

## DIOCESE OF SAULT STE. MARIE.

### Consecration of Bishop Scollard at Peterborough— An Impressive Ceremony.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Rev. D. J. Scollard, the first Bishop of the new Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie, was duly consecrated as its spiritual head in St. Peter's Cathedral last Friday. The impressive ceremony, which was witnessed by hundreds, lasted four hours. Bishop Scollard is a Peterboro County boy and was stationed there for five years previous to going to North Bay. There were about 80 bishops and priests in attendance. Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston, officiated as consecrator, his assistants being Bishop O'Connor, Peterboro, and Bishop Lorrain, Pembroke. Bishop McEvoy of London preached the consecration sermon. Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, Archbishop Begin of Quebec, Bishop Gabriels, Ogdensburg; Bishop McDonald, Alexandria; Bishop Emard, Valleyfield, Que., and Bishop Racicot, Montreal, were also present. In the afternoon the clergy of Peterboro Diocese presented the new Bishop with an appreciative address and a purse of money. The priests of the new diocese gave him a handsome crozier, Father Langlois, Sturgeon Falls, reading an address in French. Bishop Scollard will visit his old home in Ennismoretown, and to-day returns to North Bay, where he will be accorded a big public reception.

The new diocese was formed by the division of Peterboro diocese, and extends from North Bay to Rainy River. It contains a Catholic population of about 27,000, with 35 priests and 64 churches, and with Sault Ste. Marie as the cathedral city.

#### CONSECRATION SERMON.

The consecration sermon delivered by His Lordship Bishop McEvoy, of London, was one of those oratorical pronouncements for which His Lordship is noted. He spoke from St. John 14:16, "Ask the Father and He will give you the Holy Ghost, who will abide with you forever." The words, he said, were uttered by the Divine Saviour on the solemn Thursday night before His Passion. He had given His disciples to understand that he was soon about to depart from them and sorrow filled their hearts. But the gentle Master spoke to them in words of wisdom, consolation and love, and called them His friends, His children, His chosen ones, and assured them that He would not leave them orphans, but send the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, who would grant them blessed peace. On that solemn occasion He also impressed them with the great antagonism that existed between them and what He called the world—not the world of literature, science, art, the progress of which the Church had always fostered—but the world opposed to the Church was the one referred to by St. John in which ruled the consciousness of the flesh, and of the eye, and the pride of life. "This was the world which would pass away, but 'he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.'" The Church had suffered persecution, but it had gone on since the days when Christ walked the earth, and it would continue until the end of time. The Kingdom of God was not of this world, but a spiritual kingdom, and all of the powers of hell could not prevail against it. The power commissioned by God to the soul of man was the Church, through which the immortal soul was saved and sanctified. The Holy Ghost, who was sent from heaven, became the soul of the church and the Apostles were filled with the Spirit. The Church was the visible kingdom of Christ.

#### NOT EMPTY CEREMONY.

His Lordship stated that the ceremony witnessed that morning was not an empty one. In merely installing the new bishop with the usual robes and insignia of office was not sought only to make an impression on the hearts and souls of the people, teaching them respect for the dignity of the hierarchy. It was

not for such reason that prelates had assembled. The purpose was a higher and holier one—supernatural and divine. Besides his legitimate appointment a bishop must also be endowed with power from God. Therefore the Archbishop and his assistants impose hands and the Holy Spirit descends upon the soul of the chosen one, and sanctifies still more a soul already sanctified. The speaker explained the significance of the chrism, the mitre, the ring and the crozier, and pointed to the commission which Christ gave to the Apostles.—All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth to preach the gospel—go ye therefore teaching all nations in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. It was a wonderful and mighty commission, and no human power could ever fulfil it. The power of the Holy Ghost accompanied the commission, and the apostles were the witnesses unto the whole world.

The Church had ever been faithful in complying with the divine commission. Bishops had been consecrated and sent to all the nations, and it would be so to the end of time. She had come down to the present day as fair, and fresh and full of vigor and the spirit of God as in the early ages of Christianity. The speaker thanked God that in this fair and vigorous country of Canada, the Catholics were among the first nations in their devotion to the Holy See, the centre of all unity. Much heroic work had here been accomplished under the guidance and blessing of the Holy Church, and the magnificent heritage which had been handed down was an everlasting credit to the priests and people and there was here a grand example of devotion to the See of Peter.

In the consecration of the new Bishop to the new diocese, there was presented an evidence and assurance of continued good work. The speaker referred to a pleasing coincidence. It was on the Feast of St. Matthias, 1874, that the late Bishop Jamot was consecrated as Bishop Apostolic to Canada and fixed his place of residence as Sault Ste. Marie. Many would remember how he became Bishop of Peterborough in 1881, and would recall with gratitude, pleasure and pride, the great man's zeal, energy, self-sacrifice and devotion to God. In 1887 His Lordship Bishop Dowling took charge and continued the work for two years. His successor, His Lordship Bishop O'Connor, had long borne the burden and heat of the day, in season and out of season, laboring to keep pace with the rapid development of that country forming the new See, as well as building up churches and stations forming the diocese. The new Bishop succeeded worthy prelates in the Church of God. It was a high honor to be called to the position of Bishop, becoming an ambassador of Christ, a pontiff chosen among men to perform things which pertained to God. But while a Bishop received many honors his position was, as St. Augustine said, very laborious and also dangerous. It was necessary for him as a protector of the lambs of the fold to know well the great eternal truths, and the speaker emphasized the necessity for highest realization of the fact that education without religion could not properly be called such, and it was his duty to oppose all influences which tended to separate the one from the other, thus robbing the little ones of their rights.

#### CITIZENSHIP.

His Lordship stated that a Bishop did not cease to become a citizen. If the history of Canada proves anything, it proves clearly that among the best and most loyal citizens of the country were the Bishops of the Catholic Church. He necessarily becomes an object of hatred to the prince of darkness, yet he knew not the spirit of fear, but ever continued zealous in the promotion of all good work.

#### THE NEW BISHOP.

Referring to the new Bishop, the speaker said that he was no stranger here, but had been born and brought up in the neighboring parish of Ennismore, and three years of his priestly life were spent in Peterboro. He was then sent to the parish of North Bay, where he had labored with great zeal and success up to the present time, and now he had been given a wider and more difficult field as a Bishop of God's Church. With devotion to the ministry, his knowledge of the needs of the people, his entire reliance upon the providence of God, he would accomplish great things in the future as he had in the past. While the office of Bishop was necessarily a difficult one, all would admit that it became doubly difficult when beginning in a new See. It was not easy to lay broad and deep the foundation and to build up institutions with slender resources. Yet it was God's work, and He would make the burden light and would help the new Bishop when the storms of difficulty beat across his path.

#### RECEPTION OF FRIENDS.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock Bishop Scollard held an informal reception of his friends in the vestry. Amongst those present were his father and mother, two brothers and two sisters. The parents of the new Bishop, though of course delighted at the honor that had come to their son, bore themselves without any exterior marks of elevation. The father, a respected farmer of the neighborhood, has the simple and direct manner which is always admirable, and the mother, despite the fact that she has a son old enough to be a bishop, still retains the dark auburn hair and medium figure of a woman in early life. After the kissing of the ring and a few words amongst the old friends, the scene was transferred to the church, where the addresses were received and replies given. A beautiful address from the priests of Peterborough Diocese was most impressively read by Rev. Father Keilty of Douro, in whose church Bishop Scollard had received his first lessons in catechism.

An address was also read from admirers representing the Knights of Columbus in Ottawa, Toronto and elsewhere. The following signatures were appended, and most of their owners took part in the presentation: Hon. C. Fitzpatrick, Hon. John Costigan, Hon. F. R. Latchford, Chas. McCool, M.P.; Nipissing; M. J. Gorman, K.C.; M. P. Davis, Ottawa; Chas. Murphy, Ottawa; Chev. John Henry, Ottawa; J. R. McCann, M. J. Haney, Toronto; W. Power, M.P., and Thomas Murphy, ex-M.P. This address, read by Hon. John Costigan, was accompanied by a handsome pectoral cross and chain of gold studded with jewels. In replying to this address His Lordship seemed almost overwhelmed, and said that in their desire to do honor to the dignity that had come to him, they had invested his humble person with the virtues and gifts which rightly belonged to the office.

#### SENATOR SCOTT IS 80.

Last Friday was the 80th anniversary of the birth of Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State and leader of the Senate. The Liberal Senators took advantage of the occasion and presented Mr. Scott with a piece of silver, on which was a suitable inscription. About fifteen minutes before the Senate met in the afternoon Senator Templeman came along with the Secretary of State from the Cabinet meeting, and brought Mr. Scott in the direction of the Speaker's chambers, where they were met by the committee that had charge of the presentation. Senator Casgrain was chairman of the committee. The presentation took place in the speaker's chambers. Mr. Scott, in accepting the large silver loving cup, the gift of the Senators, thanked them for their thoughtfulness, and for their kind and generous expressions towards him.

#### PERSONAL.

Rev. Fathers O'Meara, F.P., St. Gabriel's, and Casey, F.P., St. Agnes, returned on Friday evening from a trip south.

## D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

Ottawa, Feb. 25th.

At the meeting of the D'Youville Reading Circle last Tuesday evening, the regular study of Oxford was resumed. The University reached the turning point in its history in the 19th century, which saw the beginning of the tractarian movement. A few notes were made on the most important men connected with the movement, and before continuing the study, it was considered not inappropriate to relate the story of the legendary beginning of Oxford, as told in Montalambert's Monks of the West. No country is richer in legends than England, for she has preserved them through all her religious changes and some of them are exceedingly interesting. The story relating to the birth of Oxford, though legendary, is no fairy tale, but a proof of the grand work woman has accomplished in all ages for the advancement of Christianity and civilization.

Far back in the latter half of the 7th century, when England was divided into little kingdoms, there lived a beautiful and saintly princess, named Frideswida, the daughter of the King of Wessex. This princess was deeply loved by Prince Algar, who was also of Wessex. In those days love-making was a very strenuous affair, and Algar was a determined young man. Frideswida, whose thoughts were turned towards a life of solitude and prayer, was also determined, and one day she seized an opportunity to escape from both father and lover. Getting into an open boat, she rowed ten miles up the Thames until she reached a spot of enchanting loveliness. It was a grove of noble oaks around and above which was twined and draped the beautiful ivy of England in such a way as to form a safe and sequestered shelter. At least so the princess thought in her delight. The ivy seemed to have been hitherto unknown and unappreciated save by those interesting quadrupeds that revel on acorns, and by their owners, but after all it was only ten miles from Wessex, and before very long Algar and his suite, who had set in pursuit, discovered her. In this extremity she had recourse to her favorite saints, Catherine and Cecilia, and lo! there was a miracle. The prince and all his followers were suddenly stricken with blindness, and terrified, they left the princess in peace. In time her father became reconciled to her new way of life, and being very wealthy, she built an abbey which she enriched and beautified. Soon many other noble and holy women came to share in her life of prayer and study, and Frideswida reigned as abbess until her death in 739.

The site of this famous abbey was Oxford, the Abbey itself was the real beginning of the Christ Church College of to-day, and its beautiful old church still remains as the cathedral. In the thirteenth century the abbey was taken over by a chapter of canons, at which time it took the name of Christ Church. In the sixteenth century, when Cardinal Wolsey was at the height of his power, he wished to make it the most beautiful college in the world. It was then known as "Cardinal College." The tomb of the sainted Abbess, which is still to be seen here, was unfortunately desecrated in Elizabeth's time, but during the reign of Anne it was externally restored.

Owing to the fear inspired by the miracle that deprived Prince Algar and his followers of their sight, the legend tells us that for long no English King dared visit Oxford. It was not till Henry III.'s time that royalty was seen within its precincts, and the chapter of accidents that marked that reign was ascribed to the King's temerity in trespassing there. Of course, the superstition has long passed away and Oxford is now as safe for royalty as for the lesser ones. His Majesty Edward VII. was one of the pupils entered there in the year 1859, and left behind a reputation for diligence and exemplary conduct. It is interesting to note what a number of great men Christ Church College has given to the world. It may be called a sort of mother house. Here the

famous Dr. Pusey lived and reigned as rector of the Cathedral, and preached from its pulpit. Sir Philip Sydney, Ben Jonson, Locke, Sir Robert Peel and Lord Elgin are among the most conspicuous of those who have graduated from its halls. Before bringing the study of this great centre of learning to a close, it seemed but fitting to give St. Frideswida credit for her share in the work, and to show that not now alone, but at all times it has been "woman's age."

In summing up current events, the East, of course, was centre of interest, though other places too came in for their share of attention, it being a noteworthy period in the history of most nations. The Oriental study, as usual, occupied the latter part of the evening, and the fifth book of the story of Buddha, which relates his great renunciation, was begun by Miss Beatrice Hodgeson.

In preparation for the lecture on the 27th on the Gaelic revival, some notes were made on the subject. Some statistics were read showing how swiftly the study of the Irish language is spreading. The number of schools teaching the language has increased in a short time from about one hundred to one thousand four hundred. Irish is not a dead language, for some one has been always speaking it, and so it has been kept alive, unlike the Latin and Greek. The most enthusiastic lovers of Ireland do not expect or hope to have it take the place anywhere of English, but it possesses a glorious literature, and to understand that literature as it deserves to be understood, it is necessary to know the language in which it is written. People study Latin, Greek and Hebrew, why not Gaelic?

