

DIVISION NO. 6 meets on... at 816 St. Lawrence... Officers: W. H. Turner...

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1903. PRICE FIVE CENTS

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION. If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the True Witness one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

VACATION TIME.—What with addresses and recommendations, advice and words of warning, there is but little left to say to the young people, at this season, than simply wish them, one and all, a happy and profitable vacation.

At first sight it would seem a needless warning, for since God is everywhere how could one go away from Him? We cannot escape His presence, it is true, but we can estrange our hearts from Him.

When vacation comes all these are left behind; but it is then that the lessons they inculcated should be put into active practice.

It is, then, a wholesome advice, the one we have just quoted. You can enjoy your vacation to the fullest, you can repose from the labor of study, you can have all the relaxation and recreation you need, and still keep close to God.

Youth will err, will make mistakes, will succumb to temptations; but if youth keeps close to God, all these will be but clouds floating over a life-sky, leaving the blue of the heaven just as blue and as beautiful as ever—not a trace, scarcely a memory of the shadow remaining.

So, then, we would impress this sentence on all who are now going forth to enjoy the long vacation of summer. And if you do this, each year will only serve to bring you nearer to God and God nearer to you.

ST. JEAN BAPTISTE DAY.—During the past week our French-Canadian fellow-citizens have celebrated their national festival in a manner that was worthy of the best and grandest traditions of the past.

Tuesday, the 23rd, was a kind of general introduction, a gathering of friends from far and near, a preparing together for the very important ceremonies and demonstrations of the two succeeding days.

On Wednesday, as usual, and possibly more than usual, the various national societies gathered from their respective ends of the city and flocked to the monster procession, that with flags flying and music clashing on the air, rallied their thousands towards the Cathedral.

After the Mass the unveiling of the statue of Mgr. Bourget, in front of the Cathedral, took place. While the fac simile of St. Peter's—the master-piece of Angelo's genius on the banks of the Tiber—would constitute a monument worthy of any man, still the love, veneration, and memory of the Catholic people of Montreal sought a more direct expression of their respect and veneration for the great Bishop.

Tens of thousands filled the vast square, and from the steps of the temple as far as the eye could reach extended a sea of upturned and expectant faces. It was a scene upon which the eyes of the humble and glorious apostle would have gazed with gratitude to God—for in it he would have beheld the realization of his life-dream.

The courtesy extended by the St. Jean Baptiste Association affords us an opportunity of showing at once our cordial sympathy with them in the patriotic sentiments that inspire the celebration of the day, and the union of the two great Catholic races in the desire to do fitting honor to, and perpetuate the memory of a revered and eminent prelate of the Church, to whom the Catholics

Bishops, it would seem as if Mgr. Bourget had come forth from his grave, had descended from his abode of unending happiness, and had ascended that pedestal to survey the accomplishment of his great designs and to bless the sons of a generation for whom he had paved the way to all the benefactions that they enjoy.

The evening of the twenty-fourth witnessed the presentation at the Monument National of Senator L. O. David's patriotic drama "Le Drapeau de Carillon." Needless to speak of the enthusiasm which that play awakened. Already the events of the day had stirred up the spirits of the people, and it required but a slight breath of patriotic fervor to keep the enthusiasm alive.

For several years past the north end of the city has been putting forth untold efforts to realize the dreams of good Cure Auclair, in the construction of a magnificent temple, to be dedicated to Saint John the Baptist. When some years ago the Church in that section was destroyed by fire, the pastor, with remarkable zeal set to work to build a Church that would be an honor to the city and to the faith of the people.

That evening, at the Parc Lafontaine, the display of fireworks was enchanting, and while music and pyrotechnics made the heavens and the earth glad outside.

In connection with the proceedings on Wednesday, we deem it necessary to note the following circular issued to members of St. Patrick's Society, by its President, Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty. It runs as follows:—

"The St. Jean Baptiste Association has extended to the St. Patrick Society, as representing the Irish Canadian citizens of Montreal, an invitation to join the celebration of the French-Canadian National festival on the 24th instant, as well as in the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the statue of late Very Reverend Monseigneur Bourget.

"Our Society has accepted the invitation, and earnestly desires that its appreciation of this compliment to our race on the part of our French-Canadian friends, should be made evident by the attendance of a large and representative body of our fellow-countrymen. To this end, the President and officers urge upon every member of the Society the duty of being present, but, furthermore, most cordially invite our fellow-countrymen generally to join with it on this occasion.

The Mother-General of the Congregation of Notre Dame was present, as well as a number of leading members of St. Patrick's parish.

of the diocese without distinction of race, owe a debt of gratitude.

This opportunity, the Society feels, Irish Canadians generally should gladly avail themselves of. I beg therefore respectfully to urge that your attendance would add much to the representative character of the group of Irishmen taking part in the celebration, and assure you that the Society will appreciate your presence in its ranks.

"Members and friends will assemble opposite Laval University, St. Denis street, at 9 a.m., to take their position in the procession." We desire to heartily congratulate all who participated in the organization of the feast, and all who aided in the carrying out of its successful programme, and to wish them, year after year, the continuation of their patriotic spirit and all the blessings that the religious aspects of the occasion are calculated to bring down upon them and upon their children.

IRISH HISTORY.—Ottawa seems to have taken practical steps concerning the revival of the Irish language. At a meeting of the Separate School Board, held on Monday evening last, it was unanimously decided to have Irish history taught in all the English-speaking schools.

A deputation from the Ancient Order of Hibernians, composed of Messrs. John Hanlon, president of Division No. 2, and James Bennett, past county president, repeated their request for the inauguration of the study of Irish history in the English-speaking schools, which they made some six months ago.

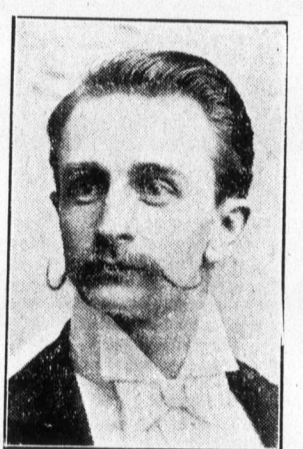
The expenditure of \$50.00 was authorized for the purchase of an approved Irish History. The board was unanimous on the question, and Trustees McGrail, Foran and Boudreault spoke warmly in approval of the project.

In our Catholic High School and in two of the schools under the direction of the Christian Brothers, of this city, the good work has already begun. It is to be hoped that the Irish Catholic schools of all this province will follow in their footsteps.

It was a touching tribute from the rising generation of the mother Irish parish to their spiritual guides which was much appreciated by the recipients who were:—The Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Very Rev. Father Lecoq; Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P.; Rev. L. W. Leclair; Rev. M. J. McKenna, D.D.; Rev. Gerald McShane, S.S.D.D.; Rev. P. McGrath and Rev. J. B. Ouellette.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

On Wednesday evening the weekly concert was under the direction of a most competent and enthusiastic musician—Prof. Cal H. Corey, whose pupils contributed the programme. The music and singing, as well as the dancing, were remarkably fine, and elicited rounds of applause, each of the performers having to respond to several encores.



PROF. CAL H. COREY.

Mr. J. Beamish Saul occupied the chair, and in the course of his remarks thanked the large audience for their presence, and hoped they would continue to give bumper houses to the end of the season.

The programme was then proceeded with, the following taking part: Miss Cecelia Cote, Miss May St. Denis, Miss B. Lidstone, Miss Ethel Whytock, Miss Victoria Scott, Miss F. Coogan, Miss Edith Ferguson, Miss R. Fuch, Miss B. Drouche, Miss H. Tait, Miss Alice Gorman, Miss L. Ailmard, Miss L. McCraw, Messrs. A. E. Reid, Walter Gayner, and Prof. Cal H. Corey; John Carey, steamship Dominion; Mr. McAllister, steamship Wyandotte; George Ford, steamship Manhattan; Wm. Norris, steamship Devona; Patk. Campbell, steamship Indian. Miss Orton was the accompanist.

LOCAL NOTES.

SISTER DONLAN ILL.—Just as we go to press a rumor has reached us that the Superior of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Sister Donlan, has been suddenly attacked by illness. This will be sad news for many Catholic households, as Sister Donlan, during the brief term of her administration has given abundant proofs of her ability as an administrator and noble religious.

A PUPIL'S FAREWELL.—At St. Patrick's Hall, on Monday afternoon, the pupils of St. Patrick's Girls School, spoke their words farewell to the priests who will leave St. Patrick's Church during vacation.

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PERSONAL NOTE.—Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., arrived in this city

to spend a few days amongst his friends.

ST. ANN'S PARISH will hold its first pilgrimage of this season to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, for women and children, on July 11th. Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., and other priests will accompany the pilgrims. The steamer Beaupre has been chartered for the occasion.

PERSONAL.—Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C., leaves for England shortly, where he goes to plead a most important case, in behalf of the Trust & Loan Company, before the Privy Council.

WEDDING BELLS.—St. Anthony's Church was the scene of a pretty wedding this week, the contracting parties being Miss Minnie Polan, daughter of Mr. M. J. Polan, the well known veteran Shaprock Lacrosse Club Captain, and Mr. C. P. Flemming, son of Mr. William Flemming.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. John E. Donnelly, P.P., and uncle of the groom. The sacred edifice was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The bride, who was given away by her father, was gowned in white organdie, with cluny lace, white tulle veil, and wore her mother's bridal wreath of orange blossoms. Miss Durocher of Cornwall, was the bridesmaid, and Miss May McElroy acted as maid of honor. The groom was supported by his brother, Mr. W. Fleming, and Mr. J. Polan, brother of the bride. The ushers were Mr. F. Polan and Mr. Albert Morin. After the ceremony a breakfast was held at the residence of the bride's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Fleming left for Boston and New York, and on their return will reside at 411a St. Antoine street.

The presents to both bride and groom were numerous and handsome.

ST. PATRICK'S PILGRIMAGE.—Arrangements have been completed for the pilgrimage of St. Patrick's parishioners to Ste. Anne de Beaupre by the C. P. R., which will leave on Saturday, July 18th, and return to Montreal on Sunday evening. Father Martin Callaghan says that a large number of the congregation will attend.

A DESERVED TRIBUTE.—On the eve of his departure to visit his old home in Ireland, Mr. Patrick Scullion, the worthy treasurer of Division No. 1, A.O.H., was made the recipient of a beautifully engraved gold locket, bearing the inscription: "Presented to Bro. Scullion by Division No. 1, as a slight mark of esteem and appreciation of his long and faithful service to this Division." The presentation was made by President McMorrow, who eulogized Bro. Scullion's administrative power in the office he so long filled with marked ability, and wished him on behalf of the Division a pleasant voyage and safe return.

ORPHANS' FAREWELL.—With becoming solemnity the feast of St. John the Baptist was observed at St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, on Wednesday. The feast was made the occasion of taking formal leave of Rev. J. B. Ouellette, S.S., for three years attending at the Asylum. Father Ouellette was specially a favorite with the children of the institution, and his removal from St. Patrick's parish has caused widespread regret not only to the orphans, but to parishioners in general. The feast was suitably inaugurated by a Low Mass, celebrated by Father Ouellette, and general communion was held. Subsequently a handsome address was presented by the children in the boys' school-room, accompanied by a bouquet of choice flowers. The address referred to Father Ouellette's kindly offices in behalf of the children, to the gratitude which the children felt for the generous interest he had taken in their behalf and their sorrow at his departure. In reply the genial priest spoke of the deep feeling of regret which he experienced in severing an association with the children which had existed for the past three years, to him the most pleasant of his holy ministry. He urged the children not to neglect the opportunities afforded them by the institution of acquiring a sound moral training, and to be ever ready to suffer for conscience sake.

# The Press And Its Value To Religion And Nationality.

(By an Occasional Contributor.)

Within the last year or so we have noticed one striking feature in our French-Canadian press; and it is becoming weekly more pronounced. It is admirable; it is calculated to do immense good; it is an evidence of progress as well as of enthusiasm and a knowledge of the growing requirements of the hour. We refer to the illustrated first page in the Saturday edition of that press.

It is not the mere fact of giving special cuts on the front page of a large edition that attracts our attention, it is the subject-matter of such cuts. They take a parish, wherein some great feast has been celebrated, as that of Nicolet, two weeks ago; or they take some French-Canadian settlement, either in the north or in the northwest, as that of Edmonton, in a recent issue of "La Presse," they frame in the cuts of the Church, the presbytery, the schools, the principal places of business, or the leading residences, with the portraits of the missionary priests, the leading citizens, the mayor and council, the professional, business, or trades people, the officers of national or religious societies; and then they interlard the entire surface of the page with accounts of the place, histories in miniature, biographies of the personages represented in the cuts, and finally comments upon the advantages afforded by the locality, for colonization, settlement or trade.

By this means, and by the dint of keeping it up, from week to week during the year, they are gradually bringing in a forcible manner the story of the French-Canadian people, their struggles, their aims, their strength, their successes, and awakening in their minds their possibilities in this country. It is only within a recent period that this plan has been adopted; but it is a propaganda that must bear good results so far as that race is concerned.

In Canada and in the United States we have had examples beyond enumeration of the special advantages to be derived by the free use of the columns of the press, political, commercial and social; how private and semi-private commercial and financial undertakings, and even public projects have been brought to a successful issue by the support of the press; how individuals have attained positions in public affairs, and every other walk of life, which they could have never attained without the liberal use of printer's ink.

When will Irish Catholics and Catholics speaking English in Canada, realize the full significance of the advantages of publicity? When will they learn the lesson of uniting in common aims by using their own press in making their undertakings in their parishes—churches and schools and other institutions—known? Had our people unitedly given exclusive support to the "True Witness" and published their doings in religious, national, charitable, educational, social, commercial undertakings, it would ere now have been one of the foremost daily newspapers of Canada.

True it is that pastors and curates of parishes have spoken from their pulpits in eloquent terms of the old organ and have made appeals for financial support for it, but in few instances have our priests in city and country parishes devoted five minutes each week to jotting down a few items of happenings in their districts or of their aims and ambitions. True it is that devoted laymen in our national and religious societies have spoken words of encouragement to our editor, but how often have they devoted a few minutes each week to pen a few lines re-

garding the work of their organizations. Very often we notice items of news concerning the movements of our clergy, the undertakings of our parishes and the doings of national and religious societies, published in the Protestant press which has time and time again shown most bitter antagonism to the Catholic Church.

It is time that there should be a change in the attitude of Catholic Irishmen and all Catholics speaking the English language in Canada, in this regard.

And when that hour dawns, our people will realize the advantages that are to be gained by supporting a loyal Catholic press.

Send the news of your parish-doings members of the clergy, and let men and women interested in our schools, religious, fraternal and national societies do the same, and the old organ will prosper as it deserves. D. A.

## AN ANGLER'S STORY.

Just beside where the fish was rising there was a small bit of alder and I had seen a fly light on this alder and then drop on the water to be at once gorged by our fish. I put on a good lively fly and wound in my line until only the leader was at the point of my rod. I then crawled on my hands and knees until I came to the alder bush. I held up my rod and fluttered my fly and then let it drop on the alder bush. The next move was to gently lift it and then let it drop on the water. The trick was done and in three minutes I had a two and one-half pound trout in my landing net.

## A HOME FOR CATHOLIC SETTLERS

(Special to the True Witness.)

O'Neill, Neb., June 19, 1903.

Letters come to me from time to time from persons in different parts of the United States and Canada, asking information about this portion of Nebraska. I will appreciate it very much if you will kindly publish this letter in your newspaper, and thereby convey to many persons who are thinking of changing their location some information that may be of value to them.

A matter of importance in securing a new home with every Catholic and which should be a matter of supreme importance is the Church and school facilities. We have here a good Catholic Church, and there are four others in the county. The country surrounding O'Neill is settled principally by Catholics and most of the business of the town is in the hands of our people. We have a convent school which has been running for about three years. The building cost in the neighborhood of \$60,000, and more than two hundred and fifty children are being educated there. It is conceded by all who know it to be one of the finest schools in the west.

A person cannot get a correct idea of any country without actually visiting it. But it can be said truthfully that this is an excellent country for raising live stock. I am reliably informed that more hay is produced in this county than in any other county in the United States. In addition to this we have plenty of fine pasture land. Much of the land is also good for farming and the people generally are doing well. There is still an opportunity to secure good homes here at a very reasonable price.

In a business way there is an opening here for a flour mill, a steam laundry, an electric light plant and a commercial hotel.

Yours very respectfully,

M. F. CASSIDY,  
Parish priest.

## THE OLD STORY.

It seems passing strange that Catholics should be so indifferent in regard to the payment of their annual subscription. An exchange says:

In the last two months we got off our lists a certain number of subscribers that were a burden to us. Now that we are dealing with reasonable people only we have this word to say to those in arrears: When you are paying this month your subscription for 1903, or for 1902 and 1903 pay at the same time for 1904, for we shall send the 1904 number only to subscribers who have paid in advance.

## "THE IRISH BRIGADE."

BY "CRUX."

SINCE last week I received a request from a gentleman in Ontario, to not close this series of references, or quotations, from the works of Davis, without letting the readers have the advantage of reading the historical sketch of the Irish Brigade by that author. It is known to all who are familiar with the poems of the Nation that Davis has based several of his ballads upon events associated with the Brigade. Amongst others we have "The Surprise of Cremona," "Clare's Dragoons," "Battle Eve of the Brigade," "The Battle of Fontenoy;" and a number of others. His sketch of the Brigade was suggested to him, in 1844, by the necessity of lengthy foot notes to these different poems. In order to obviate this disjointed work, which he considered more cumbersome than otherwise when tacked on each poem, he concluded to unite all such notes in one essay, to stitch them together with passages calculated to make clearer their significance, and to publish once for all this compendium. It was only after varied research that I was enabled to get a copy of this essay, which fact leads me to believe that it is rarer than others of his writings. I found that it contained a fund of historical information of major importance. Therefore, as I am only writing, compiling, gleanings, or quoting for information sake, I will gladly comply with the Ontario gentleman's request and reproduce the essay as the "Irish Brigade." I must, however, state that it is impossible to give it entirely in one issue. I will attempt to cut it in two, but if I find that would still be an encroachment on space, I will cut it into three sections. It is as follows:

The foreign military achievements of the Irish began on their own account. They conquered and colonized Scotland, frequently overran England during and after the Roman dominion there, and more than once penetrated into Gaul. During the time of the Danish invasion, they had enough to do at home. The progress of the English conquest brought them again to battle on foreign ground. It is a melancholy fact, that in the brigades wherewith Edward I, ravaged Scotland, there were numbers of Irish and Welsh. Yet Scotland may be content; Wales and Ireland suffered from the same baseless. (I might here remark that Wales is very often mentioned by Davis, for the good reason that he was of Welsh extraction on his father's side.) The sacred heights of Snowdon, the Parnassus of Wales, were first forced by Gascon mountaineers, whose independence had perished; and the Scotch did no small share of blood-work for England here, from the time of Morro's defeats in the seventeenth century, to the Fenible victories over peasants in 1798.

In these levies of Edward I, as in those of his son, were numbers of native Irish. The Connaught clans in particular seem to have served these Plantagenets.

From Edward Bruce's invasion, the English control was so broken that the first clans ceased to serve altogether, and indeed, shortly after, made many of the Anglo-Irish pay them tribute. But the lords of the Pale took an active and prominent part in the wars of the Roses; and their vassals shared the victories, the defeats, and the carnage of the time.

In the continental wars of Edward III, and of Henry V., the Norman-Irish served with much distinction. Henry VIII. demanded of the Irish Government 2,000 men, 1,000 of whom were, if possible, to be gunners, i.e. armed with matchlocks. The services of these Irish during the short war in France, and especially at the siege of Boulogne, are well known.

At the submission of Ireland in 1603, O'Sullivan Bearra and some others excepted from the amnesty, took service and obtained high rank in Spain; and after the flight of O'Neill and O'Donnell in 1607, numbers of Irish crowded into all the continental services. We find them holding commissions in Spain, France, Austria and Italy.

Scattered among "Safford's Letters," various indications are discoverable of the esteem in which the Irish were held as soldiers in foreign

services during the early part of the seventeenth century. The Spanish Government seems to have been in particular extremely desirous of enlisting in Ireland, their own troops at that time being equal, if not superior to any in the world, especially their infantry.

Nor were the Irish troops less active for the English King. Strafford had increased the Irish army. These he paid regularly, clothed well, and frequently "drew out in large bodies." He meant to oppress, but discipline is a precious thing, no matter who teaches it—a Strafford or a Wellington; and during the wars which followed 1641 when the first row with the Scotch took place, Wentworth was able to send a garrison of 500 Irish to Carlisle, and other forces to assist Charles. And the victories of Montrose were owing to the valor and discipline of the Irish auxiliaries under Colkitto (left-hand) Alister MacDonnell. Many of the Irish who had lost their fortunes by the Cromwellian wars, served on the Continent.

Tyrconnell increased the Irish army, but with less judgment than Strafford. Indeed, numbers of his regiments were ill-officed mobs, and, when real work began in 1689, were disbanded as having neither arms nor discipline. His sending of his Irish troops to England hastened the Revolution by exciting jealousy, and they were too mere a handful to resist. They were forced to enter the service of German princes, especially the Prussian.

An account of the formation of the Irish Brigade, with the names and numbers of the regiments, etc., is here omitted, as the details were reserved for "The History of the Irish Brigade" which Davis was then preparing and which was to appear in the "Library of Ireland."

"The services of the Irish Brigade." What has been so far given is merely introductory, but is necessary in order to afford a clear idea of the Irish military history prior to the formation of the Brigade. Now we will have to do with the services of that phalanx. The year before the English Revolution of '88, William effected the league of Augsburg, and combined Spain, Italy, Holland, and the empire, against France; but, except some sieges of imperial towns, the war made no progress till 1690. In that year France blazed out ruin on all sides. The Palatinate was overrun and devastated.—The defeat of Humieres at Valcourt was overwhelmed by Luxembourg's great victory over Prince Waldeck at Fleurus. But, as yet, no Irish troops served north of the Alps. It was otherwise in Italy.

This brings us to the first Italian campaigns of the Irish. Then Davis tells of the wars in Flanders, and finally of the services of the Brigade in the wars of France. This makes it evident that I will be obliged to give this history in two more parts. I have an idea that many of the readers will be thankful to possess, in such a brief form, the splendid story of the Irish Brigade. Above all would I like that our boys and girls in our various schools could have an opportunity of reading these few numbers of the "True Witness"—they would learn a great deal of the glorious history of their race.

There is no sunshine for those who persist in keeping their shutters barred. Joy is not gained for the asking of it, but only by the acting for it.

