration of the marriage was of a twofold character, religious and social, and lasted two days.

On the morning of the 28th, a High Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, of which Mr. and Mrs. Macdonnell are members of long standing. The occasion was taken advantage of by the Redemptorists in charge, to make the event a memorable one in appreciation of their esteem for the jubilarians who, with their families, are ever active workers in all that concerns the interests of the parish. The altars were ablaze with electric lights and wax tapers, and made beautiful with floral decorations, and the choir sang a special Mass with Miss Evelyn O'Donoghue, Miss Gertrude Costello and Mr. James Costello as soloists under the direction of Miss Nellie Costello, who presided at the organ. During the Mass Mr. and Mrs. Macdonnell, kneeling at the altar rail, received the special blessing from the hands of the celebrant of the Mass, Rev. Father Haydon, who at the close of the Mass gave a short address appropriate to the occasion, and expressing his pleasure at the event.

In the evening a banquet was given at which fifty guests were seated. The large well lighted rooms were bright and suggestive in decorations of white and yellow, and the bounteously supplied tables were made beautiful with dainty floral touches and handsome gold lined dishes, which stood out here and there amidst the glistening crystal and spotless drapery. The toast, "The health of the Jubilarians," was warmly proposed by Mr. P. F. Cronin and eloquently responded to by Rev. Father Barrett, Rector of St. Patrick's, who paid a glowing tribute to the many virtues of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonnell; speeches were also made by Rev. Fathers Haydon, Dodsword and Stuhle and by Messrs. Jas. Newton (Liehouse), E. J. Hearn, J. W. Phorne, Capt. Morgan and others. At the close of a few hours of perfect enjoyment the guests departed, all wishing their host and hostess "many happy years."

On the following evening entertainment was provided for about forty of the younger members of the family, who played progressive euche and "trod the mazy dance" until the coming of the "wee sma' hour" warn ed them to disperse. The sweet singing of Miss Amy Davidson and the violin playing of E. M. Connor added greatly to the evening's enjoyment.

A Golden Jubilee being of but rare occurrence makes the history of the participants of interest. Mr. Macdonnell was born near the village of St. Andrews, Stormont County, on April 24th, 1834 and came to Toronto with his parents in 1841. He has been a resident of the city ever since, with the exception of a few years spent in the village of Limehouse. Mrs. Macdonnell was born in Mount Millick, Queen's County, Ireland, on Oct. 31st, 1836, and came to Canada seven years later, when she with her mother settled in Toronto. Of the nine children born to Mr. and Mrs. Macdonnell, one son and

four daughters survive; one of the latter is married to Mr. Young of the Dominion Observatory.

Among the incidents of interest in connection with the event was the presence of Mr. Andrew Cottam, who had been also present as a youth on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee; also the exhibition of satin slippers worn by the bride on her wedding day, and of the little glass lamp on its old fashioned marble stand which formed part of the early householding equipment of the young couple.

The numerous and costly presents, numbering in all nearly one hundred, speak of the esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. Macdonnell are held. Special mention must be made of a beautiful souvenir painted on celluloid and encased in a handsome gold frame, which will always remind the family of the happy event in its history. Amongst the guests from a distance present on the occasion were Mr. Bradley, Georgetown; Mr. Jas. Brennan, Acton; Mr. Jas. Newton, Limehouse, and Mr. Weaver, Stratford.

The numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonnell wish them many happy years, and that they may celebrate their Diamond Jubilee, surrounded as now by health and happiness and by their amiable and devoted children.

PASSING FEASTS—The passing weeks hold within itself three feasts, each of which recalls a sublime and important event. The Purification, solemnized on Sunday last, recalls to us the journey of our Blessed Lady to the Temple carrying with her in accordance with the custom of the time, her offering of the two doves, and also the presenting of the Divine Child and his recognition by holy Simeon; in our churches candles were offered at our altars and afterwards carried in procession through the aisles, while the choir sang of Him who was a Light and Revelation to the Gentiles, and a Glory to the people of Israel. On Tuesday comes the commemoration of the Passion of Our Divine Lord. It recalls the agony in the garden, the blood trickling down the sacred face, the scourging at the pillar, the crown of thorns the carrying of the Cross, the crucifixion, the thirst of the dying Saviour, the forgiveness for the penitent thief and the supreme moment when the dying lips uttered "it is consummated," and we hear the rending of the veil of the Temple and the fury of indignant nature at the cruel death of our innocent Lord.

On Thursday the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, we think of the story of Bernadette, we see the spring bubbling up from the cave, the blooming rosebush and the luminous vision of the Blessed Virgin appeared and declared "I am the Immaculate Conception." Then, too, on Monday we had the 8th of the month, the date to be held sacred throughout the year, while the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the great Dogma. The passing week is certainly filled with thoughts many and beautiful.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.—On February 15th, the Knights of St. John will hold their annual At Home in the Assembly Hall of the Temple Building. It is expected that the event will outshine anything of the kind held in Toronto for some time, and the preparations are now underway, and the committee who have the affair in hand speak well for the enjoyment of the evening.

STUDY OF PLAIN CHANT — I.P.

Some weeks ago it was with something very like "fear and trembling" that I ventured to intimate that we in Toronto know little or nothing about Plain Chant, and that study of the subject would be well worthy of attention. Since that I have several times noticed that from different parts of America and Ireland, priests and others interested have stanted for Rome to study the music of the Church. This being so, no shame need come to us on account of ignorance in the matter, and anyone with intelligent knowledge of the subject would surely be welcomed by all interested.

ST. NICHOLAS INSTITUTE — Surprising and delightful was the entertainment provided for the boys of the institution and a few privileged friends at St. Nicholas Institute for Boys on Thursday last week. The guests were ushered into a large apartment converted for the time being into a concert hall, and found themselves in the midst of about fifty of the finest looking and best behaved boys to be found in the city of Toronto. Neatly dressed and "up to date" in appearance, their deportment corresponded throughout the entire evening with their gentlemanly exterior, and in the musical and elocutionary performance which followed they took part with an ease and whole-heartedness which spoke for their training and the earnestness with which they enter into things generally. The occasion was the outcome of the kindness of the members of St. Vincent de Paul, most of whom were represented. The President of the Society, Mr. Murphy presided throughout the evening. The hearty chorus singing of the boys and the piano-accompaniment by Mr. Patton, a member of the house since his childhood, were special features of the programme.

Rev. Father Canning gave an inspiring address commending the House and the work it was doing, and making special mention of Mother Stanislaus, head of the establishment; he also urged upon the boys the necessity of caring for their appearance and manners and always to have the courage to frown at wrong doing wherever it might come under their notice. While advising all to acquire every educational advantage possible, the Rev. Father declared, and in this he was seconded by the majority of those present, that boy minus education and money, but gifted with pluck and perseverance, if placed side by side with the wealthy and educated boy who lacked pluck and perseverance, would forge far ahead and leave his monied and cultured opponent far in the rear. Short speeches were also given by Messrs. Murphy, Hoarn, Seitz, Cronin, Hynes and Cline. Among others present were Mr. W. A. Fayle and Mr. Wm. O'Connor.

The second part of the entertainment took the shape of a veritable feast; long tables were laid along three sides of the dining hall, and at those the boys and their friends sat down to a most delightful repast. An entire supper menu, ranging from cold turkey to ice-cream, was served, and the dainty table appointments together with the Christmas decorations which still graced the room, made the affair altogether pleasant and enjoyable. Grace was said by Rev. Father Canning and the success of the House was toasted by Mr. E. J. Hearn. A number of the boys made polite and efficient waiters.

The following took part in the programme: Piano, Masten E. Seitz; Recitation, Mr. F. Ginn; Song, Mr. McNaughten; Violin Solo, Master Angaro; Song, Mr. A. Costello; Piano, Miss Murphy; Song, Mr. Seitz; Egyptian Comic Song and Greeting Hymn, Mr. Hamra and Master Barrett; Piano and Violin, Masters Seitz and Angaro; Song, Mr. Bhas. Leonard; Song, Mr. Patton; Solo and chorus by boys of the Institute.

It is to be regretted that more publicity is not given to the work of this institution, which under the care of the Sisters of St. Joseph, provides homes for boys otherwise homeless, or who at best would be thrown amongst such questionable surroundings as to make the leading of an honest and moral life almost an impossibility. The support of the charitably inclined could not be better expanded than by applying it to the needs of St. Nicholas Institute for boys.

DEATH OF A NUN.—At the Precious Blood Convent on Sunday, Jan 24th, occurred the death of Sister Mary Nativity. The deceased Sister had been ill for several months and during her great sufferings edified all by her patience and resignation. R.

IRISH NOTES.

MAYORALTY ELECTIONS.—The Irish News, of Belfast, in its reference to the civic elections, points out some of the obstacles which stand in the way of good Government in certain districts. It says:

The elections to the Mayoralty and Shrievalty on Saturday are in every city and borough except Belfast and Derry, altogether satisfactory. In Dublin a signal Nationalist victory was scored in the election of Councillor Hutchinson to the Chief Magistracy. Mr. Hutchinson is a good type of a self-made Irish citizen. For many years he has been a prominent figure in that excellent benevolent organization, the Irish National Foresters, and the success and spread of the Foresters' Society are due in a great degree to the exertions of men imbued with earnestness and the patriotic sentiments of Mr. Hutchinson. As one of the Councillors pointedly said, the election of Alderman Cotton, the Unionist, would have put Dublin in a false position. Dublin is the metropolitan city of the Irish nation, and not the chief town of an English province. A staunch and trustworthy Nationalist is the proper representative of such a city, and Councillor Hutchinson's record answers this qualification in a full degree.

In Cork, Drogheda, Waterford and Kilkenny prominent Nationalists have been elected to the places of honor, and this is just and fitting, for the desire of the people is that recognition should be given to the efforts of the men who are not afraid to identify themselves with the making of an Irish Ireland.

In Belfast Sir Daniel Dixon retired after an unprecedented tenure of office. The best commendation that can be given to Sir Daniel is that he strove to fulfil to the best of his judgment his different duties. The Mayoralty has been making increasing demands on its occupier's tact and discretion. Sir Daniel was found equal to these demands. He retired from the office with the good wishes of all sections in the Corporation. Sir Daniel hopes that by the end of so far as tramways are concerned, they are greatly behind other cities of similar importance. The Council are promoting a bill to take over the tramways, and to electrify same, and Sir Daniel hopes that by the end of the summer they may be in possession of the undertaking. There could not be a more durable or popular monument of Sir Daniel's Mayoralty than this achievement. The citizens have waited so long and patiently for this boon that they are disinclined to partake of Sir Daniel's sanguine optimism in the coming summer seeing the end of the present tramway system.

Sir Otto Jaffe was elected to the vacant office, in which his old experience should be useful to him during the coming year. He begins his duties with the good will of the entire corporation.

The most interesting incident of the day was the nomination for the Shrievalty. A very characteristic incident it was. About the same time an equally characteristic incident was being witnessed in Derry Guildhall. In Belfast a Catholic and Nationalist professional gentleman was nominated as a candidate for the post of High Sheriff. On the proposition of two of his Catholic colleagues it was sought to place Dr. O'Connell's name on the rota. The Catholic population numbers nearly 90,000, and it will occur to most unprejudiced minds that there is nothing unreasonable in asking that once in a time a High Sheriff should be one of their faith. A series of votes were taken. Alderman Hutton's name was placed first on the list. Mr. Andrews's name was put second after a division in which sixteen votes were given for Dr. O'Connell. On a further vote Dr O'Connell's name was not permitted to appear even third on the list for the consideration of the Lord Lieutenant. That is to say, the name of a Catholic gentleman of high rank in a liberal profession, who has discharged his municipal duties with ability and without giving offence to any Unionist, was rejected on no apparent grounds except those of the religion which he professes.

Bigoted orators of political as-

sociations and other cliques of that ilk have been railing in their bitterest mood against the Catholic Association of Ireland. These people talk about toleration, but when toleration has to be practised, is not this incident a signal illustration of the spirit in which it is practised in Belfast? Efforts by Catholics to raise their heads in this country, and to insist on the fair treatment that is meted out to their non-Catholic countrymen, form pretexts for denouncing these efforts as attempts to exterminate Protestants. Here in Belfast the men who denounce these efforts have no condemnation for the cruel boycott of a Catholic gentleman because of his Catholicity.

In Derry also Catholics are persistently ignored. Though they form a majority of the people and a representative minority in the Council, they find it impossible to secure any post of honor or profit for a Catholic. This is the lesson which Belfast and Derry are furnishing to the county, urban and rural councils elsewhere. In Derry an eminently fitted candidate, Alderman Maxwell, was nominated for the Mayoralty. But he is a Catholic, and he was voted down by a party vote. There seems to be no hope of securing toleration or fairness in public matters from the Unionist majorities in the North. We admit honorable exceptions do exist, but their fewness proves the general rule.

OTHER ELECTIONS.—Cork, — Councillor Augustine Roche, J.P. Clonmel—Alderman Thomas Morrissey (re-elected.) Drogheda—Councillor P. Gorman. Kilkenny—Councillor E. O'Shea. Limerick—Councillor Michael Donnelly (re-elected.) Waterford—Mr. James A. Power, (re-elected.)

THE SAME OLD STORY.—Prominent leading men of both English parties have for years and years been proclaiming that the Catholics of Ireland, the Catholic majority of Ireland, have a grievance in being deprived of facilities for university education on the same footing as the Protestant minority, and that that grievance ought to be redressed. Has it been redressed or has an effort been made to redress it? This question is well answered by Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, in a letter addressed to Mr. John Redmond, M.P., inclosing a subscription of \$50 to the Irish Parliamentary fund. Reviewing the history of the question during his own occupancy of the high office he holds, the Archbishop says:

"I have now been for close upon nineteen years, first, vicar capitular, and then Archbishop of Dublin. At the end of all that time, in 1904, we stand in this respect precisely where we stood at the beginning of it, in 1885. During that time a Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking from his place as leader of the House of Commons, spoke of this question of University education in Ireland as one that required 'the very serious and early attention of Her Majesty's Government,' and lest the words early might be made light of on the score of vagueness, he added an expression of the 'hope' and 'wish' of the government 'if it should be our lot to hold office next session, to make some proposal which may deal in a satisfactory way with this important matter.' That seemed definite enough—next session. Now, that was in July, 1885, over eighteen years ago. The same Government was in office in the following session, but no measure, satisfactory or unsatisfactory, was brought forward by them, either then or from that day to this. Four years afterwards in July, 1889, the chief secretary for Ireland, a member of what was practically the same government that had been in office in 1885, stated in his place in parliament that the conditions of higher education in Ireland had long been under the consideration of the Government, and that in respect to it the government hoped 'to be able to make proposals to the house.' That was in 1889, now over fourteen years ago, and throughout these fourteen years no proposals of any kind have been made for the removal of the admitted grievance. . . . I have now before me a long statement which I drew up and published some years ago, of all the Ministerial promises, and expressions of 'hope' and postpromises of the matter to 'next session' that have helped to fill up the fourteen years' interval. It is melancholy reading."

ABOUT MORMONS.

The New Mexican Herald declares that, though the Mormons have been in New Mexico for fifty years, they have not made a single "convert" among the native inhabitants of the territory. The only Mormons in New Mexico to-day are those who have come there from outside.

With Our Subscribers.

ALWAYS LOYAL—Enclosed please find one dollar for renewal of my subscription to the True Witness for 1904, and wish you God speed. I cannot do without it. When O'Connell was elected for Clare, had the Catholics a vote, or was he elected by the Protestants. Curstone Observer or Crux might answer this, Yours truly, M.A.

EVER TRUE.—Enclosed find two dollars, renewal of my subscription for two years. I should have sent it before this, but now I am seventy-four years of age, and can't expect to be a subscriber much longer, but as long as I can read I will. Yours truly, D. S.

