

ION NO. 3, meets on third Wednesday of at 1863 Notre Dame McGill. Officers: Al. Gallery, M.P., Presi- Carthy, Vice-President, Devlin, Rec.-Secretary, Brophy, Sec. Hughes, Financial 15 Young street, M. O'Donnell, Marshal.

A. & B. SOCIETY. 1863.—Rev. Director, McPhail; President, D. Sec., J. F. Quinn, 15 Young street, M. J. Curran, 18 St. Augustin on the second Sun- month in St. Ann's Young and Ottawa 1.50 p.m.

ES' AUXILIARY, Di. 5. Organized Oct. 10th. Meetings are held in St. all, 92 St. Alexander, Sunday of each month, on the third Thur- m. President, Miss An- n; vice-president, Mrs. n; recording-secretary, ard; financial-secretary, Doyle, 68 Anderson surer, Mrs. Charlotte n; chaplain, Rev. Fa- th.

K'S SOCIETY.—Estab- ch 6th, 1856, incorpo- revised 1864. Meets in 's Hall, 92 St. Alexan- first Monday of the omitee meets last Wed- nesday. Rev. Director, laghan, P.P. President, Justice C. J. Doherty; E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Curran, B.C.L.; Treas- k J. Green, Correspon- r, John Kahala, Rec- etary, T. P. Tansy.

OUNG MEN'S SOCIET- 1885.—Meets in its Ottawa street, on the y of each month, at p. m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. n, C.S.S.R.; President, Treasurer, Thomas Secretary, W. Whitty.

NY'S COURT, C. O. F. the second and fourth every month in their St. Saigneurs and Notv ts. A. T. O'Connell, C. Kane, secretary.

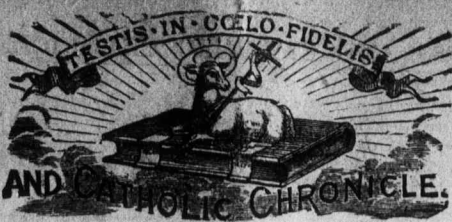
OK'S T. A. & B. 50- eets on the second Sun- month in St. Pat- y after Vespers. Cob- Management meets in the first Tuesday of every 3 p.m. Rev. Father Me- n, President; W. F. Vice-President; Jno. Secretary, 716 St. Ar- t, St. Henri.

OF CANADA, BRANCH 19th November, 26 meets at St. Hall, 92 St. Alexander every Monday of each a regular meetings for action of business are 2nd and 4th Monday, at 8 p.m. Spiritual ev, M. Callaghan; Cha- J. Curran, B.C.L.; Pre- J. Sears; Recording Sec- J. J. Costigan, Finan- ary, J. H. Feeley, Jr., Med- ra, Drs. H. J. Harrison, nnot and G. H. Merrill.

No, it is not a question of education except, in so far, as the school- master was for so long prescribed. It is not a question of religion to- day, but the Faith in Ireland had to be upheld at the sacrifice of lib- erty and of life, and if now the "Sogarth Aroon" is so dear to the Irish heart, it is because those who know the history of Ireland are a- ware, that he earned his place in their affections, by standing at the altar in the mountain pass or at the bedside of the dying, at the risk of his life. The readers of the "Daily Witness" must be sadly immersed in igno- rance, if such articles as the one here referred to can find an abiding place in their intelligences.

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# The True Witness



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### EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

### THE DAILY WITNESS AGAIN.

Mr. George E. Clerk, the founder of the "True Witness," used to say that "flapdoodle is the thing they feed fools on."

A recent article in the "Daily Witness" is of the flapdoodle kind. Under the heading "Peace in Ireland," it deals with the prospective settlement of the land question which is to pacify the country, and it adds:

"It is strange that while wealth flows so abundantly into the larger of the British Isles the smaller one, which is in most respects similarly situated, does not share this wealth. Is it a question of geography, of climate, of education, or religion? There is a fair proportion of good land; the climate, though very moist, is, if anything, more genial than that of England or Scotland. It is to be observed, however, that Roman Catholic peoples are seldom self-reliant, and are always inclined to look to government for benefits and to blame government for misfortunes."

One is tempted, after reading such a statement, to ask the question: Is the writer a practical joker, or is he simply ignorant of even the child's history of Ireland? Has he ever read Gladstone's confession as to England's treatment of the Sister Isle? Can it be possible that he is not aware that, for England's benefit, manufactures of every description were suppressed in Ireland, by English statutes that still stare the student in the face? Does he know anything of the penal laws, of the wholesale confiscations, of the cruel and barbarous evictions?

"Is it a question of climate, education or religion?"

No, it is not a question of education except, in so far, as the school- master was for so long prescribed. It is not a question of religion to- day, but the Faith in Ireland had to be upheld at the sacrifice of lib- erty and of life, and if now the "Sogarth Aroon" is so dear to the Irish heart, it is because those who know the history of Ireland are a- ware, that he earned his place in their affections, by standing at the altar in the mountain pass or at the bedside of the dying, at the risk of his life.

The readers of the "Daily Witness" must be sadly immersed in igno- rance, if such articles as the one here referred to can find an abiding place in their intelligences.

A QUEER STATEMENT.—In a special case, based upon the mental condition of a patient, in New York, the physician, while giving evidence made some very queer statements,

the queerest of all these was the following:—"Dr. Dana was asked to describe the final stage of paresis, and he said:—"The patient is helpless. The mind is almost a blank. The man is practically a vegetable."

This is a very extraordinary remark, for a professional man to make. That the patient may be helpless, we fully understand. That the mind may be "almost" a blank is equally comprehensible. But how can a man be "practically a vegetable?" If the mind is not entirely a blank some glimmer of intelligence must remain to distinguish it from the principle of life in the brute creation. If the mind is completely gone, the soul has not been removed. It remains as much a breath of God as ever, only that it has been eclipsed in a manner to render it inoperative in conjunction with the body. We could even go as far as to admit that man, in a state of mental darkness, may be "practically an animal," but to be a "vegetable" is quite another thing.

It seems to us that many of these so-called scientific men are anything but scientific in the selection of their expressions. They do not always say exactly what they mean, nor do their words always properly convey their ideas. But this is their own look-out; we cannot be expected to construe their words for them and to reset them in the places they should occupy. In fact, there is too little regard for the soul, and men become so accustomed to deal with the body and study its physical anatomy, that they grow to ignore the nobler and more important part of man.

**PRESS CENSORSHIP.**—During times of war, and at other periods of national crisis, we read of a strict censorship of the press. Instead of being surprised at these special precautions being taken, we are of the opinion that the daily press, of the present time, stands badly in need of a continuous and most vigilant censorship. We do not mean that the Government should undertake to safeguard the morals of the people by appointing a journalistic policeman to stand as a sentinel at the press room door and to examine each form as it comes from the press. But the editorial management of a daily organ should be constituted into a strict and unrelenting censorship. It is true that we have no daily paper, that is Catholic and published in the English language, and that the daily press, as we have it, is beyond the reach of our ecclesiastical guides as far as the matter of censorship goes; but we would appeal to the great public in general. The publication, only last week, of the most improper and suggestive details connected with the recent murder at St. Eustache, not only shocked the general reading public, but was so flagrant that the editor of one of our dailies, when he read the reports in cold type, found it necessary, in the very next issue, to make an apology for the same and to declare that no such mistake would ever again be allowed in that paper. When such a declaration was deemed necessary, the details published must have been of a shocking character. It was this special instance which prompted us to touch strongly and to speak out frankly in regard to the subject. From every Catholic pulpit in this city, at one time or another, parents and guardians of the young have been told of the dangers that they incur through the evils of sen-

sational, and often demoralizing journalism; and still the press is full of information that no respectable parent would leave under the eyes of his or her children.

We are strongly of the opinion that many of the crimes that shock society to-day are due to the wide-spread publication, in all their disgusting details, of similar crimes. But whether or not the sensationalism that seems to sway the secular press of the hour is the faithful mother of all the abominations that pollute the social atmosphere, it is certain that the press is—for good or for evil—a mighty engine of instruction. Almost every boy and girl reads the daily press; they are to be found in nearly every home; consequently, the censorship of a newspaper's management can never be too strict; we might say can never be sufficiently exacting. The Church may teach, the priest may preach, the Ordinary may admonish, the parent may correct, the guardian of children may watch; but, if the youth can learn, from the ordinary daily paper, all the details of life's immoral side, and all the methods adopted by those whose business it seems to be to lead souls to perdition, how is the spread of vice and the inculcation of evil to be arrested? Has the time come when the father, who has at heart the safety and honor of his daughter, or the husband, who wishes to spare his wife the shocks that are daily dealt to virtue, or the brother who would save his sister's mind from the taint of a pollution that cannot fail to produce some degree of evil—has the time come when either one of these must stand at his half-door and scan the columns of the daily paper, before he can trust it into the house before he can, with a sense of security and a clear conscience, allow it to reach the hands of those whose souls and lives are dearer to him than his own? This may appear a very strong way of conveying the situation; but it is justified by the fearful danger that faces us, by the presence of a moral monstrosity that haunts our threshold. In one of his famous outbursts of eloquence Mirabeau exclaimed: "Of yore was heard that mad cry 'Cataline is at the gates of Rome and you hesitate'—certainly, around us there is neither a Cataline, nor Rome, nor factions, nor perils; but a hideous bankruptcy knocks at our gates, and you still hesitate." In this, as in almost every civilized country to-day, there is an enemy more dangerous than Cataline, and a menace more terrible than bankruptcy that hovers around our homes, our shrines, our institutions—and yet we hesitate. We hesitate to speak out squarely; we dread to expose ourselves to criticism; we fear to hurt the feelings of those guilty of conspiring up such a spectre; we shrink from exposing the responsible parties. If the management of a daily paper, no matter what the creed, the race, or the political party it may belong, cannot or will not establish such a censorship over the reports that appear in its columns, then the self-respecting citizen, the conscientious parent, or the honest Christian, must assume that role and banish from the circle that girdles his family the asp that will sting to a moral death the innocence that God has placed under his care and for which he shall one day render a strict account. We have no need to dwell upon the sensationalism that is the bane of journalism in the neighboring Republic; we have samples of its evil character and increasing boldness in our own land; and we must put forth an effort to crush it out before it has completed a work of moral havoc.

**SUPERSTITION.**—Amongst those who, through lack of acquaintanceship with the real principles, teachings, and moral code of Catholicity, are constantly characterizing our faith as superstitious and our practices as superstition, we find people who, themselves, exhibit in their lives and habits the evidences of the darkest and most unreasonable superstition. We wish to define, in a few words that which is expressed by the word superstition. It is an irrational and mistaken belief in the improbable or impossible. In other words it is a confidence in the action of influences that cannot be proven to ex-

ist. One of our New York contemporaries published a week ago, a lengthy and elaborate article upon the various superstitions that prevail amongst apparently serious and sane people in that city. Without troubling the reader with a reproduction of all the details given of the great variety of superstitious practices and beliefs that exist in America, we will just give the introductory paragraph to the article. It is this:—"With a priesthood of magicians, seers and soothsayers numbering more than a thousand, New York may claim the somewhat questionable reputation of being the most superstitious city in the world. And, yet, viewed logically, why should such a reputation carry with it aught of stigma or reproach? No man may claim absolute freedom from superstition. Always there is some vulnerable point even in the most practical mind. This man pooh-poohs because his neighbor will plant corn only in the dark of the moon, or because his wife refuses to walk under a ladder. He doesn't take any stock in these foolish fancies; only he will confess to a belief that certain old gypsy crones have a mysterious power of peering into the future and foretelling destiny."

"It is useless to cavil against the statement that superstition is as rampant to-day as ever it was in Alexandria, or Grenada, or Salem. But with this distinction, specialization, and enlightenment has served not to eradicate our primitive faith in supernatural phenomena, but to differentiate and organize and classify vague belief into definite creeds. Hence we have a New York to-day which outrivals the Paris of Balzac in the diversity and picturesqueness of its fortune tellers."

It is quite probable that any one of the people who are given to the foolish and superstitious practices above mentioned would be the first to denounce the prayers and the acts of faith that mark the Catholic's life, as "abominably superstitious. However, any one acquainted with the unchanged and unchangeable teachings of our Church, is aware that all these practices are prohibited by Catholic authority, and prohibited under pain of mortal sin. In fact, there is no faith on earth so free from the taint of superstition as is that of Rome. Just glance again over the foregoing, and you cannot fail to note that each and all of the practices therein enumerated came under the special and emphatic censure of the Church. Fortune-telling is about one of the most common practices that may be classed as superstitious. It is, after all, a childish and foolish way of trying to satisfy a morbid curiosity that seems to hold sway over a vast number of apparently sensible people. It is in vain that the tricks of the fortune-teller are exposed; people will still cling to the idea that there may be something in it. Yet, it has had very lamentable results in many cases. Persons who were in a state of feverish anxiety about the future have found all their hopes suddenly dashed to the ground by the guess-work of a fortune-teller, and have gone mad, or else have committed suicide. Many a promising life has been spoiled—effectively ruined—by these humbugging seers and prophets of "coming events." No truer saying than that which the poet reduced to this formula: "The veil that hides the Future was woven by the Hand of Mercy." Twenty years ago were we to have known exactly all that we were to experience and suffering during the then coming years, it is very doubtful if we would have had the courage to face the ordeal. Were any one of us to know the exact hour and the precise manner of his death, it is quite likely that he would brood over the circumstances so much that insanity would result. It is the very uncertainty as to the future that gives rise to that perpetual Hope which cheers and encourages us, even in the darkest hours. Faith is a belief in that which we cannot, from experience know; the superstition of the votary of fortune is the opposite—it is an attempt to know that which faith does not reveal and which no human power can bring within the range of our knowledge. The former is the sublime act of the Christian, trusting and confiding in God; the latter is the trembling act of the doubting, unbelieving, in trying to fashion, by illegitimate means

that which God has purposely hidden from us. The reader will recall that appropriate line, in Campbell's "Locheil," when the poet makes the Wizard say:—"But man cannot cover what God would reveal."

No more can man reveal what God would cover. Faith is the opposite of superstition. It is only the man of little, or no faith, who will place confidence in tokens, mystic signs, fortune-telling, and all such jugglery. The man of faith could never stoop to such poor and hollow methods of attempting to sound the abyss that lies beyond the present. Consequently when the Catholic acts, or prays, or practices any of his devotions, he does so in accordance with the dictates of Faith, that is the word of Christ. When the unbelieving individual seeks to perfect his lot by means of forbidden arts, sorcery, witchcraft, and the like, he is guilty of pagan superstition.

**Fourteen Steamships Sold to C. P. R.** A despatch from London, Eng., contains the important news that fourteen of the Elder, Dempster & Company's steamers have been bought by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which will probably begin to operate their line at the opening of navigation. The full list of the steamers purchased is as follows:—

Steamer	Built	Gross Tons
Lake Manitoba, twin	1901	8,852
Lake Michigan, twin	1902	7,000
Montreal, twin	1900	6,546
Lake Champlain, twin	1900	6,870
Lake Erie, twin	1900	7,550
Milwaukee, single	1897	7,319
Mount Royal, single	1898	7,044
Monteroy, single	1898	5,443
Montcalm, single	1897	5,466
Montfort, twin	1899	5,481
Monteagle, twin	1899	5,467
Montrose, single	1897	5,431
Montezuma, twin	1899	7,345
Mount Temple, twin	1901	7,656

**Patti to Make a Farewell Tour.** On November 3rd, in New York city, Adelini Patti, the prima donna, par excellence, begins another tour of this continent. A daily newspaper of New York says:—

Robert Grau, a nephew of Maurice Grau, received a contract, which he is to sign, without scratching. When he does, and deposits \$40,000 with the Rothschild Brothers in London—this to assure her payment for the last ten after concerts—then the great Patti will affix her signature, and she will come here once more before she ends her brilliant musical career.

The stipulations are many, and the demands exact. Besides the payment of \$5,000 for each concert—and she is not to be asked to sing in more than ten concerts in one month—she is to receive 50 per cent. of each concert in which the receipts exceed \$7,500. As she will undoubtedly at least sing to \$10,000 on an average at each concert her net receipts for each performance will be swelled to \$6,250, or, in round figures, \$375,000 for the sixty concerts. At each concert she is to sing one solo; one concerted number and appear in a scene from "La Traviata," "The Barber of Seville," or "Linda di Chamounix," and be it understood, she may miss any concert by reason of indisposition. Mme. Patti will have a private car for herself and her husband, all newly furnished, and accommodation for a suite of six persons. Another specification is that Mr. Grau shall also provide apartments on the ground floor of all the first-class hotels in every city visited. After two concerts in New York, she will visit in turn Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Los Angeles, New Orleans, Galveston, Dallas, Memphis, Nashville, Louisville, Columbus, Toledo, Buffalo, Toronto, Rochester, Syracuse, Montreal, Albany, Brooklyn, and then back to New York for two more concerts.

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## Lenten Mission at St. Patrick's.

To-morrow at High Mass in St. Patrick's Church, a mission, under the direction of the Passionist Fathers, will open with the solemn and impressive ceremony of the erection of the Mission Cross in the Sanctuary, and a sermon by one of the missionaries. The mission will be conducted by the Rev. Fathers Valentine, O'Brien and Foley. The married women will have the honor of opening the mission, the first sermon to be preached to-morrow evening. The second week will be for unmarried women, and the last week for the married and unmarried men.

## Lenten Sermons at The Gesu.

There will be an English sermon at the Church of the Gesu, every Sunday evening at 8 p.m., during the Lenten season. Each discourse will be one of a series prepared by Rev. William Doherty, S.J., which will be as follows: On March 1st—Faith: "The evidence of things that appear not." March 8th—Faith: "Without which it is impossible to please God." March 15th—Faith and the Bible: "No prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation." March 22nd—Faith and Church: "The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." March 29th—Faith and its Oracle: "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not. . . confirm thy brethren." "Feed my sheep." April 5th—Faith and Reason: "Bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ." Faith and its Victory: "This is the victory which overcometh the world, our faith." Father Doherty will also preach the Passion sermon at 8 o'clock in the evening on Good Friday, April 10th.

## Fraternal Societies

**THE A.O.H.**—At the regular meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held on the 20th inst., the following resolutions were adopted and forwarded to His Holiness the Pope:—

We, your devoted children members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Montreal, Canada, in meeting assembled, beg to lay at the feet of Your Holiness the following unanimously adopted resolutions:—

Whereas: The occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the elevation of our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., is a most happy and auspicious one for all the children of our Holy Church, and a mark of singular and special favor of Heaven, signaling an event that only two of that long and glorious line of his predecessors have witnessed.

Whereas, The tender and paternal relations in which the Roman Pontiffs since the days of Celestine, and more especially our present Holy Father Leo XIII., have always stood towards the people of Ireland.

Resolved,—That this County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians desires to record its special satisfaction and rejoicing on this happy occasion.

Resolved,—That a message of congratulation be forwarded to His Holiness, praying that Almighty God may long spare him over us, our shepherd.

JAMES McIVER, Co. Sec'y.

A heart that takes pleasure in simple things—in the smile of a child, in the beauty of a tree outlined against the sky, in the rippling of the sunlight on the water, in the word of love from a friend, or in the touch of humanness in a neighbor—is rich beyond the power of gold to honor or make richer.

# Round Towers of Ireland.

By "CRUX"

LAST week I deviated for a brief hour from the beaten track of these articles in order to pay an humble tribute to the memory of the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. In so doing it could scarcely be said that I broke in upon a regular series, since I have actually followed no fixed plan, but rather took unto myself every latitude consistent with the treatment of the Irish revival of language and literature. It will be remembered that I had reproduced a number of those masterly and historically wonderful essays of Thomas Davis. It is now my intention to reproduce another, and a still more important one of those essays. It will be the last necessary for the accomplishment of my purpose; but I cannot afford to skip one line of that important study. It is by far too lengthy for one issue, consequently I will have to divide it into two parts. I beg of the reader, who is interested in the story of Irish antiquities, monuments, relics, and evidences of an early and glorious civilization, to peruse carefully the following article.

Once more, owing to the number of quotations, within quotations, I will not burden the manuscript with general quotation marks. It is clearly understood that all that follows—from this to the end of this number—is from the pen of Thomas Davis. I hope that when we shall have reached the end of this series a somewhat complete chain will be formed.

and descriptive account of every ecclesiastical building in Ireland of a date prior to the Anglo-Norman invasion of which remains now exist. The work is crowded with illustrations drawn with wonderful accuracy, and graven in a style which proves that Mr. O'Hanlon, the engraver, has become so proficient as hardly to have a superior in wood-cutting.

We shall for the present limit ourselves to the first part of the work on the "Erroneous theories with respect to the origin and uses of the Round Towers."

The first refutation is of the "Theory of the Danish Origin of the Towers." John Lynch, in his "Cambrensis Eversus," says that the Danes are reported (dicuntur) to have first erected the Round Towers as watch-towers, but that the Christian Irish changed them into clock or bell-towers. Peter Walsh repeated and exaggerated the statement; and Ledwich, the West British antiquary of last century, combined it with lies enough to settle his character, though not that of the Towers. The only person, at once explicit and honest, who supported this Danish theory was Dr. Molyneux. His arguments are, that all stone buildings, and indeed all evidences of mechanical civilization in Ireland were Danish; that some traditions attributed the Round Towers to them; that they had fit models in the monuments of their own country; and that the word by which, he says, the native Irish called them, viz., "Clogachó," comes from the Teutonic root, Clugga, a bell. These arguments are easily answered.

The Danes, so far from introducing stone architecture, found it flourishing in Ireland, and burned and ruined our finest buildings, and destroyed mechanical and every kind of civilization wherever their ravages extended—doing thus in Ireland precisely as they did in France and England, as all annals (their own included) testify. Tradition does not describe the towers as Danish watch-towers, but as Christian bell-towers. The upright stones and the little barrows not twelve feet high, of Denmark, could neither give models nor skill to the Danes. They had much ampler possession of England and Scotland, and permanent possession of Normandy; but never a Round Tower did they erect there, and, finally, the native Irish name for a Round Tower is "Cloic-teach," from "teach," a house, and "cloic," the Irish word used for a bell in Irish works before "the Germans or Saxons had churches or bells," and before the Danes had ever sent a war-ship into our seas.

We pass rapidly from this ridiculous hypothesis with the remark that the gossip which attributes to the Danes our lofty monumental pyramids and Cairns, our Druid altars, our dry stone caisils or keeps, and our raths or fortified enclosures for the homes or cattle of our chiefs, is equally and utterly unfounded; and is partly to be accounted for from the name of power and terror which these barbarians left behind, and partly from ignorant persons confounding them with the most illustrious and civilized of the Irish races—the Danaans.

"Theory of the Eastern Origin of the Round Towers."

Among the middle and upper classes in Ireland the Round Towers are regarded as one of the results of an intimate connexion between Ireland and the East, and are spoken of as either 1. Fire Temples; 2. Stations whence Druid festivals were announced; 3. Sun dials (gnomons) and astronomical observatories; 4. Buddhist or Phallic temples, or two or more of these uses are attributed to them at the same time.

Mr. Petrie states that the theory of the Phœnician or Indo-Scythic origin of these towers was stated for the first time so recently as 1772, by General Vallancey, in his "Essay on the Antiquity of the Irish Language," and was re-asserted by him in many different and contradictory forms in his "Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis," published at intervals in the following years.

It may be well to promise who General Charles Vallancey was. His family were from Berry la France, their name LeBrun, called de Valenciennes, from their estate of that name. General Vallancey was born in Flanders, but was educated at Eton College. When a Captain at the 12th

Royal Infantry he was attached to the engineer department in Ireland, published a book on Field Engineering in 1756, and commenced a survey of Ireland. During this he picked up something of the Irish language, and is said to have studied it under Morris O'Gorman, clerk of Mary's-lane chapel. He died in his own house, Lower Mount street, 18th August, 1872, aged 82 years. His "Collectanea" and his discourses in the Royal Irish Academy, of which he was an original member, spread far and wide his oriental theories. He was an amiable and plausible man, but of little learning, little industry, great boldness, and no scruples; and while he certainly stimulated men's feelings towards Irish antiquities, he has left us a reproducing swarm of falsehoods, of which Mr. Petrie has happily begun the destruction. Perhaps nothing gave Vallancey's follies more popularity than the opposition of the Rev. Edward Ledwich, whose "Antiquities of Ireland" is a mass of falsehoods, disparaging to the people and the country.

(Let us leave the refutation of Vallancey's theories for another issue. The reader may now begin to form some idea of the vastness of the field that an attempt at Irish historical and literary research presents. Before we are done with the subject other and more wonderful evidences of Ireland's greatness and glory, in the past, will be forthcoming.)

## The Jewish Educational Issue.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Mr. Justice Davidson has delivered an exhaustive judgment dismissing the petition of Paul Pinsler, who, as tutor to his son, Jacob, applied for a mandamus to compel the Protestant School Commissioners to grant to his son a Commissioner's scholarship at the High School. The boy attended the Dufferin School for the prescribed term, and came out first in the examinations. The court ruled, however, that, as the father was not a Protestant, and not a school taxpayer on property owned by him, the boy was not entitled to the privilege. However, in terminating his judgment the judge said: "There are now over ten thousand Jews in the city, and besides, no doubt, many property owning taxpayers, who are neither Protestants nor Roman Catholics. So numerous and important a group of our population creates problems which did not exist when the foundations of our educational system were laid, and, if this judgment correctly interprets the law, their solution by the Legislature is of pressing importance. The petition is dismissed with costs."

