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LESSONS OF ST. JEAN BAPTISTE.

Elaborate were the preparations this year for the celebration of the French Canadian national festival of St. Jean Baptiste, and the success of the monster demonstration was all that could be desired. While Thursday, the 22nd June, was the day selected for the grand procession, this day is the actual feast of St. John the Baptist. As in the case of our own patron saint, the occasion is one of religious as well as of national importance; consequently we will take occasion as Catholics, to refer in a special manner to the religious aspect of this great day, and, as Canadians, we will dwell upon the claims to honor, respect, and consideration on the part of our fellow-countrymen of French origin.

Take that other John—the Beloved Disciple—St. John the Baptist was one of those pre-eminently favored beings called upon to play a most important part in the great drama of the world's salvation. He was "the voice crying out in the wilderness, make straight the way of the Lord." He was the especially appointed precursor of the Messiah; he was chosen to become the herald of the King of kings, he walked in advance of the One whose advent had been anticipated during four thousand years. And when the appointed time for the accomplishment of his wonderful mission was at hand, he retired from the haunts of men, clothed himself in a garb of camel hair, and went forth into the desert to hold secret communion with the Most High. In imagination we can see that beautiful but worn figure, leaning upon a projecting rock, gazing down upon the fast-flowing Jordan, and patiently awaiting the approach of some One greater than himself, some One whose sandals-cords he, privileged as he might have been, was unworthy to loosen, some One before whose presence he was to march back into the world of men, even as the symbolic sword that was ever seen to advance before the great rulers of Israel, and to announce to the multitude the approach of the Lord's anointed.

Then, once his mission was commenced, he was the first to inaugurate the sacramental powers of the new dispensation, he was the first priest of God to perform the mystic and cleansing ceremony of baptism; and the One on whom he poured the regenerating waters was the one who had descended to regenerate the human race. The solemnity of the Baptist's mission was such that only one termination could have been proportionate to the wonderful importance of his career—and that ending was martyrdom. Again, even in his death, he was the preacher of most salutary lessons. His head was the price of a forfeit on the part of the infidel ruler Herod, and the object was to reward the fantastic attractions of a common dancing girl. Herod—like millions since his time—was carried away by a vile and babbling sentiment that found its source in the voluptuousness of the abandoned and frivolous; that girl, even as millions of others in after years, acrobated heartlessness with wantonness; and the result was that the body, the pure, the great, the one of whose very virtues and he were a standing reproach to the iniquitous

of earth, fell the victim that was needed to satisfy the lust of one and the cruelty of another sinner.

It is but natural, then, that the Church of Christ, should honor in a special manner the great saint who was so especially honored by Christ himself. And in selecting John the Baptist as their patron saint, the French Canadian people have happily chosen one whose very life is symbolized in the mission granted to and fulfilled by their race in Canada.

Over three centuries ago, like unto the wilderness into which the Baptist retired, this vast country was an immense, unknown, apparently limitless waste, a very desert, in its primeval solitude and grandeur. The aboriginal inhabitants were sunken in the depths of paganism and barbarism. A sailor, from St. Malo, crossed the vastness of Atlantic, reached the banks of the St. Lawrence, and in front of the future City of Quebec, and to the murmuring sound of Montmorency's cataract, Jacques Cartier unfurled the standard of the cross and beside it planted the banner of France. In his person—and in those of his companions and successors—the French race became the precursor of Christianity and civilization in this new land. Its spirit walked abroad over the freshly acquired dominion, and its voice was like unto that one of old, "crying in the wilderness, make straight the ways of the Lord." By the hands of their early missionaries, the first waters of baptism were made to fall upon the brow of the ignorant and pagan savage. Whosoever they went they performed a mission similar in many senses to that of their patron saint. Even to the martyrdom that closed and crowned his life, they laid the foundations of the religious and national institutions of the land with the hand of sacrifice and counted the stones of these sacred edifices with the sweat of the colonist's brow and blood of the martyr's veins.

It is most appropriate, therefore, that the great St. John the Baptist should be chosen as the patron of this pioneering this civilizing and Christianizing people. And it is meet that their attachment to their institutions, language and laws should find eternal expression in demonstrations such as the one Montreal has witnessed this year. In congratulating them upon their patriotism and their devotion to the Faith of Ages, we can heartily salute their humor, and express the hope that it may long wave, free and untrammelled in this land of a future greatness. We salute those laws, which have come down through the centuries from the days of the early Romans and that are the bedrock of French-Canadian autonomy in our Dominion; we salute that tongue which is universally acknowledged to be the diplomatic language of the civilized world, the language of science, poetry and eloquence, and that of some of the grandest minds that have ever held communion with the generations of men; we salute those institutions and to a great extent, in them we participate, for we enjoy the blessing of the same faith and of all the boons, both spiritual and otherwise, that it guarantees us; wherefore, we say to those institutions, in the language of a classic orator, "Esto Perpetua!"

actly copied as possible on tracing paper, and then return it to the spy to be replaced at the Foreign Embassy. It was practically the handwriting of Dreyfus on the tracing paper edition, though there may also be traces of the handwriting of the copyist hand. This explains why the bordereau at the general staff is to-day on tracing paper.

"People do not write their original letters on tracing paper. This also explains why Generals Mercier and Roget, in the name of the general staff, warned the Cassation judges that 'even were it proved that the handwriting of the tracing paper bordereau differed from that of Dreyfus it was none the less certain that the secrets it mentioned only came from him to the Foreign Embassy in question.' So much for the tracing paper bordereau, and all the row which imbeciles and traitors make about it. But there are traitors of a deeper dye who know very well that the French Government cannot explain in public that they got a Foreign Embassy robbed in order to protect the military secrets which are the protection of France."

In order to protect the military secrets, which are the protection of France.

Very pathetic was the brief speech made by the great African explorer Major Marchand, in reply to the address of welcome read to him at Toulon. "Two memories," he said, weighed heavily on our hearts, and twice filled our minds with sadness in the course of the African Mission which the Government of the Republic did us the honor to entrust to us. Twice the

head of the Mission was afraid; twice he felt his heart drawn with anguish; twice, as he thought of his country, he felt his sobs choking him, twice, on the banks of the white Nile, under the walls of Fashoda, we had arrived at our goal, and we were happy simply in the thought that we were about to get news from our Mother Country. With what anxiety did we learn in what anguish she was living in respect to an affair of which I have not to speak, but we guessed that France could no longer give the proud and heroic reply that ten centuries had taught her, and we, too, at that moment felt all our cherished hopes falling to the ground with our tears just as we had attained our end. But of what use is it to recall our regrets now that all is over? Let us think of it no more, and let us look straight into the future."

The second sad memory, he explained was the arrival of the warship to take him and his followers back to France. Major Marchand concluded by expressing a hope in which every friend of France will join—that her sons may soon be united and therefore strong.

The difficulty in the way of forming a cabinet to succeed that of M. Dupuy bodes ill for the future of France. It is caused by the disinclination of statesmen of ability to place their services at the disposal of their country—a bad sign in a nation like France. When will Frenchmen learn that the violence of their political passions, and the disunion and bitterness to which this violence gives rise, is a source of national weakness?

Notes From American Centres.

At the recent convention of the American Medical Association, held in Columbus, Ohio, an Irish Catholic scientist, Dr. J. B. Murphy, of Chicago—has scored a triumph in his profession that will prove both beneficial to the world at large and a credit and honor to himself and all his fellow-countrymen and co-religionists. For over a year Dr. Murphy has been experimenting in cases of consumption, after a system which is the result of a life long study. Out of one hundred cases treated by him last year, not one failed, and many were very advanced when he undertook to effect cures. His associate Dr. Lemke read Dr. Murphy's paper before the Association, the latter being too modest to do so in person, and even too modest to claim any special credit for himself in the wording of that document. We quote from his paper, as read by his associate—a paper not intended for the public, but merely for the members of the association.

"The method of treatment," explained Dr. Lemke, "is mechanical, not chemical. Nature herself is called upon not only to assist but to bear the heaviest part of the burden."

Briefly the method is the following: Dr. Murphy had noticed that tubercular lungs that had been debilitated by natural causes had been cured, although they were in advanced stages of consumption before they had become compressed.

He then conceived the idea of deflating lungs by compression artificially; of putting them out of action for a while by the injection of nitrogen gas between the pleura and the lung, thus giving the lung a rest that it might need.

To illustrate what he was saying Dr. Lemke passed around for inspection at the convention, a human lung. It was that of a man who was in the advanced stages of consumption, so far advanced that the lung contained cavities produced by the tubercle bacilli. By reason of some other ailment suffered the lung had become compressed so that its walls were flattened together. It was in that condition when the autopsy was made and the cavities were found to be entirely healed.

"What was done in that case by natural causes," said Dr. Lemke, as the other doctors crowded around the exhibit, "is exactly what is sought to be done by the use of nitrogen gas, according to the Murphy treatment."

The report of the proceedings is as follows:—

"The successful demonstration of his method of treating tuberculosis of the lungs has easily given Dr. Murphy the first honors in this convention of doctors, which is the largest ever held in America and the one in which the subject of tuberculosis has been given the most consideration."

burn. She will be taken there next week.

A date for Mrs. Barrow's trial will be set on Monday.

Barrow was hopeful to the last. But when fifteen minutes after the jury had retired they filed into court he realized that he need expect no mercy.

"There is no doubt that you are guilty of this crime," said Justice Fursman to Barrow. "You are the man who originated it and who induced these women to steal this little girl. There should be an example made in your case. The sentence of the court is that you be confined in State prison at hard labor for a period of fourteen years and ten months."

"I am satisfied," said Justice Fursman, "as regards the course, that this girl was not the originator of the scheme; that she was persuaded, and because of the friendship Mrs. Barrow had shown for her when she was sick willingly aided them in kidnapping the child."

Justice Fursman then sentenced her to four years in the State prison for women at A. hour.

There is an attempt now going on in New York to construct a religion without any particular faith. It is a movement for Christian unity but not Protestant unity.

The "Sun" referring to it says:— "The Roman Catholic Church is excluded, though manifestly there can be no real Christian unity unless the majority of Christendom, which renders spiritual allegiance to the Pope is brought into it. The great division is between Catholicism and Protestantism. In the first there is already complete unity, so far, at least, as against Protestantism; but Protestantism is divided into numerous denominations as a necessity of its genius."

"The movement for Protestant unity, therefore, is not for 'immediate organic unity.' That is dismissed as impossible. It is simply for 'reciprocal cooperation' and 'interreligious co-operation.' The circular announcing the project asks: 'Has not the hour now come when the churches should join hands in a new brotherhood?' With that end in view a 'State Conference' is to be held in New York, and like conferences are to be in other States."

As this is a subject that opens a very wide scope for editorial comment we will reserve for another column, in another issue, our special views concerning this characteristic movement.

It appears that according to a recent police census Chicago has over two million inhabitants. As far as we are concerned it is not very clear whether this means the city proper, or the city and all the farming country within a given radius around it. Anyway the report says:—

"Sergt. A. T. De Long, who has charge of the Police Bureau of Records, admits that his figures are largely based on estimates and may be 100,000 or 200,000 out of the way, but counting the entire 2,000,000 square miles of territory, extending from the Indiana State line half way to the Wisconsin boundary, he thinks Chicago has fully 2,000,000 inhabitants."

What seems to a stranger very peculiar is that the census should cover the 200 square miles, from the State of Indiana half way to that of Wisconsin. We would find it very funny were we to have a police census of the city of Montreal, including all the island from the St. Lawrence River to Lake Laballe.

SPAIN'S ACTUAL CONDITION.

There is something noble, and truly Catholic in the sentiment expressed some days ago by the Duc d'Arcos, the new Spanish Minister to Washington. In conversation with a New York Herald reporter he said:—

"Let bygones be bygones." The war is ended. A treaty of peace has been signed and friendly relations have been re-established. It will be my duty and my pleasure to restore the good feeling between Spain and the United States which existed before hostilities began."

The principle and sentiment contained in those few words should suffice to silence forever the narrow-mindedness that has been vulgarly existing over Spain's recent defeat. Because a nation is less perfectly equipped than another by no means indicates any inferiority as far as the grand and lasting characteristics of the greatness are concerned. If such were the case the Irish would be infinitely inferior to the English, the Poles to the Russians, the French-Canadians to the British—and every nation that ever suffered reverses in the conflicts for power, some other remarks made by the Spanish Minister, in his speech to the President, on the occasion of his being presented will be of interest, and certainly most instructive. Amongst other things the Duc d'Arcos said:—

"I am sure, from my own observation and from what I have learned, that Americans are very friendly to Spain, and with both countries working toward a common end it ought not to be very long before the most cordial relations are resumed by them."

Then referring to Spain, in a subsequent public statement he said:—

"Speaking of commerce, a strong movement is on foot in my country having as its object the extension of Spanish trade. The loss of Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, Carolines and Ladrones has deprived Spanish goods of markets in which they had an advantage over the imports of other nations, but I am confident that the

agitation in favor of the extension of Spanish commerce will result favorably to our trade. The financial question, of course, is the one which appears to be most difficult of solution. We are now engaged in settling all the expenses of the war, including the debts of Cuba and the Philippines, which are enormous. But Spain is naturally very rich. Her resources are many, and with the continuance of peace and quiet I am confident that in the course of a few years the financial problem will have been solved. The colonies were a great drain upon Spain. The money, therefore, that was a year ago expended for the maintenance of Spanish sovereignty therein can now be used for the internal development of the country."

After speaking of the colonies still possessed by Spain, which are more numerous than generally imagined, the Minister remarked:—

"In relation to the liberation of Spanish soldiers and subjects held prisoners by the Filipinos, I only can say that I am sure that the American Government will do everything in its power to secure their release, in accordance with a clause of the treaty of peace; and as it has given to that end proper instructions to Major General Otis, I am hopeful that their freedom will soon be an accomplished fact."

"You ask me about the political conditions in my country? I see no danger at this time of a political uprising, though it may have existed before and during the war, up to the time of the signing of treaty of peace. Fears were entertained during the negotiation of the treaty that the Carlists would attempt to overthrow the present Government, but it is now apparent that this is impossible. The Carlists' faction is losing strength every day, and the political future seems to be as bright as could be desired. The Queen is much loved and respected, and I hope for many years of tranquil reign by the present family."

The Situation in Cuba.

In reality, the great difficulty that the United States has to face, regarding Cuba, is contained in the problem how to govern in a satisfactory and successful manner the Island. It is one thing to conquer a country, and another thing to govern it. The New York Herald commenting on this, says:—

"The officers and men in Cuba are doing the best they can, but in the nature of things they are not fitted for the delicate work in hand. If we want to the Cubans as conquerors rather than as friends it would be different. We have gone as conquerors, yet we are in the position of holding the island as conquerors. This has had the effect of arousing resentment. That resentment has been fostered by the Spaniards, who want to make our task as difficult as possible. It has been fanned by Cuban politicians and agitators, who hope to advance their own selfish ends. Instead of preparing the Cuban mind for annexation it is putting the Cuban mind in the position of combating annexation. Irritations incident to military administration have done the cause great injury. Little things, done by military order, that have aroused a storm would have attracted no attention if done by civil authority. General Ludlow's military order stopping smoking in street cars was looked upon as a blow at Cuban rights. General Wilson's order searching all the passengers on a train to discover a stolen watch created a great hubbub. General Ludlow, at a sweep, turns upside down all criminal law. General Wilson, at another sweep, changes the police system of a province just as the inhabitants were becoming used to the system in force."

"Now I have no criticism to make of General Brooke. He is doing his duty loyally and conscientiously. It is the system I would examine. The people of Cuba have been held under the iron heel of militarism for centuries. They always had military rule."

"What I would suggest to President McKinley is this—If he does not plan to follow his military administration of the Island by seizure in the name of the United States, let him give Cuba a civil governor. If he must keep General Brooke there, then let him rapidly displace the military governors of the provinces with civilians, and, above all, let him reduce the force of troops in Cuba. Nothing would please the people so much as to have a civil governor and feel that at last military rule in Cuba is at an end. The United States has plenty of such men, skilled in statecraft, in diplomacy, law and executive work, and such a man is needed in Cuba now."

"It seems to me that now is the time to begin. It was this military rule that Cuba fought against. It is the thing that has caused trouble in Germany. It is that which is the chief danger in France to-day. Why should the United States, that leads in everything, continue a system in Cuba that is bound to prolong the period of uncertainty and may end badly for us all?"

CRISPI'S EUROPEAN REPUBLIC.

Predicting a leading roll for the American Republic in the world's affairs, and declaring international disarmament to be practically impossible, Francesco Crispi, Italy's great statesman, has given vent to the same very emphatic opinions concerning the Peace Conference at The Hague. Quoting Gambetta and Bismarck he leaves us, in his statement, some very interesting reminiscences—if they are of no greater value. Having described the enthusiasm in France over Russia, and in Russia over France, at the time of the Cronstadt banquet of August, 1897, he says:—

"Little more than a year has elapsed, and the Czar has already tired of his special friendliness, and instead of aiding France to regain her lost territory, Count Muravieff was instructed to issue the appeal for international disarmament."

"More than twenty years ago I conversed with two of the greatest

statesmen of the age on this very subject. On August 30th, 1877, I had a conference with M. Gambetta in Paris. We were deliberating on grave questions and considering the international politics of that epoch, which proved difficult and critical for France. Marshal MacMahon was then the man of the hour, and a coup d'etat was momentarily expected. To my remark that both the army and the clergy were a menace to the welfare of the state, Gambetta replied that he saw no better remedy for the existing evils than that the nations would come together and agree to universal disarmament."

"A year later I met Prince Bismarck at Gastein. I told him what Gambetta had said about international disarmament. This was the characteristic remark of the Iron Chancellor, which I wrote also in my memoirs:—

"International disarmament is practically impossible."

Notes From the French Capital.

The judgment of the Court of Cassation—which is the Supreme Court of France, and corresponds to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in England—ordering a new trial by court martial of Captain Dreyfus, has caused considerable excitement in the French capital. And those who know what the temperament of the population of Paris is will feel inclined to think that the sentiment will be increased by the result of the new trial, no matter what it may be.

Major Esterhazy has again come to the front. This time he confesses that it was he who wrote the famous "bordereau," which was part of the evidence on which Captain Dreyfus was convicted. The confession is given in the form of an interview with a correspondent of the London Times.

"The day when I was placed on the retired list by most illegal means," said Esterhazy, "I was free, and wanted to make a clean breast of matters; but the most fervent prayers and entreaties from all quarters, including Deputies, friends of the Major induced me to keep silence. Yes, here are the proofs," said Major Esterhazy handed me a packet of letters from a big portfolio. I looked through them, and they were of a nature which would, he said, if made public, convulse Europe and absolutely sap the famous honor of certain generals in France for whose army the honor and interest were invoked, "in favor of which," said Esterhazy, "I have sacrificed mine, and in return for which sacrifice I have received nothing but insult and outrage." And he continued, "I sacrificed myself still for those superiors who had unworthily abandoned me, remembering still that they were the epaulettes of general officers which my own family has worn for so many generations, which my father, who was decorated with your English Order of the Bath, wore when fighting side by side with your troops in the Crimea. Now, however, the measure is filled, and I shall

speaking. Yes, sir," he said very deliberately, though a gleam of fire shone in his dark eyes. "It is I who received an order from Colonel Sandherr to write the bordereau. What I admit, the proofs of the treason of an officer belonging, beyond any possible doubt, however, to the Ministry of War were obvious months before that. It was absolutely necessary to find the guilty person—and hence the bordereau."

The most sensational statement of all, however, is one made by Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, the distinguished journalist, who was formerly an Irish Nationalist member of Parliament, and who has always been a close student of European affairs, having occupied for years the position of editorial writer on "Continental" matters in the London Morning Post. Mr. O'Donnell writes as follows to the "Dublin Nation":—

"Though the Cassation Court can only decide points of law, the judges have presumed to matters of fact. For instance, they allege that Dreyfus was condemned on the Bordereau, the famous list, and that the Bordereau was written by Esterhazy. How do they know what evidence convinced the court-martial? There were seven and twenty witnesses against Dreyfus. How do the judges know which or what evidence convinced the court-martial? But there is much more behind which goes to the very heart of the 'Secret involving danger of war,' of which so much has been heard."

"Dreyfus had long been watched and his guilt was certain to his colleagues. The most daring spies in the French service were introduced into the Embassies, with which he was suspected of communication. The Bordereau written on letter paper by Dreyfus was stolen for a few hours from the most secret archives of a foreign embassy. The French general staff had only time to have it as ex-

Some time ago we gave our readers a lengthy report of the New York Kidnapping case of little Marion Clarke, and we drew several lessons from the events connected therewith, for the benefit of our friends in general. It may be well to now briefly state the final outcome of the whole case. A New York contemporary, of last week, says:—

"George Beaugrand Barrow, who originated the scheme to kidnap little Marion Clarke, was convicted of that crime before Justice Fursman in the criminal branch of the Supreme Court yesterday. He was sentenced to fourteen years and ten months in State prison. Less than three hours after sentence had been passed he had donned the stripes of Sing Sing Prison."