REQUESTS FOR CATHOLIC CHARITY

The will of the late Harriet Richards, of Philadelphia, makes numerous bequests for charitable and religious purposes, among them being the following: \$1000 for religious purposes in memory and behalf of the family of the late Thomas B. and Francis McCormack, and a like sum in memory of herself; Tabernacle Society, located at the Academy of Notre Dame, \$500, for the purpose of building purposes; House of the Good Shepherd, \$2000; Society of St. Vincent de Paul, attached to St. Mary's Church, \$500 for the benefit of the poor of the parish; Society of St. Vincent de Paul, attached to St. Joseph's Church, \$500; Society of St. Vincent de Paul, attached to the Cathedral, \$500; St. Vincent's Home, \$1000; the Catholic Home for Girls, \$1000; the Missionary Sisters of St. Francis, \$500; St. Joseph's House for Homeless Industrious Boys \$500.

"I give and bequeath unto my executor," the instrument continues, "the sum of \$10,000, to be used and applied by him at his discretion to establish free beds in one or more of the hospitals in the city of Philadelphia, such as the Hospital for Poor Consumptives, or which are under the care and direction of the Little Sisters of the Poor, the Sisters of Charity, or the Sisters of St. Francis, by said executor or his successor in the trust, to have absolute power and discretion in the application of this money."

To the executor and trustee is bequeathed \$25,000 in trust, the net income of which is left to friends for life, and afterwards the principal is to be laid out so as to found a free scholarship in the Philadelphia Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, the beneficiary of said scholarship to be elected by the Archbishop of Philadelphia, said scholarship to be known as the "Harriet Richards Free Scholarship."

It is the decedent's desire that the beneficiary of said scholarship shall, after ordination to the priesthood, so far as his other duties may permit, devote himself specially to the caring for the spiritual welfare of the Indians and the colored people, "in whom I feel a warm interest." Out of the moneys remaining, after the foundation of the said scholarship, the trustee shall pay over the sum of \$2000 unto St. Joseph's House for Homeless Industrious Boys and the balance still remaining shall be divided equally among the following institutions; St. Vincent's Home Maternity Hospital, Catholic Home for Destitute Children, St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, St. Joseph's Protectory, at Norristown; St. John's Orphan Asylum, Church of St. John the Evangelist, Tabernacle Society of the Convent of Notre Dame, West Philadelphia Industrial School, Little Sisters of the Poor, and St. Vincent de Paul Society, attached to St. Peter Claver's Colored Church.

St. Patrick

The annual entertainment of St. Patrick's choir, organized by J. A. Fowler, the organ master, which was held day last, in the Windward great triumph for from every point of view, awarded him in some preliminary weeks of lessons and rehearsals of a chorus of ladies and numbering about 150. Every seat in the vast on the main floor and it was occupied long before performance began; "stand only" was the response of ladies-comers for ticket striking evidence of asm on the part parishioners and their mother Irish parish has equalled in its history.

The first part of the

introduced several of the members of the choir, pupil of Prof. Fowler's, a trained choruses of ladies men. The chorus, "Swift Hymn of Romeo and Juliet, by G. An effective and skill of choral work. This was by a tenor solo, "Where Mr. Alfred Lamoureux, who was never heard to better The first words, in the title of the were most impressive and considering the fact audience was aware that rendered by one whose sightless, they had an impact in awakening sympathy performer. Miss Gertrude Murphy, Prof. Fowler's, was well most deservedly applauded conscientious and clever tion of a selection entitled "Rondo Capriccioso," celebrated master, Mendels "The Ould Plaid Shawl," tive and attractive ballad, contribution of Mr. J. A. basso-soloist of much prominence possesses a voice as much sympathy, and in a good stage presence.

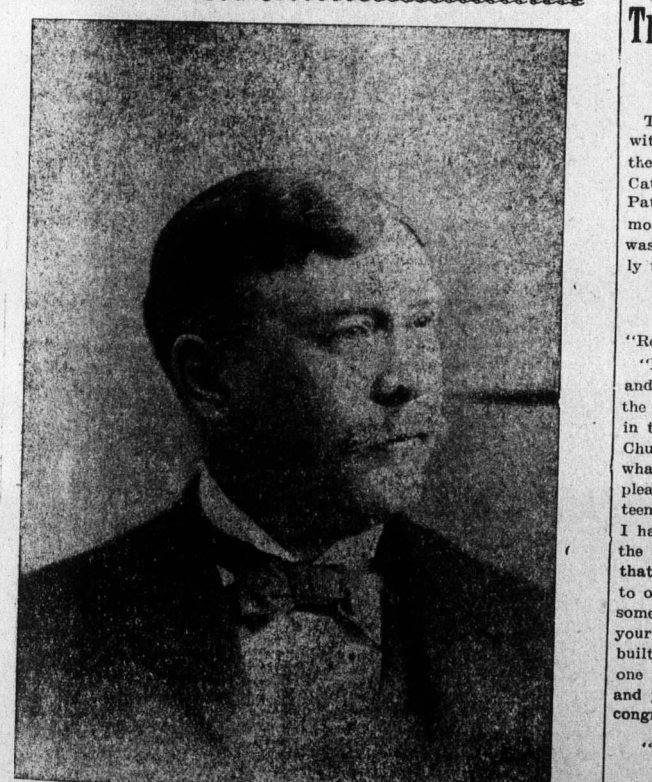


Prof. Fowler then called upon pastor, Father Martin Callaghan, who said a few words. Father Callaghan is affectionately styled by the young in the parish, received a great triumph for from every point of view, awarded him in some preliminary weeks of lessons and rehearsals of a chorus of ladies and numbering about 150. Every seat in the vast on the main floor and it was occupied long before performance began; "stand only" was the response of ladies-comers for ticket striking evidence of asm on the part parishioners and their mother Irish parish has equalled in its history.

Subscribers, Enclosed please... for renewal of my... to the True Witness for... God speed. I... about it. When O'Con... and for Clare, had the... ate, or was he elected... tants. Curbstone Ob... might answer this, L.A.

St. Patrick's Annual Charity Concert.

The annual entertainment of St. Patrick's choir, organized by Prof. J. A. Fowler, the organist and choir-master, which was held on Wednesday last, in the Windsor Hall, was a great triumph for Prof. Fowler, from every point of view, and rewarded him in some measure for the preliminary weeks of labor of meetings and rehearsals of soloists, and a chorus of ladies and gentlemen numbering about 150.



Prof. Fowler then called upon the pastor, Father Martin Callaghan, to say a few words. Father Martin, as he is affectionately styled by old and young in the parish, received an ovation, as he ascended the steps leading to the stage, which left no room to doubt that he enjoys the esteem and affection of the masses, and that his forty odd years of devotedness to the old mother parish is not forgotten by the parishioners.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

Gleanings of the Progress of the war: A despatch from Tokio, under date of Feb. 10, says: Although Japan has no official confirmation, she is rejoicing over a great naval victory at Port Arthur. Early to-day came a cabled report from the Japanese consul at Che Foo, saying that early Monday the Japanese torpedo boats destroyed three large Russian warships off Port Arthur. Thereafter Admiral Togo's fleet of sixteen warships engaged the entire Russian fleet remaining off the port. The consul was unable to give the result of the main engagement, but when the steamer Columbia passed the scene of action all of the Japanese warships were preserving alignment and fighting vigorously and steadily, and apparently uninjured. The news papers here published extras editions containing news of the battle, and produced the first popular demonstration of the war. Flags were raised everywhere. Later a Paris despatch announced that Admiral Alexieff reported that the Russian ships had been injured.

True Christian Spirit.

The city of Lowell, Mass., has just witnessed an edifying exhibition of the true Christian spirit, says the Catholic Standard and Times. St. Patrick's Church Lowell, one of the most beautiful edifices in the State, was destroyed by fire. Immediately this letter was sent: 'Lowell, January 11, 1904. 'Rev. James J. Walsh. 'Dear Sir,—I sympathize with you and all your fellow-workers and the members of St. Patrick's Church in the loss by fire, of your beautiful Church. If I can be of any service whatever to you in this calamity, please let me know it and I shall esteem it a favor to serve you. While I have not had time to consult with the officers of our church, I feel sure that they will be happy as I am to offer you the use of our church for some of your services at least, while your church is being repaired or rebuilt. I hope the new year may be one of peace and blessing for you and your fellow workers and your congregation. Yours sincerely. 'GEORGE F. KENGGOTT'

REVOLUTIONARY BUND.

It is pointed out that it would be practically impossible to conduct military operations against Russia in Manchuria, unless the invaders had liberty to land and approach from any direction. It was suggested today to a high Japanese official that having driven Russia from the seas it would be necessary to delay serious land operations in Manchuria for several weeks until the weather moderates. 'No,' was the reply. 'We kept up an active campaign throughout the winter during the Chinese-Japanese war. Our troops do not mind severe weather.

DENTIST.

Walter G. Kennedy, Dentist, 383 Dorchester Street, CORNER MARSHFIELD. OUR TELEPHONE NUMBERS ARE AS FOLLOWS: Main 3404—Order Department (Store) Main 3405—Do (Store) Main 3407—Do (Office) Main 2638—Do (Mr. Fraser)

LILAC TEA

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FRASER, VIGER & CO., Sole Agents for Canada. RUSSIAN CARAVAN TEA. This Russian Caravan Tea is packed under the supervision of the Russian Government and is sold in original 4-lb. and 1-lb. packages at the prices below: No. 1 RUSSIAN 'SANS-SINE,' per lb., \$1.25; per 1-lb. packet, 35c. No. 2 RUSSIAN 'FAMILLE,' best quality, per lb., \$1.75; per 1-lb. packet, 50c. No. 3 RUSSIAN 'KRASNENKY,' per lb., \$2.25; per 1-lb. packet, 60c. No. 4 RUSSIAN IMPERIAL, 'Famille-Khounny,' per lb., \$3.25; per 1-lb. packet, 80c.

The Relations of Capital and Labor.

To the average politician whose personal ambition is always carefully considered before aught else, the question of Capital and Labor and their relations, is a theme which he skillfully ignores.

"We have been," said his Lordship, "largely agricultural. There were no syndicates; no large combinations of wealth; we did not compete in the markets of the world.

"But there has grown up a feeling of distress. There is a cry of hundreds of thousands, saying, 'Why do multitudes work for the benefit of a few?' It is a living question, arising from our intelligence and our emotional nature.

It is largely due to the mercantile spirit which dominates all nations. There is a reason for antagonism among classes. We should not have classes. I doubt whether we have classes in America.

The world was made for workers. There must be men who work with hearts and minds and consciences as well as those who work with their hands, if we are to be a civilized people.

We are a practical people, and this practical bent, based on common sense, will enable us to settle this question. The earth was not formed by cataclysms. A sudden revolution would not cure, but intensify the evil.

We must settle this question in obedience to the fundamental laws of our nature. I look upon Socialism as out of the question. Those who want a swift settlement are fascinated by Socialism.

All the sufferings of thousands of years have been for liberty and truth, for the opportunity for the individual to grow and to be more a man, to advance the family, the woman, the child, science, art and religion.

Socialism is an impractical scheme. It has failed in small communistic societies. It has militated against the family. All of our support as a civilized people comes from the home, and except from the home the higher life cannot arise.

Without capital we cannot organize great industries or develop a country so vast as ours. Rich men and cities are necessities. Cities of about 100,000 would be ideal. Great cities are an evil, but an inevitable one. It is in the great centres that the labor problem becomes acute.

Labor and capital are allies. The laborer needs the employer and the employer needs the laborer. They should work in union. Organized labor is necessary just as organized capital is necessary.

Competition has failed in many ways. Organized capital results in trusts and trusts have no souls or devils' souls. They destroy competition by crushing the weak.

The strike is the one great weapon of labor. Without it there is no means of redress. But it is the most dangerous of weapons, for it cuts both ways.

A great strike involves a loss of millions, degrades thousands, breaks up homes and leads to intimidation and violence. In Pennsylvania we listened to over 600 witnesses.

The right to labor is fundamental. Mitchell and Gompers and other great labor leaders admit that intimidation beyond persuasion is wrong.

We cannot settle this question unless we bring social feeling and good will to it. God is the father of us all. We are one family.

Why should not the captain of industry feel in his employes the same pride that a captain of soldiers does in his men? Why should the employes not trust and love their captain as the soldiers do their leaders?

The great trouble in mines is with the foremen. When the men come to complain the foreman sends them away or puts them off or lies to them.

After five months' investigation of the mining trouble, I brought away a more profound respect for the men. They are often the victims of misunderstanding, but there is in every one the element of good.

The union makes possible an understanding between capital and labor. Trade agreements are made between them, and they work pretty well.

The wisest men are sometimes foolish. How then can we expect uneducated men always to do the wise and right thing? There have been very foolish strikes in New York and Chicago.

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Labor leaders with whom I have talked all denounce the sympathetic strike. Not 50 per cent. of the strikes succeed, and then only at a great cost.

The union is bringing the shorter day. The shorter the working day at the same wages the better. It does not lead to the saloon. Gompers says that such is not the result.

What is the solution of the labor problem? Get rid of the mercenary spirit. A man may have millions and may be a thief or a miserable wretch.

It is the evil and foolish talk of employers and some newspapers in denouncing labor and of labor in denouncing employers.

I do not think compulsory arbitration would be of much use. Men driven to arbitrate would be stubborn over the result.

Why do you not vote for honest men, and refuse to have anything to do with corrupt men, and corrupt men are always known.

There is the law that separates the saloon and the dance hall, the gateway of the brothel.

Professor Hele-Shaw submits this question: "Is there in use a means of locomotion on land imitating successfully the marvellous natural process of animal locomotion, but modified to suit the mechanical requirements of the case?"

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Report for the week ending Sunday, 7th February, 1904: Irish, 131; French, 145; English, 27; Scotch and other nationalities, 21. Total, 324.

NEW MECHANICAL INVENTION THE WALKING LOCOMOTIVE

Professor Hele-Shaw, of the engineering department of the Liverpool, England, University, one of the foremost authorities on mechanical locomotion, recently gave an address before the Liverpool Self-Propelling Traffic Association on a new invention called the "Pedrail."

Briefly the invention might be described as replacing the wheels of an ordinary traction engine by revolving frames carrying sliding spokes, each spoke having at its end a circular foot, and on the spoke itself, a little distance above the foot, a small wheel or roller.

On another occasion, in a trial at Lincoln, owing to the unskillful handling of the man at the wheel, the engine got into a position in which I thought it must infallibly overturn in the soft bank into which it had fallen.

of rail attached to the moving carriage. The fundamental idea itself is not a new one. You may see in many timber yards that the logs are moved about by being pushed over supports which carry wheels, and by shifting these supports from place to place the heaviest logs of timber can be rolled upon the wheels to any required part of the yard.

The many friends of Mr. Myles J. Murphy, the well known author and theatrical manager, will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed to the management of the Irish exhibition at the World's Fair which will be held in St. Louis this coming summer.

President Hanley has undoubtedly made a happy choice in selecting Mr. Murphy to assist him in promoting the welfare of the Irish industrial interests. There are few men in this country as capable of filling the place as the popular singer and writer.

One of the most interesting features of the Irish exhibit will be the theatre. The amusements will not be of the cheap clap-net order which have excited so much comment in other exhibitions.

IRISH EXHIBIT AT ST. LOUIS.

The many friends of Mr. Myles J. Murphy, the well known author and theatrical manager, will be pleased to learn that he has been appointed to the management of the Irish exhibition at the World's Fair which will be held in St. Louis this coming summer.

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DEATH OF MR. JOHN POWER

John Powers, a student in the second year of theology, died on the 3rd of this month, in the College of St. Laurent, near Montreal, after a short illness.

The sad story of the life of this every boy is much the same. Every centre of great commercial activity. Few of the heads of families near their cosy firesides do little more than indulge in occasional platitudes when their thoughts occasionally directed to the sad condition of the world.