There can be no doubt that the judgment of Mr. Justice Davidson is exactly in accordance with the law, relating to our educational affairs, as it now stands. There is just as little doubt that conditions, in our mixed population, have greatly changed since the passing of the various enactments governing this matter. We can see clearly the unfairness that is dealt out to the Jews, under what was, at one time, a very reasonable piece of legislation. In earlier days, when Jews were few and the vast bulk of our population was Christian, the law supposed that each taxpayer was either a Protestant or a Catholic. This made it impossible for the member of any other creed to have any status, as far as the laws constituting an educational system go. Proportionately speaking these laws, however, through subsequent circumstances, become as absolute as are the laws under which the Catholics of Ireland so long suffered disabilities. There appears, however, to be no other way of regulating the matter than by an act of the Legislature, repealing such laws and substituting therefor enactments that will meet the requirements of present day conditions. We cannot claim to have any very direct interest in the matter—for, after all, it is a dispute between the Jews and the Protestants. But, to-morrow, the face of the situation might easily change, and the arena of contention be transferred to the Catholic camp—in which case we would be as deeply interested as are the Protestants to-day. Between both the Jewish boy who proves himself the peer, and even the superior, of his school companions has to suffer a great privation and submit to a serious check, simply because he does not happen to belong to some section of Christianity. We are, in accord with the learned judge when he says that it is an urgent question for the consideration of the Legislature.

## OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Feb. 24.

**APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.**—Last week and the commencement of this week has been a period of considerable and varied interest in the Capital. A week ago last Sunday a splendid reception was given to the Apostolic Delegate at the Christian Brothers' School on Sussex street, and the entertainment was one of the most successful held for years in the De La Salle Institute of Ottawa. His Excellency was highly pleased with all that he saw, and was specially attracted by the course of studies and the appearance of the pupils. It is here, as everywhere else, the Christian Brothers are foremost as trainers and educators of our Canadian youth, and their institution is one of the ornaments of the Capital.

**THE AUDITOR-GENERAL'S REPORT** will be ready for distribution next week, and the staff has been working night and day in order to have the proof reading done. The statute requires that the Auditor-General's report shall be laid on the table of the House within ten days after the meeting of Parliament. So it is evident that the Auditor-General is bound to be on time this year and in no way to contribute to any delays in legislation.

**PREPARING FOR SESSION.**—As I remarked on a former occasion, the number of private bills introduced last session was eighty-nine; so far the "Canada Gazette" has given us one hundred and forty-eight notices, and there is still another month, or more, for such notices to appear. It may be safely calculated that the number will reach two hundred. This means an exceptional amount of legislation, apart from all the public measures to be brought down. Once the session begins there is no telling, at this moment, when it may end. All the work of preparation around the House of Commons is rapidly progressing, and by the end of another week everything will be in proper form to receive the representatives of the people.

**VERY SENSATIONAL** events have stirred up the civil service of late. The case of Martineau, the defaulting employee of the Militia Department, is one of the most extraordinary in the annals of Canadian Government service. How a man, employed since last July, could have managed to defraud the Department to the extent of thousands of dollars, and avoid detection so long is a mystery. Yet it is a fact, and one with which the Courts of Law are dealing to-day. At the very time that Martineau was being arrested in Ottawa, a member, or ex-member of the Library staff was being put through the same experience in Montreal. All this indicates that there is great need of careful watching in a body so numerous and composed of so many different characters as is the civil service.

**IRELAND'S DAY.**—Great preparations, as I before stated, are being made here for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day. The last and most reliable report of what is taking place is the following:—

If united effort and enthusiasm count for anything the St. Patrick's Day parade this year will eclipse former demonstrations of the kind. The report that 10,000 men will be in line is a canon, as the official estimate places the attendance at 5,000. Arrangements are being made with the railways to secure excursion rates from neighboring towns, and it is expected the Hibernians, Catholic Order of Foresters, Catholic Mutual Beneficent Association and other Catholic fraternal societies will send large delegations from out-of-town to join with the local brethren. A proposition has also been made to have the separate school children of Irish parentage in line. This would prove a new feature, since the revival of the parade demonstration two years ago. In former years the presence of the school children in line, however, was always a bright feature. An unsuccessful effort was made to secure the consent of the rector of the University of Ottawa to the Irish students taking part. The city bands have all been asked to submit tenders for

the parade music. On the general committee in charge of arrangements for the demonstration are the officers of the two divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, who also constitute the County Board. They are as follows: Dr. Frestand, president of the County Board; Ancient Order of Hibernians; officers Division No. 1: President, John Butler; vice-president, M. Flynn; recording secretary, Allan Tobin; financial secretary, Phil O'Meara; treasurer, W. G. Crowle.

Officers Division No. 2: President, John Hanlon; vice-president, J. S. Rowan; recording secretary, W. G. Teaffe; financial secretary, Peter O'Donnell; treasurer, W. C. McDonnell. M. J. O'Farrell, provincial president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, is also a member of the board ex-officio. Mr. W. J. Teaffe is secretary of the general committee.

**IRISH MUSIC AND SONG.**—On Friday evening of last week a large audience filled St. Patrick's Hall to hear the scholarly lecture delivered by Rev. Ambrose Coleman, an Irish Dominican Father, on "Irish Music and Song."

Father Coleman has made a long and close study of his subject and the manner in which he treated it proved a revelation to the audience which was a distinctly Irish gathering. The martial, mirthful and dance music, and the love ditties and pathetic ballads, were all treated in turn. Mrs. Saunders, Mr. T. McCaffrey and the Misses Kennedy, Babin and O'Reilly were the soloists of the evening. Prof. Cramer presided at the piano, and Mr. James McGillicuddy at the violin. Miss Godwin rendered a harp solo.

During his lecture Father Coleman took occasion to condemn the stage Irishman who, he stated, is a caricature of so-called Irish comedy songs are, he said, written by outsiders and insult the race which they misrepresent and belittle. In Ireland a movement to suppress the vulgar stage Irishman is on foot and he is now promptly hissed off the stage where he gives offence. In conclusion, the visiting priest spoke of the revival of interest in Ireland in old time games, dances and songs. The revival, he stated, should be felt in the colonies. "An evening's entertainment can easily be obtained from Irish song and music, and it will bind closer the ties which reach the motherland," he said in closing.

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Father Coleman.

**A MILLIONAIRE'S WILL.**—The action to test the validity of the will of the late William Mackey, of Ottawa, the wealthy lumber merchant and Catholic philanthropist, was transferred from the Surrogate Court of Carleton County to the High Court of Justice in Toronto, by order of Judge Meredith. The dispute is between Henry Mackey, son and heir-at-law of the deceased, and J. De St. Denis Lemoine, and Michael J. Gorman (barrister) his executors. The Mackey estate, according to affidavits filed amounts to over two millions of dollars, and it was not considered advisable to have such an important matter dealt with by an inferior court; hence the transfer of case, and all the interest in it, to Toronto.

In glancing over the London "Tablet," we find a brief summary of what appears to us to be a most timely and important sermon. There is in England an association of Catholic ladies that is known by the general name of "Ladies of Charity." At a meeting of this association, a few weeks ago, a sermon on spiritual work and its tests was delivered by Rev. Father Basil Maturin. We regret not having the full text of that admirable piece of spiritual advice. However, we cannot allow the summary before us to go unheeded. It is thus, according to the "Tablet" that Father Maturin spoke:—

"It is necessary that we should always bear in mind the radical distinction between the natural and spiritual orders. Yet radical as this distinction is in the nature and results of our work, the powers we employ for our work are the same in both orders. We have no special faculties for either. All work, spiritual or natural, is done with natural gifts, and the same fault in our character which leads to distractions in our prayers will make us inattentive in reading a novel. There are two things that greatly influence us in all our work: 1st, that we should be a thing the better

## Spiritual Work.

we do it—practice giving us a facility which becomes almost mechanical; 2nd, that no one cares to do work in which he sees no results. The strongest inspiration of our work lies in our hope of achieving something, and we become active and alert through success. This applies both to spiritual and natural work; and yet it is the destruction of work for souls. In spiritual work the day when everything seems to go badly, and we are discouraged by a sense of failure, may really be the day of our best work. And the day when everything goes well and we begin to count up our results and the souls we have saved, is a fatal day in our work. For, though in practical things we can calculate our successes, work for souls has no statistics. The material is different, and we can not measure or calculate spiritual effects. Thus some of the surest foundations of spiritual works have been laid by anonymous or apparently unsuccessful workers.

"The question of the use of personal influence in work is a difficult one. The general feeling of distrust of personal influence is often exaggerated, but at the same time it is based upon an element of truth. On the one hand, those who are gifted with great power of personal influence ought to sanctify this gift by using it for God's work. St. Paul, who possessed a marvellous power of magnetic influence, was deliberately chosen by Our Lord that he might use it for the persuasion of souls. On the other hand, when personal power is used merely to subjugate others, and when advantage is taken of their weakness or susceptibility to influence, to coerce them into doing what they would not otherwise have done, it becomes an abuse of power and can lead to no good results. In dealing with souls, we deal with something that is very sacred, and which in its nature is free; and if we, by the force of our personality, persuade any one against his will, or if we use arguments unsound in themselves, but which we consider good enough for the unenlightened individual we may be dealing with, then we are acting wrongly and dishonestly; and the people we have thus subjugated will break away as soon as our influence is removed.

"Spiritual things are to be spiritually discerned; and spiritual work must be spiritually done. If we set about it in a purely natural way—using our natural powers simply because it gives us pleasure to exercise them; giving our time and money because we 'like the work'; visiting the poor for the same reason that we go to the theatre, because we like it—we shall not achieve any result that is of the least spiritual value. The object of all work for souls is to win them to God. Our successes are not for ourselves, but are gifts that we present to Him. The pleasure we feel in the work may help us to do it better; but it is a means only, and must never be an end. The end is the glory of God, and must always be kept in view.

"Thus it often happens that the best work is not done by the most gifted workers. For while a gifted worker may trust to her natural gifts, and an experienced worker may trust to the facility of long practice, the blunderer and the nervous, timid, ungifted worker will have recourse to prayer; and, distrustful herself, will depend only on the power that comes from prayer. Therefore let no one think that because she is not naturally gifted she can do no work. Those of little power may do a greater work than those of much power, because they will be forced to seek help in those spiritual sources from which alone spiritual results will be attained. The extent of our work is known only to God; and at the Last Day, when the results are made known, it may be that the greatest achievements will be traced to the efforts of unnoticed, anonymous workers."

## OIL ON SHIPS.

The danger of oil fuel on board steamships is illustrated by a great fire on board a ship, the Prince Waldemar, lying in Copenhagen harbor, whither it had returned from Singapore. A spark from a smith's fire appears to have fallen on the oil, and in a moment the ship was wrapped in flames. In the hold were hundreds of cases of oil, and to save further conflagration the dock-doors were opened, and the water rushing in spread the burning oil over most of the harbor. With hard work, however, the fire was subdued, not before great destruction had been made. What such a conflagration on a ship in mid-ocean is can be imagined. Fire and water must be between them have destroyed every person on board.

What is experienced? A poor little hut constructed from the ruins of the palace of gold and marble called

## OUR CURE On the Pro

URING the whole since I have been read, I have been of Catholic journals the sense that I had a Catholic newspaper. My father was out his Catholic paper and back as I can remember the "Witness" has been a weekly in our home. Apart from elementary instruction I received from at catechism and the tended instruction obtained from the Church, its discipline, and the manner in which ever propagated the false gleaned from the reading of Catholic newspapers that me, in one way or another recall the pleasure with which the Holy Father's pronouncement upon the great work of the ate of the press, and how, own mind, I compared the land, with that done by their has ever propagated the false I cannot but say that I frequently grieved, and felt when, in my rounds of oblation I met with those of our who put no trust in our preference the uncertain and erring information that the from the secular papers, which to help, or in any way, our newspapers, and who daily crying out that they represented, unheard, unheeded

A MISSIONARY ORGANIZATION these thoughts came back when the other day I received a Catholic newspaper—very confines of civilization the title of the paper is "The Catholic"—its motto "Pro Patria"—its purpose, "the of the Catholic Church North." It is printed at City, N.T., and published by the director is Rev. Father Buzon, O.M.I.—one of that hand of Oblate missionaries the footprints of the Grand and Lacombes, carried of civilization and Christian the vast Northwest, beyond Rockies, and up to the bays of the Arctic. The editor Geo. K. McCord. It is a page paper, full of splendid and ably written articles Catholic subject of moment with the latest Catholic information from all over the world.

A CONTRAST.—But when at the terms of subscription astonished. One year, 1 month, \$3; single copy, 10c. Just imagine that statement we have a group of Catholics off in the mining district frozen Yukon, who are so dear their faith, so sincere in the ciation of all missionary work convinced of the importance of Catholic press, that they paper that is not only in print but even in a very flourishing

## Financial Side of New York Hos

New York was never so poor as to-day. There has never time in the history of the city when its citizens have more generous in private aid, but according to the should know, in their capacity Trustees, the great hospital poor that it may be necessary curtail running expenses to degree that wards and laboratories must be closed. For the present expenses in some cases were necessary to even take the capital on which the was meant to pay for the the institutions.

Dr. Lorenz has sung the lullaby of the American hospitals since return to Europe. He has stated at home that New York the best hospital service world. He had no reason to if he did not believe it to be the officers of the Association of the city may be on account of New York's that he was not so bold as to bludgeon the afflicted and

# OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER

## On the Propagation of the Press.

**URING** the whole of my life, since I have been able to read, I have been a follower of Catholic journalism—in the sense that I have always had a Catholic newspaper in the house. My father was never without his Catholic paper, and as far back as I can remember the "True Witness" has been a weekly visitor in our home. Apart from what elementary instruction I received in religion at catechism and the more extended instruction obtained in college, I can say that all I know about the Church, its history, discipline, and the manner in which it has ever propagated the faith, I have gleaned from the reading of the Catholic newspapers that came to me, in one way or another. I can recall the pleasure with which I read the Holy Father's pronouncements upon the great work of the Apostolate of the press, and how, in my own mind, I compared the work being done by our missionaries in the land, with that done by the press and its auxiliary and support. And I cannot but say that I have frequently grieved, and felt astonished, when, in my rounds of observation, I met with those of our own faith who put no trust in our press, who prefer the uncertain and generally erring information that they obtain from the secular papers, who decline to help, or in any way, encourage our newspapers, and who are eternally crying out that they are unrepresented, unheard, unheeded.

**A MISSIONARY ORGAN.**—All these thoughts came back to me, when the other day I received a paper—a Catholic newspaper—from the very confines of civilization. The title of the paper is "The Yukon Catholic"—its motto "Pro Deo et Patria"—its purpose, "the interests of the Catholic Church in the North." It is printed at Dawson City, N.T., and published monthly. The director is Rev. Father E. M. Buno, O.M.I.—one of that splendid band of Oblate missionaries, who, in the footsteps of the Grondins, Taches and Lacombes, carried the rays of civilization and Christianity into the vast Northwest, beyond the Rockies, and up to the boreal regions of the Arctic. The editor is Mr. Geo. K. McCord. It is a sixteen page paper, full of splendidly selected and ably written articles on every Catholic subject of moment, and replete with the latest Catholic information from all over the world.

**A CONTRAST.**—But when I looked at the terms of subscription I was astonished. One year, \$5; six months, \$3; single copy, 50 cents. Just imagine that statement. Here we have a group of Catholics, away off in the mining districts of the frozen Yukon, who are so devoted to their faith, so sincere in their appreciation of all missionary work, so convinced of the importance of the Catholic press, that they support a paper that is not only in prosperity, but even in a very flourishing condition.

## Financial Side of New York Hospitals

New York was never so prosperous as to-day. There has never been a time in the history of the municipality when its citizens have been more generous in private and public gifts, but according to those who should know, in their capacity as Trustees, the great hospitals are so poor that it may be necessary to curtail running expenses to such a degree that wards and laboratories must be closed. For the sake of current expenses in some cases it has been necessary to even take from the capital on which the interest was meant to pay for the needs of the institutions.

Dr. Lorenz has sung the praises of the American hospitals since his return to Europe. He has publicly stated at home that New York has the best hospital service in the world. He had no reason to say so if he did not believe it to be so. The officers of the Associated Hospitals of the city say they are glad on account of New York's reputation that he was not shown the budgets of the affiliated institutions.

They pay five dollars per year subscription, and buy copies at fifty cents each, and they accept advertising rates that are proportionate to the foregoing figures. What am I to conclude from this? Simply that the Catholics of the Yukon, many of whom must be miners and laborers, have been seized with the true spirit of faith and have learned the value and necessity of a press of their own. But what is not my wonder when I turn to our older civilization, our Eastern land of modern improvements, our more densely populated centres, and I find that we Catholics grumble to pay the one-fifth of that sum as subscription for a thoroughly Catholic organ? It is almost beyond credulity. If they need a Catholic paper so much on the Yukon, we need one a hundred times more on the St. Lawrence; if they, in their scattered settlements and camps, require and thirst for genuine Catholic information, we should have fifty times as great a desire and need for the most authentic and authoritative Church news; if they have their rights to contend for and their interests to assert, in a land where there is so little of political, municipal and social issues to be considered, we, in a great centre, where we have to constantly contend and struggle, so many important interests at stake, and so great a part to play in the affairs of the community, should be twenty times more solicitous and more desirous to support every power that yields an influence and that, in turn, sustains our cause. Yet, strange to say, the very contrary seems to be the order of things.

**CONCLUSIONS.**—I can come to but one of two conclusions, in presence of these facts; either that we are so bent upon certain pursuits in life that we fail to avail ourselves of all the advantages that would certainly flow to us from the proper support and encouragement of our press, or else we are in a state of dangerous indifference regarding our claims to recognition, our rights as citizens, and our privileges as members of a mixed community. Be the cause what it may, we certainly are far and away behind the Catholics of the Yukon, in all that concerns our support of the Catholic press. And it is just as well to frankly admit our lacking in that regard, for unless we acknowledge the same we are not at all likely to awaken to the necessity of changing our tactics and of becoming both more patriotic and more practically Catholic. It is to be hoped that when the "Yukon Catholic" shall have succeeded in establishing itself as a recognized power for good in the vast and new regions of the North, and the story will be told of all that it has done for the missionary and his Catholic flock, there will be some kind of awakening amongst our people of the East, and that shame, if not any higher motive, will induce them to look upon their Catholic organs as a paramount necessity and to treat and support and encourage them accordingly.

because they believe he would have had to modify his praise with the statement that the service must deteriorate, unless those who supply the hospitals with their needs should agree to do so for the sake of charity. Food and hospital supplies and at cost price would under the prevailing rates of interest on endowments and the occasional necessary encroachment on the capital make bills hard to honor.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the financial embarrassment of the hospitals is the fact that those who benefit most by them in a financial way do not contribute to their support. The insurance companies, which are saved vast sums, because the hospitals turn out living men, whose families would have realized on their policies if it had not been for the hospitals, have been slow to understand or unwilling to see their obligations to the institutions. The same is true of the Manhattan Railway Company, the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, the trunk lines emptying their thousands of passengers in the city, the steamship lines, and the express companies, with their unwritten warrant to drive through the city streets as they will without regard to life and limb, under the impression that they are protected by some law, which has not been

recognized in the courts when they have been sued.

The New York hospitals find that they are confronted with an alarming financial situation. They do not know where to look, unless the business sense of the big corporations and the charity of those who have shown that they are eager and anxious to give of their wealth come to their aid.

Indicative of the situation is an appeal sent out by George Macculloch Miller, President of the Saturday and Sunday Association, which has been making appeals to the congregations of the synagogues and churches of the city. In behalf of the forty institutions of the Associated Hospitals, Mr. Miller says:

The necessity for more generous support of our hospitals is becoming daily more apparent. The plain truth is, that all, without exception, are facing a financial crisis, aggravated not a little by the recent high price of coal. To-day not one is self-sustaining, and to avoid serious arrears, all are forced to curtail their free work. Surely this is not a desirable state of things, nor one to be expected in a community so alive to all good works, and, particularly in a period of almost unexampled prosperity. Prompt and generous contributions are, therefore, not only greatly needed, but earnestly solicited, and all gifts will be divided among the forty associated hospitals on a basis of free work. Kindly send check to our General Treasurer, Charles Lanier, 17 Nassau street.

Frederick F. Cook, General Agent of the Hospital Saturday and Sunday Association, when seen recently, described the situation as really desperate. He has been the General Agent of the Associated Hospitals for many years, and is positive that in a financial way the institutions are more pinched than they were twenty years, or even ten years ago, because they are vastly superior in doing what is now deemed necessary in the proper conduct of the hospitals. Speaking of the impoverishment of the institutions, Mr. Cook said:

"Corporate wealth has heretofore held itself amply defended by its impersonality and implied trusteeship against all appeals for charity, and this in the face of the fact that the surface railways, causing accidents to keep our ambulances steadily on the move, and the life insurance companies and other corporations, are benefited almost beyond computation, not only by the ambulance service, but by the general hospital service, saving and prolonging life.

"Not one dollar has in any corporate capacity come to any institution within my knowledge. Then there is another thing. While every private or partnership banking house gives to the General Hospital Fund from \$250 to \$1,000, not a single National bank gives more than \$100, and this, as a rule, is a personal gift of the President.

"With these facts in mind, at the last meeting of the association the following committee was appointed to solicit subscriptions from corporations: R. J. Cross, Charles Lanier, Jacob H. Schiff, James Speyer, and August Belmont. The committee sent out appeals to many corporations, the members personally signing as a guarantee of the worthiness of the appeal. Their appeal was sent some weeks ago, with the result that the President of one life insurance company answered, expressing a desire to take the matter of appropriation into serious consideration. The situation is pitiable, and unless substantial support comes to our hospitals there is sure to be a deterioration in their work, and I do not believe that this community is prepared to face so undesirable a necessity.

"Twenty years ago nearly every hospital in New York was in a better position to meet expenses than it is to-day. Many had large incomes from endowments and rents, while others received large sums from the City Treasury. Incomes from investments have decreased year by year because of the lessened interest, even of valuable securities, and the revenue from the city has been rigorously pruned. In addition to this, funds have necessarily been invaded for rebuilding and repairs which could not be avoided. The general support is not what it used to be, and the expenses as compared with twenty years ago have nearly doubled.

"When this association was organized, in 1879, three of its charter members waived their share of the collection. They were the New York, Roosevelt, and the Nursery and Child's Hospital. Their incomes then supplied all their wants. About ten years ago changed conditions compelled the Roosevelt Hospital to make application for its share, and four years ago the Nursery and Child's Hospital followed suit. The New York Hospital now feels it necessary to ask, through its President, Cornelius N. Bliss, for help from the association. This is done reluctantly, as the New York Hospital, always a rich institution, disliked to ask for aid to make both ends meet.

"There are several causes for the poverty of the supposedly rich hospitals, the primary one being the increased cost of living. This affects the hospital, of course, as if does the household. Twenty years ago there were no trained nurses. Today their cost ranks second in the expenses of a modern hospital. It costs a great deal to train a nurse and, with her learning acquired, she must be paid more for her skill. Then, too, the service is so much more diversified and exacting that two nurses are required where one was thought sufficient in the past.

"When there are so many men of wealth who are ready to give largely to educational institutions and libraries and the other helps to the community it is too bad that more attention is not given to the hospitals. It would be well if it were realized by our philanthropists that those who benefit most through the training of the nurses are the rich themselves. There seems to be among them an unfortunate notion that they have done their duty when they pay for their nursing bills.

"With the discovery of the microbe (or its invention) the bacillus and the deadly germs of many kinds, the X ray, and what not, bacteriologists and analysts have become necessary to the hospitals. Immense sterilizing machinery has had to be introduced, while surgeons with reputations to lose use only the best instruments, and exact the most perfect conditions for operations, so that cleanliness has become something like a passion as well as a virtue. All this costs far more than imagined. The expenses of the ambulance service are far above what they were, and there are the many additional expenses dictated by the necessities of enlightened practice.

"The hospitals are desperately poor. The men of wealth and the great corporations benefited do not feel under obligation. Of course, there are notable instances where men of large means have expended their millions, thereby intensifying the critical situation by adding others to the endowed institutions, calling for the support of the general public.

"The general collection will barely reach the \$80,000 of last year unless those who can will help. Some of the hospitals have been forced to close wards because there was not the money to support them. Others, to keep the free wards open, have had to increase the number of private rooms because they pay. The fact remains that there must be large and generous help at once or our hospitals, which Dr. Lorenz praised abroad and has set up as examples, must deteriorate."—New York Times.

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"There are several causes for the poverty of the supposedly rich hospitals, the primary one being the increased cost of living. This affects the hospital, of course, as if does the household. Twenty years ago there were no trained nurses. Today their cost ranks second in the expenses of a modern hospital. It costs a great deal to train a nurse and, with her learning acquired, she must be paid more for her skill. Then, too, the service is so much more diversified and exacting that two nurses are required where one was thought sufficient in the past.

"When there are so many men of wealth who are ready to give largely to educational institutions and libraries and the other helps to the community it is too bad that more attention is not given to the hospitals. It would be well if it were realized by our philanthropists that those who benefit most through the training of the nurses are the rich themselves. There seems to be among them an unfortunate notion that they have done their duty when they pay for their nursing bills.

"With the discovery of the microbe (or its invention) the bacillus and the deadly germs of many kinds, the X ray, and what not, bacteriologists and analysts have become necessary to the hospitals. Immense sterilizing machinery has had to be introduced, while surgeons with reputations to lose use only the best instruments, and exact the most perfect conditions for operations, so that cleanliness has become something like a passion as well as a virtue. All this costs far more than imagined. The expenses of the ambulance service are far above what they were, and there are the many additional expenses dictated by the necessities of enlightened practice.

"The hospitals are desperately poor. The men of wealth and the great corporations benefited do not feel under obligation. Of course, there are notable instances where men of large means have expended their millions, thereby intensifying the critical situation by adding others to the endowed institutions, calling for the support of the general public.

"The general collection will barely reach the \$80,000 of last year unless those who can will help. Some of the hospitals have been forced to close wards because there was not the money to support them. Others, to keep the free wards open, have had to increase the number of private rooms because they pay. The fact remains that there must be large and generous help at once or our hospitals, which Dr. Lorenz praised abroad and has set up as examples, must deteriorate."—New York Times.

**Automobile Service In France.**

On June 1 next train service by means of automobiles will be opened between Lyons and Paris. The first train, composed of three "automobile carriages," is expected to carry 120 passengers the distance between the two cities in three hours at a speed of 100 kilometers an hour.