## 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.

## OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, June 23.

The week has been a slow one as far as the legislative work of the House of Commons is concerned. In the Senate a great amount of work was done, and two special features marked the early days of the week. Firstly, Hon. Senator L. O. David, City Clerk of Montreal, was introduced and took his seat. This leaves only one seat vacant, that of the late Hon. Senator O'Brien. It is rumored that the appointment of his successor will be made in a day or two, possibly before this letter is in press. The second unusual event in the Senate is in connection with the Gough divorce case. This case was referred to the committee on divorces and the committee reported that the case should be thrown out "because the both parties are Catholics, and according to the laws of the Catholic Church divorce is not allowed." This is a remarkable decision, and one that does credit to the good sense of the committee, while it reflects great honor upon the only Church that can stand up so strongly and consistently in defence of the marriage bond, that the law of the State bows before its dictation and decision.

So far not more than half the estimates are through; the supplementaries have not been touched; Mr. Blair's Railway Bill is only about two-thirds through; the Redistribution Bill has yet to be reported to the House; the questions of the Grand Trunk Pacific and of the Great Northern Railways have yet to be fully discussed; and the Opposition is evidently awaiting the return of Mr. Sifton, in order to get at him on his Yukon Territory estimates. This is the second session that Mr. Sifton has been away during the passage of his departmental supplies, and they do not seem in the humor to let him go scott free this time. He will reach Ottawa this week. Hence we have no idea how long the session will last. Next week, Dominion Day, will make a hole in the week, so that if the hot weather does not come to hunt the members away, they may be here till August.

Ottawa has lost, by death, one of its leading young Irish Catholics, in the person of Mr. Robert A. Starrs, son of ex-Alderman Michael Starrs. The deceased, who was 37 years of age, was for some years in the wholesale grocery business on Clarence street, and was for a long time a prominent figure in fraternal societies and other associations. He was formerly president of St. Patrick's Literary and Scientific Society, and occupied other offices of honor. Deceased was also an ardent Liberal, and took a lively interest in politics. Up to a short time previous to his death he was employed in the Census Department. The deceased was married and leaves a wife and three daughters to mourn his untimely demise. The youngest is nine years and the oldest fifteen. The widow is a daughter of the late James Bonfield, M.P.P., of Eganville, one of the leading lumbermen of the Ottawa valley.—R.I.P.

Ottawa has had many important visitors this week. Amongst them Mr. N. E. Carbonneau and Mr. O. Balsky, of Paris, who have come to interview the Government in connection with the establishment of a steamship service between France and Canada. Mr. C. M. Hays and Mr. Wm. Wainwright were here all week to interview the members of the Government in regard to the Grand Trunk Pacific. The matter was before the Cabinet last Saturday, but I learn that nothing definite was done. There will be a big fight over this Bill when it comes before the House, especially concerning the proposed subsidies.

On Sunday last at St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, Rev. Father Whelan referred to the small attendance at the evening services at the church. He said that people went to Mass in the morning simply because they were compelled to under the pain of mortal sin, but that they refrained from attending the beautiful service of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the evening. He drew attention to the fact that, only a short time ago the country was threatened with drought and serious consequences were feared. To help themselves they had knelt before the altar of God and prayed for rain. "God has answered our prayers," said the preacher, "we have had rain and our crops are safe. It is raining to-day and it rained several days

last week, but I noticed this morning that upwards of 200 children were absent from the children's Mass which is a regrettable fact. These same children had gone to school in the rain during the week simply because the promotion examinations were on, or because they had something to gain. He scored the parents for the neglect and claimed that they were mainly responsible. Rain would not hurt children," concluded the preacher, "and if they could go to school, they should surely be able to attend Mass."

At St. Bridget's Church on Sunday, Rev. Father Gagnon celebrated High Mass, and Rev. Father Schaeffer, of the Apostolic delegation, preached an eloquent sermon appropriate to the feast.

The Feast of the Sacred Heart, the patronal feast of the parish, was celebrated with appropriate solemnity in the Sacred Heart Church. The celebrant of the Mass was the pastor, Rev. Father Portelance, and the sermon an able one on "The Love of God," was preached by Rev. Father Lejeune. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Cramer, rendered beautiful music, the solos being well taken and the choral parts well sustained.

St. Jean Baptiste Church presented a touching sight on Sunday morning, when ninety-five children of the parish approached the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar for the first time. The altars were prettily decorated with natural flowers; the oratory of the Sacred Heart in particular, presented an inspiring sight with its wealth of sweet scented flowers and richly colored lights. The first communion ceremony took place at the quarter past eight Mass. Rev. Father Bourque, O.P., was celebrant, and administered the Blessed Sacrament to 48 little girls and 47 little boys.

The closing exercises of St. Joseph's School took place in the Academic hall of the Ottawa University, and the programme presented was a delightful one, and rewarded the parishioners for the interest they have taken in the school. Rev. Father Murphy presided, and there were present Rev. Fathers Niles, James Fallon, McGurty and Kirwin, and trustees Foran, who took charge of the distribution. McGuire, McGarr, Sims, Kane and Daly and a large number of parents and friends of the pupils. The following numbers of an excellent programme interspersed the distribution of premiums in the several departments: "The Tin Whistle Band" boys of first classes; son, "Playmates," girls of first classes; song, "Tricentennial," boys of second classes; recitation (selected), Master George McHugh; song and drill, "Sea Shells," girls of second classes; chorus, "Music of the Birds" school. The "piece de resistance," was the operetta "Titania," which was well staged, the rising of the curtain being the signal for general applause on the part of the audience. The principal characters were Fairy Queen, Stella Foley; Fairy King, Robert Oliver; Mother Hazel, Florence Ryan; Tipitidwigot, Robt. Urquhart, and they played their parts well.

Owing to the number of subscribers to the "True Witness" in this district I subjoin the names of those who carried off the various medals.

Gold medal, presented by Mrs. M. P. Davis, for highest notes of the year, awarded to Annie Ainsborough.

Gold medal, presented by Mr. Wm. Foran, trustee to the girl obtaining the highest notes in the entrance examination 1902, awarded to Mary Teresa Redmond.

Gold medal, presented by Mr. McMillan, for highest notes in the entrance examination 1902, awarded to J. McCormac.

Gold medal, presented by Mrs. W. H. Davis, for highest notes of the year, awarded to Bertram Clarke.

Silver medal, presented by Dr. J. L. Chabot, for highest in the entrance examination 1902, on temperance and hygiene, awarded to Mary Teresa Redmond.

The prize list is too extensive for an ordinary correspondence.

A queer incident has taken place in Hull regarding a banner for the St. Jean Baptiste Society. The account of the facts may be thus briefly given:—

At the instance of the St. Jean Baptiste Society of Quebec city, Rev. Fathers Valiquette and Forget called a meeting in Notre Dame Hall, Hull, last Sunday night, to discuss the question of adopting the blue flag with the white diagonal cross and Sacred Heart emblem in the centre. As the blue, white and red is at present recognized as the French-Canadian ensign, and has been almost since the Fleur de Lis and Cross of the Bourbons abandoned in Canada in 1763, the feeling expressed, quietly but firmly, is not in favor of any change.

## Our Curbston Observer On Friendsh

An article entitled "Friendship on the war" attracted my attention which draws attention to what leads to such these. I have no intention of making this question, but use it as a text to present personal observations, accustomed to speak of tances as our friends' ten in a quandy how between the two. Yet tinction to be made.

ACQUAINTANCES.—A person in the world has acquaintances, that is to with whom one meets in business, or as passengers are going down the street, meet a gentleman of your acquaintance, he introduces you to a gentleman. In future frequent occasion to meet on street cars, or on the elsewhere, and you know other; it is quite possible to meet so frequently that exchange a few words of conversation. Later on you meet a house of some mutual acquaintance, you become more closely acquainted. It never goes beyond that gentleman you look all future time as an acquaintance. But are you justified in a friend? By no means is that even your acquaintance is so slight that you are certain whether he would trouble to do you a good to put himself out to do a case of necessity. You evidence that he has friendship for you. Yet do we not hear a person in this situation, talking of "a great friend of mine," the ordinary affairs of life cannot say that the man you are dealing can be your friend. He might do you, be glad to assist you in some transaction, he will go out of his way to do some scheme or enter would he ask you to his would he give you access timacy of his family? P Then you may call him acquaintances if you like business friend; but you speak of him as a friend simple. The fact is that friend without that he with you are based on. The very words convey to As long as interest, or selfishness underlies his friendship; and adulterous ship is only a sham.

FRIENDSHIP ANALYZED.—must not run away with that because a person is ated with the most perfect friendship that therefore your enemy, antagonist. By no means, real genuine friendship is rare. This may sound strange, it is nonetheless the case, just examine the matter a moment. How many friends—that is people, whose sincere friendship for you? You will probably come with your mother, or sisters, or wife, or children, the sentiment there is friendship, it is love. The many individuals, if you be so fortunate, who enter into friendship for you; but not designate them as friends. Then go down the scale in site direction. The man in such or such a business relation is what you call a friend, is his friendship purely disinterested? It may be possible even baseless, but, for the ing, he believes it is to his interest to help you. The not complete friendship, young boy, a merchant by taking you into his eyes in you talents that are to account for the future his business. He has done in helping you, but ship is not purely disinterested in your patron, but can him in the technical sense.

Our Curbstone Observer On Friendship.

An article entitled "Is Friendship on the wane?" has attracted my attention; and that which draws my attention awakens my observation, and that leads to such jottings as these. I have no intention of answering this question, but will merely use it as a text to proceed with my personal observations. We are so accustomed to speak of our acquaintances as our friends that one is often in a quandry how to distinguish between the two. Yet there is a distinction to be made.

ACQUAINTANCES.—Almost every person in the world has a number of acquaintances, that is to say, people with whom one meets in public, or in business, or as passers-by. You are going down the street and you meet a gentleman of your acquaintance, he introduces you to another gentleman. In future may have frequent occasion to meet this latter, on street cars, or on the street, or elsewhere, and you bow to each other; it is quite possible that you meet so frequently that you begin to exchange a few words of conversation. Later on you meet at the house of some mutual friend, and you become more closely acquainted. It never goes beyond this stage; but that gentleman you look upon for all future time as an acquaintance. But are you justified in calling him a friend? By no means. The fact is that even your acquaintanceship is so slight that you are not even certain whether he would take the trouble to do you a good turn, or to put himself out to defend you in a case of necessity. You have no evidence that he has any special friendship for you. Yet how often do we not hear a person, in exactly this situation, talking of another as "a great friend of mine." Even in the ordinary affairs of business you cannot say that the man with whom you are dealing can be considered as your friend. He might do you a favor, or be glad to assist you in a business transaction, he is willing to even go out of his way to help you in some scheme or enterprise; but would he ask you to his house, or would he give you access to the intimacy of his family? Possibly not. Then you may call him a business acquaintance if you like, or even a business friend; but you cannot speak of him as a friend pure and simple. The fact is that there is no friend without that his relations with you are based on friendship. The very words convey the meaning. As long as interest, or any taint of selfishness underlies his attitude towards you, there is not unalloyed friendship; and adulterated friendship is only a sham.

FRIENDSHIP ANALYZED.— We must not run away with the idea that because a person is not animated with the most perfect and disinterested friendship that he is therefore your enemy, or your antagonist. By no means. But the real genuine friendship is very, very rare. This may sound strange, but it is nonetheless the case. We will just examine the matter calmly for a moment. How many friends, good readers—that is people who hold a sincere friendship for you—do you possess? You will probably commence with your mother, or father, or sisters, or wife, or children; but the sentiment there is more than friendship, it is love. There may be many individuals, if you happen to be so fortunate, who entertain more than friendship for you; but you cannot designate them as mere friends. Then go down the scale in the opposite direction. The man who helps in such or such a business transaction is what you call a friend; but is his friendship purely disinterested? Has he not some personal interest in view? It may be problematical, or even baseless, but, for the time being, he believes it is to his ultimate interest to help you. Then that is not complete friendship. You are a young boy; a merchant befriends you by taking you into his employ. He sees in you talents that he can turn to account for the future benefit of his business. He has done a kindly deed in helping you, but the friendship is not purely disinterested. He is your patron, but can you call him in the technical sense, a friend?

This may seem very cynical; but it is not. I am only seeking to show the absurdity of the manner in which people talk of friendship and friends, as if the former were universal and the latter out of number.

FALSE FRIENDS.—Just as often do we hear mention the "false friends" that a man has. Now there is no such a thing as false friendship or false friends. Friendship cannot be counterfeit, and friends cannot deceive or injure one—the moment deceit or injury comes in the friendship vanishes. But there is such a thing as pretended friendship; there are such people as make-believe friends; they are simply enemies in disguise and their sentiment is hypocritical. The man who asks you, for old friendship's sake, to come and have a drink, when he knows that the one drink may prove your ruin, is not a friend, nor is the sentiment, which he invokes real friendship. He would be willing to spend a quarter of a dollar making you drink, but would not lend you that amount to buy a dinner for you if you were hungry. The man who induces you to gamble, when he knows that to do so means to rob your family and to bring hunger, cold and misery into your home, is not a friend; there is not the slightest evidence of any friendliness in what he does for you. The man who lends you money to enable you to do wrong, to commit sin, to ruin your health, and to damn your soul, may be what the world calls a "good fellow," but he is not a friend; in other words, he is an enemy; he is the familiar "sheep in wolf's clothing." It is not necessary that I should go over the entire list of false friends, as they are called—that is masked enemies; but I would remark this one point, when you hear of a young man who has untold friends, who has them on all sides, you may rely that he is in danger. Watch him for a few years and mark the result.

ONE EXAMPLE.—Out of many examples that I might cite I will select one. Twelve years ago I was standing in the St. Lawrence Hall talking to a relative from another city. A young man of my acquaintance came in; he was immediately surrounded by half a dozen or more "friends." During the hour or so that I was there the young man in question was absolutely surrounded, I cannot use any other term, by friends. Everyone knew him, each one was itching for the honor of a word with him, in fine he was to be envied. And he was really so beautifully dressed, so spirited, so clever, so everything that was attractive. In fact, he must have had lots of money too; and he knew how to spend it. When he went out, it was like a general signal for all the carters at the door—how they did run up and bow, and scrape, and offer their services. It was charming to see that man of unnatural friends. Last month I stood again at the door of the St. Lawrence Hall and I saw a human wreck zig-zagging down St. James street. The poor fellow was in the last stages of tramping, dirty, unkempt, badly clad, and going along muttering to himself like an idiot. The carter at the door shunned him, the ladies stepped aside to avoid him, and one of his sycophant friends of a few years ago dodged into a side entrance to avoid him. That picture told me a strange story of this world's friendship and friends.

HEROIC NUNS.

News from Mother Mary Paul, formerly Miss Mary V. Murphy, of New York, who left the United States last year to devote the rest of her life to missionary work in British East Africa, has been received by Father A. P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers, New York. The report which has come to Father Doyle tells of the nuns' arrival at Mombasa, after great hardships. After a journey overland over temporary rails so shaky that the nuns expected to be spilled every moment, they finished their journey in canoes. Thousands of natives waited for them, springing into the water neck deep and carrying canoes, sisters and all to the beach. One sister was ill of native fever when the letter was despatched. Mother Mary Paul's band of missionaries was recruited largely from New York state. It is the pioneer band of nuns in that field of labor.

The great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing; and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will inevitably be the most successful.

Death Of Cardinal Vaughan.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

In the person of Right Rev. Herbert Vaughan, D.D., Cardinal-Archbishop of England, death has removed one of the grand pillars that sustained and ornamented the Catholic Church in that land. It has been the good fortune, or rather the Providential favor, of the Church in England, ever since the restoration of her rights and liberties, to have had men of transcendent talents and unquestioned weight—both socially and nationally as well as religiously—to rule the spiritual flock that claimed allegiance to the Ancient Faith. Proudly do they move across the stage of the past; the Howards, the Newman, the Mannings, the Vaughans. And the day has finally come when, still in his vigor, though past the allotted four score and ten, this splendid figure should disappear from the scene. Unlike his great predecessor in many respects, Cardinal Vaughan was great in other ways, and he was the best calculated of all men to carry on a degree further the work that Manning had so admirably accomplished in his time.

Cardinal Vaughan was a thorough Englishman, by birth, by education, and by political instincts; he was, therefore, one whose presence, as head of the Catholic Church, in that country, tended much to efface the foolish yet persistently persevering idea that the Church of Rome sought to betray British liberties and to force a foreign domination upon the country.

He was born at Gloucester, on the 15th April, 1832. He came of one of those old and aristocratic English families, the descendants of which never once abandoned the faith of Catholicity, and which conserved at the same time their social rank and their religious trust. His father, Colonel Vaughan, of Caurfield, Herefordshire, had fourteen children. Six daughters became members of different religious communities; five of the eight sons became priests. The eldest of these was Herbert. His education was received from the Jesuit Fathers, at their famous English College of Stonyhurst. Having completed the usual classical course the young student was sent to the continent where he studied philosophy, and subsequently theology at Rome.

When the Crimean war broke out the patriotism and national as well as family pride and spirit of the Vaughans became manifest. The young man volunteered his services, and marched in the ranks, as a private soldier, to the scene of that memorable struggle. In the rifle pits and trenches of Sebastopol he gave evidence of the courage within him, and won high commendation for his bravery. A brilliant military career seemed to open out before him. But he had done his duty to the country, in the hour of danger, now, in peace, he wished to enlist as a private, in the ranks of the Church Militant. But he it in army or in Church he was destined to rise to the post of command.

He became a member of the community which Cardinal Manning had established in London. Thus did he walk the avenue destined to lead him to the chair occupied by his patron and friend the great Cardinal. During the early part of his sacerdotal career, Father Vaughan established a college, under the patronage of St. Joseph, for the education of foreign missionaries, at Mell Hill, in Middlesex. About thirty-one years ago, in connection with this institution, he paid a visit to the United States. He went to Maryland to establish missionaries amongst the colored people of those Southern States.

A year later, 28th October, 1872, Bishop Turner of Salford, died, and Rev. Herbert Vaughan was consecrated his successor. His See included practically the whole North of England, with the great manufacturing city of Manchester as a centre. A Protestant contemporary, referring to the task that then awaited the future Cardinal, very truthfully says:—"The position of a Roman Catholic Bishop in England is far from being a bed of roses, finding himself, as he does, face to face with alien, hostile and wealthy Churches, hampered himself by want of means, confronted by gigantic educational problems, and ruling over a heterogeneous flock whose differences of race

and of temperament call for the exercise of tact almost superhuman, and for patience far exceeding Job's. Bishop Vaughan threw himself into the work with characteristic zeal and courage, which deserved and won success, and left Salford at the close of his twenty years of government the best administered diocese in England."

As a writer Cardinal Vaughan was forcible, concise, and most lucid. He had a logical mind, and while he was susceptible of keen emotions, he never allowed sentiment to carry him away from the logical course of his arguments. His pastoral letters, while Bishop Salford were masterly, and were published in pamphlet form constituting a grand and irrefutable plea for the Catholic cause, seen from almost every standpoint. He became proprietor of two of the leading Catholic publications of the British Isles—the London "Tablet" and the Dublin "Review." On the death of Cardinal Manning, Bishop Vaughan was selected, by Rome, as his successor in the Metropolitan See of Westminster. This elevation, which had been expected on all sides, was soon followed by his reception of the Red Hat, and once again England was represented in Sacred College of Cardinals. The works done by the eminent prelate, since he assumed the duties of his exalted office would constitute a full history of Catholicity in England, and of the Church in London, especially, during the last decade of the nineteenth century, and the opening years of the twentieth. The details of his own life will yet form subject-matter for the pen of some biographer, and they will be of a character to encourage and elevate the spirit of the true children of the Church in England. He was decidedly a great man, and the lustre which his life sheds upon the Church over which he presided will constitute the very halo of immortality that surrounds him at this moment.

It was noted how very deeply affected the Holy Father was on learning of the death of Cardinal Vaughan. Few men, in Church or State had a higher place in the esteem, and a more abiding place in the love of the great Pontiff. And, one by one, old and young, the Cardinals drop down to the tomb, while Leo still remains to carry on, amidst ever increasing difficulties and multiplying sorrows, the tremendous duties of the Vicar of Christ. He knelt long and prayed fervently for the soul of England's dead Cardinal, and in that prayer the entire Catholic world will join; and none more truly than the representatives of Catholic journalism.

Condolence.

At a recent meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary, Div. No. 5, A.O.H., feeling reference was made to the death of Mr. Charles Doonan, esteemed brother of Miss Katie Doonan, a charter member of Division No. 5. A resolution of condolence was passed and ordered to be sent to the members of the family, and noticed thereof in the "True Witness."

The June Rainfall.

After the long weeks of drought we have got the rain, but it has come in deluge fashion. How we are never satisfied. Now we claim that we have too much of it. Just as if Providence did not know better than we do what is needed for our earth. Up to the 24th of this month the rainfall has exceeded that of the whole month of June last year, and it was surely a wet June in 1902. So far our rainfall of June has been 4.39 inches, while that of last June was only 3.75 inches. Our heaviest this year was on 12th June when we got 2.03 inches; the next heaviest on the 23rd, when we got 1.02 inches. Yet we cannot tell but this heavy fall of rain has been necessary in order to counteract the effects of the two months of rainless weather that preceded it. In any case we are not the masters of the situation. And even in this simple question of warmth and cold, of dryness and of rain, we can no more control the elements, nor guide events than we can check a cloud in its passage over the mountain. Where then is our vaunted power? We find nature confounding reason in all times—and God speaks in nature.

"Irish Lad" has been leaving all the other horses behind him. The Catholic Church is God's Kingdom on earth, and they who there serve Him find how true are St. Paul's words: "To serve God is to reign."

Home Rule Resolutions.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Quebec, June 23. There has been, from one source or another, considerable criticism of the opportuneness of the Home Rule Resolutions that have been moved, on different occasions, in the Canadian House of Commons. To those who have no interest in Irish affairs, and to those who are more or less adverse to the principle of Home Rule, as far as Ireland is concerned (but who are not averse to enjoying the benefits of a similar condition in their own land) these Resolutions may appear untimely. But if they have not always met with enthusiastic reception on the part of the British authorities, they have still done grand service. Their several repetitions have served to keep before the minds of British statesmen the real condition of Canada and the strange anomaly of having Ireland less free than a trans-Atlantic colony. We are under the serious impression that they have had much to do with the bringing of the Irish question to the very advanced point which it has now reached in the Imperial Parliament.