"What"

This question has been asked in the Boston "Post," and replies are given. The writer gives four communications in positions calculated to experience, and to lend their opinions on the subject to Mr. Daniel G. Wing, a National Bank Examiner, a member of the Massachusetts National Bank, Hon. Geo. A. Marden, U.S. Treasurer at Boston; H. O'Neil, President of the Trust Company, and H. N. Hart, former President of the National Bank.

Mr. Daniel G. Wing says he desires to get rich quickly through the opportunities that bank em provides, is, of course, at the of practically all defalcation.

Hon. Geo. A. Marden says, far as my observation goes, defalcation is caused by a pro some sort on the defaulter, times it is a pressure to get for extravagant living, some is a pressure to help a friend, oftenest it is a pressure about by speculation."

Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil says, ambition to get rich quickly speculation is the most cause of defalcations. Given ambition, and the opportunity use the bank's funds for a shorter longer period without detection we have the chief contributing conditions that produce defalcations.

So far we have the same idea veiled in different language: a sive caused by speculation, an turity through the handling of funds, and a determination to rich quickly. But all this do tell us the root of the evil.

gentlemen only say before us t circumstances that surround the d ter and the conditions that te weaken his powers of resisting tation. Hon. Thomas N. goes farther and says: "Many circumstances or cond

Wandering Waifs Of a Great C

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EXHIBIT AT ST. LOUIS.

Friends of Mr. Myles J. well known author and manager, will be pleased to hear that he has been appointed to the Irish exhibition at St. Louis this coming year.

What Makes a Defaulter?

(By a Regular Contributor.)

This question has been asked by the Boston Post, and four replies are given. The writers of these four communications are men in positions calculated to give them experience, and to lend a value to their opinions on the subject. They are Mr. Daniel G. Wing, former National Bank Examiner, and President of the Massachusetts National Bank; Hon. Geo. A. Marden, United States Treasurer at Boston; Hon. Joseph H. O'Neil, President of the Federal Trust Company, and Hon. Thomas N. Hart, former President of the Mt. Vernon National Bank.

might be mentioned as making defaulters, but in my judgment a man becomes a defaulter primarily because he is a thief. There is something essentially dishonest in his makeup, or he would not be the exceptional man who yields to temptation. The average man is honest; the dishonest man is the rare exception.

ply at this building are kindly received. They are provided with food and a place to sleep, and the management, besides relieving the immediate necessities of the boys, tries to lead them away from the life of the streets.

Father Blake says that 70 per cent of the inmates of this institution are of Catholic parentage. It is the practice, when a carload of boys is assembled at this protectory, to send them to one or another of the western states, where the lads are placed in the homes of farmers.

The other day a Protestant Minister from a Western State called upon Father Blake and said: "I was a Catholic boy running on the streets of Brooklyn, a few years ago. The deaths of my parents and other circumstances left me without a home. I had no place to go, and did not know what to do, when I was directed to this institution."

Now all this may be very exact, but it does not go to the bottom of the matter, it does not answer the question nor solve the problem. Admitting that the majority of men are honest and that defaulters are the exceptions, as far as actual experience goes, still how many of those who belong to the "general rule" have not had countless temptations and resisted the same? We only know of the exceptional few who fall, who allow the temptations to overcome them; we know nothing of the struggles that others have had, because the others were sufficiently strong to triumph over the temptations. And why were they strong enough to resist becoming defaulters, under conditions similar to those under which a few have fallen?

A SUCCESSFUL VENTURE.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

A bright May morning in the year 1890 witnessed the departure of Mrs. S. and her little son Raymond, from Montreal by the Central Vermont. On the platform of the Grand Trunk station stood Mr. S., waving them an affectionate farewell.

"I wonder," said he to himself, "will Mabel's venture prove successful. She insisted on going though I did all in my power to dissuade her from her purpose. Nobody knows that man better than I do, his word is irrevocable."

During the course of a couple of weeks, Mr. S. seemed to have undergone a complete transformation. The change was all the more remarkable owing to his usual buoyancy of disposition. He had, evidently, become the victim of gloomy forebodings. In a word, depression was stamped on his countenance.

On the evening of Friday, Jan. 29, Rev. Father Drummond, S.J., delivered, in the lecture room of the Medical College, one of the series of special lectures arranged by the Medical Students' Association. His subject was the "Ideal Doctor."

When the boat landed at one of the East River piers, Mrs. S. thanked him most cordially for his kind attentions, hoped they should meet again, and was about to bid him good-bye when he interrupted her by saying:

"My carriage is waiting for me, and if you have no objections I shall place it at your disposal to bring you to your destination."

"You are certainly too kind," responded Mrs. S. "I may be going in an opposite direction, and do not wish to inconvenience you. My business brings me to No. — Fifth Avenue."

After leaving her, he had gone round to the side gate, and arrived in the house just in time to learn that a lady wished to see him in the drawing room. The whole affair he regarded as a capital joke.

Discretion was all important in the ideal doctor. He must be quiet as the grave. Breaches of confidence had ruined many a young doctor's prospects. One great difficulty was telling the truth, but the honest, even the blunt doctor was sure to win more trust and esteem in the long run.

In concluding Father Drummond summed up the qualities which went to make up excellence in a physician and urged the students to adopt these.

A hearty vote of thanks to the speaker of the evening was moved by Mr. M. A. Griffith. — Northwest Review.

a diagnosis. For this the powers of the mind should be prepared by a liberal training. An accurate and retentive memory is a very important requisite. In order to remember a fact the fact must be sharply outlined by the imagination.

The Ideal Doctor will have a reverence for the past; will honor the pioneers who patiently built up the science of medicine, and will give due and wise consideration to the methods of other days. These methods sometimes do not receive the consideration they merit.

From all this it follows that the Ideal Doctor is one who can generalize well. A practical conclusion, too, is that a doctor should recognize the spiritual elements in his patients. The power of the human will in combating disease was illustrated by several striking instances.

A great respect for human life was another requisite. There was a tendency among some skillful surgeons to use the knife too freely. Many valuable lives had been spoiled or ruined without necessity.

In concluding Father Drummond summed up the qualities which went to make up excellence in a physician and urged the students to adopt these.

Wandering Waifs Of a Great City.

The sad story of the life of the homeless boy is much the same in every centre of great commercial activity. Few of the heads of families near their cosy firesides do little else than indulge in occasional platitudes when their thoughts occasionally are directed to the sad condition of the waifs as we reproduce below.

tions outside the Church for material aid, but the facts and figures which Father Blake gives in regard to Brooklyn conditions, are new to most of his hearers. What he tells is not related from hearsay, but is simply a statement of the situation as he finds it in his labors, day and night, in behalf of boys who have no homes and no friends.

Father Blake says that in Fulton street alone there are not less than fifty lodging houses in which Catholic boys, too old for admission to orphan asylums, are housed, in squalid, miserable conditions, and subject to the contaminating influences of the depraved and criminal. In some of these houses, he says, the majority of the boys come of Catholic families. He goes out night after night, in the biting cold of this winter weather, and finds boys sleeping along the alleys, in doorways, and even in barrels. The other night, when the thermometer was not far above zero and the sea winds howled he rescued several lads, whose clothes were in rags, and who were in danger of freezing to death while they slept.

A few blocks from the centre of Fulton street's cheap lodging house district is a Protestant institution for the protection of boys who are in need of a home. Those who sp-

Fred A. McGill. AFTER LONG YEARS. At last! Pere Marquette, the discoverer of the Mississippi, the first white man who trod the ground where now stands Chicago, the mighty city of the West, is to have his place in Statuary Hall at the Capitol with the sanction of the Congress of the United States.

The old gentleman proved agreeable company. Gladly did he impart to his new acquaintances and desirable information concerning points of interest along the route with which he was thoroughly familiar.

The Ideal Doctor

When the boat landed at one of the East River piers, Mrs. S. thanked him most cordially for his kind attentions, hoped they should meet again, and was about to bid him good-bye when he interrupted her by saying: "My carriage is waiting for me, and if you have no objections I shall place it at your disposal to bring you to your destination."

DECREE IN CASE OF JOAN OF ARC.

In the Cause of the Venerable Servant of God, Joan of Arc, Virgin, Commonly Known as the Maid of Orleans.

AS TO WHETHER.

"The case is clear with regard to the theological virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity towards God and our neighbor, and the cardinal virtues of Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance and those connected with them, in a heroic degree in the case and to the effect in question."

The Wisdom of God, who delights to dwell on earth, was pleased to raise up in the fifteenth century a virgin stout of heart, vieing in prowess with Deborah, Jael and Judith, who, with even more truth and force than they merited the praise bestowed on the woman incomparable as we read of her in Sacred Scripture: "She has girded her loins with strength, she has strengthened her arm, she had put her hands to mighty tasks."

The Venerable Servant of God, Joan of Arc, was born in the village of Domremy, near Vaucouleurs, on the frontier between Champagne and Lorraine, on Jan. 6, 1412, of very pious and humble parents. Her early youth she spent hidden in God, attending to domestic tasks and at times tending her father's flock, but giving herself as much as possible to prayer in the Church of her native village.

At that time France had passed into a lamentable state, for Charles VII. had been driven from the kingdom of his forefathers and obliged to take refuge in the southern part of his principality, where he was hard pressed by the English, the Bretons and Burgundians. His forces had been diminished, for fortified places were falling now here, now there, into the hands of the enemy.

In these disastrous circumstances, when even the most active of the leaders were losing all courage and initiative, the safety of the state rested on one woman. Four years before she had seen the Archangel Michael surrounded by an immense multitude of angels and heard the voice of the Prince of the heavenly host command her to hasten at once to Orleans and to conduct Charles to Rheims to be there crowned king.

But to-day, sacred to God the Saviour manifesting Himself by a star to the nations, and at the same time the birthday of the Venerable Servant of God Joan, destined of old to be as a flame flashing in the earthly and heavenly Jerusalem, His Holiness, after religiously celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, has entered this noble hall of the Vatican and taken his seat on the Pontifical throne, has summoned the Most Reverend Cardinals Seraphinus Cretoni, Prefect, and Dominick Ferrata, Relator of the Cause, together with the Reverend Father Alexander Verde, Promoter of the Faith, and me, the undersigned Secretary, and in our presence has solemnly decreed: The evidence concerning the theological virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity towards God and our neighbor, and the cardinal virtues of Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance, with the others connected with them, as practiced in a heroic degree by the Venerable Servant of God, Joan of Arc, is so clear in the case and to the effect under discussion that it is lawful now to proceed further, namely, to the discussion of the four miracles.

And this decree be ordered to be published and to be recorded in the

ard aloft. By equally prodigious efforts she delivered all the other towns, and then she urged the vacillating Charles on to his anointing at Rheims.

Having thus accomplished, better than any man could have done, the mission God had intrusted to her, with equal courage and constancy she received the unworthy reward meted out to her by the justice of men. Taken by the Burgundians, she was shamefully betrayed for money into the hands of the English, who were to wreak their vengeance by the cruel death of the virgin. She was taken to Rouen, put on trial, and made the object of all kinds of changes—except that of having been unfaithful to her vow of chastity.

The case was tried before most corrupt judges, the innocent virgin was condemned to be burnt, and underwent this punishment with fortitude on May 30, 1431, before a dense multitude with her eyes fixed on the crucifix, while she offered up the most fervent prayers and implored pardon for the authors of her death.

Four and twenty years after her death the Sovereign Pontiff Calixtus III., intrusted to the Bishop of Rheims and others the duty of reopening the case, with the result that the first sentence was annulled, and the reputation of the Servant of God was restored. Hardly anybody entertained a doubt as to her innocence at that time. The fame of her sanctity daily increasing, and of the prodigies by which it seemed as if God wished to distinguish her after her death, a great many illustrious personages of all countries, but especially of France, addressed petitions to the Apostolic See, praying that as the integrity of the Maid of Orleans had already been vindicated by the Vicar of Christ, so, too, a sentence might emanate from him conferring on her the honors of the altar.

A crown of solid gold, set in diamonds and precious stones, is being made for the image of the Blessed Virgin, which is venerated in St. Peter's, and it is to be placed on her head on the occasion of the jubilee of the Immaculate Conception, next December. The other day Pius X received in private audience Mgr. Radini-Tedeschi, secretary of the commission appointed by Leo XIII to arrange for the festival, and handed him a magnificent uncut diamond, saying he wished it set in the crown as a personal gift from himself. The diamond was formerly in a ring presented to Pius X by a devoted admirer, and the Pope's action in contributing to coronation has greatly encouraged the committee which has charge of the arrangements.

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acts of the Sacred Congregation of Rites on Jan. 8, 1904.

(L.IIS) SERAPHINUS CARDINAL CRETONI, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

DIOMEDES PANICI, Archbishop of Laodicea, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

—'New York Freeman's Journal.'

ABOUT THE HOLY FATHER

Somewhat over ten years ago Pius X., as Cardinal Sarlo, the Patriarch of Venice, in a letter to the President of the Venetian Society of St. George expressed this wish: "Oh, if we could only succeed in having the faithful sing in the Mass the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus and Agnus, as they do now the Litany of Loreto and the Tantum Ergo, it would be for me the most beautiful outcome of Church music. Many times do I picture to myself a thousand voices singing in a large church the Mass of the Angels." As we have said, ten years have passed by since he expressed that wish, and now, behold! He has become Pope, his wish is to be solemnly realized; a choir of one thousand voices, made up from all the Roman seminaries and colleges, is to sing in the traditional Gregorian in the Papal Mass—the Mass de Angelis (of the Angels)—in St. Peter's, on the Centenary of St. Gregory the Great. Who will gain a special dispensation of Divine Providence in all this?

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A Catholic Editor Disillusioned

From the Catholic Universe.

The new editor of the Providence "Visitor," who stanted out with a beautiful optimism, is beginning to encounter a few of the things that go far to make Catholic journalism a sure cure for optimism. He observes that one of the Providence dailies publishes a picture of the proposed new Catholic Church, with complete details of its plans, etc., and he remarks, with hurt surprise, that that very picture and those very details were promised in advance to the "Visitor." He wonders why the promise was not kept, and is moved to declare that if he could make the "Visitor" a non-Catholic paper he would get certainly and easily what no entreaties succeed in securing for the diocesan weekly. When the new editor is older he will be injured against surprise of this kind and hardened to disappointments. It is a pity that some one did not prepare him for the fact that the Catholic paper is considered a news medium only when it fails to publish items which it could discover by divination alone. News is humbly offered to the daily press, which must be as humbly entreated for Catholic publications. It is never heard of unless it fails to appear. Sometimes the Catholic editor, if he be young at the work, has his moments of indignation. But he soon educates his sense of justice to that point of forbearance which realizes that there are aspects of human nature beyond the ken of philosophers. In time he becomes himself grimly philosophical, stirred only to a passing pity for those who have his lesson yet to learn.

RAILROADS. CANADIAN PACIFIC OTTAWA SERVICE. Lve. Windsor Station 8.45 a.m., 9.40 a.m., 11.00 a.m.; 4.00 p.m., 10.10 p.m. Arr. Ottawa 11.45 a.m., 12.40 p.m., 11.25 p.m., 7.00 p.m., 11.0 a.m. Farior Car accommodation on all trains Lv. Place Viger 8.20 a.m., 5.40 p.m. *Daily, Sundays included; †Sundays only. Other trains week days only.

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, MO. April 30, Dec. 1, 1904. Rainbow Gardens amid the Cascades. Hank Monk's Famous Stage Coach.

INTERNATIONAL LIMITED daily at 9 a.m., 1.40 p.m., 4.40 p.m., Hamilton 8.40 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont., 6.45 p.m., Buffalo 8.00 p.m., London, 7.45 p.m., Detroit 10.30 p.m., Chicago 7.30 p.m. Elegant Cafe Service on above Train.

FAST OTTAWA SERVICE Lv. 8.40 a.m. week days; 4.10 p.m., daily. Ar. Ottawa 11.40 a.m. week days, 7.10 p.m.