The enterprise has been undertaken by Gardner & Serpollet, who have already won long-distance automobile races in France, and who are now manufacturing the special automobiles and rolling stock for the project. The new carriage is 17 meters long, of which 2.6 meters are occupied by the traction apparatus, while it is estimated that the remainder will comfortably accommodate forty passengers and the 1,200 kilograms of baggage allowed them, besides a lavatory and a buffet for refreshments.

The advantages claimed by the makers of the carriage are that by the substitution of the automobile for the locomotive a weight of 110 tons is at once done away with, which, should the experiment succeed, will permit the roads to be built much lighter than they now are, with a corresponding decrease in the cost of construction and the certainty of greater endurance. The cost of the locomotive is also done away with, the expense of an "automobile carriage" being a little less than that of a vestibule car. Then the new carriages will abolish the smoke, steam, noise, vibration, and the jolts necessary to the stopping or the starting of a train drawn by a locomotive. They will be shaped like the bow of a steamer before and behind, so as to overcome, as far as possible, the resistance of the air. As each carries its own apparatus, it may be operated in a train or independently.

## Devotion of Nuns In France.

A French paper hit on the happy thought of asking its readers for personal recollections of beautiful and touching actions currently performed by Catholic Sisters. The recollections are printed in the paper day by day, to be afterward collected into a book, which will be presented to President Loubet.

In 1881, during the bombardment of Alexandria, the Arabs set fire to the houses of European residents in various parts of the city. Coming to the French Hospital they started by knocking on the doors with the butt end of their guns. Their avowed intention was to force an entrance, and before the astonished incendiaries stood a bevy of nuns, headed by the superioress.

She addressed herself to the madmen thus:

"What do you want, my children? This is God's house. Are you hungry? We have bread for you. Are you thirsty? Our jars are brimful with heaven's dew. Have you sick or wounded comrades in need of care? Our beds are ready to receive them."

All this was spoken in the purest idiom of the children of Ishmael. In the presence of the courage and nobility of soul of St. Vincent's daughters the wolves became meek as lambs. With one common accord they changed their minds, saluted the white cornets with due respect and walked off, shouting "Allah Kerim! God is great!" Sister Permond, then 75 years of age, had saved the home of charity. In August, 1887, she received from the hands of Count D'Aubigny, French Consul at Cairo, the cross of the Legion of Honor.

Another: While the Paris Charity Bazar was blazing some five years ago a young Sister stood erect and calm near the chair whereon stepped one after another of the persons who escaped from the doomed building through an opening giving access to the Palace Hotel. She steadied the chair with one hand and with the other assisted every one to escape from the flames. When none were left to save she took her turn, got out half dead, frightfully burned and disfigured for life. Later on she was asked:

"What did you think of at that time? Did you think of God and of heaven where you were on the point of entering a martyr's charity?"

"Not at all," said she. "I thought only how it burns and how I suffer. But a Sister of Charity, you know, must stay at her post and save all the others before she may think of herself."

"That was," says the chronicler, "perhaps more the word of a soldier than that of a Sister; but it makes no difference, for the army of Sisters will bear comparison with any army. It is a supernatural army, commanded by Christ."

And still another: A young lady of a well-to-do family was stricken with a cancer of the face. Her parents secured a Sister to help them in caring for the poor unfortunate girl. It would be impossible to give an idea of the solicitude with which the devoted religious nursed her patient; but in spite of all the care the malady kept growing, and it soon spread over the whole face. After months of suffering the agony of death mercifully set in—a terrible agony, if ever there was one. The entire family was present, bending over the bed of the dying martyr. She was fully conscious and felt death coming slowly but surely. A crisis more violent than any preceding one was followed by a few moments of relative calm—the calm that usually heralds death. Slowly she raised her sunken, glassy eyes to the assistants, her lips quivered an instant, and then with a supreme effort she asked to be kissed once more before leaving this earth. Her relatives looked at one another in bewilderment; none dare approach, not one had the courage to grant the dying request. Then the Sister unaffectedly bent over and devoutly pressed her lips on the censored, foul-smelling face. She, a stranger, gave the longed-for parting kiss. The sufferer breathed her last a few minutes later, her disfigured features transformed by the light of a heavenly joy.

And still another: In the hospital of a city in the South of France Sister Martha nursed a depraved woman who had been operated on for a cancerous tumor. The wound needed frequent dressing, and that operation was naturally very painful. The good Sister performed her task with that dexterity and delicacy of touch which with these holy women seems to be a special gift of God. Still her patient was never satisfied.

she grumbled and scolded. One day a fanciful thought got into her wicked head, and she at once expressed it to her nurse.

"You do not understand anything about dressing wounds," said she. "I would feel a great deal better if a dog licked the afflicted spot." At once the poor Sister, who had no dog, passed her tongue several times across the hideous purulent wound. That was too much for the patient. She burst into tears and begged forgiveness for all her past brutality. From that day on she never complained any more.

The poor woman died a few days later, with good Sister Martha near her, for she would have no other.

## The Free School Question.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Still the constant hammering upon the anvil goes on; the other day it was stated, in one of our leading dailies, that friends of education should take advantage of the coming session of the Quebec Legislature to have a measure introduced "to remove the petty toll-gate from the entrance to our schools." And the state of our educational system is compared to the toll system on our country roads. Any one who will take the trouble to read our columns for several years back, cannot fail to come to the conclusion that we have been the constant advocate of educational advancement, and we are not, in any way opposed to the amelioration of every condition that exists to-day—as long as it can be shown that amelioration is needed. But we are strongly of the opinion that this continued decaying of our educational system is not only unjustifiable, but even highly injurious. What is the stranger to think of our province, and its educational institutions and advantages, when our own country's organs are perpetually holding them up to the censure and ridicule of the world? Especially, may we ask this question, in face of the fact that no other section of this continent, proportionately to population, has anything equal to our splendid galaxy of institutions, and no section of this Dominion has ever produced, in educated men, more evidences of advancement and efficiency, than has the Province of Quebec.

We admit that all these protestations have reference especially to Protestant schools; but our province being Catholic, a vast majority, it is naturally supposed that the Catholic system is the one that comes in for all the censure. When no distinction is made we have to submit to an undeserved imputation, simply because some of our fellow-citizens are dissatisfied with the condition of affairs amongst the non-Catholic element, as far as education is concerned. We repeat, that which we stated some time ago, that we do not wish to interfere in what concerns others; but we would have it understood that no system of free education could be more free than that which obtains amongst our people. If a child's parents have not the means to pay for his tuition, he has but to go to any of our schools or academies, and he, like so many hundreds of others, will be received with open arms and will be educated, free of charge, just as are those who have the means to pay. Go to any of the schools that are taught by the Christian Brothers, for example, and you will be astonished at the number of pupils whose names are on the free list. We do not purpose entering into a controversy on the subject, but we emphatically wish to state that our system, as far as our schools are concerned, knows no barrier and no toll-gate. Others may not have the same to say of their schools; but that is no fault of ours. All we desire is to place on record the fact that we enjoy the advantages of a splendid system, and if there be any defects they are such as can be remedied by merely calling attention to them, and without the necessity of any intervention on the part of the Legislature.

## Death of Father Lambert, C.S.S.R.

The death of the Rev. Father Lambert, C.S.S.R., at the age of 82 years, is announced. Deceased was a native of Wexford, and was ordained at Maynooth in 1848. After serving on the secular mission in Wexford he joined the Redemptorist Order in 1875, and has been many years in Limerick, where his zeal and piety were most edifying. In Wexford, his native county, the deceased worked on the mission for twenty-eight years. He was much loved by the priests and people.

ON SHIPS.

of oil fuel on board illustrated by a great ship, the Prince of Copenhagen having returned from a spark from a smith's to have fallen on the moment the ship was times. In the hold were cases of oil, and to save the water rushing and burning oil over most With hard work, the destruction had been such a conflagration on the ocean is can be in- water must be destroyed every

A poor little

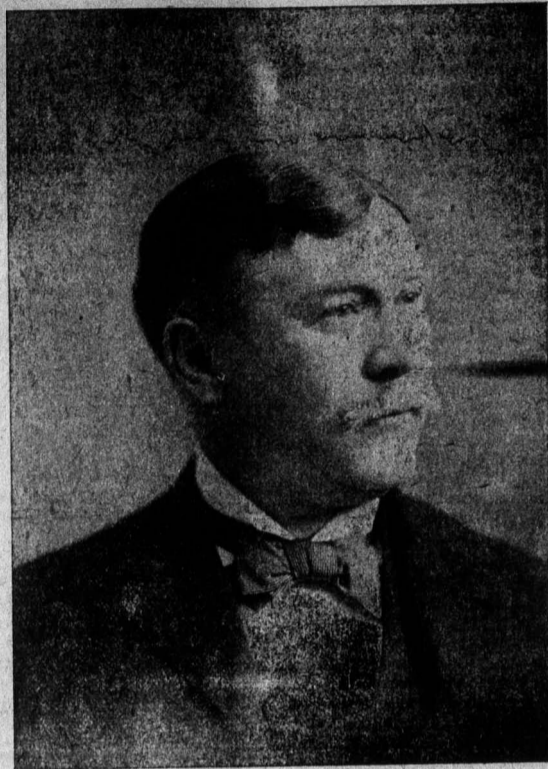
from the ruins of and marble called

SOUVENIRS OF RECENT ST. PATRICK'S CHARITY CONCERT.



MR. JOHN P. KELLY, "The Emperor." St. Patrick's Charity Concert.

P. J. Gordon, Photo.



PROF. J. A. FOWLER, Organist and Choir Director.



MISS A. MENZIES, "The Empress." St. Patrick's Charity Concert.

P. J. Gordon, Photo.

Souvenirs of a Parish Concert.

We give in our issue to-day pictures of the Japanese sketches that were given with such a marked success in the last St. Patrick's charity concert.

This change in the ordinary style of concert programmes gave great satisfaction to the patrons of this annual entertainment, and we congratulate Prof. Fowler on the success of his efforts.

A Glimpse of the New Policy in Ireland.

One century has passed away since the Act of the Union came into force, and during all those hundred years, misery, famines, insurrections, appeals to arms and appeals to sentiments of justice and honesty, marked the one side, while coercion acts, officialism, military and police domination and every species of aggression were exhibited on the other.

not intended as a hostile demonstration against the Government, but as a "friendly warning" to the ministry that he and his friends believed the Government is engaged in framing a great measure of justice and appeasement for Ireland, which, in the words of the King's speech, will "complete the abolition of the dual ownership of the land."



MISS MILDRED HOOLAHAN, St. Patrick's Charity Concert.

P. J. Gordon, Photo.



GERTRUDE LYNCH, LILIAN SHEA, SADIE TANSEY, St. Patrick's Charity Concert.

P. J. Gordon, Photo.



MISS SADIE TANSEY, St. Patrick's Charity Concert.

P. J. Gordon, Photo.

attempt to solve the problem on the lines suggested by the report of the recent land conference, which, the speaker added, offered an unexampled opportunity to end the agrarian troubles and conflicts between classes in Ireland.

MR. WYNDHAM, in replying declined to commit himself to any wholesale official approval of the



MR. DONALD A. McDONALD, "Court Attendant." St. Patrick's Charity Concert.

P. J. Gordon, Photo.



MASTER FRANCIS SMITH, MASTER FRANCIS CURRAN, "Pages." St. Patrick's Charity Concert.

P. J. Gordon, Photo.

OTHER FEATURES.—Although John Redmond, failed to draw the chief secretary for Ireland, Mr. Wyndham, into a revelation of the contents of the coming Irish Land Bill, his amendment provoked quite a remarkable debate.

land conference report, which, he said, avoided or skirted many considerations which must be taken into account.

ominous silence of the members of the Unionist party, who seemed apprehensive regarding the heavy demands on the nation's purse when the bill is introduced a fortnight hence.

Colonel Sanderson, the member for North Armagh, confessed that he was wrong in disbelieving in the Dublin landlord and tenants' conference.

T. W. Russell (Liberal Unionist) expressed the strongest belief in the Government's generosity, and hardly a dissenting voice was raised.

JOHN MORLEY, the former chief secretary for Ireland, rose to speak during the hurricane of cheers which marked the close of Mr. Wyndham's speech.

Mr. Morley began by declaring that nothing like the present situation had happened since Strongbow landed in Ireland.

He said that the difficulty of the question lies in its financial aspects, and estimated that the Dunraven land purchase scheme would involve a free grant of \$110,000,000, and a loan of \$500,000,000, but, he continued, if the matter was proceeded with in a cautious manner, it would not be necessary to spend the whole sum at once.

Sir Edward Grey, the former under-secretary for foreign affairs; Mr. Haldane, Liberal, and others urged the Government not to be niggardly in the matter.

It is the intention of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate to erect a church and mission at Napoleon's Kop, the scene of the death of the Prince Imperial on June 2, 1879.

The place has been surveyed by Father Roussett. Quite near, a mound of stones forms the pedestal of the cross erected by order of the late Queen.

A PALACE FOR LIONS.

New York has just erected a building in one of the city parks in which to house a collection of lions.

It is estimated that the cost of the structure, per lion approximates \$7,500.

In the congested districts of the metropolis seventy-five hundred dollars worth of building is called "home" by upwards of one hundred human beings.

But a captive lion under the present conditions of civilization, is more valuable than scores of mere human creatures.

At least no municipality would dream of providing at public expense seven thousand dollar dwellings for even the most deserving of its needy citizens.—The San Francisco Monitor.

The Miraculous Cure of a Nun.

Sillery, 1st Oct.

PHYSICIAN'S CERTIFICATE.

I am of opinion that the venerated Mother St. Ann of the convent of Jesus-Sillery, was miraculously cured through St. Ann's intercession.

She suffered from intestinal obstruction caused by adhesions which developed after an operation she had undergone eighteen months previously.

The patient was taken to the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Quebec, where all the medical attendance she received produced no results.

Before consenting to undergo an operation she wished to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Anne de Beaupre. On her return she informed me that a second operation would be necessary to remove the adhesions causing the obstruction.

She seemed to be cured, but I was three months before this certificate in order to make sure that she really cured.

All the symptoms disappeared and the patient enjoys excellent health. I am happy to give her my attestation to-day because I am convinced that she was miraculously cured through St. Ann's intercession.

EDWIN TURCOT, M.D.

Quebec, 1st October, 1907.

THE NUN'S STORY.—I favor of a short space in my "narrative" to express my gratitude to St. Ann for I promised to publish the cure if obtained.

About a year and a half ago I was obliged to go to the Hotel Dieu in Quebec, a very serious illness and days afterwards I underwent an operation, which greatly benefited me. Some time afterwards, beginning of June, 1902, I was troubled with an intestinal obstruction. After trying remedies kind without any result, the physician had me sent back to the Hotel Dieu to be treated by electricity. I endured unspeakable pain without feeling the slightest improvement.

On the 3rd July the operation was held, and the physician declared that an operation was avoidable, that it must be performed at once, and the treatment of trichloro resumed. The prospect was dreadful. As I had previously obtained permission from the Superior to make a pilgrimage to Sillery, I was cured, I changed my programme, and got leave to go to Sillery and pray for my cure.

The sister in charge of the convent at Sillery went with me to the shrine on the 3rd July. I stood there for a long time, but suffered much the night. On the following day I gathered all the strength I could muster that remained in me and proceeded to the basilica with my companion. It was the first of the month. I thought I could get a glimpse of heaven and heaven's confidence; I heard two Masses, received Holy Communion, and prayed as I had never before, so it seemed to me.

I removed my eyes or my hearing, the contemplation of her statue became convinced that a miracle had occurred. I waited me in that blessed spot. I left the basilica and returned to the convent to take my food. I had been taking nothing for weeks, and the pain in my intestines caused frequent vomitings. The slight relief I took brought on a cough, but, thanks to the careful and watchful companion, I recovered sufficiently to allow of my return to the shrine at 10.30.

Soon we came to the Scala and my companion received

# The Miraculous Cure of a Nun.

Sillery, 1st Oct., 1902.

## PHYSICIAN'S CERTIFICATE.

I am of opinion that Reverend Mother St. Aurele of the convent of Jesus-Marie, Sillery, was miraculously cured through St. Ann's intercession.

She suffered from intestinal obstruction caused by adhesions which developed after an operation she had undergone eighteen months previously.

The patient was taken to the Hotel Dieu Hospital in Quebec, where all the medical attendance she received produced no results. After consultation it was decided that a second operation would be necessary to remove the adhesions causing the obstruction.

Before consenting she wished to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre. On her return she informed me that St. Ann had obtained her cure. She seemed to me to be cured, but I waited three months before giving this certificate in order to make sure that she was really cured.

All the symptoms have disappeared and the patient enjoys excellent health. I am happy to give her this attestation to-day because I am convinced that she was miraculously cured through St. Ann's intercession.

EDWIN TURCOT, M.D.

Quebec, 1st October, 1902.

**THE NUN'S STORY.**—I beg the favor of a short space in the "Annals" to express my gratitude to St. Ann for I promised to publish my cure if obtained.

About a year and a half ago I was obliged to go to the hospital of the Hotel Dieu in Quebec, owing to a very serious illness and a few days afterwards I underwent a painful operation, which greatly relieved me. Some time afterwards, in the beginning of June, 1902, I was troubled with an intestinal obstruction. After trying remedies of all kind without any result, the physician had me sent back to the Hotel Dieu to be treated by electricity in the hope of avoiding a fresh operation. I endured unspeakable torture without feeling the slightest improvement. On the 3rd July the disease was at its worst. A consultation was held, and the physicians declared that an operation was unavoidable, that it must be performed at once, and the treatment by electricity resumed. The prospect was dreadful. As I had previously obtained permission from the superiors to make a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne if I were cured, I changed the programme, and got leave to go at once and pray for my cure at the feet of the great saint.

The sister in charge of the infirmary at Sillery went with me to the miraculous shrine on the same day, the 3rd July. I stood the journey fairly well, but suffered much during the night. On the following day I gathered all the strength and courage that remained in me and proceeded to the basilica with my companion. It was the first Friday of the month. I thought I could catch a glimpse of heaven and heaven gave me confidence: I heard two High Masses, received Holy Communion and prayed as I had never prayed before, so it seemed to me, St. Ann attracted me to her, and I could not remove my eyes or my heart from the contemplation of her statue. I became convinced that a miracle awaited me in that blessed spot. At 3.30 we left the basilica and returned to the convent to take a little food. I had been taking nothing but liquids for weeks, and the obstruction in my intestines caused frequent vomitings. The slight nourishment I took brought on an attack but, thanks to the care of my watchful companion, I recovered sufficiently to allow of my returning to the shrine at 10.30.

Soon we came to the Scala Sancta and my companion received to the left, telling me not to attempt to follow her, as it would be imprudent, and to remain in the carriage. I insisted upon seeing the Scala Sancta also and ascended the steps leading to the chapel, but not without fatigue. Then I wanted to follow on foot the procession of the pilgrims from Chateau Richer, but I had to obey orders, and went once more before St. Ann's statue which I contemplated for a long while.

A few minutes afterwards we went to the sacristy, where I venerated the holy relic. The good father who procured me that happiness showed me such kindness that I shall never forget it. He said to me three times in a tone of voice that still moves me whenever I think of it: "Sister, have confidence; I am convinced you will be cured." My eyes were filled with tears and my soul was full of confidence. We returned to the miraculous statue, we again venerated the relic and prepared to leave for I was not to waste my strength. We took the train at noon and reached the Hotel Dieu at half-past one.

There was no sign of a cure as yet; nevertheless I went back to my bed with the same confidence as when I had quitted it twenty-four hours previously. I felt exhausted, but my sufferings were endurable. The doctor came to see me, inquired about my journey, and again urged me to submit to the operation. I told him I would give him an answer on the morrow. He thought me obstinate, but I insisted. During the evening I had a most painful attack. The sick nurse wanted to give me something to relieve me, but I refused and contented myself with putting water from St. Ann's shrine on the afflicted part. After suffering for some hours I fell into peaceful and restful sleep. Never, for two years, had I slept as quietly or as restfully. St. Ann took advantage of this to prepare the miracle. In the morning I awoke completely cured. I felt no pain and the obstruction had been removed. After a transport of gratitude I arose, dressed without help and hastened to the chapel in the hospital dedicated to the great Thaumaturga. After thanksgiving, which consisted more of tears of joy than of prayers, I returned to my room. The persons who knew of my illness were astonished on seeing me thus walking through the passages. Then I ate a hearty breakfast, and went to the telephone to announce the marvel to my superiors at Sillery.

The doctor came, I went to meet him, he inquired minutely about my condition, and finally ascertained that a miracle had been worked. In accordance with the promise he had previously made, he told me he would give a certificate of my cure some weeks later if the cure continued.

A few hours afterwards I drove out to Sillery, to my beloved convent, where every joy came to me. Throughout the following day the nuns prayed, two at a time, before Good St. Ann's statue, and on the day after a solemn Mass of thanksgiving was celebrated in our chapel, where all my family were present. Though I have never been favored with a very good voice I nevertheless caused a profound sensation at the beginning of the Mass when I began my hymn of praise to the saint. Since then I have regained my strength; I follow all the exercises of the community without feeling any fatigue, and moreover, I perform all my duties towards my pupils in whom I wish to inculcate a true and solid devotion to my heavenly protectress.

In conclusion, I desire to thank the physician of our convent for having affixed his signature to this humble recital, and enabled me to show more clearly the evidence of the miracle worked in my favor by the glorious Patroness of Canada.—A nun of Jesus-Marie, from the Annals of St. Anne de Beaupre.

# Temperance Crusade In Ireland.

In the Round Room of the Rotunda, Dublin, recently, the annual meeting of the Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance was held. It was a fine demonstration, in which all creeds and classes were well represented. The widespread interest which has been aroused in the country on the temperance question was referred to with satisfaction by the speakers. Curtailment of the hours on Saturday night was warmly advocated. Referring to it, the Bishop of Elmerick wrote: "I am convinced that an overwhelming majority, not only of the population of the country, but of the working classes in particular, would regard the curtailment of this time of ruin as a very great blessing."

# Some Notes On the Papal Jubilee.

"To Catholics throughout the civilized world the coming third of March will be a day of exceptional importance, since it will mark a notable event—the completion of the silver jubilee of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

"The jubilee began on March 3,



MISS FANNIE GRUDDON, St. Patrick's Charity Concert. P. J. Gordon, Photo.

the sixty thousand foreigners who had flocked to the Eternal City for the purpose of taking part in the grand ceremonies that were to be held, and the result was that mingled with the religious sentiment appropriate to the occasion was widespread admiration for the splendid old churchman who had done so much for civilization and morality, and who in every other way had proved himself a most worthy successor of St. Peter.

"In award, to use a Homeric phrase, Leo was on this day, more perhaps than on any other, regarded by pilgrims and Italians as 'the true shepherd of his people.'

"Early on the great day worshippers, among whom were cardinals, bishops, foreign envoys and other noblemen from various countries, gathered in the Basilica of St. Peter's and awaited the arrival of His Holiness. Impressive was the sight before them, for the Basilica was adorned as it never is except for the greatest festivals of the Church.

The pillars were draped with red damask, which was fringed with gold; the Pontifical throne was set under a rich canopy and special galleries were fitted up for the envoys and Diplomatic Corps. At eleven o'clock the Pope, preceded by a wonderful procession of cardinals, nobles, chamberlains and Swiss Guards entered, wearing the tiara and borne aloft upon the Sedia Gestatoria. A thunder of applause greeted him, which continued until he took his seat on the throne with the intention of assisting at the Mass, which was celebrated by Cardinal Vannutelli.

At the end of the service the Pope re-ascended the Sedia and the chamberlains returned to him the heavy tiara, which he had put off during Mass. The splendid procession then marched to the altar of confession, where the Pope intoned the "Te Deum," after which he again mounted the Sedia and blessed the people,

olies prayers will be offered up for the Pope's welfare, and other appropriate ceremonies will be held.

In New York city there will be a celebration of the Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral, at which all the bishops of the province of New York and all the priests of the diocese are expected to be present. In the evening a reception will be held at the Catholic Club, which will be attended by the leading Catholics of New York, and at which several addresses will be delivered. In other cities and towns, not only in America, but also throughout the world, the close of the Silver Jubilee will be celebrated in somewhat similar fashion.

At the same time and in honor of the jubilee a new uniform will be

ered with gold, will also be worn. These uniforms are now being made in Rome by Bavarian tailors, and it is estimated that they will cost the Pope between \$4,000 and \$5,000. A few have already been fitted on the soldiers, and those who have seen them say that while they are not perhaps quite so picturesque as the old uniform, they are in all other respects a vast improvement.

Notable, therefore, this jubilee is in the history of the Church, and it is also a notable event in the life of Pope Leo, since it has furnished conclusive proof of the esteem in which he is held, not only by churchmen, but also by potentates throughout the world. As evidences of such esteem rare gifts have come to him from all parts of the world.

The French Government presented him with two beautiful pieces of Gobelin tapestry, the panels of which represent scenes in the life of Joan of Arc, and His Holiness was so pleased with the gift that he ordered it to be placed in his private library.

King Edward of England sent him an autograph letter, which was presented by Lord Denbigh, and Emperor William of Germany also sent his good wishes. Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria and the people of Vienna resolved to give the Pope an enduring token of their esteem when the jubilee closed, and as a result two beautiful works of art have been fashioned and will be presented to His Holiness early in March. They are the work of Herr Robert Marschall, a Viennese sculptor.

The gift of Vienna is a large medal, showing the portrait of the Pope and the Emperor's gift represents the Good Shepherd, standing on a base of African marble, which is veined with violet and surmounted by a small gold plinth. The Good Shepherd is represented as holding in his arms a lamb and followed by sheep, and engraved in the marble is the following inscription in Latin: "To Pope Leo XIII., the true shepherd of the faithful, who, thanks to the kindness of God, has happily guided His Church and magnanimously distributed her treasures for five times five years, Francis Joseph I., Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, dedicates this representation of the Good Shepherd as a token of his devoted affection and esteem."

On either side of the inscription the Papal and the imperial arms are represented in gold and precious stones.

From the Catholics of New York the Pope received a gift of \$5,000, and it is safe to say that there is not a Catholic diocese in the world the clergy of which did not send him some adequate token of their love and esteem.