And while we consider the Home Rule Resolutions of the Federal House we should not overlook those that have been twice moved in the Quebec Legislature. We all remember when Hon. Mr. Flynn and Mr. F. Carbery brought in similar resolutions some years ago. This came from the Legislature of the great French Province of Canada, and the action had a striking significance. During the last session like Resolutions were moved, seconded and adopted in our Legislature, and they have produced more effect than some people would be glad to admit. In glancing over a Belfast exchange, in the columns of which the Quebec Resolutions are published, we find an editorial appreciation of them, that to our mind is of the utmost importance at this particular juncture. So significant is that editorial that we take the liberty of reproducing it in full. It is thus the Belfast editor writes:—

"The letter which Mr. John Redmond has received from the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec, conveying resolutions passed by that body on the 25th April last, is published at an opportune moment. It contrasts in large degree with the attitude of the Speaker of the British House of Commons towards the Irish leader on the question of Mr. M'Hugh's arrest. The resolutions which Mr. Speaker Rainville transmits to Mr. Redmond, though prefaced by a formula reminiscent of the Declaration of Independence of Washington, still breathe the spirit of loyalty to the British connection which has been engendered by experience of self-government under the aegis of Great Britain. The resolutions proceed to say that the Legislative Assembly of Quebec view with the greatest satisfaction the measures which the British Government is now adopting for the purpose of removing discontent with regard to the existing law relating to land tenure in Ireland. But they also express the sincerest hope that in the near future the Parliament of Great Britain will grant such form of self-government as will satisfy the patriotic desires of the Irish people, "and thereby strengthen their loyalty and devotion to the Empire in the same manner as self-government in this country has created an indissoluble bond of union between Canada and the mother country." The fact that Canada is Britain's nearest and most important possession, as well as its most loyal and—excepting Ireland and Malta—also its most Catholic, has frequently been brought under the notice of British statesmen in recent controversies. The Quebec Legislative Assembly, however, do not seem to have an appreciation of the ethics which govern the conduct of those who from time to time are placed in a position to misgovern this country. It recommends that copies of the resolutions should be sent to the Prime Minister, but first of all to the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies. When these resolutions were drafted the critical position in which both right hon. gentlemen have allowed themselves to drift was not in contemplation. The resolutions will not only lose none of their force through this circum-

stance, but will, we believe, prove a strong factor in convincing such statesmen as survive the present crisis of the expediency, from an Imperial point of view, of granting Ireland her just demands.

Here is an evidence, beyond all question both as to its source and as to its significance, that Home Rule Resolutions, whether they emanate from a local Legislature, or from a Federal Parliament, are of weight in the great struggle that has been so manfully carried on during all those years and that is now almost about to be crowned with triumph. Those Resolutions are of a moral weight; they tell of experiences under the safeguards of political autonomy; they speak of the sympathies and moral support that the cause receives on this side of the Atlantic.

Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Possibly I might as well remove the title "Old Letters" and adopt another one, more in accord with the present subject-matter of these brief articles. But as I am in hopes of returning to the said letters, may be in a next issue, I consider that the conservation of the heading matters little, compared to the matter in the body of the contribution. Having, then, no letter yet at hand—for my package has not turned up—I will, for this week relate a short anecdote about a letter. I have the one to which I refer in my possession still, and I give the substance of it—as far as I can remember it.

"Queen's Hotel, Toronto, 9th April, 1883.

Dear Sir:— Would you do me the favor of going to the Registry Office in your city and finding for me whether the deed of hypothec (mortgage) upon the property of L— Z— of Toronto (situated in the County Two Mountains, Quebec), in favor of J— N— P— formerly of Montreal, now of Brockville, has been ever registered. An immediate reply will very much oblige, for the information is needed in connection with a civil suit now being tried at Os- goode Hall, here. I am, in haste, Yours very truly,

This was followed by a species of scrawl that might have been a letter cut out of a Chinese laundry receipt. I worked for about six hours over the puzzle. I turned the signature upside-down, viewed it from every corner, and finally gave up all idea of discovering the name of my correspondent. I then set to work to get the information that he required. Of course, that was not to be had in this city, so I was obliged to secure it in the county wherein the property was situated. Finally I had the information. Then I wrote what I considered to be a very clear letter on the subject. But to whom was I to address it. The "Queen's Hotel, Toronto," gave me no clue. He might have been a passing guest, one of a hundred; or he might have been a person who had just dropped in and secure a sheet of the hotel paper and written his hurried note—not taking time to go to his own office. But where was his office? Or was he a lawyer? or was he merely interested in the case as party to the suit? All these questions, and a hundred more I asked myself, but I could not answer one of them. I placed the letter in an envelope, put a stamp on, and awaited developments. Probably I had had all my trouble for nothing, and very likely I would be set down, in my correspondent's mind, as a careless, impolite, or may be crazy fellow.

Well matters remain thus for six days. One morning I was startled, at an unusually early hour, with a telegram. I opened the message and it read thus:—

"Brockville, Ont., 15th April, 1883.

Did you get my letter. Answer to Brockville—please hasten."

There was the name, clear as day, but written by the telegraph official. He was minister in the Ontario Government at that time—since dead—and I did hasten to send my letter, with a P. S. telling the cause of the delay.

Sincerity is the basis of all true friendship. Without sincerity it is like a shiu without ballast.

### At St. Patrick's School.

The boys of St. Patrick's School entertained some five hundred of their parents and friends with a very neat programme of song, drill, and recitation, in connection with the annual distribution of prizes on last Saturday. No. 2 Company, St. Patrick's Cadets, did some very clever work in firing and physical exercises. A selection of fifteen from their ranks also rendered a military piece, "The Challenge," in concert recitation in a most pleasing manner. The school choir sang a medley French airs, marked on the programme as "Mer Michel," as though they were French-speaking boys. The other choruses were of a high order, and showed thorough training.

The Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's, in his remarks, congratulated the pupils on their manly, dignified bearing, told the parents of the excellent work that was being done in the school, and paid a high tribute to the Cadets. He complimented the boys on the rich prizes that were awarded them, and encouraged them to be ready, on the 1st of September, to resume their studies with new ardor; and, meanwhile, to enjoy a pleasant and well-merited vacation.

#### PRIZE LIST.

**FIRST CLASS.**—1, M. L. Delahanty; 2, Ed. Curran; 3, Ed. Pang; 4, J. McGreevy; 5, L. Daley; 6, F. Keegan; 7, A. O'Rourke; 8, W. Smith; 9, F. Brophy; 10, R. Walsh; 11, B. Bolan; 12, W. Altimas; 13, F. O'Rourke; 14, J. Kelly.

**SECOND CLASS.**—1, J. Jarrett; 2, J. Brophy; 3, C. Hennessy; 4, J. Kearns; 5, W. Brown; 6, J. Phelan; 7, J. Brophy; 8, C. Curran; 9, B. Hyland; 10, F. O'Brien; 11, R. Ferguson; 12, F. McGuire; 13, H. Warren; 14, L. Clark; 15, J. Rowan; 16, E. O'Rourke; 17, A. Willie; 18, D. Macdonald; 19, G. Dwyer.

**THIRD CLASS.**—1, B. Braham; 2, S. Fitzgerald; 3, John Bracken; 4, R. Dixon; 5, J. O'Shaughnessy; 6, W. Durcan; 7, L. Dwyer; 8, T. Bevan; 9, G. Burns; 10, P. McMahon; 11, Jos. Bracken; 12, W. Harper; 13, W. McClosky; 14, W. Burke; 15, J. Prendergast; 16, J. Belanger; 17, G. Flanagan; 18, W. Phelan; 19, E. Tooke; 20, J. Brady; 21, J. Donnelly; 22, W. Rogers; 23, M. Mooney; 24, G. Brown; 25, T. Maloney; 26, E. Hyland; 27, J. Milne.

**FOURTH CLASS.**—1, F. Stewart; 2, T. O'Brien; 3, A. Foster; 4, F. Seed; 5, E. O'Brien; 6, F. Pang; 7, A. Moran; 8, F. Donovan; 9, W. Brown; 10, J. Sullivan; 11, R. Madix; 12, J. Endacott; 13, W. McKay; 14, C. Donnelly; 15, C. Pilon; 16, P. Lamb; 17, W. Bolan; 18, T. Fox; 19, A. Davis; 20, C. Fox; 21, B. McCarry; 22, L. Hale; 23, W. Hogan; 24, J. Cullain; 25, T. Heffernan.

**FIFTH CLASS.**—1, J. Power; 2, F. Breslin; 3, P. Cooney; 4, C. Buxey; 5, J. Moore; 6, W. Smith; 7, T. Murphy; 8, E. Farney; 9, W. Haag; 10, J. Chambers; 11, C. Driscoll; 12, D. Warren; 13, J. Bracken; 14, F. McKeen; 15, G. Daley; 16, J. Druly; 17, E. Clarkin; 18, R. Kenna; 19, F. Berenati; 20, A. Walsh; 21, F. Murphy; 22, S. Bertrand; 23, P. Riley; 24, C. Heaney; 25, F. Rafter; 26, St. E. Pilon; 27, T. Delahanty; 28, A. Byron; 29, J. O'Rourke; 30, J. McDevitt; 31, W. Murray.

**SIXTH CLASS.**—1, H. Gallagher; 2, T. Young; 3, Owen McDonald; 4, P. Clark; 5, W. Lenhan; 6, B. Brady; 7, W. Meehan; 8, J. Murphy; 9, Redmond Grace; 10, C. Harrington; 11, P. Sullivan; 12, M. Brophy; 13, G. Kelly; 14, C. Price; 15, T. Moran; 16, E. Coleman; 17, W. Conrick; 18, T. Finn; 19, P. McKay; 20, M. Toohy; 21, J. Burgess; 22, J. Hogan; 23, F. Morrison; 24, E. Watts; 25, J. Smith; 26, W. Hanley; 27, W. Brophy; 28, P. Lynch; 29, F. Cooney; 30, H. Edwards; 31, R. Lunny; 32, E. McCabe; 33, J. Daley; 34, J. Bennett.

**SEVENTH CLASS.**—1, J. Griffin; 2, J. Feeley; 3, J. Foster; 4, P. McNally; 5, S. Feeley; 6, E. Redpath; 7, W. Barry; 8, J. Gallagher; 9, E. McCaffrey; 10, F. Lane; 11, J. Kelly; 12, S. Doyle; 13, F. Hayes; 14, C. O'Malley; 15, S. Moore; 16, M. Johnston; 17, L. Moore; 18, T. Sullivan; 19, W. Chausse; 20, E. Smith; 21, B. Moschinsky; 22, G. Murphy; 23, G. Chausse; 24, C. Bickstad; 25, P. Kane; 26, G. Davis; 27, S. Furlong; 28, F. McCaffrey; 29, F. Roberts; 30, T. Conrick; 31, F. Barry; 32, E. Hughes; 33, J. Berrigan; 34, E. Hayden; 35, E. O'Brien; 36, E. Hanley; 37, M.

Ward; 38, E. Rodden; 39, J. Caniff; 40, E. Laffage; 41, J. McPherson; 42, J. McMahon.

**EIGHTH CLASS.**—1, T. Bracken; 2, T. Murphy; 3, E. Elliott; 4, D. Brown; 5, R. Peachey; 6, P. Parker; 7, E. Moran; 8, M. Beaudette; 9, P. Malloy; 10, W. Brown; 11, J. McGowan; 12, H. McKeown; 13, J. Ryan; 14, J. Mooney; 15, O. McBrien; 16, W. Smith; 17, J. Cooney; 18, E. Fox; 19, J. Evans; 20, J. Fitzgibbon; 21, W. Farnell; 22, M. Kearney; 23, J. Robinson; 24, J. Byron; 25, J. O'Neill; 26, C. Ledwidge; 27, G. O'Brien; 28, F. Brady; 29, F. Redpath; 30, J. Rivet; 31, W. Edwards; 32, G. McConville; 33, P. Caveney; 34, A. Rogers; 35, W. Keiley; 36, W. Rafter; 37, A. Bentley; 38, C. Rooney; 39, F. Smythe; 40, D. O'Rourke; 41, J. Ryan; 42, J. Bonner; 43, J. Millar.

**NINTH CLASS.**—1, J. McCracken; 2, G. Grace; 3, H. Fitzgerald; 4, J. Farney; 5, W. Young; 6, L. Chamberland; 7, E. Ryan; 8, J. Dunn; 9, F. Sullivan; 10, P. Daley; 11, P. Sherman; 12, G. Fairbairn; 13, E. Bulley; 14, M. Caveney; 15, P. O'Neill; 16, F. Maker; 17, R. Whitaker; 18, M. Finn; 19, H. Hennessy; 20, J. McCabe; 21, W. Keys; 22, G. Watts; 23, A. Paquette; 24, E. Finn; 25, H. Carr; 26, W. Whittaker; 27, J. Dowling; 28, J. Buckley; 29, J. Farrell; 30, E. McClosky; 31, P. Perenes; 32, J. Peachy; 33, J. Gallagher; 34, P. Rooney; 35, L. Dockrill; 36, C. Whitten; 37, A. Perenes; 38, H. McCready; 39, J. Morrison; 40, L. Carr; 41, L. O'Brien; 42, A. Hooper; 43, P. Whitty; 44, W. Bulley; 45, P. Elliott; 46, M. Hayes; 47, E. O'Brien; 48, G. Costigan; 49, W. O'Connor; 50, E. Sullivan; 51, J. Irvine; 52, A. Johnston; 53, J. O'Rourke; 54, F. Hooper.

#### SPECIAL PRIZES.

**PENMANSHIP.**—Gold medal, presented by Mr. R. Walsh, won by M. L. Delahanty.

**MATHEMATICS.**—Gold medal, presented by Mr. M. Delahanty, won by Ed. Curran.

**ARITHMETIC.**—Second prize, given by Mr. L. Gravel, won by F. Keegan.

**SHORTHAND.**—Medal, presented by J. Ouellette, won by M. L. Delahanty.

**DRILL.**—Medal, presented by Mayor James Cochrane, won by W. Altimas.

**TYPEWRITING.**—Two volumes, presented by E. O'Flaherty, won by J. McGreevy and J. Brophy.

**IRISH HISTORY.**—Two medals, given by the A.O.H., won by F. Brophy and M. Delahanty.

**GENERAL PROFICIENCY.**—Season ticket to lacrosse, given by Shamrock A.A.A., won by M. L. Delahanty.

**SHORTHAND, (2nd Div.)**—Two volumes, given by M. O'Flaherty, won by J. Brophy and J. Bracken.

### At St. Ann's School.

The closing exercises of St. Ann's School, under the direction of the Christian Brothers, took place on Tuesday last. The parents and friends of the school attended in large numbers. The parishioners of St. Ann's have always turned out in force on "Distribution Day," and this year they upheld their reputation in that regard.

Rev. Father Caron, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Ann's Church, presided. In opening the proceedings, he briefly, but eloquently, referred to the achievements of the year which, he said, were most creditable alike to the devoted Brothers and to the pupils. Speeches were also made in similar strain by Rev. J. McPhail, C.S.S.R., and Hon. Dr. James J. E. Guerin, M.L.A.

The following programme was taken up, and each item was marked by evidences of much careful training, good taste and ability:—

Chorus, "Over the Hills," school choir.

Irish History, first class, Masters James Cloran, Eddie Ryan, Thomas Kennedy.

Speaking contest, Masters Maurice Sproul, Percy Dunphy, Emmett Harney.

Typewriting and shorthand, first class.

Chorus, "The Huntress," school choir.

The class standing was reported as follows:—

**FIRST CLASS, 1st Division.**—John McMorrow, Francis Scullion, James Cooney, William Kennedy, Thomas Curran, Patrick Cosgrove.

**2ND DIVISION.**—Edward Ryan, Emmett Harney, Harry Hyland,

Thomas Rossiter, Leo Paquette, Dominic McCrory, John Corcoran.

**SECOND CLASS, 1st Division.**—Edward Costello, Francis Liston, Patrick O'Reilly, Patrick Horn, William Murphy, Thomas Kennedy, John McCarthy, Charles O'Brien, Patrick Clancy, Daniel Bahen, Samuel Curran, James Murphy, Henry Benoit.

**2ND DIVISION.**—John O'Brien, James Cloran, Percy Dunphy, Joseph McGuire, Edward McCrory, Michael Meehan, Percy Korb, James O'Reilly, Maurice Sproul, Leo McCrory.

**THIRD CLASS, 1st Division.**—James McMenamin, Patrick Gallery, Denis Shanahan, Freddie Harney, Augustine Ryan, John O'Grady, W. Carragher, Robert Hiller, James Madigan, James Foley, George McCrea, Charles Pegnem, Charles Kelly.

**2ND DIVISION.**—Patrick Cherry, Robert Carroll, John Gleeson, Geo. O'Grady, Patrick Quinn, Thomas Madigan, Edmond Meloche, John Farrell.

**FOURTH CLASS, 1st Division.**—Leo Mahoney, Maxwell McCormack, James Leonard, Patrick Smith, Raymond Guilfoyle, John Crimmins,

Charles Callan, Ernest Meloche, Leo Dempsey, James Morey, George Wyre, William Dunne.

**2ND DIVISION.**—James Monahan, Richard Davey, Patrick Brennan, Napoleon Dupuis, Leo Ellis, William Herbert Hagan, John Lenehan, Hugh Henry Gation, Joseph Descent, Francis Mott.

**FIFTH CLASS, 1st Division.**—William Russell, Francis McCarthy, Patrick McGuire, Arthur Mann, Joseph Rodgers, John McDunnough, Joseph Dempsey, John Ahearn, Edward Tremblay, Peter Carragher, William McGinn, Edward Mullins, Thomas Norris, James Williams.

**2ND DIVISION.**—Michael Currie, Herquet Hagan, John Lenehan, Hugh Carroll, Charles Hannon, Martin Delaney, Arthur Pilon, Olier Forget, Lawrence Mahoney, Morgan Quinn, Henry Laniel, Willie O'Neill.

**SIXTH CLASS, 1st Division.**—William Murray, Percy Hyland, Daniel McMenamin, Michael Doherty, John Muldoon, James O'Neill, Hugh O'Brien, John Foley, Michael Roach, Joseph Desmarais, William Noonan, Albert Kennedy, Patrick Lynch, Jas. Delaney, Michael O'Connor, James Stewart, James Bowman, James Laydon.

**2ND DIVISION.**—Michael Cooney,

# COLONIAL HOUSE,

PHILLIPS SQUARE.

## Great Alteration Sale.

10 PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR CASH IN ADDITION TO ALL OTHER DISCOUNTS.

N.B.—It is distinctly understood that only goods paid for at the counter, or when sent C.O.D., will be entitled to this cash discount; everything charged in the books will come under our regular terms, viz., 4 per cent. in 15 days, or 3 per cent. in 30 days.

As this Sale ends on June 30th, there is only another few days of selling, and extra efforts are being put forth to make this the heaviest week of the three.

## Extraordinary Bargains in Every Department.

**White Pique.**  
SAMPLE PIECES—A manufacturer's stock, secured at a very low figure, and marked very much under regular prices, with a further reduction of 20 per cent and 10 per cent. extra for cash.

**Wall Paper.**  
ENTIRE STOCK OF WALL PAPER AT HALF PRICE.

**Ladies' Sweaters.**  
GOLF COATS, suitable for sea-side and country wear, and all outdoor sports. Colors: green, cardinal, light blue, navy, white and black, also in combinations or scarlet trimmed with green, scarlet trimmed with white, white trimmed with light blue, gray trimmed with white, and navy trimmed with white. Prices range from \$2.00 to \$5.50, less 10 per cent. and 10 per cent. for cash.

**Children's Serge Dresses.**  
Aged 3, 4 and 5 years. Colors: cardinal, navy and cream, at \$4.00, less 10 per cent. and 10 per cent. for cash.

**Lemaire's Opera & Field Glasses**  
Ten Per Cent.  
A large assortment of Chevalier's Opera and Field Glasses, 20 per cent.  
Also Mathematical Instruments, Microscopes, Telescopes, Barometers, Hygrometers, 20 per cent.  
Artists' materials and studies, 20 per cent.

**Misses' White Lawn.**  
DRESSES, sizes 4 to 14 years, \$3.25, \$3.30, \$4.25, \$7.50, \$8.00, less 20 per cent. and 10 per cent. for cash.

**Children's Dresses.**  
Sizes 2 and 3 years.  
In Checked Gingham at 45c, in Spotted Cambric at 75c, in Plain Gingham at \$1.45, in Checked Gingham at \$2.50, less 10 per cent. and 10 per cent. for cash.

Ages 4 to 12 years.  
Misses' Crash Sailor Suits, trimmed light blue, \$1.50.  
Misses' Striped Cambric Sailor Suits, \$1.75.  
Misses' Colored Gingham Sailor Suits, \$2.50.  
Misses' Colored Pique Sailor Suits, \$3.25.  
Misses' Shepherd's Plaid Sailor Suit, \$5.00.  
Misses' White Pique Sailor Suits, \$5.50.  
Misses' Navy Lawn, trimmed Val. Lace, \$5.50.  
Less 10 per cent. and 10 per cent. for Cash.

4 to 14 years.  
Misses' All Wool Serge Sailor Suits, trimmed with braid, plaid skirts, in navy and cardinal, at \$6.00.  
Misses' Navy Serge Sailor Suits, pleated skirts, trimmed white braid, at \$9.00.  
Less 10 per cent. and 10 per cent. for Cash.

**SPECIAL Children's Aprons.**  
Ages 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.  
65c Aprons for .....50 cents  
90c Aprons for .....70 cents  
Less 10 per cent. for Cash.

# HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTREAL.

**SEVENTH CLASS.**—John Barry, Hugh Neville, John McMullen, Michael Russell, John Ellis, John Ryan, William Connelly, George Flowers, John Bryant, John Norton, F. Kelly, John Walsh.

**EIGHTH CLASS.**—John O'Reilly, Gerald Bahen, Willie O'Doherty, Joseph Wilkinson, James Donovan, John Hagan, Henry Miller, Emmett Roach, Joseph Mullins, James Shanahan.

**NINTH CLASS.**—Willie Shields, Eddie McCarthy, James Martin, Robert George, James Clancy, Patrick Condon, Willie Regan, George Carroll, James Brown, James Nickel.

**TENTH CLASS.**—Thomas Hamill, John Buckley, R. O'Reilly, John Gallery, Peter Marr, Frank Maguire, Ernest Butler, Michael Donovan, Thomas Sullivan, Robert Fennell.

**White Pique.**  
SAMPLE PIECES—A manufacturer's stock, secured at a very low figure, and marked very much under regular prices, with a further reduction of 20 per cent and 10 per cent. extra for cash.

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ENTIRE STOCK OF WALL PAPER AT HALF PRICE.

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Misses' Colored Gingham Sailor Suits, \$2.50.  
Misses' Colored Pique Sailor Suits, \$3.25.  
Misses' Shepherd's Plaid Sailor Suit, \$5.00.  
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**SPECIAL Children's Aprons.**  
Ages 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years.  
65c Aprons for .....50 cents  
90c Aprons for .....70 cents  
Less 10 per cent. for Cash.