MONTREAL AND SPRINGFIELD, Mass Through Coach, Farior and Sleeping Car Service. Trains leave Bonaventure Station at 9.01 a.m. week days and 8.40 p.m. daily.

CITY TICKET OFFICES, 27 St. James Street Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

NOT SLAVES TO FASHION

Father Digman, S.J., of St. Francis' Mission, Rosebud, S. Dak., a venerable priest who has been laboring for many years among the Sioux Indians, was not long ago the recipient of the following letter:

"Dear Father—I have a clothing store and carry a line of furnishing goods for men, boys and children. Now, as the style changes continually, there always remains some goods on my hands that are out of style and which are so hard to sell that I almost have to give them away in order to get rid of them. Now, I thought I would do better by giving them to the poor than by trying to sell them for a trifle. If you can use anything in that line please let me know. Yours, etc.

"Of course," Father Digman relates, "we hastened to let him know that our poor Indian children did not bother their heads much about the latest styles, and that anything he could send would be received with the greatest thankfulness. He replied by sending a large box of clothing and informing us that there were no doubt many Catholic merchants who were ready to do the same as he had done. We have here a mission school containing over two hundred and fifty children belonging to the Sioux Indian tribe. These have to be supported by alms collected in various ways from the faithful throughout the United States. These alms allow us to eke out a mere existence. A slight suspension of them places the life of the school in jeopardy, the closing of which would be the shutting out of the Indian from the Catholic faith. The children would be forced to go to the public schools, and here they would be liable to be forced to go to the Protestant Church, as is, in fact, done here on our reservation. You must remember that at home, so far from being instructed in the faith, they will too often receive nothing but "bad example. An instruction given once in a while, in a place the very air of which is Protestant, is a very indifferent method of preventing the ruin of these children's faith. I might add that all the employees of the government boarding school and all the teachers of the day schools, but two on the reservation, are non-Catholic. So you will see that for us the school is a vital necessity, and it is our hope that generous Catholics will flock together to the support of these Indian schools as the best means of repaying the great debt the white man owes to the red for all that he has deprived him of. If but a comparatively small number of Catholic merchants would imitate the example of the generous one cited above one large item of expense might be erased from the Mission's journal."

Canon Laws. A despatch from Rome says that the Congregation has appointed Cardinals Rampolla, Segna, Cavagna and Gennari to codify the immense mass of canon laws.

THE BIG STORE Closes Daily at 8.30 P.M. Saturday during February at One o'clock. THE S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED. Famous All Over Canada.

THE SEASON'S NEW WASH FABRICS.

Splendid display of all the fashionable features just opened out. Beautiful dainty Muslins—new and novel weaves, new color tones. Those residing outside the city, just send for a line of samples, best way to determine the beauty and merit of each aspirant for favor. Well, to furnish an idea of the character, quality and colorings of the desired fabric, as well as to indicate about the price you wish to pay; this information will enable us to select and forward a satisfactory range.

Among the Newest Novelties Are GLACE BASKET CLOTH. New Canvas Weave, with colored embroidered dots. Ribbon Striped Muslin. Muslin Ground, with Broche Ottoman Stripes, in various widths, white or black, black and white.

French Snow-flake Crash. An imported novelty for Costumes or Waists, in white, cream, blue, terracotta, green, pink, gray, blue gray, etc. A dainty fabric interwoven with raised white snowflake effects. Special February price, per yard. 18c. Scotch Gingham. Substantial, effective and pretty, though lowly priced. Choice array of neat stripe effects. Splendid value at 18c yard. Sale price. 12c.

"Gigantic Sale of Wrapperettes"

Seldom, indeed, do the public have the opportunity to buy beautiful, pretty, useful Flannelette Wrapperettes at the prices mentioned below: 50 pieces 27 in. wide Flannelettes, red ground, with patterns outlined in black; plaids, floral and fancy effects. Regular 10c yard quality that has been reduced to 5c. 25 pieces 27 in. wide Wrapperettes, in plaids, fancy checks, stripes, florals and fancy patterns. Choice tones of color. Were 12c yard and up; now reduced to 6c.

Valentines for the 14th.

Great care exercised in The Big Store's selections that none of that cheap, distasteful kind which wound the recipient's feelings should creep in. A select collection of Cupid's messengers—chaste and refined. Valentines, at 2c, 3c and 10c. Valentines, at 5c, 6c and 7c. Valentines, at 15c, 20c and 30c. Buster Brown Valentines—the latest character creation of comic papers, each 9c. Depend upon it, The Big Store's values lack successful limitation.

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

CARPETS!

This is a money-saving week to all purchasers of Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Beds and Bedding, at discounts from 15 per cent. to 50 per cent.

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

JOHN MURPHY & CO. NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the parishioners of St. Michael the Archangel of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of Quebec at its next session for an Act to amend the Education Act, and to permit of the erection of the said parish into a separate school municipality.

Montreal, 21st January, 1904.

NO TICE.

Dame Appoline Pauline, in religion Sister Marthe, Dame Marie-Emilie Auvert, in religion Sister Sainte Theodora; Dame Ellen Royston, in religion Sister Marie de Saint Paul, Dame Elizabeth Mais, in religion Sister Marie du Sacre-Coeur, of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for a charter granting them civil personality under the name of "Les Soeurs de l'Esperance, voueues aux soins des malades," with such powers as are generally given to similar corporations.

Montreal, 8th February, 1904. TAILLON, BONIN & MORIN, For the petitioners.

PATENT SOLICITORS.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED.

Without the business of manufacturers, engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by experts, preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventors' Help, is paper, sent upon request. Marine & Marine, New York Life Bldg., Montreal, and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

A CR...

HIS week I... attracts from part of the Wealth.

Rev. James J., which I had tempting to analyze, grasp the full meaning to follow, it will be the reader to take it with what appeared, using, in last week's issue before, there is nothing these few contributions trying to reduce a magazine article to the space that these columns in so doing the great select what is absolute and to skip over that planetary or illustrative

OUR GREAT NEED tells us that one of the of our time is a Peter a St. Bernard to preach a crusade of wealth. more persuade mankind money-getting than the saints could persuade men to give up fighting desirable that we should rightly gotten and right as powerful an instrument good as was the sword de Bouillon, but for our must find our Bernard our Godfrey. He point not a few of the plutocracy are alive to the da responsibilities of wealth. illustrating the foregoing examples the author says tendency of modern industry monarchical, in as much and profit generally hands of a few men of have the gift of management brings us to the principal the writer is desirous of

SPENDING OF WEALT with the spending of wealth than its acquisition that present concerned, though will react on the other. penditure will breed soci but in the wisdom there self-denial, and the profit always be immediate. this to nations, as well as duals, we find it to be the author's contentions. T pies thus enunciated tend the haste of the age fo wealth. To make perman tomors we must show thos whom we deal our better sid do so we must have a lott to show. This idea is fully ed in the treatment of the tion of such an upheaval as ing of the yellow races to with the white races. Ever eventually the white races come out superior in the com cause they have behind the cial strength they possess a force, that will stand them stead. When Christendom w tened with destruction by th of the Ottoman Empire, ther ed among Christian nation an imperfect political unio sprang from their common Since then the influence o as a bond of union (on acc Protestantism) has grown and continues to weaken. power of the foe they may face, though it be latent nor likely to develop into a peril more formidable than that was threatened by the Ottoman pire." He blames the sectela the age for the tendency to di which will weaken the forces white race for this conflict.

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POOR BOX THIEF.

One day last week Father Ri assistant rector of the Church Our Lady of Lourdes, placed u arrest James Geosroy, on ch of robbing a poor box in the chu

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THE ONLY FORCE.

POOR BOX THIEF.

A CRUSADE OF WEALTH.

(Continued.) BY "CRUX."

THIS week I will take extracts from the second part of the "Crusade of Wealth," the article by Rev. James Kendall, S. J., which I have been attempting to analyze. In order to grasp the full meaning of what is to follow, it will be necessary for the reader to take it in connection with what appeared, under this heading, in last week's issue. As stated before, there is nothing original in these few contributions. I am only trying to reduce a very lengthy magazine article to the limits of the space that these columns can afford. In so doing the great difficulty is to select what is absolutely essential, and to skip over that which is explanatory or illustrative.

OUR GREAT NEED—The author tells us that one of the great needs of our time is a Peter the Hermit or a St. Bernard to preach and organize a crusade of wealth. "We can no more persuade mankind to give up money-getting than the mediæval saints could persuade their fellowmen to give up fighting, nor is it desirable that we should. Money rightly gotten and rightly spent is as powerful an instrument for good as was the sword of Godfrey de Bouillon, but for our crusade we must find our Bernard as well as our Godfrey." He points out that not a few of the plutocrats of our day are alive to the dangers and responsibilities of wealth. After illustrating the foregoing by several examples the author says that the tendency of modern industry is to be monopolical, in as much as power and profit generally fall into the hands of a few men of genius, who have the gift of management. This brings us to the principal point that the writer is desirous of making.

SPENDING OF WEALTH—"It is with the spending of wealth rather than its acquisition that we are at present concerned, though the one will react on the other. Wise expenditure will breed secure profit, but in the wisdom there must be self-denial, and the profit will not always be immediate." Applying this to nations, as well as to individuals, we find it to be the basis of the author's contentions. The principles thus enunciated tend to curb the haste of the age for sudden wealth. To make permanent customers we must show those with whom we deal our better side; but to do so we must have a better side to show. This idea is fully developed in the treatment of the supposition of such an upheaval as the rising of the yellow races to compete with the white races. Even in that eventuality the white races would come out superior in the contest, because they have behind the commercial strength they possess a moral force, that will stand them in good stead. When Christendom was threatened with destruction by the power of the Ottoman Empire, there existed among Christian nations at least an imperfect political union which sprang from their common religion. Since then the influence of religion as a bond of union (on account of Protestantism) has grown weaker, and continues to weaken. "Yet the power of the foe they may have to face, though it be latent now, is likely to develop into a peril vastly more formidable than that which was threatened by the Ottoman Empire." He blames the sectarianism of the age for the tendency to disunion which will weaken the forces of the white race for this conflict.

THE ONLY FORCE.—"We are with equal firmness," says the author, "convinced that the Catholic Church is the only force in the world capable of successfully resisting the secularist contagion and its attendant spirit of greedy commercialism, and that it is with Catholics, therefore, that there chiefly lies the responsibility of exerting themselves to meet the danger ahead. That we possess intrinsically the best means of com-

Geosroy entered the church and knelt down. Father Rivers arrived shortly afterwards and found that the box had been broken. When Geosroy started to leave and had reached the vestibule, Father Rivers placed his hand on his shoulder. The man uttered not a word, but delved into his coat pocket and handed over the money he took from the poor-box. He offered no resistance. Father Rivers said: "It appeared to me that the man's mind is slightly deranged. This thing has been done so frequently during the past few weeks that I decided it would be best to turn him over to the police."—Catholic Union and Times.

New Brunswick.—Rev. Messrs. Le-

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OLD PUBLICATIONS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Since I began these extracts from my old "Almanacks" I have been asked if I could find in any of them the names of the parish priests in the different parishes of the Diocese of Montreal, outside the city, and also the faculty of the St. Hyacinthe College. Others have asked for those of the various other dioceses in Canada. I will take these names from the "Almanack" of 1825, beginning with the College of St. Hyacinthe. Director, Rev. Mr. De Lamothe, Professor of Philosophy, Rev. Mr. Prince (subsequently Mgr. Prince, first Bishop of that Diocese). Professors of Humanities Rev. Messrs. Ricard, Fisette, Tessier, Marcotte, Morin, Durocher and Laddy.

Parish priests along the North Shore, in the diocese of Montreal: Rev. Messrs. Louis Lamothe, Berthier, Holmes, Drummondville; F. Marcoux, St. Cuthbert; Keller, St. Elizabeth; Bezeau, Lavalrie and Lanoraie; Lagarde, St. Paul; Martin, St. Sulpice; Amiot (senior), Repentigny; Gaulin, St. Pierre du Portage; Pare, St. Jacques; Raizenne, St. Roch de l'Acadian; Odelin, St. Esprit; L. Parent, St. Henri de Maskouche; Art, Lamothe, Lachenaie; St. Germain, Terrebonne; Pai-ri, St. Anne des Plaines; Ducharme, Blainville; Felix, St. Benoit and Ste. Scholastique; Paquin (junior), St. Eustache; John McMahon, curate; Archambault, Vaudreuil; Del-lobroquerie, Rigaud and Argenteuil; Manseau, Soulanges and St. Timothee; Leduc (senior), St. Polycarpe.

On the South Shore: Rev. Messrs. Vallee, St. Regis and St. Anicet; Madran, Chateaugay; Clement, Beauharnois; Jos. Marcoux, Sault Ste. Louis; Pigeon, St. Philippe; Cheverlis, St. Constant; Gerioux, St. Luc; Morisset, St. Athanase de Bleury; Paquin (senior), St. Cyrien; Boucher, Prairie de la Madeline; Charvoilez, Longueuil; Tabeau (preconsecrated), Boucherville; Deguisse, Varennes; Bruneau, Verchers; Aubry, Contrecoeur; Alimotte, St. Antoine de Chambly; Belanger (junior), Be-lobel and St. Hilaire; Mignault, St. Joseph de Chambly; Baillarge (subsequently Bishop) curate; Legris, Ste. Marie de Monnoir; Consigny, St. Matthias; Gagne, St. Jean de Rouville; Robitaille, St. Charles and St. Marie; J. B. Bedard, St. Denis; Hebert, St. Ours; Kelly, William Henry; Girouard, St. Hyacinthe d'Yamaski; Quintal, St. Cesaire and St. Damase, and Clement Aubry, La Presentation.

Catholic Clergy of Upper Canada:—Mgr. Alexander Macdonnell, Bishop of Rhénie, in Mesopotamia, consecrated 31st-December, 1820; Vicar-General for Upper Canada, Rev. Messrs. William Fraser, Kingston; John Macdonnell, Perth; Horan, (subsequently Bishop), Richmond; O'Meara, St. Andrews; Angus Macdonnell, St. Raphael; Marchand, Sandwich; Crevier, Trent.

In the Gulf of St. Lawrence:—Mgr. Bernard Angus McEachran, Bishop of Rosane in Syria, consecrated 17th June, 1821, Vicar-General for the Province and Islands of the Gulf; Rev. Mr. Chisholm, secretary—(subsequently Bishop).

Prince Edward Island.—Rev. Donald McDonald, St. Andrews, and Rev. Mr. Fitzgerald, Charlottetown.

Island of Cape Breton.—Rev. Mr. Hudon, Arichat and Bay St. Peter's; McKeagney, Labrador Indian Missions; McLeod, Lake Labrador; Blanchet, Cheticamp; Beland, Magdalen Islands; Al. Macdonnell, Judique.

New Brunswick.—Rev. Messrs. Le-

duc, Nipisiguit; Bellefeuille, Caraque; Gingras, Memramkoucke; Gagnon, Shediac; Blanchet, Richibucto; Gauvreau, City of St. John; Dollard, Miramichi, and Rinfret, Madawaska.

North-West Territories—Mgr. Jos. Norbert, Provencher, Bishop of Juliapolis, in Galatia, consecrated 12th May, 1822, Vicar Apostolic of the Canadian Northwest. Rev. Mr. Harper, secretary. Rev. Mr. Desrois-maisons, Missionary.

Some idea may be formed of the development of the country since then, by a comparison with the above of the ecclesiastical directoy of to-day.

The Irish Catholic In England

Mr. William Redmond, M.P., describing in the Dublin Weekly Freeman the enthronement of Archbishop Bourne in the new Westminster Cathedral, calls it "a wonderful demonstration of the strength of the Catholics of London, marking an era of progress and prosperity and useful endeavor on the part of the Catholic Church which no power can check or set back."