Bella Anderson, alias Carrie Jones, who actually kidnapped the child, and who appeared as witness against Barrow, was sentenced to four years in the State prison for women at Au-

The Benedictines and Architecture at Subiaco.

A REVIEW BY "CRUX."

Last week I drew attention to Dr. W. J. D. Croke's admirable work on "Architecture, Painting and Printing at Subiaco"—a work in which he undertakes to show that Benedictines were the fathers of these three phases of progress in Italy. As I then stated, if such be the case, the author has produced a crushing refutation of all those calumniators of the Catholic Church, who glory in describing her as the mother of ignorance and who seek to make the world believe that, from every standpoint, the Middle Ages—which were the ages of Catholicity par excellence—deserved the designation of "Dark Ages." This week I purpose treating, or rather reviewing Dr. Croke's treatment of the subject of Architecture at the Benedictine monastery of Subiaco in Italy. Next week I will take up the question of Painting, and in the following week's issue I will close with that of Printing. It will be easily seen that these questions become more interesting as we advance with their consideration; especially that of Printing is clothed with an interest most pronounced for the readers of the present age. Without further preface I will now turn to the admirable work before me.

"The Pointed style of Architecture," says Dr. Croke, "was alien to Italy in spirit, not less than in form." So alien was it, that, though by far superior to the dull and purposeless Architecture prevailing in that country at the time of its development abroad, the record of its tardy introduction has been regarded as a piece

of loss information, in regard to which surmise must fill the place of certainty, while after its introduction and frequent employment on many important occasions and in many remarkable places, it never received any other than a stunted and incomplete realization. Indeed, despite the widest adoption, it may be said to have remained an uncongenial and exotic art, to which not even its happy combination with marble, mosaic and painting sufficed to give richness, harmoniousness or a full and organic development. So inadaptable was every non-Roman style of Architecture, that we find Symonds—in his "Renaissance in Italy"—speaking of the Lombard as "in a certain sense exotic."

In no way can all this take from the credit due the men who introduced and who deserved the application of the Gothic style in Italy. While there may be no inventive or creative spirit, on their part, and while they simply borrowed from "the splendid perfection of an art which had arrived at a high stage of potentiality and which awaited only the determination of individual choice and the strong indication of an adequate occasion for the production of its last and superior instances," still they must be recognized for their spirit of venture, of endeavor, of elevation above the barren taste which they found in possession all over the land, and of higher ideals and loftier aims. Nor can we forget that they had to contend with deep-rooted prejudices, with the absolute prevalence of Roman taste all through mediæval Italy, and that they were importing from France, England, or Germany

"something architecturally better than the relics of the Low-Latin Ages surviving in Italy, and especially in central Italy."

It appears that one of the cloisters in the abbey of Santa Scolastica is a complete specimen of Pointed Art. Opposite to the entrance of the Cathedral is an arch of large proportions, sculptured and decorated with statues and in the Pointed style, owing doubtless to a desire for conformity. From the "Subiaco Chronicle"—edited by D. Leone Allodi, O.S.B., in 1885—the author finds the following very important passage:—

"Thus Humbert, the twenty-seventh Abbot of Subiaco after our most holy Father, St. Benedict, though indeed a foreigner by origin, was remarkable for his great-mindedness and his prudence in the management of business, and, while he lived in peace with the neighboring rulers of towns, worked actively for the monastery (of Santa Scolastica) and for the entire abbey. So in the first year of his rule which was the 1052nd after the Incarnation, he put up a part of the inner cloister of the monastery of Santa Scolastica with marble columns; then on the foundations of the old and holy tower, he erected a lofty belfry, as we learn from the ancient marble slab inscribed with capital letters, etc. Beside the same tower, he completed the erection of an ambulatory for the comfort of the monks. He also built a larger dormitory; all and each of which works he brought to an end at untold expense, in a time, when there

was a dearth of corn in Italy and the greatest scarcity, etc."

Dr. Croke adds to the above:—
"The author of the Chronicle goes on to detail other evidences of the activity and spirit of Humbert, showing him to have been possessed of precisely the quality of temperament which we should have looked for in him, while in the passage quoted he is shown to have been a foreigner. He was a native of France where the Pointed style prevailed."

In this connection, it may be opportune to quote from Ferguson's "History of the Modern Styles of Architecture." At page 11, he says: "Italian Painting first took consistency under Cimabue and Giotto, in the thirteenth century, almost contemporaneously with the perfect development of the Pointed style in Northern Europe." Yet we find the date of the Abbot Humbert's introduction of this style into Italy to be the middle of the eleventh century,—one hundred and fifty years earlier.

There are three cloisters at Santa Scolastica. The first was built in 1580; the second, or inner cloister, was completed by the Cosmati family in 1235; the third, which is described as "beside the tower," and which was the middle cloister when it stretched across the entrance to the tower, and the lower story of which is pierced by Pointed apertures, similar in shape to windows, was constructed by Abbot Humbert. In order to show how this famous Abbot has been deprived of the merits of his enterprise, the author quotes Ferguson's

"Illustrated Handbook of Architecture," in which he says that "one of the earliest, or perhaps the first, Italian edifice into which the Pointed arch was introduced, is the fine church of St. Andrea at Vercelli, commenced in the year 1219, by Cardinal Guala Bicchieri." "The Gothic cloister of Abbot Humbert anticipated this cathedral at Vercelli by sixty-seven years," says Dr. Croke.

I must, however, presume to correct what is evidently a slip of the pen; the cloister of Abbot Humbert was one hundred and sixty-seven years old when the Vercelli church was commenced, Okeley, in his "Development of Christian Architecture," writes:—

"It is still more difficult to agree with the statement made by Mr. Ferguson, that one of the earliest, or perhaps the very first Italian edifice in which the pointed arch was introduced is the fine church of St. Andrea at Vercelli." Symonds claims that the first Gothic church in Italy was that of St. Francis at Assisi, and that it was designed by a German. Enlart, the great French authority, places the introduction of this style at the Cistercian Abbey Churches of Fossanova, Casamari and Santa Maria d'Arbona, from which last one it was introduced into Subiaco. Now the Church of Fossanova was built in 1208; that of Casamari in 1217; and that of Santa Maria in 1208.

The Chronicle shows that Abbot John V., of Subiaco restored the building erected by his predecessor

Humbert, and the text runs thus:—
"Wherefore, in the year 1075 after the birth of Christ, and the thirteenth or certainly the fourteenth of his own rule, he decreed that the small and poor church of the Sacro Speco should be restored suitably, nobly, and after a manner worthy of the place."

Commenting on this, Dr. Croke says:—
"The architectural form of the Church and monastery remains unchanged at the present time. It is according to the Pointed style. Consequently, we are justified in concluding that a second energetic superior of the prosperous abbey, following the example of the former, set the seal upon the use of the Gothic style of Architecture in Italy."

After a full examination of all authorities and records, we find that in 1052, Abbot Humbert completed his Gothic church, with the addition of its bell-tower. Consequently, 156 years before the Fossanova Church and that of Santa Maria, and 165 years before the Casamari temple, the Benedictine monks of Subiaco had introduced Gothic architecture. Authors may give credit to German, or French or other laymen, or even canons, but the fact remains that the monks of St. Benedict deserve to be recognized as the great innovators as far as Architecture is concerned, and that the Catholic Church, through one of its monastic bodies, gave the first impetus in this line to that grandest and most lasting of architectural styles in Italy.

WHAT OUR CURB-STONE OBSERVER THINKS OF THE MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE.

For some time past I have been reading endless announcements made by the "Star Library Club," of a regular and universal library entitled "The Masterpieces of the World's Literature," which is at present in press, or possibly in circulation, and by means of which untold advantages are offered to the reading public. I was curious enough to enquire of the "True Witness" management if the "Star Library Club" had done the paper the courtesy of sending sample copies, or even sample pages of this extensive work; being answered in the negative, I thought I would secure for myself all the information possible concerning this universal literary production. As I was about to take the necessary steps, I was handed, by a friend, a four page advertisement purporting to come from "The American Literary Society, 112 Fifth Avenue, New York." I am yet at a loss to know whether the "Library" advertised by the "Star," and the one announced by the American Society be the same or not. At all events they bear similar titles and present almost similar features.

The notice before me is printed in red and black, and runs thus:—
"Masterpieces of the World's Literature: The latest and best Library of the Master Productions of the Great Authors of the World. Edited-in-chief, Harvey Thurston Peck, A. M., Ph. D., L. H. D., Eminent Scholar, Critic, Editor, Author, and Cyclopaedist. Associate Editors, Frank R. Stockton, the well-known author and Short Story writer, Julian Hawthorne, the noted Journalist and Novel writer, the late John Russell Young,

Librarian of Congress, Diplomat, Journalist and Author; 20 Royal Octavo volumes, nearly 12,000 pages; published by the American Literary Society, 112 Fifth Avenue, New York." The sheet also claims that this is the latest, best arranged, best edited, best illustrated, best indexed library in existence. It contains the master productions in Biography, Science and Philosophy, History, Poetry, Romance, Oratory, Wit, and Humor, Drama, Theology, and Pulpit Oratory. In fact the whole notice, if printed in gigantic characters, would serve as a splendid model for a circus advertising agent. There is absolutely nothing omitted—from the earliest known author down to the last writer of this closing decade of the nineteenth century.

I am a lover of literature, and can claim in my humble way, to be a reader; consequently I feel pleased whenever I notice any fresh undertaking whereby the men of our generation may be easily brought into touch and communion of thought with the great minds of the past. There is not one person alive who can more fully appreciate the importance of such a work as that above described; but that is not to the point. I would like to know if the "Star's" library of "The Masterpieces of the World's Literature" be exactly the same in every particular as the one that the New York, or rather the "American Literary Society" announced. No matter what the answer may be it in no way can detract from the merit of the "Star Library Club," nor from the credit due that organization

for its enterprise and commendable energy in taking in hand such a vast work and assuming all the labor and expense that are necessarily attached to the successful carrying out of the undertaking. I am curious on the subject, but for a very different reason than the one which might suggest itself to the minds of my readers.

I said, just now, that in the advertisement now before me, there is absolutely nothing omitted; but I made a slight mistake in using that phrase. I should have said that there is "apparently" nothing omitted. Judging from the extensive programme, that I now glance over, I find that there is not a single great Catholic author—in any branch of the world's literature—mentioned. On the contrary I notice the names of some of the most pronounced infidels, the most anti-Christian authors, the most dangerous and pernicious "literateurs," given as indexes of what may be expected in the twenty volumes. Considering the elaborate wording of the advertisement, I must conclude that the persons who prepared it have taken pains to lay before the intended purchasers, or subscribers, the very best of what they have to offer. It is clear that only a few names taken from a mass of authors can be mentioned in a general notice—no matter how minute it may be. Judging from the names selected it is not difficult to form a correct estimate of the views, opinions, principles, and ideas of the compilers of such a colossal work.

In the domain of science and philo-

sophy we are informed that "The truths of science have been popularized by such men as Huxley, Tyndall and Agassiz . . . the great thinkers and philosophers—from Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, to Spinoza and Darwin." Certainly, as a Catholic, if I were called upon to select books for the education and instruction of the less learned, or the less advanced, I would never suggest even the names of Huxley, and Tyndall. Alone the works of Huxley constitute one long and determined struggle against Christianity, against revelation, against the idea of a God. Nor in the domain of philosophy would I advise even the reading of Darwin. This is not the place, nor have I the time or space at my disposal, to enter into an analysis of the pernicious and soul destroying works of even the three or four authors already mentioned. Suffice to say I would need some better and more reliable, less dangerous and less fallacious writers to represent the important studies of science and philosophy, before I would care to recommend to any Catholic the reading of that section of "The Masterpieces of the World's Literature."

Take the section of history as another example. I do not suppose that all the most reliable historians, and all the Catholic writers of history, are intentionally and systematically ignored. There must be some of them in the list, but not one of their names appears upon the prospectus. Herodotus and Julius Caesar are safe enough—considering that they are classic works, pagan if you will, but

none the less great and imperishable. The same cannot be said of Victor Hugo, who is cited as one of the great recorders "of patriotism and of the struggles for religious and political liberty." A wonderful writer was Hugo—in every branch of literature he was essayed—but a greater perverter of truth, corrupter of principles and teacher of a godless philosophy scarcely ever held pen. Heaven protect the generation that would grow up under the influence of his magic style; informate the country that would fall under the power that he sought to substitute for legitimate authority. Yet he is one of the great authorities that this "Library" purposes holding up before the world as a model for its imitation and an example for its practice.

Here is what we are to expect in the sphere of theology. "The Library" begins at the very foundation of religious thought as expressed in the oldest existing manuscripts. Most of this material can be found nowhere except in rare or expensive books. Selections from the earliest existing religious writings of China, Japan, Persia, India, and many other countries, are given. This is very general and harmless, delightfully vague and possibly meaningless. But what is most interesting to our generation is the following announcement:—
"The greatest theologians of the Christian era—Luther, Erasmus, Calvin, Jonathan Edwards, John Wesley, and many others—are represented by their loftiest and most inspiring utterances." Now, in my humble opinion, this simple list should suffice to settle any Catholic's mind as to the

extent of usefulness these volumes contain, as far as he is concerned. "The Angel of the Schools" finds no place in the midst of that assembly of theological eccentricities. Imagine Luther ranked as one of the greatest theologians; no matter what his abilities in other lines may have been, one has only to study Bossuet's "Variations" to learn how slender was his stock of theological knowledge.

It may be asked why I should take so much pains to refer, in a lengthy manner to this great compilation of the World's Masterpieces. Well, my reason is very simple, and can be told very briefly. I wish to point out to the readers of the "True Witness" how inconsistent and how inconsiderate we Catholics generally are. We are eternally complaining that we have no literature, no writers, no newspapers, no mouthpieces, to voice our interests, assert our rights and defend our principles. Yet we cannot find the means nor the heart to encourage our own literature, to give a living to our writers, to support our newspapers; but we can find the necessary funds to aid and encourage all manner of schemes and undertakings, great and small, that are either non-beneficial or actually detrimental to ourselves, to our children, to our nationality, and to our church. Hundreds of our people will secure such a literary library as I have described, but they would not subscribe a single dollar in the cause of Catholic literature. In other words we are supporting those who are constantly pushing us to the wall; but we neglect those whose lives, whose talents, whose acquisitions are perpetually at our service.

PROMOTERS, DIRECTORS AND INVESTORS.

Now that myriad corporations are organizing and inviting the public to buy shares, the extent to which promoters and directors are legally liable assumes new importance, and special interest attaches to the effort being made in England to amend the companies acts for the protection of investors.

Enormous losses have been inflicted upon the American people in the past through the existence of corporate directors who do not direct. Men of financial standing lend their names to figure as directors in the advertisements and reports of companies about which they know nothing. When a man's name appears as a director in

each of a score of corporations it is manifestly impossible that he should be acquainted with the affairs of all. He goes into the board of one company after another not so often for the directors' fees or the incidental opportunities to profit as to merely oblige a friend.

The appearance of his name as a director serves to attract the confiding investor, but when something goes wrong the figurehead director throws up his hands and protests that he never really knew anything about the company's affairs. As evidence of the laxity of law and practice in this country touching the responsibility not only of directors, but even

of executive officials, one has to recall a few glaring instances.—Reading, which voluntarily paid full dividends on all classes of its income bonds and twenty days later was acknowledged to be hopelessly bankrupt; Atchison, which, being unable to longer borrow money, went into receiver's hands and revealed the fact that its annual reports for a series of years had been fabricated; the Cordage Company, which paid enormous dividends up to the moment it collapsed like a house of cards.

These are unpleasant memories, and we believe that corporations as a whole are managed to-day more honestly and in a more business-like way than ever before. The fact that the officials identified with the wreck of the companies all went free and unpunished—even assuming that none

actually profited in speculation by the downfall of his own company—demonstrates the need of enacting more rigorous laws for the protection of investors. This is what they are trying to do in England. The looseness of the British laws touching the flotation of limited liability companies has entailed enormous losses upon that portion of the community least able to bear them. During the seven years ended with 1897 the British public lost no less than one hundred and forty million dollars in companies which prove unsuccessful, not to mention those that were privately wound up. The demand for reform led to the drafting of a bill on behalf of the Board of Trade, but this was introduced three successive years in the House of Lords, and as often suppressed by that body.

This year it was again introduced,

and it has at last been reported. The outspoken utterances of such men as the Lord Chief Justice, who publicly denounced frauds in promoting and overcapitalizing companies so heavily that it was impossible for the investor to obtain a return on his investment, contributed to compel action on the bill. The rising tide of anger in the country and in the lower house—anger intensified by the revelation of Hooley's methods of promotion and the means by which he secured the names of titled personages to figure as directors—also exerted tremendous pressure upon the Lords to report the bill. But they have amended it with a vengeance. They have eliminated clauses which made the position promoters a fiduciary one toward their companies and therefore under obligation to account for undisclosed profits, and every portion of

the bill defining the duty of directors or prescribing any penalty for them has been stricken out or emasculated.

In view of the recent exposure of the fact that directors in many instances are the mere dummies of the promoters, it will be curious to note how the House of Commons will deal with the measure as thus amended. The outcome of the struggle to guard the public from the snares of the wily promoter and his subservient directors—who lure investors with their names and yet incur no responsibility—is awaited with acute interest on this side of the Atlantic.—New York Sun.

A beast of burden falls to the ground, we raise it immediately. A soul perishes and no one comes to its rescue.—St. Bernard.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

From Our Own Correspondent.

Rome, June 4, 1899.

If a breach had not been made in the city walls, near the Porta Pia, on the 20th of Sept., 1870, Rome would have held last Thursday, Feast of Corpus Christi, or would behold to-day, a procession quite different from the one which is, at this very moment, passing through its streets. The King is reviewing his troops and from early morning people congregate on the principal streets to witness the review and the passing of the King and Queen. Such demonstrations on Sunday will cause a large number to miss Mass. How much better it would be for poor Italy if the King of Kings could receive in Rome the public honors that are paid to Him in other parts of the world to-day. The Corpus Christi procession in St. Peter's last Thursday was very solemn indeed, although it lacked all the public solemnities which Catholics would look for in Rome. The procession in St. Peter's took place after High Mass. It proceeded from the Altar of St. Peter's Chair in the Apsé, down the epistle side of the church, across the vestibule and returned, by the Gospel side, to the Apsé. The procession was headed by a bearer of a gorgeous mace, following which was a congregation of men and boys dressed in red soutanes and long rabats. The Basilican choir, forty in number and wearing navy blue soutanes and laces surplises, next appeared, chanting the Pange, Lingua, as they moved down through the long aisles. Then came the students of the Vatican College and behind them the Canons of St. Peter's. Many Archbishops and Bishops were among the Chapter of Canons. His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla carried the Most Blessed Sacrament beneath a very rich canopy of white silk. The church was profusely decorated with red damask. Although St. Peter's issued forth from the intellect and imagination of a Bramante, a Raphael and a Michael Angelo and from the sculptor's chisel in a state of decoration as magnificent as permanent, notwithstanding all this, it suits Italian taste and excites Italian fervor on the great feasts to cover exquisite workmanship in marble with red damask.

As the most Blessed Sacrament passed through the Vestibule the Italian Gendarmes gave the military salute. There was a very large concourse of people present among whom were many generals and soldiers of the Italian Army.

During the illness of His Holiness last March, it was reported that henceforth pilgrims to Rome, would not be admitted to an audience with Leo XIII, but instead the Holy Father would only receive the directors of a pilgrimage. This arrangement whether true or not, was never carried out, and only a few days ago, an entire pilgrimage from Holland, with Mgr. Farassini, were received in audience by His Holiness. The heat now

prevailing seems to have no effect on the Holy Father's health. He granted a long audience to the Fathers of the South American Council during the past week. It certainly consoled Leo to learn that the Republic of Peru, had paid the expenses of all the Peruvian Bishops assisting at the Council. Among the theologians who accompany the South American Bishops there is one who must have received very special marks of affection and sympathy from His Holiness, because the priest in question has suffered, for religion's sake, the tragic death of his father. The latter was a Deputy in Ecuador and in Parliament stood firmly for those Catholic principles which made Ecuador under Garcia Moreno's presidency, one of the most prosperous nations on earth. The Deputy was consequently barbarously assassinated by a mob. His wife broke the news to her son, now in Rome with the Council, and immediately dropped dead. Deprived of his father and mother, the heroic priest was still destined to endure other cruel losses; his sister and his aunt were also murdered. Finally, and most insignificant of all, some 50,000 francs were confiscated from the family's fortune by the Government. Such are the causes that must have endeared the learned theologian to Leo's fatherly heart.

The time is not yet come to enter into the details of a recent event which is destined to be of the deepest interest for Catholics the world over. Suffice it to say, for the present, that a short time ago a lady from the United States came to Rome, suffering from an incurable paralysis of the body, and from a still more lamentable paralysis of the intellect. She was an Agnostic, or Atheist in other words. While in Rome, this lady saw the Blessed Virgin several times. The Holy Mother of God told her to enter the Catholic Church which the lady finally did. She then had three Roman doctors examine her and they signed a statement declaring her condition absolutely incurable. Incurable was her condition perhaps as far as human science was concerned, for the lady went to Lourdes and was restored to perfect health. More details could be furnished on this subject, but a request has been made to not anticipate the authentic report which a learned English-speaking Passionist is making. This report will be forwarded to the "True Witness" as soon as it will have appeared.