Many persons, too, who are neither potentates nor churchmen, sent him presents during last year, and though hardly any mention has been made of them in the papers, the Pope, it is said, ranks them among his choicest treasures, and especially those which have come to him from persons who are unknown in the great world of fashion, for, of small intrinsic value though some of the gifts may be, they seem to him to be unusually striking evidences of the loyalty and sincerity of those who sent them.

Though a familiar term in most civilized countries, the words "silver jubilee," it is said, are never used in Italy. "The year 1902," says Mgr. O'Reilly, author of the "Life of Leo XIII.," "has been celebrated at Rome as the reigning Pope's jubilee, marking as it does the twenty-fourth year since 1878, when Leo XIII. succeeded Pius IX., the Beloved. Although the title silver jubilee marks in most countries the twenty-fifth year of reign or marriage, the term is not, to my knowledge, used in Italy, certainly not in Rome."

Several times during 1902 a rumor spread that the Pope's health was failing, but those who are most competent to speak with authority on the subject say that he seems to be quite as vigorous now as at any time during the last five or six years. The Pope himself is very optimistic on this point. He has been quoted more than once of late as saying that he confidently expects to become a centenarian, and while he may not have been speaking seriously, for he loves at times to unbind and indulge in mild pleasantries, the wonderful vigor displayed by him during the many onerous services and ceremonies in which he was the leading figure in 1902 seem to indicate that he may attain his desire.

If he does, Rome will then witness an unparalleled sight, for it is rumored that the Pope intends to celebrate the occasion by a jubilee which will transcend in pomp and magnificence all previous ceremonies of the kind.



MISS LILIAN SHEA, St. Patrick's Charity Concert. P. J. Gordon, Photo.



- 1. ETHEL McKENNA.
  - 2. CECILIA HALLIGAN.
  - 3. GERTRUDE MORGAN.
  - 4. LILIAN SHEA.
  - 5. KATHLEEN MURPHY.
  - 6. GERTRUDE LYNCH.
  - 7. HELENA WALKER.
  - 8. ELLA KERR.
  - 9. SADIE TANSEY.
  - 10 FANNIE GRUDDON.
  - 11. MARGARET GAHAN.
- St. Patrick's Charity Concert.

1902, and doubly auspicious that day was, since it was not only the twenty-fourth anniversary of Leo's tenure of the Holy See, but also the

who received the benediction prostrate. His next and final act was to bestow a blessing before the gallery of Ambassadors, and this he did amid applause, which continued until the cortege had disappeared within the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament.

In this fitting manner the jubilee year began, and equally fitting was the second great event, which occurred on July 3. On that day the Jubilee Committee gave a dinner to fifteen hundred poor people in Rome. The banquet was held in the rooms opening into the Grand Court of the Belvedere, and the guests were served by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. At three o'clock the entire company went in procession into the spacious court to receive the Papal Benediction, and several thousand other persons, including many of the Italian nobility, joined them there during the next hour.

At five o'clock the Pope appeared on the balcony overlooking the court and blessed the people. He seemed much impressed by the sight, and one who stood near him says that there was, if possible, a little more tenderness in his voice than usual.

The third and crowning event of the Jubilee will take place when it closes in March. A grand service, which will be attended by many foreigners and which will be similar to the service that was performed at the opening of the Jubilee, will be held at St. Peter's in Rome, and in every country where there are Cath-

furnished to the Pope's guards. It will consist of a small red vest, white trousers, high military boots and a steel casque. The casque will



MISS CECILIA HALLIGAN, St. Patrick's Charity Concert. P. J. Gordon, Photo.



MISS ETHEL McKENNA, St. Patrick's Charity Concert. P. J. Gordon, Photo.

beginning of the ninety-third year of his life.

"That they had a twofold cause for rejoicing was not forgotten either by the people of Rome or by

have a mane and a black and white plume and the vest will be fastened by a black leather belt, to which a sabre will be attached. On certain occasions a German cap, embroidered

OLD LETTERS.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Although the brief letter which I am about to transcribe does not come in its proper place, for I have hunted through my bundle to find it, still it is of great interest on account of the writer thereof, and not a little on account of a recent piece of news that came, through the Associated Press, to our Canadian journals. I will begin by reproducing the despatch, published last week on this side of the Atlantic, and dated "Dublin, Feb. 20, 1903."

It reads thus:—"The discovery of oil near Mount Joy Square, this city, has created great interest and has raised hopes that the old bog land throughout Ireland may prove similarly productive. It was discovered in the basement of a house built on reclaimed bog land."

The foregoing item may, or may not, be of any great interest; it may, or may not, have any foundation; I merely take it as it has been published, because it brought back to my mind the existence of an old letter, somewhere or other in my possession, that refers to a kindred subject. I merely give an extract from the letter, because what goes before and what follows the paragraph that I quote, has nothing to do with the subject before me, and is of no actual interest to the public—great as it was to the recipient of the letter. It reads thus:—

"Tallaght, April 25, 1877.

My Dear Friend:

Your own goodness of heart will pardon the unintentional silence of a missionary whose time is not his own and who must go and come in obedience to his superiors. . . .

"After all these critical and friendly remarks I will say, that I have no great objection to the apparently contemptuous title of 'bog-trotter.' There is no doubt that we have many an acre of bog in old Ireland, and that not a few of our race have lived on and by lands that may be thus properly designated. But remember that the bogs of Ireland constitute a mine of fuel, and that they cover hidden treasures that the future may yet reveal. To them do we owe our priceless bog- oak ornaments, such as that very Tara-brooch, which you so cherish, the black substance of which far surpasses in value the gold setting of the Dublin goldsmith. In those bogs are the oak forests of the ancient Druids, and the skeletons of the giant elk that roamed through them when civilization fled from the barbarism of Europe to the sole asylum on the continent—this Isle of Juverna. And away down, beneath the very flooring of the bogs, I doubt not, are mines of lead, and silver, and iron, and gold; fountains of

wealth in the form of oil springs that some day may rise to the surface and furnish the people of another generation with a new and profitable industry. . . . It has taken centuries to impress upon the world the force and effectiveness of Irish genius; it may take centuries also to reveal the untold wealth that Ireland has hidden beneath the verdant garb that nature has flung around her.

"May God bless you is the fervent prayer of

"Yours faithfully  
"T. N. BURKE, O.P."

This extract simply proves that the famous "Father Tom," the great Irish Dominican orator, the one who crushed the so-called historian Froude, and whose sermons and lectures, over a quarter of a century ago electrified America, was of the opinion that the bog lands of Ireland covered over veins of precious ore and lakes of oil that may some day prove to be the foundation of untold wealth for the nation. I do not pretend that the reported discovery of an oil well near Mount Joy Square, Dublin, is a corroboration of Father Burke's opinion; but there can be no doubt that once the bog lands are reclaimed and the needed drainage is effected, the soil and surface of the Island will present sources of wealth that are now completely hidden. It may be that a wise Providence has reserved all these things for the native Legislature of the country to develop and thus for the people themselves to enjoy to the fullest.

To all appearances, if we are to judge from what has so recently transpired and what is still transpiring in the arena of British legislation, the day is at hand when the Irish people will have the control of their own local affairs. When the bog lands of alien government are all properly drained we will reach the solid, rock-bottom foundation of Irish Home Rule. At one and the same time the political and the industrial as well as natural conditions that have so long hampered the country will change to conditions of undreamed-of prosperity and contentment. The long hidden streams of national wealth will then burst forth and bubble over the entire Island. And when that day comes, I have no doubt, in their joy and triumph, the Irish people will not forget the men who did honor to their race in darker and less happy years—and amongst these no brighter, no grander, no saintlier figure than that of the great "Father Tom."

County, are "a flat contradiction of my pretension," showing as they do that such prejudices are not unsurmountable. But when did I state that those prejudices were unsurmountable? And still more that the Irish and the French-Canadians hate each other? What is the use of distorting in this way one's words and intentions?

My only "pretention" is that prejudices exist. The fact that they are not unsurmountable renders more imperative the duty of finding out what their real cause is, in order to prevent their consequences from being what they are in the United States, and what they might be here if not properly dealt with.

You admitted yourself, in your first attack upon me, that for some time after the arrival of the Irish in Canada, "certain difficulties did arise" from the difference of language. No doubt the knowledge of both languages has brought about a better understanding between the higher classes of both races. But would any one pretend that the intimacy is yet what it should be in the masses? Will any one who has travelled throughout Canada and lived in close contact with all classes deny that there is still a slight but marked sentiment of distrust between the two elements—a sentiment similar to that which I have described in those same articles in the "Monthly Review" as existing between the Old Country Frenchman and the native French-Canadian?

Your arguments against my contention were based upon the fact that more generosity is now displayed in the appointment of policemen by municipal authorities; that French-Canadian members of Parliament voted for Home Rule resolutions; and that speeches in favor of the French-Canadians were made by representative Irishmen.

Undoubtedly, the lack of agreement which I have pointed out is not such as to prevent the most enlightened men of both races from rendering justice to each other. That the public men of French Canada should wish a free and honorable government for Ireland, crushed for centuries by a far more detestable rule than that under which we labored here, in the former part of our existence under the British Crown, is most natural. That your leading men, who have read of the past, should express their gratitude to the priests, the nuns and the citizens who so generously received your unfortunate fathers when persecution and famine drove them to the shores of Canada, is equally natural. But this proves nothing against my argument which, in spite of the misinterpretation placed upon it, remains an nothing else: There exists a lack of agreement between two races which, by temperament, by religious belief, as well as by their peculiar situation in the British Empire, should be natural allies.

Had you treated the question, from the start, in this calm and simple way, you would have found out that our opinions are not so far apart as you imagine; and you would not have attempted, in all good faith, I am sure, to put in my mind thoughts that never existed, and make me responsible for words that were never written.

Yours truly,  
HENRI BOURASSA.

Our Reply to Mr. Bourassa.

Mr. Bourassa says he has no intention of keeping up the discussion. Surely he does not imagine that so far he has discussed anything. Does he believe that the question propounded has been handled by him in the spirit of discussion or that he has furnished the proof we challenged him to give of the assertions made by him in his letter of last week. When a man places before the reading public a statement of some importance on the condition of a country he should be able to show that he has taken the trouble to probe for the truth of what he puts forth as facts. Those who are dependent on the magazine literature of the day, form their opinions from its pages. Mr. Bourassa in his magazine article ventured this assertion and in closing these remarks it is well to remind him of it, not that there are occasional and regrettable differences between French-Canadians and Irish Catholics, but

that his French-Canadian fellow-countrymen agree better with the Protestant, Scotch and English than with the Catholic Irish."

To that statement exception was

taken by the "True Witness." In doing so, striking examples were given of the goodwill made manifest on many occasions between French and Irish-Canadian Catholics. How was this answered? By the statement, amongst other things that Irish Bishops had refused the Sacrament of Confirmation to French-Canadian children because they did not know their catechism in English. Mr. Bourassa stated that he had heard this! We called for his proof. No proof is forthcoming. Having "discussed" by making such an unjustifiable charge, which he cannot prove, he thinks he is entitled to credit for having dealt with this subject in a "calm and simple way."

As to what he calls his argument, instead of establishing his statement that his fellow-countrymen agree better with Scotch and English Protestants than with the Catholic Irish, he has attempted to show that there are many questions upon which a difference of opinion may exist between those two sections of the Catholic community.

Questions that cannot possibly arise between French-Canadians and English or Scotch Protestants at all.

He tells us that owing to the wise course pursued by Bishops and clergy in this country there is now a good understanding between French and Irish Catholics. Such an admission is satisfactory. If troubles indispensable from weak humanity, with its racial prejudices, have been made to disappear or at all events, to diminish in intensity, how much does not the country owe to pastors of both races. It would be a bootless task to follow Mr. Bourassa in his many unsupported assertions. As a sample of his methods of discussion let us take the following. In last week's letter he said: "I have heard of Irish Catholics demanding that the teaching of the French language be suppressed in schools and universities in which French-Canadians occupied an important portion." On being called upon to prove the assertion, he answers: "You have undoubtedly heard of the movement set on foot here, in Ottawa, with the view of making English the only language, for all special courses in the university." What a collapse! Now it appears that in an English Catholic university, because special courses were to be taught in English, taking for granted that such really was the demand made, Mr. Bourassa who is always "calm and simple" in his statements, expects us to acknowledge that the French language was to be "suppressed" altogether.

He tells us, that enlightened men of both races render justice to each other. Now if he had said, in describing the relations of French and Irish-Canadians towards each other, that amongst the masses there crop up every now and again disputes and disagreements on various topics no one would have found fault with his statement. How do the races get along in every day intercourse! Let us give Mr. Bourassa one or two instances, not assertions but facts, that have taken place in this city within the past few weeks, we shall thus go back to the question at issue. At the annual election of officers and councillors of the Montreal Board of Trade, controlled almost exclusively by English and Scotch Protestants, the only French-Canadian usually elected was deprived of his office. At a similar meeting of "La Chambre de Commerce" a French-Canadian institution, Mr. Mullarky, an Irish Catholic, was elected to one of the leading positions by the largest number of votes cast during the whole contest. Let such facts be proclaimed as to the relations of French and Irish. Do not magnify every little parish difficulty, and parade every petty difference. In taking leave of Mr. Bourassa we wish to say, that we do not doubt his friendliness for Irish Catholics. Let him go on and prosper, but be very careful when analyzing our national characteristics. He may count on the goodwill of the "True Witness" should he use his pen in selecting for publication, from time to time, a few of the many instances that must come across his path, showing that French-Canadians and Irish Catholics get along as well with each other as with any of the other races in this fair Dominion.

All we shall ever be able to accomplish, either in ourselves or in others, must begin in ourselves.

It is most necessary we should set our standards sufficiently high to rise above the requirements of this world; but having done that, let us stick to the mark, despite what others say or think or do. All you can make of your life you alone must make. You may become a borrower, and thus constitute yourself only a depository for other people's thoughts and opinions and principles. Or you can be your own banker, drawing on yourself for the principal, and lending it out at interest. One thing admits no disputing—what you have not you cannot give! Apparent selfishness is often the purest unselfishness. And I am not sure there can be any finer perennial resolution than to be one's self—one's best self—Home Journal and News.

Things look dim to old folks; they'd need have some young eyes about 'em, to let 'em know the world's the same as it used to be.

A man does not receive the statements that "two and two make four" and "that the pure in heart shall see God", on the same terms. The one can be proved to him with four grains of corn; he can never arrive at a belief in the other till he realizes it in the intimate persuasion of his whole being.

D'Youville Reading Circle.

Ottawa, Feb., 1903.

In spite of the cold weather there was a good attendance of the D'Youville Reading Circle in the Rideau street convent on Tuesday evening last. "Current Events" was the topic for the early part of the evening. Particular attention was paid to the Philippine question and Pope Leo's wonderful document the "Constitution" was referred to. Some time was occupied in speaking of the French Associations Law. The frequent friction between England and Germany was merely mentioned. The Anglo-Celtic literary movement shall occupy the attention of the Circle next year. Speaking of Rev. Father Coleman's Irish concert held to aid the Philippine question and Pope Leo's wonderful document the "Constitution" was referred to. Instead of the regular meeting of the Reading Circle two weeks ago, we were entertained in a delightful way by Father Coleman who read a number of charming Irish poems and portions of a short play written by himself. Last Tuesday, however, we held one of our usual meetings. The English Renaissance was the subject for the latter part of the evening. It was remarked that we cannot say at any particular time that we have finished the study of the Renaissance as it is useless to attempt to say the last word about it.

In connection with the Renaissance an article, by Mr. Stockley, which appeared in the February number of the Dolphin, was alluded to. One particular book is spoke of at each meeting, the one for last Tuesday being the "Four Winds of Eirinn," by Anna MacManus. The members were urged to procure for themselves this little volume of delightful Irish poetry. On Wednesday, the 25th, Mr. John Francis Waters will lecture on "Arthur Hallam."

At the next meeting, which will be on the third of March, the "Representative Poets of the Nineteenth Century," will be the subject for the evening.

MARGARET.

Be Just to Yourself.

One must forget self-satisfying and self-desiring, but none can afford to have the right to overlook for one moment or neglect in the least self-needs and self-being. Our first and highest duty is to make the best of ourselves. We can never make men or things better until we have succeeded therein in some measure. Men may call it egotism.

So will we forget their sneering when through personal attention we fit ourselves for the accomplishing of some high work.

All we shall ever be able to accomplish, either in ourselves or in others, must begin in ourselves.

It is most necessary we should set our standards sufficiently high to rise above the requirements of this world; but having done that, let us stick to the mark, despite what others say or think or do. All you can make of your life you alone must make. You may become a borrower, and thus constitute yourself only a depository for other people's thoughts and opinions and principles. Or you can be your own banker, drawing on yourself for the principal, and lending it out at interest. One thing admits no disputing—what you have not you cannot give! Apparent selfishness is often the purest unselfishness. And I am not sure there can be any finer perennial resolution than to be one's self—one's best self—Home Journal and News.

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THE IRISH

(By A)

The quickest and safest reach a knowledge of the actual situation at the moment, is to take the expression of the leading men in the Imperial Government and press. By bringing together different pronouncements, even if we may not agree with them in full with some of them, we are sure to have the situation as the spirits that animate groups of public men, in their details. One of the most expressions was that of the Dudley, Lord-Lieutenant of at the annual dinner of the College of Surgeons in Dublin seemed to think that Ireland was more encouraging than had been abandoned and he hoped that those responsible for the Government Ireland never again would be so slow to take the treatment which they had long resorted to early in 1901. Ireland had shown a gentleness for a just, final and amicable solution of the land question. I believed that the recent land bill would prove an epoch in the history, the mainspring of the toleration, moderation and operation. With these there was nothing Ireland could accomplish.

Another statement of importance was that of Sir MacDonnell, under-secretary of land, speaking at a meeting in London. After highly praising the port drawn by Lord Dunsany, Irish landlords and tenants as one of the most important documents that had seen the light of day for a generation, he could not divulge the name of the Land Bill, but he said that the Government's Bill was constructed with an honest desire to all concerned, the object of laying the foundation of a lasting peace in Ireland. Already we have told of the election of Mr. John Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party. At the meeting, of course of which he was the resolution was passed to that in view of the rumour of the text of the new land bill, the terms adopted by the conference the party places record as announcing that terms are the lowest that would accept. Irishmen will be the session of Parliament opened at Westminster Tuesday more anxious interest than accorded to any previous within the memory of the generation. For them Wyndham's forthcoming Land Bill, in the language of leading Irish politicians, peace or war." If it embodies principles of the Dunraven type, whereof the most important that providing for tenant with the help of the government measure will receive the support of Nationalists as a body. If it diates the principles of the ven conference, as recent intimations indicate may be the case, Nationalists will attack tooth and nail and the whole land, now settling down, thrown into tumult. Notwithstanding the emphatic assertion of quarters that the Government decided to reject the Dunraven commutations and to franchise on the lines of former bills the leaders of the Nationalists refuse to believe in such a policy. They point to the marces on the part of responsible officials that justify Ireland in for a more radical departure than the beginning of a satisfactory settlement of the question.

As a result of interviews Duke of Abercorn, Lord Dunsany, John Redmond and others, associated Press has compiled a statement of the situation, at the present moment, as regards the finally settle the Irish land question. We may take this as our bird's-eye-view of the situation, pretty exact.

All the interested parties, landlords, Unionists, landowners, are now, for the first time in the history of Ireland, in agreement upon the lines of the Dublin Land Bill. They have also joined in bringing pressure on the Government to make Secretary Wyndham's bill agree in spirit with the recommendations of the Commission, and all indications point to the bill's conceding those demands.

The bill's conceding those demands.

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# THE IRISH SITUATION.

(By An Occasional Correspondent.)

The quickest and safest way to reach a knowledge of the Irish political situation at the present moment, is to take the expressions of the leading men in the field of Imperial Government and politics together. By bringing together their different pronouncements, even though we may not agree with them all, or in full with some of them, still we are sure to have the situation, and the spirits that animate different groups of public men, in its exact details. One of the most important expressions was that of the Earl of Dudley, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, at the annual dinner of the Royal College of Surgeons in Dublin. He seemed to think that Ireland's prospects were most encouraging: Agitation had been abandoned largely, and he hoped that those who were responsible for the Government of Ireland never again would be compelled to enforce the exceptional treatment which they had been obliged to resort to early in 1902. The country had shown a genuine desire for a just, final and amicable solution of the land question, and he believed that the recent land conference would prove an epoch in Irish history, the mainspring thereof being toleration, moderation and co-operation. With these principles there was nothing Ireland could not accomplish.

Another statement of significant importance was that of Sir Anthony MacDonnell, under-secretary for Ireland, speaking at a meeting in Dublin. After highly praising the report drawn by Lord Dunraven's Irish landlords and tenants' conference as one of the most important documents that had seen the light of Ireland for a generation, he said he could not divulge the provisions of the Land Bill, but he could say that the Government's Bill was constructed with an honest desire to do justice to all concerned, and with the object of laying the foundation of a lasting peace in Ireland.

Already we have told of the reelection of Mr. John Redmond as leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party. At the meeting, during the course of which he was re-elected, a resolution was passed to the effect that in view of the rumored intention of the Government to depart in the text of the new land bill from the terms adopted by the recent land conference the party places itself on record as announcing that these terms are the lowest the tenants would accept. Irishmen will follow the session of Parliament which opened at Westminster Tuesday with more anxious interest than has been accorded to any previous session within the memory of the present generation. For their Secretary Wyndham's forthcoming Land Bill contains, in the language of the leading Irish politicians, "either peace or war." If it embodies the principles of the Dunraven conference, whereof the most important that providing for tenant purchase with the help of the government, the measure will receive the support of Nationalists as a body. If it repudiates the principles of the Dunraven conference, as recent unofficial intimations indicate may happen, the Nationalists will attack the bill tooth and nail and the whole of Ireland, now settling down, will be thrown into tumult. Notwithstanding the emphatic assertion in some quarters that the Government has decided to reject the Dunraven recommendations and to frame a measure on the lines of former land bills the leaders of the Nationalists refuse to believe in such a possibility. They point to the many attempts on the part of responsible officials that justify Ireland in hoping for a more radical departure containing the beginning of a final satisfactory settlement of the land question.

As a result of interviews with the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Dunraven, John Redmond and others, the Associated Press has compiled a statement of the situation, at the present moment, as regards the plan to finally settle the Irish land question. We may take this summary, or bird's-eye-view of the situation as pretty exact.

All the interested parties, Nationalists, Unionists, landlords, and tenants, are now, for the first time in the history of Ireland, in agreement upon the lines of the Dublin conference. They have also joined forces in bringing pressure on the Government to make Secretary Wyndham's forthcoming bill agree in spirit with the recommendations of the conference, and all indications point to the bill's conceding these demands.

It will be introduced in Parliament at the end of March, and, if passed, will accomplish what Mr. Redmond and Lord Dunraven agree in saying will be one of the "most extraordinary, peaceful revolutions ever effected." If Mr. Wyndham, for lack of funds or other causes, fails to meet the views of the conference he will have on his hands, to quote Mr. Redmond, "an Ireland such as the world has never seen." In this view such a strong supporter of the Government as the Duke of Abercorn concurs.

Mr. Redmond adds: "If this agreement of keenly opposing parties lacks fulfilment through the Government's refusal there will be twice as many members of Parliament in jail and twice as many counties under the ban of the Crimes Act as there were prior to the present truce. This truce will be continued until the terms of the bill are revealed. A great Nationalist conference, at which Bourke Cockran of New York will be one of the principal speakers, will meet in Dublin in April, to take action on the subject."

The Duke of Abercorn, who is President of the powerful Irish Landlords' Association, which at first declined to join the Earl of Mayo and Lord Dunraven in conferring with the Nationalists, but which later signified its assent, frankly admits that he is amazed at the results achieved and at the "happy topsyturvydom" now prevailing in Irish politics. Asked whether he thought the Nationalists were sincere in their professions of willingness to settle the long-standing grievances by a compromise, the Duke emphatically expressed his belief in their complete sincerity. The Duke could not conceive that the Government would "stand on any quibbles" when the solution of the most serious problem of the empire was within its grasp. He thought the process of changing the holdings from the landlord to the tenant might possibly cost \$3,500,000 annually, adding: "It surely would be cheap at that price."

Neither Mr. Redmond nor Lord Dunraven believe the transfer of the land would involve more than \$1,500,000 annually, and both think that the economies resulting from the cheaper administration would greatly reduce this figure, if they do not eventually quite wipe out the necessity for state aid in the payment of the difference between the maximum price the tenant can afford to pay and the minimum price the landlord can accept.

The Irish Unionist leaders are of the opinion that the whole question might be declared settled in advance if the Government was "not so desperately hard up." In consequence of this lack of funds, Mr. Wyndham's bill will not be introduced until after the presentation of the budget, so that any money to carry out the provisions of the bill will not be included in this year's taxes.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Ritchie, while sympathetic towards Ireland, now faces a more serious financial situation and more bitter protests against overtaxation than have confronted any Chancellor in recent years. The phenomenally small Government majorities since Parliament reassembled are indications of the storm which is brewing over Mr. Ritchie's head. He must also float a new Transvaal loan before Ireland gets an additional penny, and the Government, with reason, is keenly anxious in this respect. Consols recently were at the lowest point reached this year, and inquiries made at Anglo-American banking houses, such as the Morgans, Seligman, and Speyers, reveal the fact that there is no indication of the United States subscribing to a loan. Since the last war was so largely underwritten in New York the international monetary situation has completely changed, and the firms here say the Americans now need their capital for use at home. One financier said:

"If the Government brought out a loan which would really provide means for settling the Irish question, they would get more underwriting than they would know what to do with, both here and in America."

Mr. Redmond was asked if he thought the landlords were in earnest, and he replied: "I have every reason to think they are just as anxious as we are to settle once and for all Ireland's troubles. If Mr. Wyndham brings in a bill on the lines of the decisions arrived at by the Dublin conference the greatest step in the industrial and social history of Ireland will have been ac-

complished. More than that, it will be a most important step towards Home Rule. Under the new system the landlords will live in Ireland, derive benefit from their property, and begin to take a new interest in Irish affairs. They will then see the necessity for an extension of local government and will eventually become as anxious as ourselves to secure Home Rule."