The next meeting will be on March 7th.

MARGUERITE.

#### "GALWAY LAW."

To be Presented by St. Ann's Young Men's Society on St. Patrick's Day.

The members of the dramatic section of St. Ann's Young Men's Society are busily engaged in putting the finishing touches on the drama which they are to stage at the Monument National, during the afternoon and evening on St. Patrick's Day. The title of the play is "Galway Law." Its story recounts scenes of valor and patriotism and presents a phase of Irish character which is calculated to arouse the sympathies of all lovers of freedom.

The musical features incidental to the drama which have been arranged by the well known and talented organist of St. Ann's Church, Prof. P. J. Shea, it may be said, are bright and new, and will be rendered by well known soloists and a chorus of acknowledged rank in local musical circles.

The immediate supervision of the production will be under Mr. Ed. Varney, who has for some weeks directed the rehearsals. His technical knowledge of staging a play and in arousing enthusiasm amongst the members of a cast have been many times exemplified in the past.

Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., the zealous director of the Society, is most interested in the coming production, and says it will be one of the best efforts put forth by the organization since its foundation.

The afternoon performance will begin at 2.30 o'clock, and in the evening the curtain rises at 8.15.

The plan of reserved seats is now open at Mr. T. O'Connell's store, corner of Ottawa and Murray streets (Phone M. 3833), and already a large number of seats have been taken. There is no doubt that Rev. Father Strubbe and his patriotic boys of St. Ann's will be greeted with a large audience at both performances.

There is enough of grief  
To mar the years;  
Be mine a sunny leaf,  
Untouched by tears.

No sermon mine to preach  
Save happiness;  
No lesson mine to teach  
Save joy to bless.

—Frank D. Sherman.

## IRELAND'S PRINCELY FRIEND.

Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli  
Celebrates His Silver  
Jubilee

In the chapel of St. Francesca Romana, on the Feast of the Purification in 1880, took place the episcopal consecration of Vincenzo Vannutelli as Bishop of Palestrina. On February 2 of this year occurred His Eminence's silver jubilee, the occasion being taken for a universal demonstration of good will and affection for the prelate who has earned the title of the Irish Cardinal in Curia.

Vannutelli, like his brother Serafino, is a child of the Sabine Hills. Here in a dreamy hamlet called Genazzano Vincenzo saw light in 1836, the boy's impressionable mind early becoming imbued with the traditions of ecclesiastical learning and piety, with which his birthplace had been associated for centuries. The Diocesan Seminary at Palestrina was the first academy to direct his course of studies. Here he remained some three years, passing with his brother Serafino, who was two years his senior, to the Capranica College at Rome. It was here the future Cardinal made his first acquaintance with Irish people, their characteristics, and traditions—an acquaintance which was to stand him in good stead in the years to follow. On his ordination in 1860 Vannutelli became Professor of Theology, a position he occupied till 1865, when he was appointed to join the suite of Monsignor Oreglia (now Cardinal doyen of the Curia), then Internunzio in Holland and Belgium. In 1867 he was transferred to Rome as secretary to the Cardinal Secretary of State. This position he occupied up to and during the fateful days of the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops and the retirement of the Pope within the walls of the Vatican.

On the accession of Leo XIII. to St. Peter's chair an era of church diplomacy was inaugurated, the policy of the great Pope being one of conciliation towards the Vatican among the powers of Europe. Vannutelli, the accomplished diplomat, here found his opportunity. Appointed first as Delegate Apostolic to the Porte, he represented the Vatican at the coronation of Nicholas at Moscow, passing on to Lisbon, where he was responsible for the successful issue of the disputed Patronato of the Portuguese in the East Indies. He returned to Rome to receive his Cardinal's hat, and was then entrusted by Leo with the difficult task of restoring amicable relations between St. Petersburg and the Curia, probably the greatest triumph of his diplomatic career.

Returning to Rome, Vannutelli became one of the Cardinals permanently in residence in the Eternal City, Irish social and ecclesiastical circles seeing much of him. So much, indeed, was his devotion to all Irish interests manifest that it was hardly surprising to find him the Vatican's representative at the inaugural ceremony of the new Cathedral of Armagh. His visit on this occasion to the Emerald Isle impressed him deeply; as before stated, he is known among his princely conferees as the "Cardinal Irlander"—the Irish Cardinal. The deep interest taken by Pius X. in Irish affairs and the progress of Ireland is almost wholly due to representations of Vannutelli of the conditions really existent in the Island of Saints. None is a more trusted adviser of the Pope than the Cardinal, the consequence being that Ireland has a very powerful friend at the Papal Court, and one who is as watchful of her material as he is attentive to her spiritual interests.

Love is an upward tendency of human nature. It is dignifying, ennobling; and, for that reason, it imposes upon individuals who experience it new obligations.—Dorothy Fenimore.

Let us live to-day and enjoy all its benefits. Let us live to-day, and be true to all its responsibilities. Let us live to-day, and use all the strength that we have to make this day the most complete day of our lives.—Evelyn Pickens.

# HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Laughter is so infectious. Going along the street the other day I was attracted by a crowd of jolly girls, the laughter of one in particular drawing my attention. As I gained on them I heard her remark: "I have to do all my laughing in the street or in some one else's house, for neither cannot stand it." Now, I fancy we must all agree on one point, and that is that a merry laugh is heavenborn and dispels all prejudice, ill-nature and all the other feelings we love to harbor deep down in our hearts. There is as much expression, if not more, in a laugh as in a smile, and though we may deceive by a smile we cannot by a laugh. The hollow ring is not pleasant to the ear. I felt sorry for the girl who could only give vent to her lightness of heart when not in her home, for there were those there who disliked laughter. Her life's brightness is being dwarfed and narrowed, and so on all her impulses until perhaps too soon there will be little left because so much had been thwarted.

## FASHIONS.

Apparently we are to have much clear brown and pongee color and mode, and the new hats show beautiful color shemes in the deep Havana or chestnut browns with yellows or dull orange tints and soft dull greens. Such colorings are used upon some hats of green straw or tulle in the soft olive shades, too gray to be vivid, too green to be dull, and the effect is exceedingly pleasing.

Much is done with braiding on the early spring models for street wear, and velvet, silk, satin, etc., enter into many unobtrusive forms of trimming. Little pipings, bias bands, tiny plisse frills of plaid silk or plain color, or of plain silk upon a checked or plaid frock, are again in evidence, but the smartest of the street frocks show a certain severity and the plain skirt, which has risen to favor during the winter, will probably retain its prestige.

Hand embroidery is as much in demand as ever for the trimming of everything from street frocks to evening frocks, but it adds so greatly to the price of a costume that only the few can gratify their liking for it. Those who go in for the fitted coat are wearing the tight-fitting automobiles, which greatly resemble the tight-fitting Newmarkets. They are absolutely snug to the figure and are so built that they button up tightly to the chin and cover the gown almost to the foot. It is difficult to make them smart looking, owing to their severity of style, but one can do a great deal with a boa or neck ruff.

The kilted skirt and all forms of the full skirt laid in regular plaits, which are stitched down over the hips, and flare below, have been somewhat overdone and generally adopted for ready-made costumes. The fastidious woman prefers something more individual, and the dress-makers contrive a host of little variations for her benefit.

One of the most exquisite of the new silks has a creamy ground, and over its surface at intervals of about six inches are inset baskets of lace, apparently woven in a set design. Falling from these lace baskets and scattered over the silk are flowers in soft colorings and blurred outlines. Exquisite as well as the very soft lustrous silks in pale, delicate shades with single long-stemmed blossoms faintly outlined in silver thread placed at intervals on its surface. A very delicate light green silk, for example, has a design of single long stemmed poppies delicately woven in silver.

Above all things, the button of 1905 is ornamental rather than useful. It is employed to give a finishing touch to an outdoor garment or to relieve the suggestion of somberness of a house gown or trim, like sequins or embroidery, the girdles and stocks of the hour.

Some charming coiffure ornaments have been recently introduced in the shape of velvet bows and upstanding ends like ears in exquisite shades of emerald, rose, copper or mauve, embroidered in crystals. Ospreys are likewise very fashionable for night

wear. A bunch of these is sometimes caught with a large button rosette of silver or gold cord and braid.

There is a certain charm about handmade aprons that makes them very acceptable as gifts. A pretty design consists of interlaced circles embroidered in pale yellow silk floss. In the left corner a monogram is embroidered, and ribbons to match the embroidery silk are sewed to the ends of the belt and tied in the back. Lawn, organdie, nainsook and crossbarred muslin are all suitable.

A new idea in trimmings consists of bands of tucked taffeta padded out to form a kind of thick roll. Another novelty is the embroidered tuck, which has a running or scroll device worked in fancy stitch on the material itself. It is very effective and adds richness and importance to a frock.

## TIMELY HINTS.

This is a good recipe for furniture paste: One and one-half ounce of beeswax, one and one-half ounce of castile soap, half an ounce of white wax. Cut in fine shreds, pour over half a pint of boiling water and simmer for five minutes, stirring frequently. When cold add half a pint of turpentine. Put in a big-mouthed bottle and shake well.

One of the most convenient things for washing the inside of lamp chimneys is a piece of sheepskin with the wool on, tacked around a stick of a convenient length. This is easy to keep clean, and will dry quickly.

When staining a floor don't forget that the stain should be applied with the grain of the wood—that is, up and down the boards, not across. In polishing afterward work the same way.

Long hair should never be shampooed more than once a month. Some people think that by brushing and caring well for the hair a shampoo once a year is sufficient; but few people, especially those whose hair is naturally oily, believe in this advice. Brushing stimulates the growth of the hair and makes it glossy and soft. It also stops the hair from falling out, and is the best tonic for the scalp.

One of the most soothing applications for a fresh burn is raw potato scraped or grated and bound like a poultice on the injured surface.

It is said that a sound, ripe apple placed in a tin case box will keep the foaves from drying or crumbling. To wash anything that is greasy, use hot soda water. The alkali turns the grease into soap, which will do its own cleansing.

Milk will immediately and effectually extinguish the flames from gasoline or any form of petroleum, since it forms an emulsion with the oil, whereas water only spreads it.

If the cover of a fruit-jar sticks, do not attempt to wrench it off; simply invert the jar and place the top in hot water for a minute. Then try it, and you will find it turns easily.

The serving of sardines with their accompaniment of oil always causes more or less trouble. A small china dish, fluted and adorned with a realistic fish for handle, does away with all embarrassment in this direction. It is stood on a plated silver tray, which makes a very pretty adjunct to the supper or luncheon table. The sardines are either turned out into the dish or set inside of it, box and all.

In cooking onions, cabbage, sauerkraut, etc., the usual scent which permeates the house can be avoided by putting four good slices of bread in a bag and cook with them.

Do not put salt in soup until you are done skimming it, as salt will stop the rising of the scum.

Coppers dissolved in water is one of the most valuable of disinfectants. Javelle water will remove many stains from linen. Linen treated with it also requires immediate and thorough rinsing in boiling water, for its strong ingredients are chloride of lime and washing soda. It can be bought in drug stores, but it can be manufactured at home for less than half the cost. Directions for its preparation are on the boxes of chloride of lime one buys for disinfecting purposes. Strained off into bottles and corked, it will keep indefinitely, but as a safe precaution the bottles should be labeled and marked "Poison" in prominent letters of red ink.

There would be less lockjaw,

said a physician recently, "If people would just take a little simple precaution. The smoke from a woollen cloth is fatal to the tetanus microbe. This bacillus is picked up with such dirt as gets into the wound from a rusty nail, or whatever else inflicts it, or from other causes, and is one of the easiest to kill. Take a woollen cloth and set it on fire. Hold the wound over the smoke for 20 minutes, and in nine cases out of ten the microbe which causes all the trouble will be dead."—New York Sun.

## GENIUS AND THE HAT-BRUSH.

"Don't think, because you are learning Greek, you should forget to brush your Sunday bonnet," writes an American paragrapher, and the advice holds a truth which is well worth ingrafting on many a busy life.

It is not uncommon, for young women especially, to fancy that some lofty pursuit or great work absolves one from the small duties and trivial requirements that are binding upon ordinary mortals. Carelessness in appearance, brusqueness of manner, neglect of common courtesies, should be condoned, we are told, in those "who are busy about more important matters, and have no time to think of such little things."

But such excuse, however charitable, we may offer it for others, is one we should never begin to make for ourselves. Nothing is trivial which affects the feelings and comfort of those about us, or the power of our influence over them. No eloquent advocacy of a noble cause can atone for needless untidiness in the dress of the advocate. No amount of genius can excuse one from being, first of all, a Christian gentleman or lady.—Selected.

## THE FRENCH APRON FAD.

The wearing of aprons is one of the old useful fashions now being revived, greatly to the saving of our frocks and the comfort of the wearers. The coquettish apron has been set aside for awhile, but is now once more asserting itself. The strictly useful has always held its own. The French have turned a kindly eye to them, and in the days of Louis XIII. women wore them and their bunch of keys, showing they were veritable housekeepers. In the time of Louis XIV. ladies of the court donned them when employed in needlework and other arts, and it is from that period we are restoring the airy, nothings of lace and muslin to our favor. Sometimes they are of light colored crepe de chine, worked in gold. More useful ones of thicker fabric have large pockets. These are adorned with pretty ribbon bows, and these ribbons sometimes draw up the pocket. Sometimes strong linen aprons are laced with ribbon at the edge by means of eyelot holes.