Last Monday, Rev. Father McShane, of Montreal, passed a very successful examination for the degree of Doctor of Divinity. This title comes as a fitting crown to the many honors which Father McShane, when a boy, won in the Christian Brothers' Schools in Montreal and, later on, when a student in the Montreal College. Father McShane will spend next year at Issy, near Paris.

F. D. H.

CONTROVERSY AT HINCKLEY.

Serious as the Catholic priest always is, yet no man is generally better able to seize the point of a joke, or to fall into the humor of a laughable situation. One of the best illustrations of "laughing a case out of court," that we have ever read, is that contained in a letter recently sent by Rev. Father Procter, O.P., to the "Catholic Times." It is a splendid example of the folly of newspaper religious controversy, and apart from its serious aspect; its rich humor and quaint description of a funny situation would make it highly interesting and amusing. It is for these reasons that we reproduce it in full. Father Procter wrote:—

"A Baptist pastor named Mr. Williams lately originated a controversy in the 'Hinckley Times' by delivering a lecture on 'Popery.' Father Greenough of the Priory, thereupon wrote to the 'Hinckley Times,' suggesting that the reverend gentleman should try to learn something about his subject before preaching on it. He informed him that he was incorrect in his lecture in calling the Mass a Sacrament, a Rosary, 'a book,' and an indulgence a remission of sins, and assured him that a Catholic child in the first or second standard would not be guilty of such mistakes. Mr. Williams in reply admitted that the Rosary was 'not literally a book,' but still contended that it was 'a sort of prayer-book,' and wrote much more in the same style. He stated that the Council of Trent called the Mass a Sacrament. A writer under the name of 'Veritas' showed the inaccuracy of this statement. The controversy then assumed large proportions. 'Veritas' did excellent

service on the Catholic side. Amongst other writers, a certain anonymous correspondent signing himself 'Nonconformist' took part in the fray, and quoted what he called 'an extract from some of the writings of the present Pope' and an extract from a Roman Catholic journal, both calling for the persecution of heretics. Then Mr. Dudley Baxter, of Colchester (who is the most direct descendant of the greatest Nonconformists, Richard Baxter, and a convert), challenged both quotations. 'Nonconformist' in regard to the first admitted that it was not a quotation from the present Pope at all, and apologized for his 'mistake,' declaring it was taken from 'the work of St. Thomas Aquinas (page 16)!' The second quotation was from 'La Bandera Catolica.' In the same letter he quoted from Mr. Wylie's 'History of Protestantism' to prove that the Dominicans were divided into two bands, the business of one being to preach and that of the other to slay heretics.

This brought Father Procter, O.P., on the scene, and in a long but delightfully humorous letter he made immense fun of 'Nonconformist.' He challenged him to prove from a reliable historian that any single Dominican acting under the instructions of the Order had slain a heretic under any circumstances, and promised that if this were proved he would give a guinea to a local hospital. He offered to help 'Nonconformist' in finding the quotation of St. Thomas, as the Saint's works are in the library of the Priory, but frankly said that, though he had made a life study of the Saint, he could not find it if he only 'got

such a reference as 'the work of St. Thomas (page 16)!' He then gives him confidence to accept the invitation to visit the Priory: 'I would rather, however, see 'Nonconformist'—his help in finding the words would be invaluable. He really need not be afraid: 'Veritas' does not live here. The 'band of merciless ruffians is on strike.' The old story—they want a penny a throat more, and I really can't afford it. There is another Dominican father here whose name is familiar to your readers, but he is very difficult to rouse. It is only when people call the Rosary 'a book,' or 'the Mass a Sacrament,' an indulgence a remission of sin,' that he puts on his war paint; and they have not repeated these things of late. As for me, it is true, I belong to the merciless band called Dominicans, but alas! business has been slack lately. I am out of practice in murdering, slaying, and throat cutting. I do not believe that I have cut three throats

within the last three weeks. Perhaps that makes me thirst for the blood of 'Veritas.' 'Nonconformist' is quite safe. Writers of his style are of immense help to the Catholic Church in England. There is an old saying: 'Quinimis probat nihil probat,' which means 'He who proves too much, proves nothing at all.' Having to give up the quotation from the Pope to our old friend 'La Bandera Catolica' (which, as we have shown, was condemned by the Bishop of Barcelona, and was altogether a mare's nest), 'Nonconformist' was not eager to accept the proposal to investigate St. Thomas for the purpose of finding his quotation. So the invitation to the Priory he declined. But the challenge as to the murderous work of 'the merciless Dominicans' he could not well shirk. He promised to give chapter and verse to prove what Father Procter required, and we shall be curious to see what the result will be."

ST. ALOYSIUS.

By H. C. SCHUYLER.

A mighty mountain, thou, to Heaven's height
Upraised, whose peak no misty mantle
ever hides,
But ever brighter gleams the sun-
bathed side;
And strangely, too, e'en in the dark-
est night,
There plays about the lofty crown a
light
Supernal, glittering constant far and
wide;
And many, weary pilgrims bless that
guide,
For else their feet had wandered from
the right.

Unullied soul, youth's special pat-
ron pure!
The heart that ever bright examples
sway,
Most needs in early years from pas-
sion's lure,
A life ideal to guide with steady ray.
A beacon bright, as thine so truly
sure,
Unfolding in itself the perfect way.

LEARNING GREEK.

There is a column of "Questions and Answers," in the New York Sun, in which at times, the foolishness of the questions are only equalled by the nonsense of the answers. Here is a sample, and the questioner has assumed a very suggestive and fitting nom-de-plume:—

"Is it possible for me to acquire by self-culture a knowledge of Greek, so as to be able to read the New Testament Scriptures in the original? I work every day but have some leisure time evenings.

IGNORANT.

We can understand such a question being asked, but we fail to see the wisdom in giving an answer like the following:—

We think so. Get a Greek grammar, in which you can learn the letters and the conjunctions of verbs and the declensions of nouns and adjectives; then get a good-sized Greek Testament, and Liddell and Scott's lexicon."

If the editor of this question column shows no more wisdom in his replies upon other subjects, we really think that the greatest boon he could confer upon his readers would be to pay no attention to any more questions. If some person were to ask us if it were possible to acquire a knowledge of blacksmithing sufficient to enable a person to shoe a horse, we might reply that "we think so. Get a shop, an anvil, some iron, a forge, a bellows, a ton of coke, a few sledges, a small hammer, a box of horse-nails, a draw-knife, an apron, and a file. Then secure a horse that needs shoeing, and you may go to work and shoe him." Doubtless our friend would have all the implements, utensils, and other necessities. Possibly he might be lacking in a knowledge and a practice as far as their use is concerned; but that is none of our business.

Get an Arabian Grammar, containing the alphabet and the significance of each letter, the conjugations of the verbs and the declensions of the nouns and adjectives; then secure an Arabian-English lexicon, or vocabulary, and if you have the time, the aptitude, the patience, (and good instructor), provided you possess the necessary ability, you may eventually succeed in reading the Koran in the original.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of United States Patents granted to Canadian Inventors on May 30th last. This list is prepared by Messrs. Mar-

ion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents and Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal.

625,732—Robert S. Anderson, Toronto, Can., back pedaling brake.

626,138—Samuel W. Butterfield, Three Rivers, P.Q., log thawing machine.

625,932—Israel Kinney, Burford, Ont., boot or shoe cleaner.

625,887—Paul Lair, Lethbridge, P.Q., engine.

626,070—Thomas Mason, Montreal, P.Q., railway axle box.

625,815—William M. Thawley, Toronto, Can., advertising sign.

FOR A THOROUGH CLEANSING AND BUILDING UP OF YOUR WHOLE SYSTEM TAKE DR. PIERCE'S Golden Medical Discovery POWERFUL BUT HARMLESS

IRISH CATHOLIC BENEFIT SOC'Y.



Annual Excursion MONDAY, July 3rd, 1899.

The Steamer BERTHIER is engaged for the day and will leave Jacques Cartier Pier at 9 o'clock a.m. for LAKE ST. PETER, returning at 9 o'clock p.m. Tenders will be received for supplying refreshments. Apply to Ald Kinella, President, 24th St. Antoine street. A good string Orchestra will be in attendance.

Jas. McCann, Secretary.

MONTREAL CITY & DISTRICT SAVINGS BANK.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Eight Dollars per share on the Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared, and the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city, on and after

MONDAY, the 3rd day of July next

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th June next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

HY. BARBEAU, Manager.
Montreal, 31st May, 1899. 47-5

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Write today for a free copy of our interesting book "Inventors' Help" and "How you are swindled." We have extensive experience in the intricate patent laws of 50 foreign countries. Send sketch, model or photo. For free advice. MARION & MARION, Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal, and Atlantic Building, Washington, D. C.

SAVE YOUR EMPTY BAGS. Users of BROSSEAU'S "XXX" Self Raising Flour who preserve the empty bags and return them to us will receive the following premiums: For 12 six pound bags a beautiful colored picture in splendid gilt frame, 12 inches x 16 inches. For 24 six pound bags a larger picture in fine gilt frame 18 inches x 24 inches. Two three pound bags may be sent in place of one six pound bag. BROSSEAU & MARVIN, 10 & 12 Bleury St., Montreal.

Great Attractions at Cornwall DOMINION DAY 1899.

EXCURSION

Under the Auspices of ST. MARY'S COURT, No. 164, C.O.F.

By Grand Trunk Railway

TO ST. LAWRENCE PARK, CORNWALL,

Where the Annual Picnic and Games Will Be Held.

PROGRAMME

- | | | |
|------------------------------------|------|--|
| 1. Putting 16 lb. Shot. | Open | 10. 100 yards open to Catholic Foresters. |
| 2. Throwing Heavy Hammer. | " | 11. 1/4-mile open to all Foresters. |
| 3. Tossing the Caber. | " | 12. 1/4-mile open to Amateurs only. |
| 4. Throwing 56-lb Weight. | " | 13. Pole Vault. |
| 5. Quoit Match. | " | 14. 150 yds. Smoking Race. |
| 6. Hop, Step and Jump. | " | 15. Irish Reel. |
| 7. Running Long Jump. | " | 16. Scotch Reel. |
| 8. Girls' Race, 14 years and under | " | 17. Bicycle Race. |
| 9. Boys' Race, 14 years and under | " | 18. Tug-of-War between St. Mary's Court and Cornwall Courts. |

19. GRAND HURLEY MATCH.

For Prizes and Rules See Hand Bills.

PROF. JAMES TOUHEY, the world renowned Irish Piper, will be with us.

Round Trip Tickets only - \$1.00
Children - 50c.

Leave Bonaventure Depot, - 8 and 8.30 a.m.
 Return Leave Cornwall, - 7 and 7.30 p.m.

Office, 143 St. James. Tel. Main 644.

JOHN P. O'LEARY,
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Room 33, Imperial Building,
 107 ST. JAMES STREET.

NOTICE is hereby given that Albertine Brabant, wife of Edward Kierman, of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, will apply to the Parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce, from her husband, Edward Kierman, of the said City of Montreal, on the ground of cruelty, a hully, and desertion.

Dated at the City of Montreal, Province of Quebec, this ninth day of March, 1899.

L. W. M. E. MOUNT.

DR. J. G. A. GENDREAU,
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, } SUPERIOR COURT No. 997.

Dame Helen Kissock Lloyd, wife common law to property of Horace Benjamin Lambé, of the City and District of Montreal, Grocer, duly authorized to enter on notice, Plaintiff; vs the said Horace Benjamin Lambé, of the same place, Defendant.

An action in separation of property has been instituted in the above case.

Montreal, 27th April, 1899.

SMITH, MARKEY & MONTGOMERY, 45-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1140.

SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Sarah Trudel, wife of Philias Monette, of the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said Philias Monette, Defendant.

An action for separation of property has been instituted in this case.

Montreal, 10th May, 1899.

BRAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, 46-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

FOR ORC Users, Reads, St. Anthony's Medals, Little Chaplet of St. Anthony and Cancelled Postage Stamps, write to Agency Bethlehem Apostolic School, 158 Shaw Street, Montreal, Q-10-76

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province considered their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY, June 24, 1899.

THE CEREMONIES AT ST. PATRICK'S LAST SUNDAY.

There are imposing and magnificent ceremonies that the Catholic Church alone has preserved throughout the ages, and that are entirely in harmony with the sacredness of her institutions, her Sacraments, and her teachings. From time to time the faithful are called upon to witness the solemnity with which Christ's Church dedicates to the service of God those material objects that become holy in the use to which they are destined.

Whoever had the happiness of attending the solemn ceremonies—four hours in duration—which took place last Sunday in St. Patrick's, an outline of which we published in our last issue, must forever carry the impression of the great importance attached to the erection of a new altar and blessing of windows, in the temple of God.

will they find in the happiness of reflection upon the grandeur of their own work. And, as St. Paul tells us that "Faith without good works is dead," it is necessary that we should all have something substantial to show on the last day.

In addition there was the blessing of the four new Sanctuary windows, to which we referred at length, in last week's issue. The following is a full list of the clergy who took part in the imposing ceremonies which were under the able direction of that "master" of "master of ceremonies," Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., and needless to say they were conducted in a faultless manner.

The choir under the leadership of Prof. J. A. Fowler occupied seats near one of the lateral altars and rendered the psalms in a very devout manner.

PURCHASING KILLARNEY.

Familiar are the words and music of Balfe's opera of "Imisfallen," and almost every one can recall those graphic lines which present such an admirable picture of Ireland's most beautiful and historic spot:

"Imisfallen's ruined shrine, May suggest a passing sigh; But man's faith can never decline, Such God's wonders floating by, Castle, lough and Glenna bay, Mountains, Tore and Eagle's Nest, Still at Muckross you must pray, Though the monks are now at rest, Angels fold their wings and rest, In this Eden of the blest, Beauty's home, Killarney, Ever fair Killarney."

The world—at least the Ireland-loving and the great travelling, sight seeing, nature-admiring world—was startled, not long since, on learning the crude and general news that "the Lakes of Killarney were to be sold." All manner of conjectures were formed, and the idea seemed to prevail that one of the most glorious localities in all Ireland was about to disappear forever, at least as far as the public was concerned.

ers had sold their horses when they had secured the convenience of the cars. They were evidently under the impression that the road, once sold, would be carried off by the purchasers and set down in some other part of the country. The present case is not similar, but decidedly a goodly number were under the impression that Ireland would in some way, be deprived of the benefits of Killarney's beautiful scenery.

At first sight this would seem a gigantic undertaking; it would be naturally expected that several hundred thousand dollars would be required. But Mr. James Boothby Roche, member of Parliament for the division in which the Lakes of Killarney are situated, has given a very clear explanation of the situation. Mr. Roche is actually in New York, and his mission is to secure the necessary amount to make that purchase. It is expected that he will visit some of Canada's leading cities, as well as those of the United States; and in view of the possibility of his coming to Montreal, we deem it well to lay before our readers the exact circumstances of the case.

In the first place, it is not the whole district watered by the famous Lakes of Killarney that is for sale. It is only the Muckross estate. But this is the key to the rest of the district. It also includes some of the most historic places in and around Killarney—such as Muckross Abbey, the Gap, a part of Denis Island and the Tore waterfall. To use his own words, Mr. Roche says:—

"There are about sixteen thousand acres of wood and mountain, the only red deer forest in all Ireland. The property practically commands the Lakes of Killarney, and the owners of Muckross hold the key to the lakes from the tourist point of view. With Muckross closed to visitors, Killarney as a resort would cease to exist. If purchased by private capital this danger is undoubtedly present."

Mr. Roche holds an option on the Muckross estate, and if the matter be at once taken up, he could obtain it for \$130,000. The Standard Insurance Company of Scotland, holds a mortgage of \$100,000 on the property, and will accept \$30,000 in cash and take a mortgage for the balance. A fee is now charged all tourists visiting the place. Thus we see that the immediate demand would be \$30,000—a small sum when we consider the importance of the object, and the number of wealthy Irishmen in America. It is not such a fearful danger after all, unless it be that the Irishmen on this side of the Atlantic, fail to aid in the project.

Leaving entirely aside the sentimental part of the question, Mr. Roche claims—from a business standpoint—that all subscribers to the undertaking will be guaranteed ten per cent. interest on their investments. Another M. P. is prepared to lease Muckross Abbey, turned it into a hotel and pay \$18,000 a year rental.

Here, then, is an opportunity at a very small cost, and with a very good assurance of a substantial return, of protecting, preserving, and forever saving one of the most charming places in the world. The only danger in connection with the matter is the lack of time—the demand is immediate. But once the \$30,000 paid, there would be ample time to breathe and to gather together the balance. And if the project were as great a financial success as anticipated, there is no reason why the revenues derived from the place should not pay off the greater part, if not all of the remaining amount due.

It is no easy matter to write about Killarney and to confine the pen to arithmetical calculations and interest tables. There is a spirit that hovers around those memorable scenes that awakens, despite every effort to the contrary, the tenderest emotions and the most reverent sentiments. It seems to us almost a sacrilege to speak of turning the old Abbey of Muckross into an hotel. Yet, without a doubt, if properly done, that would be the very best means of preserving the hoary old ruin and of perpetuating the glories of its past. Once a national park would be formed, the tourists of the world would flock to the place. Kate Kearney's cottage would become as well known by sight, to the millions who travel, as it is known, by fame, to the millions who read.

We trust for the sake of Ireland's ancient grandeur, of her glorious ruins and majestic but shattered temples, of her children's renown and patriotism, and of her future and infallibly dawning greatness, that Mr. Roche's mission will be a success.

THE PERILS OF PUBLIC TRUSTS

That the enormous "trusts" which have recently been formed in the United States constitute a real public peril, that threatens especially the interests of millions of the wage-earning class, is evident to those who take a glance beneath the surface. The case of the commercial travellers was stated before the Industrial Commission, at Washington, a few days ago, by Mr. C. E. Dowe, of New York, president of the Commercial Travellers' National League. From thousands of replies which he had received to a circular letter of inquiry addressed to commercial travellers throughout the Union, he arrived at some very suggestive facts. Through the recent organization of Trusts, more than 35,000 salesmen have been thrown out of employment altogether, and 25,000 have had their salaries reduced. Mr. Dowe estimates that the annual expenditures stopped by the direct influence of trusts amount to \$114,000,000, of which \$60,000,000 is due to the loss in salaries, and \$27,000,000 to the loss in railway tickets and excess baggage. The loss to hotels he places at \$27,000,000. If the organization of trusts goes on at the present rate one-half the commercial travellers will be thrown out of work, and the loss to the railways will be \$75,000,000 a year—about \$7,500,000 less than the dividends of all the American railways for last year.

But if we turn to the ordinary wage-earners we find that the livelihood of 3,547,000 workmen, who with their families represent over 17,000,000 individuals, is now dependent upon 116 trusts, which control nearly every necessity of life, and which have raised the prices of all the commodities they control from 10 to 100 per cent.

There is manifestly something radically wrong with the social and economic conditions in which such a state of things is possible.

ABOUT RAILROADS.

It was with no small degree of pleasure and satisfaction that we read the various accounts of Mr. Shaughnessy's promotion to the important and highly-distinguished position of President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. That he is an Irish Catholic only adds to these sentiments, and we feel that his rapid advancement is another evidence of the worth of our people and the degrees of prominence they are capable of attaining. However, while we are sincerely rejoiced on account of this important event, in the great railroad world of our Dominion, we cannot but give frank expression to our disappointment in regard to the treatment we have experienced at the hands of the powerful organization in question.

We can honestly claim—without fear of being accused of "blowing our horn"—that our organ is the only representative one, as far as the Irish Catholic element is concerned, in this Province. We may even go a step further and state that the "True Witness" is the oldest Catholic newspaper in the Dominion, and its pages—their form, their contents and their number—tell, without there being any need of a direct statement on our part, how it compares with any, or all the other Catholic organs in Canada. We feel it a duty, both to those who encourage our work, and to ourselves, to give credit to all our practical friends. And one of the best means of so doing is to invite our readers to carefully follow our advertising columns, and to give us substantial aid, by patronizing the firms, establishments and individuals who help us to keep their Irish-Catholic mouth-piece alive.

The value of our paper, the extent of its influence, and its utility as an advertising medium have long since and continuously been recognized, in a practical manner, by the Grand Trunk. Unconsciously has that large corporation kept its space in our columns, and it has done so because it felt that a benefit always resulted to it from such a course. Now we do not wish it to be understood that we are finding fault with the C. P. R., nor do we pretend that the Company is not in its rights when it entirely and positively ignores us, and even ignores our applications. But we do claim the regular business privilege of soliciting support from those who aid in supporting us, and of asking our readers—and all who are anxious to encourage our labors and our efforts—to show, by their custom or patronage, their appreciation of all who assist in maintaining a Catholic organ.