### Leaders In Education In Catholic Ranks.

We have the pleasure of giving a most highly interesting and talented lecturer in the person of a most important and distinguished man, who has treated in an admirable manner, the subject which he has treated with a face his effort with a notes concerning his own.

The lecturer is Professor Cavan, a name that is all literary and educational down by the sea. The delivered to the students of Wales College, Cl Prince Edward Island, sion of the recent clo-

For the past thirty-f professor Cavan has been in every good work aff tion and the advancement of principles in the c that charming Island.

It was in 1869 that came to Charlottetown, gan his brilliant career fessor of classics and l ture in St. Dunstan's ing three years he filled with the greatest credit and the institution as v to the pupils. However erred that his field was r ly vast to enable him broad those same pr Catholic ideas that exp taught him were so nee time in the country. E embarked in the journa and began by editing a while occupying his leis study, and in the prop ound literary and religi through the medium of c azines in Canada and el

But the teacher coul merged entirely in th That grand vocation, fo aspirations, aptitudes, knowledge so eminently had attractions that sistible. As a result w soon again in the Prof and teaching the classic lish literature to studen Prince of Wales College town. It was only a ye Professor Cavan retire tive labors in the spher choice; and he did so a spent the greater part a work that is daily be and more of paramount to the Catholic element over.

Professor Cavan is also whose published product greatly to his credit as a thinker. He has in m history of Prince Edwa during the days of the regime, when it was kno "St. Jean," and it is sta who have seen the manuscript, that it will the very best history of during that period.

Prior to coming to C fessor Cavan made a ful studies in Scotland and while in Edinburgh, he series of lectures on the John Knox. At the req Catholics of Scotland, th were collected and pu pamphlet form, and sev were sold. During his r the capital of Scotland for a number of years, t President of the Catho Men's Society of Edinb has been considered as c most important and ind organizations of the kind When he took his depart Edinburgh for the scene of labors, a large section of influential citizens testif precision of all his gre and the testimonial too of an address.

To Canada. Profess brought the same spirit the great cause he ver heart. He was the ound President of the St. Vin Society in Charlottetow deep and active inter took in all works conn St. Dunstan's Cathedr rious institutions educat charitable of the Island hearts and confidence o whom he had any relati retirement from the prof

Gold medal for religious instruction, donated by Rev. D. P. McMenamin, P.P., Lucan, Ont., won by Francis B. Scullion.

The shorthand and tywriting prize, donated by Mr. James J. Fitzgerald, Cleveland, won by John J. McMorrow.

The S.A.A.A. Annual Pass, awarded to John J. McMorrow.

Three prizes donated by the City and District Savings Bank, awarded to Eddie Ryan, James Cloran, Leo Paquette.

Those who generously contributed to the prize list were:—Rev. Father Caron, C.S.S.R., Rector St. Ann's Church; Rev. D. P. McMenamin, P. P., Lucan, Ont.; Hon. Dr. J. J. Guerin, Ald. D. Gallery, M.P., Ald. M. Walsh, Dr. E. Kennedy, Mr. J. McMorrow; Mr. P. Ryan, Mr. P. McCrory, Mr. J. Slattery, Mr. T. O'Connell, Mr. Wm. Scullion, Mr. M. J. O'Donnell, Master Eddie Curran, Mrs. J. McArthur, Mrs. C. Shanahan, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the S.A.A.A.

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PRIZES.—Gold and silver  
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John J. McMorrow, 2,  
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by Rev. D. P. Mc  
P. Lucan, Ont., won by  
scullion.

Hand and tywriting  
d by Mr. James J. Fitz-  
land, won by John J.

A. Annual Pass, award-  
F. McMorrow.

donated by the City  
Savings Bank, awarded  
an, James Cloran, Leo

generously contributed  
list were:—Rev. Father  
R., Rector St. Ann's  
D. P. McMenamin, P.  
nt.; Hon. Dr. J. J.  
D. Gallery, M.P., Aid.  
E. Kennedy, Mr. J.  
r. P. Ryan, Mr. P.  
J. Slattery, Mr. T.  
Wm. Scullion, Mr. M.  
Master Eddie Curran,  
chair, Mrs. C. Shannan,  
Order of Hibe  
A.A.A.

# Leaders In Education In Catholic Ranks.

We have the pleasure, in this week's issue, of giving our readers a most highly interesting address that was delivered by a most highly cultivated and talented gentleman. As the personality of the lecturer is of as much importance to the Catholic people of Canada, as is the subject which he has treated in such an admirable manner, we desire to preface his effort with a few hurried notes concerning his own career.

The lecturer is Professor John Cavan, a name that is familiar in all literary and educational centres down by the sea. The address was delivered to the students of Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, on the occasion of the recent closing exercises. For the past thirty-four years Professor Cavan has been conspicuous in every good work affecting education and the advancement of Catholic principles in the capital city of that charming island.

It was in 1869 that the Professor came to Charlottetown, when he began his brilliant career there as professor of classics and English literature in St. Dunstan's College. During three years he filled that post with the greatest credit to himself and the institution as well as profit to the pupils. However, he discovered that his field was not sufficiently vast to enable him to spread abroad those same principles and Catholic ideas that experience had taught him were so needed at that time in the country. He, therefore, embarked in the journalistic career, and began by editing a local paper, while occupying his leisure hours in study, and in the propagation of sound literary and religious thoughts through the medium of different magazines in Canada and elsewhere.

But the teacher could not be merged entirely in the journalist. That grand vocation, for which his aspirations, aptitudes, and acquired knowledge so eminently fitted him, had attractions that became irresistible. As a result we find him soon again in the Professor's chair and teaching the classics and English literature to students of the Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown. It was only a year ago that Professor Cavan retired from his active labors in the sphere of his choice; and he did so after having spent the greater part of his life in a work that is daily becoming more and more of paramount importance to the Catholic element the world over.

Professor Cavan is also an author whose published productions redound greatly to his credit as a writer and thinker. He has in manuscript a history of Prince Edward Island, during the days of the old French regime, when it was known as "Ile St. Jean," and it is stated by those who have seen the unpublished manuscript, that it will constitute the very best history of the Island during that period.

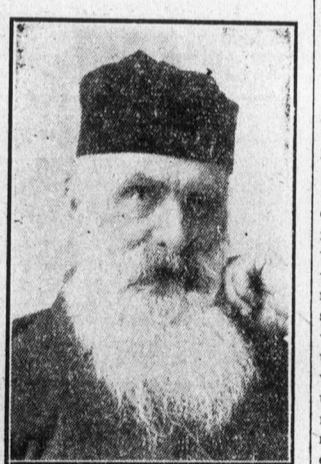
Prior to coming to Canada Professor Cavan made a full course of studies in Scotland and at Rome. While in Edinburgh, he delivered a series of lectures on the notorious John Knox. At the request of the Catholics of Scotland, these lectures were collected and published in pamphlet form, and several editions were sold. During his residence in the capital of Scotland he occupied, for a number of years, the office of President of the Catholic Young Men's Society of Edinburgh. This has been considered as one of the most important and influential organizations of the kind in that city. When he took his departure from Edinburgh for the scene of his future labors, a large section of the most influential citizens testified an appreciation of all his great services and the testimonial took the form of an address.

Prince of Wales College he was the recipient of a most flattering address, wherein the great work he had done in the two-fold cause of education and religion, was praised in a manner that could not but prove to such a man the sincerity of gratitude that good deeds ever awaken in the souls of the people.

Now that Professor Cavan is no longer bound down by the duties of his teaching office, although advanced in years, he is still full of vigor and spirit, and he has an opportunity of devoting his fine talents to that journalism which had ever its charms and attractions for him.

Before giving our readers a summary of the words of wisdom addressed to the graduates, we may mention that Mr. William Cavan, Deputy Collector of Inland Revenue, Montreal, is a son of Professor Cavan. He came to this city some years ago, and like many other young men from Prince Edward Island, by his ability, perseverance and pluck, won the place of distinction which he now occupies in the civil service. He is a brother-in-law of Rev. Isidore Kavanagh, S.J., of Loyola College; of Mr. Walter Kavanagh, our well known fellow-citizen and one of the leaders in the insurance circles of Montreal, also of Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C., a leading Irish Catholic barrister and patriotic fellow-townsmen.

Prof. Cavan said in part:—  
Gentlemen graduates,—My first words to you, shall be words of congratulation. You have to-day arrived at the boundary line, which separates, preparation, from action. You have, for years been engaged, under expert guides and teachers equipping yourselves for the serious struggles of life, and your training in St. Dunstan's, has been, I am sure, such as to mould you to that form, and supply you with such resources as are the harbingers of success, however arduous may be the labor. The knowledge of philosophy, of the classics, of science and mathematics, is not however, the acquirement of highest prize which the student ought to carry away with him when he leaves this seat of learning. Discipline has inured his nature to habits of regularity and order. Living in community has brought his selfishness under restraint, and taught him to respect the feelings of his fellows.



PROF. JOHN CAVEN.

Every hour has had its duty—study and class work, sleep, meals and recreation have followed each other in regular succession to form a web of exquisite workmanship, through which, well marked, runs religious golden thread, adding fresh beauty and priceless value to the fabric. Now, my motive in drawing your attention to these matters, which are to you, no doubt, most familiar, is that perhaps, you might be induced to use them as a pattern by which to shape your method of life when the bell of St. Dunstan's shall have ceased to be your monitor in marking the changes of the day's duties. On your part, respect for established order, industry and perseverance, were, you found, the weapons which most effectively broke down the difficulties you met in your college course. Continue to carry these weapons with you still. Use, so far from dulling them, will set on them a keener edge. Above all, do not grow weary in well doing. Persevere. The truth which the Latin poet wrote centuries ago, is as much of a truth to-day as when he wrote it: "Gutta cavat lapidem, non vi sed sæpe cadens." (The drop hollows the stone not by force, but by falling often.)

One section of your college rule will need little adaptation to your future circumstances,—it is that portion which intersperses your hours of work with short devotional exercises from the time of your rising in the morning, till you lay your head again upon the pillow at night.

And never, let me urge you forget that monthly retrospect of your life, to which you have been accustomed here in college. The usage is a beneficial one in many ways. To take bearings at stated times, in order to ascertain how far our little craft has been carried by angry winds and treacherous currents out of its true course, and vigorously to set the prow straight pointing to the Harbor we are determined to make, is a duty which no seaman, who desires to avoid shipwreck and disaster will care to neglect.

Thus far I have suggested to you nothing which you have not practised in the ordinary routine of your lives here in St. Dunstan's, and all you have to do is to piece these matters into the changed conditions which will surround your life. What I am now going to say belongs to a different category, inasmuch as it will call into action the best efforts of a carefully balanced judgment. Hitherto you have ever had at hand, wise and prudent guides to unravel difficulties, and point out the safe path where a choice had to be made. For the future you will have to rely in a great measure on your own resources, or rather on the deductions you draw from the principles of rectitude embodied in your moral training. Here, again in college, you live in community—as one family. But when you go hence, your lot may be cast among strangers, and following the instincts deeply planted in your natures, you will seek around for friends. Here is a crucial point, and one on which weighty interests may hinge. Do not dishonor the holy name of friend, by bestowing it on one who is meanly supplied at all. Do not be over anxious in your search for friends. Reflect that it is a great deal better to be without a confidant, than to shed tears over a bad selection. When, however, you have found a true and virtuous friend, make much of him, and grapple him to your heart with hooks of steel; for fortunate is the youth who at his outset in life, finds a friend in the true sense of that word.

Of a necessity your reading will, as a rule, have a strong inclination towards the subjects which are to enter more essentially into your plan of life. Select for that purpose the best works your purse will permit—the very best are not a whit too good.

Relaxation, therefore, becomes not only necessary, but a duty which you owe to yourselves. Be judicious, however, in selecting your methods of relaxation. Do not plunge for refreshment from intellectual labors into the poisonous sea of fiction, which surges on all sides of us. As a rule eschew the modern work of fiction. Novels were indeed written and read in bygone times, which we moderns are wont to call ancient, and the wearied mind could find in them amusement and instruction; and the man and woman in the polite society of our times are not required to throw aside all respect for themselves when they while away a vacant evening with the clean, well written novels that were the delight of their grandfathers and grandmothers. But why resort to fiction for recreation, when realities can be obtained, better calculated to relax the tired faculties, without destroying their tone. Books of Travel, Books of History. Essays by skilled writers are plentiful. And to what use are you going to put your knowledge of the classics? Are Homer and Xenophon, Virgil and Horace, Cicero and Livy's pictured page all to be ignored? If you allow such a thing to happen, you do a great wrong to yourselves. Why not as a recreation revise your old readings in the classics, and cultivate some of the portions that were left fallow—study for imitation the calm, classic beauty of Cicero's Essays. Try to acquire from Horace some of his skill in picking out the very word that expresses his thought, and the happy knack he has of terseness making a few words carry a marvellous load of meaning. My reason for urging you not to forget your classics is a simple one. They are the models of correct taste-masters in the choice of words, and adepts in the manner of treating their theme. All these qualities will from a careful study of their writings, imperceptibly work themselves into your own writings, and modes of expression, and so give them a not unpleasant classical flavor. Let me briefly illustrate the idea I would wish to convey. Nowhere in the wide world does a marble statue look so beautiful as in Attica. The purity, clearness and elasticity of the air of that favored region to bring out, and blend, and subdue the colors of the marble, that it assumes a soft and harmonious richness most captivating to the eye. Now, could your literary productions be brought, so to speak, in contact with the atmosphere of the classic, they would like the marble of Attica undergo a beautifying process

which would enhance their usefulness and recompense your labor.

When you go forth into the world of labor you will carry along with you a recommendation which all will respect,—it will be, if you wish it, a passport to circles of the learned, and an assurance that you are no vain pretenders to knowledge in the higher studies. I allude to the academic honors bestowed by the venerable University of Laval. By these you are brought into bonds of brotherhood, with men eminent in every department of science and literature, and scattered widely over all the countries of the world. To be a member of such an illustrious family is an additional incentive to stand high in all that regards Christian manhood. Prize that trophy of your talents as a jewel above all price, but guard on the other hand, against the evils which success has so often caused in the finest intellects. Cardinal Newman well understood the dangers that accompany great intellectual success, and therefore he writes: "Vanity will possess the head, and worldliness the heart, of the man however gifted, whose wisdom is not an effluence of the Eternal Light."

## AT LOYOLA COLLEGE

Loyola College held its closing exercises at Karn Hall this week and conferred its first degrees. The attendance was large, and amongst those present in the audience were leaders of the Catholic laity of Montreal. Mgr. Racicot presided, and the exercises were of an interesting character.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred upon the following candidates:  
Henry C. Monk, T. John Shallow, Peter Donovan, Francis E. McKenna, P. Joseph Downes, Eustace Maguire, J. F. Albert Lortie.

In the graduating class first honors were awarded to T. John Shallow and Henry Monk, and several class honors to Francis McKenna, Eustace Maguire and Peter Donovan.

Prizes were awarded as follows:  
For good conduct—Senior section, Arthur Dissette; junior section, Charles Power.

Second year philosophy, silver medal, given by Lieut.-Governor Jette—T. John Shallow.

First year philosophy, bronze medal, given by Lieut.-Governor Jette—Francis Downes.

Scholarship for highest class standing in rhetoric—Gerald Murray. Humanities, prizes for best class standing, given by Rev. J. C. Sinnett, P.P.—Chester Regan.

First grammar class standing—Ernest Dickinson; second grammar, Augustine Downes; third grammar, John Wickham, first; Rame Sutter, second.

Latin rudiments, class standing—First prize, Donald Macdonald; second, Walter O'Brien.

Special English—First section, James Leo; second section, Lucien Desorcy.

Preparatory, first section, class standing—Aimar Auzias Turenne, first; Charles Barron Boeckh, second. Second section, class standing, Francis Ryan.

T. John Shallow, of the class of 1903, and Corbett Whitten, of '04, were awarded special prizes for successfully passing an honor examination in philosophy.

## AT ST. AGNES' ACADEMY.

This most estimable educational institution under the direction of the Congregation of Notre Dame, in St. Anthony's parish, held its closing exercises on Tuesday last, when the pupils were awarded their prizes.

Rev. John E. Donnelly, P.P., presided, and seated beside him were Rev. Isidore Kavanagh, S.J., and the Rev. Mother-General of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The following was the programme:—  
Grande Overture—"Galop Militaire," Bown.

Greeting Song, choir.  
Recitation, "Short and Sweet."  
Pantomime, "In the Land of Make Believe."

Instrumental selection—"Les Papillons," Streabbog.  
Distribution of prizes to junior pupils.

Mandolin selection.  
Recitation, "The Song of the Mystic."

"The Revel of the Naiads.  
Recitation, "With the Shadow of Thy Wing."

Vocal selection—Quartet, Mazur-ette.  
Distribution of prizes to senior pupils.

Instrumental selection—"Marche Elegante," Wachs.  
Awarding of special prizes.

Address.  
Vocal selection—"Magnificat," Rosewig.

Grande Finale—"Shemandoah," F. R. Weeb.

## Catholic High School.

(Continued From Page Eight.)

with small cost, be made to suit admirably, the refuge would be secured, and the balance remaining be handed over to this congregation, and another site more suitable, with a less expansion building be purchased, where the good work could be carried on. This suggestion he ventured to make—it would be unpardonable, were he to omit thanking the noble daughters of Marguerite Bourgeoys, for the work they had done, on behalf of the junior classes. In the name of every Governor, and of every parent, he wished to say, that the debt of gratitude would never be forgotten. He would not resume his seat, without expressing the pleasure, he knew they all felt, that the Catholic University of Ottawa, had conferred upon their Principal, Mr. Hales Sanders, the degree of M. A. not only for his scholarship, but for his ability and zeal, as an educator of youth. The rumor had been circulated that Mr. Sanders had bought the school furniture, that was not true, but, in all probability, if he and some of his colleagues were to continue the work, they had a successful career in the past, the governors might loan him what he required in the way of desks and other things, for these would again be needed by the Catholic High School, when in short time, in happier days, it would again resume operations, be a source of benefit to the youth of our city, and a monument to the sainted priest who had sacrificed the last years of his life in the noble effort of its erection, the lamented Father Quinlan.

Mr. Semple, one of the trustees of St. Bridget's Refuge, spoke in equally positive terms of the prospect of preserving the High School, if not in the present premises at least in some other site. He proposed that the present building be taken over as a home, and that the cost of the building to be paid over to the governors by the Refuge be used to build a smaller school on some other site. It behooved the Irish Catholics of Montreal, he said, to uphold the honor of their race by rallying to the support of the institution which had done so much good during the four years of its existence.

## At The Edward Murphy School

The closing exercises of the above-named school were held on Monday evening, and hundreds of expectant fathers and mothers were present to watch the proceedings. Amongst the members of the clergy present were: The Rev. Father P. Hefferan, Rev. Father Callaghan, and the Rev. Father Bernier. The following is a list of the successful pupils in the third, fourth and fifth years:—

THIRD YEAR, 2nd Division.—John O'Rourke, Patrick Coady, Fred Perry, Arthur Chalifoux, Charles McCarthy, Ralph Hague, Falerio Ganno, Frank Whittier, Charles Coleman, Owen Rogers, Eugene McCahy, Ralph Hague, Edward Duffy, Frances Bowes, Alphonse Cadieux, Patrick Coady, Joseph Bonin, Francis Whittaker, Falerio Ganno, Fred. Perry, Patrick J. Coady, Ralph Hague, Arthur Chalifoux, Eugene McCahy, Arthur Chalifoux, Emile Gadbois, P. J. Coady, Francis Labelle, Charles Coleman, Joseph Bonin, Samuel Kanaler, Alphonse Cadieux, Falerio Ganno, Edward Duffy, Romeo Sanders, J. Jerome, Francis Whittaker, Francis Bowes, J. Bootier, J. Manion, Alphonse Cadieux, Telephore Martin, Romeo Sanders, J. Bootier, Arthur Chalifoux, Alphonse Bougie, P. Flynn, James Norton, Alphonse Bougie, Arthur Chalifoux, Michael Cleary, R. McIlhona, Arthur Chalifoux, Francis Howard, R. McIlhona, Matthew McNamara, James Norton, Arthur Chalifoux, Michael Cleary, Alphonse Bougie.

THIRD YEAR, 1st Division—Martin Greene, Francis Johnson, Jarvis Hart, Edmond Laberge, Martin Greene, Ernest Fitzgerald, Francis Johnson, Ernest St. Jean, Martin Greene, Edmond Laberge, Eugene Laberge, Arthur Larose, Raoul Renaud, Ernest St. Jean, Raoul Renaud, Edmond Laberge, Eugen Laberge, Ernest St. Jean, Denis St. Jean, Albert Carriere, Arthur Larose, Edmond Laberge, Albert Carriere, Adonis Champagne, Moise Mahen, Ernest St. Jean, Arthur Larose, Nap. Binet, John Hayden, Martin Greene, John Hayden, Albert Carriere, Arthur Larose, Ernest St. Jean, Eugen Laberge, Raoul Renaud.

naud, Arthur Larose, Ernest St. Jean, Arthur Larose, Edmond Laberge, Eugene Laberge, Ernest St. Jean, Arthur Larose, Albert Carriere, Edmond Laberge, Ernest St. Jean, John Hayden, Albert Carriere, Edmond Laberge, Denis St. Jean, Nap. Binet, Arthur Larose, Martin Greene, Moise Mahen, Eugene Laberge, Jarvis Hart, Arthur Fitzgerald.

FOURTH YEAR.—John McDonald, R. McIlhona, Maurice McShane, James Cahil, Matthew McNamara, Frank Howard, R. McIlhona, James Cahil, Michael McNamara, Maurice McShane, Alphonse Ouellette, John McDonald, Raoul Guillaume, A. Beauchemin, Henry Hinton, Hector Cameraine, Cleophas Robert, James Cahil, Edward Belanger, Raoul Guillaume, Alphonse Belanger, Raoul Grignon, Ovid Lariviere, A. Pare, Hector Cameraine, Henry Bellemare, Joseph Carriere, Alphonse Belanger, Henry Bellemare, Alphonse Belanger, Hector Cameraine, Alphonse Ouellette, Henry Bellemare, Hector Cameraine, Alphonse Belanger, Henry Hinton, Hector Cameraine, Henry Bellemare, Raoul Grignon, Raoul Guillaume, Henry Bellemare, Alphonse Ouellette, Alphonse Belanger, E. Faubert, Frank Howard, R. McIlhona, Michael McNamara, A. Ouellette, Henry Bellemare, Maurice McShane, John McDonald.