## Another View of the Persecutions of Religions Orders in France.

"Le Journal des Debats," of Paris, contains a protest written by a Protestant against the policy of the government as endangering French interests abroad by the persecution of the religious congregations. The article is in part as follows:—

To give an idea of the blighting loss which this new Radical synodus will inflict on the French nation, it is sufficient to supply a few figures. In China the unauthorized congregations possess 12 hospitals and 1,415 schools, orphanages and colleges frequented by 25,000 children. In Armenia they have 8 hospitals, 15 schools and 2,911 pupils. In the Island of La Sonde 4 hospitals and 222 schools, with 12,443 pupils. In L'Emyrne, on the central plateau of Madagascar, 2,051 schools, with 99,214 pupils, also an astronomical observatory of high repute, and two hospitals, of which one is for leprosy. At Ceylon they have 37 schools, with 1,300 scholars, two industrial schools, two hospitals, and two dispensaries. In Syria they have 193 schools and 14,270 pupils, one hospital, and the celebrated University of Beyrouth, founded under the auspices of Gambetta, and largely subsidised by the French Government. In Mesopotamia there is the delegation of the Holy See, 89 schools or colleges, with 6,000 pupils; the Syro-Chaldaic seminary of Mossoul, the Ecole Normale of Monsignor Yacoub, the Apostolic Delegation of Bagdad, and eight hospitals, where in 1899 more than 30,000 invalids were taken care of. At Jerusalem there is the famous school of biblical studies, the publications of which are regarded as an authority. It is open to all savants, of whatever creed or nationality, and for two years past French Protestants have there perfected themselves in Oriental subjects, in company with German students sent by the professors of the University of Leipzig.

To continue to cite these works of charity or political influence, there is the custody of the Holy Land, which is placed under the French protectorate, and of which the vicar custodian is always French. At Jerusalem there is the hostelry for French pilgrims, two schools kept by the nuns of Notre Dame de Sion. In Egypt there are the 35 schools of the Coptic mission, with 2,000 pupils, and a hospital; in Tripoli the schools of the Marist nuns, mostly Alsatians, where the education given is of the highest order. The 22 of the Gallas country, and of Arabia, with their 7 orphanages and dispensaries; the 13 schools and 6 dispensaries of the Nile delta; the school of Pireus, and that of Naxos.

Turning to the north along the eastern basin of the Mediterranean, we find the Seminary of St. Louis; the schools and seminaries of Koum-Kout, of Phanarski, and of Haidar Pasha; on the coast of Asta the schools of Kara Agaicht, near Adrianople; the college and school of Philippiopolis; the schools of Yamboul, of Earna, and of Gallipoli.

The list is already long, but it is far from being exhaustive. To render it anything like complete it would be necessary to cross the ocean and visit the Sandwich Isles, Tahiti and the Marqueses, where the Fathers of the Sacre Coeur, of Picpus, have 68 schools, with 3,371 hospitals, of which the famous one for lepers has been rendered illustrious by the devotion of Father Damien; to visit the Island of Samoa, Fiji, and Solomon; to sail to New Caledonia, the New Hebrides and New Zealand, where the Marists have 229 schools and orphanages, and six hospitals. Then to approach New Guinea and the Isles of Gilbert and Ellice, where the Fathers of the Sacre Coeur of Issandun direct 64 schools, with 3,052 pupils. Thence to travel to South Africa, where the Oblates of St. Francois de Sales of Troyes have eight schools and two dispensaries; to penetrate Natal, where the Oblates of Marie Immaculate have 56 schools or orphanages, and five hospitals or dispensaries. Next to turn towards the Niger and Dahomey, with all the region of the Gold Coast, the Ivory Coast, and the Gulf of Benin, in order to appreciate the invaluable co-operation which is lent to French interests and admini-

stration by the religious of the African Mission from Lyons, with their 88 schools, frequented by 3,525 pupils, their seven schools of agriculture, their 24 hospitals, including four for leprosy, and their two asylums for the aged and infirm.

It is not to say that these thousands of schools founded by the devotion of our religious orders will disappear: Oh! no. There are plenty of people in the world to profit by our faults and follies. Only the spirit will be changed; and while up to this time, France has benefitted by the labors of the orders, for the future Italy, Germany, England and the United States will reap the harvest prepared by our French missions, and once again we shall have labored "pour le roi de Prusse."

## WITH THE SCIENTISTS

KITE FLYING.—At the annual meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society, held recently in London, the President, W. H. Dines, delivered an address on "The Method of Kite Flying from a Steam Vessel and Meteorological Observations Obtained Thereby Off the West Coast of Scotland." The idea of using kites to obtain meteorological observations was said to be one of long standing, having been put forward so long ago as 1749 by Dr. Alexander Watson of Glasgow. In 1883 Mr. Archibald used kites to discover the change of wind velocity with elevation, but the credit of inaugurating the method so extensively used during recent years, most successful at kite flying in America, and who had also pointed out was due to Mr. Rotch, who had been the advantage that could be gained by using a steam vessel for observations at sea. Committees had been appointed by the Royal Meteorological Society and the British Association, with the result that almost daily observations were made during the months of June, July, and August last year, at first from a lighthouse and afterward from the deck of a small steam tug, at Crinan, on the west coast of Scotland. For observations to the height of 4,000 or 5,000 feet, the apparatus required was not costly, but for higher elevations a more extensive outfit was necessary. A detailed description of the apparatus which had been perfected by himself was given by the President, as well as his method of making the observations. A steam engine was found preferable for the winding of the several miles of wire necessary for an ordinary high observation. It was found practicable to procure eight miles of wire in one piece.

A good kite was the most important of all the apparatus, and that recommended was a modified form of the Hargreave kite. In addition to the apparatus, at least three skilled persons were required to assist in the observation, except under the most favorable circumstances. Self-recording instruments were sent up on every occasion when the wind was strong enough; they were hung from the wire, about 200 feet below the kite, and consisted of a self-recording aneroid barometer to give the height, a thermograph, and a self-recording hair hygrometer. These instruments weighed three pounds, and with very light winds could not be sent up. Observations were made to the height of 15,000 feet, and this entailed the use of four kites. At Crinan, with a wind anywhere from the West, the observations might be taken as equivalent to ascents over the Atlantic Ocean. A great uniformity of temperature was found to prevail from hour to hour over the sea, and Mr. Dines gave it as his belief that the daily range of temperature over the ocean is less than 0.5 degrees. Less change of wind direction was found over the sea than over the land. On several occasions it was discovered that the wind was blowing with a velocity of 30 to 40 miles per hour at a height of 1,000 feet when it was almost calm at the surface, and it was generally found that the wind increased slightly with increasing elevation. No sign of any electrical manifestation was ever observed, but means were taken to obviate any interfering cause by electricity.—London Telegraph.

## A NOTED MUSICIAN DEAD.

The death of M. Robert Planquette, who made his name and fame with "Les Cloches de Corneville," is announced. He had in his early struggles as a composer.

Strength must be found in thought or it will never be found in the words. Big-sounding words, without thoughts corresponding, are of no value without effect.

## A LESSON TO TALEBEARERS

Preaching on "Talebearing," Rev. Stephen M. Lyons, rector of St. Mary's Church, Salem, N.J., said:—

1. "Talebearing is a species of distraction, and consists in repeating to another what a third person said about him or her. One servant repeats what another servant said about the lady of the house, one clerk carries the remarks made by another to the employer, a neighbor calls to repeat what another neighbor said about you, a relative comes 'to inform you for your good' of course what your mother-in-law or some other relative remarked concerning you. The talebearer professes to be your special friend and brings you the news 'merely to put you on your guard, for your special good.' The word of God and experience teach that talebearers cause untold harm.

"2. The Bible condemns talebearing. Much self-delusion prevails in regard to the baseness and sinfulness of carrying tales. If talebearers would earnestly reflect on the moral incendiarism started in families and in society by the despicable habit of carrying stories they would surely shrink in fear and trembling at the thought of God's judgment awaiting them. The Holy Ghost declares: 'The talebearer shall defile his own soul.'—Ecl. xxi, 31. But our Lord declares nothing defiled shall enter heaven. It is no excuse to say that tales you carried were true. Would you like your conversations and secret fallings repeated to others? Then do not carry tales, and do not listen to talebearers.

"3. Talebearers cause family quarrels, and hatreds between neighbors which continue for years. Indeed envy, jealousy, pride and the desire to create trouble are the motives that actuate talebearers. Servants, laborers, and clerks often lose their positions, storekeepers their customers and physicians their patients by means of the officious talebearers. The greater part of the dissensions, quarrels, hatreds, family feuds, litigations, estrangements and animosities which weigh so heavily on individuals, families and society generally have their beginning in the imprudent or malicious story carried from one to another by some bad tongues. You see a divided household, a disunited family; what is the cause of it all? Some unseen viper's tongue stole in amongst them; discharging its venom in secret. Again, friends are estranged and neighbors are quarrelling; what led to it all? The evil tongue of a third person, whose thoughtless and uncharitable stories have divided their hearts. 'The tongue of a third person hath disquieted many.'—Ecl. xxviii, 16. Who can tell when the misfortunes brought on families and neighbors by reckless or malicious talebearers will cease? The obligation rests on the talebearers to repair the injuries they have inflicted on their neighbors and relations by their story carrying. 'The whisperer hath troubled many that were at peace.'—Ecl. xxviii, 13. Like Satan with Eve in Paradise story carriers pretend to be your friends. They 'merely come as your friends and tell you for your good what so and so said about you.' But what was said would amount to very little if there were no 'tattlers' and 'wastebodies' to repeat it and turn it into a cause of disturbance. Trifling things are apt to appear important if repeated, and if nearly serious, the injury is greatly increased by repetition. The Bible commands you: 'Hast thou heard a word against thy neighbor? Let it die within thee, trusting that it will not burst thee.'—Ecl. xix, 10. How many sins would be avoided, how much family trouble averted if this command were generally obeyed!

"4. Talebearers bring on themselves the curse of God. They cause many sins of strife, hatred, jealousy, revenge, etc., for which they must answer. By their evil tongues they cause Christians to become enemies of God, and to quarrel and hate one another. The Bible declares: 'The death of (a wicked tongue) is a most evil death; and hell is preferable to it.'—Ecl. xxviii, 25. It is soul-terrifying to reflect on the temporal and spiritual ruin wrought by sinful tongues. The Holy Ghost declares: 'Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have perished by their own tongue.'—Ecl. xxix, 22. Our divine Lord came to bring peace to men of good will, but talebearers strive to nullify God's work and hence the Holy Ghost declares: 'The whisperer and the double-tongued is accursed, for he hath troubled many that were at peace.'—Ecl. xxix, 15.

"5. Talebearing common. If there any community without some glibly gossiper, who as the Bible says: 'being idle, learn to go from house to house, tattlers, and busy-bodies, speaking things which they ought not? They make life very miserable for their neighbors and relatives by wilfully misinterpreting innocent words and actions and carrying distorted stories from one house to another. Some of those unlovely and unlovable characters pretend to be religious. Such ones thereby bring true piety into contempt. The keynote to true piety is charity, love of the brethren, a virtue conspicuous for its absence from the doings and sayings of the talebearers. Such ones are distinguished for a close attention to their neighbors' affairs. Perhaps the reason they do not mind their own business is, as a certain humorist has put it: 'Because they have no business to mind. They have no business to mind if they had a mind to mind it, and no mind to mind their business, if they had any business to mind.'

"6. Talebearers make themselves ridiculous and weary their neighbors. The Bible declares: 'The talebearer shall be hated by all.'—Ecl. xxi, 31. One of the ancients used to say that 'the best men were those who spoke least.' If talebearers suffered as much themselves as they make others suffer they would be soon cured. One of the plagues of families and of society is being pestered with those sponge-like natures, always ready to be filled and emptied, from whom the slightest pressure squeezes out all that is in them, until those who are in their neighborhood run the risk of being deluged. Woe to all who have to remain under those dripping eaves!

"7. Resolution. Pray with the Psalmist: 'Set a watch, O God, before my mouth.'—Ps. cxi, 3. Keep a constant watch over your tongue and be as careful in choosing your words as you are in selecting the food you eat and your lives will be free from anguish. 'He that keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from distress.'—Prov. xxi, 23. Daily experience teaches that we cannot take too many precautions to bridle the tongue; frail nature is ever leading us to talk of ourselves and others in a way that is compromising to our consciences and to our interests. 'The silent and wise man shall be honored.'—Ecl. xxi, 31."

## Secret Weddings Denounced.

The rector of St. Paul's Church, Jersey City, the Rev. Father Schacken spoke recently on the question of secret marriages. Father Schacken has frequently expressed his opinion on this subject, and bitterly denounced them. He says that people contemplating matrimony should come out boldly and make the fact known. "Marriage," he said, "is not a thing to be ashamed of. It is a holy state and something to be proud of, and something that no right thinking people will conceal. Some of our young people seem to think that a secret wedding is a rather romantic affair, and for that reason they are led to plan and carry out these marriages even though they know they are doing wrong. We, of course, cannot expect the young folks to possess the wisdom and discretion of those of more mature years. Young people are more prone to commit foolish acts than older people. This is to a certain extent a matter of nature. However, it behooves the parents of children, and especially those who in their own minds think they are old enough to take upon themselves the responsibilities of matrimony, to impress upon the minds of their offspring the knowledge that a marriage is a most important and serious step, and a step that should be taken only after careful consideration.

"It has been my experience that these marriages contracted without the knowledge of the parents of those entering into the matrimonial state in a majority of instances have turned out unhappily. This is because the young people have much more of the romantic in their make-up than common sense. Before the wedding everything appears rosy. A few weeks of married life and the glamour wears off. Then they both make the discovery that they have made a serious mistake. They are forced to form the conclusion that they are entirely unsuited for each other. Then follows a miserable existence for both of them. The endings of many of these so-called romances are not infrequently sad.

"To prevent as much as possible these secret weddings, clergymen of all denominations should thoroughly investigate all marriage applications. If they, as well as other people who have the right to perform marriage ceremonies, would be a trifle more careful in the matter of promiscuous marrying, there would be a great many less unhappy people in the world."

Great Conversion Movement.

(From Catholic Times, Liverpool.)

This time it is not an imaginary "Revolt from Rome," but a real revolt to her. The enterprising Non-conformist "Morning Leader" has scored a victory over its contemporaries by placing before the public the news that a large proportion of the regular worshippers of St. Michael's Anglican Church, Shoreditch, had as it were with one leap got over the gulf between the ancient Church and that established by Act of Parliament, for on Sunday last about one-half the numbers who frequented the church of the Establishment, with their children, assisted at the various Masses and at the evening service in the new Church of St. Mary, Eldon street, Moorfields, E.C. It is not within our province here to go into the misunderstandings between the Vicar of St. Michael's and the Anglican Bishop of London; it will suffice to say that the Rev. Mr. Evans refused peremptorily to give up the invocation of saints and other Catholic practices; hence the breach! The "Leader" in its issue of Tuesday stated that "some of the late members of St. Michael's congregation were to be received in the Church of Rome at Farm street." The writer was mistaken, for the Catholic Church does not receive into her bosom persons who come to the years of understanding without due instruction and preparation.

Our representative writes: I called upon the Very Rev. Canon William Fleming, M.R., St. Mary's, Moorfields, E.C., on Tuesday evening. The Canon was busily engaged in his library, but when he had been informed that I represented the "Catholic Times" I was received most kindly. After I had briefly explained the object of my visit Canon Fleming said that the clergy of St. Michael's and himself had been always on friendly terms. He had great respect for the clergy of St. Michael's on account of the good work they were doing in their parish - genuine good work, visiting the poor, and so on. Whenever he met "Father Evans," as he was fondly called, and his assistant clergy, they acted in a friendly spirit towards him.

"May I ask if 'Father Evans' took any part in last Sunday's proceedings?"

"None whatever," was the prompt reply. "It was simply a spontaneous act on the part of the congregation of St. Michael's, who had already stated their determination that if 'Father Evans' were compelled to leave St. Michael's they would go in a body to St. Mary's, Moorfields."

"The Rev. Mr. Evans was a favorite with his people?"

"Yes; as I have said, he has been a zealous worker. When I heard of the determination of his people, although the new Church of St. Mary is not yet open - for, as you have seen, workmen are now on the premises - I saw that if they wished to come on Sunday last they would have the exclusive right to come; and they did come."

"How many services were there on Sunday last, then, in the unfinished church?"

"Four. There was Mass at 8 a.m., which was attended by only eleven persons - adults. At 11.15 there were 115 persons present, and at 3 p.m. over sixty children came up from St. Michael's, marched by their teachers, for catechetical instruction, after which I gave Benediction myself. I could not help remarking the training - Catholic training, apparently - which the children appeared to give evidence of. They sang Catholic hymns in a perfect manner."

"Well, as to the evening, Canon?"

"There were about three hundred people in the Church in the evening. There were several Catholics present, of course, but I managed to put all the regular members of the congregation on the organ gallery; they are not included in the number I have stated. We sincerely hope there will be a very large number present next Sunday, and we trust that Catholics will not come to deprive others of accommodation, as the Church can only hold about four hundred. If people come who do not belong to the mission, the members of St. Michael's congregation, whom we are anxious to welcome with open arms, would no doubt be inconvenienced."

"Just one word more, Canon. Was 'Father Evans,' as the rector of St. Michael's has been known, present on Sunday?"

of the services, and I wish it to be distinctly understood - I am sure the "Catholic Times" will convey this statement to the public - that 'Father Evans' never suggested that any of his congregation should come to St. Mary's."

"One word more, Canon, and I am done. It is not true metaphorically, not to say literally, that the children, as has been said, came blindfolded to St. Mary's?"

"Why," with a hearty laugh, "the suggestion is nonsense; for months ago they said that if 'Father Evans' were to leave the world in a body raise their banners and march to St. Mary's."

The Rev. Father Theed, M.A., whom our representative saw later, had been up to a few years ago a Church of England clergyman, and on Sunday last he celebrated the last Mass at St. Mary's, Moorfields; it was one of the happiest moments of his life. Referring to the "Rome-ward" movement, he said that statements in the "Morning Leader" as to "beating up" the parish of St. Michael's, or something to that effect, were utterly groundless. He could vouch for the fact that no priest whatsoever visited a single member of St. Michael's congregation, and would go further by saying that no one in behalf of the priests did so. It was stated in the same paper that people were to be received into the Church at Farm street that day, but so far as he knew that would be impossible, for they should first be properly instructed. "We were all greatly edified," said Father Theed, "with the children, who were not babies - their ages varied from 10 to 14 - and a good deal more, if I am not mistaken, will be heard of them yet, please God. It is a gross untruth to say that the children were 'spirited off' - it is a statement utterly without foundation."

Notes From Scotland.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.- Preparation are already being made in Catholic and Irish circles for the proper celebration of St. Patrick's Day in the West of Scotland. The two most notable features in a secular sense will be the series of school children's entertainments and the various big political gatherings contemplated.

DEATH OF A PRIEST.-The sad news by cable from Australia last week of the lamented death of Father James Mackintosh, late Administrator of St. Andrew's Cathedral, came as a painful shock to the clergy and laity of the West of Scotland, and cast quite a deep gloom over the various missions where he had at one time served. Further particulars by mail are anxiously awaited. The parishioners of St. Andrew's and the Catholics of Saltcoats and Pollokshaws in particular deeply deplore his demise at the comparatively early age of 53.-R.I.P.

ST. PETER'S NEW CHURCH.- St. Peter's new Catholic Church, Partick, which was formally opened by His Grace Archbishop Maguire last Sunday, is designed in the early decorative style. The nave, which is 104 feet in length, consists of seven bays, and the chancel, divided from the nave by a channel arch, is 34 feet long, making the total length of the building, internal measurement, 138 feet. There are two chapels, one on the Gospel and the other on the Epistle side. These are approached from the chancel through arches. Each chapel is lit by a rose window over the altar. The western facade, which forms a fine feature of the edifice, faces Hyndland street. The gable is pierced with three windows - one single window in centre about 27 feet high, and two high windows on each side, with tracery head, which thus gives a splendid flood of light to the church. There are four doors to Hyndland street, and a gallery is provided at the west end for the organ and choir. The confessionals are placed on the south of the aisles and are entered through doors in the aisle walls. The dimensions of the church are as follows: Internal length, 138 feet; width of nave, 28 feet; total width from aisle wall to aisle wall, 60 feet; and height from floor to apex of roof, 62 feet. The presbytery, situated at the corner of Hyndland and Clarendon streets, has two flats, and has been built to accommodate five clergymen. Red stone has been used throughout the buildings, which were designed by Messrs. Pugin and Pugin, of London. The church and presbytery form one of the most picturesque groups of ecclesiastical buildings in the city. The church is lighted with electricity.

CATHOLIC WORKING BOYS.- The following is the report for the year 1902 of this Home. Since our last report was issued the number of boys in the Home has largely increased. Repeatedly has the Home been taxed to its utmost limits to find accommodation for the number of boys who sought admission, and the committee regret that, owing to the want of space, they were unable to receive many boys for whom the various institutions made application. Every credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Finlay, our superintendent and matron, for their work during the nine months they have been in our employment. While the income from the boys has been largely increased, the expenditure, on the other hand, has been kept within all reasonable bounds, and although the number of boys in residence has almost doubled, yet the maintenance account has been greatly reduced. While this satisfactory result is in a great measure due to their careful management, yet the committee, owing to their increased numbers, are enabled to give a more careful supervision to the working of the Home by their constant and regular visiting every week. During the past year fifty-seven boys have been dealt with by the Home. Of this number twenty-eight are now residing in the Home, and all are working except one. We are doing our utmost to get the boys apprenticed to some useful trade, and thanks to our energetic superintendent we have been successful in placing twenty-four to the following trades: Bakers, copper-smiths, printers, joiners, tailors, coopers, blacksmiths, painters, etc. There are fourteen boys earning their maintenance, and ten of these have money lying to their credit; and there are fourteen who do not earn sufficient to pay their way. Of the boys who left, seven were expelled; two were sent back to the reformatory, one sent to Ireland, one to England. Twelve left to reside with friends, and the report from these is that seven are doing well. Nothing is known of the remainder. The health of the boys has been fairly good during the past year. There have been no cases of serious illnesses among them, and the committee thank Dr. Patrick Smith for his gratuitous attendance upon the boys. We also thank the clergy of St. Patrick's for their allowing the boys the free use of the rooms of St. Patrick's Boys' Guild, with whom they fraternise, and with whom they all receive Holy Communion monthly. On the whole, the committee have every reason to be satisfied with the work of the year. Economy has been a great feature of the management. The Home is in a flourishing condition in all ways. The boys are eager to embrace the opportunities placed at their disposal by the committee to improve their condition, and the staff are only too anxious to make everything about the Home what it should be bright, clean, cheerful, and comfortable. The Home is nearly full, and if the work is to be extended additional accommodation will require to be provided.-Catholic Times.

Every-Day Heroes.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Under the heading "A Priest Hero," one of our exchanges gives an extract from an editorial that is said to be a "striking tribute to the heroic conduct of Father James Martin, of Pittsburg. Although the extract makes no mention whatsoever of Father Martin still there are some remarks in the article that are well deserving of attention. The author, or writer, is Col. W. C. P. Breckridge, the famous orator and Congressman of Kentucky. Colonel Breckridge is editor of the "Morning Herald," of Lexington. It is specially mentioned that the editor is not a Catholic. His father was a Presbyterian minister, who once had warm controversies with the Catholics of his place. This note is given, we suppose, to render more emphatic Col. Breckridge's tribute to the Catholic priest; which tribute we cannot appreciate, for the good reason that we never read it. But, in connection therewith, we have the following:-

"We hear much of this being the material age of the world - that the idol of this generation is the almighty dollar and for it alone will men strive and starve, and, if need be, die; that selfishness rules and heroism is sneered at as obsolete. There never was a grosser and more gratuitous falsehood. The world has never known a more heroic, unselfish and courageous age than this in which we have the unspeakable good fortune to live and act. The heroism of this day is so universal, so common and so often exhibited that it really makes no impression upon us as we read of it in the daily papers or see of it in our daily lives. It may seem an exaggeration to say that to-day every one is in nature and possibility a hero; and yet it would not be far wrong. There is not a day in which numerous acts of daring heroism are not performed. Who ever hears of a cowardly engineer, fireman, brakeman or conductor on a railroad train? Where has a pilot or officer of a steamship failed to risk his life? When volunteer physicians, nurses or helpers are called, was there lately ever a failure to fill the call? We speak not of soldiers and officers - for these are trained to face death - but in the plainest, commonest walks of life every man meets unexpected danger with coolness, courage and unquestioning duty. Fireman, policeman, policeman, nurses - men and women of humble means and meager wages accept their employment with the tacit stipulation that they are to die well if death confronts them in their line of duty."

Even though there were never a word about the heroic priest, whose conduct is so highly spoken of. Still there is sufficient in the foregoing passages to cause the serious to reflect. There can be no doubt that every one of us is at the mercy or rather under the protection of some fellow-being, at every hour in the twenty-four. It is not necessary that we should travel by train or boat in order that our lives may be in constant peril. Every night, the policeman who walks his chilly beat is there to protect and guard us. If, at a given moment, fire should break out in our house, we are entirely dependent for the property that we possess, and may be the lives that we enjoy, upon the heroism of the fireman. If we go down town in an electric car, we are under the guardianship of the motorman. A careless moment, a false movement, a lack of nerve at the proper instant, and a collision may result. If we are walking along the street, or sitting in our office, or taking our meals, or sleeping in our bed, or praying in the Church, at each moment we are in the presence of death - and we are protected by some one or other of our fellow-creatures. If disease of a contagious character comes into our home, we have to depend upon the bravery, the self-sacrifice, the real heroism of physician and nurse. Were they not prepared to face the danger, and to risk the fatal consequences, we would be left to die unaided, unassisted, unrelieved.