Therefore, we owe nothing to the C. P. R., and if we express our honest pleasure on the elevation of the new President to his exalted office, we certainly do so from motives other than some would suspect. And while we are individually glad of the promotion of an able and distinguished Irish Catholic, we none the less consider it our right and our duty to in-

form our readers of the great difference there is, as far as we are concerned, between the two companies. If every one of our readers were to act upon our request, the C. P. R. would soon discover, by its returns, that it is not over diplomatic, and the G. T. R. would learn the value of an Irish Catholic paper.

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

On Wednesday the ladies of the Irish parishes, of this city, gave an "At Home," at the new Catholic High School, which, from an artistic as well as a financial point of view, was a most successful affair. The different features of the musical programme were of a high order, while the decorations of the different classrooms, in the basement and ground floor, were most appropriate. There were candy, refreshment, tea and coffee, ice cream, and temperance drinks booths, located in every room, and they were presided over by the fair young women of the various parishes. The attendance was a record one. Mrs. James McShane and her most efficient assistants who comprised the executive committee, deserve great credit for the manner in which the function was conducted.

THE LATE ABBE PRIMEAU.

It is with great regret that we learn of the death of the Rev. Abbe J. B. Primeau, which has occurred at Montserrat, West Indies. Father Primeau was well known in this province and also in the archdiocese of Boston, as a zealous and hardworking priest. He was born in Chateaugay in 1836, studied in the Ste. Therese and St. Hyacinthe Colleges, was a professor of philosophy at the former and afterwards was appointed superior of the college of Terrebonne. In 1869 he was invited by Archbishop Williams, of Boston, to accept the pastorate of the French Canadians at Worcester, Mass. He went there and founded the parish of Notre Dame des Canadiens, which has been flourishing ever since. Several years afterwards he went to the West Indies where he died.

CATHOLIC FORESTERS' CONVENTION

As we go to press the convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters is being held at Burlington, Vt. Canada sends 23 delegates, the total number of members of the order in the Dominion being 12,000. The total membership on this Continent is 75,000. The most important subject that will come up for consideration will be the establishment of a reserve fund. There has already been accumulated, owing to the prudent and economical management, and to other causes, a sum of between \$80,000 and \$100,000 which is regarded as present as nominally a reserve fund; but it is the intention to form such a fund on the basis similar to that of the reserve funds of other fraternal benefit associations.

Of the three delegates representing the Irish Catholic section of the Order in Montreal, whose names we printed last week, one, Mr. J. J. Ryan, is a candidate for the office of High Vice Chief Ranger. It would be a well-merited compliment if Mr. Ryan were successful, as well as a recognition of a deserving member who has held many important positions in the branches of the Order in Montreal and who has always been an enthusiastic worker extending its influence and increasing its membership. In our next issue we hope to announce Mr. Ryan's election to this high office and to publish a full report of the proceedings.

RECENT HAPPENINGS IN EUROPE.

From the very beginning in these columns, we expressed our belief that the whole scheme of the so-called Peace Conference was a gigantic piece of hypocrisy. It was a "great fraud," on the part of the Russian autocrat, and no person actually believed that it would ever result in anything more than the recording of a few more or less, practical suggestions. On the 16th the Arbitration Committee was to meet and resume work; but it did not meet. The Czar's deeply hurt and sadly grieved because the whole affair has not come off exactly as he had planned that it should. In fact, from the moment it became known that the Pope would not be invited, it became a foregone conclusion—open amongst the most anti-Catholic—that the whole affair would end in smoke. The following despatch, June 16th, to the "Sun" seems to foreshadow the doom of the Conference:—

"Tomorrow the Government of the Netherlands will entertain the delegates with a round of festivities. The Catholic members of the conference have returned their invitations as a protest against the exclusion of the Pope from the Conference." It is evident that peace and disarmament can never be secured without the intervention of the immortal Leo XIII.

The Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., has addressed the following letter to the All-Ireland Committee of the Financial Reform Association: "I may be allowed to restate my

settled convictions that real progress involves the recognition of two main propositions.

"The first is that the grievance flowing from the breach of the Union covenant presses directly not on property, but on consumption, not on the few rich, but on the many poor, that it presses hardest on the poorest."

"I agree and I rejoice that economic conditions ensure advantage to the rich from the relief of the poor. But this only makes it clearer that to talk of grants in aid of landlords' charges or of reductions of income tax as partial redress of this grievance is to add insult to injury.

Real removal involves the lightening of the undue burden which is borne real compensation involves substantial restoration of the excess which is paid by the consuming masses who bear and pay.

"The second proposition is that to succeed we must be bold, importunate, and unremitting.

"This question should be brought up and ventilated on every possible occasion, and in every possible form, throughout the session.

Indirect taxes should be opposed and direct taxes preferred, since the one tends to aggravate, the other to lessen, the grievance.

"The vast recent increase in Imperial expenditure are parts of a policy of expansion and insurance of British trade, in which unhappily, Ireland has but a trifling share. Even as tolerable and justifiable in the case of Great Britain, they are (so long as the present fiscal in maintained) intolerable and unjustifiable in the case of Ireland. Accordingly they should, on this ground, be strenuously and constantly resisted.

Persistent attacks upon the swollen and swelling estimates will be more effective now than any full-dress debate.

Cordially welcoming such help as some of the Irish Unionist members may feel free to give, and bailing all occasions of co-operation, we must yet recognize the fact that their relations to the present rule and policy of Britain, and to the classes and masses of Ireland, would render it unfit that they should practically dictate the ends, control the pace, or dominate the tactics of this movement. Then let the four score Nationalist and the half dozen Unionist members, who find points of agreement, make such of them, and press them in concert when they can. But let each side recognize the obvious limitations of that concert, and let Irish Nationalism act freely even when Irish Unionism feels constrained to hold back.

"Thus we may in time succeed, else we shall surely fail."

The Belfast Nationalists recently held a magnificent demonstration which showed how strong is the patriotic sentiment in the very stronghold of the enemies. A great procession marched from Belfast to Hamah-town Hill, six miles distant, held an enthusiastic meeting there, and marched back to the city. On their return to Belfast the processionists were attacked by some Orange rowdies; but this was only to be expected. The demonstration had a two-fold object. One was to repeat and commemorate the '98 procession, held on June 6th, last year, which was somewhat spoiled by rain. The other was to express the adherence of the Nationalists of Belfast to the United Irish League. The following resolution was unanimously passed:—

"That this convention of Belfast Nationalists, fully representing the National Federation of Belfast, and the various clubs affiliated to the Belfast and Ulster United Centenary Association, heartily approve of and adopt the principles of the United Irish League, and declare our adhesion to its policy of winning self-government for Ireland and better conditions of life for the working classes in town and country; that we deem it desirable to hereby establish the United Irish League in the City of Belfast, and to secure as its members all Nationalists associated with the various national organizations in the city, and we call upon all who are determined to continue the struggle for Irish freedom to join with us in the effort to make this great organization which has already accomplished so much, a centre and rally ground for all the Irish race in keeping aloft the flag which the United Irishmen raised in Belfast more than a hundred years ago, and supporting the cause for which our forefathers freely yielded up their lives on the battlefield and the scaffold."

Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., the founder of the United League, was the principal speaker, and he made an impassioned appeal to his hearers to become re-united, to cast aside all personal ideas as to who should be leader, to cease to sigh and to talk in favor of unity, but to work and organize for it, so that Ulster might soon have a hundred thousand United Irishmen as it had in the days when Wolfe Tone was leader. They had made wonderful progress during the last hundred years. In Ulster the green flag waved that day in twenty-seven out of thirty-two councils. What they wanted was to plant the green flag over Dublin Castle, which would mean Home Rule; and to better the lot of the farmers and people of Ireland. To this they must unite and work and organize.

WEDDING BELLS.

A pretty ceremony took place yesterday at St. Patrick's church, the contracting parties being Miss Florence O'Brien, daughter of Mr. C. O'Brien, master painter and decorator, and Mr. Wm. F. Wall, of the gentlemen's furnishing department of the Montreal Steam Laundry Company. Mr. Joseph Maiden sang the Salve Regina, in his usual fine way. The bride looked charming in a dress of white brocade silk, adorned by orange blossoms, and was attended by Miss Margaret Hynes, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, while Mr. John J. Bolger acted as groomsmen. Numerous presents attested to the great esteem in which the happy couple were held by their many friends.

CREMATION A PAGAN CUSTOM.

It is true that the question of cremation has never created very much interest in this country, but it has of late years become a matter of considerable discussion throughout Great Britain and the United States. In the former country the prejudice against it has been very marked, and as a consequence it has obtained but little recognition. In a recent number of the Ottawa "Free Press" appeared an editorial on this subject from which we take the following paragraphs—

"Various arguments have been advanced against cremation. It is not unreasonably contended by some chemists that the plan of nature is that a slow combustion in the embrace of our common mother, the earth, for the purpose of restoring to it the elements contained in the dead body, and that an interference with its natural course would, if generally followed, have an injurious effect and impair the productiveness of the soil. To this it is replied that as cemeteries are local, the conclusion cannot be sound. But the gravest objection and the one which has carried most weight, is that the destruction of a body by fire creates the danger of destroying the evidences of crime. The British Cremation Society has recently met this objection by taking upon itself the responsibility of making an investigation into the conditions of death in all cases in which application is made for incineration, and in order to do this it has engaged the services of an eminent toxicologist and pathologist, in order that all danger of proof of crime being concealed by cremation may be removed. There can be no doubt that cremation would in many cases be of public benefit. It is known that burial does not destroy the germs of disease. The opening, not long since, of certain pits near London, in which were bodies of those who died in the great plague, in the course of some railway construction, caused an outbreak of disease. The New York Medical Record, in a current article, deals with the subject of cremation as of importance to the public health in cases of those dying from pestilential diseases, and reasonably asks whether cremation, while remaining optional in cases of death from ordinary causes, should not sooner or later become obligatory when death is due to such transmissible diseases as smallpox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, cholera, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, etc., at all events in the chief centres of population. And the most reasonable answer seems to be of an affirmative kind."

We might remark that this country was twice swept by cholera and twice by a deadly type of fever; in Quebec and Montreal were special cemeteries known as "the cholera burying ground;" and yet we have never learned that any noticeable danger arose from the localities. In fact the cholera was stamped out just as effectively as if cremation had been practised.

So much for the general reasons for and against cremation, all of which are based on sanitary, or other secular considerations. The sanitary question may be summarily disposed of by an appeal to the experience of several thousand years. Millions beyond count of the human family have passed away and their mortal remains have been deposited in the earth—in vast catacombs of the dead, in extensive cemeteries where unnumbered thousands have been interred—yet no record, no statistical statement, no experience has ever shown that plagues, diseases, or any similar evils have been the result of such a method of depositing the perishable portion of all these human beings. Were it otherwise, long centuries since would the Catholic Church have intervened?

and, even from a temporal standpoint, her solicitude for the welfare of men, would have suggested and dictated some other method of placing the mortal remains of her children at rest. Any other arguments in favor of cremation are absolutely untenable.

We may state plainly that not only is the Church opposed to cremation, but she absolutely forbids it. The sage reasons for this attitude of the Catholic Church are many and important. Without entering into all the points which she holds against this desecration of the body—that temple of the spirit, that shrine of the Holy Ghost—we might mention that cremation is both a barbaric and a pagan custom. In all pagan lands this method of disposing of the dead obtained. The barbaric pagan scattered the ashes to the winds; the more cultured pagan preserved these in urns and set up these urns amongst their "Lares et Penates," the household gods—for the veneration and often the worship of their children. As suicide was elevated to the rank of a virtue even amongst the ancient Romans, so cremation was raised to the degree of a religious rite; both being essentially pagan and equally degrading to humanity.

Glancing over the page of ancient profane history, and looking into the sacred scriptures, we find that invariably the nations that practised cremation were infidel, as much pagan as those that practised cannibalism. The Hebrews—the chosen people of God, the people to whom the Almighty gave the decalogue, the people selected to keep the sacred deposit of eternal truth throughout the long ages of humanity's probation—always buried their dead. Numberless times did God, in those days, when He directly spoke to man, and held communication with His people through the medium of angelic messengers, designate the places to be used as burial grounds, or point out the spot in which certain individuals were to be interred. There was no cremation practised then, by the real believers and worshippers of the true God; it was from the tomb that Lazarus was summoned; the son of the widow was being carried out for burial when Christ gave him back his life; Joseph of Arimathea owned the sepulchre in which the body of Our Lord was placed; the resurrection was from the grave, not from out an urn.

And since the dawn of Christianity down through the long ages of the new dispensation, the Church of Christ has taught the same practice in regard to the dead; for Christ came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it. Amongst the acts of Christian mercy which the Church has prescribed from the very beginning, is that of "burying the dead." Moreover, we of the Ancient Faith believe in the Communion of Saints, we put into practice that pious suggestion of the Bible contained in the assurance that it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for dead; our dear departed ones are not entirely separated from us; we live in spirit with them, we preserve them in our memories, and we assist them in our devotion. Therefore, we love to go to their silent homes in "God's Acre," and there decorate their quiet abodes and pray for their precious souls. Consequently the mere idea of cremation is both antagonistic to our religious lessons and to our individual sentiments. We can have no sympathy with anything that tends to an introduction of this pagan custom, nor would the Church ever recognize a system of treatment for the dead that is out of harmony with the law of God, and with the practices of the centuries, and with the very instinct of civilization.

THE STAGE IRISHMAN MUST GO.

We cannot refrain from reproducing some lengthy extracts from a very lengthy article that appeared prior to last St. Patrick's Day, in the New Zealand Tablet. Times numberless has the "True Witness" given expression to similar sentiments; but we have never gone as fully into the subject, in one issue, as our New Zealand contemporary. After dealing with the achievements, struggles, trials, traditions, and hopes of the Irish race and nation, the "Tablet" says:—

"There is, in all truth, enough to celebrate. The day begins well. But does the evening keep the promise of the morning? In some places—all too rare and far between—the secular celebration is in its degree true to the spirit of the day and the occasion, in a vastly greater number of instances the festive or social gathering at the day's close is marred by the introduc-

tion of an element that is a reflection on the taste of the committees, of the performers that are directly implicated, and of the Catholic public who sit and listen with complacency. We refer to the jabbering idiot who is commonly known as the stage Irishman. By a large number of the compilers of our St. Patrick's Day programmes he is apparently looked upon as the "Hamlet" of the piece—as natura, and necessary to such an occasion as a bridegroom to a wedding. And so his harsh voice and stupid antics run like the trail of a serpent through the majority of our celebrations—cursing a sacred anniversary in a people's history with his coarse buffoonery, having a lie another year's lease of life, embalming a prejudice, representing the typical son of Erin as a half-pish composite, made up of equal parts of fool, clown and knave.

"In these colonies the annual cari-

capture of the Irish character is usually acted on the stage by persons who have never been on Irish soil or had opportunity of judging of the songs or manners of Ireland at first hand. We readily grant that the motive idea is to raise a laugh, and that conscious race prejudice is not entertained nor wilful prejudice intended. But, as Tennyson says, 'Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart.'

Having described some of the low songs, recitations and plays that are generally presented on such occasions, the writer thus continues:—

"Those who have travelled in the British Isles will readily admit that the average Irishman speaks the English tongue as correctly and as intelligibly as the average Englishman or Scotchman. We have no objection to the representation of any Irish accent on the stage, whether it be the close, firm 'brogue' of the North—'with a bone in it'—or that of the South, with its liquid vowels and its mellow consonants that melt like honey in the mouth and suggest visions of the Blarney stone. But heaven save our ears from ever again being stung and tortured by the alleged 'Irish brogue'—like that of Denis Bulgruddery—which the young colonial or other 'foreign' performer inflicts upon us on St. Patrick's nights! It is the abomination of desolation in brogues—a thing which is as strange to Ireland as is the stage Ir-

ishman himself. Dion Boucicault did much to kill the buffoon with his fearfully made 'brogue' and his capers and his antics and all his pomps and all his works. Such delineators of Irish characters as Feeny and Sam Collins kicked him down stairs. It is a mystery that people can—and that too, at Irish and Catholic demonstrations—be so pig-witted as to laugh and applaud at buffoneries that are a degradation alike to the Catholic and the Irish name.

"The scandal is too old and ingrained to be met with soft words and velvet slippers and yellow kid gloves or to be fought with a rapier of gilded cordwood. It is a subject for plain speaking. Even the mantle of charity is not broad enough nor elastic enough to cover the shame of it. Hence we have taken the subject in hand at this early date in the hope that the coming celebration may prove a turning point as regards the future of the stage Irishman in New Zealand. We appeal to the clergy whose co-operation every good cause can count—to the committees, to the performers and to the audiences that are to be."

Ireland's honor and future are safe in the hands of the New Zealand Irishmen, and the rights and privileges of the Irish race could have no better advocate than the "New Zealand Tablet."

CANADA'S HIGH COMMISSIONER.

Some people are disposed to criticise the office and work of our High Commissioner in London. This is because they are not fully acquainted with the amount and value of the work done by what may be Canada's business ambassador to the United Kingdom.

The report of Lord Strathcona for the past year will tend to change the opinions of these critics. At the present time," he says, "we are in correspondence with from 2,000 to 3,000 schoolmasters. Several thousands of our large maps on Canada are hung upon the walls of the schools. These maps are used in connection with the lessons. A large number of our pamphlets are also being used as ordinary readers in the schools, and as the children take the books home, Canada is thus introduced into many houses in which it might not otherwise become known. I find that many schoolmasters have a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge of Canada, and our lantern slides on Canadian scenery are much asked for by such persons." About 1,500 lectures on Canada were delivered during the autumn, winter and spring. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company had initiated a series of animated photographs of Canada, its scenery and its industries.

There are no reliable statistics available to show the actual immigration to Canada of people from Ireland, England, and Scotland. The Board of Trade Returns purport to give information, but they are not to be depended on, as they include, as immigrants, all second and third class and steerage passengers. Again, the port of all debarkation is taken as indicating the destination of the people. Consequently all persons who travel by way of the United States and Canada are shown in the returns as immigrants to the United States. There is, however, no doubt but that an actual immigration to Canada was in excess of previous years, and in this respect the Dominion is peculiar as being the only country in which an increase is shown. Besides the efforts put forth by the immigration agents, the agents of the steamship companies are interested in taking passengers. Canada gives a higher commission than the other countries.

As further illustrating the importance of the High Commissioner's Office, it is interesting to note that during the year an average of a hundred letters a day was received at it, the average number of callers being a thousand per month.

HOW THE PRIZES WERE WON.

By R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY.

The flight of time is at last bringing the diligent and zealous students the world over to the closing scene of their scholastic year, at least, I should say, scholastic years, for, indeed, many can now say, "School days have passed away." But still the remembrance of the "dear old school days," still linger with us and bring back many pleasing reminiscences of younger days. In after years we like to tell of our many experiences and pleasing events which took place during the years that we labored in the intellectual development departments. Fondest thoughts linger back to these days which are now being rapidly numbered with the past, but are still *unforgotten*. But before passing on to the chief point of this article, viz: "Prizes and how they are won," let me give a brief sketch of the programme of the work outlined for the student. Hailed in with merry welcomes and joyous greetings, September finds the scholars seated at their desks ready to resume the various subjects, and to face the many trying examinations and other difficulties which are always a pupil's lot. Each one enters with renewed energy, vigor, and ambition to the work, and one and all strive with all their might to carry off a prize at the end of the term. One excels in English, another in Mathematics, whilst a third strives for the honors in arts. The examinations are held monthly, the result is noted, and at last comes the final examinations, or the "Who shall." Yes, towards the end, talk becomes loud and long, and the chief topic discussed at the school on the way to and from the school, and even in the household, is about those who are to receive medals and other valuable prizes. The long and anxious day comes now, and brings joy, and gladness to the supposed clever student, and a fond ray of de-

light to the parents, whilst to others it brings only sore and bitter disappointment, especially to those who should have received the honors, but through some mysterious way they have passed from them forever.

"How did it happen?" "Was there cheating going on?" "Was it done designedly?" "Did the teacher give the prize to a special friend of his or her?" "Were the marks added up carefully, or was there some error in the additions?" "Surely something must have been wrong, for the most deserving has not received the prize." These are a few of the comments heard after the battle is fought, and the unexpected victors are declared. But let us see if some wrong has been done some pupils, for as the old saying says: "Might very often conquers right," but right wins in the end."

At an examination held a short time since in a girl's school, excitement was at fever heat as the prize to be awarded was a very valuable one. The papers being finished and collected for correction, the teacher set to work immediately, and in a short time each paper was given its proper value. But there was a girl whose solo object was to gain the prize—and have it she must at any cost. This pupil kept a busy and a jealous eye on the teacher's room where the papers were laid aside in a large portfolio. Finding a good opportunity at hand, she entered the room when the teacher was called away to transact some other business, and opened the portfolio and sought two papers in particular—the girl's whose paper was marked the highest and her own. The deceptive and dishonest pupil changed the marks on both, giving her own the lion's share and putting a scanty number on her adversary's paper.