Table embroideries, such as centrepieces and doilies, should never be allowed to become very much soiled before being washed, as they ought never be rubbed very hard to remove spots. Wash such articles in warm soap suds. Never rub the soap on the linen, as it will ruin the colors of the embroidery, but pat gently, and after rinsing squeeze them as dry as possible without wringing. Then spread out smoothly on a clean cloth, lay another cloth over them, and while wet iron with a hot iron, keeping the cloth between the iron and the embroidery until the latter is nearly dry to prevent the color from running, and even then the iron should never touch the right side of the embroidery piece.

A business woman must be economical. She has not hundreds of dollars to spend upon her wardrobe, consequently if she is wise she finds out what color is the most becoming and buys an office gown of that color and uses it as the foundation upon which she builds up her system of dress. This color scheme makes it possible to wear one hat with various articles of clothing without appearing radiantly dressed like a bird of paradise, and nothing in a business woman's office dress is more detestable than finery. Simplicity, cleanliness, harmony, are the three qualities essential to the business woman's wardrobe. It is not so much how many clothes the business woman possesses as it is the kind of clothing she wears and her general appearance.

## FEMININITY IN WOMEN.

Men like femininity in woman, and the woman who affects the mannish in dress or manners or conversation does it at her peril. Indeed, so great is man's admiration for womanliness that he will forgive her all other defects if she only possesses this one quality. This is the reason that the silly little ingenue can mar-

ry six times to her strong-minded sister's once, and why we see women who are dull and stupid and unattractive who are still adored by their husbands. A man may love a woman in spite of her being witty, and intelligent, and able to take care of herself, but he never loves her because of these virtues.

## RECIPES.

English Pot Roast.—Select a nice roast, if possible; if not this manner of cooking will greatly improve an inferior one. Put the roast in a pot, cover with cold water and place on the back of the stove. Let simmer, but not boil until the meat is tender and the water is nearly all cooked out. Then draw the pot to the front of the stove; sift several table-spoonsful of flour over the roast; also slice a large onion over it. Cover again and let the meat brown to the bottom of the pot, then turn and brown the other side. Add enough water to make gravy.

Corn Fritters.—One quart of flour, one-half teaspoonful of baking powder, a tablespoonful of lard and a pinch of salt. Mix with one pint of sweet milk and add a teaspoonful of canned or fresh corn. If fresh corn is used, cut the grains several times and scrape the cob. Fry until a light brown and serve hot.

Beef Loaf.—Take two cups of cold meat, ground or chopped fine, one medium-sized onion also chopped fine and one and one-half pints of the liquor in which the meat was cooked. (Milk may be substituted but it is not so good.) One egg well beaten. Mix all together and season highly with salt and pepper, and also spice if desired. Bake in a mould; when cold slice thin and garnish with parsley.

Dressed Eggs.—Boil the eggs until they are quite hard, remove the shells and cut either lengthwise or through the centre, take out the yolks, mash fine and mix with bread crumbs and chopped pickle, also a tablespoonful of butter or cream, add pepper and salt. Replace this dressing in the whites and press together. Place on lettuce leaves and serve with a rich mayonnaise.

Hoeecake.—Mix two table-spoonsful of sifted white meal with cold water into a thin batter. Pour this on a hot griddle which has been greased, leaving the space of an inch around the edge. When browned on the underside turn it over quickly with a cake turner and brown on the other side. It should be turned several times in order to cook through and through, and the art in cooking it consists in browning it without scorching, so that the inside will not be sticky and gummy. Serve with fried fish or sausage for breakfast or lunch, and it should be broken at the table.

In cold weather it often happens that a nest of frozen eggs are found hidden away in the hay mow. Pour boiling water over them and set them aside till the water is cold, and on breaking the eggs the yolk will be soft and beat up like an egg that had never been frozen.

## SHE WAS TOO GOOD.

One winter in the mountains of North Carolina I met old Lige Downs, a familiar character of those hills, trudging toward the town with a bundle tied in a red bandanna slung over his stooped shoulders.

"Good morning, Uncle Lige," I said.

"Mawnin', missy," he replied, taking his hat from his kinked white crown.

"Are you going away?" I asked.

"Yessum," he answered, "Yessum."

"Where's Aunt Hootie? Is she going too?"

"None; she ain't goin' wit me. I ain't no fittin' cumpny fer dat woman nohow."

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked, amazed. "I always thought Hootie was the best wife in the world."

"Yessum; dat's what she shorly is. But a pore, mis'ble sinnah lak me kain't stan' no such goodness. Dat woman nevah did know de power of sin, and the parson hisself kain't come up to huh fer preachin'."

"De hull cabin shines wif glory, but me—I ain't nuffin' but a black spot."

"Why, Uncle Lige, you cannot leave your wife because she's good," I said. "That would be a strange cause for divorce."

"Days lots of um does it, missy. I ain't no dejections to huh bein' good, but when anybody gets so good dat dey ain't got no feelin's for nobody, what dey want is a cabin to dere-selves."

The "black spot" moved down the sun-flecked road toward other blacker spots that waited for him in the village.

# NOTES OF THE NEWS

Lord Strathcona has donated \$10,000 to the Royal Jubilee Hospital, Rat Portage.

The Montreal Bank branch at Regina has been completely destroyed by fire. The loss is \$50,000.

There is some talk of the C.P.R. establishing iron works on the Pacific Coast on much the same basis as those at Sydney, C.B.

An application is being made for an extension of time for the commencement and construction of the Canada Central Railway Company.

In the midst of a blinding snow-storm, the Legislature of Prince Edward Island opened last Friday. There were only 16 members present out of 30.

An attempt was made last Friday to assassinate President Morales, of San Domingo. Five of the President's assailants were arrested, and the remainder escaped.

The total deposits in all the savings banks in the world, according to the latest available statistics, amounts to \$10,500,000,000, contributed by 82,640,000 depositors.

Famine is threatened in many places in Nova Scotia. Up till Saturday the Intercolonial had been able to keep its main line open, but it then became solidly blocked in the mountains near Londonderry.

Alcide Laurin, one of the best known young men in Alexandria, was instantly killed in Maxville last Friday night by a blow from an opponent's hockey stick, during a match between the Maxville and Alexandria teams.

If sufficient business offers the C.P.R. will run special trains for colonists during March and April to the Northwest, and the agents of the company have consequently been instructed to give every attention to colonists.

A six and a quarter inch rock crystal ewer of the 16th century, with silver gilt mounts, the property of the Marquis of Anglesey, which was discovered recently by accident in a heap of rubbish, was sold by auction for \$21,000.

According to report, the extensive properties of the E. B. Eddy Company will shortly pass into the hands of an American syndicate. The Company gives employment to several thousand hands, and is the principal industry of Hull.

A syndicate, represented by Mr. Hugh Sutherland, has offered to supply Winnipeg with water from the Winnipeg River, first sterilized by electricity at a cost not greater and probably less, than the city now pays for its present supply.

Advices from the mounted police at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, dated the end of November last, arrived in Ottawa last week. The latter travelled a thousand miles by water and three thousand miles by rail in a little over two months.

So far as can be learned from the Imperial authorities in Halifax about the transfer of the defences of Halifax to the Dominion Government, nothing has reached them from official sources. Halifax having been an Imperial garrison station from its settlement, the withdrawal of its troops meets with serious opposition.

A bill designed to protect teachers in public schools from threats and abuse by parents or others during school hours has been introduced by Attorney-General Longley.

On Monday the Kingston Street Railway Company passed into the hands of the bondholders who held a mortgage of about \$160,000 on it. Mr. Hugh C. Nickle, the present superintendent, becomes general manager.

## STRENUOUS BALZAC.

He Lived in a Frenzy of Toil and Died Pleading for More Time.

"To be celebrated and to be loved—these were Balzac's two supreme and passionate desires," writes Tighe Hopkins, the English author. "He gave the preference to fame and killed himself with work if ever author did. His books—each one of which, when he had settled down to the 'Comedie Humaine,' he proclaimed a masterpiece—were a veritable obsession. We know now with what ceaseless and almost insane toil he brought them forth and can see him wrapped in the monk's robe of white flannel, the big throat laid bare, veins swollen, the great black eyes aflame, agonizing over plot and scene, supplicating and cursing the phrase that would not come, sustaining this through the days and nights of three dreadful weeks at a stretch in the sealed and curtained

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chamber where the candles were never extinguished. Then, clad, unwashed and half clothed, he would drag himself to the printer's. Thus only in a nation of stylists could the man that never achieved a style make himself the first novelist of his day and a classic.

"Wearing and wasting as this travail was, Balzac's splendid strength of body, the sure and ready return of his inspired and seer-like periods, his quenchless belief in himself and his unrepentant faith in the future enabled him to continue it, with a minimum of repose, for thirty-one successive years. And what a bulk of work! From 1821 to 1824 he wrote thirty volumes, and in 1824 he was but twenty-five years of age and had not even begun to think of the 'Comedie Humaine.'

Between 1830 and 1842 seventy-nine novels of the 'Comedie' saw the light, and with all this the great work was never completed. On his deathbed he pleaded with his doctor for six months, six weeks, six days in which to consummate his task and sank into coma while pleading for six hours."

## CATHOLIC SOCIAL IDEALS.

Adaptability of the Church Makes Her the Leader in General Movement Towards Personal and National Democracy.

At a recent meeting of the Queen's Daughters at Yonkers, N.Y., the Rev. James F. Driscoll, D.D., president of St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, gave the first of a series of practical talks on "Catholic Social Ideals."

"Since religion exists for the benefit and proper guidance of society as well as for the individual," said Dr. Driscoll, "it has been the duty of the Church to adopt and formulate standards or ideals in the realm of social action and intercourse. These, though in the main reducible to principles distinctively Christian, are nevertheless dependent to a great extent on intellectual, material and other social conditions. The Church has always assimilated sooner or later the best elements of the learning, institutions civil and political, practices and customs of the various peoples that have been brought into her fold, and in this has she shown that great power of adaptability to external circumstances and environment which is the necessary condition of vitality.

"In the present day, on account of the many and great changes that have been wrought in the realm of political as well as in that of economic and industrial condition, many new social problems demand a solution, and often it is asked what is the Catholic mind with regard to this or that question of the hour. The answer should not in every case be sought in the authoritative utterances of the Church, for it may often happen that with reference to recent problems the Church, at least officially, has assumed no definite attitude, is committed to no special policy. Even in many cases where a definite attitude has existed, or might be logically inferred from certain official pronouncements or actions, a change of policy or ideal may be looked for if the altered conditions of society render it desirable. Notably is this the case with regard to such questions as the Church and personal liberty, the relations between Church and State, etc.

"Heretofore the policy and legislation of the Church have been more or less intimately bound up with mediæval forms and conventions, and particularly with those peculiar to the so-called Latin races. At present, however, a most prominent feature of the situation which confronts the Church is the great movement towards democracy, and the growing predominance of the Anglo-Saxon spirit in the political and social life of the civilized world. It is a principal factor in this spirit is a love and enthusiasm for personal liberty and individual initiative in every field of human action. This spirit seems to be destined to prevail in the world, and if so it may be confidently assumed, in view of what the Church has accomplished by way of adaptation in the past, that she will in due time assimilate whatever is good in the ideals and methods of the English-speaking race."

**OUR B...**

Dear Boys and Girls—I see new nieces and nephews corner this week. It shows little people are reading that is put in just for selves. Many thanks, invitation. I am sure I a lovely time. Perhaps will have the pleasure some if not all of my nephews.

Your loving friend

AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky:

My father takes the Tribune I like to read the stories Becky's corner for my little and myself. I have a little younger and five older than I am eight years old. I walk nearly a mile to school in the second reader and I graphy, spelling and history live in the country about from the village of Hunt. That is where I go to church. Our priest's name is Father I hope to see my letter in week.

I remain, your niece,

Huntingdon, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was pleased to see my thank you very much. With little girls and boys would since it pleases you so much helped me with my first letter. I must try this alone. My names are well; their names are, Stacy, Isa and Doris. years old, and is spending time at my grandpa's; he lives the Bay de Chaleur. I spendation there, and have boating and bathing with cousins. Gustin and Tommy there we go a long way on and then on a steamer. I yellow dog; his name is P comes from Montreal, perhaps have seen him. Good-Aunt Becky? Shall I write

Your loving nephew,

West Frampton, Que.

(By all means, Harold, often as you like.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my first letter to would love to see you very live away down the River remce in the Bay of Chaleur thirteen years of age. I have nephews and nine nieces. A many as you have, Aunt B live on a large farm with my and one sister. The Cathol in this part of our parish closed for two years, as the the number of pupils requi study French and music a but will go to convent next have a nice young horse of Aunt Becky, and please do co next summer to visit our B will give you lots of drives main.

Your loving niece,

Port Daniel Centre,

Baie de Chaleur.