"At the same time," he goes on, "as I stepped into the street my mind wandered from the stately new cathedral and its great congregation of the highest in the land to the many poor churches all over London, where the very spirit of the Catholic religion has been maintained and preserved in very poor surroundings and against great opposition. Such churches are very humble and very poor, but they are the real bulwarks of Catholicity in London, and their congregations mostly Irish, and their priests, whose constancy and devotion and courage brought the Catholic cause in England to the position which enabled the great ceremony of to-day to take place amidst all signs of triumph and success.

"There is nothing in history more wonderful than the way in which the Irish priests and people rescued the Church from ruin, and, perhaps, total eclipse in England. This should never be forgotten by Irishmen, and it is certainly admitted and frankly acknowledged by those Catholics in England who know all the facts of the case. A great deal is heard of the great work of Irish missionaries in America and Australia and elsewhere but it is true to say that not nearly enough is realized of the splendid devotion of those Irishmen and Irishwomen who fought bigotry and prejudice, and suffered much for their faith in England. If Catholicity is, as it is beyond doubt, in the way of great progress and expansion in England to-day, it is largely the work of faithful Irish priests and their poor congregations in the great English centres of population. This thought struck me, and, I am sure, struck others also who witnessed the great scene at Westminster this morning, when, after centuries, a Catholic Archbishop was once more enthroned in a great Catholic Cathedral."

GOOD WORK FOR CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Archbishop Mesmer has sound and practical views on the subject of the Catholic press. He points out a way in which its influence should be extended, thus: "Another subject for the Federation is the spread of Catholic literature and the support of the Catholic press. Our Catholic press performs a most excellent service, but it is not enough. We need Catholic information for ourselves we need to be told what are the Catholic principles involved in Socialism, in wages, in international relations, in the relations between the citizen and the civil authority,—the rights of the citizen and the duty of the civil authority. Here, again, little can be done by one society; but suppose we have all the Catholic societies joined to help spread that Catholic literature, would it not do a splendid work?"

A CATHOLIC MEMBER.

Mr. Rowland Hunt, who has been elected member of Parliament of Ludlow, Shropshire, England, is a Catholic.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER. ON TONGUES AND FLAMES

THE other day I was present at a fire in the north end of the city, and as I stood watching the flames devouring the building I was struck by several remarks, in the form of comparisons that I heard. One was the exclamation of a woman: "Look how the flames are licking that roof." Another was the expression of a boy, of some fifteen years, who said: "See the tongues of flame coming out of that window." These are ordinary expressions, yet, on reflection they brought to my mind a most extraordinary series of comparisons. If we go back to the Sacred Scripture, the sublimest source of all language and figures, we find the same striking comparisons. It was in the form of "tongues of fire" that the Holy Ghost came down upon the Apostles, when, in accordance with the promise of the Savior, they were filled with the Spirit of Truth and received the Divine Guide and Comforter. There was certainly something suggestive beyond the ordinary in that form of apparition to mortal eyes, and, in fact, they began at once to "speak in divers tongues." The tongue is the organ of speech and the flame that assumes the same form is like unto it in a multitude of ways. This brings me to a few reflections consequent upon my personal observations in life. I will begin with the question of fire, and then deal with that of the tongue.

THE BENEFITS OF FIRE.

There is no element more useful and none more dangerous than fire. Consider it from any point of view, you please. From the sun that heats and illumines the world, down to the rush-light in the cottage of the indigent, fire is a servant that is absolutely necessary to existence; and from the belching volcano to the exploding lamp, fire is a master and enemy that man cannot possibly contend against. As a servant, just imagine all the benefits that we derive from fire. Apart from the light which it furnishes, it is the source of our greatest comforts. A well-managed and properly directed fire is an undeniable necessity in every sphere of life. Man uses it to cook the food with which to nourish his body; without it he cannot even have his "daily bread," that "staff of life." In our long, cold winters in this land we experience more than any other people the need of fire. The coal in our furnaces, the wood in our stoves, the logs in our hearth-places are all so many necessities. By means of those fires we make existence possible. Then, with fire, man drives the huge locomotive over leagues of land, and compels the monster vessel to plough the furrowed face of the ocean. The list would be a long one, were I to attempt to detail all the uses that can be made of that element. In the mint where the coin is struck; in the factory where glass is made; in the forge where the iron is wrought into a million forms to supply the world; in the factories that pour forth the countless products of human invention; in almost every place where the hands of man work for the benefit of the human race, the element of fire is needed. Without it the world would perish; the entire globe would become one vast Arctic region, whereon life would be impossible. And these are all things so natural and ordinary that men do not seem to think them worth the observation.

THE DANGERS OF FIRE.

But what a terrible enemy fire becomes, the moment it is beyond human control. The rapidity with which it does its work of destruction and the completeness with which it reduces to ruins and ashes should make us pause. Take a simple match and drop it upon the floor; in a few moments you have a conflagration. Property, human life, everything goes down before its fury. Look at the lightning, blasting, in a second, the giant oak. See the fire on the prairies, when the wind fans the flames into billows and an ocean of devouring waves rolls higher and higher, spreads wider and wider, gains velocity with each moment, and finally leaps over miles of intervening space and rushes on to the destruction of those who imagined themselves far beyond its reach. It is needless to dwell upon this phase of the subject. The slightest reflec-

tion will suffice to bring to the mind of the least observant scores of examples of the destructiveness and the rapidity of action that characterizes the element of fire. If you are walking carelessly past a hot stove and inadvertently place your hand upon it, you will jump with the sudden pain that seems to premeditate your whole being with the instantaneousness of electricity. Just let a person touch you with the lighted end of a cigar, and see what the effect will be. Even less than that: take a mouthful of hot food, or a sup of boiling tea, and conceive the torture that you experience at once. And what must not be the sufferings of the poor victims of fires, those unfortunate creatures whose lives go out amidst flames? But I have written enough to awaken a feeling of terror for the most awful of all the elements.

THE GUARDED TONGUE.

And just as fire, when under perfect control, is a faithful and useful servant of man, so the human tongue, to which it is so often compared, is, when properly guided, the most useful organ that we possess. We can use the tongue, as the organ of speech, for the benefit of the entire human race. The prayers that ascend to heaven and draw down the blessings of God; the hymns of glory that are sung in honor of the One who is Master of life and death; the noble sermons that are preached by holy and pious souls; the good advice that is given to those who are wavering or in error or sin; the charitable word that cloaks many a sad deformity of human nature; the forgiving expression that is a balm to the troubled soul; the expression of pardon or the plea for innocence, that may be heard in so many accents in the world; all these, and ten thousand other works of the tongue, constitute it the sweetest, the purest, the most noble, the most effective of all our organs. The mission of the well-directed and rightly controlled tongue is actually Apostolic. We can never know all the good that it operates in the world. Like fire it is warm and it creates flames of affection and glory; it illumines the pathway of its possessor and it performs the work of God on earth—that is the Christian tongue.

THE EVIL TONGUE.

But how like the flame of destructive fire is the bitter, the biting, the evil tongue. Its work is done in an instant, and its effects are incalculable, its consequences beyond all human computation. Take the tongue of slander, and watch the rapidity with which the flame will spread that a single spark, a mere passing word has ignited. I have, in my experience, observed many times the workings of an evil tongue. I have seen a fire, originating from a match destroy tens of thousands worth of property; I have equally seen a word from an evil tongue reduce to ashes the entire structure of a lifetime, blast a reputation, ruin a whole family, an entire generation. Set a fire in a prairie, and you are no longer able to control it; you cannot check its headlong sweep of destruction; let your tongue speak a scandal or a slander, and you are no longer able to stop the bad effects, nor can you counteract the effects of your own action. For long years after your tongue shall have mouldered in the grave, the injurious consequences of its evil words may survive. With the rapidity of lightning the tongue can strike down the most noble, the most gifted, the most deserving. The oak cannot withstand the lightning stroke; no more can the finest reputation withstand the electric shock from the tongue of mendacity; with no other organ can man work such an amount of ruin, and do it with such remarkable rapidity. I am therefore of the opinion that an ill-guided tongue is more like ill-conducted fire than any two things in this world. I have met with hundreds of cases in which utter and undeserved misery has been the direct and immediate result of an evil and misguided, an un-Christian tongue. Like the flame, to which it is so often compared, the tongue to be useful must be under the guidance of a proper authority. It is a mighty triumph to learn how to guide one's tongue—for on that there is not much to say, each one having special experiences of his own both in regard to Tongue and Fire.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Anna Lennon is ten years old, and like many a young lady especially in great cities, she was fond of pleasure, the love of which we might be more apt to look for in one four or five years older than herself.

She is an only child, and lives in a pretty little cottage far from the heart of the great city of Chicago; and as far as the slender means of her father, who is only a poor book-keeper in the stock yards, would permit, she had everything to make her happy.

Like many fond parents, hers had even denied themselves in order to make their darling appear as well as some of the more wealthy girls in the school she attended.

Few who, with a mother's untiring zeal, have not themselves been put to the test, could fully realize how many long, weary hours Mrs. Lennon had spent on the pretty little frocks she could not afford to take to a dress-maker or how long it took each morning for her to arrange each shining curl.

Weary hours, I said, but mother's untiring love makes moments thus spent a real pleasure, and if she is tired she does not feel it.

Anna had been content with all that had been done for her, until a few months ago, when a new family moved into a fashionable flat across the street, bringing two girls, one about her own age, the other two years older, Bessie and Kattie Carlton: both pretty girls, one with Auburn braids which hung nearly to her knees; the other with short golden curls. Had they been far less pretty they would have appeared beautiful in the eyes of our little friend.

For they were the most elegant clothes. They attended dancing school took elocution and music and had a grand piano of their own. Besides, they had a carriage and pony, but Anna could have none of these things because her father was poor.

With her own sweet winning ways she was not long in making the acquaintance of the new neighbors, and many a happy afternoon they spent together, but often Anna would come home and say, "Bessie has this, or Kattie has that new, and I wish I could have something like it."

The tender-hearted mother could only smooth back her little one's curls and tell her that perhaps her papa would be rich some time, then she could have many pretty things.

"And go to the theatre and dancing school every week?" asked Anna one day after she had been allowed to attend a juvenile play with her little friends.

"Perhaps so," said her mother. "Oh, good, won't that be just lovely."

From that time Anna's mind was given more than ever to fine dress and pleasure, until her mother was obliged to tell her that it was really wicked for her to be thinking so much of such things. Then she thought mamma was really getting cross.

Such was the state of mind in which we found our little girl only a few weeks ago, and for two whole weeks before Christmas she had been forbidden to visit her neighbors and at first had been rather sulky about being kept at home; but one day she would be a real good girl until her mother whispered to her that at Christmas, she would take her to the Iroquois, see Bluebeard played.

"What a dear good mamma you are," said Anna, putting her arms around her neck and kissing her. "I really will be good."

And the little girl kept her promise. Christmas morning Anna found on the parlor table a new set of furs just like Kattie Carlton's, and as she buried her face in the soft muff she exclaimed:

"How pretty. I will wear them to the theatre."

"Yes, darling, you may," said her mother, "but you are to wear them to Mass first this morning."

Anna was happy now, and with her everything went well until two days before the day of the play when she remained out doors playing in the snow too long, and caught a severe cold, which settled in her throat so that she was unable to leave the house.

On the morning of the look-out for day she was no better, but insisted upon being dressed before her father went to his work in the morning, and told him in half whispered tones that she was well whispered to go.

"I fear not," said her father, "you had better stay in to-day."

A HAPPY DISAPPOINTMENT

WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

"I can't," said Anna, half poutingly, "you know mamma and you both promised me and the tickets are bought."

"Yes, dear, but you were well then, better go back to bed and stay there until noon."

"Then may I get up, and go to see Bluebeard?"

"I will send the doctor over and see what he says."

"I don't want any doctor, I know he will give me bitter medicine and make me stay at home."

"I must be going, kiss me good-bye."

"Not unless you promise not to send the doctor here."

"You cannot go this afternoon unless the doctor sees you."

"And I may go if he says I am well enough?"

"Yes, dear, you may."

Anna kissed her father and as he was going out of the door his wife whispered:

"I believe it is nothing but a cold. She is better than yesterday, and I can wrap her up well, so there will be no danger."

"Just like you to be willing to make any sacrifice rather than disappoint our child. It is you who are spoiling her, but I will send the doctor and you must do as he says."

Only a severe cold, said the physician, which with proper care will be cured in a few days, but under no consideration must the little girl leave the house for a few days, and he proceeded to mix part of the contents of a small bottle with a glass of water, telling Mrs. Lennon to give the patient a teaspoonful every hour.

"But I do wish so much to see Bluebeard this afternoon," said Anna tearfully, "and we have the tickets."

"You will have to wait for something else; so be a good girl and I promise you that you will be all right soon."

The doctor had just gone when through tearful eyes Anna saw her two little friends coming out of their home. And how pretty and happy they looked as they smiled so sweetly and waved their hands towards her.

Both were richly dressed: one in dark blue; the other in crimson with big hats to match and the prettiest of furs.

The disappointed child watched them until they were out of sight, thinking, the meantime, how much more happy others were than herself; then she turned toward her mother ready for another complaint, when something in those loving eyes silenced her.

"I am really very sorry we cannot go, darling," said her mother, "but let us offer up this little cross in honor of the infant Savior, whose birthday we celebrated but a few days ago, and who had no nice warm home and clothes like we have."

Mrs. Lennon told again the story of Bethlehem's Babe to which her little girl ever listened with deep interest from the time she was first able to understand; so Bluebeard was for the hour forgotten.

The gas had just been lighted, and the now happy pair were talking of what they were to have for tea for papa, who would be home in one hour, when someone ran wildly up the steps, pushed open the door, and there stood the father almost breathless and pale as death. He did not speak, but clasped his child in his arms in a manner that made his wife fear he had suddenly become insane.

"What is it?" she asked, as soon as she could speak.

"Haven't you heard the terrible news? The whole city is wild with grief and excitement, and I hardly know how I reached home."

"Anna and I have been at home alone all the afternoon, so how could I hear anything from outside? Tell me what you mean."

"You may thank God all your lives that you were at home, for had it not been for our little girl's sore throat both of you might now have

been dead with hundreds of others."

"What does this mean, husband?" she asked, turning as pale as he had been and still half fearing he had lost his reason.

Then he told her how he, with others had received word at the office that the Iroquois was on fire, and had hastened to the scene in hopes that if his wife and little girl were there he might be able to rescue them and take them home; but he knew that it would be madness to look for them among that vast crowd of dead and dying, when they might be safe at home, so he turned with a prayer for their safety from the scene of horrors and hurried home.

"To find your bad little girl who wanted to go alive," said Anna, who was not yet able to fully understand what had really happened, excepting that many who had gone to see Bluebeard were dead.

Then she was silent for a time, as if deeply thinking, and when she spoke it was to say, "Papa, are Bessie and Kattie dead? They went?"

"I hope not," said Mr. Lennon, but he might have added, I fear they may be.

Supper was forgotten in the Lennon home as well as many others that evening, and Anna was put to bed early, but not to sleep, while her mother stole away to go to Mrs. Carlton, whom she found in an unconsoled state of grief over the absence of the girls, who had not returned and could not as yet be found.

The next day they brought them home, and on New Year's day they were buried side by side in the cemetery. Anna could not go to the funeral, although she was much better, but with many tears she watched the little white caskets as they were borne away from the same house from which she had last seen the happy girls depart so short a time ago. And all was silent for fully half an hour. At last, turning to her mother, who had just come over, she broke into sobs more bitter than before.

"Mamma," she said, "I have been a bad girl and God has let me live, while poor Bessie and Kattie were both burned to death. I am so glad He caused me to have a sore throat so I could not go with them."

"Yes, darling," said Mrs. Lennon, clasping her little daughter in her arms and trying to kiss away the tears. "It is a strong proof that what we have to suffer is often a blessing, and you must never forget to thank the Infant Jesus for the little cross He sent you."