FIFTH YEAR.—John McCahy, Charles Meehan, Michael Donnelly, Michael Donnelly, Thomas Flynn, John McCahy, Michael Donnelly, John McCahy, Charles Meehan, Michael Donnelly, John McCahy, Chs. Meehan, John McCahy, Philip Filion, Wilfred Lardie, Michael Donnelly, Alphonse Bougie, Charles Meehan, Wilfred Lardie, Michael Donnelly, Chs. Meehan, Alphonse Bougie, Hector Lesperance, Philip Filion, Wilfred Lardie, Alphonse Bougie, Michael Cleary, Michael Cleary, Philip Filion, James Norton, Thomas Flynn, Ernest Guay, Wilfred Lardie, Wilfred Lardie, Philip Filion, Wilfred Lardie, Ernest Guay, Charles Meehan, Alphonse Bougie, Michael Donnelly, James Norton, Philip Filion, Michael Cleary.

ASSIDUITY.—Joseph Bolduc, Edmond Laberge, John Silidore, Lawrence Doyle, Hector Cameraine, Francis Whittaker, Ernest McCahy, Paul Bolduc, Eugene Laberge, Gaspard Gonn, Walter Strange, Moise Mahen, Andrew Kelly, Albert Bourbonniere, Emile Pelletier, Charles Meehan, Alex. Pare, James O'Kane, James McAllinden.

Fourteen pupils passed in the competitive examination. The following pupils received Home Savings Banks, donated by the Montreal City and District Savings Bank. Michael Donnelly, Alphonse Ouellette, Arthur Coleman.

OBITUARY.—The death of an estimable and well known lady in Irish Catholic ranks, Mrs. Andrew Finn, wife of Mr. Andrew Finn, an esteemed citizen of Montreal, occurred on Wednesday, after a long and painful illness. Deceased had been a zealous member of St. Ann's for a long period, but latterly was connected with St. Anthony's parish. She possessed in an eminent degree all the characteristics of an affectionate Irish mother, wife and friend. May her soul rest in peace.

## IS WATER A FOOD?

Hutchinson, an English authority, who has published the latest and best work of foods, includes water among food substances. Water enters the body, not only as a solvent, but as destined to become a constituent element of the tissues themselves. Water adds to the energy of the body by increasing the volume of blood, and thus increasing the power of the heart, and in other ways contributing to the activity of the tissues.

It was the Heart of Jesus which spoke when He said: "My Father, I wish that where I am, My disciples be with Me."

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# Our Boys And Girls.

**A GREAT REWARD.**—It was pay-day in one of the great steel factories of the city of P—, and for the first time Joe Smith went among the many others to receive his small earnings, for working from an early hour each morning, during the past week, until six o'clock in the evening, in the extreme heat of the fiery furnaces.

Two dollars and fifty cents was what he was expecting to receive for his labor, but a friend of his, through whose influence he had obtained this position, having told the manager of the works that Joe was the sole support of himself and little sister, had persuaded him to give Joe an additional quarter each week.

Annie Smith, Joe's sister, was barely ten years of age, and although unable to go out to work, made a good little house-keeper. While their father had been alive, this had been a comparatively easy task, as he had always insisted on having a woman come once a week to do their small washing and clean up generally. But all this had to be done away with an his sudden death, he having been killed in a railroad accident, and, instead of having two nice rooms, Joe had been compelled to take one small one, and partition off a small place for Annie's sleeping-room.

What visions sprang up before his eyes, when he found the extra 25 cents in his envelope! What would he not be able to get for his sister! First, he would get her a bunch of flowers, if they were not too expensive, and then, perhaps, if he had anything left, he would get her some nice cake for supper. And thus he went on planning what he would do with it, as though it had been dollars instead of cents. Almost forgetting that there were others waiting to get their pay, he was reminded of the fact by the bookkeeper. He moved to one side, when his attention was caught by what seemed to him a strange sight. Close to one of the large entrances into the works stood two black-robed women, and most of the men, as they received their pay, went towards them and placed something into their hands.

"Whatever is 'em doing," Joe asked Willie Sanford, a companion of his who stood near him.

"Ain't you never seen 'em afore?" the boy asked.

Joe shook his head.

"Well, they 's Sisters, and every month they comes here, and we fellows always gives 'em what we can afford."

"Columbus!" ejaculated Joe; "I wish I could make money as easy!"

"Easy!" replied Willie, hotly; "you just bet they have to work hard enough, deal harder 'an we do. And they don't get no pay for it neither."

Joe looked at him incredulously.

"Yes," he continued, "they takes care of any old folks as hav'n't got no home. They took care of an old aunt of mine as was blind, and never done a stroke of work for five years afore she died. Then 's Little Sisters of the Poor, and my mother says as how she thinks we all had ought to give them something every time they comes around."

"I ain't got no mother to tell me things, and I am sure I ain't got no money for them Sisters. I've got my own sister to look after first, and I only gets \$2.75 a week."

"Thought ye only got \$2.50," and Willie looked at his companion inquiringly.

"That's what I was looking for, but I found \$2.75 in my envelope. You don't s'pose it was a mistake, do you?"

"No," replied Willie, decidedly; "they don't make such mistakes; but say, I should think if you was expecting only \$2.50, and you got \$2.75, you could spare 'em a dime, anyway; you'll never miss it, and perhaps some day they'll be taking care of you."

"Guess not, I've made up my mind to be a rich man, and then I won't mind helping them, but they'll never help me."

"Well," said Willie, "you can do as you like; I am going to give 'em a dime," and, approaching the Sisters, he added his mite to the rest.

For a few moments Joe handled the quarter lovingly, then turning sharply to a man standing near him, asked quickly, as though he was afraid of changing his mind:

"Got change for a quarter?"

dime and one nickel, and, without looking at them, he hurried down the street, tears of vexation filling his eyes at the thought that he was not able to take home the surprises he had planned for his sister. However, he had ten cents left, and, seeing a man selling small pots of geraniums for ten cents each, purchased one and hurried home.

His sister's face brightened at the sight of the flower, but she tried to speak reproachfully as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Joe, you shouldn't have done that! How beautiful and I was just longing for one; but you mustn't spend all the money on me."

"Now, then," answered Joe, "you needn't begin to scold before you know all about it. There's the \$2.50, without a cent taken out, and I got this plant out of an extra quarter what I got, and am going to get every week."

"Oh, Joe! How glorious! We shall be quite rich now; but you mustn't be going and spending the whole quarter on me every week."

"I didn't spend it all on you this week, sis, so you needn't think I did. Some women, as they calls Sisters, comed around begging, and, as all the other fellers gave them something, I had to. But I tell you I didn't want to."

"What do you mean by Sisters, Joe? Tell me all about 'em while I gets supper."

Joe told her all that Willie had related, and when he had finished she said:

"I am so glad you gave 'em something, Joe, and I hopes you always will. But come now, supper is ready, and I have some nice jelly for you that Mrs. Howel sent us."

Supper over, the children played a few games with the other children in the block, and at an early hour went to bed.

Next day as Annie was sitting on the porch darning some stockings, and wondering how Joe managed to make such tremendous holes in them, she saw coming up the street two such figures as he had described to her the previous evening.

"Oh," she thought, "if they would only look this way, so that I can see what they look like!" Were they looking to? Yes, surely! for they were looking around as though they could not find the place they wanted.

Annie watched them intently, wondering who it was they wanted, when, to her surprise, she saw them turn up the steps leading to their house. Instinctively she rose from her seat, and stood ready to receive them.

"I wonder," said one of them, in a sweet voice, "if this is Annie Smith?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Annie, with a shy smile.

"I thought we were not mistaken," replied the Sister; "then this is the little girl we are looking for."

Annie began to look frightened, seeing which, the Sister hastened to reassure her.

"Don't be afraid, dear, we have come to see you about some important business. We won't hurt you in any way."

Feeling more confident at this remark, Annie opened the door and invited the Sisters in.

"Thank you, dear," replied the one who had done the talking thus far, "I think it would be best, for we seem to have attracted a deal of attention."

Annie smiled importantly as she looked at the crowd of children that had gathered around the steps. Then, leading the Sisters into their small but neat little room, she placed a chair for each of them, and, seating herself on a low stool, she looked wonderingly from one to the other.

"First, I think we will tell you our names, so that you will know what to call us," said the same Sister. "It does not seem fair that we should know your name, and you should not know ours. I am Sister Alice, and this is Sister Mary, so now you know what to call us. And I hope we shall be friends, and certainly think we shall, don't you?"

"Yes, Sister Alice," Annie answered.

After obtaining from the child what they could about her family history, even down to the episode of the 15 cents, Sister Alice went on to explain the reason of their visit.

"Yes," she said, "and if it hadn't been for that 15 cents, we would not have been here to-day."

Annie gave a start, supposing they had brought it back, thinking they could not afford to give it.

advice, would make a good son, and having found out, as I said before, all about him, that he had no parents, and nothing to bind him to any one except his sister, we determined to speak to a lady patron of our institution, who is anxious to adopt a little boy and girl as her own children. They must be brother and sister. I saw this lady, Mrs. Harcourt, and from my description, she seemed well satisfied that you two would suit her. How do you think you would like to have a new home?"

"Oh, Sister!" answered Annie, starting up in excitement, "Do you mean a new mamma? Oh, how I would love it; but I could not care for her so much as my own dear mamma; would I have to?"

"No, dear, only just as much as you feel you can, but I am sure you will get to love her and your brother right away; that is why we came to-day. Do you think you will be able to go to-night?"

"Yes, Sister; I am sure we can," answered Annie.

"Mrs. Harcourt would have come herself, but she is somewhat of an invalid, and does not go out much. I will leave you her address, and I expect your brother will be able to find it easily enough. Do you think he will be able to read it?"

"Yes, he can read a little, and that looks plain enough; I know the letters, but I don't know what they all make."

"Very well, then," said Sister Alice, smiling. "To-night you will go and see Mrs. Harcourt. She will be expecting you. And now, good-by."

After the Sisters had gone, Annie had great difficulty to restrain her excitement. She longed to tell the neighboring children, who flocked about the door after their departure, all about their visit; but she had made up her mind that Joe was to be first, and to their persistent inquiries she only said that they came on business, and that she would tell them about it some other day.

When Joe heard of the visit and proposition he did not take to it as kindly as Annie did, but seemed rather to prefer going on in the same way. He was more independent than his sister, and would rather have made his own way in the world than have any one else make it for him.

But as usual, he put his sister first, and if she was to be benefited by the change, then he would let it take place. Accordingly, after supper, they tidied themselves up and started out for the address written on the card, which, being in the East End, Joe thought it advisable to go by car, so that their shoes should not get dusty.

The car stopped almost at the door, and as Joe helped his sister off, it seemed to him that it was the first time in his life he had ever felt nervous, and he experienced a strong inclination to run back, but a kind voice calling from an upper window of the house, "Come in! Come right upstairs, the door is open. I was expecting you," prevented him.

There was nothing for it but to do as they were told, and in less than a minute a pair of motherly arms were thrown around Annie, and a kind voice whispered in her ear:

"Welcome, little daughter, to your new home!"

Joe stood at the door, fidgeting with his cap. Things had not turned out as he expected. He had fully believed the choice of taking or refusing the new home would have been left to him, but it seemed entirely settled without his opinion, and he was not altogether pleased that it should be so.

Turning from Annie to her brother, Mrs. Harcourt, for of course it was she who held out her hand, feeling that the boy would not care for any further demonstration, and giving him a hearty shake, said in tones as cordial as she had used to Annie:

"And this is my new son, come to take the place of those whom God has taken. You, too, are very welcome, dear. Come, now, both of you, and I will show you your rooms."

"But, please, ma'am, we did not come to stay. I've got to go to work to-morrow, and it's too far from here," put in Joe.

Mrs. Harcourt interrupted him with a merry laugh, and, placing her hand playfully over his mouth, said:

"Now, that is to be the end of all talk about work for a time, at least. When you are old enough, it will be different."

Joe saw it was no use to raise any further objections, and so the children glided from a life of poverty into a life of happiness and plenty, as two streams, meeting, glide into one another, smoothly, almost unconsciously, and Joe, when he had accomplished his greatest desire, and was a practicing physician, would often tell his friends and patients that he had nought his present home, friends, practice, and, above all, that highest of gifts, religion, for the small sum of fifteen cents. And then in response to their curi-

ous questions, he would relate the history of the day when he had almost refused to give that little mite to sweet charity, and its subsequent events.—Beatrice Fitzgerald, in the Young Catholic.

## An Incident in France

Years ago an Irish author telling of some funny scenes in court, gave an account of a certain pompous officer who, in the days of the "Insurrection Act," had arrested a prisoner on suspicion of conspiring to overthrow the Government. When the judge asked him how many were present, he replied: "Only the one Your Honor." And what warning did he give him was asked by the judge, to which the officer replied: "I ordered him to disperse." This was considered, in its time, as a fair sample of wit, and as an illustration of the Irishman's capacity for "bulls." But we find that the Premier of France, the great and only Combes, has seriously attempted to put into practice that which was looked upon as a good joke in Ireland.

The Abbe Verschoeff, who is a delegate of the Academy of Sciences, at the Hendaye Observatory, received a peremptory order, last week, from the Government to disperse. The Abbe conducted the commissioner sent by Mr. Combes into every corner of his house and observatory, in order to prove to him that he lived all alone—a regular hermit—and that he was not in a position to comply with the exact words of the law. The commissioner returned home perfectly convinced. But when he reported to Mr. Combes, the latter was by no means satisfied, and he said to the commissioner: "It is all the same to me. Let him disperse all the same."

The result was that the learned astronomer was obliged to leave his observatory and go reside in a house belonging to the municipality of Hendaye. The Abbe says that he intends submitting his case to the Academy of Sciences to be studied, with the following problem for the solution of the members: "How a hermit, living all alone, can disperse as a community? Or how he is to cease community life? Or how he is to individual disperse without physical dismemberment of his individual body?"

There is evidently more wit in the Abbe than in the Premier. And it is clear that while mad hatred kills the sense of humor in the latter, astronomical erudition is by no means injurious to it in the former. This is a splendid illustration of the blindness of fanatical zeal.

## A LARGE CLASS.

On a recent Sunday Archbishop Quigley administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of 800 at Holy Family Church, Chicago, which is in charge of the Jesuit Fathers.

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500 Yards Dress Goods—Regular values 50c, 75c, 85c, 90c, \$1.00 a yard. All to Clear at HALF PRICE.

**TABLE No. 2.**  
Remnants Colored Dress Goods—A lot of Colored All Wool Nun's Veiling. A lot of Fancy Dress Goods. All to Clear at HALF PRICE.

**TABLE No. 3.**  
1,000 Yards Fancy Black Dress Goods—Regular values, 50c, 70c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 a yard. All to Clear at HALF PRICE.

**TABLE No. 4.**  
A Lot of Fancy Skirling Moreens in Stripes, Shot Colors, etc. Worth 30c, 55c, 60c and 75c yard. All to Clear at HALF PRICE.

**TABLE No. 5.**  
About 500 Yards Fancy Organdie Muslins all new goods. Cheap at 30c. To Clear at HALF PRICE of 15c per yard.

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## Some Topics of The Day.

(By a Regular Contributor)

### PROTECT THE CHILD

Every good example that regarding the protection of children from the slaver modern conditions are for them, must have its bent. Be it legislative or otherwise, still an example, that, if it is and exactly imitated, may serve to indicate the dangers that should be avoided. In New York city—the great centre of human activity of the continent—the child labor question has been uppermost for long. Have what is called the Child Labor Committee, and its work most effective. It is through its constant and unremitting efforts that this committee that three years ago carried through the State legislature the child labor law, which seems to complete the duty of the other three, amendatory education law, has signed by Governor Roosevelt. It is less to say that this piece of legislation has received the approval of some position was to be expected. Some of the changes in the natural—from the large child labor; but some of it to be expected, and resources whence the contraband—came from parents of children. Despite all the committee succeeded in its law passed. We will the main features of that in so doing we equally gain of the manner in which slavery has been carried out. Six important changes accomplished by these laws of children under fourteen in order to secure employment in factories and shops. It has been impossible to as evidence of age either in the child's birth certificate, or some pass clause of the old law allowed twelve to fourteen to work in stores during the first and second class hour limit has been placed. Work of children fourteen years old in factories and place of a ten-hour limit; employment of messenger, telegraph and office boys less than ten years old has been prohibited. Between the ages of sixteen and sixteen years they must receive licenses and may not work later than six o'clock at night; the school attendance age has been raised from twelve to fourteen. It is a blessing that such should be enacted. The honorable thought is that it should be found necessary, in any country, to thus legislate comes the serious matter of enforcement of the laws. It is to place a law upon the statute book and another to it does not remain a dead letter. According to what we learn, this committee about a thousand dollars to work on the issue and to push the case through. Now take about five thousand to secure the enforcement of the law. No doubt the people of New York will aid in the work and committee in an effort to reach the results. Yet we find that the moment a bill is introduced it should be necessary for citizens to attend to its enforcement. In Canada, the State, or Province, provides a means for enforcement of every act of law. Yet we have known especially in municipal affairs the laws become obsolete through use, and that even the most perfect laws were ignored by authority. But all that has to do with the main object—the amelioration of the rising generation. It is imposing itself as a duty upon every member of the community.

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**TABLE No. 2.**  
**Colored Dress Goods**—A lot of All Wool Nun's Veiling, of Fancy Dress Goods. All at **HALF PRICE.**

**TABLE No. 3.**  
**Fancy Black Dress Goods**—Regular values, 50c, 70c, 75c, 85c, \$1.25, \$1.50 a yard. All at **HALF PRICE.**

**TABLE No. 4.**  
**Fancy Skirting Moreens** in Shot Colors, etc. Worth 50c, 60c and 75c yard. All at **HALF PRICE.**

**TABLE No. 5.**  
**Wards Fancy Organdie Muslin** goods. Cheap at 30c. To at **HALF PRICE** of 15c per yard.

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**DAME STREET**

**BOULEVARD**

### Some Topics of The Day.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

#### PROTECT THE CHILDREN.

Every good example that is given regarding the protection of young children from the slavery that our modern conditions are forcing upon them, must have its beneficial effect. Be it legislative or otherwise, it is still an example, that, if not directly and exactly imitated, at least may serve to indicate to others the dangers that should be avoided and some of the means of avoiding them. In New York city—the greatest centre of human activity on this continent—the child labor question has been uppermost for long years. They have what is called the Child Labor Committee, and its work has been most effective. It is through the efforts, constant and unremitting, of this committee that three bills were carried through the State Legislature regulating the employment of children. Now a fourth bill, which seems to complete the disposition of the other three, amends the compulsory education law, has been passed and signed by Governor Odell. Needless to say that this humanitarian piece of legislation has received no end of opposition. Some of that opposition was to be expected, and came from a direction that was quite natural—from the large employers of child labor; but some of it was not to be expected, and came from sources whence the contrary should emanate—from parents of young boys and girls. Despite all the opposition the committee succeeded in having its law passed. We will now give the main features of that law, and in so doing we equally give an idea of the manner in which this child slavery has been carried on.

"Six important changes have been accomplished by these laws. The penalty at parents regarding the age of children under fourteen years old in order to secure employment for them in factories and stores has been made impossible by requiring as evidence of age either a transcript of the child's birth or baptismal certificate, or some other religious record, or its passport; the clause of the old law allowing children twelve to fourteen years old to work in stores during vacation has been repealed for all cities of the first and second class; a nine-hour limit has been placed upon the work of children fourteen to sixteen years old in factories and stores, in place of a ten-hour limit; the employment of messenger, telegraph, delivery and office boys less than fourteen years old has been forbidden, while between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years they may be employed only nine hours a day and not later than 10 o'clock at night; no boy less than ten years old is allowed to sell newspapers in New York and Buffalo, and all boys between the ages of ten and fourteen years must receive licenses or badges and may not work later than 10 o'clock at night; the compulsory school attendance age has been raised from twelve to fourteen years."

It is a blessing that such laws should be enacted. The only miserable thought is that it should ever be found necessary, in any civilized country, to thus legislate. Then comes the serious matter of the enforcement of the laws. It is one thing to place a law upon the Statute Book and another to see that it does not remain a dead letter.

According to what we learn, it has cost this committee about seven thousand dollars to work up the evidence and to push the case to the issue thus reached. Now it will take about five thousand more to secure the enforcement of the act. No doubt the people of New York will aid in the work and assist the committee in an effort to reach practical results. Yet we find it strange that the moment a bill becomes law it should be necessary for private citizens to attend to its enforcement. As far as we know of the legislation in Canada, the State, or constitution, provides a means for the enforcement of every act of Parliament. Yet we have known cases, especially in municipal affairs, in which the laws became obsolete from disuse, and that even the most emphatic laws were ignored by those in authority. But all that has nothing to do with the main object before us—the amelioration of the condition of the rising generation. Something that imposes itself as a sacred duty upon every member of the community.

**PROTECTING FORESTS.**—Last week a preacher in New York, Rev. Dr. Franklin Oliver Hall, delivered a very strong address on the subject of protecting the trees, saving the forests. As far as the theory goes in regard to forests and their utility, the preacher was right; but, as is done in many a case, he has made use of a very laudable subject as the basis of a very disjointed and false sermon. Had he confined his remarks to the natural subject, to the physical results of the cutting down of forests and the opening up of new regions, he would certainly be doing a good work and one that might serve to awaken the legislators of the land to the menace the future has ever in store for the country that waste its timber. By the way, it was exactly warnings of this class and a bitter experience combined, that led in years gone past, to the formation of a government department known as the Crown Land's Department. And the sums yearly expended in Quebec and Ontario upon bush rangers and upon the protection of our forest wealth, and the laws that restrict the cutting of timber to that of certain dimensions, have all been due to an acknowledgment of this very principle which the Rev. Dr. Hall had in view, and which he made use of to entertain a Sunday congregation.

The subject would suit well and be timely on a lecture platform; but in the pulpit it is questionable. However, no matter what the reverend gentleman may think of sermons and their nature, one thing is certain that he made use of his subject as a means for propagating ideas false in themselves, and ideas false in a relative sense. He sought to have a slap at the Catholic Church and to revive, under a new dress, an old and exploded calumny.

Imagine a minister of the Gospel stating in his pulpit the following: "Dr. Hall advanced this opinion in his discourse in the Church of the Divine Paternity. He said if we could know the full truth about the Garden of Eden we should find that man was cast out of the garden, not because he ate of the fruit of the tree, but because he cut the tree down."