Nothing unusual was noticed in the marking as the trickster took special

care to imitate the teacher's figures, and to leave nothing behind that would indicate that any unjust hand had changed right to wrong. The closing exercises came off, the friends and parents of the pupils filled the spacious hall to witness the glad proceedings. All were anxiously awaiting the winner of the most valuable prize. At last it came, and to the surprise of all in that class the unexpected happened, and Miss A. received the prize she had won through fraudulent means. Disappointment was apparent on every face of that graduating class, but especially in that of the favorite of the school and the should be winner. Miss A. received the congratulations of her friends, and felt extremely happy on the favors showered on her, but these were only temporary, and her conscience apparently troubled her not, not on that glorious day when she received that which justly belonged to another. But the scene soon changed, and the warning voice of conscience could not rest within her. Her best and truest friend at all times was the lady she had deceived of the crowning of her success—that very valuable prize.

Time rolled on, school days were beginning to be numbered with the past, when the heavy hand of death was laid on Miss A. For sometime she lingered, bearing her sufferings patiently, solaced by one friend who visited her daily. The closing hours of life were fast approaching. Now in those closing hours she was about to undo what she had done during the closing hours of her school-days. A few minutes before the commencement of the exercises which were to begin in the life beyond the grave, she was visited by all her old class-mates. For a moment they gazed on the dying countenance of their former companion, and thought of the many happy hours spent together in the little classroom world. The dying graduate raised her eyes, and said "Before I depart this world I have one request to make. Miss B. will you forgive me for wronging you?" Miss B. looked with astonishment at the dying companion, for she could not understand what she meant. After a further pause, the dying lady related how she had changed the marks the day after the examination, and deprived her on account of jealousy of that which she had no right to receive. "There," said she, pointing to the beautiful gold cross hanging on the wall, "is what I deprived you of. Take it, it is yours, it is yours." She then asked to be forgiven for the injury she had done, and reached out her emaciated hand to receive the hand of her true friend. "I willingly forgive you," said Miss B., for the injury you have done me," and giving her the kiss of peace and comfort, the dying lady closed her eyes, her death, and her soul had winged its flight heavenward, where that little dishonest act was blotted out, and she had received the great crown of glory, and is celebrating the greatest Commemorative Day of all.

(To be continued.)

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THE SACRED HEART.

Encyclical of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

Venerable Brothers, Health and Apostolic Benediction:— We have, as you are aware, lately promulgated by Apostolic letters the Holy Year which is shortly to be celebrated here in this city according to the customs of our forefathers. And to-day as a hopeful augury, for the more perfect accomplishment of this most august solemnity, we propose and recommend a very important step which, if all carry it out with fervor and with unanimous and spontaneous readiness, we expect, not without reason, great and lasting fruit for Christianity and for the whole human family.

Following the example of Our predecessors, Innocent XII., Benedict XIII., Clement XIII., Pius VI., and Pius IX., we have more than once already striven to maintain faithfully and bring into greater prominence that most approved form of piety which consists in devotion to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus—especially when by a decree of June 28, 1888, we raised this feast to a double of the first class. And now we are thinking of a still more striking form of homage, which we regard as the crown and completion of all the honors hitherto paid to the Sacred Heart and which we trust will prove most pleasing to Our Redeemer, Jesus Christ. Not indeed that this is now proposed for the first time. Twenty-five years ago, on the occasion of the second centenary of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque's receiving miraculously the command to propagate devotion to the Divine Heart, petitions were sent to Pius IX. from all parts, not only by private individuals, but by bishops, praying him to consecrate all mankind to the most august heart of Jesus. It was decided at the time that the project should be deferred until it had matured, and in the meantime such dioceses as desired to do so were privileged to consecrate themselves after a formula expressly prescribed for the purpose. Now we have judged that new conditions have ripened the time for putting the design into effect.

Assuredly this most far reaching and supreme act of homage and devotion is eminently due to Jesus Christ as Prince and Lord of all. His sway extends not only over Catholic peoples, or such as having been duly regenerated in holy baptism belong at least by right to the Church, although following a false doctrine or disjoined from the bonds of charity, but embraces besides all those who live outside the Christian faith, so that on the divine power of Jesus Christ the whole human race depends. For He necessarily possesses all things common with the Father, and therefore among them supreme dominion over all things, being the Only Begotten of the Father, and having one substance with Him. "The splendor of His glory and the figure of His substance" (Hebr. 1. 3).

Hence, the Son of God, by the mouth of the prophet, says this of Himself:—

"But I have been by Him constituted king over Sion, His holy mountain. The Lord said to me:—

"Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me and I will give thee the nations for thy inheritance, and for thy dominion all the ends of the earth" (Ps. 11.). By these words He lets us understand that He has received power not merely over the whole Church, which is signified in Mount Sion, but also over the whole earth throughout the length and breadth of his confines. The words "Thou art my son," explain with sufficient clearness the foundation on which the supreme power rests. The fact that He is the Son of the King of all things makes Him at the same time the heir of all His dominion—hence the addition "I will give thee the nations for Thy inheritance," words which correspond to those of the Apostle Paul, "whom He constituted heir of all things." (Heb. 1. 2).

A matter calling for particular attention is Jesus Christ's affirmation of His dominion, not by the mouth of the apostles and prophets, but in His own words. When asked by the Roman governor: "Art thou then king?" He hesitatingly replied: "Thou sayest that I am king." (John XVIII. 37). And the magnitude and limitlessness of His Kingdom are now clearly shown in His words to His apostles: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth" (Matt. XXVIII. 18). If all power was given to Christ, it follows necessarily that His empire must be supreme, absolute, independent, with nothing equal or similar to it; and since it was given

in heaven and on earth, heaven and earth must obey it. And, in fact, He did exercise this truly singular and special power in commanding the Apostles to propagate His teaching, to lead men, through baptism, to form one body in the Church, and finally to impose laws from which none may exempt himself without imperiling his eternal salvation.

Nor is this all. Jesus Christ commands not alone by natural right, as the only begotten of God, but by acquired right also. For He snatched us "from the powers of darkness" (Coloss. 1. 13), and likewise "gave Himself in redemption for all" (1 Tim. II. 6). All of us, therefore, became for Him "a purchased people" (1 Peter II. 9), Catholics and those who have properly received baptism, and all mankind, individually and collectively. Hence St. Augustine very appropriately says: "Do you ask what He has redeemed? Think on what He gave and you will see what He has redeemed. The price paid was the blood of Christ. Now, what is there which is worth this? What but the whole world and all peoples? For what He gave He gave for all" (Tract 120 in Joan).

St. Thomas, discussing this, explains the reason and the manner in which even men without faith came under the power and jurisdiction of Jesus Christ; for, examining the question as to whether His power as judge extends over all men, and laying down the principle that judicial authority is included in royal power, he draws the obvious conclusion that with regard to power, everything is subject to Jesus Christ, even when this power does not yet de facto extend over all men" (3a, p. q. 59 a. 4). This authority of Christ is exercised over men by truth, justice, and, above all, by charity.

In His goodness, however, He leaves it to us, if we are so minded, to add to this double title of authority and lordship a third title—that of voluntary consecration. True, Jesus Christ, at the same time our God and our Redeemer, is infinitely rich, for all things are His; whilst we are so poor and needy that we have nothing which is really our own to offer Him. Nevertheless, in His infinite bounty and love He is willing that we present and cede to Him as if our own—what is really His—nay, not only is He willing, but He actually asks and begs this of us: "Son, give me thy heart." We may, then, well do Him favor by our good will and affection. By making Him an offering of ourselves not only do we openly and freely recognize and accept His sway, but we attest that if the gift were ours to give, we would bestow it upon Him with all our heart, and that we humbly ask Him to vouchsafe to accept it from us, even though it already belongs to Him.

This is the sense of the act of which we speak, and such is the true

sense of our words. And since the Sacred Heart is recognized as a symbol and clear image of the infinite charity of Jesus Christ drawing us to love Him in return for the appropriateness of offering ourselves to His most august Heart is patent. By doing so we dedicate ourselves and draw closer to Jesus Christ, for every act of honor, homage and devotion to that Divine Heart is, in the true and strict sense, directed to the very person of Jesus Christ.

We stimulate, therefore, and exhort to the spontaneous fulfillment of this act all who know and love the Most Divine Heart, and we earnestly desire that this be done by all on the same day, so that the outpouring of thousands upon thousands of hearts making the same offering may all ascend together to the throne of God.

And can we ever forget all those hapless beings on whom Christ's doctrine has not yet shown? We that represent the person of Him who came to save us all who are lost, and who gave His blood for the salvation of mankind? Nay, as we unceasingly take care to send the missionaries of Christ as teachers throughout the world in order that they who still sit in the shadow of death may be called to the true life, so now commiserating their lot, we offer them, as far as we may, and we recommend them, with all our soul to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In this way the consecration of which we may speak will redound to the aid of all; because, in carrying out this act, every one who knows and loves Jesus Christ will easily experience an increase of faith and love. Some who, although knowing Christ neglect His precepts and His law, may be enabled to draw from that Sacred Heart the fire of charity. Finally, for those who are the most hopeless, in that they are still involved in the darkness of superstition, we shall all unanimously ask heavenly aid in order that Jesus Christ, who already "holds them potentially subject to Him," may at least make them so in very deed, and not alone "in the next world, when He will fully execute His will on all, destining some to reward and others to punishment" (St. Thom. 1. c.), but even during this mortal life, by the gift of faith and sanctification, so that, illuminated and sanctified, they may duly honor God and advance towards eternal happiness in heaven.

This consecration, will, moreover, bring hope of more prosperous life to the nations, inasmuch as it will conduce to the re-establishment or strengthening of those bonds, which by the natural law, unite even States to God. In modern times, unhappily, everything has been done to raise a wall of division between the Church and civil society. In the organization and government of States no account is taken of the authority of sacred and divine right, under the guilty plea that religious activity must in no way influence civil life. This, when all is said, means nothing but the supplanting of the faith of Christ, and, if this were possible, the very banishment of God from earth. When men's minds are so carried away by audacity, little wonder is it that so many States have been involved in such confusion and tempest that none may live without fear and dan-

ger. By contempt of religion even the soundest bases of public prosperity are shaken, and the avenging justice of God so far abandons the rebels to themselves that they become the slaves of their own lusts and the victims of their own licentiousness.

Hence comes that mass of evils, long threatening and now more than ever rendering it imperative for us to seek for aid in removing them. And what other aid can we have but in Jesus Christ, the Only Begotten Son of God? For no other name is given to men in heaven or on earth by which we may be saved. (Acts IV. 12). Needs must, then, that we have recourse to Him, who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life." Have men gone astray? They must return to the right road. Have their minds become darkened? The darkness must be removed by the light of truth. Does death threaten? Then must we cling to the life." Then at last will it be given to us to heal all these wounds, then every right may hope to resume its authority; peace will be restored to its place of honor, the swords will go back to their scabbards and the arms will fall from men's hands when all, with one accord, acknowledge the empire of Christ and be obedient to Him and every tongue will confess "that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father." (Phil. II. 11).

While the nascent Church was being oppressed under the yoke of the Caesars a cross appeared in the heavens—to a young emperor—at once the harbinger and the cause of the splendid victory that immediately followed. Lo! again before our eyes to-day a most divine and auspicious sign of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, surmounted by the cross and shining forth amid flames of dazzling brightness. Here must we set all our hopes, here must we ask and wait for our salvation.

Finally we shall not be silent about another motive—one that concerns Ourselves personally, but not the less just and important—which has moved us to this act, and this is that God, the author of all blessings, rescued us but recently from a dangerous illness. We would that a memorial and public token of gratitude for this favor be made in the greater glorification of the Sacred Heart now promoted by Us.

Hence we ordain, venerable brothers, that on the ninth, tenth and eleventh of next June, in the principal church of every city or village a sacred triduum be celebrated and that on each of these days the Litany of the Sacred Heart, approved by Us, be added to the other prayers, and that on the last of them the formula of consecration, which we send you, together with this encyclical, be further added.

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LEO P. P. XIII.

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prostrate before your altar. We are and we desire to be yours; and in order that we may live more closely united to you, behold! we each and every one of us to-day spontaneously consecrate ourselves to your Most Sacred Heart. Many, alas! have never known you; many, despising your commandments, repudiate you. On both these classes, O, most loving Jesus, have mercy, and draw all to your most holy Heart, O, Lord, be you king not alone over the faithful, who have never separated themselves from you, but also of those prodigal children who have abandoned you; have them immediately return to their Father's house lest they die of misery and hunger. Be you king over those who live in the delusion of error or are separated from you through dis-

suasion. Call them back to the haven of truth and to unity of faith, so that soon there may be but one fold under one shepherd! Lastly, be you king over all those that are involved in the superstition of paganism and refuse not from darkness into light and to the Kingdom of God. Bestow, O, Lord, safety and liberty on your Church; bestow the tranquility of order on all peoples; grant that from end to end of the earth this one cry may resound: Praise be to that Divine Heart whence comes our salvation; to it be sung glory and honor forever. Amen.

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- Fancy Striped Blouse Silks, in all the choice new colors, pure silk, only 50c per yard.
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Clear, Bright complexions
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"The Montreal Medical Journal says: "Abbey's Effervescent Salt is one of the most useful remedies known for keeping the blood and the system generally in proper condition. By its constant use the system is kept clean, the digestive organs in a normal condition, and a healthy appearance and clear, bright complexion is the inevitable result."

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THE NEW CRY IN AUSTRIA.

"Away from Rome," is a cry recently started in Austria-Hungary, and it has already commenced to produce very peculiar effects. Even as the great wave of Reformation, that swept over Europe when Luther was in possession of the religions and that set the elements in motion, recoiled upon itself when its first spasmodic force was exhausted, so this particular movement in Austria and Hungary is destined to produce an effect directly the opposite of the one expected or desired. The "News-Tribune," of Detroit, has secured two opinions on the subject—one from a German Protestant minister, the other from a Catholic priest—and a portion of each would explain better than we can the real situation. In fact, when we take these two opinions, and see in how far they agree, we cannot but conclude that the cry that now rings through these countries is merely a hollow sound that can produce no effect beyond, perhaps, startling the silent observer. The Rev. A. Huelster, Ph.D., one of the most clever German ministers in America says regarding this so-called revolutionary movement—

"The away from Rome movement in Austria-Hungary is mostly confined to the one-half of the dual monarchy."

"According to the testimony from reliable Protestant sources, covering the first two months of the present year, the number of converts from the Catholic church amounted in some places to only 20 and hardly any where had there been more than 100. Nevertheless, the movement covers quite an extensive territory. During the last quarter defections have been more numerous, and the movement seems to be gaining in strength and intensity."

"The Catholic bishops became alarmed as early as last Easter, resolving then to prepare and circulate a letter warning the people to be on their guard and not to depart from the faith delivered unto them. Priests were to read the letter from the pulpit and to take such other measures as circumstances might render expedient. The bishops admonished them to calmness, however, and to abstain from intemperate language against those of another faith."

Then he adds—

"On the other hand, Protestants high in authority are not as enthusiastic regarding the movement as might be expected. The Protestant consistory at Vienna has advised all pastors not to open the doors of the church too wide, but to demand of those coming a sufficient knowledge of the Protestant faith, so that they may be able to become true and intelligent adherents and members of the church. A Protestant pastor goes even farther than this by saying that the entire movement is purely political and would be treated as such."

And he thus gives the essence of the movement, from a Protestant standpoint—

"Certainly, however, no special religious awakening has started the movement. The fact, too, that the Czechs of Bohemia were proportionately fully as much Protestant as were their German neighbors, and now, nevertheless, remain Catholic, proves that the religious cause alone fails of explaining the present phenomenon. The movement is to a great extent racial and political. Twenty-five and more years ago the racial feeling of the Czechs and other Slavic nationalities of the empire had not yet been greatly aroused to activity. Milkasitch and Tropitar, not to mention others, had by the example of Bopp, Humboldt and Geimm, especially by the latter German giant of comparative language study, been incited to a study of their own language, but not with any political intention whatever, their books and dissertations being wholly written in

German (or Latin). Nevertheless their labors formed a kind of a scientific basis for the nationalistic tendency which soon spread with great force and rapidity."

Even from this strong Protestant source, and from one who is deeply interested in the reduction of Catholicity and the curtailing of Catholic influence, we find that, at the bottom there is really nothing to cause alarm in the new cry of a section of the political world of Austria.

Read now what the Rev. C. J. Hunter, rector of St. Anthony's Catholic parish, Detroit, has to say:—

"The Catholic spheres of Austria," said he, "have energetically resolved to oppose the 'separation from Rome' movement, even if such an agitation should momentarily, though improbably, cause the Catholic Church a nominal loss by reason of formal apostasy. Still the malignant investigation of apostasy, connected with the movement, must not be considered as altogether insignificant."

"But, above all, will the 'movement' among the Catholics militate greatly against a decision of the court for the administration of justice given on the 8th day of March in the present year. By this decision the political communities, based upon the confessional laws of 1874, were totally denied the right and power of doing anything for religious purposes. They were compelled, too, to depend upon parochial revenues, which, however, were never legally constituted and which consequently did not exist. Neither do they possess any property and, as a matter of course, are quite unable to negotiate the raising of funds."

"Instead of the purely negative circumstances which were created at the time mentioned by court for the administration of justice, something positive will have to be established, and this is of the greatest importance to the interests of the Catholic Church, and the need of such steps is exceedingly pressing. Of all the political communities in the half of the Austrian empire, there are not 10 per cent. of them which have not in one way or the other contributed to the advancement of the cause of Catholic culture. And the fact of such contributions can by no means be overlooked, without questioning, in many districts, the practice of the Catholic cultus."

And in terminating, the same priest gives in a few words a clear idea of how this cry, "Away from Rome" has seemed to awaken the Catholics from their stupor and has imparted to them a fresh and active spirit that otherwise might have remained dormant and fruitless. He says:—

"It is a matter of fact that in Eger and vicinity, in northern Bohemia, particularly in Warnsdorf, the see of the reputed German old-Catholic diocesan administrator, Milos Czech, Catholic life is again reviving. The Catholic clergy—and there are about 140 German Catholic societies in Bohemia—have availed themselves of the excitement over the separation from Rome agitation, and caused the distribution of numerous appropriate volumes and pamphlets and by arranging for apologetic lectures are gaining and causing to work for truth those lukewarm Catholics who have been disturbed by the agitation."

"How zealous these different Catholics have been made by the action of Messrs. Schoenerer, Nitel, etc., is proved by the fact that since the new movement towards apostasy 93,800 volumes of the work, "Enlightening of Nations," have been asked for and have been distributed to all parts of the globe."

Consequently there need be no cause for alarm in this peculiar political and quasi-religious movement. It can scarcely affect the Church, even in a passing manner.

there can be no Christianity possible. The reasoning then, is very simple. If infallibility be an essential of Christianity, and only one Church claims infallibility, that one Church alone can be the true Church. Any person, seriously desirous of learning all about the Church, and of accepting the truth, once he has found it, cannot fail to be convinced by these two volumes.

A NEW RELIGIOUS ORDER.—There is a Rev. Dr. Ibrahim G. Kheiralla—evidently a Persian or an Arab Oriental. Its name is a secret, claims a membership of forty millions for his new creed. This new religion of religious Order must also be Oriental. Its name is a secret, therefore we cannot say much about it as far as that point is concerned. This reverend gentleman is a minister of the Church of England, but he has imported his new faith from Persia. He claims that his brotherhood teaches a positive and a negative faith. The positive part consists in proving that "God is an identity, an individual, a person." We humbly submit that there was no necessity of going to Persia in order to learn that much; nor can we see (unless they are ashamed of it, or it is myth) why the name of an order holding such doctrines, should be kept secret.

Here is the negative part of this new system:—

"Furthermore, the teaching shows, it is claimed, why the purpose here is not to worship and glorify God as the Church teaches, nor to come in contact with the material laws as occult science teaches, nor to accomplish our Karma as theosophists teach, nor to awaken the Christ within us, as Christian scientists teach, nor to communicate with spirits as spiritualists teach."

This is apparently the most original part of his argument, or principle, it is certainly negative; it is neither in accord with the Church, nor occult science, nor theosophistic teaching, nor Christian scientific doctrine, nor spiritualistic principles. Surely, for a Church of England minister, this is a queer kind of faith. The explanation given as to what this religion teaches is amusing. Dr. Kheiralla writes:—

"This religion claims—and by most convincing proofs justifies the claim—to be a most complete revelation of the light which a larger knowledge of Almighty God our Creator gives us than any hitherto taught among us. In connection therewith is given that particular knowledge for which every soul is thirsting; why our stay in this world is so brief and, while here, what are our real duties to our Creator, so that in the earnest performance of these duties we may secure to ourselves a never-ending happiness."

Why on earth don't let us know the name of this universal and humble specific. It is a shame to keep secret that which would ensure the never-ending happiness of men. It is time this reverend innovator took part in the ritualistic controversy going on in the Church of which he is a minister; he might be able to settle the trouble with his Oriental and mystic teachings.

WHY MASONRY IS CONDEMNED.—A correspondent, signing "A. B. O.," asks the editor of the New York "Sun's" column of "Questions and Answers," the following:—

"I have inquired a good deal regarding the objection of the Roman Catholic Church to Freemasonry and cannot get any information. Another thing I'd like to get at is this: Why does the Roman Catholic Church condemn Masonry and countenance other secret organizations, such as the A. O. H., Clan-na-Gael, Knights of Columbus and others?"