The man who goes down into the mine to dig up the ore that men use either as fuel, or for constructions, or for carriage, takes his life in his hands each time that he descends to his work. The man that fells the trees in the forest, "drives" the timber on the streams, or guides the machinery in the mill, is constantly in presence of death. In a word, there is a vast amount of virtue and of good and of heroism in the world that is unrecognized; but the recognition must eventually come.

Every-Day Heroes.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Under the heading "A Priest Hero," one of our exchanges gives an extract from an editorial that is said to be a "striking tribute to the heroic conduct of Father James Martin, of Pittsburg. Although the extract makes no mention whatsoever of Father Martin still there are some remarks in the article that are well deserving of attention. The author, or writer, is Col. W. C. P. Breckridge, the famous orator and Congressman of Kentucky. Colonel Breckridge is editor of the "Morning Herald," of Lexington. It is specially mentioned that the editor is not a Catholic. His father was a Presbyterian minister, who once had warm controversies with the Catholics of his place. This note is given, we suppose, to render more emphatic Col. Breckridge's tribute to the Catholic priest; which tribute we cannot appreciate, for the good reason that we never read it. But, in connection therewith, we have the following:-

"We hear much of this being the material age of the world - that the idol of this generation is the almighty dollar and for it alone will men strive and starve, and, if need be, die; that selfishness rules and heroism is sneered at as obsolete. There never was a grosser and more gratuitous falsehood. The world has never known a more heroic, unselfish and courageous age than this in which we have the unspeakable good fortune to live and act. The heroism of this day is so universal, so common and so often exhibited that it really makes no impression upon us as we read of it in the daily papers or see of it in our daily lives. It may seem an exaggeration to say that to-day every one is in nature and possibility a hero; and yet it would not be far wrong. There is not a day in which numerous acts of daring heroism are not performed. Who ever hears of a cowardly engineer, fireman, brakeman or conductor on a railroad train? Where has a pilot or officer of a steamship failed to risk his life? When volunteer physicians, nurses or helpers are called, was there lately ever a failure to fill the call? We speak not of soldiers and officers - for these are trained to face death - but in the plainest, commonest walks of life every man meets unexpected danger with coolness, courage and unquestioning duty. Fireman, policeman, policeman, nurses - men and women of humble means and meager wages accept their employment with the tacit stipulation that they are to die well if death confronts them in their line of duty."

Even though there were never a word about the heroic priest, whose conduct is so highly spoken of. Still there is sufficient in the foregoing passages to cause the serious to reflect. There can be no doubt that every one of us is at the mercy or rather under the protection of some fellow-being, at every hour in the twenty-four. It is not necessary that we should travel by train or boat in order that our lives may be in constant peril. Every night, the policeman who walks his chilly beat is there to protect and guard us. If, at a given moment, fire should break out in our house, we are entirely dependent for the property that we possess, and may be the lives that we enjoy, upon the heroism of the fireman. If we go down town in an electric car, we are under the guardianship of the motorman. A careless moment, a false movement, a lack of nerve at the proper instant, and a collision may result. If we are walking along the street, or sitting in our office, or taking our meals, or sleeping in our bed, or praying in the Church, at each moment we are in the presence of death - and we are protected by some one or other of our fellow-creatures. If disease of a contagious character comes into our home, we have to depend upon the bravery, the self-sacrifice, the real heroism of physician and nurse. Were they not prepared to face the danger, and to risk the fatal consequences, we would be left to die unaided, unassisted, unrelieved.

The man who goes down into the mine to dig up the ore that men use either as fuel, or for constructions, or for carriage, takes his life in his hands each time that he descends to his work. The man that fells the trees in the forest, "drives" the timber on the streams, or guides the machinery in the mill, is constantly in presence of death. In a word, there is a vast amount of virtue and of good and of heroism in the world that is unrecognized; but the recognition must eventually come.

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OUR... THE CHORE BOY... details of the daily life... Lumber-Camp Chore Boy... magazine will furnish a... many of our young readers... are inclined to grumble... asked to help in the house... boys, says the writer, k... thing about doing chores... house and barn, but prof... are not very many who... it means to do chores in... camp. The camp ch... usually a grown man an... to be a strong one, too... place, he must get the fire... that doesn't mean simply... must split it and carry... house. Very often it mea... must fell the trees, chop... into lengths, split them... are small enough to go... stoves, and haul them to... hand-lead. And it takes a... of wood to keep a camp... the men are apt to be... wet when they come in f... work, and they want a re... to sit by. The cook uses... too, for his big cook-stov... at work from early morn... at night, baking and bro... frying and stewing as if... to feed an army. And the chore-boy must... water - water for the men... with, and water for the... dishes, and water for the... and sometimes he has t... quite a long distance, fo... est spring or stream or w... a good deal farther away... would like. He must c... lamps, too, and he must... floor of the building when... sleep, and keep the offic... When the teamsters com... night they must find their... lighted and the barn clean... for the horses. And wne... are working so far from t... that they cannot convenie... back to dinner, the cook... puts up hot lunches for t... ing the meat and potatoe... tables in boxes or big tin... that they will keep warm... the chore boy has to car... provisions out to the men... they may be. Sometimes... them on a sled, and some... they are working along a... it has not yet frozen ove... in a boat. Either way it... other hour or two out of... But perhaps the hardest... his duties is the getting... morning, for he has to... very, very early. His w... begins long before any... must make a fire in the m... ing camp, so that it will... when they get up; and a... the office, where the boss... perhaps the cook will wa... start one in the cook et... when the fires are started... call the teamsters, and se... get out to the barn in ti... and curry and harness the... fore breakfast. Sometimes... be up at three o'clock in... ing, or even earlier. Imagine how it must se... up and go outdoors at su... with the thermometer far... ro, and the air so keen an... it prickles like needles in... trils; with the stars shin... upon you, and the snow... under your feet as you v... to the office, and the da... woods watching you f... round. In some camps the chor... lowed to sleep for an ho... in the daytime, to make... getting up so early, but... If the camp is a rather s... is sometimes required to... all these duties, and to h... besides - paring potatoes... ing dishes, and doing thi... sort. So if you ever get tir... ting wood and kindlings... or milking the cow, or c... fail of water for your r... remember the lumber-ca... boy. He is the one who... to do chores. NELLIE'S SACRIFIC... title of an ingenious and... little story written by... late of St. Patrick's S... ley Falls, R.I., and publ... "Sunday Companion" I... long.



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**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.**

**THE CHORE BOY.**—The following details of the daily life of "The Lumber-Camp Chore Boy," which we take from the "Young People's" magazine will furnish a lesson to many of our young readers who may be inclined to grumble when they are asked to help in the household. Most boys, says the writer, know something about doing chores around the house and barn, but probably there are not very many who know what it means to do chores in a lumber camp. The camp chore-boy is usually a grown man and he needs to be a strong one, too. In the first place, he must get the fire-wood; and that doesn't mean simply that he must split it and carry it into the house. Very often it means that he must fell the trees, chop the trunks into lengths, split them until they are small enough to go into the stoves, and haul them to camp on a hand-sled. And it takes a great deal of wood to keep a camp going, for the men are apt to be cold and wet when they come in from their work, and they want a red-hot stove to sit by. The cook uses a lot of it, too, for his big cook-stove is hard at work from early morning till late at night, baking and boiling and frying and stewing as if it was trying to feed an army.

And the chore-boy must bring the water—water for the men to wash with, and water for washing the dishes, and water for the cooking—and sometimes he has to carry it quite a long distance, for the nearest spring or stream or well may be a good deal farther away than he would like. He must clean the lamps, too, and he must sweep the floor of the building where the men sleep, and keep the office in order.

When the teamsters come in at night they must find their lanterns lighted and the barn clean and ready for the horses. And when the men are working so far from the camp that they cannot conveniently come back to dinner, the cook sometimes puts up hot lunches for them, picking the meat and potatoes and vegetables in boxes or big tin cans so that they will keep warm, and then the chore boy has to carry these provisions out to the men, wherever they may be. Sometimes he takes them on a sled, and sometimes, if they are working along a river and it has not yet frozen over, he goes in a boat. Either way it takes an hour or two out of his day.

But perhaps the hardest part of his duties is the getting up in the morning, for he has to turn out very, very early. His working-day begins long before any one else's. He must make a fire in the men's sleeping camp, so that it will be warm when they get up; and another in the office, where the boss sleeps; and perhaps the cook will want him to start one in the cook stove. And when the fires are started, he must call the teamsters, and see that they get out to the barn in time to feed and curry and harness the horses before breakfast. Sometimes he has to be up at three o'clock in the morning, or even earlier.

Imagine how it must seem to get up and go outdoors at such an hour, with the thermometer far below zero, and the air so keen and cold that it pricks like needles in your nostrils; with the stars shining down upon you, and the snow squeaking under your feet as you walk across to the office, and the dark, silent woods watching you from all around.

In some camps the chore-boy is allowed to sleep for an hour or two in the daytime, to make up for his getting up so early, but not in all. If the camp is a rather small one he is sometimes required to attend to all these duties, and to help the cook besides—paring potatoes, and washing dishes, and doing things of that sort.

So if you ever get tired or splitting wood and kindlings after school or milking the cow, or carrying a pail of water for your mother, just remember the lumber-camp chore-boy. He is the one who really has to do chores.

**NELLIE'S SACRIFICE** is the title of an ingenious and interesting little story written by Mary Collette, of St. Patrick's School, Valley Falls, R.I., and published in the "Sunday Companion." It is as follows:—

"Of course, our room will win the statue," said Alice Rogers.

"Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," Miss Alice. "There's many a slip, you know; and the other grades will work might and main," said Rosalie Moorey.

"Well, there's the sure thing, we'll never get vain over it, if we do win. Sister Rosina said this morning: 'Do your very best, and then remember you are simply doing your duty. If it is done purely for God and our Lady your reward is sure,'" and Margaret Connors imitated the Sister's voice and manner to perfection.

Sister Rosina, coming in at this moment, smiling, said: "Well, Margaret, if Robert Burns had taught school he need never have written those famous lines"

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us To see oursels as ithers see us!"

Margaret blushed, and with a merry laugh the girls went to their desks to prepare for class.

It was the pupils of the ninth grade, St. Peter's School, that held the above conversation. A parish bazaar was in progress and the Pastor had presented a beautiful statue to be contested for by the various rooms, the grade having the greatest number of votes to win the prize.

Of course, the news went home, as all school news goes home, with lightning-like rapidity. Little Nellie Eagan could hardly wait to get in the door before she exclaimed: "Oh, mama, guess what? We are going to have a new Blessed Virgin in our room! I mean I hope and think we are, and, oh, mama, I contribute the five-dollar gold piece Uncle Jim gave me last week? The pupil who brings most votes is going to get a holy picture. Do you think I'll get it, mama?" And her mother received a "bear's hug" that almost took her breath away.

"Nellie, Nellie, my impulsive little girl, sit down and we'll talk about it quietly," said her mother.

When Nellie had removed her hat and cloak and was seated in the little chair at her mother's feet, Mrs. Eagan continued:

"Of course, you may do anything you wish with the birthday gift Uncle James so kindly presented to you. But my little girl is not going to waste her treasure by thinking of the earthly reward, is she?" And the mother's hand rested softly and tenderly upon the young head so busy with its plans and hopes.

"No, mama. I did not think of it in that way. I only thought of having the Blessed Virgin in our room. Do you think it would be better not to contribute?"

"Indeed, I want you to contribute, Nellie; but keep your intention so pure that you will not lose your heavenly reward, even if you gain an earthly one."

Next day Nellie's companions knew that she had a bright golden gift to be brought in the last day of the contest. Sister Rosina must have heard it, too, for she smiled at Nellie when she was saying that generosity is always rewarded.

But the day before the contest closed something happened. Mrs. Eagan sent Nellie to the dressmaker's. Mrs. Brown lived upstairs, in a small tenement, on Snow street. Ascending the stairs softly, Nellie was surprised to hear some one sobbing, and a voice choked with tears moaned:

"If I could only conquer my pride and let the priest know our poverty, we would soon be relieved, but I cannot! I cannot! Oh, baby, if I had five dollars, we would not be put out for the rent to-morrow. Let us kneel and pray that God may send papa work."

Then a woman's voice and a child's united in saying the Hail Mary.

Nellie crept softly downstairs again. She had five dollars in her little purse at that moment. Quick as thought she flew home and, putting the money into a little box, wrote on a paper, "To Mrs. Brown from the Blessed Virgin." Then she hastened back, and stealing upstairs to the door, that was now closed, tied the box to the knob and hurried away.

The next day the contest for the statue closed. Nellie's room won the prize, but she did not receive the

holy picture. Many of the girls looked suspiciously at her. Perhaps her uncle had never given her a gold piece at all; in any case she was very mean, they thought. Even Sister Rosina sighed, and wondered if her most generous little pupil had grown suddenly selfish. All this filled Nellie's proud, sensitive heart with a great load of grief. To be distrusted by those most dear is the bitterest sorrow to an affectionate nature. But Nellie kept back the tears and looked bravely up at the picture of our Lady of Sorrows. Our Blessed Mother understood it all; and she sent a great calm over the hot, passionate young heart that had been throbbing, so painfully.

That night in her old, loved place, at her mother's feet, Nellie poured out the whole story. Only it was too dark she would have seen the tears of joy that filled Mrs. Eagan's eyes.

"Our Lady has helped you to sacrifice what you value most, the good opinion of those you love," she said. "Some day the reward will come."

"I don't care about reward now, mama," Nellie said. "When I looked at that picture I felt strong enough to bear anything and keep still."

During the weeks that followed, Nellie suffered intensely. Not that people meant to be unkind, but Sister Rosina had a disappointed look in her eyes when they rested upon her. The girls kept aloof and she fancied she heard the words "mean" and "stingy" as she passed a crowd. An unusually ill-bred girl sent all the blood to Nellie's face by shouting "sneak," in a coarse, rough voice, after her on the street. Ah! little Nellie, your guardian Angel counted your silence then a real victory.

Christmas Eve came and Mrs. Brown called to ask Sister Rosina to burn a candle near the new statue, in thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin for a great favor. Then she told the story of the gold piece and added:

"The Blessed Mother, indeed, sent luck with it, for on his way to pay the rent, my husband met his old boss and was taken back to the factory to work. This is the precious bit of paper that did it all," and she held out to the Sister the card with Nellie's writing on it. Then it all flashed upon Sister Rosina's mind.

"Dear little generous child, how she must have suffered!" thought Sister.

Christmas morning, Nellie received a beautiful picture of our Lady of Sorrows and some cherished words "in Sister's own writing" on the back. She says she is going to keep it in her prayer book as long as she lives, and have the people put it in her coffin when she is dead. But then, you know, she is still "impulsive Nellie."

**How to Make The Most of Life.**

At an entertainment given under the auspices of St. Vincent de Paul Society, of New York, in Carnegie Hall, Bishop Spalding delivered an address on "How to Make the Most Out of Life." His Lordship said in part:—

"Great wealth degrades in almost every instance. Only the noblest natures can have great possessions and not be degraded by them. They come to live for pleasure. It becomes their business, and then, as it falls, it debases and degrades them and takes away their capacity for loving and their fitness of conscience."

But the mere possession of a reasonable amount of money, enough to supply the necessities of life, in order that man may have opportunity to think and expand in the direction of the things that are really worth while, Bishop Spalding declared to be almost a necessity. He did not take the position that money is accursed; on the other hand, he said it was man's first duty to himself to make himself financially independent, and declared that it behooves all to make at least a livelihood.

"Since our interests seem in the first instance to be material interests," he said, "we must first of all have shelter and clothing and food before we can aspire to think, to love and to hope. Because our material interests seem to identify life largely with wealth and possessions of all sorts we are led to believe that to make the most of life we must get the most of the goods within our reach. And still not many men love money for itself. In the man who built this magnificent hall, for instance, we have an example of a man who acquired wealth beyond the expectations of man and is now more eager to get rid of his money than he was to acquire it."

Bishop Spalding admitted the great power of money and declared that it appeared to be almost the real form of power in our day, "giving the man who possesses it," he said, "a hold on things that neither intellectual power nor faith can give," but he declared that business success alone by no means entitles a man to say he has made much of his life.

"It is the quality of a man's thought by the things he yearns for that you must judge him," he said. "A man may have the wealth of Mr. Carnegie and still be a thief, an idiot and a brute. It is by how much greater a man is than are the things with which he has surrounded himself that he is to be judged. It is not what you have but what you are."

"Think what it is you most want. Is it a million dollars? Then you are merely a material man. If your habitual thought is of pleasure, of eating and drinking, how are you better than a brute? The basis of your life is your business, I admit, but out of that you must rise if you are to make much out of life. Adherence to principle and righteousness are of the first importance in getting the most out of life."

**Inhuman Treatment Of Children.**

The greed for gold makes many men hard-hearted, if not vicious. Sometimes events transpire that draw the curtain and exhibit actual scenes on the stage of life that surpass the powers of fiction. "Man's inhumanity to man hath made countless thousands mourn."

There have been many dramatic introductions by the strike to frightful scenes in the coal regions. Nor do all of them relate to coal miners. The silk-mill children came in for a share of absorbing interest by the commission in session at Scranton, Pa. Public indignation was aroused and press and pulpit joined in giving publicity to the sad condition of child labor in the silk-mills.

"We actually find the flesh and blood of little girls coined into money," exclaimed Judge Gray, as the children stood before the commission. "This matter of night labor by young girls," he continued, "should be thoroughly investigated by those who will not shirk the work, and the result of the investigation should be made known in every part of Pennsylvania." This work has been done. It only remains for the legislators to make good the laws which have just been sent to them.

We can hardly realize that such conditions could prevail in the United States and in this boasted twentieth century. A correspondent of

the Boston "Transcript" gives us a pen picture of the scene.

"There have been other breathless moments at the hearings of the Strike Commission, but none so intense as when eleven-year-old Helen Sissack and Theresa McDermott and Rosa Zinka sat in the witness chair and wonderingly told the story of their lives. Every one of the seven commissioners arose to his feet and strained toward the children. The crowded court became as still as a summer night; not a dress rustled, not a foot scraped; the childish voices were heard in every corner. Chairman Gray asked most of the questions. The children spoke simply and frankly, as children will, much puzzled as to why so many people were interested in them. They did not understand that seventeen thousand little girls under sixteen years of age who toil in the great silk mills and lace factories of central Pennsylvania were speaking through them. When they told of leaving their homes at the hour when day glides into night to report at the factories at half-past six, and of how the long hours of the night were spent until half-past six in the morning when they, tired and half asleep, dragged back across the fields or through the streets of the scattered town to their beds—they did not appreciate the exclamations of amazement that escaped from the listeners or realize that their words meant the emancipation of nearly four thousand child workers from night labor."

The men in control of mills where children work do not want any "tinkering with existing conditions." If there be any interference with the system they threaten a migration to other states where labor conditions from their point of view are more satisfactory. That means where there is less restriction and where child slavery is nurtured. But where will they go? They ought to "get off the earth" if they seek more liberty to grind young lives to death. One child said:—

"When I first went to work at night the long standing hurt me very much. My feet burned so that I cried. My knees hurt me worse than my feet and my back pained all of the time. Mother cried when I told her how I suffered, and that made me feel so badly that I did not tell her any more. It does not hurt so much now, but I feel tired all the time. I do not feel near as tired, though, as I did the time when I worked all night. My eyes hurt me, too, from watching the threads at night. The doctor said they would be ruined if I did not stop the night work. After watching the threads for a long time I could see threads everywhere. When I looked at other things there were threads running cross them. Sometimes I felt as though the threads were cutting my eyes."

The physical ailments are naturally many among these children, and the expectancy of life under such conditions is at a very low percentage. The moral conditions are worse than the physical.

According to the State factory inspector there are something over 17,000 girls between the ages of thirteen and sixteen who work in the manufacturing establishments of the State of Pennsylvania. Of this number approximately 4,000 work all night in the textile mills, and it was estimated at the beginning of this investigation that nearly fifty per cent. of these are under thirteen years of age.

The age limit for such work should be raised at least to sixteen years. In the mean time let us not boast too much of our superiority over the effete East. There are weeds in our garden.—Cleveland Catholic Universe.

**THE SECRET OF HEALTH.**

**Is Pure, Rich, Red Blood and Strong Nerves.**

You can always tell anaemic men and women. They are pale, weak and languid—the victims of headaches and backaches, easily tired and always averse to exertion. They can't eat, or they can't digest what they do eat. Their unstrung nerves kill sleep; their temper is irritable; their vitality vanishes. And it all comes from poor blood and unstrung nerves. You can promptly banish anaemia by enriching your blood and toning-up your nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They bring good appetite, sound sleep, bright spirits and perfect health. They are incomparably the greatest health-giving medicine that science has yet discovered. All over the world, grateful people prove the truth of these statements. Miss A. M. Tuckey, Oxford, Ont., says:—"I do not know what would have become of me had

it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was troubled with headaches, dizziness and general prostration. Eventually, I became so weak I could scarcely move about. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I soon began to find great benefit from them, and after taking them for a few weeks, all my old strength and health returned."

Don't waste time and money experimenting with other medicines, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will surely make you well. You can get them from any dealer in medicine, or by post paid, at 50c per box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Stage Irishmen and St. Patrick's Day Celebrations.**

At the regular monthly meeting of the Hibernian Total Abstinence Association, held at Rathbone Hall, Boston, recently says the Boston "Sacred Heart Review," the celebration of St. Patrick's Day by societies of Irish people in America was earnestly discussed, and the various abuses which unfortunately creep into such celebrations were heartily condemned. In view of the solemnity and importance of Ireland's national festival, and the necessity for celebrating it in a manner worthy of the Irish race and the Catholic religion, the Association decided to issue the following circular to all Irish societies:—

694 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

Third Sunday February, 1903.

Members of the A. O. H. and L.A.A.:

Brother Hibernians,—As you are no doubt aware, there is on foot at present a movement for the suppression of the "stage Irishman," a movement, in other words, to put an end to the vulgar caricature which grossly misrepresents the Irish character.

This does not refer solely to professional actors on the public stage. It is aimed, also, at the imitation actors, the amateur singers or speakers, who at meetings and celebrations conducted by Irish societies, have hitherto indulged in low and vulgar songs, and recitations supposed to be funny.

Irish men and women have tolerated this sort of thing too long. Irish societies—even the A.O.H.—are not without blame. They have allowed themselves to be insulted only too often by the so-called Irish comic songs and recitations flung in their faces by their own members or by outside "talent."

All this is most unworthy of us who are Irish in name and Catholic in faith, and the time has come to take a determined stand against such a degrading proceeding, and to see that it is no longer allowed.

St. Patrick's Day is approaching, and an excellent opportunity will be given to every division planning a celebration to do something toward abolishing the "stage Irishman." If your Division is to give an entertainment in honor of St. Patrick's Day, we appeal to you not to place any number on the programme which would be a reflection on the Irish race. The cheap, comic song of the vaudeville show should be omitted, and also that class of recitation or story which makes our people ridiculous. Only such numbers as are worthy to be given in a company of high-minded Irish men or women should be allowed to pass.

One more point. It has been only too sadly proved by experience that intoxicating drink is at the root of nearly all the desecration of Ireland's day. We feel that every fair-minded Hibernian, whether total abstainer or moderate drinker, will assent to this.

Therefore, we appeal to you to keep intoxicating drink out of our meeting halls during your celebration of St. Patrick's Day.

No gathering of Irishmen worthy of the name should desecrate this national festival, sacred to faith and fatherland, with a celebration in any way unworthy of their race and religion.

Yours fraternally,

THE HIBERNIAN TOTAL ABSTINENCE ASSOCIATION.

MAURICE DINEEN, President.

BRIDGET L. BARRETT, Secretary.

REV. DENIS F. LEE, Chaplain.

**Premium TO Subscribers.**

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 3 new Subscribers to the True Witness.

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

SELF-MADE MEN.

At the closing lesson of the Rock-hampton Catholic Young Men's Society His Lordship Dr. Higgins delivered an address on the importance of habits of industry and self-reliance in young men, and sketched the career of some distinguished men of Antioch and Athens His Lordship went on to say:-

In the sixteenth century the Church was ruled by a Pope who has left the impress of his genius so stamped upon the character of his age that no lapse of time is likely to obliterate it. He was, in the truest sense of the expression, the carver-under God-of his own fortunes, and seldom has the achievement been accomplished with more remarkable success or accompanied with more interesting evidence of what steadiness of purpose can do when combined with intellectual ability. Felix Peretti, who afterwards became so well known to the world as Sixtus V., was the son of a gardener who lived in a small village on the Adriatic coast called Grottomare. His father was so unsuccessful at his trade that his wife was forced to earn her bread as a charwoman, while Felix, the future Pope, was employed, like St. Patrick of old, in herding swine on the slopes of the Apennines. The pittance thus obtained was so appreciated by the father that when it was proposed to send Felix to school he strenuously opposed it. However, he eventually gave way, and thus came to Felix his life's opportunity. He became a pupil in the Augustinian convent school of his native village, where attention to his books and love of work attracted the notice of a certain Franciscan Father who occasionally visited the school. He invited Felix to enter his monastery for the further prosecution of his studies, and thus launched him on that career which eventually carried him to the highest position which any man can occupy in his life—the head of the Catholic Church, the spiritual ruler of 250,000,000 of subjects. He was remarkable for three things in particular, his love for books, his love for architecture, and his love for the fine arts. In obedience to the promptings of his cultured taste, he built the Vatican library, of which it has been said by one of the most distinguished Italians of the present day that "to Italy owes the most splendid of her glories and the preservation and recovery of her classic art and culture, and not infrequently her priority in all kinds of literature and science." His architectural tastes were exemplified in the unrivalled magnificence with which he embellished the great buildings of the Eternal City, and especially in his having carried into effect the proud boast of Michael Angelo that he would suspend in mid-air the great dome of the Pantheon. It was considered at the time of its utterance an idle boast which nothing short of a miracle could accomplish, yet the little swine-herd boy of Montalto did it, contributing 100,000 gold crowns annually towards the work, employing 600 workmen day and night on its execution until the dome of St. Peter's was placed where it stands to-day, the architectural wonder of the world.