## A COLD SHAKE.

One day old Polar Bear finished a dinner of frozen walrus hide boots, the boots been left by an arctic explorer he had eaten at a previous and was taking a quiet nap on the ice floe when he saw a would-be hunter, gold prospector discoverer, and what rying a double-barrelled gun. As soon as the hunter saw Bear he dropped his gun and to load up with buckshot. Curious to see this strange sonage, Mr. Bear drew near. are you doing there, if I may bold?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm loading for bear, plied, putting in some shot. "I hope you will forgive me, Mr. Polar, rising upon his h and opening his mouth ple "I find it inconvenient to car lead about my person—so don't you know. But, say, you think of shooting in mton?"

"Well, you see," said the saddy, "I was brought up on ain breakfast food, and every

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls—I am glad to see new nieces and nephews in the corner this week. It shows that the little people are reading the matter that is put in just for their own selves. Many thanks, Julia, for kind invitation. I am sure I would have a lovely time. Perhaps some day I will have the pleasure of meeting some if not all of my nieces and nephews.

Your loving friend, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: My father takes the True Witness. I like to read the stories in Aunt Becky's corner for my little brother and myself. I have a little brother younger and five older than myself. I am eight years old. I have to walk nearly a mile to school. I am in the second reader and I study geography, spelling and history. We live in the country about three miles from the village of Huntingdon. That is where I go to church. The name of our parish is St. Joseph's. Our priest's name is Father Gilbeault. I hope to see my letter in print next week.

I remain, your niece, EMMA F.

Huntingdon, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was pleased to see my letter and thank you very much. Wish lots of little girls and boys would write, since it pleases you so much. Mamma helped me with my first letter, but I must try this alone. My little sisters are well; their names are Winnie, Stacy, Isa and Doris. Isa is 4 years old, and is spending the winter at his grandpa's; he lives down at the Bay de Chaleur. I spend my vacation there, and have grand fun boating and bathing with my little cousins, Gustin and Tommy. To go there we go a long way on the cars and then on a steamer. I have a big yellow dog; his name is Prince. He comes from Montreal, perhaps you have seen him. Good-bye, dear Aunt Becky? Shall I write again?

Your loving nephew,

HAROLD D.

West Frampton, Que.

(By all means, Harold. Write as often as you like.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my first letter to you. I would love to see you very much. I live away down the River St. Lawrence in the Bay of Chaleur. I am thirteen years of age. I have eleven nephews and nine nieces. Almost as many as you have, Aunt Becky. I live on a large farm with my parents and one sister. The Catholic school in this part of our parish has been closed for two years, as there is not the number of pupils required. I study French and music at home, but will go to convent next year. I have a nice young horse of my own, Aunt Becky, and please do come down next summer to visit our Bay and I will give you lots of drives. I remain,

Your loving niece,

JULIA E.

Port Daniel Centre, Baie de Chaleur.

A COLD SHAKE.

One day old Polar Bear had just finished a dinner of frozen fish and walrus hide boots, the boots having been left by an arctic explorer whom he had eaten at a previous meal, and was taking a quiet promenade on the ice floe when he ran across a would-be hunter, gold prospector, pole discoverer, and what not, carrying a double-barrelled gun.

As soon as the hunter saw Mr. Bear he dropped his gun and began to load up with buckshot.

Curious to see this strange personage, Mr. Bear drew near. "What are you doing there, if I may be so bold?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm loading for bear," he replied, putting in some shot.

"I hope you will forbear," said Mr. Polar, rising upon his hind legs and opening his mouth pleadingly.

"I find it inconvenient to carry much lead about my person—so heavy, don't you know. But, say, why did you think of shooting in my direction?"

"Well, you see," said the hunter, sadly. "I was brought up on a certain breakfast food, and every morn-

ing, as a boy, a box of this same stood before my plate. I had to eat or starve. It has a big bear on the outside, and I made up my mind, as a boy, to kill any bear that came my way—they remind me so of the breakfast food."

"Well," said Mr. Bear, "I guess if that's the case you ought to have satisfaction. You look half starved, and if it will do you any good I'm ready to be a victim. But let me tell you how to make your shot scatter."

"How," asked the hunter interestedly.

"Oh, put in one shot at a time," said Mr. Bear.

"Never thought of it," said the hunter, and emptied all the contents of his gun barrels in the snow.

Mr. Polar saw his chance and was off. "Good-bye," he yelled. "You need more breakfast food."—Atlanta Constitution.

THINGS TO REMEMBER.

Never forget that women are made out of girls and that men are made out of boys; that if you are a worthless girl you will be a worthless woman, and if you are a worthless boy you will be a worthless man, and the best educated men and women once did not know "A, B, C"; that all the things which you are learning had to be learned by them; that the efforts spent in making others happy will in some way add to your own happiness; that a life of usefulness and helpfulness is worth many times more than a life of pleasure.

MISTAKES.

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your own mind and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is set in your power.

When you do a foolish thing, you say to yourself, "The people won't notice it." But they will notice it; they always do.

OUR JACK.

By CARROLL CLIFFORD.

Dear reader, let me tell you this little tale not because it points a moral, but because it is a true story and I saw it happen.

The dear little village of Deepdale nestles in a green valley of southern Ontario. All about stretches forest and farm, winding river and fertile plain, with here and there a graceful hill crowned by the snow-white cottage of the sturdy tiller of the soil. Careless and idle are the inhabitants from Long Con, the village storekeeper, and Sailor Jim, the village tinsmith, who smoke and read the war news in front of their respective stores, to the happy, freckle-faced children who delight when school is out, to hasten to the river Arno and wade, and fish, and rouse the quiet old woods with their merry laughter. Careless and idle are they as their fathers were a generation ago, and as their children will be a generation hence.

Weary of the noise and bustle of the town, John Connor drifted to this sleepy spot, found his congenial element, and the city's streets knew him no more. A popular figure was "our Jack," among the village loafers, with his ready tongue and merry laugh, and it seemed a matter of course that he should take unto himself a village wife and settle down as local hotelkeeper. So John Connor forgot, or seemed to forget that in a distant convent a sister's prayers ascended daily, and that in a little German settlement seven miles away, from the Catholic Church the bell called him with insistent clamor and the hidden Christ waited in vain.

It was a dreary November day and the rain beat on the fallen leaves as Father Heppler stood in the little station at Deepdale waiting for his horse that he might drive out to Ulmdorf. For some days he had been assisting the overworked rector of a neighboring parish, and he smiled happily as he thought of the kind hands and loving hearts that awaited him at home. Ah, yes! This young priest who had fought down intemperance and brawling had found a firm place in their loyal German hearts.

"Pardon me, Father, but do you live near Deepdale?" A dark robed

woman, with a pale face and unusually bright eyes, was standing by his side.

"I do. Can I do anything for you at Ulmdorf?"

"No, father, but you can do much for me here. My brother, John Connor, is very sick, and he has neglected his duty, and will you speak to him, father? His wife is a Protestant, but I am sure if you speak to Jack you can bring him back to the faith. I fear he is dying, and not prepared."

"Has he asked for a priest, madam?"

"No, father."

"Well, well, I will see him anyway and do what I can."

With grateful eyes she thanked the priest, and entering a car was lost to view.

Father Heppler passed up the solitary village street and paused before "The Oriental House." The odor of stale beer and cheap tobacco was strong in his nostrils, and the sound of laugh and song reached him from within. Nothing daunted the good priest entered, passed through a narrow hallway to the second door, and with a light tap summoned Mrs. Connors before him. The sorrow and weariness in her face froze to resentment as the priest stepped within. Coldly she asked:

"What do you want?"

"I wish to see the sick man," said Father Heppler gently.

Through an open door at the side of the room he caught a glimpse of a snowy bed and an open window.

"Your services are not required, sir. Kindly leave us," and she opened the door.

"John's sister has asked me to see him, and see him I will." Father Heppler walked quietly into the sick room. Almost unconsciously he noted the carpeted floor and curtained window, the papered walls and snowy linen; the pale, good-natured face and brightening eye before him.

What memories that priestly figure recalled. Distant boyish days before a stately altar, whose marble Christ looked down in unutterable calm; nightly prayers by the knee of a gentle mother, now sleeping beneath a simple cross in a little Catholic churchyard; the lost ideals of a sheltered youth.

"Ah, Father, how kind you are to come," and his voice broke abruptly as he saw his wife follow the priest into the room.

"Madam, will you please leave us. I wish to speak to your husband alone."

Mrs. Connors met and fought for a second the firm blue eye that had won many a victory at Ulmdorf, and then quietly left the room.

No hardened sinner had Father Heppler to convert, but a weak-kneed coward, who found it far easier to drift with the tide than row against it; who counted a vote in the minority a vote lost. Gently Father Heppler drew from him his story. The half-forgotten youth, the careless manhood, the eating and drinking and merrymaking, and now the opportunity to return to the arms of that grand old mother who alone teaches us how to die. He had been among but not of those who say with the Persian seer of old:

"Into the universe and why not knowing, Nor whence, like water, willy-nilly flowing, And out of it as wind along the waste, I know not whither, willy-nilly blowing."

But forgotten were the prayers and half forgotten the faith of childhood, and many another visit must Father Heppler make. Day after day the good priest came and tapped at the second door as before. Time after time Mrs. Connor came at the summons, and when she saw the tall form and quiet face without left the door unopened. Then the priest would quietly let himself in and go to the bedside of his patient. At length came the day when, for the first time in many barren years, John Connor received the Bread of Heaven with tears of sorrow and gratitude. Joyfully he promised to keep the faith and be a practical Catholic, should he recover, and once more grim Death was driven back without his prey.

But weeks passed and no John Connor came to take his place in the little church at Ulmdorf, and at length Father Heppler came again in search of the wandering lamb.

"But sure, Father, I'm weak yet, and it would kill me entirely to drive fourteen miles. Just wait a while till I get stronger."

Ah, yes! Mrs. Connors could afford to smile in triumph this time. Her sharp tongue outmatched the priest's words and John's desires, for John ever feared present and certain evils more than future and uncertain ones.

The balmy spring days found the hotelkeeper in his place among his fellows, and joining in many a sly laugh and jest at his own expense. Often he heard the old song:

"When the devil was sick, The devil a monk would be; When the devil was well, The devil a monk was he."

A year later, with a smile on his face and a jest on his lip John Connor saw the grim Destroyer beckon, who this time would brook no delay. Mechanically, as his friends laid him on a couch near at hand, he murmured—"pray for us—at the hour of our death," and his frame stiffened and the light faded, and John Connor went home to his own place.

Grief fell heavy on the village, and heaviest of all on the widow.

"Now, don't cry, Mrs. Connor," quoth a sympathizing friend. "He never harmed a soul in his life, and he died peacefully with no priests around to torment him, and we can lay him in our own little cemetery among all his friends." So John Connor was laid at rest beneath a graven stone, in an alien land, far from the daisied sod where a mother's dust was lying within the quiet shadow of a simple cross.

ORIGIN OF THE OSTENSORIUM

A monstrance, called also ostensorium and portable tabernacle, is that large altar utensil in which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed at Benediction and borne in solemn procession outside of the church on certain occasions. It consists of two parts—the foot, or stem, upon which it rests, and the repository, or case, in which the Host is exhibited. The stem is like that of the chalice, and its upper part is so formed as to resemble the rays issuing from the radiant sun. In its centre there is a circular aperture, in which the lunula, or lunette, with the Blessed Sacrament inclosed, is placed during exposition.

Monstrances date their origin from the institution of the Feast of Corpus Christi, which was first set on foot by Robert, Bishop of Liege, in 1246, at the instigation of a holy nun named Juliana, who frequently saw in a vision a sunburst moon with one dark line on its surface. The moon represented the Church, and the dark line indicated a feast that was wanting among those annually celebrated, and this feast was one specially directed toward the Blessed Sacrament. This led to the institution of the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament, or Corpus Christi, which Pope Urban IV., in 1264, extended to the universal church.

In some of the churches of the Cistercian order in France instead of the usual monstrance there is employed a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, so constructed that the Sacred Host may be placed in its hand during the time of exposition. The present shape of the monstrance in imitation of the radiant sun recalls the divine splendor of the Lord's countenance at His transfiguration on Mount Tabor and that saying of the psalmist, "He has placed His tabernacle in the sun" (Psalm xviii, 6).

The material of the monstrance may be of gold, silver, brass or copper gilt. The base should be wide, and it must be surmounted by a cross. In the middle of the monstrance there should be a receptacle of such size that a large Host may easily be put into it. On the front and back of this receptacle there should be a crystal, allowing the Host to be seen, the one on the back opening like a door. The circumference of this receptacle should be of gold, or of other material it should be gilt and smooth and polished.

The lunula, or lunette, is made of the same material as the monstrance. If it be made of any other material than gold, it must be gilded. In form it may be either of two crescents or of two crystals incased in metal. If two crystals are used, it is necessary that they be so arranged that the Sacred Host does not in any way touch the glass. In some cases the lunula is of silver or gold. The upper part of the monstrance is generally of the precious metals, or at least gilt or silvered, although the lower portion is occasionally wrought. In many cases it is of most costly materials and workmanship.

The monstrance is not consecrated by a bishop, but is simply blessed by a priest, who uses the form of blessing a tabernacle or ostensorium.

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A STOLEN CATHEDRAL.