The reply given reads thus:—

"The reason seems to be that the

Masons refused to submit their ritual and rites to the consideration of the Roman Catholic authorities. The other organizations you name, though secret have submitted their ritual to that Church; so, the Knights of Labor submitted theirs and had it approved. The "Familiar Explanation of Catholic Doctrine" implies that the Masons are condemned by the Roman Catholic Church because "they propose to themselves things against Church or Government; they bind themselves by oath to do what may be commanded by their superior; they bind themselves to secrecy; they join for mutual defence in so strict alliance that thence arises danger of riot or bloodshed." (P. 394, note.)

"There may be a good deal of truth in this answer, especially in the portion of it that is quoted from "Familiar Explanation of Catholic Doctrine," but it is somewhat misleading in another sense. It does not contain all the truth, and that portion which is omitted is possibly the more important. The societies above mentioned are not "secret societies" in the sense that Freemasonry is one. They may have their special rules and regulations, their secrets, and their binding promises; but they are not "oath-bound," in the strict sense of the term, while their doors are open to the Catholic Clergy, and they accept chaplains who are also members of their associations.

But apart from all this, Masonry occupies a very unique position in the history of the world's organizations. Masonry has its rituals and insignia, its special system of worship and its religious principles; in a word it is a religion. There may seem a contradiction in the terms, but it is actually an anti-religious religion. None of the Societies approved of, or tolerated by the Church, go beyond certain secular, temporal, or national limits, they all take their "cult," or religion from the Church. Masonry, on the contrary, erects its own altars and forms its own ritual. We might more properly call the principle of Masonry a philosophy than a religion. To use the words of one who was a leader of Masonic thought and who seeks the origin of the great Revolution in the operations and ideas of the secretaries, "What Catholicity called revelation our philosophy called reason. The words were different, the meaning identical. This political philosophy could not have invented a word more true, more complete, more divine than Christianity to reveal itself to Europe, and it had adopted the dogma and the word of "fraternity."

The grand aim of Masonry has been to overthrow the Catholic Church and the introduction of another rite and the building of another temple upon the ruins of all Papal power. Masonry is not Christian—it is a deistic organization. It has God, as the Great Architect of the Universe, but not as the Opponent Eüler of the Universe. It claims that "human though like God, makes the world in its own image; that thought revised its philosophy and was in turn revised by a philosophical age." "It aims at the accession of three moral sovereignties: that of right over force, that of intelligence over prejudices, that of people over governments. Revolution in rights, it calls equality; revolution in ideas, reasoning substituted for authority; revolution in facts, the reign of the masses."

As black contrasts with white, as a straight line differs from a crooked one, as evil and good, error and truth, Anti-Christ and Christ, must of necessity conflict, so Masonry and Catholicity cannot but struggle against each other. Other societies may have for object some social, political, national or other reform; Masonry aims only at the destruction of the Church, wherefore the Church must condemn it.

CATHOLICS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Catholic Standard and Times, Philadelphia.

"We all know that Catholic parents prefer to send their children to the public rather than to the parochial schools, the reason being that the public schools are better and Protestant friendships and Protestant society are desired by Catholics for their sons and daughters."

In the foregoing sentence, culled from an editorial in "Christian Work," of last week, we have a paradigm of the power of that self-delusion which blindfolding the utterer, seeks to fling dust also into the eyes of the reader. Because a few indifferent Catholic prefer to send their grown-up boys to non-Catholic colleges and universities, it is boldly assumed that Catholics as a rule prefer godless and practically pagan institutions for their children all round. It may safely be put down as

God would never have let us long for our friends with such a strong and holy love if they were not waiting for us.

Notes of Irish News.

—FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

FUNERAL OF LARKIN'S MOTHER.—The obsequies of Mrs. Mary Larkin, mother of Michael Larkin, one of the Manchester Martyrs, took place at Birr, on June 3, over six thousand people followed the remains which were interred in Lismagh Cemetery. The Birr Young Men's Society Band led the procession, playing the Dead March in "Saul," and Beethoven's Grand March; next came the hearse, drawn by four horses, the coffin being of massive oak and covered with wreaths. The chief mourners: the local clergy: the Corporation of Limerick, headed by Mayor Daly, wearing his chain of office; Birr Urban Council, Mr. John Powell (president), vice-chairman, County Council; Mr. Patrick J. White, hon. secretary, Manchester Martyrs' Memorial Committee, the members of the King's County and North Tipperary County and Rural Councils; and the Young Men's Society with deputations from Dublin, Nenagh, Thurles, Templemore, Roscrea, Cloughjordan, and Borrisokane followed in the order named. The officiating clergy were the Very Rev. Dr. Phelan, Vicar-General, and Fathers O'Donovan, D'Arcy, and Magher.

stration throughout Ireland on Sunday, August 6th next, in aid of the Wolfe Tone and '98 Memorial Fund, was considered at a meeting of a sub-committee appointed by the Executive Council, and the secretary instructed to issue the following circular to all Provincial '98 committees:—

City Hall, Dublin.
May, 28th, 1899.

Dear Sir,—Our committee having decided on the holding of a series of demonstrations throughout Ireland on Sunday August 6th next, having for their objects the commemoration of the laying of the foundation stone of the great National Monument, which shall be erected in the Irish Metropolis, as a nation's tribute to the memory of the men and principles of '98, as also the collection of funds in aid of that project, I would feel grateful to an immediate reply to the subjoined queries. As the time is limited for the work of organization, an immediate reply will be additionally welcome, and as we shall act in accordance with the expression of the majority of replies forwarded by June 12th, a response by that date will be deeply obliged.—Yours fraternally,

J. P. DUNNE,
Gen. Sec.

UNITED IRISH LEAGUE.—A convention of delegates from the National Federation Branches in Belfast and several Ulster towns, as well as representatives of some '98 clubs in the city, male and female, met recently in the Avenue Hall, Garfield street, Belfast, for the purpose of establishing a branch of the United Irish League. Mr. M. Davitt, M. P., occupied the chair, and amongst the speakers was Mr. Wm. O'Brien. The Chairman said they had met for the forwarding of one broad, comprehensive movement. Instead of wasting energy in multiplicity of organizations they would fuse the National effort in the United Irish League and by it initiate again as far as possible the fight of the Land League. The day would come, and much sooner than their opponents thought, when a parliament would open its doors and commence its labors for Ireland in Dublin, and when that day came the Unionists would discover that their fears about Home Rule being Rome Rule were altogether groundless.

P. S.—I would beg to remind you that Sunday, June, 25th next, has been appointed as Decoration Day, and we would hope that you will take such steps as may be necessary to secure that the memory of the dead shall not be forgotten in your district on that date.—J. P. D.

TO PAY THE DEBT.—A meeting convened by the Lord Mayor was held in the Convent of Our Lady of Charity, Lower Gloucester street, Dublin, for the purpose of inaugurating a scheme to raise a fund to help to discharge the heavy debt of £9,000 due by the nuns in respect of the Magdalen Asylum. The Lord Mayor presided. A letter was read from His Grace the Archbishop promising any help in his power for the advancement of the praiseworthy object. The meeting formed itself into a committee to carry out a prize drawing to raise funds for the institution.

ON THE MOTION OF MR. FELIX FERRAN, J. P., seconded by Mr. W. D. Harbinson, and supported by Mrs. M. T. Pender, a resolution was unanimously passed establishing a branch of the United Irish League.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien, in his address, said that there was no disguising the fact that the Irish party as a party had practically ceased to exist. "The principles which gave birth to the Irish Party in the past had been set at naught. The first was that they should act together as one man. The moment a decision was taken, and the second was that every man should render an account of his stewardship at least once a year to his constituents. Both these rules had been blown to the winds."

PLUCKY NENAGH WOMEN.—A tramp named John Moara, who is alleged to have used offensive language and to have attacked two women on the road between Nenagh and Trillickvara recently, lies in Nenagh Workhouse infirmary in a badly bruised condition, as to the result of the pounding with stones to which he was subjected by the women. A magisterial inquiry was held in the infirmary on Saturday, when one of the two women who were in custody was discharged and the other was remanded.

THE TUNNEL SCHEME.—The "Nation" says: "Another effort is in progress to give practical shape to the scheme for the construction of a tunnel between Scotland and the north east corner of Ulster. Lord Londonderry is interesting himself in the matter, though it remains to be seen whether he will succeed in materially advancing it. Mr. Ritchie, the President of the Board of Trade, has already condemned the project as impracticable, and accordingly the Government will not offer any assistance. As a commercial speculation it does not appear attractive, as the advantages of such a tunnel, even if it were successfully constructed, are not sufficient to justify the expectation of a dividend on the capital expenditure. Of course, Belfast and the north-east would be benefited, but it may appreciably affect the rest of Ireland."

THE '98 MEMORIAL.—The organization of the commemorative demonstration throughout Ireland on Sunday, August 6th next, in aid of the Wolfe Tone and '98 Memorial Fund, was considered at a meeting of a sub-committee appointed by the Executive Council, and the secretary instructed to issue the following circular to all Provincial '98 committees:—

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J. P. DUNNE,
Gen. Sec.

VARIOUS NOTES AND REMARKS.

ANSWER TO A SUBSCRIBER.—One of our subscribers has asked us to mention the names of some books that might serve to help a non-Catholic, who is seeking for the truth and is turning his attention to the Catholic Church. We could easily give a long list of admirable works that would aid such a person to a great degree, but we think that if he (or she) were to secure and carefully read the following two books—especially the first one—the result would be exceedingly beneficial. The first is entitled "The Invitation Heeded; Reasons for a Return to Catholic Unity." It is by James Kent Stone (now a Catholic priest, Father Fidelis), late president of Kenyon and Hobart Colleges. The book is published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., 12

East 17th street, New York. Any person capable of reading English can easily understand every page of this work. As it is a complete and minute statement of all the reasons which led its author to become a Catholic, it surely must be of the highest importance for any one seeking out the same path. Moreover, it treats of every imaginable question, or objection that can be suggested by a non-Catholic.

The second work is entitled "Christianity and Infallibility; Both or Neither." This book is written by Rev. Daniel Lyons, and is published by Longmans, Green and Co., 15 16th street, New York. The edition of 1892 is the most complete one. In this the student will find conclusive proof that either infallibility exists or else

LADIES AUXILIARY, DIVISION No. 1, A. O. H.

The monthly meeting of Division No. 1, took place in St. Patrick's Hall, on Thursday evening, June 15. The attendance was very large, the election of officers took place and everything went off most satisfactory to all. Following is the results:—

President, Mrs. Sarah Allen, re-elected by acclamation; Vice-President, Statia Mack, elected by acclamation; Rec. Sec., Miss Lizzie Howlett, elected by acclamation; Fin. Sec., Miss Mary McMahon, re-elected by acclamation; Treasurer, Miss Mary O'Brien, re-elected by acclamation; Sergeant-at-arms, Miss Annie Howard, elected

by acclamation; Sentinel, Miss Katie O'Reilly, elected by acclamation.

The organization is in a flourishing condition, and at every meeting applications for membership are received.

The President, Mrs. Allen has introduced a new feature at the regular meeting, in the form of impromptu musical and vocal selections, which is very much appreciated. The auxiliary also enjoys the use of the library, in connection with St. Patrick's which was kindly placed at its disposal by the pastor, of St. Patrick's Church, Rev. Father Quinlan.

Mgr. Clouthier, the Bishop enecot of Three Rivers, will be consecrated on July 25.

MR. JUSTICE CURRAN AT PLATTSBURG.

A brilliant assemblage gathered at the commencement exercises of the d'Youville Academy, Plattsburg, N. Y., on Wednesday last. The programme was most interesting and varied. One of the principal features of the evening was an address by Mr. Justice Curran of Montreal, who is still an active and warm supporter of education. After a few preliminary remarks, he said:—

Looking back, in these the dying hours of the nineteenth century, at the rapid strides made in the matter of female education during the era now about to close, we may well marvel at the changes that have taken place, and turning our eyes to the future, who can estimate the still greater progress in store, and the wonderful results to be reached under the influences of that higher education which has now become a fixed essential in our systems on this North American Continent.

Material for deep thought and wide speculation is certainly not wanting, but we must not forget, that for you my young friends it would be out of place, as well as unjust and ungenerous, at this happy moment when your arduous labors and incessant toil are just being crowned with the laurels of victory, to indulge in such theorizing.

You are graduates of an institution bearing the name of d'Youville. This is not a single honor but a double one. The first distinction is, we trust common with most institutions conferring diplomas. That is, a guarantee of proficiency, in the many branches of study, to which your time has been devoted. The second is a further guarantee, not merely of learning acquired, but of an education as Christian in its character, as it is solid in its usefulness.

You have been for years the pupils of the daughters of Madame d'Youville, an order of religious, whose fame has spread far and wide over both sides of the line that separates your great Republic from the young Dominion to the North. You must strive to be worthy of them and of their great foundress, whose virtues ennobled her name here and sanctified it forever in the hereafter. She was a child of La Belle France, that land of heroes and heroines, to whom religion and civilization owe so much under every sky. In your studies you have read of the missionaries who first planted the cross upon the soil of Canada, and the vast territory that now constitutes the United States, whose blood watered the roots of our early civilization, and whose footsteps traced the path, later to be followed by the steam engine from ocean to ocean, over hill and dale, snow-capped mountain and mighty chasm. You have read of noble Frenchwomen like Marguerite Bourgeois, Marie Guyard and many others, and you know that side by side with the noblest and best stands Madame d'Youville in generosity of purpose, in perseverance under the severest trials and persecutions, in absolute self-sacrifice. You now hold in your hands certificates bearing the name of that illustrious and saintly lady. You are about to leave the institution where you have been trained under the beneficent influences of her spirit, manifested in the daily lives of those who have chosen her house as their home. You now go to take your place in society.

Amidst the joyous heart-beats you now experience, at the success you have so meritoriously achieved, do you not also feel a grave responsibility?

Your aim must then be steadily to follow the path in which you have been so far directed. A witty Irishman once said, "If you aim at nothing you are sure to hit it." Your lives cannot be aimless. You have the advantage, yes, the privilege of living in a country where labor is held in honor, unlike other lands where toil is spurned and the toiler looked down upon; lands of effete civilization that crumble when they come in conflict with a nation of workers. Here you have full scope for your abilities, and you will be respected in their faithful exercise. You owe to God, to your country, to your families and to yourselves to make the most of the grand opportunities you have enjoyed. The learning you have acquired, the arts you have mastered, the accomplishments and refinements you have been blessed with, all these must be looked upon as treasures, not to be locked away, but to be brought into daily use without ostentation, but with true earnestness of purpose and with due regard to your family and other surroundings. How many young ladies, once they quit the doors of the Academy discard their books, look forward to a life of mere pleasure and neglect to cultivate even the educational adornments for which they strove so long? Is it because they know not where to seek for guidance as to their future course? That excuse cannot be offered by the graduates of d'Youville Academy. In your late teachers you will always find willing guides, wise and sympathetic counsellors, not merely in your choice of occupation but in all life's trials and vicissitudes. The demure little nun whom you see walking along the street apparently unconscious of all except her task of teaching, is the depository of many a sad secret. She has heard of family joys and family woes. She has rejoiced with the happy, poured the balm of consolation on the bruised heart and cheered and upheld the drooping spirit.

Cultivate the talents God has given you and never turn your back upon the institution where they were developed, but look upon it as your second home, the abode of your sincere friends and well-wishers.

What you owe to God has already been firmly implanted in your minds and hearts by loving teachers. Lady graduates you are now in a measure the representatives of your country; do your duty then to it; help, in your own sphere, to make of it not only a nation of beautiful and virtuous women, but of intellectual, and highly cultivated ladies as well, with such it must rank amongst the first of all times.

What do you owe to your families? Here in this audience, at this moment many eyes are fastened upon the tear of joy that would trickle down the cheek of father or mother, relative or friend at your success and in glowing anticipation of future achievements. Your own true hearts tell you that you can never repay what you owe to father and mother. Your duty to yourselves I have striven for the last few moments, however imperfectly, to impress upon you, but I will ask you to say to one another now in this, one of the happiest moments of your lives:—

Onward, onward, may we press Through the path of duty; Virtue is true happiness— Excellence true beauty. Minds are of celestial birth, Make we, then, a heaven of earth.

of tragic history was faithfully portrayed by Miss Josephine Hardin, as Mary Stuart, and Miss Emma Waite as Queen Elizabeth. The young ladies are from Chicago. Both possess fine elocutionary powers with special ability for their respective parts.

"Sweet Sleeps" was a vocal solo by a sweet voiced and attractive singer, Miss Pearl Hawk, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Part II., last scene from "Mary Stuart," shows the unfortunate Mary preparing for death and taking leave of her faithful friends, Melville (Miss Loretta McCafferty, Brooklyn); Leicester (Miss Marie Rogers, Buffalo); Bursleigh (Miss Marie Formosa, New Jersey); Mary Stuart, (Miss Josephine Hardin). The sad portrayal was very effectively rendered, showing ability of a high order, with a most careful training, reflecting credit on the patient work of the sisters. Special mention however should be made of Miss Hardin. Too much cannot be said of this accomplished young lady, who in the part of Mary Stuart excelled, and won for herself the unstinted praise of all.

The next number was a piano quartette, by Miss Ethel Kean, La Salle; Miss Alice Lawler, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Alanna Marmion, Washington, and Miss Jane Smith, Buffalo.

The last number of Part I., "Day is at Last Departing," (Raff) was grandly rendered by the choral class. The rise and fall of the sweet voices formed a perfect ensemble of melody. At the conclusion of Part I., Very Rev. Father A. J. Kreidt presented to the graduating class of '99 gold medals, viz.: Miss Alice Lawler, Kansas City, Mo.; Miss Josephine Hardin, Chicago; Miss Alanna Marmion, Washington, and Miss Pearl Hawk, Brooklyn.

The first number of Part II., was a vocal trio from "Elijah," by Misses Hardin, Marmion and Hawk and was well received.

The vocal solo "O, Merry Goes the Time When the Heart is Young," was nicely rendered by Miss Emma Waite, Chicago, a vocalist of much promise.

"The Cricket on the Hearth," by a class of children, was very pleasing. The little ones deserve great praise for the clever rendering of their various parts.

The vocal solo, "Se Seran Rose," by Miss Alanna Marmion, won the hearts of her hearers by her splendid mastery of a difficult composition. The audience expressed their high appreciation of Miss Marmion's sweet voice by encoring her heartily, to which the young lady gracefully responded. The singer certainly scored a decided triumph and her success is assured.

A very charming bit of elocution, and much appreciated by all, was the recitation, "A Child's Wish," by Miss Maud Morley, of Chicago, a very bright child who won for herself the admiration of everyone by her sweet manner and by her loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. In response to an encore, she reappeared and favored the audience with a fetching little bow.

The "Hungarian March," by Miss Hardin, Miss Langdon, (Niagara Falls N. Y.) and Miss C. Kean, violins, and Misses Lawler, Hawk, E. Kean and C. Smith, piano, was a fine rendition of this grand march by Liszt. It surely necessitated a great deal of practice to reach the point of perfection to which the young ladies have attained.

"Ave Marie," sweetly chanted by the choral class, brought the musical part of this delightful entertainment to a close.

Very Rev. Father A. J. Kreidt, O. C., addressed the audience at the close, thanking the assembly for its appreciation of the exercises and warmly commending the pupils on their clever proficiency under the excellent guidance of the Sisters of Loretto.

After the entertainment the visitors were invited to the exhibition of art and fancy work in the studio. This department of the Academy is in affiliation with the Art School of Ontario. The course includes freehand, perspective, geometric, drawing from cast, designing and still-life. The exhibition gave evidence of unusual proficiency.

Specially notable, however, were the water color and oil paintings—all the subjects being taken from nature. Some beautiful specimens of the ceramic art were also seen.—F. P. C.

The feast of St. Antoine de Padua, on Sunday, was well celebrated by the Grocers Clerks' Society. At High Mass in St. Bridget's Church, Mason-venue street, a feature was the blessing of 400 loaves of bread, contributed by the society to the poor of the parish.

More new buildings for McGill. It is announced that work will shortly be commenced on the new \$50,000 building which the Medical Faculty proposes adding to its present extensive quarters during the coming summer. At present the plans for the structure are in the hands of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

VILLE MARIE BANK.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Shareholders of the Ville Marie Bank met on Tuesday last for the annual meeting, the presiding officer being Mr. W. Weir, the president. The directors' report, as submitted by the president is as follows:—

The directors have the honor to make the following report showing the result of the business of the year ending 31st May, 1899:—

The net profits after deducting expenses of management, interest on deposits, and the amount written off to cover bad debts, etc., were	\$37,698.25
Profit and Loss Account, May 31st, 1899	6,001.04
Making in all	\$43,699.29
Appropriated as follows:—	
Dividend, 3 p. c., 1st December, 1898	\$14,388.60
Dividend, 3 p. c., 1st June, 1899	14,388.60
Appropriation for expenses incurred in establishing new branches	2,500.00
Carried to Contingent account	3,000.00
Balance Profit and Loss	9,422.09
	\$43,699.29

The business of the Bank as well as the net profits are considerably in excess of those of the previous year, and there is every reason to believe that the progress made last year will be continued in the future.