The cutting of the tree makes us think of the thin edge of the wedge. It is thus that these clergymen, in their fever to secure something new to say, in their anxiety to be considered original, make the fearful mistake of opening the door for unbelief. They then complain that the Bible is no longer respected, that men scoff at the Holy Scriptures, that even so-called Christians are losing all faith in the inspiration, or even in the exactness of Holy Writ. They are astonished and yet they treat the teachings of the same Bible in a most flippant manner. They cast doubts—half seriously, half jokingly—upon the most generally accepted teachings of the Holy Book. Then they wonder how it is that other people, less versed in the science of the Scriptures disbelieve in them, ridicule them, and end by finally rejecting them.

In order to bolster up the old theory about Catholic countries, that they claim an inferior to Protestant countries from a temporal and successful standpoint, he brings in his forest theory and launches one of the most stupid of innuendos, under the guise of a very serious and rational statement. He says:—"The decadence and fall of many of the ancient nations are to be ascribed to the cutting down of the forests and the consequent desolation of the land." This we might question—if it were worth our while. We might ask Rev. Dr. Hall to name the ancient nation that came to grief on account of the destruction of forests; or to name the ancient nation that practised to any perceptible extent the trade of timber and the cutting down of the woods. But he says:—"In Italy we see much the same thing. Where once there were 200 cities, there is now, perhaps, the most desperately poor population in all Europe. The destruction of the trees in Spain was an immense factor in the fall of that country from a dominant power. In that country now there are thousands of square miles of desert, where formerly there were fertile fields and busy cities."

We cannot accept the truth of this statement concerning either Italy or Spain; but we understand that it is a supplement to the old theory that these are two of the decadent nations. Now, we thank Dr. Hall for having ascribed the decay of Italy and that of Spain to the cutting down of their forests, and not to the presence of the Catholic Church. Heretofore it has been the Church and her teachings that have caused the pretended inferiority of these lands; but we now have the authority of Rev. Dr. Hall that the disappearance of the forests is to blame. So much the better.

American exchanges has a column that it entitles "Woman's Cozy Corner," and in which we would naturally look to find ought that might be comforting and enjoyable for the female sex. However, we sometimes find in the Cozy Corner items that are scarcely calculated to fit into a woman's idea of comfort and coziness. We were always under the impression that the most cozy place for a woman was her home, and that its charms were the duties and the thousand and one comforts, whether they be of a maternal or other domestic character. But surely it is not in harmony with a cozy corner to bring before the mind of the woman the new and insane attractions that are tending to draw her out of her proper sphere and to launch her into elements that in no way harmonize with her nature.

Here is a sample of what we mean, and while it shows how uncozy its practical results would make the woman's abiding place, it will equally give our readers an idea of the degree to which these modern ideas, these "new woman" theories, and all such out-of-place nonsense tend to dislodge the true woman from her given orbit and to send her aimlessly flying through the elements—a danger to all with whom she may come in contact, and an everlasting source of unrest and discontentment to herself. The item reads:—

"There is a tide in the affairs of women as well as of men. On the continent it seems to be rising fast. In Holland, for instance, the women have been endeavoring to storm the ecclesiastical fortress and to gain a foothold in the pulpit. The general synod of the Reformed Dutch Church was much more polite than that, still, some of its staid, solemn members could not help quoting Saint Paul's saying to the effect that it is a shame for women to speak in the church. The discussion was precipitated by one Miss Cremer, who was about to take her degree of doctor of philosophy. Miss Cremer laid a petition before the synod, asking to be admitted to serve as a duly qualified pastor. Two counselors of the synod, Dr. Offerhaus of Leyden, and Dr. Cannegieter, of Utrecht, gave eloquent utterance to the hope that the synod would see its way to admit the fair postulant to the pulpit. But when the votes were finally recorded there was a majority of one against complying with Miss Cremer's request. To give one other instance of the rising tide of feminism in Europe several business firms conducted wholly by women have petitioned M. Witte, the Russian minister of finance, for authority to enter the stock exchange as full-fledged members. The minister is said to be thinking it over."

After all these are but a couple of examples, and if we are not mistaken they would create very little notice in America. Over in old Europe it is a wonderful thing to learn of women seeking to preach and to enter the stock exchange. In America the instances are so frequent that we have ceased to pay much attention to them. Still we cannot get over the fact that this species of "advancement" in modern woman should be selected as suitable to the "Cozy Corner" in which the members of the gentler sex are supposed to glean information that harmonizes with their natural life and inclinations.

### Free Labor.

"The American workingman loves his freedom better than anything else. That is one of his finest traits. He resents anything that means compulsion of his rights. It is time for thoughtful labor union men to recognize this fact."

"I am strongly opposed to the boycott and to every other form of oppression employed against free labor."

"The whole force of organized society, all the powers of the government, should be employed to insure to every man in this country his right to toll in his own way and under conditions of his own choice."

"It is difficult to indicate a solution of the labor question. Arbitration is one way, and a good way."

"But, whatever the solution may be, it must be one which will recognize individual liberty."

"No man must be allowed to oppress another man in this country."

—Cardinal Gibbons.

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makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble or waste. In small and large bottles from 5c. GUARANTEED PURE.

**WOMAN'S PLACE.**—One of our

## At St. Laurent College.

On last Friday, the 19th inst., St. Laurent College closed the scholastic year of 1907-08, in a most solemn manner.

The Very Rev. Mgr. Archambault presided, while a goodly number of other clergymen had likewise made it a duty to attend.

Pleasant musical numbers were thoroughly enjoyed by all present; but the principal item on the programme was the valedictory, delivered by Mr. Thos. Kearney, son of Mr. William Kearney, a patriotic Irishman, who is associated with our local organizations.

Mr. Thos. Kearney, although standing on the threshold of young manhood, has earned for himself a reputation in the ranks of his fellow-graduates, as an elocutionist, which leads us to indulge in the hope that he will hold a place of distinction in the near future in our ranks.

Upon him fell the duty of bidding good-bye to the loved "Alma Mater," who had nurtured him with the bread of intellectual science and moulded his heart according to the precepts of the Church.

It is with pleasure that we give Mr. Kearney's worthy effort.

Mr. Kearney spoke as follows:— Commencement day is always awaited by collegians with the keenest anticipations. Mostly all students rejoice to see the last day of the scholastic year arrive. There are, however, among college boys a certain number, true it is sometimes small, that behold with dread and regret, the advent of this, the most sadly sweet moment of a college career; they are the graduates. Behold us face to face with the once far-off day, the day to which at the outset of our career we pointed the finger of uncertainty, the day of earnest longing, the day which, though fondly awaited, was to bring to our hearts a great sorrow, the pain of parting.

It is said that distance lends enchantment, that the beauty of an object is best appreciated when the object is far removed. Never was a saying more false, especially in our case! Yes, indeed, the longer we have been at college, the more closely we have been identified with her every work, the more we have had her honor, and her educational and social progress at heart, then, and then only do we appreciate the more, the sadness of this day of parting.

Yes, our love for our "Alma Mater," surely ripens with residence, and I think I may, with all reason state that it is with feelings approaching a melancholy pleasure that we stretch forth our arms and clasp in a heartbreaking embrace the dear old mother, that during our course has been to us the staunchest friend, the most kindly parent we have ever known, our cherished "Alma Mater" ever true—good old St. Laurent. Willingly would we still remain with her. But time is grinding with regularity its hour and daily work, in vain we call upon it in its flight to stay its rapid course.

"Roll backward, roll backward, O time, in thy flight! Make me a child again, just for one night!" No; Time, the pitiless master, cries: "Onward" and forward we are swept in his train. But as we are whirled on, we like to look over our shoulder at what we must now call the Past; in fancy stand among the crowding memories of our happy, happy college days, that are alas! no more.

How swiftly speed the gliding years; How rapidly have flown our days of preparation.

Quickly followed one upon the other our various classes; subject after subject of study came and went, till almost imperceptibly rhetoric was reached. Philosophy came, and we might say, simultaneously went, and now we look over the short page of our young life as though we had awakened from a day-dream of short duration.

We are about to weigh anchor! Shortly our craft shall slip down the current unto the rough and treacherous sea of life. A new phase of existence confronts us. No longer shall we be as children, no longer shall we depend upon our big brothers to fight our battles. No! "Each one for himself and God for us all," is the motto of life. The world's battle is a cruel one; nor is it a guerilla warfare; it must be fought in the open and to him who evinces the greatest staying-power is the palm awarded. We must be well trained. Our physical powers must be perfect and in addition to this we strap on the buckler of morality. But are we not ready? Yes! We

have been adequately trained under the direction of capable and saintly teachers, men whose life-work speaks for itself, men, who despite our faults and foibles have energetically followed their noble vocation, the teaching of youth. Well, indeed, have they done their duty, and if the fullest effect of their teaching and example has not been totally attained the fault lies with us not with them.

Let us hope that those sentiments of moral and physical manliness which they have instilled into our hearts may be to us a guide and a protection in the great world that now lies before us. To our learned, kindly and reverend Superior do we in an especial manner owe gratitude for the priestly interest he has taken in us.

Dearest friends, this morning as we look upon the dear old college for the last time as students, our hearts are filled with tears. No more to sit upon its class-room benches; no longer to be as members of its various societies; never more to assist at its religious exercises so necessary in the life of every college student. No! All is gone! And as we walk through the corridors, as we look into each room, as we gaze across the ball-field, as we linger within this theatre, everything seems to say: "Good-bye and God bless you!"

"No more within thy walls to come, But on the world's dim ocean toss'd; We'll dream of thee sometimes as a home, Of sunshine we had seen and lost!"

Yes, dear "Alma Mater," we must leave you.

By the decree of Him who rules the universe we are called to another sphere of activity; yet, under the charm of a remembrance strong and full of youth, in memory we shall live each dear scene over again.

Reverend Fathers and professors of the faculty, the hour of parting is upon us, let us in all sincerity offer you our gratitude for your earnest efforts, and what should be fruitful labors in our behalf. We regret that we shall no longer walk "neath that encouraging glance of your fatherly eyes. But with regret walks hope; we have faith that those principles of honor and duty taught us may be as guide-posts upon the highway of life. Ah! would that you might accompany us, for it is hard to part from those we cherish, to sever perhaps forever those bonds of friendship that have knit our interests so steadfastly during the past few years. But we shall think of you, do rest assured for

"As travellers oft' look back, when eastward darkly going, To gaze upon the light they leave, So faint behind them glowing, So loth we part from all we love, For all the links that bind us, And turn our hearts as on we rove, To those we've left behind us."

Fellow-students, partners in our toil, you who are patiently climbing the ladder of knowledge, take courage. The goal is worth the best effort and when you shall have reached the last round only too soon will have flown the happy days spent in college. Companions during our course, you whom we have learned to regard as brothers—courage. Truly, you may have to encounter drawbacks, truly the stream of life may at times be troubled; clouds may appear on the horizon of the future; friends may prove false; the ideal of your most ardent aspirations may be shattered, keep on and the only word to carry you through is: Courage! Fellow-graduates, alas! there are few of us here to-day, farewell!

You as well as I feel sad on this last day. Full well do I know that I express the sentiments of your hearts. Our ways shall henceforth diverge. But although separated, I hope the invisible link of friendship shall always bind us and by the wireless telegraph of good fellowship we may signal one another on Life's ocean and God grant that both call and answer shall flash forth from our respective ships the cheering greeting "All's well!" Perhaps we may run head to head over the race track of life, who-knows? But wherever we be, let us endeavor to live up to the teachings acquired in college, uphold the honor of dear old St. Laurent. Let us ever cherish her sweet memories. Let us when our brow is darkened with the shadow of sorrow think of the happy days spent within these walls, and repeat with Ireland's great poet: Let fate do her worst, there are moments of joy.

Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy; Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care, And bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,  
You may break, you may shatter, the vase, if you will  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

Monsignor, Rev. Fathers, professors of the Faculty, fellow-collegians, ladies and gentlemen, one and all, from the bottom of my heart—Farewell.

## Training of Underwriters.

To the many new occupations and professions which have grown out of the great industrial development during the last few years another profession, says a Chicago exchange, broad in its scope and far reaching in its importance, is about to be added. This new profession is the outgrowth of the demand for scientific and effective fire protection. Beginning next September, Armour Institute, in connection with the underwriters' laboratories, will inaugurate a fire protection course. The Chicago educational institution will be the first in the world to attempt the training young men for this distinctly modern profession.

The annual fire losses in the United States aggregate the enormous sum of \$150,000,000. The maintenance of fire departments by cities and corporations costs more than \$200,000,000 additional. The design of the new course of training will be to reduce this expense as greatly as possible and at the same time to afford greater security to property. As a profession the occupation is planned to be placed upon as firm footing as any of those now existing.

The young man who takes up the study of fire protection will enter a profession which will be broader in its training than that of almost any of the ordinary professions of the present time. He must have an academic or a high school education before he will be admitted to the course. Then he will have four years of hard study before him, the first two years of which will be the same he would be compelled to take if he entered any of the universities in the country. During the third year of his studies he will begin specializing, and at the end of four years, if he has been a faithful student, he will be graduated. The student will have no particular choice of course of study. He will be expected to learn whatever will be of value to him in his work.

The duties of the expert on fire protection will be the examination of fire hazards, their extent and the means of reducing them. He will be expected to know all the ins and outs of the insurance business. He must know much of architecture. He must be an electrician. He must be a chemist. He must be a builder. He must know the value of building materials and their uses in fire protection.

Until a very few years ago the insurance business was a sort of go as you please business. Companies accepted almost any kind of risk, asked no questions as to the desirability of the hazard and collected as high a rate as they could. The business is conducted on a different basis to-day. All underwriters are interested in reducing the rates. Many risks they absolutely refuse to take. On others the rate is scaled by local boards, composed of the representatives of various companies doing business in the territory.

### AN HISTORIC BUILDING.

The Bank of Ireland, which holds its seat in the old Irish Parliament House, celebrated its one hundred and twentieth anniversary this week. Its foundation goes back to the days when Grattan's Parliament was founded, and Ireland had a Home Rule, directed by non-Catholics in a Catholic population. May the day be near when Home Rule may again be practised in Ireland, and her legislators hold their sessions in the now venerable Parliament House.

### A ZOUAVE HONORED.

His Holiness, Leo XIII., by Pontifical Brief, has conferred the hereditary rank and title of Roman Count on The O'Clery, one of the King's Lieutenants for London. Count O'Clery, who is a private chamberlain of high rank at the Vatican, received the knighthood of St. Gregory the Great (military cross) for his services during 1867 and 1870 in the Corps d'Elite of the Pontifical Zouaves.





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ed on Page Five

Salesian Congress At Turin.

Two events of real interest took place in Turin, says a special correspondent to the "Catholic Times,"...

The object of the Congress was the consideration of the most effectual means of aiding Dom Bosco's institutions in attaining their end...

The pronouncements of Cardinals and Bishops on such a subject were naturally what might be expected. But in this age of religious indifference...

After the Cardinal, prelates and clergy had taken their places in church, His Eminence from his throne ordered the reading of the Pontifical Brief for the coronation...

The Mass then began, the choir of 250 select voices doing justice to Pope Marcello's Mass by Palestrina...

strange garments such as he had never seen before or heard of. The venerable priest was alarmed, but the vision soon disappeared...

The conversion to Christianity of the redoubtable chief of the Patagonian tribes, Namuncoora, who for long years had resisted all the efforts of Argentine arms...

The coronation was the most imposing ceremony ever witnessed in Turin. It is estimated that at least 200,000 people assisted at it...

After the Cardinal, prelates and clergy had taken their places in church, His Eminence from his throne ordered the reading of the Pontifical Brief for the coronation...

The Mass then began, the choir of 250 select voices doing justice to Pope Marcello's Mass by Palestrina...

Cardinal ascended the pulpit and delivered a most touching allocution appropriate to the occasion, reminding his hearers that it was to the venerable servant of God, Dom Bosco, after Our Lady, they owed the inexpressible joy they now experienced...

A procession of immense proportions, in which the recently-crowned statue of Our Lady and Child was carried by twelve stalwart men, with Benediction in church and also in the open-air, took place in the evening...

The whole of the following week was spent in preparation for the great annual occurrence, the Feast of Our Lady Help of Christians. During this time the Cardinal, and several Bishops and priests, vied with each other in their anxiety to render each day's celebrations attractive...

Wedding Bells.

In the Cathedral of Springfield, Mass., on June 17, Miss Annie McArran, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James McArran, Montreal, was married to Mr. Frank Egan of Boston...

The bride, who wore a travelling costume of blue etamine cloth, with white silk blouse and blue satin straw hat and carried a shower bouquet of white roses, was escorted by her uncle, Mr. George E. Ross, and was attended by her sister, Miss May McArran, Montreal...

A Protestant Minister Leaves The Ministry.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

There is something strange in the story that comes from Oshkosh, Wis., regarding the resignation of Rev. Merton C. Andrews, as rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in that city...

The Rev. Mr. Andrews in a letter read before his congregation in his chapel stated that June 14 would terminate his services as priest of the church and witness his withdrawal from the priesthood...

The first intimation that the rector would leave the priesthood was made in his Easter sermon. At that time he gave a hint that he might hand in his resignation later...

To us, who are strangers to the circumstances, this would read as if the clergyman in question had been under the shadow of some accusation, and that he manfully held out until he had vindicated himself...

But in those words there is something peculiarly strange to the Catholic ear. He declares that he will abandon the "priesthood," and that henceforth he will no longer be a "priest."

We know that certain members of the ministry in sections of the Anglican or Episcopal Church assume the title of "priest." What they exactly mean by that, or in what sense they consider that "priesthood" we are at a loss to say...

This none can deny not even the Anglican. The very text of the Scripture, on which is based the ordination service, the very words that have become sacramental under the new dispensation, are expressive of that great characteristic...

Devotion To the Sacred Heart.

BY LUCY COLLINS.

Alcohol and Insanity

Almost every country of the world is taking up the drink question. The authorities in some lands have become seriously alarmed at the inroads which the unbridled consumption of alcohol has made...

In France the unrestricted sale of alcoholic beverages has already brought forth dire results. Prominent French physicians have begun a crusade against the drink habit. In Russia the excessive drinking among the peasantry has impelled the Government to step in and take control of the sale of spirituous liquors...

Dr. Robert Jones, medical superintendent of Claybury Lunatic Asylum, London, published a short time ago a paper treating of drink with regard to the production of insanity. Referring to statistics bearing upon this matter, he said: "There are probably at the present time no less than 110,000 certified insane persons in England and Wales alone..."

The period of greatest incidence to the pernicious effects of alcohol corresponds closely with that upon which falls the greatest mental strain. Males between twenty-five and thirty, and those between thirty-five and forty, appear to be—according to Bevan Lewis—more susceptible to alcohol than those of any other age...

The relation between drink and insanity is far more intimate than it was at one time believed to be. Perhaps the assertion that drink is the most potent cause of mental disorders would now pass without cavil. Certainly the brain is the organ which is most disastrously affected by excessive indulgence in alcohol...

What a beautiful example Our Saviour has given us here. And when stricken down with grief or sorrow, let us say with Jesus, Thy will, O God, be done.

Heart of Jesus throne of glory. Humbly kneeling we adore Thee, Love Celestial we implore Thee. Make us love Thee more and more. Montreal, June, 1908.

Heart of Jesus throne of glory. Humbly kneeling we adore Thee, Love Celestial we implore Thee. Make us love Thee more and more. Montreal, June, 1908.

Heart of Jesus throne of glory. Humbly kneeling we adore Thee, Love Celestial we implore Thee. Make us love Thee more and more. Montreal, June, 1908.

# Topics in Non-Catholic Ranks.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

**THE PENIEL CHURCH.**—We are so accustomed to new churches springing up on all sides that we are not surprised at any title that may be assumed by a sect—generally they must be of a sensational character. But what kind of Church is this that is called by its founders the Peniel Church? The word "Peniel" is Hebrew, and means "the face of God;" and it is also the name of the place where Jacob wrestled with God. This will explain, in a certain degree, why the ordinary people call the members of this sect the "Holy Jumpers." We have just read an account of the formation of the church, and the folly of its founder in giving up a magnificent position and reducing his family to poverty for the sake of exercising his freedom to jump all he likes before praying to God. Not that any of our readers will take special interest in this additional instance of human eccentricity, but because it may amuse them to know the story, we take this extract from the account before us:

"The Peniel Church—unsympathetic persons call its members the 'Holy Jumpers'—has been in existence nearly four years. It came into great prominence recently because its leading spirit, Mr. F. M. Messenger, gave up a position paying \$15,000 a year rather than give up his church. The 'Holy Jumpers' get their name from a practice of jumping during their services. They have had a period of unusual prosperity, but a short time ago the fortunes of the Peniel Church were at low ebb. The cause for this, oddly enough, has been a curious jealousy. When in its prime the Peniel Church had 110 members in Grosvenordale, Mass. and when services were held occasionally in Putnam as many as 800 persons crowded into the Bradley Theatre. The crowd was drawn by the actions of members of the church, who, for ten minutes preceding the opening of services in the theatre, held an open air meeting. The shouting and jumping was done in the street and was continued during the meeting in the hall. It was known that the greater part of the crowd attended out of curiosity, but admission was barred to no one, as the 'Holy Jumpers' cared nothing for ridicule and were prompted in their shouting and jumping by the joy in their hearts. The 'Holy Jumpers' have been fortunate in their leaders. One of these, F. M. Messenger, was the agent for large mills in Grosvenordale. While the 'Holy Jumpers' worshipped and exercised in Grosvenordale they prospered and gained converts in large numbers. Mr. Messenger, being an agent of the mills, had control of all mill property. The chapel used by the Methodists became the meeting place for the 'Holy Jumpers,' through the mill agent's influence. Among the additions to the flock were several persons from Putnam and Wilsonville. The number from Putnam grew each week, and led Mr. Messenger to seek a meeting place in the city. He did so, and from that time can date his troubles and those of his church."

As far as the troubles of the Peniel Church go we are not interested; it could not well be without troubles. But we are led to wonder what will be the next move in this great strain to distort Christianity and to reduce it to the level of the Fire-worshippers' belief or that of the Dancing Dervishes of the Orient?

**CUBAN POLEMICS.**—We learn through American exchanges, that leaders of Protestant missionary societies in the United States have been consulted concerning a movement in Cuba to create in that island a Catholic Church that does not acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope of Rome. About a month or two ago a publication called the "Acolyte" appeared, copies of which reached America. Contrary to expectations—that is to say, the expectations of the Protestant missionary societies—"It contains practically no denunciation of the Church of Rome." All this may sound like the story of setting up a straw man for the purpose of knocking him down again, a game at which these societies are adepts, as far as Rome goes. But what is most peculiar is this statement, made by their own organ:

"Protestants in the United States have, so far as can be learned, dis-

couraged this anti-Roman movement in Cuba. Grounds for the arguments against the movement are two. One is that further divisions among followers of Jesus Christ are undesirable, and that unless Protestant or Reformation ideas can be accepted, Roman Catholic ones had better be adhered to. The other is that religious reformers have need to be very brave, and that, frankly, there appears nowhere in Cuba leaders such as can hold out to the end."