What Happened to the Original Clonfert Church—Its Present Rector Wishes to "Restore" It—But Not to Its Owners.

A few weeks ago a letter from Bishop O'Dea, of Clonfert, Ireland, appeared in the Irish World, appealing for funds for the completion of the Cathedral of his diocese at Loughrea. In the current issue the Irish World calls attention to the fact that at one time there was a Cathedral at Clonfert which was one of the most magnificent shrines in Ireland.

But what became of the other temple—the Cathedral of Clonfert of a thousand years ago? This question in connection with Bishop O'Dea's appeal, is suggested by an article in the Brooklyn Eagle of Sunday week announcing the visit to America and giving a portrait and sketch of Rev. Canon Robert McLarny, Protestant Rector of Clonfert Cathedral, County Galway, Ireland. The same gentleman was on this side of the Atlantic a few years ago soliciting subscriptions for the "restoration" of Clonfert Cathedral, and the Irish World took occasion at the time to examine the claim of Mr. McLarny to the rectorship, and the title of his sect in Ireland to the ownership of that ancient church fabric. The Eagle in its article gives as follows a brief history of the Cathedral, furnished, no doubt, by Mr. McLarny: "The Cathedral was founded by St. Brendan, the Navigator, in the year 558. St. Brendan is credited with having landed in America in the sixth century. The late Bishop of Iowa stated that St. Brendan not only discovered America, but evangelized a portion of it 900 years before Columbus was born. The saint is buried in Clonfert Cathedral. Clonfert Cathedral is celebrated for its twelfth century Hiberno-Romanesque doorway, and also for its east window, nearly 1000 years old. The late John Ruskin was so much struck with the beauty of the doorway that, although as a rule objecting to all 'restoration,' he sent Canon McLarny a donation toward its preservation."

Taking this sketch to be in the main correct, every one—intelligent and candid Protestants as well as Catholics—will easily recognize that the cathedral referred to was Catholic and could be nothing else. All Christendom, of course, was Catholic at St. Brendan's time, and for a thousand years after. St. Brendan, of course, was a Catholic ecclesiastic. He founded Clonfert Cathedral, and for 1000 years Mass was celebrated at its altars, and the Sacraments of the Catholic Church were administered by its priests. No such thing as Protestantism was heard of in Clonfert or in the world for a thousand years after St. Brendan was buried in Clonfert Cathedral. How Protestantism was introduced into Ireland, and how it was sought, but in vain, to force it upon the Irish people is familiar to all readers of Anglo-Irish history. They (the "reformers") failed, although they tried aM the instruments and agencies of persecution to compel the Irish to accept the new religion—the religion of Mr. McLarny. They were not able to deprive the Irish of their faith, but they deprived them of nearly everything else—their property, their schools, their churches, their cathedrals. All these the pious "reformers" seized in Ireland. That was the way Clonfert Cathedral came into the possession of Rev. Mr. McLarny's church. In such possession—in Protestant possession—it was and is stolen property. Protestant right to the Cathedral founded by St. Brendan was and is no better than that of the highwayman to the purse of his victim. In the Eagle story we are further told that: "The Canon (Mr. McLarny) having devoted more than twenty years of his life to the work of restoring his ancient church, has had the pleasure of seeing the work almost complete; therefore, he is not now appealing for funds."

Of course, it never, during all those twenty years, occurred to Canon McLarny to restore "his" ancient church in the honest way, that is, to restore possession of it to its rightful owners, the Catholic people of Clonfert, by whose Catholic fathers it was built and used for Catholic worship for so many centuries. It would have been decenter for Rev. Mr. McLarny to have refrained from sending round the hat for the "restoration" of his stolen property, more particularly in America, where every denomination honestly builds and maintains churches for itself. And, moreover, Mr. McLarny's church in Ireland was and is rich enough to keep in repair its churches



Just Fruit.

There's no "medicine" in "Fruit-a-tives,"—no drugs—no poisons—"Fruit-a-tives" are the curative principles of fruit juices, compressed into tablets. It's the secret process of preparing them, that makes "Fruit-a-tives" so much more effective than the fresh fruit.

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets cure Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver, Biliary Headaches, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Bladder and Kidney Troubles, just as nature intended them to be cured—with fruit. Cure yourself with Nature's cure that never fails. At your druggist's. 50c. a box. FRUITATIVE'S, Limited, OTTAWA.

—the stolen churches included. At the time of the Gladstone disestablishment and disendowment act (1870) it got not only a free gift, again confirmed, of all the church fabrics it had stolen from the Irish-Catholic people at the "Reformation," but it got the enormous sum of \$40,000,000 down as compensation for "disendowment," the greater part of the money being the money of Irish Catholics.

Newfoundland Correspondence

An awful blizzard raged over the colony last week. Trains were stalled in snow-banks and the thermometer was down to thirty-five degrees below zero. Steamers plying around the coast were held fast for several days in the heavy ice jam. In the memory of some of the oldest inhabitants this winter, for severity, has never been equalled.

Preparations for the sealing expedition, the second industry of Terra Nova, are actively going ahead. About twenty-two steamers will participate this season, and some four thousand men. For the last six years the sealing industry has been very good, and it is hoped that 1905 will prove a banner year as regards bumper trips.

The Terra Nova hockey team have captured the championship of the island, going through the season without a defeat.

His Grace Archbishop Howley will arrive from Rome in a short time, when a public demonstration will be tendered him by all the Catholic Societies and all the Catholics of the city of St. John's. His Grace will enter St. John's for the first time invested with the full powers of his new dignity, that of Archbishop.

St. Bonaventure's College, the "Excelsior" educational establishment of the Island, will be enlarged shortly, to meet the growing demands in the educational arena. At present there are nearly 300 students in attendance.

ABBOT GASQUET'S HUMOR.

The distinguished Abbot Gasquet of the Benedictine Order, presently residing in England, is a man of wit and humor, of which he gave some good samples in replying to a toast at a dinner recently in London, at which the company included the Archbishop of Westminster and a considerable number of the Catholic clergy and laity. Referring to his late visit to America, the Abbot told these stories:

"I have just come from a land of opportunities, as I heard an American professor call it at a meeting on the day after my landing. I was able to assure that meeting that I had already found America a land of opportunities. On my way to the meeting in the train a gentleman seized the opportunity and my umbrella. That is one characteristic of the American, to lose no opportunity, and another is to run no risks, 'to take no chances,' as they say. I was told of an American who sent his mother-in-law to a health resort; he shortly afterwards received a telegram from the undertakers, 'Shall we embalm, cremate or bury?' The reply was: 'Embalm, cremate and bury; take no chances.'"

FIXED IT.

Mamma—Now Freddy, mind what I say. I don't want you to go over into the next garden to play with that Binks boy. He's very rude.

Freddy (he had a few minutes after calling over the wall)—I say, Binks, ma says I'm not to go in your garden because you're rude, but you came into my garden—I ain't rude.



NOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC PARISHES OF THE CITY.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH. The Redemptorist Fathers from Saratoga, N.Y., will open the Lenten retreat next Sunday at high Mass.

ST. MARY'S PARISH. Last Wednesday evening the annual supper of the choir took place at St. Mary's Hall. Nearly sixty members attended.

ST. AGNES PARISH. On Sunday evening special devotions were held in honor of the League of the Sacred Heart, at which several new members joined.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH. On Sunday afternoon a meeting of the wardens was held at which matters pertaining to the work of the interior of the church were discussed.

At the Franciscan Church.

Last Sunday afternoon the English speaking men of the Third Order of St. Francis held a largely attended meeting at the Franciscan Church, Dorchester street.

stan addressed the members in the large assembly room on Catholic literature, and urged the members to get subscribers for the Franciscan Monthly Review.

A VISIT TO ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

At the north end of the city at the head of St. Denis street, and near the Carmelite convent, a modest and unpretentious little church stands. It is known as St. Michael's.

On Sunday last the writer paid a visit to the church, and the chaste appearance of the interior, with its new pews, its many and beautiful statues, its three altars with pretty lamps, bespoke the generosity and interest taken by friends and the congregation to make their little temple worthy of the Living God.

On Wednesday evening at 7.45 the opening exercises in connection with the month of St. Joseph took place. On Sunday afternoon the members of the League of the Sacred Heart held a meeting.

GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST AROUND THE CITY.

THIRTEEN TUESDAYS IN HONOR OF ST. ANTHONY.

The devotions of the Thirteen Tuesdays in honor of St. Anthony will begin on Tuesday, March 14, at 7.30 p.m.

CHARITY SERMON.

On Sunday evening, the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul held services at St. Peter's Church, Dorchester street.

CLOSING OF NIGHT SCHOOLS.

Last Tuesday evening the different city night schools, under the direction of the Catholic School Commissioners, closed for the season.

SILVER CUP FOR ST. ANN'S HOCKEY TEAM.

A silver cup, donated by the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association in the School League, and won by St. Ann's hockey team, will be presented shortly to the team.

RUMMAGE SALE.

The young ladies of Loyola Literary Club held a very successful rummage sale on Tuesday afternoon.

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.

The Nocturnal Adoration Society of Notre Dame Church took part in the forty hours' devotion on last Friday evening at the convent of the Good Shepherd, and on Tuesday evening at Notre Dame des Lourdes.

MONTREAL COUPLE MARRIED SEVENTY-SIX YEARS.

Mr. Pierre Forget dit Despatie, and his wife, Adelaide Aubin, of 318 Rivard street, celebrated yesterday the extraordinary event of the seventy-sixth anniversary of their marriage.

Opening of St Gabriel's Amusement Hall

Last Thursday night was a gala one for the members of the St. Gabriel's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, and will long be remembered by them as such.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS SPORTS.

The annual winter sports of Mount St. Louis College took place on last Friday afternoon at the Stadium.

gave valuable assistance. Among those present were Rev. Fathers D. Holland, C.S.S.R., Rietvelt, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; T. McDonald, Imperial Oil Company; J. Kane, City Hall.

New Building for Catholic Sailors' Club.

The Catholic Sailors' Club, situated at the corner of St. Peter and Common streets, will erect a new hall on St. Peter street, adjoining the premises now occupied by them.

Plucky Loyola College Boys.

Last Friday evening an important hockey match between Loyolas and St. Lambert's, in the junior series, took place at Victoria Rink.

DEATH OF DR. BROPHY.

One of Quebec's best known and highly esteemed physicians, Dr. Michael Henry Brophy, was summoned away to his eternal home on Friday evening after a short illness from inflammation of the lungs.

MR. THOMAS DONNELLY.

On Wednesday of last week there passed over to the majority a well-known resident of St. Ann's Ward, in the person of Mr. Thomas Donnelly, master carter.

REV. DR. CHISHOLM.

Rev. Dr. Chisholm, parish priest of St. Joseph's Church, North Sydney, died on Tuesday afternoon after a protracted period of illness.

MR. M. LEONARDO.

On Sunday evening Mr. M. Leonardo, a well-known figure of the Italian colony of this city, passed away after a few days' illness.

1. R. Gingras; 2. A. Ducheneau; 3. C. St. Louis. 160 yards, backwards, intermediate class—1. R. Mount; 2. R. McDonald; 3. G. Paquin.

THE TEACHING ORDERS.

The great system of schools which the Catholics of America are rapidly developing would be impossible except for the self-denial of our teaching orders, says Rev. John Gaynor, of Baltimore.

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beyond the grave. He died in St. Charles Home, in Ottawa, on Sunday, Feb. 12th, and was buried according to his own wishes in Buckingham cemetery, Tuesday, Feb. 14.

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### IRISH BOGS.

#### Some of Their Extraordinary Movements.

E. A. P. in the Weekly Irish Times writes as follows regarding moving bogs:

Thanks to the mildness of its climate and other natural advantages, Great Britain is entirely free from those disastrous visitations known as avalanches, from which some of our Continental neighbors suffer so severely. Yet, though so exempt from such occurrences, the sister isle, Ireland, is sometimes the field of serious physical disturbances, known as moving bogs, which in their own way are almost as destructive. Twice within recent years has Ireland been subjected to these visitations.

The first of these took place some five or six years ago in the County of Kerry, and in the Headford district, causing a loss of nine lives, rendering fourteen or fifteen families homeless, and destroying some hundreds of acres of land. In this case the catastrophe took place during the night, and the bog, before becoming stationary once more, covered some miles of ground, and at one time threatened to engulf a portion of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company's main line between Mallo and Killarney. A good deal of public attention was directed to the occurrence at the time, and a subscription list opened, to which, amongst others, her late Majesty the Queen generously contributed.

The second incident of this kind happened as recently as the October of last year, and this time the County Clare was the scene of action, the precise locality being a place named Lough, situated near the celebrated cliffs of Moher. In this case the bog swept down the slope of a hillside for a distance of over a mile, crossing in its course the road from Lisdoonvarna to Moher, carrying everything before it, and covering the tract over which it flowed to a depth of from four to twelve feet.