The branches have, as usual, been inspected from time to time, and the directors have pleasure in again bearing testimony to the faithful and intelligent manner in which the Managers and Assistants continue to discharge their respective duties.

All which is respectfully submitted,
W. WEIR,
President.

Montreal, June 20th, 1899.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

ASSETS.	
Specie	\$ 20,963.42
Dominion notes	75,589.00
Deposits with Dominion Government for security circulation	18,510.00
Notes and cheques of other Banks	129,006.00
Due by other Banks in Canada	8,268.83
Due by other Banks in Foreign Countries	6,224.91
Due by other Banks in the United Kingdom	1,296.86
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	65,891.00
Canadian Municipal Securities	26,526.30
Immediately available	\$ 352,308.11
Current Loans and Discounts	1,373,333.85
Loans and discounts overdue not specially secured	57,237.12
	\$1,130,500.97
Real Estate, other than Bank premises	\$ 52,879.88
Mortgages on properties sold by the Bank	24,714.61
Bank premises	38,597.31
Office fixtures, sales, stationery, etc.	27,906.35
Other assets, including Bank Stock owned by the Bank	291,011.63
	435,112.86
	\$2,218,012.27

LIABILITIES.	
To the Shareholders	
Capital paid up	\$ 479,629.00
Reserve	10,000.00
Profit and Loss	9,422.09
Dividend due June 1st, 1899	11,388.60
	510,439.69
To the Public	
Notes in circulation	211,865.00
Deposits not bearing interest	232,331.61
Deposits bearing interest	1,256,357.31
Other Liabilities	1,957.60
	1,701,611.58
	\$2,218,012.27

F. LEMIEUX,
Accountant.

In moving the adoption of the report the president remarked that during the past year there had been a general revivement of business throughout the Dominion, but that so far as the Province of Quebec was concerned that revival had only been noticed within the last few weeks.

The demand for money during the last three months had been more marked than at any time during the

last five years. This was no doubt due largely to the increased importation of British and foreign goods and the large outlay to cover duties and freights, and also the large amount of money invested in mining stocks, a good deal of which, it is to be feared, the investor will never see again.

So far as the Province of Quebec is concerned, these countries still depend

largely upon the hay trade have suffered greatly during the past two years and it is only during the last three months that anything like a fair price has been paid for that article. There is now a general activity in the cheese and butter trade, which with seasonable weather, will likely continue during the summer. The lumber trade is fairly active, but to some extent is interfered with by the unsettled relations between the United States and Canadian Governments.

The grain trade, so far as this province is concerned, has moved slowly but is now fairly active.

to another sister he left a similar share in admiration of the skill with which she has elevated her pecking to a fine art." To show that he was not without sympathy for the sister's husband, he left him twenty guineas and a punch bowl, so that he might drown the misery of his married lot.

One of the most eccentric wills ever made was that of M. Zalesky, a wealthy Pole, who inclosed it in a series of envelopes, one inclosed in the other, and inscribed on each in turn "to be opened one (two, three years, etc.) after my death."

Each year found the curious relations one envelope nearer the will which might mean so much to them, and four years ago the last envelope was opened and the will at last read. It was then found that half of the testator's estate was bequeathed to such of his heirs as had the largest families, and the remaining half was to be invested and accumulated for 100 years, for the benefit of such heirs as then shall be living.

A north countryman who died recently, divided his estate equally between his wife and his sister, who had for years never spoken to one another, on condition that for one month every year they should live together, and that during the rest of the year they should meet six times and embrace each other.

There was a whimsical touch of malevolence in the will of Herr Boog, a wealthy German, whose wife had made his life miserable by her violent antipathy to tobacco, of which he smoked large quantities.

He bequeathed her half his estate on condition that for the rest of her life she never smoked less than six cigarettes a day; and the whole of it from the day on which she married a man who should smoke a certified pound of tobacco a week.—The Bits.

Brief Notes of News.

The report comes from Tacoma, that the steamer City of Tacoma, passed Port Townsend last week bound for Tacoma with 200 Klondikers, who bring out \$500,000 in gold dust and \$500,000 in drafts as the first instalment of the spring clean up.

It is said that Sir Richard Webster purposes to present England's side of the Venezuelan question in a speech that it will take him sixteen days to deliver. This means that he will utter close upon 750,000 words, or enough to fill six copies of the World solidly.

Rev. Thomas Burke, for nearly forty years pastor of St. Columbkille's Church, Chicago, died Saturday, June 3. He was seventy-two years of age. He was the last survivor of the priests ordained by Bishop O'Regan.

A New Jersey butcher went into his ice-box recently and shut the door behind him. When discovered he was almost at the point of collapse, being nearly frozen to death. One should always keep on the right side of the very hot weather.

A despatch from Rouen says:— Archbishop Sourrieu died on Friday of last week. He was born in 1825, and was successfully superior of several houses of missionaries.

A young lady asked a butcher for a dollar toward paying for a temperance lecture. She didn't expect to get it, but the butcher said: "There's your dollar. I've sold more meat in one day since this town went no-license than I used to in a whole week when we had saloons." What better temperance lecture than that could be delivered?

One isn't permitted to forget for an instant that this is June, the bride's month remarks an exchange. One day last week there were over one hundred bridal couples registered at one of the hotels at Niagara Falls.

"The blood is the life." Science has never gone beyond that simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad," or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also affected, and many an evil deed or impure thought may be directly traced to the impurity of the blood. No ed to the impurity of the blood. No one can be well balanced in mind and body whose blood is impure. No one can have a wholesome and pure life unless the blood is pure. Foul blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When the blood is pure, body and brain are alike healthy and life becomes a daily happiness.

Free.—Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth. To Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Toothache stopped in two minutes with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum. 10 cents.

LORETTO ACADEMY.

The closing exercises and presentation of medals to graduates of Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, Ont., were marked by a beautiful rendition of classic prose and music by the pupils which was enjoyed by an assemblage of appreciative guests from Buffalo, Toronto, and Niagara Falls, who were invited by the Sisters of the Academy. The spacious assembly hall of the Academy was tastefully decorated with palms, ferns and shrubs for the occasion, and every attention was paid the invited ones to ensure their enjoyment of the following beautifully rendered programme:—

- (a) "Rest"Gould
- (b) "Charming Valley"Roberti
- Choral Class of 50.
- Piano Solo—Valse in A flat .. Chopin
- Vocal solo—Gavotte from "Mignon" .. A. Thomas
- Garden scene from "Mary Stuart" .. Schiller
- Vocal solo—"Venice Sleeps" ..Mattei
- "Mary Stuart"—Part II., last scene, "Invitation to the Dance" ..Weber
- "Day is at Last Departing" ..J. Raff
- Choral Class.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO GRADUATES.

- Vocal trio—from "Elijah" .. Mendelssohn
- Vocal trio—"Oh, Merry Goes the Time When the Heart is young" ..Buek
- "The Cricket on the Hearth" .. Dickens
- Vocal solo—"Se Seran Rose" ..Arditi
- "The Child's Wish" ..Liszt
- Hungarian March ..Liszt
- Pianos and violins.
- Ave Marie .. Marchetti
- The choral class of fifty well trained voices rendered the opening number on the programme in a manner highly pleasing to the critical audience, and reflecting great credit on the excellent work of their teachers.
- The piano solo—valse in A flat—by Miss Ethel Kean, of La Salle, was very cleverly executed.
- The vocal solo, Gavotte from "Mignon," by Miss Ferguson, Niagara Falls South, was rendered very prettily, the singer possessing a sweet voice, which was nicely adapted to the selection.
- In the garden scene from "Mary Stuart," the pathetic side of this bit

For Boys and Girls.

CONDUCTED BY T. W.

I WOULDN'T FRET.

Dear little lad with flashing eyes
And soft cheeks where the swift red
flies,
Some one has grieved you, dear; I
know
Just how it hurts; words can hurt
so!

But listen, laddie,—don't you hear
The old clock ticking loud and clear?
It says, "Dear heart, let us forget,—
I w-o-u-l-d-n't, I w-o-u-l-d-n't
f-r-e-t!"

"Why little girlie, what's gone wrong?
My song-bird's drooping, hushed her
song.
The world has used you ill, you say?
Ah, sweetheart, that is just its way.
It doesn't mean to be unkind,
So, little lassie, never mind;
The old clock ticks, "Forget, for-
get,—
I w-o-u-l-d-n't, I w-o-u-l-d-n't
f-r-e-t!"

ANNIE WHITE'S HERITAGE.

"God help the sick," said Father Burke, by way of a pious aspiration, as he hurried from his bed in answer to the ringing of the night bell.

In a few moments he was at the door, well muffled up against the cold winter night, and ready to start wherever duty called him.

"God bless you, child," was his kind salutation to the boy of ten, who awaited his coming. "Why, it's Willie White! What can bring you on such a night? Mamma sick! Tying! Well, now, it's not so bad as all that. Just get under this coat, it's big enough for two like us. Poor boy, with nothing but a thin jacket. God forgive— and then the good man fell to musing till his fatherly heart was saddened and the tears glistened in his eyes.

Father Burke knew where he was going. He knew Annie White and her sad story of unrequited love and devotion. When he first came to St. Joseph's parish, she was a happy school girl, the daughter of Mike Murphy, one of his best parishioners. Often he had admired her talents and, often he had admired her father felt in her promising future. Poor Mike he could see him even now, stretching his neck from the pew to distinguish her in the ranks of the children of Mary, on their communion mornings. How proud he was, too, as they walked home together, she in her white robes, happy, yet modest; he with his head higher than any king.

Then, in a few years, there came a sad night, when Mike, with a heart burdened with sorrow, applied to him for relief. Mary would marry a drunkard, despite the prayers and entreaties of all to whom she was dearest. Could Father Burke not reason her out of her error? He tried, but all efforts were fruitless. She was confident of doing what no woman ever yet had done—reforming a wicked man. There was a secret marriage and following it these twelve years of misery. But poor Mike was now no more; his heart had long since broken and he rested by the side of a wife who had escaped all this sorrow through an early death.

And Annie, now sick and without a friend! All had abandoned her, and for the very reason that made Father Burke feel a sweet sense of consolation and hope for her salvation. Ah, the world is cruel and in its cruelty sees too often vice in virtue. Had she but broken her sacred promise of the marriage contract, and left him whom she had taken for better or for worse then all would have been well. The homes of relatives and friends were open to her, and even a knowledge of her own worth often warred with her sense of duty. But no, she overcame misery and self-love; and as she erred once she shirked no sufferings to repair her fault. Truly she prayed God to take her children to Himself, and thanked Him from her heart when she saw the four innocents laid to rest. But for herself she asked only patience and perseverance.

And now she is dying. Father Burke climbed the rickety stairs of the tenement and found her in the last stages of pneumonia. There was a deep contrast between the few bare rooms and the cozy cottage where he first saw her; between the worn face before him and the innocent countenance that was the light of Mike Murphy's home. But the soul was the same, noble and generous as in childhood. She had little to ask. The end was coming she knew. The Sacraments gave her peace, and if Father Burke would only promise to care for her child, then she would die happy, and knew that God had forgiven the past. The good priest saw no difficulty. Ca-

tholic charity had built homes for such boys, and he would see that the child's future was secure. Consolated with this promise she gave up all claim in life, and, with a blessing for the priest and child, she died.

II.

The funeral was over and burley Jim White plunged even deeper in his life of dissipation. Father Burke's promise was easier made than fulfilled. The piety of the priest, coupled with an old resentment against him for his attempt to save Annie at first, had sown a deep hatred in the wretched father's heart. The priest tried to reason with him, but no, the boy was his, he would keep him, do what he pleased with him.

Months passed by, and Willie was living as best he could; suffering abuse in body and scandal in soul. At last a well-meaning Protestant neighbor of the place pitied the child and urged his father to place him in a Protestant home. The idea struck Jim White as excellent. It would be just the thing to spite Father Burke. Why yes, he would give the boy. Take him; he'd not want him.

Willie saw nothing but happiness before him now. To go to a nice big house with lots of other boys, and no drunken father to abuse him was a joy until then unthought of. The day of his entry was replete with pleasure. A long journey in the railroad, lots of nice things from the good lady, and finally a beautiful home in the country, surrounded by genial companions.

Mr. Sweet, the director of the place was a kind-hearted man, and fully wrapped up in his work of charity. He received the boy with kindness, sympathized with him in his loss and promised him all happiness in this life and in eternity. Happy as he was at finding such hospitality, it was nothing to the joy he felt when Jim South, an old companion, stepped out from the rest of the boys to bid him welcome. To find a home was much, but to find an old friend was far more than he expected. The difficulty of forming acquaintances for himself was now surmounted. Jim knew the boys and it did not take long for him to introduce his young friend and make him feel at home.

Willie's religious education was thorough for his age. He had had a good mother, and she saw in religion the only means of counteracting the baneful influence of a father's bad examples. Whatever happened, Willie and his mother always went to Mass. The morning and night prayers of mother and son were never neglected, and in the evening instead of worrying over her sad lot, Annie White found forgetfulness to her fate and a sweet consolation in instructing her child. Prayer and devotion, then were deep-rooted in Willie's young heart, and from the first he took a loving interest in the devotions of the house. But he soon felt a loss. The prayers were all different. He missed especially the sweet "Hail Mary," and, though he said it to himself, he wondered often how it had been forgotten in the exercises. In the midst of this perplexity Sunday came on and after the services he could hear his suspense no longer, and flew to his friend Jim for an explanation.

"Why, Jim," said he, "is that all the church we're going to have today?"

"Course," said Jim, "what else? Ain't that enough for a fellow?"

"But," persisted Willie, "to-day is Sunday, and there wasn't any Mass. This isn't like Father Burke's way."

"Mass!" said Jim. "Oh, you're a Catholic! I forgot all about that. Why, they're Protestants here and they don't have no Mass. But, say, I know what you can do. See that little sleppee down there in town? That's the Catholic Church, 'cause I hear it's bell ring every morning, dinner-time and night, just like yours at home. You could sneak down there, but don't be caught, 'cause their dead against Catholics here."

"Well, I've got to go to Mass," said Willie, "come ahead with a fellow."

"Oh, no. You can go if you like, but you'll be missed sure, I ain't going. I'm satisfied where I am."

It did not take Willie long to decide. To miss Mass he knew was a mortal sin. Any one in mortal sin could not be loved by the blessed in heaven. His mother had told him this and assured him how their mutual love could continue forever, if he only served God; but that once he broke a commandment, her love for him must cease. The thought of this brought him to a speedy decision. Leaving his companions he went boldly down to the little church; heard Mass and returned promptly to his other duties.

That night Mr. Sweet summoned him to his office, and began in a fatherly way to chide him for his breach in discipline.

"Why, sir," said the boy, "I only went to Mass. I am a Catholic and must hear Mass. I thought you knew that."

"Well, now, Willie, I will say nothing this time, but you must not act so in the future. You were a Catholic but now you must get over all this superstition, and be a nice Protestant boy."

"Mr. Sweet," said the child, "I don't know what 'superstition' means, but if it's anything wrong I don't want you to say it again about my religion. My mother was a Catholic."

The director saw that he had a battle before him. He did not like to lose the boy, and for an instant paused to consider whether severity or caution would be the better weapon.

"No, child," he said sweetly, "I would say nothing against your dear mother. But in a few days I will send you off to the beautiful West where there are no Catholic Churches, and where you will not be tempted. Good night, now, and be a good boy." With that he ushered him out of the room before he could form a reply.

With a heavy heart Willie repaired to his dormitory. He was sad to think of losing so good a home, yet there was no alternative. He tried to sleep, and put off the trouble till tomorrow, but his mind was too active. At last he thought of Jim and resolved to seek consolation in unbending his heart to him. Stealing down to his companion's bed, he awoke him and told him all, with the resolution he had taken to leave the place before morning.

"I told you not to go," said Jim, "but 't ain't right to interfere with a fellow's religion. My mother always said that. Gosh! If you go, I'm going too."

"No, no; that can't be, you're not a Catholic, and I mustn't interfere with your religion. I can go to a Catholic home, but where would you go?"

"But I can be a Catholic. Don't you remember how I used to make a cross when we went in swimming just like the Catholic fellows. I'd like to be a Catholic; sure I would."

This was another trial for Willie. He did not want to appear ungrateful to those who had befriended him, and yet by no persuasion could he change Jim's mind. At last he satisfied his conscience by a unique plan.

"Well, Jim," said he, "you're bigger than I am, and I can't stop you. But if you do come I won't speak to you—I'll be mad at you, and as soon as I get to the Catholic home, I'll tell the priest that you're a Protestant and he'll fire you any how."

"That's the worst you can do, is it?" asked the other. "Well, if the priest takes me, will we be friends again?"

"Well, yes, but he won't take you."

"I'll risk it, 'cause I know Father Burke would, and every priest is the same."

III.

By dawn they were ready. Neither had spoken to the other from the time the bargain was sealed. Jim gathered his belongings together and then watched Willie selecting what was his. Now and then the Catholic boy would hold up a shirt to the light of the moon to see whether it belonged to him, or to the home. Jim, thinking he had another motive, would pass a remark on its value and decide whether it was worth taking or not. To these suggestions Willie gave no heed. Putting his own poor clothes aside, he wrapped them up and started with Jim close on his heels. No one saw them leave, and before the bell for rising sounded in the house they were well on their way. At first he thought of returning home to Father Burke, but then, remembering his father's cruelty, he decided to go direct to the Home of which he had heard Father Burke speak. He knew the name of the town, and was not afraid to ask directions. It was a walk of two days from where they started. Night came on, and selecting a resting place in a thicket, they dropped, well exhausted after the day's journey.

Willie knelt down to say his usual prayers, and for the first time Jim broke the silence.

"Won't you let a fellow pray with you, Willie?" he pleaded.

Willie was puzzled but soon saw a way out of the difficulty. He said the "Our Father" aloud, and Jim knowing it kept pace with him. "Hail Mary," he began, but immediately Jim protested that he must go slow as he did not know that prayer. Willie complied, and thus these pure hearts poured out their love and devotion to God. When they had finished Jim broke in with a hearty "good night," to which his companion joyfully responded, but not a word more.

In the morning they were again on their way at daybreak, and after another twelve hours tramp found themselves at the end of their journey.

Father Peter, the director of the school met them in the parlor. Willie told the history of his life and trials in his own simple way, concluding with an explanation of his companion's presence, and a full assurance that he had opposed it in every way.

Had the good priest not had a long experience with noble-hearted boys he would have been surprised; as it was, he was only puzzled. Jim pleaded for himself. He wanted to be a Catholic like Willie; to go to church, to love God with his whole heart. Against such pleadings Father Peter was powerless, and he decided to take him on probation. If after six months he persisted in his wish he would receive him into the Church. In the meantime he was at liberty to leave whenever he wished.

The house was not as well fitted in worldly comforts as the one they had left. Catholic charities of this kind have not as vast a fund to draw on as Protestants. The people are poor, churches, as the dwelling places of the God of Heaven and earth are kept with greater expense, and finally, which is too often the case those who can give, are negligent to this grand duty. But the boys were happy. Jim never desisted in his wish to become a Catholic and was finally baptized, received his First Communion and was confirmed.

Three years of hard study passed with all the fleetness happiness can give to time. Now it was the day for them to decide what trades they would take, and so Father Peter brought them to his room one evening for a consultation. The boys had often talked of their future among themselves, and had long since decided what they would like to be. Willie, remembering the good Mission priests who came every few years to his parish church, and for whom his mother had such love, thought their life would just suit him. Father Peter was the only priest Jim really knew, but he would like to be a priest like him, and do good in the world. If Willie liked the Missioners, why, he would like them too, and accordingly told Father Peter of their wish. Their director neither approved nor discouraged them. He warned them of the seriousness of such a step, gave them six months to reconsider the matter, begged them to pray earnestly for light and assured them of a remembrance in the Holy Mass every morning.

At the end of their probation they were more certain than ever of their divine calling, and so after due arrangements had been made, they bade Father Peter and their companions good bye to begin a monastic life.

IV.

In twenty years there were many changes in Willie White's birth place. Few would remember him, even if his name were recalled, and there was no one interested enough in his fate to do him that service. The good Father Burke had long since passed over to his eternal reward, and was succeeded by a young pastor. But the parish work still went on. A mission, was in progress and drawing to a close. Father William one of the missionaries, had finished his final sermon on intemperance, and was preparing for the work of the confessional when the sacristy door opened and a feeble old man entered. There was such a troubled look about him that the priest laid a kindly hand upon his shoulder and led him to a chair.

"You are too good to me, Father," said he, "surely you do not know who I am, and what my sin is, or you would shrink from me. But tell me, Father, where you heard that story you told to-night of the drunkard's child. Have you ever met that boy? For he is mine. I know that there was but one such child in the world as there could be but one father so cruel as his. God help me, I have tried to repair the injury in every way, and if I could but see him, know that God had protected him; and he himself had forgiven me, then I would die happy. You told the story well, but there was a part that you never knew. The father repented. Once, shortly after the great wrong, I was sobered by a month of prison life. The past came up to me. At first I thought it was a dream, but when I again regained my liberty I found it to be too true. Bad as I was I understood the sin. Going to the grave of my wife, I knelt down, and with one hand on the mound that covered

one of the truest of God's creatures, and the other lifted to Heaven I swore that I never again would touch the liquor that brought such a devil into my heart. God knows I kept this oath. I sought out my child, but they told me he had escaped from their care. I never believed them, and would have gone crazy, were it not that noble Father Burke assured me that God would protect the boy. Now sir, you must have met him, tell me where he is that I may go see him, ask his forgiveness, and beg his prayers."