Very contradictory reasons we admit, yet taken separately they are sufficient to justify the Protestant element in not wishing to see split in the Catholic Church.

The first reason, because "there are already too many sects or divisions, and that unless Protestant tenets could be imposed, it were better that Catholic principles should obtain. This may be sincere or not, but it is decidedly an improvement upon the heretofore prevailing sentiment of Protestantism. Up to the present that body would seem to prefer to have a man go into the camp of Infidelity rather than that he should remain in the Catholic fold. The new idea is more Christian and more logical. As to the second reason, it contradicts the first one, in as much as it is simply because they fear that Cuba could produce no Luther, no apostate from Catholicity, with sufficient back bone to hold out to the bitter end that they are unfavorable to the supposed movement. Therefore, if they were sure of such a leader they would be perfectly willing to see the split in the Catholic Church in Cuba. So much nonsense, from start to finish.

But why all this reasoning when they admit that no such a thing as a division exists or is contemplated? Probably the "wish is father to the thought." What poor and vain efforts to divide that which is indivisible!

**A WISE SAYING.**—The New York "Churchman," a Protestant Episcopalian organ, says:—

"Some one who thought his conception of the Church necessary to her existence expressed to the late Bishop Wilmer of Alabama grave anxiety at the signs of the times, saying that he 'trembled for the ark.' 'You had better tremble for yourself. God will take care of the ark.' Is not the Christian world learning something of this?"

It is about time that it should. This has been, from time immemorial, the teaching of the Catholic Church. Are outsiders only beginning to learn it now? There is no fear for the Church; she is built on a Rock; she has the Divine promise of perpetuity; she has the constant presence of the Holy Ghost. No one ever trembled for her existence. We Catholics have been pained at the persecutions to which our Church has been subjected, but it never yet flashed in the mind of a Catholic that there was ever a danger for the Church; no Catholic ever dreamed, even in the darkest hour of the persecutions that came upon her, that it could possibly happen that she should go down in the tempest. It is exactly this absence of "trembling for the ark" that marks the difference between the Catholic solidarity of faith and the vacillating belief that Protestantism calls faith.

**MAN'S NATURE.**—One of our American exchanges, in a series of comments, or gleanings, says:—

"It is not our present purpose," says the New York "Examiner" (Bapt.) "to enter into a discussion or defence of supernaturalism, so contrasted with rationalism. But let us remember an elementary fact, constantly overlooked, and sometimes denied, yet manifestly irrefutable, and powerful to remove our perplexities if we will allow to it its due weight. Man himself is a supernatural being."

The "Examiner" is wrong, and absolutely wrong. Man is not a supernatural being any more than any other creature on earth. Man is a natural being, governed by the laws of nature, and composed of two elements, the physical, which is mortal and must die and the spiritual, which is immortal and cannot die. But man is governed by laws that are natural and by laws that are the emanation of a divine and supernatural Power. It is no use seeking to humbug the world with theories that are baseless. And the moment a question, especially of a religious character, is presented upon a basis that is radically false, it cannot stand. It is no use entering into a course of argument or reasoning upon any such subject as long as the very initial step is obviously taken upon untenable ground. We just simply reply, that man is not supernatural, therefore, we have no more to say regarding the conclusions drawn from such a premise.

# Career Of an Irish Missionary Ended.

The Catholic missionary work in benighted Africa and the Society of the Holy Ghost have suffered a sad and great loss in the recent death of the Right Rev. James Browne, C. S. Sp., Pro-Vicar Apostolic of Sierra Leone. When the Fathers of the Society of the Holy Ghost made their first establishment in Ireland, in 1859, James Browne, then only twenty-two years of age, who from early youth was filled with the desire of devoting himself to missionary work amongst the most abandoned souls, left a lucrative position and sought admission into the little community, then settled in Blanchardstown. He was the first Irishman received into the Society, and during his long and varied career was ever the zealous, faithful religious—a shining example and constant encouragement to the many young compatriots who followed in his footsteps. As professor in the colleges of the Society, as missionary, fellow-masters, and people of various races and nationalities amongst whom he lived and labored. In 1860 he went to the central house of the Society, in Paris, to pursue his theological studies, and was there a model in every way of a true religious. At the call of his superiors, when on the verge of the priesthood, he made the sacrifice of his most ardent aspirations, and set out for Trinidad, West Indies, to take up the arduous duties in that trying climate of professor in St. Mary's College, Port of Spain. There his sterling worth was quickly recognized, and though not yet a priest, he was honored and revered by pupils and people.

At the end of 1866 he returned to France, was ordained priest, and made his profession in the Society. He returned, at the earnest demand of the community of Trinidad, to the scene of his former labors, and quietly, unobtrusively resumed his old work. In 1875 he was appointed Vice-Provincial of the Society and Superior of the College, Trinidad, and until 1892 he held that position with success and honor. A pillar of strength to religion, he was loved and revered by all classes in the colony. It was during his time in Trinidad that the British Government, on the advice of the late regretted Sir Patrick Keenan, who had been sent out as Commissioner to report on the educational system of the colony, established for secondary schools a programme somewhat similar to that of the Intermediate Board in Ireland. In this Father Browne took a conspicuous and well-remembered part, and under his presidency the College of St. Mary's commenced the successful work which is so marked in the colony to this day. Few priests, indeed, have left in Trinidad a memory as honored and cherished as "Old Father Browne." Kind, affable, sympathetic, eminently prudent and far-seeing, he endeavored himself to all—Protestants and Catholics alike. All were loud in his praise, but only the hearts of the poor and suffering can tell his hidden deeds of kindness and charity. For years he labored in this land he made his own and loved so well.

But again, at the call of his superiors, he had to make a heroic sacrifice. He left Iera, "the land of the Humming Bird," as the Indians of old termed Trinidad, to take up the difficult and arduous position of Pro-Vicar Apostolic of Sierra Leone, "the white man's grave." After eight thirty years in a tropical climate, to face the pestiferous West Coast of Africa demanded more than ordinary human courage. Ever obedient to religion, he went cheerfully, with higher than human motives. What he accomplished in Sierra Leone space would not permit even cursory mention. By leaps and bounds the grand apostolic work like that of the grand old Irish Saints, Columbans, Columba, Gall, etc., advanced under his zealous, prudent guidance. Mission stations multiplied, many souls were brought to the true light. As simple missionary he lived and worked, when he might have won mitre and wielded crozier as Bishop, had he yielded to the desires and demands of his people and his priests.

He, too, might have had his well-earned rest in his dear native land, but he could not and would not tear

himself away from the work he loved so well. After his six months' sojourn in Ireland last year he seemed fresh and vigorous, fit for labor for years; but uncertain and deadly beyond all others is the West African climate. His noble, heroic course was run.

# Household Notes.

**FINE FLOUR.**—We find three generations ago there were few dentists and no need for more. The people lived on simple foods; patent-process flour and baking-powder were unknown; hot bread was seldom eaten. Without knowing it, our ancestors were following the laws of nature in chemistry of food, which we of a later generation have so frequently violated.

The Creator in building a kernel of wheat formed one of the most perfect miracles of vital chemistry, in all his wonderful universe. So nicely balanced are the elements in this little grain that no chemist can suggest a point where it might be improved.

So perfect is the vital nutritive value of wheat that from practice it has been found that whole-wheat bread and apples supply every waste of the human tissue. During the past two years I have been using gluten. With this I have seen the most wonderful results. Gluten is absolutely clean, contains less than three per cent. of starch and sugar, and will put color into the ears and cheeks of that anemic girl.

What, think you, must go on in the delicate jellies of the nerves, and in the marrow of the bones, and in the bones themselves when the hardest substance in the human economy—the teeth—is torn down and melted like snow in the sun?

Starvation sits at loaded tables. In the midst of abundance we have the young breaking down at their studies, business men fall out of the race, mothers grow pale and weak from no visible cause, while the dentist and the doctor work night and day to repair the breaking, crumbling, suffering army of starving people.

Not overwork but malnutrition is the cause,—that and the coffee and tea habits with which the majority brace up their hungry and rebelling nerves.—Dr. Gustave P. Wicksell.

**DANGER IN THE OYSTER.**—There is probably no one article of food, except raw milk, which is so frequently a cause of disease, and sometimes even fatal illness, as is the oyster. The nutritive value of the oyster is very small. It takes fourteen oysters to equal one egg in food value, and more than two hundred and fifty oysters to equal a single pound of beef in food value. This is due to the fact that the oyster consists chiefly of water, the balance being mostly liver and germs. The oyster lives upon the ooze and slime of the ocean bottom. Typhoid fever germs, and other disease-producing organisms are tidbits for the oyster, and millions of them are always found in the oyster's stomach and the mucus, or slimy juice, in which the oyster is always bathed.

Another paper recently reports the death of the Dean of Winchester from typhoid fever, as the result of eating oysters at the mayor's banquet in England. The result of this death, according to a wholesale oyster dealer in England, has been the falling off in the consumption of oysters to the extent of seventy-five per cent.; that is, that there is only one oyster eaten now where four were eaten before these facts became public. Oyster merchants and persons engaged in the oyster business generally, in England, are complaining that their business is ruined. Within three or four days after the death of the Dean of Winchester, the oyster trade fell off at Emsworth from five thousand to nothing.

Several similar epidemics have occurred in England, and a few in this country, in which fatal cases of typhoid fever were traced directly to the use of the oyster.

The oyster is a scavenger, and absolutely unfit for human food. The idea that it is more digestible than other foods is in the highest degree absurd. In addition to the germs with which it always swarms, the oyster contains a large amount of uric acid which cannot be gotten rid of by boiling, or by any other means.—"Good Health."

# DECORATING GRAVES.

The A.O.H. in various cities hold annual memorial services and decorate the graves of deceased fellow-members.

# Irish Millionaire To Entertain A King.

Thomas F. Walsh, the Catholic millionaire of Washington, will entertain King Leopold of Belgium when that monarch visits the United States in the fall. Mr. Walsh is a typical American millionaire. He made his wealth out of the Colorado mines. He was born in Ireland in 1851, and came to America at the age of eighteen. He went to Colorado soon afterward, took up mining, and by industry and good luck accumulated a vast fortune. His income is said to be more than \$1,200,000 a year. He has resided much abroad, especially in Paris, where he met King Leopold and initiated that monarch into American business methods, and later became his partner in several ventures. The king has intrusted much of his wealth to Mr. Walsh for investment.

# A Convert's Charity.

We have frequently contrasted the spirit of those Protestant ministers who become Catholics, with that of Catholics who fall away from the Church. With the latter there is nothing but hatred and abuse of the Church, her clergy, her faithful, her sacraments, and all connected with her. With the former there is a great and holy charity and kindness of sentiment for all with whom they had before lived, and from whom they are forced to separate.

In evidence of this we take a few passages from a letter sent by a former Anglican clergyman, now a Catholic, to his "dear friends of the Anglican congregation of Christ Cathedral, and St. Mary the Virgin, New Maryland, New Brunswick. He says:—

"The time has come when, with great pain to myself, I must take of you a final and affectional farewell. Of my reception into the Catholic Church you are all, doubtless, well aware. . . . To give you the reasons in full which prompted my present action would fill a volume, not a letter. I will only say that prominent among them has been the distressing sense of impossibility, as it seemed, and still seems, to me, of arriving, in the Anglican communion, at anything like a certain faith. The toleration within its pale of schools of thought opposed to each other; the consequent party strife; the fierce controversies often raging round holy doctrines; the spectacle of men ever learning, but never seeming to arrive at a knowledge of the truth; bishops, clergymen and laymen differing from one another, but each proclaiming his own view or opinion to be the true one; the absence in the Anglican communion of any tribunal whose decisions would be accepted by the whole body; the ultimate necessity therefore of resting (if one could rest in such a war) upon the basis of mere private judgment—uncertainty and confusion such as this, I felt, could not be of God. The conviction, therefore, was irresistible that flowing from our Lord's promise, there must somewhere exist a divine source which I must seek, and from which, according to our Lord's words, the truth might be fully and infallibly drawn. This source, dear friends, not in the Anglican communion, and still less in the other many forms of Protestantism, I have, by the mercy of God, after long and weary searching, found. It is that one Christian body, which, claiming to teach upon authority, exercises the authority she claims. The Church, with its visible head a center of unity, to which all questions and disputes of faith and morals may be referred, and of whose decisions there has been, through all Christian ages, no reversal; a Church, therefore, in which the pride of self-opinion cannot long find place; which has, moreover, a fixed and certain faith, unfolded through the ages, from the first counsel to the last, unchanged and unchangeable as the God Who gave and Who protects it—to hear which Church, as being the living body of Christ, is to hear Christ Himself; to refuse which through willful or careless ignorance, is to risk the danger of refusing Him that speaketh; a Church which is emphatically that of the saints, and which, though in many ages and lands that the learned and rich, is emphatically also the Church of the poor. Such,

dear friends, are a few among the many marks of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church into which the great mercy of God has now received me. My doubts at length are at an end. Temporarily, the step I have taken has ruined me. The loss to me is that of home, friends, means of livelihood, cherished associations—of most things, indeed, which make life dear; the gain, inexpressibly blessed to me, has been wholly spiritual. While I was with you, I loved you with a strong love; absent from you, I shall love you no less. Had it been possible I should have wished to remain with you to the close of my life; but God has willed otherwise. I can never sufficiently thank you for the exceeding kindness and friendship you have ever manifested towards me, the sense of which will be with me to the last as a sweet and grateful remembrance."

What a sweet and lovable soul that man must have. How very pure the Christian spirit of this convert. There is no rancor, no detestation of others, no abuse of the Church that he has left, no harsh words for those whom he knows to be in error. Deep conviction is potent on the face of his letter, and we do not wonder that such a man should have, at last, found the true fold.

# AFTER OTHER HELP FAILED

**Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restores a Young Lady to Full Health and Strength.**

Doctors and nurses recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because they have seen their wonderful power to make new, rich, red blood, and to cure all diseases due to poor blood or weak nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a common medicine. They do not purge and weaken. They contain no poisonous drugs. They are safe, sure, simple, stimulating and scientific. That is why these pills should be taken by all who are weak, bloodless, nerveless and sickly. Here is a bit of very positive proof of the wonderful power to conquer disease which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess; Miss Esther E. Lewis, Lynn, N.S., says: "At the age of sixteen my health failed me completely. At that time I was attacked by a gripe, which was followed by measles, from the after-effects of which I was left in a deplorable condition. I became very pale, suffered from headaches, dizziness and want of appetite. I tried several medicines, but they did me no good; on the contrary I was growing weaker and finally became so bad that I would take spells of unconsciousness lasting fifteen minutes to an hour at a time, and I had become so weak that I could hardly move about. At this stage I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have good reason to bless the day I began their use. I had only taken them a few weeks when I began to recover and under their continued use for some time longer I fully regained my former good health. I will be glad if my experience will be of benefit to some other poor sufferer."

When buying the pills see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

# A GUEST AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Mgr. Denis J. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University, was entertained at luncheon at the White House by President Roosevelt on the afternoon of June 12. Mgr. O'Connell is going to Rome for an extended conference with the Pope, Cardinal Satolli, the head of the Propaganda of Studies, which was recently given direction of the work at the Catholic University, and other officials of the Church.

In addition to making a full report to these authorities about the institution over which he has supervision, Mgr. O'Connell will convey to Pope Leo XIII. and Cardinal Secretary of State Rampolla, a verbal message from President Roosevelt regarding the solution of the Church situation in the Philippines. This was the subject of the interview between the rector and the President.

How pleasing to the Heart of Jesus are those who visit Him often and who love to keep Him company in the church where He dwells in His Sacrament.

Can that man be dead whose spiritual influence is upon his kind? He lives in glory; and his speaking dust has more of life than half his breathing models.



CHAPTER XXIV.—Co

The wintery year rolled  
freness and gloom, casting  
iron majesty and grandeur  
savagery in close to her  
and bringing close to her  
the first Christmas which  
ever spent away from her  
Christmas Eve found her  
ing anxiously forward to  
of her husband or his  
The morning had brought  
black frost, and Eily sat  
to a comfortless breakfast  
er attended with that reser-  
ence which marked the con-  
Naughtens while she re-  
Eily was now oblig-  
ure and arrange all the  
for her repast with her o-  
as this was one of the g-  
or fast-days, which Eily  
There was no butter nor  
with a conscientious exact-  
did not miss these prohib-  
is. There was no fast up-  
however, and Eily perceiv-  
some chagrin, that the su-  
also was empty. She wait-  
to the chamber-door, there  
ed for a moment, with her  
chief placed before her cheek  
beautiful attitude which  
cribes to Penelope at the  
of the "stout-built hall."  
she raised the latch, and  
door to a few inches only  
"Poll," she said, in a t-  
gentle voice, "do you kno-  
the sugar?"

"It's in the cubbert, I  
was the harsh and uncer-  
answer."  
The fact was, Poll had  
keep the Christmas the e-  
fore, and treated herself  
tumbler of hot punch, in-  
facture of which she had  
sumed the whole of Eily's  
And there might have  
cause of consolation, if E-  
per had been rendered the  
all the sugar she took, bu-  
not the case.

"There is none there, Po-  
Eily."  
"Well, what hurt? Can't  
a double allowance o' cran-  
tay, and drink it raw for  
Ah, but this is a fast  
Eily."

"Oyeh, choke it for wor-  
then do as you please; I  
you. I haven't a spoonful  
is in the house, girl, excu-  
for 'em—a thing I'd be  
to do on a mornin' like th-  
"Well, I can do without  
said Eily returning to the  
sitting down to her, un-  
ally, bitter draught with  
test resignation.

"Gi' me the money by-an-  
I'm goin' into town for  
me-candle, an' I'll buy it  
itself an' the tay."  
"But I have no money, I  
"No money, inagh? An'  
on yourself we're dependin'  
to get in the things agai-  
row, a Christmas Day?"

"Well, I have not a farth-  
"Didn't you tell me you  
other day, you had a l-  
keeper' for me agin' Han-  
day?"

"I gave it to Danny. I  
I'd have more for you be-  
Here Poll dashed in the  
her hand, and confronted  
frighted lodger with the l-  
gesture of a raging Bacch-  
"An' is that my than  
screamed aloud. "Why, th-  
you up with bread and t-  
mornin'." Go look after  
now, if you want your l-  
And so saying, she seized  
ners of the table-cloth, and  
whole concern into the fr-  
Terror and astonishment  
Eily for some moments of  
of speech or motion, but  
saw Poll taking breath for-  
ment, and looking around  
what further devastation  
commit, the forlorn helples-  
her condition rushed at o-  
her mind, and she fell into  
in a violent fit of hysteri-

This is a condition in w-  
woman can rarely behold  
without emotion. Poll ran  
her uttering every sound of  
ate condolence, and encou-  
which arose to her lips.  
"Whist, now, a'rs gall Wi-  
missis, a-chree! Oh, ma o-  
asthora, ma llanuv, you w-  
now, a'rs gall Oh! voi voi  
asthore! What ails you?  
know 'tis only funnin'! I w-  
see this! Tell me anything

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

The wintery year rolled on in barrenness and gloom, casting an air of iron majesty and grandeur over the savage scenery in which she dwelt...

HER HELP FAILED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restores Lady to Full Health and Strength.

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the wide world I'll do for you a'ra gal.

"Poll," said Eily, when she had recovered a certain degree of composure, "there is one thing that you can do for me, if you like, and it will relieve me from the greatest distress."

"An' what is that, a-chree?"

"To lend me one of the ponies and get me a boy that can show me the way to the Castle Island."

"Is it goin' you're thinkin' of?"

"It will be here agin," said Eily, "on to-morrow evening."

"An' what business would carry you to Castle Island, a'ra gal?"

"I have a friend there, an uncle."

Eily replied with tears staring into her eyes at the remembrance of her old perceptor.

"I'm in dread 'tis goin' from us you are now, account o' what I said to you."

"No, no; I only want you to do as I have told you. I'll engage to screen you from all blame."

"Blame! Ah, whose blame is it you think I'd be afeared of?"

"The fact was, Poll had begun to keep the Christmas the evening before, and treated herself to a few tumbler of hot punch, in the manufacture of which she had herself consumed the whole of Eily's sweets."

"G! me the money by-an'-by, when I'm goin' into town for the Christmas-candle, an' I'll buy it for you, itself an' the tax."

"But I have no money, Poll."

"No money, inagh? An' isn't it upon yourself we're depending this way to get in the things again to-morrow, a Christmas Day?"

"Well, I have not a farthing."

"Didn't you tell me yourself, the other day, you had a half-crown keepin' for me agin' Hansel Monday?"

"Ill! Is it upon a penny a week you think I'd live?" returned the girl, who was beginning to form no very exalted idea of her companion's intellect.

"Do you live with your mistress?"

"No, I live with my old father. We have a spot o' ground beyant for the piatees. Sometimes I dig it; but mostly the young boys o' the place comes and digs it for us on a Sunday or a holiday morning, an' I stick in the seed."

"And is it for the sake of the father or the daughter they take that trouble?"

"For the sake, I b'lieve of the Almighty that made 'em both. Signs on, they have our prayers, night an' morning."

"Is your father quite helpless?"

"Oyeh! long from it. He's a turner; he makes little boxes and necklaces, and things that way, of the arbutus and the black oak of the Lakes, that he sells to the English, and other quollity people that comes to see them. But he finds it hard to get the timber, for none of it is allowed to be cut, and 'tis only wind-falls that he can take when the stormy season begins. Besides, there's more in the town of Killarney that outsells him. He makes but a poor hand of it, aither all."

"I wonder you have not got a sweetheart. You are very pretty and very good."

The girl gave a sidelong glance, and laughed so as to exhibit a set of teeth of the purest enamel. The look seemed to say: "Is that all you know about the matter?"

"Oyeh, I don't like 'em for men," she said with a half smiling, half coquetteish air; "they're deceivers an' rovers I believe the best o' 'em."

"Well, I wouldn't think that, now of that handsome young man in the check shirt, that nodded to you as we passed him awhile ago; he has an honest face."

The girl again laughed and blushed. "Why, then, I'll tell you," she said at length, seduced into a confidence.

"How is that?"

"Oh, then, he can't help it, poor fellow. Them boatman arn't allowed to drink anything while they're upon the Lakes, except at the stations; but then, to make up for that they all meet at night at a hall in town, where they stay dancing and drinking all night, till they spend whatever the quollity gives 'em in the day. Luke Kennedy (that's this boy) would like to save if he could, but the rest wouldn't pull an oar with him, if he didn't do as they do. So that's the way of it. And sometimes, after being up all night almost, you'll see 'em out again at the first light in the mornin'."