"The vast and ponderous dome To which Dianan's temple is a cell."

Such was the triumph achieved by the poor of Grottomare, who had no friends or patrons of rich relations. But he had confidence in God, indomitable energy, great natural gifts and a fixed purpose to turn these gifts to account, and these will always constitute a stronger guarantee of abiding success than any amount of factitious aid borrowed from wealth and influence.

All have heard, I feel sure, of Henry the Eighth's great Cardinal. The story that he was the son of a butcher is generally discredited, but the poet tells us that he was one who, "though fashioned to much honor, was a humble stock." However, he had what goes much further to make true greatness than either rank or riches. He had talents and a determination to employ them. From the Grammar School at Ipswich he passed to the University of Oxford, where, winning his B.A. at 15 years of age, he became known as the "Boy Bachelor." Similar success attended upon his further efforts, and in due time we find him stilled as Royal Chaplain to the Court. "Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading," his subsequent greatness is familiar to every schoolboy. As Lord High Chancellor of England, Cardinal and Legate he became the

greatest man in England next to the King, and one of the greatest in Europe. The Venetian Ambassador of the time is said to have declared that he was seven times more powerful than the Pope. His household was a marvel of courtly splendor. It comprised 800 inmates, amongst whom were to be found the representatives of the proudest counties of the kingdom, who felt it their interest to court the favor and win the patronage of him who was the dispenser of the great emoluments of the nation.

In the annals of the fine arts there is no name more honored than that of Giotto di Bondone, and in him we have another interesting instance of great renown springing from a humble source. He was the son of a poor Italian shepherd, and employed by his father in caring sheep on the slopes of a Tuscan mountain. While thus engaged he obeyed the promptings of his artistic genius by drawing rude sketches of the sheep and the trees around on fragments of smooth stones. One of these sketches—the outlines of a lamb—was brought to Cimabue, the father of modern painting, and impressed him so much by its merit that he sent for the boy and invited him to a place in his studio. Thus commenced a career in the domain of painters and architecture whose triumphs have not yet been surpassed. His works became the coveted artistic gems of the age, and Popes and kings and nobles vied with each other for their possession. His genius as an architect was not less brilliant. He was the designer of the famous Campanile of Florence, which is described as a "serene height of mountain alabaster colored like a cloud and chased like a sea-shell." This marvellous structure so roused the enthusiasm of Ruskin that in treating of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" he declares that they are all combined, and in their highest possible relative degrees, in only one building in the world—the Campanile of Giotto at Florence.

I believe I am correct in saying that William Turner is recognized among the first in the English school of landscape painters. He was the son of a barber who lived in Maiden Lane in London. Happening to accompany his father to the house of a customer, his attention was attracted by the picture of a lion emblazoned on the family coat-of-arms. He was only five years of age at the time, but his budding genius enabled him when he returned home to copy the lion from memory with such accuracy that it decided the character of his future calling. But the poor boy had an ordeal of drudgery to pass through before attaining the goal of his ambition. He was first employed in coloring prints and afterwards skies and back-grounds for architectural designs. But the innate genius and steady purpose of the boy gradually asserted themselves, with the result that eventually, after long and patient waiting, at 24 years of age he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. This stamped the impress of authority upon his fame, which his after career fully justified. Ruskin has said of him that none before him had lifted the veil from the face of nature, and it is generally admitted that no landscape painter has yet appeared with so great a versatility of talent.

The immortal Canova is the founder of the modern school of sculpture in Italy. His father was a stone-cutter in an obscure Venetian village, and died when his son was only three years of age. Losing a mother's care about the same time, he became truly friendless in the world. But the little fellow's taste for stone-carving attracted the attention of a Venetian nobleman, who procured him a place in the studio of a local sculptor, and his own forte of genius did the rest. He rose gradually in public repute until he became curator of the works of art in the Papal States and revelled in the fulfilment of his duties.

If I turn to poetry for an illustration of my theme the name of William Shakespeare will immediately suggest itself. His father was a glover, and does not seem to have been very successful in life, for the son was withdrawn from school in his fourteenth year. After this he is said to have filled the position of a butcher's boy, an attorney's clerk, a groom at a London theatre, where he took care of the playgoers' horses, and finally a prompter behind the scenes. But all this brought him his opportunities in the end, and they were not lost upon

him. He had talent, tact, judgment, and determination, and calling all these gifts into play he eventually rose to a position of literary eminence from which he shall never be displaced. He is freely recognized as England's greatest dramatic poet, and in every way worthy of Dryden's tribute that "he was a man who of all modern or ancient poets had the largest and the most comprehensive soul."

There lived in the last century a distinguished scientist whose life should throw a bright light on the subject under consideration. This was the famous astronomer Herschel, who died in 1822. He was a native of Hanover, but came to England at an early age, where it is said he supported himself travelling from town to town as a member of a German band. Eventually he succeeded in obtaining a permanent position at Bath, where he applied himself to his two favorite studies, music and astronomy. His sister tells us that he used to retire every night to his bedroom with Smith's "Harmonies" and Ferguson's "Astronomy" and went to sleep buried under his favorite authors; and his first thought next day would be how he would obtain the instruments that might enable him to see for himself the objects about which he had been reading. This led him to engage in the construction of telescopes, in which he became so much absorbed that in attempting to construct one seven-foot reflector he made no fewer than 200 specular before he attained the perfection he desired. Such earnestness secured the success it deserved, and won for him a high place in the scientific world. He made numerous astronomical discoveries, of which the discovery of the planet Uranus is the most remarkable. He effected important improvements in astronomical instruments, and died at the advanced age of 84 laden with honor and possessed of a considerable fortune.

I fear my long list of self-made men may prove a little tiring to you, and yet these mentioned are only a few of the many to which reference could be no less appropriately made. My selections have been taken exclusively from the intellectual domain, but illustrations no less interesting and instructive could be drawn from the industrial and commercial walks of life. The older members of my audience who, like myself, knew Ireland 40 or 50 years ago, must have heard of the well known coach proprietor, Charles Bianconi, who was the Cobb and Co. of the Emerald Isle some 60 or 70 years ago. As a little Italian boy he came to Ireland at the beginning of the last century and commenced life by selling cheap pictures of the country people. "I shall never forget," he himself writes, "the ludicrous figure I cut in going into the streets with these things in my hand, saying 'Buy, buy!' to every person I met, and when questioned as to the price I was unable to reply except by counting on my fingers the number of pence I wanted." Further on he says: "I travelled with my pack upon my back, which weighed 100 lbs., and frequently walked 20 or 30 miles a day. I was then 17 years old, but I knew neither discouragement nor fatigue, for I felt that I had set to work to become somebody." Having gathered a little money he started the first public conveyance between the towns of Clonmel and Cahir, in the South of Ireland, in the year 1815. Forty years later his coaches ran over a distance of 4,000 miles every day, and brought in an income of £40,000 a year.

I do not think I should conclude these remarks without some passing reference to a few of those triumphs of self-reliance which the political and commercial life of our own country furnish, and which should be more encouraging to you because achieved under more familiar conditions. Perhaps there are few names that will stand out more prominently in the pages of Australian history than that of the late Sir Henry Parkes. The exigencies of home life forced him to leave school at the age of 11 years, and the following 13 years he spent engaged in hard manual labor in the ironworks of Birmingham, coming to Australia in his 24th year he continued at the same laborious occupation for some time, and next appeared working out a livelihood as a toymaker in Hunter street, Sydney. He was a man of great natural talents, much force of character, and indomitable energy. He was a close observer of current events, and sought to supply by private study what the ad-

verse fortune of early life deprived him of. He noted his opportunities and tried to avail of them, with the result that he eventually rose to the highest position open to him in his adopted country.

It is said, I do not know what truth that when the late Mr. Tyson came to this country he had to commence life at the very lowest rung of the commercial ladder. He died possessed of an enormous fortune which has been recognized as the direct fruit of his industry, his shrewdness, and practical common sense. And I have heard of another Australian millionaire, still enjoying the fruits of his early labor, who commented life in Australia—some few years ago—as the driver of a mail car. Will you permit me to close these observations with a short extract from a back number of the Sydney "Catholic Press."

"James Ashton never went to school. He had to work for his living almost from childhood. He is still a young man of 34. And yet he has refused two portfolios. During the Federal campaigns he was one of the most powerful and influential speakers. He has just passed his preliminary examination for the bar. How has he done it? Sir George Dibbs says he has always held that what one man has done another can do. Mr. Ashton would no doubt impart the secret to any member who may take the trouble to inquire. Sir George Dibbs and Mr. Tom Dibbs, general manager of the Commercial Bank, left school at 13. How have they succeeded? They will tell you if you inquire, and their life stories would surely interest our young men. Sir Julian Salomons worked as a boy in a little shop in Sydney, Sir Charles Lilley, late Chief Justice of Queensland, was once a common soldier. The late Sir Henry Parkes was a laborer. The Right Hon. George Reid left school at the age of 14. Henry Copeland, the new Agent-General, worked before the mast when he was a boy. John Fairfax, who founded the "Sydney Morning Herald," was a poor compositor in Sydney. Ex-Attorney-General Want worked in a coal mine. Mr. Justice Real, of Queensland, was a journeyman carpenter in the railway workshops in Ipswich. Sir Cohn O'Shannessy was a drayman in Victoria."

In the achievement of such intellectual and industrial triumphs as these I have recorded, said His Lordship in conclusion, many factors were necessarily called into play. Of these, it may be held that genius must always hold the first place. In this opinion I do not entirely concur. No doubt without intellectual ability of a decided character great progress shall not be made; but at the same time I hold that in the battle of life it does not play the all-important and the all-sufficient part that young men are sometimes apt to imagine. Earnestness of purpose, steadiness in action, determination in following to its legitimate outcome what we engage in, will exercise more influence over the final issue and prove the surer guarantee of success. We have numbers of young men—not a few in this hall, perhaps to-night—possessed of ample talent for great things in the future. But talent will not suffice. We must have the other qualities which act as her faithful and all-necessary handmaids. Young men should be possessed of a legitimate and honorable ambition. They should remember that no matter what a kind and provident parent may have done for them, their future is in their own hands. They must become the shapers of their own destiny, and that destiny will be what they may wisely or unwisely resolve to make it. We live in a thoroughly practical age, when the measures of our success will be the measure of the earnestness with which we shall seek for it. There must not then be any dreaming of castle-building in the air, but steady, practical, and persevering work. There must be uprightness and honesty, truth and fidelity to duty, no matter how lowly that duty may be, and if these are present success must follow. You may not become a millionaire or a Minister of the Crown, but you will become what is no less honorable, a respected member of society and a useful worker for the public good. You will prove yourselves faithful dispensers of the gifts with which God may have blessed you, and as a certain consequence the moulders of a life that must bring to you a happiness, a contentment, and, I hope, a degree of prosperity that will be sweetened by the consciousness that you have striven to do your duty in the spirit of the well known words, "Act well your part: there all the honor lies."—New Zealand Tablet.

MEDICAL NOTES.

NERVOUS IRRITABILITY.—The various forms of indigestion are sometimes only indirectly indicated by symptoms that puzzle the sufferer. A distinctly bloated condition of the stomach after eating is easily diagnosed as indigestion, and also when painful distress of a colic nature is manifest; but these are only a few of the symptoms of malnutrition and non-assimilation of the food. Another symptom commonly experienced is a pressure around the heart, which in some instances contains the direct fruit of his industry, his shrewdness, and practical common sense. And I have heard of another Australian millionaire, still enjoying the fruits of his early labor, who commented life in Australia—some few years ago—as the driver of a mail car. Will you permit me to close these observations with a short extract from a back number of the Sydney "Catholic Press."

But probably one of the most common forms of dyspepsia is the so-called nervous indigestion. Sometimes the nervous, excited condition of the patient is the direct cause of the dyspeptic condition, and again chronic indigestion affects the nerves in a peculiarly subtle way. The nervous person is thus a product of our times and conditions of eating and living. We have developed "nerves" until they are played upon by the slightest form of excitement or irregularity of living. It is no wonder then that we have nervous irritability shown by many people whose disposition otherwise is all that could be desired. It is safe to assume that there is a cause for all nervousness, and it is the duty of one to find out the source of it. Frequently this can be done by the intelligent individual better than by the family physician.

To call special attention to those forms of nervousness either directly or indirectly due to indigestion, it will be necessary to inquire into the nature of the food and drink one is accustomed to. Overindulgence in eating and drinking has its own penalty. Few intelligent people of a weak or nervous disposition can long stand high living. Indigestion and the accumulation of uric acid in the system must inevitably follow, and a long train of complex troubles come in due time to exact payment for the indulgence. But improper eating is almost as direful in its results as overindulgence. In this class the sufferers are not conscious, but ignorant sinners. They sin through lack of knowledge, and nature makes payment just as hard for ignorance as for wilful and deliberate indulgence in the good things of life. There are few people who can mix certain acids in the stomach without suffering. The acids of fruits acting upon rich foods frequently sour them in the stomach. Spices serve as a distinct poison to some people. Fresh bread is the same, and pastry of different kinds. Fruit can be taken the first thing in the morning by almost anyone without harm, but not by all with a hearty meal. Nature demands a generous variety of food, but one must find out what different kinds agree and mix well.

Granting that one is nervous and irritable, and it seems impossible to attribute the cause to any particular form of living, it may be well to inquire into the eating. Of course, if the work is very exacting and confining, the need of more fresh air and pure oxygen may be the prime cause of the trouble; but if moderate daily exercise in the open air is taken the nervousness is due to some other cause. It may be attributed to the diet without the person being conscious of any annoying forms of indigestion. The nervousness is the symptom, and symptoms must be treated before they develop into something more baffling and injurious. When nervousness is caused by indiscreet eating, it tends to react upon the stomach, and in time an attack of nervous indigestion may result which will be hard to deal with.

A complete change of diet for a season will often determine this question. Make it consist of very plain, wholesome foods, eschewing all pastry and rich gravies, and eating only in moderation, preferably often and less in quantity at a time. If after several weeks of such a simple diet, no direct benefits accrue, change once more, selecting liquid foods for the diet to a large extent. Milk, soups and broths will supply sufficient nourishment, with a little toast and a small quantity of meat. If under neither of these diets the system recovers its tone in the least degree, it may be assumed that indigestion is not directly or indirectly the cause of the nervousness. But if the part liquid diet proves beneficial, it should be adopted occasionally to give the stomach a rest, and enable the nerves to recover their tone. It is a fact that many of our nervous disorders are brought about by indigestion, which is caused by eat-

mind or body at a low ebb through overwork, it is natural that the stomach should rebel when filled with a great quantity of food. Dieting at such times is the best way to preserve health. Give the stomach the foods easiest and quickest to digest. In milk and soups we have the ideal foods for such moments of intense strain. They nourish without taxing the digestive organs. With proper eating, good air and moderate exercise, suitable clothes for the season, and sanitary living and sleeping quarters, there should be no reason why the most obstinate case of nervousness should not be gradually cured. But the process is oftentimes slow; so slow, in fact, that many get discouraged before nature is ready to accept the compensation, and once more resume its normal, healthy activity.—Dr. A. S. Atkinson, in Good Housekeeping.

Large Fees for Surgeons

Some interesting sidelights are thrown on the practice and the income of the most eminent surgeon in Austria, through a short statement that the celebrated Dr. Lorenz gave out here in New York the other day. He wished to correct the erroneous impression created in the public mind through certain newspaper reports, to the effect that his visit to this country had been lucrative to him—"yielding upward of \$160,000."

"As a matter of fact," says Dr. Lorenz, "I got one fee of \$30,000, and in the four months that I have been here have earned just that \$30,000. My practice at home in four months is worth that. My trip has been successful ethically, but not materially."

It is plain then—and the American public will be glad to hear it—that this largely philanthropic visit of Dr. Lorenz to the United States has not involved any measure of pecuniary loss by him, or any sacrifice. It ought, however, to have yielded him much more than \$30,000 in money, and then have left the medical profession and the public largely in his debt.

But what will naturally provoke not a little surprise here is the statement of the surgeon as to his income at home. His practice there, he says, is worth as much as \$30,000 in four months—the plain inference from which is that it is not worth any more than \$7,500 a month, or \$90,000 a year. That figure seems almost ridiculously small when the practitioner's wonderful skill and great reputation are considered. In the United States—more especially, perhaps, right here in New York—the same combination of skill and reputation in a surgeon of Dr. Lorenz's pleasing personality would be worth nearer \$500,000 than \$90,000 a year; and he would easily become a millionaire inside of ten years—and would deserve to be one.

The circumstance presents a good illustration of the large way in which we do things in the United States and the small way in which they are done in most parts of Europe. For one operation in Chicago a surgeon gets a fee equal to four months' practice in Austria, involving the exercise or great skill, much hard work, much time, and not a little anxiety. It is extremely doubtful if, outside of royalty and a few families who could be counted on the fingers of one hand, a doctor's fee as high as \$30,000 was ever paid in Europe. It is rare here. But fees reaching up into the thousands are common enough here, and yet Dr. Lorenz has to practice a whole month in Austria in order to earn \$7,500.

All the talents, all the skill in the world are not concentrated here in the United States, but all the world will admit that this is the best market for them.—New York Evening Post.

A BOOKLET ON PATENTS.

We have received from Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, of Montreal, an admirable compendium of condensed information on the subject of patents and everyday statistical data. This little book, entitled "Invention," is just the proper size for the vest pocket, 2 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches, is bound in handsome celluloid covers.

The book is prepared especially for the use of the technical and industrial clients of Messrs. Marion & Marion, and does this enterprising firm much credit. We understand that it is to be had from them by the readers of this paper on request, for 10 cents.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 22nd Feb., 1905.—Males 802, females 21. Irish 161, French 134, English 21. Scotch and other nationalities 17.—Total 335.

THE COL

CHAPTER IV.—Co

Saying this, and often to head as some new commis to his memory, the Munster dilettante" called out of and walked along the granite, humming, as he went, of the popular old song—

"And when I at last must this had covering, Which I have worn for the years and ten, On the brink of the grave seek to keep hovering. Nor my thread wish to again, My face in the glass I'll see, And with smiles come each and furrow, For this old worn-out stuff threadbare to-day, May become everlasting To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow!"

Such, in happier days than was the life of a Munster fiddler, the world is ill adapted to an English reader of the class of persons whom tended to designate, for the and are, in mind and education superior to the persons who that rank in most other classes of persons whom "Opprobrious as the term man" has been rendered in time, it is certain that the formation of the sept was natural and beneficial. When a general promotion of one's place among those who remain. The farmers became men, and the laborers became the former assuming, with the station and influence quick and honorable spirit, of pleasure, and the feudal, which distinguished the totrac archetypes, while the lower classes looked up to the advice and assistance, with feeling of respect and of de which they had once entered the actual proprietors of the The covetousness of landlords selves, in selling leases to the est bidder, without any inquiry his character or fortune, first to throw imputations on the respectable and useful body which, in progress of time, into a popular outcry, and an act of the legislature for gradual extirpation. There now in that class a program as intelligent and high as Mr. Daly.

CHAPTER V.

- HOW KYRLE DALY RODE OUT TO WOO, AND HOW LOWRY LOOBY TOLD HIM SOME STORIES ON THE WAY.

Kyrle Daly had even better than he was willing to insist for doubting his success with Chante. He had been introduced for the first time, in the of the preceding spring, at a ball, and thought her, with the finest girl in the room, had two sets of country dances beaux jours! with her, ravished with her manners; her home at night, and he heart behind him when he left her.

The conquest of his might not have been so peaceful as to disturb his quiet, but he was quickly followed by the same likewise. His subsequent

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN. BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Saying this, and often turning his head as some new commission arose to his memory, the Munster "Middleman" sallied out of his house, and walked along the gravelled avenue, humming, as he went, a verse of the popular old song—

"And when I at last must throw off this bad covering, Which I have worn for three score years and ten, On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again, My face in the glass I'll serenely survey, And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow, For this old worn-out stuff that is threadbare to-day, May become everlasting to-morrow! To-morrow! To-morrow! May become everlasting to-morrow!"

Such, in happier days than ours, was the life of a Munster farmer. Indeed, the word is ill adapted to convey to an English reader an idea of the class of persons whom it is intended to designate, for they were, and are, in mind and education, far superior to the persons who occupy that rank in most other countries. Opprobrious as the term "middleman" has been rendered in our own time, it is certain that the original formation of the sept was both natural and beneficial. When the country was deserted by its gentry, a general promotion of one grade took place among those who remained at home. The farmers became gentlemen, and the laborers became farmers, the former assuming, together with the station and influence, the quick and honorable spirit, the love of pleasure, and the feudal authority, which distinguished their aristocratic archetypes, while the humbler classes looked up to them for advice and assistance, with the same feeling of respect and of dependence which they had once entertained for the actual proprietors of the soil. The covetousness of landlords themselves, in selling leases to the highest bidder, without any inquiry into his character or fortune, first tended to throw imputations on this respectable and useful body of men, which, in progress of time, swelled into a popular outcry, and ended in an act of the legislature for their gradual extirpation. There are few now in that class a prosperous, many as intelligent and high-principled, as Mr. Daly.

CHAPTER V.

HOW KYRLE DALY RODE OUT TO WOO, AND HOW LOWRY LOOBY TOLD HIM SOME STORIES ON THE WAY.

Kyrle Daly had even better grounds than he was willing to insist upon for doubting his success with Anne Chute. He had been introduced to her for the first time, in the course of the preceding spring, at an assize ball, and thought her, with justice, the finest girl in the room, he danced two sets of country dances (ah! ces beaux jours!) with her, and was ravished with her manners; he saw her home at night, and left his heart behind him when he bade her farewell.

acquaintance with the young lady produced a confirmation of his first impressions, from which he neither sought nor hoped to be delivered. The approbation of his parents fixed the closing rivet in the chain which bound him. Mrs. Daly loved Anne Chute for her filial tenderness and devotion, and Mr. Daly, with whom portionless virtue would have met but a tardy and calm acceptance, was struck motionless when he heard that she was to have the mansion and demesne of Castle Chute, which he knew had been held by her father's family at a pepper-corn rent, inasmuch that Kyrle might have said with Lubin in the French comedy, "Il ne tiendra qu'a elle que nous ne soyons maries ensemble."

Nothing, however, in the demeanor of the young lady led him to believe that their acquaintance would be likely to terminate in such a catastrophe. It was true she liked him, for Kyrle was a popular character amongst all his fair acquaintances. He had, in addition to his handsome appearance, that frank and cheerful manner, not unmingled with a certain degree of tenderness and delicacy, which is said to be most successful in opening the female heart. Good nature spoke in his eyes, in his voice, and in "the laughter of his teeth," and he carried around him a certain air of ease and freedom, governed by that happy and instinctive discretion which those who affect the quality in vain attempt to exercise, and always overstep. But he could not avoid seeing that it was as a mere acquaintance he was esteemed by Miss Chute—an intimate, familiar, and, he sometimes flattered himself, a valued one, but still a mere acquaintance. She had even received some of his attentions with a coldness intentionally marked; but as an elegant coldness formed a part of her general manner, the lover, with a lover's willing blindness, would not receive those intimations as he at first thought they were intended.

When the affections are once deeply impressed with the image of beauty, everything in nature that is beautiful to the eyes, musical to the ears, or pleasing to any of the senses, awakens a sympathetic interest within the heart, and strengthens the impression under which it languishes. The loveliness of the day, and of the scenes through which he passed, occasioned a deep access of passion in the breast of our fearful wooer. The sky was mottled over with those small bright clouds which sailors, who look on them as ominous of bad weather, term mackerel; large masses of vapor lay piled above the horizon, and the deep blue openings overhead, which were visible at intervals, appeared streaked with a thin and drifted mist which remained motionless, while the clouds underneath were driven fast across by a wind that was yet unfelt on earth.

The wooded point of land which formed the site of Castle Chute, projected considerably into the broad river, at a distance of many miles from the road on which he now travelled, and formed a point of view, on which the eye, after traversing the extent of water which lay between, reposed with much delight. Several small green islands, and rocks, black with sea-weed, and noisy with the unceasing cry of sea-fowl, diversified the surface of the stream, while the shores were clothed in that graceful variety of shade, and light, and hue, which is peculiar to the season. As Kyrle, with the fidelity of a lover's eye, fixed his gaze on the point of land above mentioned, and on the tall castle which overtopped the elms, and was reflected in the smooth and shining waters underneath, he saw a white sailed pleasure-boat glide under its walls, and stand out again into the bed of the river. A sudden flash shot from her bow, and after the lapse of a few seconds, the report of a gun struck upon his ear. At the same moment, the green flag which hung at the peak of the boat, was lowered in token of courtesy, and soon after hoisted again to its former position. Kyrle, who recognized the Nora Creina, felt a sudden hurry in his spirits at the sight of this telegraphic communication with the family of his beloved. The picture instantly rushed into his mind of the effects produced by this incident in the interior of Castle Chute;—Anne Chute looking up, and starting from her work-table; her mother leaning on her gold-headed cane, and rising

with difficulty from her easy chair, to move towards the window; the cross old steward, Dan Dawley, casting a grim side glance from his desk, through the hall window; the housemaid, Syl Carney, pausing brush in hand, and standing like an evoked spirit, in a cloud of dust, to gaze the admiration of the little pageant; the lifting of the sash, and the waving of a white handkerchief, in answer to the greeting from the water. But could it be visible at that distance? He put spurs to his horse, and rode forward at a brisker rate.

The figure of Lowry Looby, moving forward at a sling trot on the road before him, was the first object that directed his attention from the last-mentioned incident, and turned his thoughts into a merrier channel. The Mercury of the cabins, with a hazel stick for his herpe, and a pair of well-paved brogues for his talaria, jogged forward at a rate which obliged his master to trot at the summit of his speed in order to overtake him. He carried the skirts of his great frieze "riding-coat" under his arm, and moved—or, more properly, sprang—forward, throwing out his loose-jointed legs forcibly, and with such a careless freedom, that it seemed, as if when once he lifted his foot from the ground, he could not tell where it would descend again. His hat hung so far back on his head that the disk of the crown was fully visible to his followers, while his head was so much in the rear of his shoulders, and moved from side to side with such a jaunty air, that it seemed at times as if the owner had a mind to leave it behind him altogether. In his right hand, fairly balanced in the centre, he held the hazel stick before alluded to, while he half hummed, half sung aloud, a verse of a popular ballad:—

Bryan O'Lynn had no small-clothes to wear, He cut up a sheep-skin to make him a pair, With the skinny side out and the woolly side in— "Tis pleasant and cool," says Bryan O'Lynn.