"I understand, mamma," said the child, who had learned more in those sad days than she might otherwise have learned in as many years, "and I will never complain again."

Before another week Anna was perfectly well, but while she has become one of the most loving and obedient of children, with her pride and love of pleasure gone, she is sad and thoughtful, and each day when she comes home from school she goes to spend an hour with Mrs. Carlton and tries to do all in her power to keep the afflicted mother from being lonesome.

PATSY'S PENANCE—It had been nearly three years since the good Sisters had been sent to teach the little parish school at Martin's, and everything that could be done had been done to make the place pleasant and comfortable for the children; but there was one thing more Sister Angela had wanted since she had first taken charge of the lower grades. It was a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and many times she had wished that some generous person might make a present of one, but no one did. Knowing that most of the children belonged to poor parents, who had burden enough in trying to support the school, she would not suggest such a thing, but awaited in simple confidence the time when Our Lady herself might send the prize. In what way she left to Providence.

During Mass on the Sunday before Lent, Sister Angela had seen something which had deeply grieved her, and distracting thoughts as to what she would say to the offender when he came to school to-morrow filled her mind, just as the scene changed and a bright idea came to her, one which she thought strange she had never before thought of.

Kneeling at the altar steps with one hand on the bell was one of her own boys, Patsy O'Hare, a bright little fellow of eleven. His eyes were fixed on the priest, and his whole face was moving as he chewed gum like a half starved man who had

just been given a choice piece of steak. She knew that Patsy was not a bad boy, and there was not a brighter student in the whole school. His one great fault was that he was always eating; and it was an uncommon thing to find his desk free from banana or orange parings or papers from candy. When he was not eating he was chewing gum, and many a time when she called him up before his companions to throw the dainty morsel in the waste basket only to find that he could get another piece before the next day. Her words seemed to be forgotten almost as soon as she had finished scolding him, but never before had she seen him forget himself so far as to chew in church.

As he rang the bell his lips were firmly set and he bowed his head in a reverent manner while the sweet expression on his face showed that his heart was filled with pure love of God. She knew that the gum was forgotten for the time.

After Communion the priest made a few remarks on the holy season of Lent, speaking of little mortifications which all should practice in honor of the suffering of the Redeemer. Patsy's face clouded slightly, his head dropped and he took the gum from his mouth.

The next day at close of school, Sister Angela repeated the words of the priest, asking at the close how many would like to do something good during Lent, in reply to which every little hand in the room went up, but none higher than Patsy's.

Then she told of the statue she wanted for the room, and suggested that each child save the pennies they would have spent for candies, and bring them to her on Easter Monday when she would use every cent for that purpose.

"How many are willing?" she asked.

Again every hand went up, and some of the boys laughed as they saw Patsy's among them.

When they were outside the children formed in groups talking on this new subject, but our young hero hurried home alone, followed by not a few words of sport about the boy who could not live under this new rule, as they called it. They laughed more than ever the next day when he came to school with both pockets of his pants packed full of kisses with some of the papers sticking out.

Ash Wednesday noon our boy was late for school and some of his companions said they knew he had been waiting at the candy store until he explained that he had been helping a drummer to carry his suit case to the depot, for which he had ten cents to start his collection.

The boys watched him for many days, and greatly to their surprise he was never seen to break his self-imposed fast, but some were mean enough to say they thought he ate more candy and fruit at home.

Everything went well until the seventeenth of March, when grandmother gave him a bright silver dollar as she always did on his name day.

Not a penny of his money had he used since Lent commenced, but now as he thought of a new pair of skates he had long wanted, he thought it no harm to spend this dollar. Then he thought of how he had resolved to save all for his Mother's statue. All day he carried his treasure, looking at it many times, but in the evening before he knelt to say his prayers he dropped it into the box.

Easter Monday came, and before school each child brought his and her savings to Sister Angela, accompanied by the name of the giver. Patsy was one of the first, and his teacher smiled as he handed her a cigar box tightly nailed up, and he told her he had never opened it since Ash Wednesday.

That evening the money was carefully counted, and the entire sum received from the thirty-four children in the room found to be twenty dollars and thirteen cents, of which six dollars and fifty-nine cents had been taken from the cigar box. One girl had saved nearly two dollars, but most had put away between twenty-five cents and one dollar. The smallest sum was from little Allie Grey, whose parents were very poor, and had been able to get only three cents from a lady for whom she had done an errand, and this she had cheerfully given. Her little alms was very dear to the one in whose honor it had been given.

All was attention the next day when the report was about to be read, for each had an idea of who was to be ahead, but nobody thought of Patsy, who was half hidden in one of the back seats.

"I will begin with the second name on the list," said Sister Angela, and as she read them one after another, if anyone did think of him it was supposed that he stood near the foot until it was finally announced:

"Patsy O'Hare," (one cent, one boy

whispered, just as he heard) "six dollars and thirteen cents." Silence again fell over the room, and all eyes were fixed upon the boy whose face was very red and who tried to hide behind the desk. "Three cheers for Patsy O'Hare," said one boy who had laughed at him before, "bring him forward and make him tell where he got so much money."

The boy was brought to the front in the midst of a loud uproar, which was silenced only by the ringing of the bell followed by Sister Angela's command to be quiet if they wished to hear his story.

First every penny given him by his father and mother had been saved, then he went on to tell how he had shovelled sidewalks for the neighbors, gone on errands, sold papers and done many other things, while through the whole of Lent he had not spent a cent to gratify the appetite which had been the sport of his companions.

"You are a good boy, Patsy," said the teacher, "and I know our dear Mother will reward you for the sacrifices you have made in honor of her son. I know you feel as well and happier too, and when you see our new statue it will be a pleasure for you to know how much you have given towards making it more beautiful."

After the others had gone, our little man stole up and whispered to Sister Angela.

"Sister, I was a bad boy. I chewed gum during Mass the Sunday before Lent, but I have thought of it so many times and was so sorry I hope God and Our Mother will forgive me."

"I think they have," she said, glad now that she had not scolded him, as she had at first intended.

"I will never chew gum in school again," he said, "or eat anything."

On the first day of May, when the new statue was set on a pretty little altar surrounded by many lights and wild flowers to be blessed, there was not a happier boy in the room. Best of all, he had kept his promise not to eat in school, and a few more pennies had been saved for which he had bought two large wax candles to burn at Mary's feet.

GIRLS AND SCHOOL LIFE

In every walk of life there must be thoroughness and appreciation not to mention laudable ambition, in so far as success is concerned. Here is an item from the "Medical Record," which it would be well for all those who have taken up the profession of teaching to carefully study. It is as follows:

E. G. Briplett, while not wishing to underrate the importance or the effects of the school, criticises its inelasticity. The school is responsible for many of the conditions found among our women, and in so far as its demands interfere with the usual and necessary amount of sleep and out of door play, during the period of accelerated growth, it demands on the mental powers, in so far as it trains the mind at the expense of the body.

It is responsible in so far as this system fails to recognize individual variations in the child, and especially between the boy and girl, and thus fails to adapt the training to the individual need, for the method is not only not adapted to girls as individuals, but not even to girls as a whole.

At the developmental stage, statistics show that there is a large number of girls who are distinctively below par, who show evidences of distinct neuroses and who are working dangerously near or beyond their fatigue limit. Of the children who enter the hospitals in consequence of physical developmental defects, hardly more than five per cent. are boys.

TRIBUTES TO LATE POPE. A press clipping bureau in Milan has made a collection of articles on the death of Pope Leo XIII., which fill nine volumes; there are over 12,000 articles.

Greed and pride will remain in the hearts of many until the summons comes.

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE

maker delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble whatever. In small and large bottles from all grocers.

SENSATIONAL WRITERS AND THEIR THEMES

SENSATIONAL WRITERS AND THEIR THEMES

In "Health Culture," a monthly magazine, published in New York, under the heading, "The Very Latest," the following comments are made upon some of the fads and fancies which characterize the contributions that are printed in the bi-weekly sheets published on Saturday and Sunday in every important center on this continent.

"Of the making of fads there is no end." Not long ago an enterprising medical man sprang into temporary notoriety through the promulgation of the doctrine that all the sickly, diseased and deformed people should be slain in cold blood. Most people were shocked and disgusted, a few unthinking or unbalanced applauded, and the wiser ones smiled as at a naughty child clamoring for attention. A few shrieks from the "yellow" journals, a few hysterical letters pro and con, and then the doctrine dropped back into that kindly obscurity which covers a multitude of ignorance.

Next came a frantic appeal from a man who said that muscular exercise was responsible for all the ills to which flesh is heir. Again the "yellow" took it up; again the hysterical few who are the prey of every new absurdity rushed into print; and then—kindly oblivion for fad and fadist.

Now comes another shriek. A Western enthusiast has denounced bathing. This ingenious reasoner traces the vitality of the country boy to the fact that he does not bathe (a base libel, by the way), and attributes the downfall of Greece and Rome to the fact that these great and wise people were ardent advocates of the bath. As we go to press the papers are printing articles pro and con; and the thoughtless ones, the flotsam and jetsam of the ocean of life, are being carried along this new current.

Let no one be alarmed, however. The abyss of forgetfulness is yawning for this latest fadist. Back into its depths will sink both fadist and fad, while the world, the dearest portion of it at least, will go on serenely taking its daily bath.

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," said a clever poet. By the way, he was a cripple, and a cripple that the world would have missed. We live in sorry times—times of superficial scholarship and careless, un-informed thinking. These, combined with a restless desire for notoriety, lead to results, some of which are absurd and some of which are dangerous.

Only the most superficial view of the law of natural selection could lead to the promulgation of a doctrine so atrocious as the deliberate killing off of the weaklings and unfit. The great Power that holds the stars in their cycles and that weighs our every idle word—that great, benign, implacable has all of us in the hollow of His hand. Only He shall determine who shall survive and who shall be crushed out.

When we come to the ingenious individuals who initiate crusades against shaking hands and against kissing, against exercise and against bathing, the first impulse is to smile and to pass by without comment claims so manifestly absurd. A little more study, a little deeper insight, a fold or two more in the cerebrum, and the rampant theorist himself will look back with deprecation upon his vagary.

But unfortunately the men who make these claims find editors eager for novelties, who proceed to scatter these unfounded theories far and wide. People anxious, unable to discriminate report "yellow" reports and are misled oftentimes to their injury.

Now, the remedy for all this is education. Every one of those wild notions we have mentioned originates in misconception or false thinking. Every fact known regarding the human body and other similar organized bodies goes to demonstrate that motion—that is, exercise—and frequent bathing are essential to the well being. To take the last case as an example, the structure of the skin makes it a natural avenue to the elimination of the body's wastes. These waste matters are being constantly vomited forth from about seven million tiny little openings.

The nature of the skin itself is such that it is constantly dying at the outer surface and being renewed from beneath, and the dead cells on the surface should be washed off.

That educated men should be willing to attach their names to theories so absurd and indefensible is one of the wonders of the age. But all this, there is, perhaps, but little to be done. The newspaper gets the public, the theorist has the mad joy of seeing himself in print, the general public gets its thrill and some of us get a chance to penetrate an unused thilo.

It was a chance given by Ed after Gilchrist's ed the serpent of Je Ban. The men were Eamon's Corner in dusk for their accus glow of their pipes n of light in the gloo Gaelic speech flowe friendly argument o Only Bart Dall, B fidler, sat silent, co usual wont.

"Now why is there you, Bart?" querie big, brown cattle-d South Island. "What ing off?"

"It is of a woman, replied the blind man. "Like enough!" The ter rang out suddenly no answering smile o white face.

"Yes, of a woman "It is sad to hear the with lagging footstep Brigid ni Brian went ly, and I heard the d tears. There has bee with her since the stra Mac Giolla Christ, w glair."

Every eye fastene tion upon Peadar Ban ing at the old man hands clenched, his te he turned his bewilder watchers. They look blankly without a wor

"There is no truth i sturdily. The remark interrogation. No one "There is no truth in tined in a strangled and clutching at his h hand. "No truth in it He sees." He shook t at the stan-ckeled sky God and man. What v den disaster—did he r awake at all? The comrades gave him the ing alone in space, cut love and hope and the friendship. Dazed and the heart, he stood see dily seen faces for so the ominous sentences h in his imagination. St remained unbroken, s long-drawn wail of bela faring homeward, and boom of the now dark against the cliffs. "C cried frantically and ab God!" Then, throwing gesture round the starin hurriedly disappeared in dows.

He went straight to B he left her the bligh thrust back upon itself and his heart quivered— thing—in a furnace of pa Work. That was the pe en had generously gran his misery. He sent his titude up night and morn King of Glory for the bl strong, untiring body v not fatigue. The fishin more than ever before wi his little bit of land bore his unceasing industry.

Went round the island th Ban must surely be makin for a wife. The name of Brian was never mention connection with him—bu girl could, it be? That w zie. He had sat as a sui man's hearth during thr months, nor had he left th seek a stranger. The hand all the young men of Inis the best-gathered. Surely mean to live and die a ba

Meanwhile, the object of culations, toiling strenuous tormenting memories, was to the change taking place The girl had grown subdue less; her blue eyes gleame out of a face that had lost curves, and her lips had d drop of stifled sighs. Cu stronger for being silent, w in Peadar's heart against "Can I endure to watch he I, who would give my life sake? What good is my str courage since it cannot th this woe?" Question afte gelled through his brain, lea ing behind save a baffling impotence. He beat help gainst the hemming walls o lved, to retreat again and ag lved and dismayed.

At last a light dawned in of his mind. What if Gilchr no intention of returning time? What if he had mere the promise to soothe Bridg ing? She firmly believed he return, and the longing wa ing her very existence. If he gotten her, or dwelt upon th lection of his summer on Inis a pleasant interlude in a Vu rister's existence, would it possible to have the intimat vered, some way or other, girl, that she might at lea the truth, and after a time o forget? Yet how could the

ONAL WRITERS AND THEIR THEMES

(Concluded.)

It was a chance word that, shortly after Gilchrist's departure, aroused the serpent of jealousy in Peadar Ban. The men were grouped at Eamon's Corner in the September dusk for their accustomed gossip; the glow of their pipes made small points of light in the gloom; their voluble Gaelic speech flowed in a stream of friendly argument over this and that. Only Barty Dall, Blind Barty, the fiddler, sat silent, contrary to his usual wont.

"Now why is there no talk from you, Barty?" queried Ulic Mor, a big, brown cattle-dealer from the South Island. "What are you thinking of?"

"It is of a woman I am thinking," replied the blind man.

"Like enough!" Their deep laughter rang out suddenly, but there was no answering smile on Barty's old white face.

"Yes, of a woman", he repeated. "It is sad to hear the young go past with lagging footsteps and a sigh. Brigid ni Brian went by to-day slowly, and I heard the dropping of her tears. There has been no gladness with her since the strange gentleman, Mac Giolla Christ, went from Inisglair."

Every eye fastened in consternation upon Peadar Ban. He was gazing at the old man petrified, his hands clenched, his teeth set. Then he turned his bewildered face to the watchers. They looked at him blankly without a word.

"There is no truth in it," he said stupidly. The remark was half an interrogation. No one answered.

"There is no truth in it," he continued in a strangled voice, rising and clutching at his throat with one hand. "No truth in it at all, God, He sees." He shook the other hand at the star-flecked sky in denial to God and man. What was this sudden disaster—did he dream, was he awake at all? The silence of his comrades gave him the feeling of being alone in space, cut adrift from love and hope and the warm clasp of friendship. Dazed and ashamed to the heart, he stood searching their dimly seen faces for some sign that the ominous sentences had ring only in his imagination. Still the silence remained unbroken, save for the long-drawn wail of belated sea-birds faring homeward, and the ceaseless boom of the now darkening breakers against the cliffs. "Oh God!" he cried frantically and abruptly. "Oh God!" Then, throwing a farwallow gesture round the staring circle, he hurriedly disappeared into the shadows.