Fortunately the lives lost on this occasion were only two, for happening as it did in the day time, most of the inhabitants of the houses submerged were away at work, and so escaped, the two victims being a poor old woman and a young girl. The latter was just leaving the house when she saw the black river of semi-fluid peat pouring down, and might have escaped had she not heroically run back to try and rescue her aged companion, but only to perish in the attempt. So completely was the house in which they were buried covered by the stuff that it was only by taking bearings from the surroundings that the search party knew where to look for it. A peasant working in the adjoining potato field, looking up suddenly, saw what he described as a mountain of sea coming down towards him, and fled, barely in time to save his life. In the same field stood an ass with panniers on its back, one on each side. The flow knocked it down and tore the panniers away, but the animal managed to regain its feet, and tore away across country, roaring madly with fright.

Amongst other freaks of this nature the bog in its course carried away a large rick of hay bodily, and deposited it intact further down, while the portion of a house was cut away as cleanly as if done with a huge knife. In the house in which the two women were buried, the search party came across a hound and a hen. The dog was quite dead, but the hen had in some inexplicable way escaped—the only survivor of the disaster.

There have been many theories put forward as to the cause of these moving bogs, the most plausible of which seems to be that of an accumulation of water beneath the surface of the bog. This accumulation is caused by rain and surface water penetrating the strata of peat, until it comes to an underlying layer of hard rock, which stops its downward course. Thus unable to penetrate any deeper, and equally unable to return to the surface, it goes on, increasing in volume until its pressure becomes too great for its covering of peat, which finally bursts and pours forth its devastating stream of semi-fluid matter.

This theory seems to be borne out by the fact that the winter in which the Kerry mishap took place was a very wet one, while in the second instance the disaster was preceded by some weeks of excessively heavy rainfall. Another theory is that the phenomenon is caused by an accumulation of air, in a similar manner, underneath the bog, but this theory is hardly tenable.

In the Lough case the catastrophe was probably accelerated by improper cutting of the bog, which was cut across the base of the hill instead of being carried more vertically up it, while the continuous blasting at the neighboring stone quarries was held by many to contribute to the same effect.

was probably accelerated by improper cutting of the bog, which was cut across the base of the hill instead of being carried more vertically up it, while the continuous blasting at the neighboring stone quarries was held by many to contribute to the same effect.

### LINCOLN A CATHOLIC.

Rev. J. W. Moore, O.M., of Philadelphia, makes mention of a fact not generally known, viz., that Lincoln was a Catholic, but owing no doubt to the scarcity of priests in Illinois, where Lincoln lived, and to his environments, he drifted away from the faith of his fathers.

Father Moore states that Father St. Cyr, an old pioneer priest of Illinois, and who afterwards died at the convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph in Carondelet, St. Louis, Mo., told Fathers James McGill, C.M., of Germantown, and Thomas J. Smith, C.M., of Perryville, Mo., who paid Father St. Cyr a visit one day for the express purpose of finding out something about Lincoln, that Lincoln was a Catholic.

Father St. Cyr said that he often celebrated Mass in Abraham Lincoln's father's house, and that young Abraham Lincoln, who was a boy then of some 10 or 13 years of age, frequently served his Mass.

### CATHOLICS LOYAL TO LAW.

William J. Onahan, in the Chicago Daily Journal.

In those qualities and characteristics that touch the interests and affect the permanent welfare of the country, I venture to declare as my honest conviction that the Catholic population stand on the right side.

They will ever be found defenders of the Constitution and laws. They stand for order against anarchy, for the rights of property against confiscation.

They will support authority in maintaining the public peace against the schemes and plottings of dreamers and conspirators.

They stand for the marriage tie and the sanctity of the home against the scandal and abomination of divorce and the disruption of the family—to which divorce surely leads.

They stand for liberty as against license, and whenever the issue shall be fairly presented, I am persuaded that they will also be found on the side of temperance and temperance reforms, as against the evil and curse of the drink plague.

The Catholic citizen who loves God and faithfully follows the teachings of the Church must love his country and cannot be otherwise than loyal to that country's best interests. We know no allegiance that can affect our loyalty and fidelity to the Constitution and laws of the United States.

True American patriotism is the inheritance and monopoly of no one class or condition. Its title is not derived from accident of birth or color; it is not to be determined by locality. Montgomery, Pulaski, Steuben, De Kalb, Rochambeau, the Moylans and the Sullivans fought for American liberty in the Revolutionary days with an ardor and fidelity at least equal to that displayed by those native and "to the manor born." Who shall question the patriotic devotion of General Shields, honorably identified with the early history of our own State; of Meagher, of Mulligan, of Sheridan, of Meade and of countless others I might name?

The duty of Catholic in public life lies in acquitting themselves faithfully of their obligations as citizens, bearing always in mind what that obligation implies and imposes. A faithful regard for the Constitution, a proper vigilance for the just administration of government, national, State and municipal; a conscientious exercise of the franchise without fear or favor, so as to promote the welfare of the State and the best interests of the community, and steadfast adherence to principles of order, honor and civic virtue. These qualities and characteristics constitute the ideal of the conduct and career of the Catholic citizen.

You cannot "run" a country without God. That experiment has been attempted again and again; history abounds in examples and warnings as to the result. "God and our country" should be our accepted motto. Under it all can unite, Catholic citizens have a special responsibility in the welfare and perpetuity of this, the best Government—with all its imperfections—that the world has ever known. There is given to us here the noblest of earthly inheritances, freedom and opportunity.

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Makes white goods whiter, Colored goods brighter.  
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### THE WASTE BASKET.

#### Some of the Things Which Should Go Into It

It is said that Kipling throws a great deal of his work into the waste basket, feeling that, having won a reputation as a writer, it is his duty to live up to it. On one occasion, we are told, he destroyed a whole book. After it was finished he asked Robert Barr to read it, and Mr. Barr's verdict was that "it was as good as 'Plain Tales.'" "Not better?" asked Kipling. "I don't think it is," replied Barr. "Then I don't think it will ever be published," was Kipling's reply. And the book was forthwith destroyed.

As has been well said, a man's work is the expression of his character, and no conscientious man wants to be judged by a work which he feels to be unworthy of him.

But there are other reasons than this why a writer should occasionally, at least, tear up his writings. This is particularly true of the editor of a newspaper. It happens that every now and then in the course of the editor's career, that he finds himself in an abnormal state of mind. He may be gloomy, he may be dyspeptic, he may be laboring under some great provocation, he may be aroused to a pitch of excitement or indignation because of some occurrence, and in such a frame of mind he must give vent to his feelings. The proper course for him to pursue in such circumstances is to sit down and give his feelings, and, if need be, his imagination, full swing. He should write as freely as the emotion of the moment suggests, and give his pen unbridled liberty. He should let all the gloom and bitterness or the spite or the indignation within him come out without stint. It will give relief. But after he has unburdened himself he should tear up his manuscript and consign it to the waste basket and proceed to his task in his normal state of mind. If all editors would pursue this course they would save themselves much trouble and have a better standing with their readers.

But the rules should apply to others as well as editors. Sometimes when one has received a provoking letter the impulse is to reply in kind and to make a bad matter worse. It may be a good rule to write the spirited reply and make it as fiery as possible, to open the vials of one's wrath, and let all the wrath flow out in ink. But it is a better rule after such a letter shall have been written to tear it up and throw it away, and then pen a reply in calmness and amiability. It is in this way that even a high-tempered person can give the proverbial answer which is said to turn away wrath.

In short, no man ought to commit himself to an expression in writing, whether it be in public print or in private correspondence, when laboring under intense emotion of any sort, even though that emotion be altogether praiseworthy, for under such conditions one is not himself, and is almost sure to run into extravagances. A man expresses his true sentiments when he is calm and in a normal state of mind and heart. —Richmond Times-Dispatch.

### FRANCE AND THE CHURCH.

The Council of Ministers at the Elysee have begun the examination of the Bill for the separation of Church and State. In this connection the Council discussed the position of Mgr. Le Nordez and the position of the Dijon diocese. No decision was reached. It is not true that the Minister of Public Worship has signed the dismissal of Mgr. Le Nordez, who, while Bishop of Dijon, was summoned to Rome by the Pope to answer certain charges.

plivity with Freemasonry which had been made against him. He at first refused to obey the summons on the ground that the Concordat prevented him from leaving France, but afterwards went to Rome, where he was summarily dismissed by the Pope without the consent of the French Government. This action placed the Government in a dilemma, for by disobeying its orders to remain at Dijon, the Bishop rendered himself liable to dismissal, while if the Cabinet dismisses him now, it would appear to be making a concession to the Vatican by confirming a step already taken by the Pope.

### DEATH OF CATHOLIC WRITER

Miss Eugenie Uhrich Passes Away in Limoges, France—Wrote Life of Plux X.

A cable despatch received in New York last Thursday announced the death of Miss Eugenie Uhrich, at Limoges, France. Her relatives live in Sioux City, Ia.

Miss Uhrich was a writer, especially of short stories. She was secretary of the Guild of the Infant Saviour, New York, and formerly edited a paper in St. Paul, Minn., for Archbishop Ireland. Her last book was the "Life of Pope Pius X." She went abroad in November last to get material for a novel she was writing.

Travelling on a train from London to Oxford she met a nun who had been driven from a convent school in Limoges, and learned from her that teachers were wanted there. Miss Uhrich volunteered her services and went to Limoges. Shortly after her arrival there the authorities told her she must show her papers or leave the city. Limoges at that time contained many Russian exiles, and a report was spread about that Miss Uhrich had been arrested as a Russian spy.

Miss Uhrich notified friends in New York of her predicament, and the State Department was called upon to straighten the matter out. Friends of Miss Uhrich in New York ascribed her trouble to the fact that she was teaching in a Catholic school which the Government had closed.

Miss Uhrich was born in Galena, Ill., and was about thirty-five years old.

### MY TWO MOTHERLANDS.

An incident of pathetic interest, says the Dublin Freeman, has happened within a few days in the Court of Appeals in Paris. A question was raised relative to the disposition of certain bequests to the Conservatory of Music and to the Museum and Library of Versailles, by Madame Augusta Holmes, the eminent musical composer. Her will, made in 1901, was read in the course of the proceedings, and the following extract is given in the French papers as showing the deep patriotic passion which animated the Irish exile: "At my burial I beg the admirable orchestra of the Conservatory to kindly give the funeral march from the symphony 'Ireland.' I beg my friends not to grieve for me, and to remember that these partings are transitory, and that I shall be living on that day—the day of departure—which will be a festival day, for I shall go to the imperishable light. I am a Christian and a Catholic, a Republican and a patriot. I shall go holding in my heart love for glorious France and for poor Ireland, my two motherlands. Hence, if at the time of my going the cross of the Legion of Honor has been given me, I should wish the army to be represented at my last journey, for the French army is the sacred defence of the land of my adoption, and, I feel, will one day deliver the land of my forefathers."

### BUSINESS CARDS.

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### CHURCH BELLS.

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Shouldn't Hang a Man on St. Patrick's Day.

Jefferson City, Mo., Feb. 10—Governor Folk was asked to-day to change the date set for the hanging of William Rudolph to some other day than St. Patrick's Day. Rudolph was convicted, with his partner, George Collins, of the murder of Detective Schumacher over a year ago, when Schumacher trailed them down for the Union (Mo.) bank robbery. Collins was hanged last year.

Representative Hennessy, of St. Louis, in presenting the petition to the Governor, pointed out that an execution on St. Patrick's Day would throw a spirit of gloom over the day's festivities.

Governor Folk was inclined to delay the hanging. He said: "I don't think any man should be hanged in the State of Missouri on the natal day of Ireland's patron saint. My formal answer will be announced just as soon as I can get time to look up the papers in the case."

Many a man lays the foundation of his misfortune by knowing too many things that are none of his business.

There shall yet arise names as great as Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Grant—who knows but greater! There yet remain vast deeds to be performed, tremendous tasks to be undertaken and perfected. Some must be born to do these things, and some shall be born. No work for good has ever gone un-captured, none ever will.—Leigh Mitchell Hodges.

### SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY**—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863, revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, L. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, P. J. Curran, B.O.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; Corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

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### THE LOST SCRIPTURES.

Is Infallibility Involvement of the S. Text.

We have received, written by Dr. L. A. Lambert, editor of New York Freeman's Journal, following letter from a gentleman who has evidently been on our list of twenty-two lost of the Old Testament, which recently for the information of our friend, Mr. Jones.

"Dear Father Lambert, infallibility and indefectibility of church involve not only the interpretation of the Bible, but also the perpetuation of the sacred text, how account for the fact that Jewish Church (also infallible) according to the best authorities, lost half of the Old Testament? A spark of light, acceptably illuminate the world of yours very faithfully.

R. P. VETUS H.

1. No doctrine of the Old Testament is more common than the fallibility. Not to speak of the fallibility of non-Catholic writers of the Bible, have attempted to define far as we have seen, not only has come within hailing of the true meaning of the doctrine. For instance, Dr. Draper's fallibility means omnipotence of the Pope with infallibility. Kingsley says "Infallibility means that of Rome has the power of right and wrong; that not only falsehood, but moral immorality, depend on his seal to a bit of parchment when men of reputation talk in this absurd way, it is expected that the mass of Catholics will have a corresponding of the doctrine. Some pupils of the sectaries fry—who think that if it should casually remark at the macaroni was preferred sauerkraut, Catholics would eschew the latter and cheerfully."

Now, infallibility means from the possibility of teaching revealed truths as preting revealed law. It hinges in the commission and of Christ to His Church: "All nations \* \* \* teaching observe all things whatsoever I commanded you. . . . I am with you all days, even to the end of the world."