"Tis a pity the quollity would give 'em money at all, only have it laid out for 'em in some way that it would do 'em good. Luke Kennedy is a great fencer, I'm tould. Himself an' Myles Murphy, behind, are the best about the Lakes at the stick. Sure Luke taught fencin' himself, once. Did you ever hear o' the great guard he taught the boys about the place?"

Fame had not informed Eily of this circumstance.

"Well, I'll tell you it. He gave it out one Sunday upon some writing that was placed again the chared door, to have all the boys that worlarn to fence to come to him at such a place, an' he'd taich 'em a guard that would hinder 'em of ever being struck. Well, 'tis an admiration what a gathering he had before him. So when they wor all listenin', 'Boys,' says he, 'gettin' up on a table, an' lookin' around him—'boys, the guard I have to give ye, that'll save ye from all sorts o' strokes, is this—to keep a civil tongue in yer head at all times. Do that,' says he, 'an' I'll be bail ye never'll get a stroke.' Well, you never seen people wonder so much, nor look so foolish as they did since the hour you wor born."

"Twas a good advice."

"And that's a thing Luke knew how to give better than he'd take. I hardly spake to him at all now myself."

"Why so?"

"Oh! he knows himself. He wanted me a while ago to marry him, and to part my ould father."

"And you refused?" said Eily blushing a conscious crimson.

"I hardly spoke to him after. He'd be the handsome Luke Kennedy, indeed, if he'd make me part the poor ould man that way, an' my mother dead, an' he having no one else but myself to do a ha'p'orth for him. What could I expect if I done it? If Luke likes me, let him come and show it by my father; if not, there's more girls in the place, an' he's welcome to pick his choice for Mary."

Every word of this speech felt like a burning coal upon the heart of Eily. She paused a moment in deep emotion and then addressed her companion:—

"You are right, Mary—you are very right. Let nothing—let no man's love tempt you to forget your duty to your father. Oh! you don't know, much as you love him, what thoughts you would have, if you were to leave him, as you say. Let nothing tempt you to it. You would neither have luck, nor peace, nor comfort; and if your husband should be unkind to you, you could not turn to him again for consolation. But I need not be talking to you; you are a good girl, and more fit to give me advice, than to listen to any I can offer you."

From this moment Eily did not open her lips to her companion until they arrived in Castle Island. The Christmas candles were already lighted in every cottage and Eily determined to defer seeing her uncle until the following morning.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOW EILY FARED IN HER EXPEDITION.

After a sharp and frosty morning, the cold sun of the Christmas noon found Father Edward O'Connor seated in his little parlor before a cheerful turf fire. A small table was laid before it, and decorated with a plain breakfast, which the fatigues of the forenoon rendered not a little acceptable. The sun shone directly in the window, dissolving slowly away the fantastic foliage of frost-work, upon the window-panes, and flinging its shadow on the boarded floor. The reverend host sat himself in a meditative posture, near the fire, awaiting the arrival of some fresh eggs, over the cookery of which Jim, the clerk, presided in the kitchen. His head was drooped a little; his eyes fixed upon the burning fuel, his feet stretched out and crossed, and the small bulky volume in which he had been reading his daily office, half closed in his right hand, with a finger left between the leaves to mark the place. No longer a pale and secluded student, Father Edward now presented the appearance of a healthy man, with a face hardened by frequent exposure to the winds of midnight and morn, and with a frame made firm and vigorous by unceasing exercise. His eye, moreover, had acquired a certain character of severity which was more than qualified by a nature of the tenderest benevolence.

On the table, close to the small tray which held his simple equipage, was placed a linen bag, containing in silver the amount of his Christmas offerings. They had been paid him on the morning in crowns, half-crowns and shillings, at the parish chapel. And Father Edward on this occasion had returned thanks to his parishioners for their liberality—the half-yearly compensation for all his toils and exertions, his sleepless nights and restless days, amounting to no less a sum than thirteen pounds fourteen shillings.

"Tis an admiration, sir," said Jim, the clerk, as he entered, clad in a suit of Father Edward's rusty black, laid the eggs upon the tray and moved back to a decorous distance from the table—"tis an admiration what a sight o' people is abroad in the kitchen, money huntin'."

"Didn't I tell 'em the last time that I never would pay a bill upon a Christmas Day again?"

"That's the very thing I said to 'em, sir. But 'tis the answer they made me, that they came a long distance, and 'twould cost 'em a day more, if they were obliged to be coming again to-morrow."

Father Edward, with a countenance of perplexity and chagrin removed the top of the egg, while he cast a glance alternately at the bag and at his clerk. "It is a hard case, Jim," he said at last, "that they will not allow a man even the satisfaction of retaining so much

money in his possession for a single day, and amuse himself by fancying it his own. I suspect I am doomed to be no more than a mere agent to this thirteenth pounds after all; to receive and pay it away in a breath."

"Just what I was thinking myself, sir," said Jim, tossing his head.

"Well, I suppose I must not cost the poor fellows a day's work, however, Jim, if they have come such a distance. That would be a little pharisaical, I fear."

Jim did not understand this word, but he bowed, as if he would say: "Whatever your reverence says must be correct."

"Who are they, Jim?" resumed the clergyman.

"There's Luke Scanlan, the shoemaker, for your boots, sir; and Kearney, the blacksmith, for shoeing the pony; and Miles-na-Coppalen, as they call him, for the price o' the little crathur; and the printer for your reverence's subscription to the Kerry Luninary; an' Rawley, the carpenter, for the repairs o' the althar, an'—"

"Hut, tut! he must settle with the parishioners. But the others—let me see. Shoeing myself, fifteen shillings; shoeing my pony, thirteen, four sets. Well, the price of the 'little crathur' as you say, seven pounds ten (and she's well worth it); and, lastly, the newspaper man, two pounds."

"But not lastly, intirely," said Jim, "for there's the tailor—"

"Sixteen and three pence. Jim, Jim, that will be a great reduction on the thirteen pound fourteen."

"Just what I was thinking of myself, sir," said the clerk.

"But I suppose they must have their money. Well, bring me their bills, and let them all write and settled at the bottom."

Exit Jim.

"Here they are all, sir," he said, returning with a parcel of soiled and crumpled papers in his hand; "and Myles Murphy says that the agreement about the pony was seven pounds ten an' a glass of whisky, an' that he never knew a morning, he'd sooner give your reverence a resate for it than a frosty one like this."

"Let him have it, Jim. That was an item in the bargain which had slipped my memory. An' as you are giving it to him, take the bottle and threaten them all round. They have a cold road before them."

"Tis what I thought myself, sir," said Jim.

Father Edward emptied the bag of silver and counted it into several shillings, the amount of all the bills. When he had done so, he took in one hand the few shillings that remained, threw them into the empty bag, tossed his head, Jim, the clerk, jingled them a little, smiled, and smiled, and tossed his head in sympathy.

"It's aiser emptied than filled, please your reverence," said Jim, with a short sigh.

"If it were not for the honor and dignity of it," thought Father Edward after his clerk once more left the room, "my humble curacy at St. John's were preferable to this extensive charge in so dreary a peopled wilderness. Quiet lodgings, a civil landlady, regular hours of discipline, and the society of my oldest friends: what was there in these that could be less desirable than a cold small house on a mountain-side, total exclusion from the company of my equals, and a fearful increase of responsibility? Did the cause of preference lie in the distinction between the letters V.P., and P.P.; and the pleasure of paying away thirteen pounds fourteen shillings at Christmas? Oh, world! world! world! You are a great stage-coach, with fools for outside passengers; a huge round lump of earth, on the surface of which men seek for peace, but find it only when they sink beneath. Would I not give the whole thirteen pounds fourteen at this moment, to sit once more in my accustomed chair in that small room, with the noise of the street just dying away as the evening fell, and my poor little Eily reading to me from the window, as of old, as innocent, as happy, and as dutiful as then! Ah, Eily, Eily! you deceived me! Well, well! Old Mihil says I am too ready to preach patience to him. I must try and practise it myself."

At this moment the parlor door opened again, and Jim once more thrust in his head.

"A girl, sir, that's abroad, an' would want to see you, if you please."

"Who is she? What does she want? Confession, I suspect."

"Just what I was thinking of myself, sir."

"Oh! why didn't she go to the chapel yesterday, where I was sitting until ten at night?"

"It's the very thing I said to her myself, sir, and she had no answer to make, only wanting to see you."

"Who is she? Don't you know her even by sight?"

"No, sir, in regard she keeps her head down, and her handkerchief to

we have o' pedooos I 'quon her peep underneath, but if I stooped low, she stooped lower, an' left me just as wise as I was in the beginnin'."

(To be continued.)

SATISFIED MOTHERS.

When sales are large and increasing, when customers are satisfied to the extent of continuing to buy the same remedy, then it must be admitted that the remedy has real merit.

Baby's Own Tablets occupy this enviable position. Mothers having once tried them seldom fail to duplicate the order—no other remedy for children can truly claim as much. Concerning the Tablets Mr. C. W. Strader, (general dealer), North Williamsburg, Ont., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets have a large sale, and every purchaser is more than satisfied. We use them for our baby and have found them all that is claimed for them."

Baby's Own Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and all the minor ills of little ones. They make baby bright, active and happy and a joy to the home. Sold by druggists or will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Protestant Minister's Views.

"Lessons From Our Neighbors, the Roman Catholics," was the title of a sermon preached in Union Church, Boston, on June 7, by Rev. Samuel Lane Loomis. It would be well if Protestant ministers in our city were imbued with the same spirit. Rev. Mr. Lane said:—

"Roman Catholics," he said, "are sometimes judged very harshly by Protestants. The majority of them are immigrants or the children of immigrants, and it is not to the discredit, but to the glory of the Catholic Church that she has obtained so powerful a hold on these humble followers of Christ. Again, we must not judge any faith by its poorest, but rather by its best members. \* \* \* Can there be any question to-day among Catholics of loyalty to our country? Consider the parish priest who gives himself night and day to the welfare of his people; consider the tender and beautiful ministrations of the Sisters of Charity. Among our servants of this faith are there not evidences of real devoutness and genuine piety, as well as of integrity, faithfulness and loving kindness, such as can come only from a real faith in a loving God?"

"One great virtue in our Roman Catholic neighbors is that of reverence. They are a reverent people. There is nothing we Americans need more than reverence. Nothing seems sacred to us. We laugh, jest and joke at the most serious matters of life, and we shall do well to imitate our Roman Catholic friends.

"Another thing they have is an immense sense of the worth of religion. They are willing to make great sacrifices for it, and often Church took on the common people, churches are crowded to the doors. They believe in their religion. I used to wonder at the hold which this church took on the common people, and I came to the conclusion that it offers them something substantial. They feel that the church which can remit their sins is worth coming to. People say that they compound for their sins; but that is not the case and is not what is meant by an indulgence. The lowliest and humblest even may rise until he sits in the seat of St. Peter. Side by side in this Church the wealthiest and the lowliest kneel in prayer before the altar.

"Instead, therefore, of regretting the presence of that Church, in our community, we ought to rejoice. It is a conservative influence in this city and throughout the country, and one I rejoice in. If the Protestant Church, with its splendid start and advantages, cannot hold its own, it ought not to. If with all their disadvantages the Roman Catholics can get ahead of us and win America, they ought to have it."

GREAT CATHOLIC BANK.

The Catholic Banking Company of Mexico is the name of a new company formed in Mexico with a capital of \$6,000,000. The object of the company is to establish banks in the Republic for the exclusive use of Catholic priests and clergymen.

# A Lumber Camp Story

Should it ever be your privilege to be a guest at a timber estimator's camp in the deep Canadian forest, ask the estimator to allow you a look into his log-book. If he thinks you are worthy of the favor, he will hand you his diary and you will find its contents as entertaining as any romance.

The work of the timber estimator always has a picturesque setting; it is always dramatic and adventurous; the estimator's life is such a life as primal men must have led in the red dawn of the morning of the world. The estimator himself is invariably an iron man with a body trained to endure the most rigorous conditions, and a strong and acute mind.

This story is a detail from an estimator's life, and it was told to me one evening last summer. . . . I thought the old lumberman was recalling his youth and thinking of the old age that was stealing upon him, grey and chill, like the winter dawn, for I knew that the white hairs in his beard filled him with bitter melancholy; so I asked him if he saw in the tree's fate a gloomy shadowing of his own destiny and that of every living thing upon the earth.

"No, my boy," he answered, "I was thinking of what happened the last time I saw that tree five months ago. I entered the dry bones of the story in my diary, but I haven't got the diary here, of course. . . . Last winter, Spalding (the walking-boss) sent Louis Renault and me up here to make a close estimate of the timber in this limit.

"I want you to estimate every white pine standing within the boundary lines which Langton ran last summer," said the walking-boss, "and put an axe-mark on every tree that will make square timber. We want to know what we've got up there, within a thousand feet."

"Of course that meant weeks of hard traveling but the snowshoeing was good and we were allowed to hire two Indians to make camp and cook and haul the flat sleds. . . . We traveled together from Wanosing to that valley down there and we separated at that old dead pine. Renault and his Indian went east and I went west with my Indian. When we had finished our work we were to meet at the dead pine, and travel back to Wanosing together.

"The weather was very cold; there was no crust on the snow; there were very few red deer and the wolves were very numerous and very hungry.

"Every afternoon when the twilight greyed down to inky darkness and our camp fire flickered in the spruces and the ghostly rays of the Northern Lights shook on the purple sky above the pine-tops, we heard the baying of a wolf-pack following our snowshoe tracks toward the camp, and a little later the gray devils would approach the fire closer than I had ever known wolves to come before. They would remain until morning just outside the circle of firelight, sniffling, snarling and raising their long muzzles at intervals to send a full-throated chorus shivering through the sleeping woods.

"Their eyes reflected the light, and we fired many shots at the brutes, aiming between the shining eyes. When the shot missed, the wolves drew back a few yards but returned within a few minutes. When a wolf was killed or wounded the other leaped upon him and devoured him, leaving only his well-picked bones upon the crimsoned snow. . . . The proportion of bullets that hit was one to every ten, for it is very difficult to shoot straight in the darkness.

"For three weeks we traveled through that part of the limit and when I had finished my work, an interlacement of snowshoe trails criss-crossed the snow, showing how thoroughly I had done my work. . . . In all my experience I never saw better pine. It was magnificent. The great trees stood up in perfect alignment; the branches began forty or fifty feet from the ground; and except where spruces huddled between, the immense trunks gave the impression of great columns holding up the dark roof of a mighty temple, the sanctuary of strange mysteries and inviolate silence.

"I finished estimating at noon on the first of February, and we started for the valley of the big dead pine that afternoon. Renault was full of energy; I knew he would use all the hours of daylight until his job was finished, and as I knew there was less timber in his part of the

limit than in mine I expected to find him camped beside the dead pine waiting for me.

"From where he boiled the pot at noon it was twenty-five miles to the valley but that is not a long afternoon's walk for two hardened woodsmen when the snowshoeing is good.

"Mile after mile we swung along through the dusky aisles of the ancient forest with the sagging shuffle of snowshoe walkers. It was very cold and very still. Only the rasping of our snowshoe frames on the granulated snow and the loud snapping of freezing trees broke the silence.

"At five o'clock we stopped on the shore of an unnamed lake to eat our supper.

"As the blue shadows stretched out over the snow toward the east and the sun hid his red inflamed face behind the woods on the opposite shore, and the daylight dimmed to darkness, and the full moon glowed among the flashing stars, the inky shadows of the great trees blotted the snow. When we went on across the lake and into the woods on the farther shore the moon silvered the snow and threw our grotesque shadows ahead of us, and the shadows capered and danced as we trotted.

"When we were within half a mile of the valley and descending the hillside at a swinging trot the hunting chorus of a wolf pack rang like a carillon of silver bells from the top of the spruce-covered hill that rose in a dark mass against the purple sky across the valley.

"When we shambled into the valley I expected to see Renault's campfire twinkling, but no red light shown among the scattered clumps of tamarack and spruce, and I felt a touch of disappointment. White in the moon-glare, the great dead pine thrust its tall spire into the sky and its single skeleton arm pointed toward the east.

"A few minutes later we came to the edge of the brule in the middle of which the dead pine stands and with a great start of surprise I saw that a man stood with his back to the trunk, to which apparently he was bound. We shouted and the man, whooped joyously in answer. I gave a gasp of amazement, for I recognized Renault's familiar voice.

"In the next moment the wolf-pack bayed deeply from the bottom of the hill on the other side of the valley, and a chill passed over my body. Bending on our snowshoes, we raced with desperate energy towards Renault. When we were within twenty-five yards of him the wolves, giving tongue fiercely, leaped out of the shadow of the tamaracks on the farther edge of the brule.

"As we bounded up to the tree, I wondered what grim tragedy had happened. The snow about the tree was trodden and stamped with moccasin tracks and snowshoe marks, and spattered with blood. Within a few yards lay the dead body of Renault's Indian, and the freezing corpse of a strange Indian was stretched at Renault's feet. An axe with frozen flakes of blood on its blade lay between the dead men, and the fresh snowshoe trail of several men led away westward. Renault was un hurt, but he was tied most securely to the trunk with strips of green moose-skin.

"My Indian, Michigan, Shegaug, drew his buffalo knife and quickly cut the things. With a happy cry of gladness and relief Renault sprang away from the tree-trunk and snatched up the axe with the bloody blade. The wolves were close. Shegaug and I tossed our rifles to our shoulders and emptied the magazines. Shegaug is a good shot and I can shoot straight myself in daylight. But the wolves were approaching with flying leaps and the moonlight is very deceptive. Only two wolves were hit; four escaped the flock of bullets and sprang at us, answering the shrill-tongued rifles with short barks.

"The fight lasted less than a minute. Renault jumped forward as the wolves closed in, and the pack-leader bounded at his throat with bared fangs. Renault's axe swept upward and downward; the blade sunk into the brute's neck; the gray body thudded heavily on the snow; Renault wrenched the dripping blade from the wound; the wolf writhed convulsively at his feet, then lay with twitching body while the blood spouted from the deep bite of the red axe. Renault stepped back with a grim smile and stood leaning on his axe; he had done his part.

"Michigawn Shegaug dropped his empty rifle and pulled his buffalo knife from its sheath just as a big she-wolf leaped up at him with a fierce snarl. Shegaug side-stepped and the beast's jaws clashed together. The Indian's long arm shot out sideways; the ten-inch blade of his knife flashed downward as the wolf dropped to the snow at the end of her sprang, and Shegaug drove the big knife to the hilt into the animal's shoulder. At the same moment one of the two wolves that were left sprang at me and I crush-

ed its skull with my rifle-butt. The other wolf halted and stood hesitant a moment, but when Renault, with a yell, moved toward it swinging up his axe it turned and galloped away.

"Then we made camp and cooked and ate supper, and afterward, while Shegaug skinned the dead wolves beside the fire, Renault told me his story in detail.

"I will give you the outlines of the story and you can fill them in yourself if you are imaginative.

"He had finished his work two days before, and he and his Indian, who was an O-jeeb-way from Rainy Lake, had started for the valley. When they arrived there they found an Indian camp close to the big dead pine. It was Renault's opinion that these Indians were Al-gon-kins from the Abitibi district who had been run out of that part of the country for good reasons by their own people and the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. These Al-gon-kins desired to possess the repeating rifles and the tent and blankets and bacon and flour and tea of Renault and his O-jeeb-way. So that evening, following the simple primal rule, 'he takes who has the power, he keeps who can,' they had obtained possession of these things. Renault's O-jeeb-way, a hard fighter, had been killed in the fracas; also one Al-gon-kin. Two other Al-gon-kins had been badly hurt. When Renault was overcome, he was bound to the trunk of the dead pine and the Al-gon-kins broke camp and his trail. But before they tramped away their head man made a birch-bark horn, the kind of horn that is used for calling moose in autumn, and setting it to his lips, he imitated the howl of a wolf, and kept repeating it until a pack of wolves answered him from beyond the hills. Fifteen minutes later the Al-gon-kins were a mile away; we were trotting down the hillside towards the valley; the eager-footed wolves were stringing over the top of the opposite hill. It was a narrow escape for Renault, eh? That adventure will not soon pass from his memory, eh?"—Field and Stream.

## Conference of Educationalists.

We learn that Rev. Father Emery, O.M.I., rector of Ottawa University, has received an invitation, from the committee of the Allied Colonial universities, to attend their conference and dinner, in London, England, on the 9th and 10th of July next. The committee, of which the Premier, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour is chairman, includes Sir Michael Foster, Secretary of the Royal Society; Sir N. Rucker, Principal of London University; Rt. Hon. R. B. Haldane, M.P.; Sir Gilbert Parker, and Mr. Kinlock of Cook's Mount, London, the secretary. At the conference, among other things, the question of co-ordination among universities of the empire will come up for discussion. Rev. Father Emery will be accompanied by Professor Stockley, who goes to visit Ireland.

## Patent Report.

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

- Nos. 79,716—Paul L. T. Heroult, La Praz, (Savoie), France, electric furnace.
- 80,059—Leonard F. Cowey, London, Eng., weighing apparatus.
- 80,111—James Crabtree, Birkenhead, Eng., improvements in or connected with refrigerating chambers.
- 80,619—L. C. H. Charrier, Vendome (Loir-et-Cher), France, wood carving machine.
- 80,621—Alf. Geo. Floyd, Gladstone, Tasmania, Australia, apparatus for playing games adapted to cultivate the observation and memory.
- 80,680—Christian Esser, Wiener, Austria, method and apparatus for the production of half stuff from peat turf.
- 81,086—J. H. & W. C. Quiggin, Liverpool, Eng., table tennis nets.
- 81,219—Hermann Claassen, Dormagen, Prussia, Germany, separating sugar from syrup, molasses, etc.

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**SUPERIOR COURT.**  
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,  
District of Montreal.  
Dame Edwige Martineau, of the parish of St. Leonard-Port-Maurice, in the District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Stanislas Corbell, farmer of the same place, duly authorized for the purpose hereof by a judge of the Superior Court of this district, has this day instituted an action for separation of property against her said husband.  
Montreal, June 16th, 1903.  
BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend of eight dollars and a bonus of two dollars per share of the capital stock of this institution have been declared, and the same will be payable at its banking house in this city on and after Thursday, the 2nd day of July, 1903.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th of June, both days inclusive.  
By order of the Board.  
A. P. LESPERANCE,  
Manager.  
Montreal, May 30th, 1903.

**Society Directory.**  
ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail, President, D. Aallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

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

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5, Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice O. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Cahill, Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansy.

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

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. McKenna, Rev. President; W. F. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jas. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

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; Chancellor, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording-Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial-Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. E. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.