"Lowry!" shouted Kyrle Daly. "Going, sir?" "Going? I think you are going, and at a pretty brisk rate, too. You travel merrily, Lowry." "Middlen, sir, middlen— as the world goes. I sing for company, ever and always, when I go a long road by myself; an' I find it a dale pleasanter and lighter on me. Equal to the lark, that the louder he sings the higher he mounts, it's the way with me, an' I travellin'—the lighter my heart, the faster the road slips from under me.

I am a bold bachelor, airy and free, Both cities and counties are equal to me; Among the fair females of every degree, I care not how long I do tarry."

"Lowry, what do you think of the day?" "What do I think of it, sir? I'm thinkin' 'twill rain, an' I'm sorry for it, an' the master's hay out yet. There's signs o' wind an' rain. The forty days ar'n't out yet, and there was a sight o' rain the last Saint Sweeten." And he again resumed his melody, suffering it to sink and swell in a manner alternately distinct and inarticulate, with a slight mixture of that species of enunciation, which Italians term the voice of the head.

"I never will marry while youth's at my side, For my heart it is light and the world is wide; I'll ne'er be a slave to a haughty old bride, To curb me and keep me uneasy."

"And why should last St. Swithin have anything to do with this day?" "Oyeh, then, sure enough, sir. But they tell an old fable about Saint Sweeten when he was first buried—" "Why, was he buried more than once, Lowry?" "Oyeh, hear to this! Well, well— 'tis makin' a hand o' me your honor is, fairly, kind father for you! He was, then, buried more than once, if you go to that of it. He was a great Saint living, an' had a long berrin when he died, an' when they

had the grave dug, and were for puttin' him into it, the sky opened, an' it kep powerin', powerin' rain for the bare life, an' stopt so for forty days at nights."

"And they couldn't bury him?" "An' they couldn't bury him till the forty days were over—" "He had a long wake, Lowry." "Believe it, sir. But ever since that, they remark, whatever way Saint Sweeten's day is, it is the same for forty days after. You don't believe that, sir, now?" "Indeed, I am rather doubtful!" "See that, why! Why, then, I seen a schoolmaster westwards, that had as much Latin an' English as if he swallowed a dictionary an' he'd out-face the world, that it was as true as you're going the road this minute. But the quality doesn't give into them things at all. Heaven be with our times! There is nothin' at all there as it used to be, Master Kyrle. There isn't the same weather there, nor the same peace, nor comfort, nor as much money, nor as strong whisky, nor as good platees, nor the gentlemen isn't so pleasant in themselves, nor the poor people so quiet, nor the boys so divarin', nor the girls so coazin', nor nothin' at all is there as it used to be formerly. Hardly I think, the sun shines as bright in the day; and nothin' shows itself now by night nether spirits nor good people. In them days, a man couldn't go a lonesome road at night without meetin' things that would make the hair of his head stiffen equal to bristles. NoR you might ride from this to Now you might ride from this to than yourself on the way. But what help for it?"

"Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish, He was the chief flower that in it did spring; Prime ladies of honor his person did nourish, Because that he was the true son of a king. But this false fortune, Which still is uncertain, Has caused this long parting between him and me, His name I'll advance, In Spain an' in France, An' seek out my Blackbird, wherever he be."

An' you wouldn't believe, now, Master Kyrle, that anything does be showin' itself at night at all? Or used to be of old."

"It must be a very long while since, Lowry." "Why, then, see this, sir. The whole country will tell you that after Mr. Chute died, the old man of all, Mr. Tom's father—you heard of him?" "I recollect to have heard of a fat man, that—" "Fat!" exclaimed Lowry, in voice of surprise—"you may say fat. There isn't that door on hinges that he'd pass in, walkin' with a fair front, without he turned sideways, or skammed in one way or other. You an' I, an' another along wid us, might be made out of the one half of him aisy. His body-coat, when he did, made a whole shoot for Dan Dawley, the steward, besides a jacket for his little boy; an' Dan was no fishin'-rod that time, I tell you. By any way, fat or laln, he was buried, an' all the world will tell you that he was seen rising a fortnight after by Dan Dawley, in the shape of a drove o' young pigs."

"A whole drove?" "A whole drove. An' 'tisn't laln, lanky cracashes o' store pigs either, only fat, fit for bacon. He was passin' the forge, near the old gate, an' the moon shinin' as bright as silver, when he seen him comin' again; him on the road. Sure he isn't the same man ever since."

"Dan Dawley is not easily caught by appearances. What a sharp eye he must have had, Lowry, to recognise his master under such a disguise!" "Oyeh, he knew well what was there. 'Tisn't the first time with Dan Dawley seein' things of the kind. Didn't you ever hear what happened Dan in regard of his first wife, sir?" "No."

"Well, aisy, an' I'll tell you. Dan was married to a girl o' the Hayeses, a very intricate little creature, that led him a mighty uneasy life from the day they married out. Well, it was Dan's luck, she got a stitch, an' died on mornin', an' if he lost all belongin' to him. They buried her, for all, an' Dan was sittin' in his own doore, an' he twistin' a gad, to hang a little taste o' bacon he had, an' he singin' the Rovin' Journeyman for himself, when, tunder a-livell who should walk in the doore to him only his dead wife, an' she livin' as well as ever! Take it from me, he didn't stay long where he was. 'Eh, is that you, Cauth?' says he. 'The very one,' says she, 'how does the world use you, Dan?' 'Wishes middlin', says Dan again. 'I didn't think we'd see you any more, Cauth,' says he. 'Nor you wouldn't

either,' says she, 'only for yourself.' 'Do you tell me so,' says Dan Dawley; 'how was that?' 'There are two dogs,' says she, 'that are sleeping on the road I was goin' in the other world, an' the noise you made cryin' over me wakened 'em, an' they riz again me, and wouldn't let me pass.' 'See that, why!' says Dan, grinnin'; 'warn't they the contrary pair?' Well, after another twelve month Cauth died the second time; but, I'll be your bail, it was long from Dan Dawley to cry over her this turn as he did at first. 'Twas all his trouble to see would he keep the women at the wake from keening over the dead corpse, or doing anything in life that would waken the dogs. Signs on, she passed 'em, for he got neither tale nor tidin's of her from that day to this. 'Poor Cauth,' says Dan, 'why should I cry, to have them dogs tearin' her maybe?'"

"Dan Dawley was a lucky man," said Kyrle. "Neither Orpheus nor Theseus had so much to say for themselves as he had." "I never heard of 'em; I partly tjemem, sir; wor they o' these parts?" "Not exactly. One of them was from the county of Africa, and the other from the county of Thrace." "I never hear of 'em; I partly guessed they wor strangers," Lowry continued with much simplicity; "but, any way, Dan Dawley was a match for the best of 'em, an' a luckier man that I told you yet, moreover—that's in the first beginnin' of his days."

At this moment a number of smart young fellows, dressed out in new felt hats, clean shoes and stockings, with ribbons flying at the knees, passed them on the road. They touched their hats respectfully to Mr. Daly, while they recognized his attendant by a nod, a smile, and a familiar "Is that the way, Lowry?" "The very way, then, lads," said Lowry, casting a longing look after them. "Goin' to Garryowen they are now, divarin' for the night," he added in a half envious tone, after which he threw the skirt of his coat from the left to the right arm, looked down at his feet, struck the ground with the end of his stick, and trotted on, singing—

"I'm noted for dancin' a jig in good order, A min'et I'd march, an' I'd foot a good reel, In a country-dance I'd still be the leading partner, I ne'er faltered yet from a crack on the kneel."

My heart is wid ye, boys, this night, But I was telling you, Master Kyrle, about Dan Dawley's luck! Listen hether."

"'Tis not in Castle Chute the family lived always, sir, only in the old Mr. Chute's time; he built it, an' left the Fort above, an' I'll tell you for what reason. The old man of all, that had the Fort before him, used to be showing himself there at night, himself an' his wife, an' his two daughters, an' a son, an' there were the strangest noises ever you heard going on above stairs. The master had six or seven sarvins, one after another, stopping up to watch him, but there isn't one of 'em but was killed by the spirit. Well, he was forced to quit at last on the 'count of it, an' it is then he built Castle Chute—the new part of it, where Miss Anne an' the 'ould lady lives now. Well an' good, if he did, he was standin' one mornin' oppozit his own gate on the road side, out, an' the sun shining, an' the birds singing for themselves in the bushes, when who should he see only Dan Dawley, an' he a little gauffer the same time, serenadin' down the road for the bare life. 'Where to now, lad?' says Mr. Chute (he was a mighty pleasant man). 'Looking for a master, then,' says Dan Dawley. 'Why, then, never go past this gate for him,' says Mr. Chute, 'if you'll do what I bid you,' says he. 'What's that, sir?' says the boy. So he up an' told him the whole story about the Fort, an' how something used to be showin' itself there constant, in the dead hour o' the night; 'an' have you the courage,' says he, 'to sit up a night; an' watch it?' 'What would I get by it?' says Dan, looking him up in the face. 'I'll give you twenty guineas in the mornin', an' a table, an' a chair, an' a pint o' whisky, an' a fire, an' a candle, an' your dinner before you go,' says Mr. Chute. 'Never say it again,' says the 'gorsoon,' 'tis high wages for me night's work, an' I never yet done,' says he, 'anything that would make me in dread o' the living or the dead, or afraid to trust myself into the hands o' the Almighty.' 'Very well, away with you,' says the gentleman, 'an' I'll have your life if you tell me a word of lie in the mornin',' says he. 'I will not, sir,' says the boy, 'for what?' Well, he went there, an' he drew the table across the fire for himself, an' got his candle, an' began readin' his book.

'Tis the lonnest place you ever seen. Well, that was well an' good, till he heard the greatest racket that ever was goin' on above stairs, as if all the slates on the roof were fallin' in.' 'I'm in dread,' says Dan, 'that these people will do me some bad hurt,' says he, 'an' hardly he said the word, when the doore opened, and in they all walked, the 'ould gentleman with a great big wig on him, an' the wife, an' the two daughters, an' the son. Well, they all put elbows upon themselves, an' stood lookin' at him out in the middle o' the floor. He said nothin' and they said nothin', an' at last, when they were tired o' lookin', they went out an' walked the whole house an' went up stairs again. The gentleman came in the mornin' early. 'Good mornin', good boy,' says he. 'Good mornin', sir,' says the boy, 'I had a dale o' fine company here last night,' says he, 'ladies an' gentlemen.' 'It's a lie you're tellin' me,' says Mr. Chute. 'Tis not a word of a lie, sir,' says Dan; 'there was an 'ould gentleman with a big wig, an' an 'ould lady, an' two young ones, an' a young gentleman,' says he. 'True for you,' says Mr. Chute, 'puttin' a hand in his pocket, and reachin' him twenty guineas. 'Will you stay there another night?' says he. 'I will, sir,' says Dan. Well, he went walkin' about the fields for himself, and when night comes—" "You may pass over the adventures of the second night, Lowry," said Kyrle, "for I suspect that nothing was effected until the third."

"Why, then, you just guessed it, sir. Well, the third night he said to himself, 'Escape how I can,' says he, 'I'll speak to that 'ould man with the wig, that does be puttin' an elbow on himself an' looking at me! Well, the 'ould man an' afl o' them came and stood oppozit him wid elbows on 'em as before. Dan got frightened, seein' 'em stop so long in the one place, and the 'ould man lookin' so wicked (he was after killin' six or seven, in the same Fort) an' he went down on his two knees, an' he put his hands together, an', says he—"

A familiar incident of Irish pastoral life occasioned an interruption in this part of the legend. Two blooming country girls, their hair confined with a simple black ribbon, their cotton gowns pinned up in front, so as to disclose the greater portion of the blue stuff petticoat underneath, and their countenances bright with health and laughter, ran out from a cottage door, and intercepted the progress of the travellers. The prettier of the two skipped across the road, holding between her fingers a worsted thread, while the other retained between her hands the large ball from which it had been unwound. Kyrle paused, too well acquainted with the country customs to break through the slender impediment.

"Pay your footing, now, Master Kyrle Daly, before you go farther," said one.

"Don't overlook the wheel, sir," added the girl who remained next the door.

Kyrle searched his pocket for a shilling, while Lowry with a half smiling, half censuring face, murmured—

"Why, then, Heaven send ye sense, as it is it ye want this mornin'."

"And you manners, Mr. Looby. Single your freedom, and—double your distance, I beg o' you. Sure your purse, if you have one, is safe in your pocket. Long life an' a good wife to you, Master Kyrle, an' I wish I had a better hold than this o' you. I wish you were in looze, an' that I had the findin' o' you this mornin'!"

So saying, while she smiled merrily on Kyrle, and darting a scornful glance at Lowry Looby, she returned to her woollen wheel, singing, as she twirled it round—

"I want no lectures from a learned master; He may bestow 'em on his silly train— I'd sooner walk through my bloomin' garden, An' hear the whistle of my jolly swain."

To which Lowry, who received the lines, as they were probably intended, in a satirical sense, replied, as he trotted forwards, in the same strain:—

"Those dressy an' smooth-faced young maidens, Who now looks at present so gay, Has borrowed some words o' good English, An' knows not one half what they say, No female is fit to be married, Nor fancied by no man at all, But those who can sport a drab mantle, An' likewise a cassimere shawl."

(To be continued.)

For Surgeons

...ing sidelights are practice and the in- est eminent surgeon in h a short statement ed Dr. Lorenz gave York the other day, correct the erroneous der in the public mind n newspaper reports, at his visit to this n lucrative to him— rd of \$160,000."

of fact," says Dr. one fee of \$30,000, months that I have earned just that \$30, nce at home in four h that. My trip has ethically, but not ma-

en—and the American glad to hear it—that lantropic visit of the United States has any measure of pecuni- , or any sacrifice. It , to have yielded him n \$80,000 in money, left the medical pro- public largely in his

ll naturally provoke rprise here is to the surgeon as to his e. His practice there, rth as much as \$30, nths—the plain infer- h is that it is not re than \$7,500 a 000 a year. That fig- rly ridiculous small onitioner's wonder- reputation are consi- United States— more aps, right here in same combination of ation in a surgeon of pleasing personality rth nearer \$500,000 a year; and he would a millionaire inside of would deserve to be

ance presents a good of the large way in bings in the United small way in which in most parts of Eu- operation in Chicago a fee equal to four ce in Austria, involv- e or great skill, much uch time, and not a t. It is extremely tside of royalty and a o could be counted on one hand, a doctor's \$30,000 was ever paid is rare here. But fees to the thousands are gh here, and yet Dr. practice a whole rtria in order to earn

ET ON PATENTS. eived from Messrs. Ma- . Patent Attorneys, of admirable compendium information on the sub- s and everyday statis- his little book, entitled is just the proper size ocket, 2 1/2 x 4 1/2 inches, and some celluloid cov- prepared especially for e technical and indus- Messrs. Marion & Ma- s this enterprising firm We understand that it from them by the read- per on request, for 10

T'S NIGHT REFUGE. week ending Sunday, 1903.—Males 302, fe- 161, French 134, Scotch and other na- Total 383.

**You Can Buy** **BEST FOR WASH DAY.**

**BEST FOR EVERY DAY.**

**of any Grocer**

### Notes for Farmers.

The most important branches of farming in this locality, says the Ottawa "Free Press," are dairying and pork raising. The large sum paid to farmers by the Ottawa Cheese and Butter Board annually besides the revenue from sales made elsewhere is an evidence of what may be realized from the dairying herd and should be an inducement to farmers to engage more extensively in the scientific handling of milk.

Hog raising may be carried on in connection with dairying to good advantage. There is a vast difference between the receipts from the sale of bacon of first class quality and the product of the hog fattened carelessly and bred at random. On these two subjects valuable information was given at the recent winter fair. On the subject of pork production the requirements of the English market were best met, Mr. Brethour said, by a well kint clean limbed animal of medium weight. An animal is better to be of fair length from poll to shoulder, with flat sides which indicate more meat. He explained that it was a good sign to find the pig standing straight on its legs as otherwise there might be weakness. Animals were pointed out which were faulty through possessing too great length of hair long shanks and coarse bones.

Mr. G. E. Day, of Guelph, gave an instructive address on how to select bacon hogs. The farmers of eastern and western Ontario, he said, should avoid the mistake made in the United States, that is raising large heavy porkers. In the British market our exports compete with the bacon hogs from Ireland and Denmark which are of the small and most desirable types. Mr. Day asserted there were too many mixed breeds. For bacon he recommended Yorkshire and Tamworth which costs no more to raise than others.

In answer to a question as to whether soft pork could be detected before the pig was butchered Mr. Day said a good guide was to ascertain if the flesh was firm to the touch and the animal evenly and well covered. He favored pen feeding.

At another meeting Professor Dean of Guelph spoke on how to build up a dairy herd. The attendance was large and much interest was added to the proceedings by the presence of Daniel Derbyshire, the veteran president of the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association who presided and gave zest to the discussion by his wit and enthusiasm. Professor Dean said no fixed rule could be laid down as to breeds but every farmer should make a careful selection of individual animals from his chosen breed.

Professor Riddick, chief of the Dominion Dairy Division, who gave a comprehensive address on dairying in the Dominion, said there was much to be learned in Eastern Ontario from New Zealand, where better equipment was in use for cheese and butter manufacture. As to improvements in cheese making the speaker said, better roads were essential as hauling milk was an important part of the business.

An interesting discussion followed this address.

Some very defective gloves were given her to sell. She called the attention of the floor manager. He told her it was her business to obey and sell whatever she was told to.

She could not do it conscientiously, and though very much in need of her wages, told him she could not. He discharged her and she was almost heart-broken. But the merchant who owned the store noticed her absence, heard the floor manager's explanation, sent for the young lady, examined the gloves, sent them back to the manufacturer, thanked her in behalf of his firm, raised her wages, and assured her that she should never again be interfered with in the conscientious discharge of her duty.

We like to read such accounts, and

wish American newspapers would publish more of them.

Of Canadian trees which have been thoroughly tested at the Central Experimental Farm arboretum some have not proven hardy. Papaw (assimina tribola) killed out root and branch. Tulip tree (Liriodendron tulipifera) kills too near the ground every winter. A variety of this species, however, intergrifolia, imported from Berlin, Germany in 1897 has proven hardy for four years. Judas tree or American Red Bud (cercis Canadensis) now being in the arboretum was planted in the autumn of 1896. That winter it killed to the ground and only made weak growth in 1897, the next winter it killed back 2-3, the third 1-2, the fourth it was almost hardy to the tips and it was also the same last winter. This is a good example of the acclimatization of trees. One specimen was practically hardy from 1897 until last winter when it killed near the ground. Other specimens were not so hardy.

Sour Gum (Nyssa sylvatica) the tree now living was planted in the spring of 1897, the first winter it killed back 1-2, the third it was hardy near to the tips and again the same last winter.

Sassafras (sassafras officinale) has killed out root and branch thus far, though it has not been as thoroughly tested as some of the other trees. The following other trees peculiar to southwestern Ontario, appears to be harder than these, and some individual trees are perfectly hardy. Button wood (Plantanus occidentalis), chestnut (Castanea sativa), Blue Ash (Traxinus quadrangulata), Honey Locust (Gleditsia triacanthos).

Some of the rest such as Gynnocladus canadensis, Crataegus Crusgalli, Pyrus coronaria, and Juglans nigra are quite hardy.

A few of the coast trees of British Columbia kill out root and branch, among such being Acer macrophyllum, Arbutus Menziesii, Comus Nuttallii and Quercus garryana.

It is interesting to note that out of the list of 121 species of native trees published by Prof. J. Macoun, about 100 have proven hardy or half hardy here, and the horticulturist has no doubt that when all the species are tested there will not be more than 10 which can not be grown at Ottawa.

The question of acclimatization of trees, shrubs and plants is a very important one and one in which there is a good field for work at the Central Experimental Farm. A few native trees have gradually become hardier after being planted a few years. Other specimens of these had been killed out root and branch. These furnish excellent examples of the individuality of trees. It is noticed over and over again in nursery rows that some trees or the same species are hardier and more vigorous than others and that a tree which has a wide range from north to south, will not be as hardy when imported from the south as from the north. An excellent example is the Red maple, (acer rubrum). This tree imported from some parts of the United States, has killed back and made shrubby trees, while from further north it has done well.

Mr. Macoun believes that many trees which we have great difficulty in getting to fruit here, will eventually be much hardier when raised from seed ripened in Ottawa.

Much could also be written of the herbaceous perennials which make such an attractive and useful feature of the botanic garden from early spring until late autumn. The collection is growing rapidly and the information regarding the different species and varieties when grown in this climate is getting more valuable every year.

The arboretum and botanic garden is a public institution and should be made use of by the public. Every assistance is given those who desire to study the plants growing there and a splendid opportunity is in this way afforded all who are interested in botany to obtain practical and rare information.

### Household Notes.

**PEELING ONIONS.**—A correspondent of a magazine devoted to domestic affairs offers the following somewhat novel recipe as a cure for watery eyes:

"We are persistently told," she says, "that to prevent discomfort from peeling onions we may peel them under water. Well, I've tried it. It may, to some extent, accomplish the object, but—it ruins your hands! Not even potatoes, or apples, make such havoc with the fingers. And one cannot always stop to put on gloves, even if one has a kind that the water will not shrink. A remedy that does work, however, is this: Cut off a square inch or so of raw potato and stick it on the tip end of the knife you are to use to peel with. It works like a charm. The potato absorbs the onion fumes, and your eyes are safe. And speaking of gloves, do you know that you can make fingers out of wash leather? Take a piece big enough to cover the whole of your thumb; have someone put it around so as to get the right size, then cut off the edges, and sew "over and over" with a stout thread. Do not get it too tight, just "easy." Do the same for the forefinger, these two being the ones most used in peeling. These little "hoods" protect perfectly. Of course, they soil at once, but you can rinse them out and dry them; and they shrink just about enough so as to go on snugly the second time, which is what you want. They need not be tied on; they stay on all right."

**HASHED POTATOES.**—Those who have eaten the delicious hashed brown potatoes cooked at hotels will be glad to know how they do it. For a family of four or five take six good sized cold boiled potatoes. Chop fine with a few sprigs of parsley. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Into this stir three tablespoons of sweet cream. Have ready a hot griddle, grease well with lard or butter, spread the potatoes evenly on the griddle and cook slowly. Practice will teach you when they are ready to turn. Run a broad-bladed knife under to force the potatoes from the griddle, fold over in omelet shape, pressing the edges in to make it solid. Leave a few minutes, then turn the omelet on to a small hot platter, dab over with butter and garnish with parsley, cress or celery tips.

**HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.**—First look at its color. If white with yellowish or straw colored tint it is a good sign. If very white with bluish hue, or black specks, the flour is not good. Examine its adhesiveness by wetting and kneading a little on the fingers. If it works dry and elastic it is good; if soft and sticky it is poor. Throw a lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface. If it adheres in a lump, the flour is good; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand, and if it retains the shape given by pressure it is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests can be bought without fear.

**HONESTY PAYS.**—We have read an account of a young lady who, by the death of relatives, was placed in very reduced circumstances, and compelled to enter a dry goods store as saleswoman at the glove counter.

### BRIGHT BABIES.

Only Those Perfectly Well are Good Natured and Happy.

When a baby is cross, peevish or sleepless, the mother may be certain that it is not well. There are little ailments coming from some derangement of the stomach or bowels which the mother's watchful eye may not detect, which nevertheless make themselves manifest in irritability or sleeplessness. A dose of Baby's Own Tablets given at such a time will speedily put the little one right and will give it healthy, natural sleep, and you have a positive guarantee that there is not a particle of opiate or harmful drug in the medicine. Thousands of mothers give their children no other medicine, and all mothers who have used the tablets praise them. Mrs. A. McDonald, Merton, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine for little ones I have ever used, and I always keep them in the house in case of emergencies." Good for children of all ages from birth upward. Sold at 25 cents a box by medicine dealers or sent post paid by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## FARM FOR SALE.

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### NOTICE.

Application will be made to the Legislature of Quebec at its next session, for an act to incorporate a company for the purpose of building a railway from "Grandes-Piles" to "La-Tuque," in the county of Champlain, thence, in a northerly direction to any point in the same county with power to build branches to connect with the Great Northern railway and the Quebec and Lake Saint John railway.

E. GUERIN,  
Attorney for petitioners.  
Montreal, 4th February, 1903.

### SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,  
District of Montreal,  
No. 2116.

Dame Myrtle Hungerford, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of George H. Hogle of the same place, livery stable keeper,

Plaintiff,  
vs.  
The said George H. Hogle,  
Defendant.

Public notice is hereby given that the Plaintiff has this day instituted an action for separation as to property from the said Defendant.

Montreal, February 6th, 1903.  
SMITH, MARKEY &  
MONTGOMERY,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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### Society Directory.

**A.O.E., DIVISION NO. 3.** meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 368 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alexander D. Galloway, M.P., President; M. McCarley, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary; 152 St. Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Huchon, Financial Secretary, 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman Standing Committee; John O'Donnell, Marshal.

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

**A.O.E. LADIES' AUXILIARY.** Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 93 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday of each month at 8.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Anne Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Birmingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

**ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.**—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1888, revised 1894. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 93 St. Alexander street, first Monday of each month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. M. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.O.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

**ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.** organized 1855.—Meets in the hall, 137 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 8.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

**ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, O. O. F.** meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in the hall, corner Selma and Notre Dame streets, H. C. McCullum, G. R. T. W. Kane, secretaries.

**ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.**—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 93 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; W. H. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; John F. Quinlan, Secretary, 714 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

**O.M.E.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.**—(Organized, 12th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 93 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chaplain, F. J. Curran, B.O.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, 121 Royal Avenue; Dr. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. McPhail.

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