Thus He promised to be His church teaching, and "He that heareth you heareth me; he that despiseth you despiseth me; he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me." When He required faith—His church teaching, and His salvation—"he that believeth shall be condemned"—His faith possible to man by and commissioning an extensible, infallible teacher, and ed all to hear her, declaring that heareth you heareth me; church would not be true; church were liable to err; tainly He is not liable to be infallible, and His church's His voice.

The Pope is the head of the Church, and when speaking, as the head and ex-catholizing doctrine, he is the organ of utterance; his infallibility of the church.

The church is infallible on the field of her action. This clearly marked out and defined by her Founder, when "Teach all things whatsoever I commanded you," that is, truth and law, and the way of life. Beyond that her not concerned.

But we are wandering from the question of our correspondence fore getting back to it we opportunity to advise those ed in the doctrine of infallibility and read the Rev. Daniel Longmans, Green & Co., Sixteenth Street, New York. We do not advertise this in the interests of the publication, but in the interests of seeking reliable information doctrine of infallibility.

Does the infallibility of the Scriptures involve the infallibility of the Word of God? It involves the infallibility of all that God has revealed, comes down to us on paper tradition, which is the church. The whole doctrine of infallibility.

THE LOST SCRIPTURES. Infallibility Involved in Preservation of the Sacred Text.

We have received, writes the Rev. Dr. L. A. Lambert, editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, the following letter from a correspondent who has evidently been reading our list of twenty-two lost books of the Old Testament, which we gave recently for the information of our friend, Mr. Jones.

Dear Father Lambert:—Does the infallibility and indefectibility of the church involve not only the correct interpretation of the Holy Scriptures, but also the perpetual preservation of the sacred text? If so, how account for the fact that the Jewish Church (also infallible, according to the best authorities) allowed half of the Old Testament to be lost? A spark of light will acceptably illuminate the western density of yours very faithfully, R. P. VETUS HOMO.

1. No doctrine of the Church has been the subject of more preposterous misconception than that of infallibility. Not to speak of the small fry of sectarian know-all, non-Catholic writers of reputation have attempted to define it, but so far as we have seen, not one of them has come within hailing distance of the true meaning of the doctrine.

For instance, Dr. Draper says: "Infallibility means omnipotence." Professor Schulte says, "Infallibility has invested the Pope with divinity; it is omnipotence." Kingsley says that "infallibility means that the Pope of Rome has the power of creating right and wrong; that not only truth and falsehood, but morality and immorality, depend on his setting his seal to a bit of parchment." Now when men of reputation for learning talk in this absurd way, it is not to be expected that the mass of non-Catholics will have a correct understanding of the doctrine. There are some pupils of the sectarian small fry—who think that if the Pope should casually remark at his dinner that macaroni was preferable to sauerkraut, Catholics would have to eschew the latter and chew the former.

Now, infallibility means freedom from the possibility of error in teaching revealed truths and interpreting revealed law. It has its origin in the commission and promise of Christ to His Church: "Go, teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. . . and lo, I am with you all days, even to the end of the world."

Thus He promised to be ever with His church teaching, and His said: "He that heareth you heareth Me." He then commanded all to hear the church. When He required faith—belief in His church teaching, and He said: "salvation—'he that believeth not shall be condemned'—He made that faith possible to man by creating and commissioning an external, visible, infallible teacher, and commanding all to hear her, declaring, "He that heareth you heareth Me." This declaration would not be true if the church were liable to err; for certainly He is not liable to err, He is infallible, and His church's voice is His voice.

The Pope is the head of the Church of Christ, and when speaking officially, as the head and ex-cathedra, defining doctrine, he is the church's organ of utterance; his infallibility is that of the church. The church is infallible only within the field of her action. That field is clearly marked out and defined by her divine Founder, when He said, "Teach all things whatsoever I have commanded you," that is, revealed truth and law, and the way to eternal life. Beyond that her mission is not concerned.

But we are wandering from the question of our correspondent. Before getting back to it we take this opportunity to advise those interested in the doctrine of infallibility to get and read the Rev. Daniel Lyons' "Christianity and Infallibility—Both or Neither." It is published by Longmans, Green & Co., 15 East Sixteenth Street, New York City. We do not advertise this able book in the interests of the publishers, but in the interests of the reader seeking reliable information on the doctrine of infallibility.

Does the infallibility of the church involve the correct interpretation of the Scriptures? It involves the infallibly correct interpretation of the Word of God, of all that God has revealed, whether it comes down to us on paper, or in tradition, which is the memory of the church. The whole deposit of

revealed truth, whether written or unwritten, is in the memory of the church. Our Lord said to the ministry of His church, "When He, the Spirit of Truth, shall come, He will teach you all truth; for He shall speak not of Himself, but what things soever He shall hear, He will speak, and the things that are to come He will show you."—John 16: 13.

Is the infallibility involved in the preservation of the sacred text? The infallibility is involved in the preservation of the whole deposit of revealed truth, and the correct delivery of its meaning to the minds of men who obey the Lord's command and hear the church. Infallibility is not involved in the preservation of material documents, paper, parchment, or ink. None of these things, nor all of them put together, is the Word of God, which our Lord commissioned His church to teach.

Nor is indefectibility involved in the preservation of material records. Our Lord made His church self-sufficient in the performance of her given task of teaching all things whatsoever He commanded. She was performing that task before a word of the New Testament was written, and would be performing it to the end of the world, if that record had never come down to us. The divine institution of Christ does not depend for its existence on the fact of its having been recorded on parchment or paper. It depends on His omnipotence.

If the Jewish church was infallible, as many, and with good reason, think, its infallibility would not be in any way affected by the loss of those twenty-two books from their records. There were books of the New Testament lost also, but while the church of Christ lasts the loss of those records does not imply the loss of the revealed truths they contained. Our Lord did not leave his revealed word to the precarious fate of parchment and paper, or to the erring hand of transcribers. He built His church on a Rock, and commanded her to teach all nations for all time, whatsoever He commanded. Thus, with His ever presence, she is the guardian and interpreter of His revealed truth, until the angel of eternity calls the muster-roll of time.

A FREE PEOPLE.

We heartily congratulate Sir Thomas Esmonde, M.P., on the resolution which he commended to the unanimous approval of the County Councils' General Council:—"That the Irish people should be a free people, with a natural right to govern themselves; that no Parliament is competent to make laws for Ireland except an Irish Parliament sitting in Ireland. And that the claim of any other body of men to make laws for or to govern Ireland is illegal and unconstitutional, and a grievance intolerable to the people of this country."

We concur in his view that this historic resolution of the Volunteers expresses in clear, cogent form the National demand for Home Rule. We are glad to find that the County Councils' General Council has assumed its proper function at last, and is prepared to deal with matters of great and vital interest to the people. Yet we cannot refrain from regret that so many years of its existence have been spent in a persistent attempt to shut out all political questions from its consideration. We have constantly protested against such exclusion, and we welcome the more earnestly the conversion of Sir Thomas Esmonde and the enfranchisement of the Council, who at an early meeting ruled a Home Rule resolution out of order.

So far back as August the 23rd, 1899, we wrote as follows:—"We are convinced that Sir Thomas Esmonde's speech was delivered without full consideration of the inevitable result of the policy he proposed: the exclusion of politics from the consideration of this Central Assembly representing the County Councils of Ireland." We exposed then the hollowness of this cry of "no politics" which is so ready on the lips of the Unionists when they are seeking for Nationalist favors, and we argued that the Irish County Councils, individually and collectively, can be and ought to be used as a lever for the advancement of Home Rule.

If they are willing to treat the Nationalist cause as something not to be mentioned there will not be wanting plenty of Unionist orators and writers to point the moral of that silence. From the first we were convinced that the great majority of the delegates resented the closure, and we are glad to be confirmed in our belief. The occasion of the

Unionist delegates is an element of strength, not weakness. There is no greater mistake on the part of Nationalists than to kow-tow to Unionist prejudice and bigotry, and to suppress their own convictions lest they may offend the delicate susceptibilities of their unrelenting opponents.—Dublin Freeman's Journal.

HEALTHY LUNGS

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Every drop of blood in the body must go through the lungs. That is why the lungs are helped and healed and strengthened with the great blood builder, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They fill the veins with pure, rich red blood that gives health and vigor to weak lungs. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brace the lungs to throw off bronchitis and heavy colds. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills build up the lungs after an attack of la grippe or pneumonia. That is the way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved hundreds in Canada from consumptive graves. No other medicine does this work so speedily and so well. Mrs. Jane A. Kennedy, Douglastown, Que., says:—"My sister, a young and delicate girl, took a severe cold when about seventeen years old. Nothing we did for her seemed to do any good, and we feared she was going into consumption. Often after a bad night I would get up early to see if she had spit blood during the night. A friend strongly urged me to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and within a month from the time she had begun their use she had almost recovered her health. Under the continued use of the Pills she is now well and strong."

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A Brilliant Catholic Woman

The Buffalo Illustrated Times of Sunday, Feb. 5, contains a fine sketch of Mrs. Cecelia Cotter King, the well-known Catholic sculptress of Buffalo, whose work has attracted so much favorable notice. The article occupies a full page of the paper and is embellished with cuts of some of Mrs. King's most characteristic work, including her masterpiece, "Christ, the Rejected"; a bust of Bishop Maes of Covington, and one of Father Maloney, the original of which was recently placed in St. Malachy's Church, Cleveland. There are also pictures of Mrs. King in her home, and of her little son, Master Billy King.

Mrs. King's genius meets with proper appreciation in Buffalo, where at the Pan-American Exposition in 1901, the people first became acquainted with Sarah Cecelia Cotter's sculpture. It was a couple of years later that Miss Cotter married Mr. William A. King, manager of the Catholic Union and Times, and went to live in Buffalo. She is now engaged in modeling a bust of her baby boy.

The genius of Mrs. King is many-sided. Besides her gift as a sculptress she paints, plays on the harp, writes verse, and withal is the ideal mother and wife. The energy which she takes to her work, added to her accomplishments, augur for her a still more brilliant future. She is a sister of Rev. James H. Cotter, the scholarly rector of St. Lawrence Church, Ironton, who has lovingly fostered and encouraged the talents of his favorite sister.

A COLOSSAL STATUE.

On the summit of Cornelle Rock, at Puy, a French city famous for the antiquity of its devotion to the Blessed Virgin, there is a colossal statue of Our Lady of France. It is fifty-two feet in height and stands on a pedestal twenty feet high. Eighteen hundred thousand subscriptions of a penny each, taken among the Christian Brothers' pupils, paid for the building of the pedestal.—Ava Maria.

"And Angels Came--"

By ANNE O'HAGAN, in Harper's Magazine.

The full effulgence of cloudless midsummer enveloped the place. The lawns, bright and soft, sloped for half a mile to the sweetbriar hedge. Among them was the drive, now and again crossing the stone bridges of the small, curving lake which gave the estate its affected name—Lakeholm. To the left of the house a coppice of bronze beeches shone with dark lustre; clumps of rhododendrons enlivened the green with splashes of color. Lombardy poplars, with their gibbet-like erectness, bordered the roads and intersected them with mathematical shadows; here and there rose a feathery elm or a maple of wide-branched beauty. To the right a shallow fall of terraces led to the Italian gardens, Mrs. Dinsmore's chief pride, now a glory of matched and patterned color and a dazzle of spray from marble basins. Beyond all the careful, exotic beauty of the place, the wide valley dipped away, alternate meadows and grove, until it met the silvery shiver of willows marking the course of the river. Beyond that again, the hills, solemn in unbroken green, rose to cloud-touched heights.

Before the house, Brockton's new automobile waited. He himself leaned against a stone pillar of the piazza, facing his hostess, who sat on the edge of a chair in the tense attitude of protest against delay. She had scarcely recovered from her walking crossness yet, and found herself more irritated than amused at the eccentricities of her guest. She was wondering with unusual asperity why a man with such lack-lustre blue eyes dared to wear a tie of such brilliant contrast. He interrupted her musings.

"Miss Harned seems mighty standoffish these days,"

"Millicent is a little difficult," admitted Millicent's cousin.

"What do you suppose it is? She seemed all smooth enough in New York last winter, and even in the spring after—But now—"

He paused again without finishing his sentence. "And I had counted on your influence to make her more approachable."

"Oh, Millicent is having a struggle with her better nature, that is all," laughed Mrs. Dinsmore. "It's hard living with her during the process, but she's adorable once her noble impulses have been vanquished and she's comfortably like the rest of the world again."

"I don't know what you mean," said the downright Mr. Brockton.

"No?" Mrs. Dinsmore was sure that the impertinence of her monosyllabic would be lost upon her elderly protegee. "I'll make it clear to you, if I can. Millicent, you know, has nothing—"

"With that figure and that face?" interrupted Brockton, with gallant enthusiasm.

"I am speaking in your terms, Mr. Brockton," said the lady, with suave hauteur. "Of course all of us count my cousin's charms and accomplishments, though we do not inventory them as possessions far above rubies. But in the valuation of the 'change she has nothing. Oh, she may manage to extract five or six hundred a year from some investments of my uncle, and she has the old Harned place in New Hampshire. That might bring in as much as seven hundred dollars if the abandoned farm-fever were still on—"

"By ginger!" boasted Brockton, whose expletives lacked tone, "it's more than I had when I started."