He went straight to Brigid. When he left her the blight of a love thrust back upon itself lay over him, and his heart quivered—a tortured thing—in a furnace of pain.

Work. That was the panacea heaven had generously granted him for his misery. He sent his earnest gratitude up night and morning to the King of Glory for the blessing of a strong, untiring body which knew not fatigue. The fishing prospered more than ever before with him, and his little bit of land bore evidence of his unceasing industry. A whisper went round the island that Peadar Ban must surely be making ready for a wife. The name of Brigid ni Brian was never mentioned now in connection with him—but what other girl could it be? That was the puzzle. He had sat as a suitor at no man's hearth during the winter months, nor had he left the island to seek a stranger. The handsomeness of all the young men of Inisglair and the best-gathered. Surely he did not mean to live and die a bachelor.

Meanwhile, the object of their speculations, toiling strenuously to lull tormenting memories, was not blind to the change taking place in Brigid. The girl had grown subdued and listless; her blue eyes gleamed hollowly out of a face that had lost its lovely curves, and her lips had the piteous droop of stilled sighs. Curses, the stronger for being silent, welled up in Peadar's heart against Gilchrist.

"Can I endure to watch her suffer—I, who would give my life for her sake? What good is my strength and my courage since it cannot spare her this woe?" Question after question gilded through his brain, leaving nothing behind save a baffling sense of impotence. He beat helplessly against the hemming walls of difficulty, to retreat again and again, dejected and dismayed.

At last a light dawned in the chaos of his mind. What if Gilchrist had no intention of returning at any time? What if he had merely given the promise to soothe Brigid at parting? She firmly believed he "would" return, and the longing was consuming her very existence. If he had forgotten her, or dwelt upon the recollection of his summer on Inisglair as a pleasant interlude in a busy barrister's existence, would it not be possible to have the intimation conveyed, some way or other, to the girl, that she might at least learn the truth, and after a time come to forget? Yet how could the know-

The Passionate Hearts of Inisglair

By ETHNA CARBERRY in "Donahoe's Magazine,"

ledge be imparted to her? Gilchrist had sent neither message nor sign since his departure, but the schoolmaster had his address in N'ia 'Cliaith, and Peadar could obtain it easily. But then, how was he with his imperfect English, to write down all he had to say to Mac Giolla Christ? He had never been taught to write in the Gaelic, which was his native speech, and in which his thoughts moved most freely. He could fancy the supercilious air of the other when unfolding and perusing the ill-spelt, ill-written appeal to his honor from his humble rival. No, no, that would never do, some other way must be found.

When the daring thought sprang into being, he shook his head in horrified dissent. Oh, for sure it would not be possible! What! go, all the way to B'la 'Cliaith and ask Mac Giolla Christ to come again to Inisglair and bring back the happy shine to Brigid's eyes, or if that could not be, to confess that he had never cared for her, that he had merely amused himself as any young man of the world might with a pretty girl. If he, Peadar Ban, dared take such a liberty, how Mac Giolla Christ would smile and shrug his shoulders at a peasant's ignorance of a gentleman's feelings. It would be terrible to have those disdainful eyes moving slowly over one from head to foot. Ah, no, that way would not be wise—it would do more harm than good, maybe—and yet, and yet—

What other way was there but this—this desperate and awkward one? And Brigid would certainly wither away unless her starved heart was satisfied. Perhaps if Mac Giolla Christ heard how thin and white she had become of late, with the blue-black shadows under her tired eyes, he would be sorry. Yes, God and Mary might touch him with pity, so that he would do this merciful thing, if Peadar could only find the right words to use when he pleaded Brigid's cause and his own. Surely, he would not refuse to come, or if he did, and gave no satisfactory explanation, well, there might be some other alternative offered him less welcome than a few hours' journey, or the trifling labor of writing a letter to Brigid of Inisglair.

Gilchrist turned round lazily as the door of his study opened. His eyes first contracted at sight of the stranger on his threshold, then widened in astonished recognition. He sprang to his feet with hand outstretched.

"For sure this is the great surprise, Peadar Ban," he spoke in Gaelic. "What has brought you to B'la 'Cliaith? Have you been over to sell your cattle, and taken a fancy to see the city? Well, we must give you a good time, now that you are here."

The islander ignored the welcoming hand. He closed the door behind him and placed his back against it. "I will be for taking none of your welcome now, Mac Giolla Christ," he said, "and maybe you will not be for offering it when you hear what I am come to say."

Gilchrist stared at him. "What is wrong with you, man?" he cried. "Come, and sit down. Tell me all about Inisglair, and Dora and Sibeal—and Brigid."

"It is to tell you about Brigid that I am here, gentleman."

"Has anything happened her? Is she ill? Is she dead?" The questions came hurriedly.

Peadar Ban gazed down from his great height into the blanched face. "No, she is not dead, but she will die, Mac Giolla Christ, and her death will be at your door unless you spare her."

"I?"

"Yes, you." Then, man to man, Peadar told the other the cause of his coming. He found, thanks to God and Mary, whom he had invoked, the fitting words, and they rushed in a torrent from his over-charged heart.

After the first start of surprise his listener did not stir, but sat with downcast lids and flushed countenance. When the islander had ceased he raised his head.

"Is this all you have to say?" he asked quietly.

"All, Mac Giolla Christ, except, maybe, one other thing."

"Will you write to her then and say what you have just said to me?"

"No, I shall not write."

"Then I shall be telling you the other thing. If you do not come or write, Mac Giolla Christ, it is killing you I will be."

On Gilchrist's lips dawned the ghost of a smile as he looked around the well-appointed cheerful room in which this tragical utterance seemed so out of place, and then glanced at his visitor. But the glance assured him that the threat was no idle one. Peadar still stood against the door, his fair head leaned back, and the firm, handsome outline of his features thrown up like a bas-relief from the wine-dark polished wood. There was no weakness in that face. Gilchrist tossed the book away, and stood biting his moustache silently and viciously.

"It is true, Mac Giolla Christ," repeated Peadar gravely. "I mean it."

He spread out his freckled, shapely hands. "My God, do you know what you are saying?" cried Gilchrist, turning like an animal at bay. "You would kill me? What good would that do Brigid? And what good would my going to Inisglair do her in any case, since I am to be married within the month?"

"Married?" Peadar gasped the word, "married?"

"Yes, married. Go back and break the news to Brigid. She will forget me readily enough then, I warrant."

The blood rushed madly into Peadar's face, dying it from the tanned neck to the roots of his hair. "You will come and tell her with your own lips," he said sternly. "She would not believe otherwise—not if all the world was your messenger."

"Have done with this nonsense," Gilchrist exclaimed angrily. "Am I to suffer your insolence in my own house?"

He approached the door to open it, but Peadar dropped his hand quickly to the knob.

"No, Mac Giolla Christ, you must come with me; or as I have said, I shall be killing you."

Anger, shame, helplessness, drew tears almost to Gilchrist's eyes. He stood before the young islander, like a prisoner in presence of a judge, seeing no avenue of escape, but one that was objectionable to every fibre of his pride. It meant humiliation, deep and lasting, and doubly painful in that a woman, who had esteemed and loved him, must know him at last for the man he really was.

"It is simply ridiculous," he burst forth again vehemently, "this melodrama. In a story, it might be all right, but in real life, and with these surroundings, it is laughable." The jarring nervousness of his merriment brought a heavy frown to Peadar's brow.

"You forget, Mac Giolla Christ, the reason of my coming here; not to amuse myself or you, but for Brigid's sake."

"For Brigid's sake." Suddenly across Gilchrist's memory flashed the picture of the girl as he had first beheld her that summer afternoon. The purple eyes were then unclouded, grief had not carved furrows on the young, round cheeks. Poor, beautiful Brigid. She had loved him well, and he? God help him. What was this pain as of a knife sheathing in his heart? Had she been able to wound him after all—else why should he dread the scorn that would reward the story he must tell her—although he had blindly imagined that his wary wings had kept safely beyond reach of the flame. He had cared for her—he could not deny it—and out of pity—nay, was not pity akin to love?—he would go and see her idol of him shattered at his feet. He was not afraid of those brawny hands of Peadar Ban—even were they around his throat—there was something worse than such a death: it was to see love and trust killed in another's soul. The shudder and chill that ran through him at the thought were an actual agony. It was his better self in the ascendant, once more. That instant he made up his mind to go through the ordeal without flinching.

"When did you intend returning?" he inquired in a low voice, covering his face with one hand wearily.

"I want to say," he began abruptly, "that I am not taking this step through fear of your threats. I am going for—well, call it justice's sake, and because—because—Oh man, I know now why you are called the Passionate Hearts! It is a true name. You are deadly—every one of you—for all your calm and kindly ways. Brigid too—she will never forgive me; I feel it. It is she I fear—not you. I have gone through worse than death since you entered this room, through shame and regret and bitter humiliation. And now I go to greater abatement—perhaps, God knows—to the end of all things. The Passionate Hearts! Oh why, in my foolishness did I play with leaping fire?"

When Brigid saw him entering the doorway once again, she rose from her chair, and stood grasping it tightly, for her limbs had grown weak and were like to fall her. Sibeal's shrill volley of welcome rang in her ears without meaning, and she could not comprehend the greetings uttered in her father's deep accents. Oh, something wonderful had occurred, something that made her heart bound and grow glad as in the old days. What was it? Who was speaking now? Surely, that was a dear and long desired voice. She was beginning to comprehend at last.

It was Gilchrist who was speaking. He had seated himself in the familiar settle-corner and was lighting a cigar just as she had seen him doing many and many a time before.

"Yes," he was saying. "I met Peadar Ban beyond there unexpectedly, and thought I would take advantage of the opportunity to see you all before I became tied down for life." He smiled significantly, took out his cigar, and scrutinized the lighted point.

"Tied down for life," echoed Sibeal. "Now, Mac Giolla Christ, what may that mean?"

"It means that I am nearing my marriage day and I came across to hear you put the good wish upon me, O woman of the house!"

"Listen to that now!" Husband and wife laughed sympathetically, turning to each other. "It is a wife he is going to take."

"Yes, a wife, Sibeal, no less. It is an old story now. She is a rich girl and handsome, and I may tell you it is she who was the impatient woman because I spent so much of the summer away from her on Inisglair. But I was so enchanted with your island and its charming legends and songs that I really think"—his attempt at facetiousness was a miserable failure—"I would have been here yet only for the letter she sent me that last day, ordering—yes, ordering—my return at once. It was her right, you see—and I obeyed, as I should."

"Well, Mac Giolla Christ, that is what happens to most of us, and I put the good wish upon you from my heart," said Dara, almost crushing the young man's hand in his.

"And I put the good wish upon you too, gentleman," said motherly Sibeal, her pleasant rosy face beaming with interest at the news, "that the King of Glory may shower blessings and prosperity on your life and hers, and make your path easy to heaven."

"Is there no good wish for me with you, Brigid?"

She opened her lips to speak, but no sound issued. Her eyes glittered, and on her cheeks two bright red spots burned feverishly.

"Ah, then, Brigid, am I to go away without the wish from you?"

All at once some vital force seemed to become galvanised into action in her rigid body. She took a step nearer him, glowing with life from head to foot, radiant, beautiful as he had never seen her even in her most beautiful moments.

"Yes, Mac Giolla Christ," her voice vibrated through the kitchen, clear, strong, relentless. "I put the good wish on you—that the woman who will be your wife shall never know you for the man you are."

As Gilchrist turned to go from her scornful eyes and Peadar's stern aloofness, his stripped soul shivered. The time might come when the recollection of this night's virtue would be its own reward, but now, as he stepped down from the pillory of self-condemnation, the virtue of his action was the last thing he thought of. He only knew that the world was cold and lonely, and that he was like a solitary reed shaken too cruelly by the wind of his destiny.

fercest that had been known in the island for many years. All day the sun had hung low, blood-red and awesome, with wisps of clouds floating away from it like torn fires. It was an unmistakable sign of coming danger, and the islanders, seeing it, one and all, crossed themselves piously. "May God put his girdle of safety round all wanderers on the ocean," they prayed softly.

The dark hours, full of wild sounds of sea and wind, passed over them without sleep. Accustomed as they were to violent storms through which they lay undisturbed and dreamless, on this occasion some premonition of disaster kept them awake, except the very young who knew not fear.

It was near the breaking of dawn when a shrill whistle sounded above the storm.

"A steamer! She has struck on Carrigduh!" was the cry that went from mouth to mouth. Then every man made ready to do his part, if needful. They came together on the western shore where the shrill appeal rang clearest, peering seaward into the blackness through lashing spray.

"It is on Carrigduh she is for sure," said one. "She must be the big steamer from Derry gone out of her course. There will be hundreds on board; and maybe drowning, with none to help. Who will go? The risk is great, but—"

"I will go," said Peadar Ban. Other voices gave the same response, and speedily into the restless, mad whirl of foam the currachs were launched. The watching women on the beach made no lamentations as they saw them depart; they were wives and daughters of fishermen, knew full well what meant the summons of the sea.

Peadar rowed off, straining every muscle against the shore-sweep of the blast. He was alone in his boat, for a huge wave had lifted it out of reach before his comrade could leap aboard. He could perceive nothing in the obscurity, but the insistent scream of the whistle rang out on his left and he headed towards the sound. After a time he heard what seemed the beating of the steamer's screw as it wished uselessly through the water. He dared not go near; it would be certain death. His boat was tossed hither and thither like a worthless thing; the foam blinded him. He could only wait there, baffling death, until the dawn came.

It came at last in pale streaks of grayness. He could see now a few yards on either side of him. A log went drifting by in the trough of a wave. Something else rose on the crest of the following one, was it, too, a log? He shipped his oars, put out his hand as it went by, and caught it. Another hand clutched his tightly.

"He is alive!" Peadar's heart gave a big leap as he drew the drowning body nearer. He reached over and slipped his disengaged arm under that of the other, carefully balancing the currach by thrusting his feet wide apart. He had almost dragged his burden over the side before he saw the face half-veiled by its dripping hair. He bent closer for an instant in horrified recognition; then withdrew his arms with a cry.

"Mac Giolla Christ!"

The other had grasped the side as Peadar loosed his grip and clung there swaying helplessly in the rush of hurrying waves. The white crests jerked him upward with the currach, beat the breath almost out of him, tore at those desperate fingers holding to life. Every second it seemed as if he must disappear into a great, unending gulf. Peadar watched him broodingly; his whole mind in a tumult of indecision. Here was his enemy, the man who had stolen Brigid's heart from him, who stood between them even yet. Let him drown. He could do no further harm then; he would be spindrift of the ocean, endlessly sliding from peace to turbulence, from turbulence to peace, in the calm world of under-waters or on the peaks of storm-whipped billows. Yes, let him drown.

The brine-scoured eyes opened and gazed at him entreatingly, then closed again tiredly.

"Where is your wife?" cried Peadar hoarsely, bending his mouth down to Gilchrist's ear. "Was she on board?"

"No, we go different ways." The remoteness in the husky whisper hinted at death.

The islander had dropped his hands again on the clinging hands. Would he obey his first revengeful impulse and deny life to this man who had wronged him? He would be a murderer, then, yes, that was the word. How Brigid would shrink from him if she knew. She had loved Gilchrist—she still loved him, for her heart had never opened to the knocking of Peadar's devotion. If he brought Gilchrist to her safely would the sad-

sternly, and the song return to her lips. Gilchrist had once done a good deed—a hard thing in the doing—for Brigid's sake. Could, or would he, too, overcome this temptation—for the same dear sake?

With great difficulty, straining his strength to the utmost, he drew the limp form into the boat. Gilchrist was almost unconscious by this time, and lay huddled up where Peadar placed him. A thick rope to which usually the cloch bhuaidh—the anchor—was attached, was coiled in the bottom of the boat, one end fastened to the bow. Peadar now gave a twist of it round Gilchrist's waist, tying it as tightly as he could with his benumbed fingers.