For an instant the priest hid his face in his hands, and then rubbing his eyes grasped the arms of the chair and sobbed, "Father, I am he." The old man's eyes glistened, he stared in the kind face, and fell forward in the priest's arms.

They bore him to his quiet lodging. The doctor said it was brain fever, and there was no hope of recovery. He received the last Sacraments from the hands of his son. For a few days he lingered, dreaming of his wife and boy. Now they were all living happily together, again he was a repenting wretch, but trusting always in God's mercy. On the third day, at dawn, as they sat together he grasped the priest's hand and said—

"Do you not see that light? Look! Annie, your Mother," and after an effort to rise fell back dead.

Fathers William White and James South are still missionaries together. Occasionally their superior sends them to labor for God near the old city of their birth, and they both make a pilgrimage to the Catholic Cemetery. There they pray earnestly for the dead, but even as earnestly for the kind hearts that gave their mite in charity to sustain the home where they learned the sweetness of God's religion and love—The Sacred Heart Union.

Girls Should Learn.

That one hundred cents make a dollar.

How to arrange the parlor library.

To say "No" and mean it, or "Yes" and stick to it.

How to wear a calico dress and do it like a queen.

How to sew on buttons, darn stockings and mend gloves.

To dress for comfort and health as well as appearance.

To make the sleeping room the neatest room in the house.

How to cultivate flowers and make and keep the kitchen garden.

To regard morals and habits, not money, in selecting their companions.

To observe the old rule: "A place for everything, and everything in its place."

That the more they live within their means, the more they will save, and the farther they will get away from poverty.

Don't.

Don't read in street cars, or riding vehicles. Don't pick the teeth with pins or other hard substances. Don't neglect any opportunity to insure a variety of food. Don't eat or drink hot or cold things immediately in succession. Don't pamper the appetite with such variety of food as may lead to excess. Don't read, write, or do any delicate work unless receiving the light from the left side. Don't elude yourself into the belief that you are an exception so far as sleep is concerned; the normal average sleep

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It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anæmic rich and red.

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AND MOUNTAIN STREETS

is eight hours. Don't endeavor to rest the mind by absolute inactivity; let it rest in work in other channels, and thus rest the tired part of the brain.

Everything in Time.

The mind can be so trained that at certain hours of the day it will turn to a particular line of duty, and at earlier hours to other and different labors. The very diversity is restful when attended to in regular order. There are some who confuse and rush and attempt to do several things at once, and accomplish little; while another will proceed quietly from one duty to another, and easily accomplish a vast amount of work. The difference is not in the capacity of the two, but in the regular method of the one as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other.

He Was Excused.

A very subdued looking boy of about 13 years, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, came to his teacher in one of the Chicago public schools, says Harper's Bazaar, and handed her a note before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in his book. The note read as follows:—

"Miss B— please excuse James for not being there yesterday. He played truant, but I guess you don't need to tick him for it, as the boy he played truant with an' him fell out, an' the boy licked him, an' a man they sassed caught them an' licked him, an' the driver of a wagon they hung on to licked him allso.

Then his pa licked him, an' I had to give him another one for talking back to me for telling his pa; so you need not tick him until next time. I guess he thinks he better keep in school hereafter."

A GOOD WORD FOR THE SHAMROCKS.

The Shamrock Lacrosse Club, of Montreal, is a queer combination. They are all democrats to the hilt, and none of them favor the Anglo-Saxon alliance freaks, or Iij loyalists but it is an established fact that no team has any chance of defeating them when the match is played before such spectators as Prince George, Baron Russell, Earl of Aberdeen, or even Lord Minto. In the match with the Capitals Saturday last the Shamrocks scored seven straight games in succession after Governor Minto faced the ball, and saw his first lacrosse match.

The Shamrocks are playing a new team of juniors and they are a wonderful club.—United Canada, Ottawa.

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GERALD'S WIFE.

Your last day? Dear, dear! Must you go to-day, Gerald?" said Mrs. Teale, looking across the breakfast table at her son with affectionate concern.

"Couldn't you have got off for another week?" said his father, breaking his hot roll carefully. "Now that you are a partner though—"

"Now that I'm partner, it's hard work getting off," responded Gerald Teale. "It was all I could do; in fact—"

"What was all you could do?" enquired May.

"Well," said Gerald, laying down his knife and fork with a beaming smile, "here goes! Here's the news I've been saving up for you till the last, from a natural modesty. It was all I could do to get things arranged so that I could go on my wedding trip a month hence. I am going to be married."

May's spoon fell into her saucer with a clatter and Mr. Teale dropped his roll hastily.

"Married!" said Maud, breathlessly.

Mrs. Teale alone remained calm.

She rolled up her napkin and put it in its ring, and looked at her son though her gold-rimmed glasses composedly.

She felt, however, that this was an important crisis.

When Gerald—their only son—had, with commendable independence, left his pleasant home to get a start in a neighboring town, they had all expected great things for him.

He would be rapidly successful; he would distinguish himself in the profession he had chosen and amass a fortune, and he would woo and win some sweet young girl with a long line of ancestors—the Teales, being themselves a good old family, were great respectors of blue blood—a host of accomplishments and a heavy dowry.

Their hopes had seemed likely to be fulfilled. Gerald had proved himself possessed of remarkable business qualities; he had risen quickly and had recently exceeded their wishes by being made a junior partner of the firm.

All that now remained to be desired was his safe conquest of the beautiful and aristocratic young person of their dreams, with her many talents and her substantial inheritance.

It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the girls were trembling with eagerness, that Mr. Teale fumbled with his watch chain in nervous suspense, and that Mrs. Teale opened her lips twice before she found strength to propound that all-important question—

"Who is she?"

"She is a Miss Laura Fenton, at present," said Gerald smilingly.

"Fenton!" Mrs. Teale repeated and raised her brows inquiringly. "I don't think I have heard of the family."

"Not at all likely," Gerald rejoined. "They are quiet people."

"Fenton!" Mrs. Teale repeated inquiringly. "No, I have not heard of them. Where do they live?"

"In Weyman street," responded Gerald.

Mrs. Teale fell back in her chair with a little gasp, her husband turned a dismayed face upon his son, and May and Mabel gave little screams.

Weyman street! It was miles from the regions of aristocracy; it was peopled with working girls, seamstresses and with small shopkeepers—with street vendors and old apple women, for all the Teales knew.

"Not Weyman street, Gerald?" said his father, appealingly.

"Certainly—Weyman street," Gerald repeated.

"But she is not—she cannot be of good family, living in Weyman street?" said Mrs. Teale, anxiously.

"The family is quite respectable," her son responded quietly. "Laura's mother is a widow. She works for a ladies' tailor, and Laura has been assistant book-keeper in our establishment. That is how I met her."

Mrs. Teale groaned.

"A book-keeper—a seamstress!" she ejaculated. "Gerald, you could not have done worse!"

"A penniless girl," said his father solemnly; "and after all we have hoped for you! No, it couldn't be worse."

"A common working girl," said May in a choking voice; "and everybody will know it! Oh, Gerald, it couldn't be worse."

The young man looked from one to another in astonished hurt, and half-contemptuous silence.

Maud turned to him, with a gentle sympathy mingling with the dismay in her face.

"Perhaps," she said, hopefully, "perhaps there is something to make up? Perhaps she is a wonderful beauty or a great genius or something?"

Gerald gave her a grateful smile.

"I think her pretty, of course," he said. "But, I suppose that's because I'm fond of her. I don't think she would be called a beauty. And as for genius—she's very clever at accounts,

but she doesn't sing or paint or anything of that sort. She's never had the money for such things, poor girl!"

But Maud had turned away with an impatient gesture.

"There is nothing, then?" she said, despairingly. "No, it couldn't be worse."

Gerald rose from his seat with an energy which set all the crockery on the table jingling.

"This is absurd!" he said, despairingly. "It is more than absurd—it is unjust and narrow minded. How sensible—presumably sensible people!"

Gerald corrected, rather bitterly, "can say in regard to a person they have never seen that it 'could not be worse' is past comprehension."

"We will not talk of it," said Mrs. Teale, holding up a restraining hand. "Discussion will not mend matters. And you are to be married next month?"

"On the 9th," Gerald rejoined. "Of course you will all be there?" he added, rather dubiously.

"By no means," said his father, shortly.

"You could hardly expect it," said Mrs. Teale reproachfully.

"Very well: if Mohammed won't come—You've heard the observation. We shall pay you a visit immediately on our return from our wedding tour, with your kind permission. You must know Laura."

When he left the house an hour later he had the required permission.

His mother and the girls had even kissed him good-bye in an injured and reproachful way, and his father had shaken hands coolly.

But his ears still rang with that odious assertion, "It could not be worse!" and he was thoughtful all the way back to the city.

The Teales were in a state of subdued excitement.

Gerald's wedding tour was completed, and they had received a telegram that afternoon to the effect that he would arrive that evening with his wife.

The dining room table was set for dinner, and Mrs. Teale wandered from one end to the other nervously.

Her husband sat under the chandelier with his paper, but he was not reading it. May and Maud fluttered about uneasily, watching through the window for the return of the carriage from the station.

"I hope," said Maud, with a nervous attempt at cheerfulness, "that she will be barely decent—presentable. Think of the people who will call! I hope she won't be worse than we're prepared to see her."

"She couldn't be," said Mrs. Teale, dismally.

There was a roll of wheels and the twinkle of the carriage lamp at the door and the bell rang sharply.

May and Maud clasped hands in sympathetic agitation. Mr. Teale dropped his paper and rose, and Mrs. Teale advanced towards the hall door with dignity.

It opened wide before she could reach it, and Gerald entered, his face suffused with genial, blissful smiles.

"This is my wife," he said proudly.

"My mother, Laura; my father, my sisters May and Maud."

And with a caressing touch he took her by the hand and led her forward among them—

What?

Mr. Teale gazed at the apparition with starting eyes. Mrs. Teale dropped the hand she had started to hold out, with her face growing ashy, and May and Maud gasped.

For what they saw was a woman of apparently forty years, with a face powdered and painted in the most unblushing manner, with thin grey hair crimped over a wrinkled forehead in a sickening affectation of youthfulness, and with a diminutive gayly trimmed bonnet perched thereon, with an affected, mincing gait and a smirking smile.

"This is my wife," Gerald repeated.

"Have you no welcome for her?"

"Mebbe they think I ain't good enough for 'em, dear?" she observed tartly.

"Impossible, my pet," Gerald responded and patted her cheek affectionately. "Besides, you were but a shadow—a caricature of your beautiful self—they would not have been surprised. They were prepared for the worst."

He looked at his horrified relatives meaningly.

The truth of his words flashed over them.

Yes, they had all said repeatedly that she could not be worse." But this wretched, wrinkled, bedizened creature—had they dreamed of this?

Gerald watched them with an undisturbed smile, his father turning away at last and rubbing his forehead with his handkerchief weakly. Mrs. Teale gazing at her daughter-in-law with a dreadful fascination, and the girls sinking in chairs in dismayed silence.

"Well, mother," said Gerald, lightly, "of course a new addition to the family is an object of interest, but don't forget that I have an appetite, and getting married has rather improved it. Take off your bonnet, my own. Here, May."

May came forward with a set face and with closed lips to receive the marvellous combination of beads and silk flowers held out to her in a disgusting air of sprightliness. She was afraid to trust herself to speak.

Poor Mrs. Teale, sick at heart, had made her way to the bell and rang it and dinner was down presently.

"Turtle soup!" the bride observed looking round the table with a girlish smile. There ain't nothing I admire so! Just pass the celery, father-in-law. Delicious, ain't it, darling?"

"Extremely, my dear," said the bridegroom complacently.

Ignorant and vulgar! What dreadful thing would they discover next?

It was an evening they never forgot. The unfortunate parents sat with pale faces and steady hands staring into their empty plates and looking at each other with fresh horror at each smirking, senseless, ungrammatical remark of their terrible daughter-in-law.

May and Maud excused themselves during the second course and flew to their rooms to cry themselves to sleep in an agony of dismay and mortification.

"I shan't think of setting up," said the bride, rising from the table with an apologetic giggle. "I'm too wore out. If anybody calls—of course everybody will call—just tell 'em I'll see 'em to-morrow. Come on, dear."

And she tripped upstairs with a juvenile nod over her shoulder, and with her beaming young husband following.

Mrs. Teale wrung her hands despairingly.

"We said it could not be worse," she said faintly. "But this! How shall we endure it?"

"I shall not endure it," said her husband, whose face had grown almost careworn during the last two hours. "I shall send them packing to-morrow; and if ever he enters my house again—"

He brought his hand down threateningly on the table.

"But that will not help matters," said his wife miserably. "He is ruined; we are disgraced, and everybody will know it."

There was a silence.

"I had pictured her to myself," said Mrs. Teale, beginning to sob, "as a young girl—a person of suitable age for my poor, misguided boy, decently educated, and at least a lady. And even then when I did not dream that it was such a one he had chosen, I thought myself the most unhappy creature in the world, because—because she had not wealth and old name. Surely it is a judgement upon us. Oh, was there ever so dreadful a thing?"

"Probably not," said her husband grimly.

It was a solemn group which waited in the dining-room next morning for the appearance of the newly wedded couple.

There were signs of a tossing night on every face—in troubled brows, swollen lids and pale cheeks—and a general gloom prevailed.

Mr. Teale stood in the front of the fireplace, watching the door with a stern face. He was master of his own house at least and he was determined that it should not be disgraced by his son's wife for another hour.

"Please get them away before any one comes, papa," said May. "It would be dreadful if anyone were to see her."

"Dreadful!" Maud echoed with a groan.

There were footsteps on the stairs. Mrs. Teale turned with a shiver and the girls caught their breath.

The door opened.

The waiting group looked up slowly. Would she not be still more terrible in the broad daylight—that artificial, smirking horror?

But it was not a sight they were prepared to see which the door opened; it was not a painted, powdered semblance of a woman who came in slowly, with a timid smile and downcast look.

It was a slender, sweet-faced young girl, with her brown hair crowning a charming head, and cheeks in which the color came and went, and soft dark eyes, which studied the carpet with timidity.

"Good morning," she said gently.

Gerald followed her closely.

"Well, Laura," he said looking from one to another of his speechless relatives quizzically, "they don't seem inclined to speak to you."

But Maud had come towards her hastily and seized both her soft hands in her own.

"Was it you all the time?" she cried joyfully. "And the grey hair, was false and the wrinkles you put on and all that dreadful powder?"

"I begged of him not to," said the pretty bride. "I told him it would be cruel; and such a time as I had, saying all those shocking things, he

had taught me and keeping my wig straight and trying not to laugh! Shall you ever forgive us?"

"Forgive you! Oh, my dear girl!" cried Mrs. Teale incoherently.

And she hurried forward with a sob of joy and embraced her daughter-in-law wildly.

"It was rather rough," said Gerald, gaily. "I felt like a villain when I saw the way you all took it. But you know what you said, every one of you—that 'it couldn't be worse.' I thought I'd just demonstrate to you that it could. Laura is nineteen instead of forty; she can speak correctly when she makes an effort, and I heartily recommend her for a willing and obliging, good-tempered and thoroughly capable girl—the sweetest in the world, in fact."

Mr. Teale left the fireplace and came and clasped his daughter-in-law in his arms, and May kissed her effusively.

"It was a dreadful lesson," said Mrs. Teale, looking up with a tearful smile, "but I think we needed it, Gerald."—Dublin Nation.

CRUTCHES THROWN AWAY.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF A YOUNG GIRL IN WALKERTON.

For Three Years she Could Only Go About With the Aid of Crutches—Had to be Helped In and Out of Bed—Her Restoration to Health Was Unlooked For.

From the Walkerton Telescope.

A couple of Walkerton ladies were recently discussing the case of a mutual friend who, owing to the sudden development of a bad attack of sciatica, had been compelled to take to her bed, when a third lady present, but who was a stranger to the young woman in question, made the remark, "I would advise your friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Asked to give her reasons for making this recommendation she proceeded to give the details of a most remarkable cure that had been effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on the daughter of her nearest neighbor, a Miss Rebecca Greenhow, and the story as told by this lady, having subsequently been repeated in the hearing of the editor of this paper, we decided to investigate and find out from personal inquiry all the circumstances of this seeming remarkable instance of the power of medicine over disease. That evening we called at Mr. Greenhow's residence. Both Mr. and Mrs. Greenhow were at home, but their daughter had gone down town. "Yes," replied Mrs. Greenhow in answer to a question in regard to the reported cure, "My daughter has been cured; I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved her life." She then gave the circumstances of her daughter's illness and cure as follows:—

"Rebecca is now seventeen years of age. When she was eleven she was attacked with tonsillitis and, owing to this for the next three years she never had a moment free from pain. She began to complain of pains all over her body but chiefly in her back. She became so weak and run down that she was unable to walk without the assistance of a crutch. The doctor said she was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism brought on by an impoverished condition of the system. He prescribed various remedies but nothing seemed to do her any good and finally we decided to try another doctor. He also pronounced the trouble to be rheumatism but though he gave her bottle after bottle of medicine, she still continued to grow weaker. By the end of the second year she was unable to leave the house and could only move from one room to another by the use of her crutches. We were advised to get her an electric belt and did so, but though she wore it for a long time it did her no good whatever. During the third winter she became so bad that she had to be assisted into and out of bed, and could not even raise from a chair without assistance. We had given up all hope of her recovery when a Mr. John Allan, who had himself been similarly afflicted, but had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, advised us to give them a trial. We had tried so many things without success that we hesitated to accept his advice, but he insisted so strongly that we finally yielded. The first five boxes seemed to produce no change, but before she had finished the sixth box we were sure we could notice some improvement, and we felt encouraged to continue their use. From that on she continued to improve steadily, and by the time she had taken eighteen boxes every trace of pain had left her. She threw away her crutches and soon forgot that she had ever needed them. For months past she has been filling a position in the rattan factory and can work as well as anyone. Indeed I do not believe that there is to-day a healthier girl in Walkerton."

Such is Mrs. Greenhow's story of the cure of her daughter through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after years of suffering. We may add that a day or two later the writer called once more at the Greenhow abode in the hope of seeing the young lady herself. This time she was at home and she came into the room. She presented an appearance of the most perfect health. She repeated the story of her sufferings in substantially the same terms as her mother had done, and, like her mother, gives all the credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

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PHILOSOPHY OF THE EYES. A BOOM IN LUMBER.

Blue eyes are said to be the weakest. Upturned eyes are typical of devotion. Wide open eyes are indicative of rashness. Side-glancing eyes are always to be distrusted. Brown eyes are said by oculists to be the strongest. Small eyes are commonly supposed to indicate cunning. The downcast eye has in all ages been typical of modesty. The proper distance between the eyes is the distance of one eye. People of melancholic temperament rarely have clear blue eyes. Eyes with long, sharp corners indicate great discernment and penetration. The white of the eye showing beneath the iris is indicative of nobility of character. Gray eyes turning green in anger or excitement are indicative of a choleric temperament. When the upper lid covers half or more of the pupil the indication is of cool deliberation. An eye the upper lid of which presses horizontally across the pupil indicates mental ability. Unsteady eyes, rapidly jerking from side to side, are frequently indicative of an unsettled mind. It is said that the prevailing color of eyes among patients of lunatic asylums are brown and black. Eyes of any color with weak brows and long, concave lashes, are indicative of a weak constitution. Eyes that are wide apart are said by physiognomists to indicate great intelligence and a tenacious memory. Eyes of which the whole of the iris is visible belong to erratic persons, often with a tendency toward insanity. Wide open, staring eyes in weak countenances indicate jealousy, bigotry, intolerance and pertinacity without firmness. Eyes placed close together in the head are said to indicate pettiness of disposition, jealousy and a turn for fault finding. When the under arch of the upper eyelid is a perfect semicircle it is indicative of goodness, but also of timidity, sometimes approaching cowardice. All men of genius are said to have eyes clear, slow moving and bright. This is the eye which indicates mental ability of some kind, it does not matter what. Blue eyes are generally considered effeminate, but this is a mistake, for blue eyes are found only among Caucasian nations, and the white races rule the world.—Pearson's Weekly.



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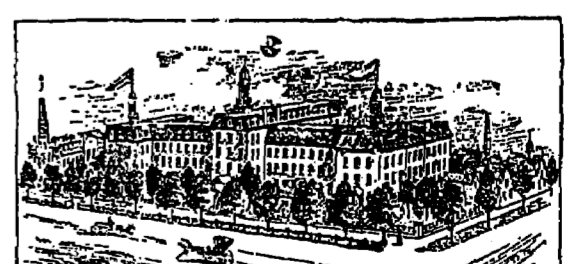
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