"So I remember your saying before. But I fear that my cousin is not a financial genius. What I meant by her struggle with her better nature is that sometimes she tries to thwart us when we want to make things easy for her. Her better nature had a fearful tussel with her common sense about five years ago, when Aunt Jessie asked her to go abroad; and it nearly overcame her frivolity and her vanity last winter when I met her at the dock and insisted upon having her spend the winter with me, and our second cousin, Alicia Broome, offered to be responsible for her wardrobe. But, thanks be," she added, laughing, "the world, the flesh, and the devil won. So cheer up, Mr. Brockton. It may happen again."

"Oh, I'm not hopeless by any manner of means. I want her pretty badly, and I'm used to getting what I want. I told her out and out when she turned me down, back there in May, that if she were a young girl I wouldn't urge her any more, after what she said about her feelings. But she wasn't, and I thought she could look at a proposition from a plain business point of view."

"You told her that? You men-

tioned to her that she was no longer a young girl?" Mrs. Dinsmore's laugh rippled delightedly on the air.

"I did. Oh, I'm used to bargaining," he rejoined, proudly. "I always could make the other fellow see what he'd lose by refusing my offers. And I got her to take the matter under consideration. I heard somewhere that she was interested in some philanthropy. Well, money comes in handy in charity." He grinned broadly at Mrs. Dinsmore.

At that moment her protegee was extremely distasteful to the lady. But she was a philosopher where marriage was concerned, and she wholeheartedly hoped that her cousin Millicent would not dally too long with her opportunity and allow the matrimonial prize to escape. She was sincerely fond of Millicent, and desired for her the best things in the world. She sometimes said so with touching earnestness.

"She told me"—Mr. Brockton stumbled slightly—"that there wasn't any one else."

"There isn't. She has her train—she's enormously admired—but there is no one in whom she is sentimentally interested. And Aunt Jessie says it was so all the time they were in Europe."

"Wasn't there ever?" he demanded.

"My dear Mr. Brockton, Millicent is twenty-nine, as you reminded her, and she's a normal woman! Of course there have been some ones—her music master at fourteen, I dare say, and an actor at sixteen, and a young curate at eighteen—oh, of course I'm jesting. But I suppose she was somewhat like other girls. She was engaged at nineteen—and he must have been quite twenty-three! No, I should dismiss all jealousy of her past if I were you."

"Engaged?"

Mrs. Dinsmore wondered suddenly if she had been wise, after all, to admit that widely known fact.

"Oh, yes, a bread and butter engagement. My uncle was notoriously inadequate in all practical affairs; he was a scholar and something of a recluse and the most charming gentleman I ever saw, but a child in worldly matters,—a child! It ended you see."

"How did it end?"

"Oh, poor Will Hayter died."

"Dead long?"

"Five or six years."

"Well, I'm not afraid of dead men," Brockton laughed in relief. Mrs. Dinsmore did not point out to him from her more subtle knowledge that constancy to the unchanging dead is sometimes easier than constancy to the variable living. She was only too glad to have the inevitable disclosure made light of and the truth dismissed without frightening out the desirable suitor. "And certainly Miss Harned don't look as if—"

"Any irremediable grief were gnawing at her damask cheek?"

"What's this about damask cheeks?" The question came along with a whirl of skirts from the great hall. "Cousin Anna, don't hate me for keeping you so long. Mr. Brockton, I owe you a thousand apologies."

Some of those who admitted Millicent Harned's charm declared that it lay in her voice. Always there sounded through its music the note of eagerness, with eagerness's underlying hint of pathos. Her tones were like her face, her motions, herself. Impulse, merriment, yearning, and the shadow of melancholy dwelt in her eyes and shaped her lips to sensitive curves. She was tall and her motions were of a spontaneous grace, swifter and more changeful than most women's.

"You have been a disgracefully long time, Millicent," her cousin answered her apology. "But"—she looked at the beautifully gowned figure, the lovely, imaginative face, thereby, like a good showman, calling Mr. Brockton's attention to them—"we'll forgive you."

"Oh, it wasn't primping that kept me. I stopped for a few minutes at the school-room door. Poor Lena! She seems to be feeling the responsibility of her erudition terribly this morning. She showed me her botany slides with such an air! Do you know what genus has the rose-tellium, Anna?"

"No, I don't," said Anna, shortly. "And Lena's growing up a perfect young prig. I'll have to change governesses. Heaven knows what I'll draw next time! The last one had charm, but no learning, and a mighty little intelligence. This one has no manners at all, and is of en-

cyclopaedic information. A daughter's a terrible responsibility."

"Isn't she?" Millicent's tone was one of affectionate rallery as she gathered her draperies about her in the automobile. The notion of Anna's responsibilities amused her; Anna was so untouched by them—as smoothed-skinned, as slim and vivacious, as the forty-year-old mother of two boys entering college, a girl in the school-room and another in the nursery, as she had been as a debutante.

"Oh, you may make fun," said Anna, snapping open the frothy thing she called a sunshade, "but you don't know how I lie awake nights, shuddering lest Lena grow up a near-sighted girl with no color and serious views."

Millicent only smiled as the great machine moved off. The sunshine, the rare and ordered beauty of the place, the fragrance of the soft wind, all lapped her in indolence. As they neared the gate that gave upon the open road, a turn brought them in front of the house. It was very beautiful. She breathed deeply in the content of the sight—the delicate lines, the soft color, the perfection of detail. In the gardens were stained yellow columns and balustrades which Anna had brought from the dismantled palace in the Italian hills where she had found them. Everywhere wealth made its subtlest, most delicate appeal to her eyes.

"My house," thought Millicent, as they shot out of the grounds, "shall be different, but as beautiful. The Tudor style, I think, and for my out-of-door glory a vast rose-garden,—acres, if I please!" Then she called sternly to her straying imagination. She was picturing what she might have as the wife of the man before her—the man whose first proposal to her she had unhesitatingly refused, whose appearance at Lakeholm she had regarded as proof of disloyalty on Anna's part—the man who at the best represented to her only the artistic possibilities of riches. She dismissed her reverie with a frown and joined in the talk.

"Do you know," she confessed, "I forget where it is that we are going."

"We are coming back to the Monroes' for luncheon," Mrs. Dinsmore reminded her. "But Mr. Brockton is going to skim over most of the Berksires first. I think you said you hadn't been in this part of the country before, Mr. Brockton?"

"No," said Brockton, "I haven't had much chance to get acquainted with the playgrounds of the country. I've been too busy earning a holiday. But I've earned it all right." He turned to emphasize his boast with a nod toward Millicent. She blushed. His very chauffeur must redder at his braggart air, she thought. The Tudor castle grew dim in her vision.

"What do you think of the bubble, Miss Harned?" he went on. "Goes like a bird doesn't she?"

"Indeed she does," answered Millicent, characteristically making immediate atonement in voice and look for the mental criticism of the moment before. "It's really going like a bird. I don't suppose we shall ever have a sensation more like flying."

"Not until our celestial pinions are adjusted," said Anna. Brockton laughed, but Millicent went on: "Seriously, the loveliest Belle I ever lost was the one in the wings with which my virtues should be at last rewarded. To breast the ether among the whirling stars,—didn't you ever lie awake and think of the possibility of that Anna?"

"Never! I'm no poet in a state of suffocation, as I sometimes suspect you of being."

"As for heaven," declared Brockton, "I don't take much stock in all that. We're here—we know that—and we'd better make the most of it. For all we know, it's our last chance to have a good time. Better take all that's coming to you here and now, Miss Harned, and not count much on those wings of yours."

Millicent smiled mechanically. Could any Elizabethan garden of delight compensate for the misery of having each butterfly of fancy crushed between Lancelot Brockton's big hands in this fashion?

They were entering a village. Before them was the triangular green with the soldier's monument upon it. About it were the post-office, the stores, the small neat houses of the place. A white church, tall-steeped, green-shuttered, rose behind the monument, and with it dominated the square. A wagon or two toiled lazily along the road; before the stores a few dusty buggies were tied. The place seemed drowsy to stagnation in the summer heat. Why, Millicent wondered, were towns so crude and unlovely in the midst of a country so benignantly beautiful?

(To be Continued.)

SECRET SOCIETIES AMONG CATHOLICS

Timely Comments of Catholic Magazine on Live Subject.

From the Dolphin for February. There are some misconceptions current among Catholics regarding the nature of the societies whose members pledge themselves to secrecy...

crests to proper authority, when required, is a danger to the State. History proves the truth of this statement.

Referring to these words of the Bishop, one of the representative Knights at the banquet of the society pointed to the safeguards which the order has in its constitution...

Hence, no allegiance can be lawful before God which pretends to control the individual so exclusively as to take from him the right to communicate his thoughts or to submit his will to the legitimate authority of the Church or the State...

WEDDING BELLS.

DALY-McGILLIS.

At St. Andrew's Church, St. Andrew's, Ont., on Wednesday, February 22, Miss Florence McGillis, daughter of Mr. Hugh McGillis, was married to Mr. D. B. Daly, of Montreal.

MOTHER'S ADVICE.

"I would advise mothers to stop dosing their little ones with nauseous castor oil and soothing stuffs, and use only Baby's Own Tablets."

HOPE LIES IN IRISH PARTY.

Never was there a More Absolute Confidence in Their Unity and Independence.

(From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.)

The Irish Parliamentary Fund was inaugurated by an encouraging letter and a substantial subscription from the Archbishop of Dublin.

They asked the Irish people to trust to English justice and sympathy to settle the agrarian question, to provide homes for the laborers of Ireland, and university education for the Catholics.

THE PRICE THAT STAGGERED HUMANITY.

It is realized that now is the appointed hour. The Unionist Government are breaking up. With their disgrace and fall discredit must come on the cause which they were specially pledged to support.

Resolved, That this Society deeply condole with the relatives of our late member, Andrew Cullinan, in the loss they have sustained through his death.

CARDINAL MORAN'S RESOLUTION.

In Ireland hopes are high and enthusiasm warm. The confidence in the Irish Party enables the Irish people to await the general election so long delayed, which will make the Irish Party once more an effective factor in the House of Commons.

The enthusiasm of Irishmen abroad should prove a spur to Irishmen at home. If those whose homes are in another hemisphere are willing to do so much for the Irish cause, what is to be expected from the Irishmen at home...

Limitation is the law of life: for life is the finite shore, everywhere touched by Infinity's uncharted ocean.—Robert Cox Stump.

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM PRESIDENTIAL INAUGURATION Washington, D.C., March 4, 1905. FROM MONTREAL Round Trip Fare, \$17.40

REDUCED FARES MARCH 1st to MAY 15th, 1905. Second Class Colonist fares from Montreal to Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, Portland, etc.

CITY TICKET OFFICES: 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 4604 & 4611, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC \$48.90 -TO- Vancouver Victoria Seattle Tacoma Portland

Colonist Special Trains to the Canadian Northwest March and April.

Resolutions of Condolence At the last regularly monthly meeting of St. Ann's Temperance and Bennett Society...

Resolved, That the members of this Society tender their sincere sympathy to their treasurer in his bereavement...

Resolved, That this Society deeply condole with the relatives of our late member, Andrew Cullinan...

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The Big Store Closes at 6 P.M. as Usual. S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

DAINTY WASH FABRICS AT LITTLE PRICES. Crowds of ladies will cluster round the Wash Section, buying and admiring the finest lot of Wash Goods in Canada.

NEW FURNITURE AT REDUCED PRICES. No need to say that bargains like these are of rare occurrence outside this store.

LIVELY TIMES IN THE BASEMENT CHINAWARE STORE. The offerings in this section will cause very lively selling.

GREATEST SKIRT BARGAINS EVER OFFERED. The remainder of the great surplus stock purchase will be offered for sale.

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THOMAS LIGGET OUR DISCOUNT SALE IS STILL ON.

This is a GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY for parties FURNISHING, as our usual LOW PRICES, combined with the most LIBERAL DISCOUNTS...

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THE HOME Speech of Mr. ...

London, Feb. 21.—In Commons to-day on the Address to His Majesty the Speech from the Throne...

I beg to move an amendment following words—"But present to your Majesty the present system of Government is in opposition to the Irish people, and gives voice in the management of our own affairs; that the system is consequently ineffective and is producing a general discontent and has proved to be incapable of promoting the intellectual progress of the people."

A GENERAL ELECTION and many people also think that general election will return to power of the party who have identified in the policy of self-government...

Mr. Speaker, there is only one demand for the freedom of our (hear, hear). We are elected independent party, and our from our constituents is that shall not enter into alliance with any British party which does not prove of and adopt the policy of the people of Ireland...

It is not a matter of expediency, it is a matter of principle and necessity. It is not, of course, my business to attempt to forecast the future, or endeavor to tell what the future policies of British parties will be, but I believe that parties will find on their part honesty in this matter is the policy, to tell them plainly that OURS IS AN UNCHANGEABLE ATTITUDE.

and with that attitude they have to reckon (cheers). We have our condemnation of the present system of rule in Ireland on four grounds. We condemn that system because it is not in accordance with the will of the governed, but the contrary, government in direct opposition to the declared will of the governed.

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