"Should we be upset that will keep him afloat," he murmured, as he tried to make the position of the senseless man easier. One strong sweep of the right oar sent the prow of the currach shoreward, but in the act of turning completely round, an enormous, unbroken wave—a very wall of deadly water—struck her full on the side. She filled to the brim and keeled over, while the mighty wave went on its way.

Brigid waited restless on the shore for the re-appearance of her husband. The cliffs rose tall and gloomy behind her, each scarp darkly outlined against the lesser dark of the dawn. The salt spray drenched her, the fierce wind buffeted her, so that she could scarcely keep her foothold on the slippery rocks of the little cove where she had taken her stand, away from the rest of the women. This cove was where Peadar usually landed, as it lay below their home, and she felt instinctively that here he would strive to put in on his return.

"Oh, sorrow of sorrows! What if he never returned! What if he went down to death not understanding—unknowing that her coldness and silence was but the anguish of an ever-present shame, because he had seen her pride trodden under the feet of a man who had found her but too credulous. It was shame that had stilled her singing—it was shame that had built this barrier of reserve between them. Oh, why had she been so senseless a woman? Why had she not opened her heart to the faithful heart that had chosen her for its star? The fragrance of Peadar's love lingered about her there in the dark with a sweetness that hurt her, until the tardy tears obscured her vision, and she pushed back the ruddy hair from her blinded eyes.

A large object, riding on a high incoming breaker, attracted her attention. She waded into the surf, up to her waist, to meet it. As it approached she saw it was an upturned currach.

"Mother of Mercy, grant it be not his," she sobbed, struggling with the forceful surge. Something smaller bobbed up and down in the wake of the currach; something on which her eyes concentrated in dread. The breaker crashed in upon her, and she pushed back the ruddy hair from her blinded eyes.

She rose dazed, and crawled over to where the currach lay half in, half out of the water. She stumbled over something else hurled up among the little pools. With a cry she fell upon her knees. Who were these two locked in each other's arms? She bent lower and turned their faces up to the light.

"Merciful God!" her misery rang above shriek of storm and boom of billows, as she saw what the sea had swept to her feet—"Merciful God!"

Very gently, and trembling in every limb, she unwound Peadar's arms from Gilchrist. Both were senseless, and on Peadar's forehead was a jagged cut where some wreckage had struck him. Her hand groped inside his vest until she found a slight stir at his heart. "He has come back to me," she cried aloud, an indescribable flutter of joy tingling through every nerve.

There was a slight tug at her dress and she twisted round to see Gilchrist's weak hand groping at the folds. He was gazing up at her with filmy, unseeing eyes. She drew her skirt away impatiently, oblivious of his necessity, heeding, or thinking of naught save the passive figure of her husband.

Slowly and tenderly she strove to raise him until his fair head rested on her shoulder, then thinking heaven for her splendid strength, she drew his arms around her neck and shifted her position until his weight rested on her back. With teeth set, face gleaming sharp in her sore stress, she crept from her knees to her feet, holding to the slimy boulders. Cautiously and steadily, panting until her heart seemed ill, to burst in two, she made her way up the rocky slope to their cabin, and laid her beloved burden on the bed.

And down on the shingly beach, towards which she cast not one backward glance, the other man lay helpless, watching with fascinated eyes, growing dimmer every moment, for the Ninth Wave—the drowning wave—that would sweep him away into eternity.

Household Notes

HOW TO BUY MEAT.—In a bright little magazine, "Good Housekeeping," a contributor under the initials, "L. W.," discusses this important question as follows:—

"Marketing is one of those branches of the domestic economy which must be learned by doing, just as one must learn to swim by swimming. All the paper mache models of cuts of meat, forequarters, hindquarters and roasts are as nothing beside one well-spent morning in a market, where your marketman, who is, of course, obliging, is cutting up a side of beef or lamb. Get him to tell you when that is to be done, and then be willing to display your ignorance by asking about every cut you do not understand or know the use of."

Keep yourself posted in the matter of prices and reasonable materials, meat, fish, fruit and vegetables. Learn to buy accurately as to quantity and quality and plan beforehand what you will want, always allowing for a little flexibility in case the particular vegetable or fruit which you desire has risen in price or fallen in quality.

The cutting of meat varies widely in the markets of different sections, so that only a few general directions can be given. For example, a roast of beef may be any one of several qualities or cuts, and a steak will vary in price according to cut, tenderness and flavor.

A corned piece of beef may be either a flank cut or a piece of what is called the rattle rand, a part of the forequarter in front of the ribs. This larger piece is subdivided into the "rattle" or upper cut, the middle cut, which is very poor in quality, and the brisket, which many people regard the best piece for corned.

A roast of beef is chosen from the sirloin, from the rib cuts, or from the back of the rump, which is almost solid meat and an economical cut for a large family; from the top of the round or the fillet, the latter being an expensive though tender cut.

For beefsteaks, we can have a cross cut of the rump, the top of the round or a sirloin steak, the latter being the most expensive of the three, though there are fancy cuts, which call for high prices and which give us no more value.

A tough piece of the round may be finely chopped and seasoned and made into hamburger steaks of a very appetizing quality. Another economical dish is the stew, which is good if well made. For this any good piece of meat with bone and fat as well as lean, will do—an aitch bone, the upper part of the chuck rib, the flank end of a sirloin roast or the middle cut of the shin.

For a "boiling piece," which, by the way, should be a "simmering" piece if it is to be tender, a rolled flank is good, while an excellent pot roast is prepared by long cooking of a middle or face cut of the rump.

THE COFFEE POT should not be washed with the other cooking dishes. Have fresh hot water without soap and be sure it is thoroughly clean and well scalded. Nothing loses in flavor more quickly than coffee, if poorly cooked.

FLAVORING.—An orange, an apple or a lemon, put in the jar with newly made sweet cakes, tea cakes or cookies, or in the cake box, will give a delicate and delicious flavor. Dried lemon or orange peel will do the same.

ABOUT PIES.—Three practical suggestions on pie-making:

Break eggs into the milk for custard pie and beat with cyclone egg-beater until foamy. Makes much finer and smoother custard.

For fruit pie, always mix the flour thoroughly with the sugar for the thickening and sweetening of the pie. Makes the juice creamy and is not so apt to run over. Put the butter on the lower crust before putting in the fruit, as it will rise when heated and be more evenly distributed through the fruit.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

The Knights of Columbus held a ball in Madison Square Garden, New York, recently, which was attended by 10,000 people. The committee in charge reported that 20,000 tickets had been sold. The proceeds will help to found a hospital and to establish an employment bureau.

SURPRISE
is **SOAP**
Pure Hard Soap.

Catholic Boys' Brigade

For many years the absence of some organization to save Catholic lads from the terrible temptations of the streets has been a source of considerable anxiety to the ecclesiastical authorities of London. Clubs were started, but met with indifferent success, and even in some cases failed dismally, and it seemed as though it would be impossible to stem the serious leakage that was taking place. Happily for Catholic London, Father Segesser, of Bermondsey, hit upon the novel idea of forming the Catholic boys just leaving school into a brigade, thus enabling the clergy to keep in close touch with them.

At first the scheme met with some opposition, but it cannot be denied that at last a means has been discovered of saving the Catholic boy.

Soon after his appointment to the See of Southwark, the Most Rev. Dr. Bourne gave practical support to the scheme, with the result that in the South London districts alone there are several companies of the Brigade. During his recent visit to Rome the Most Rev. Dr. Bourne petitioned the Holy Father to bestow a blessing upon this great social work. This wish was gladly acceded to, and on Sunday afternoon last His Grace bestowed the blessing upon the brigade assembled in Westminster Cathedral.

The ceremony was of a most impressive character. Occupying seats in front of the sanctuary were the officers of the Brigade. An escort in charge of the colors took up a position near the sanctuary rails. With the chaplains, who included the Very Rev. Canon Murnana, Fathers Shoobred, W. Thompson, Segesser and Philip Fletcher, was Lord Edmund Talbot, M.P.

His Grace the Archbishop was attended by the Rev. Dr. Jackson, his private secretary, the Right Rev. Mgr. Moyes, and several of the clergy of the Cathedral. The service began with the singing of "Faith of our Fathers." At the conclusion of the address of His Grace the Papal blessing was imparted. Each of the chaplains, officers, and boys was then presented with a medal which had been blessed by His Holiness the Pope.

Addressing the boys, His Grace said: The great Apostle, St. Paul, when speaking to his beloved disciple, St. Timothy, said to him, "Labor as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." That great apostle held up to his beloved son as an example of the life he ought to lead the life of discipline, obedience, and of courage, which was pre-eminently the life of a soldier. So we to-day were not going astray from the example of Apostolic times, nor from the teaching of our Holy Mother the Catholic Church, in asking you in your youth to group yourselves together, to put yourselves under discipline, to accustom yourselves to obedience, to build up your courage, in order that you may in turn be true soldiers on this earth of Jesus Christ.

The holy Catholic Church has taken up the idea of which St. Paul speaks. If we are to do any good at all, if we are to be true men, true Christians, true Catholics, then we must accustom ourselves from our youth upward to discipline, we must know how to control ourselves, to keep in check all our passions; we must learn to obey the voice of our own conscience within us, the voice of those whom God has set over us, whether in the Church or in the State, and we must learn to build up our courage, so that come what may, in spite of the various dangers and the allurements of the world, from the beginning to the end of our lives we must be true to the God who made us.

And let me say to you what a joy, what a consolation, it is to me to-day to see so many of you gathered together in this Cathedral. I rejoice because I see before me those who in spite of the difficulties that undoubtedly accompany the time of our

youth, in spite of all the temptations that may assail you, within your own hearts and from those with whom you come in contact, you are determined to take all means in your power to grow up to manhood bearing yourselves as Catholic boys ought to do. I rejoice for your sakes because I know the happiness and the contentment that comes to your hearts if you are faithful to the principles which have united you together in this Brigade.

I rejoice for the Church in England, because I see in you the first fruits of this movement upon which I place so many hopes for the future. I now know at last we have an efficacious means of giving to you, as you leave school and enter upon your work in life, the help of which you stand so greatly in need. I look forward to the day when all over this great city of London, and not only here in Westminster and Southwark, but indeed all over England, we may have gathered together in every great centre of industry many companies of the Catholic Boys' Brigade. I am glad therefore, at the very outset of the work which God has committed to me, to welcome you here, and to welcome you, not only in your own persons, but as the beginners, the pioneers of a great movement, which will accomplish a work of the importance of which no one can foretell.

You know you have not only the blessing of the pastors of the Church in this country, but you have something greater still than that — the special blessing of our Holy Father the Pope himself. I did not fail to speak to him of this great work. I told him of the fruits which it had already produced. I placed in his hands my petition asking for a special blessing upon you, and with his own hands he signed that blessing, which I have to bestow upon you to-day. You will receive this blessing with hearts full of love and gratitude and loyalty for the person of the Sovereign Pontiff. Ask of our Divine Master, the great Captain of the Army of the Catholic Church, to purify your hearts still more, to make you more and more obedient to His voice, so that this blessing may descend upon you with all its fullness, and bring you the happiness and the consolation that the Holy Father would desire to bestow upon you in giving you this blessing.

On you will depend the success and the development of this Catholic Brigade. Live up to the principles which are set before you, and then others will long to imitate you, and when many years have gone by you perhaps will have the consolation of seeing a great movement among us the extent of which none of us can possibly imagine to-day. Receive this blessing with love and attachment to the Sovereign Pontiff, and with an earnest determination to be ever more faithful, more devoted to the work which you have taken upon yourselves.—The Universe.

NOTICE.

Public notice is hereby given that les Cure de Marguilliers de l'Oeuvre et Fabrique de la paroisse de Tres Saint Nom de Jesus de Maisonneuve, in the County of Hochelaga District of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for a bill to give to the Trustees of the parish of Maisonneuve, certain special powers in addition to those granted to corporations of Trustees by the general law, and more especially to incorporate the Tremble Bleu, William Richer, Hubert Desjardins and M. Gustave Eremont, trustees-elect, and the Cure of the parish, the last named being ex-officio, under the name of the "Trustees of the parish of Maisonneuve," with powers to erect a Church and Sanctuary, and to borrow for those purposes a capital sum not exceeding \$125,000, and to arrange the conditions of the said loan which is to be paid within a period of time not exceeding fifty years; and to be authorized to levy annually on the immovable property of the Catholic Free-holders of the parish, a sum not exceeding twenty-five cents in the hundred dollars of the value of the immovables affected. Such annual assessments will be based on the Municipal valuation roll of the Town of Maisonneuve, and also to fix the time and place of payments; to provide for all vacancies of trustees; to ratify the obligation assumed by l'Oeuvre et Fabrique de la paroisse du Tres Saint Nom de Jesus de Maisonneuve, to pay annually to the said Trustees the sum of \$2,500.00 to assist in the payment of the above mentioned buildings.

Montreal, 19th January, 1904.
TAILLON, BONIN & MORIN,
Attorneys for petitioners.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that "La Fonciere, a Mutual Fire Insurance Company, having its principal place of business in the town of Maisonneuve, in the District of Montreal, will make application to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session to have its deed of incorporation amended in virtue of Section 17 of the revised Statutes for the purpose of obtaining the following powers:—

- 1.—To obtain subscription to a capital stock of \$50,000.00 with the privilege to increase the same to the sum of \$500,000.00 divided in shares of \$50.00 each.
- 2.—To acquire, own and alienate immovables.
- 3.—To issue insurance policies on the Mutual and the cash premium systems of the Province of Quebec.
- 4.—To transfer its principal place of business to the City of Montreal in lieu of the town of Maisonneuve.
- 5.—To issue insurance policies on either the Mutual or cash premium systems in towns and cities, as the Board of Directors might decide.

LEONARD & LORANGER,
Attorneys for the petitioner.

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Society Directory.

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Recording Secretary, J. Gueining, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. O'Neil, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.—Organized 1888.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 3.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.B.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan (Chairman), F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darog; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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NOTES

SENSATIONAL JO
In view of the unusual crimes that have recently occurred, and of the fact that are now going on to take place in the Grace Mgr. Bruchesi, Montreal, addressed a able and timely letter to the press of this city. In his communication His Grace mentions the dangers incurred by the publication of tales of crimes, as they the public trials. He Catholic press to refrain from publishing reports of trials, minute details and illustrations. When that the business of a publication is to supply its readers with news of passing events and to acquaint with what is in the world, His Grace points out the danger to moral society in general that lurks in the veiling of horrid details of crime. It is the moral facts—all the more because they are true. It is not to our country's credit that we should dwell on such details of crime, and it is no work of a hero to herald them abroad in any form. Each time that we saw fit to warn the public, experience has proved, his great wisdom justified and in this instance his wisdom was in good time and his salutary effect. We must credit where it is due, on His Grace has felt obliged of the rapidly increasing of sad and tragic events, his voice by way of admonition has been the most powerful and the most powerful of our first pastor and to assure him of its acceptance, wise words of counsel that have been written. This is a hope when the Catholic press of the country is prepared to harken to the voice of the Church and to follow her wisdom—as expressed in her hierarchy—we can rely to the spirit of Catholic journals. That the secular press, at times, from the path of the Church's tracing, natural; but when it is prepared to return to that path, the most warning is given, we clear therein the spirit of Faith and the Catholic journals.

PRAISE, LESS CENSURE
time to time we meet with advice condensed into small articles for it seemed a paragraph the other day very much in very few "Within the limits of propriety cannot say too many nice things given to backbiting. Let us given to praise."

What a splendid moral lesson are all too much prone to find with others, and to dwell with sure upon their defects and comings. It is probably I our erring human nature lead to look upon the darker side of things and to take a kind of delight in blackening it more than to give to backbiting, slander and often calumny. So few ever upon doing unto others as would have others do unto selves. In some it is not real wickedness of disposition nor a lack of heart; it is merely a reflection and a lack of care for the feelings of others. Yet this brings its own punishment with