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## A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

Perhaps too much significance has been attached to a few words uttered by the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., expressing a hope he might soon be enabled to return to his native land. One evening newspaper in Montreal published as a special cable on the subject a long, biased article.

Mr. Blake was addressing a gathering of Canadians, at the annual dinner of the Canada Club; and it was natural that he should have spoken of his patriotic yearning to be in a position to return and pass his days in the land of his birth. To those who understand the Irish national situation his meaning was obvious. He will be glad when Ireland has been accorded self-government; for then the arduous and self-sacrificing task which he undertook when he accepted the invitation of the leaders of the Irish parliamentary party to go over to the British House of Commons and place his splendid abilities at the service of Ireland's cause, will be ended. Of course, he must have been saddened and disappointed at the divisions which subsequently arose in the nationalist ranks. But he is as staunch a Home Ruler as ever, and his great assistance in the Irish national movement may always be relied on.

Ireland is occupying plenty of attention in the British House of Commons. A few days ago, there was an animated debate over a demand made by the Irish members for an annual grant from the British Treasury to that very important body the congested districts board. There was quite a passage-at-arms between Mr. Davitt and the Irish Secretary, Mr. Gerald Balfour, on the subject; but finally the government gave in, Mr. Balfour announcing that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would grant £100,000 a year to the board.

There was also a debate on Home Rule, which had the effect of eliciting from the new Liberal leader an announcement of the attitude of his party towards that question.

"I am not aware, says Sir H. Bannerman, that there ever was any fixed and formal alliance between the Liberal and Irish Parties. But the alliance, in the sense of sympathy and a desire to co-operate, remains with us as strong as it ever was."

One Liberal journal puts this position in the form of a simile, thus: The Irish want to buy a horse. The Liberal Party have a very excellent animal, with which they would be delighted to supply the Irishmen, but unfortunately the Tory Party, through their predominance in the House of Lords, have the key to the stable. In these circumstances how can the Liberals possibly enter into a binding contract to supply the horse? They undertake to try to get the key out of the hands of the Tory Party at the first possible moment. That is all that can be promised, but it implies no lack of faith in the excellence of the horse. Once the stable door has been opened, it is just possible that the Tory key holders may themselves give the Irish their horse, and say that this has been their real policy all the time.

Irishmen do not care from which party they get Home Rule, so long as they get it.

The Catholic Electoral League is spreading rapidly in England. At a recent meeting in West Ham, Mr. Osmund, O.F.M., explained its objects. The League, he said, was founded "to select and assist in the return of Catholic representatives, or representatives with Catholic sympathies, on the School Board, Board of Guardians, and all bodies where Catholic interests may be guarded or promoted." It was intended to have a working body of Catholics to watch over Catholic interests, in purely local affairs. A Catholic question might arise in Parliamentary elections. There were Catholics who were strong Tories, and others who were strong Liberals, and there were Catholics who said: "A plague on both your houses." All these Catholics were equally good and earnest. In ordinary times they would vote with their party, but, nevertheless they would do all they possibly could to promote Catholic interests. If they had a Parliamentary contest in which the Catholic cause was mixed up possibly the League would ascertain how far each candidate was in favor, say, of doing justice to the Catholic Schools. Then they would leave each member of the

League to decide which candidate he would vote for, instead of dealing with the matter as a body. In that way they would be able to preserve perfect harmony in the League. Another was to increase the interests of Catholics in public affairs by means of lectures, discussions, social reunions, and the diffusion of suitable literature."

London's health is menaced through the lack of space for cemeteries.

Estimates show that each year about one hundred and thirty thousand human bodies are interred within the limits of the county of London. The authorities say that within five years London will have no place of public burial, and the condition of the cemeteries suggests the imminent necessity of some change of method.

There is no doubt that great injury to the public health has been caused by the burial grounds in the county. It has been stated that one-eighth of the deaths in London are caused by diseases which render the bodies dangerous and infectious after death. This condition is at its maximum a few weeks after the decease, and in the crowded cemeteries, where the bodies are frequently buried on top of or alongside of each other, the disturbance of the earth for new graves must be prejudicial to the health of the neighborhood.

At Londonderry Aquity Sessions, recently, Judge Overend heard a curious suit regarding the will of a County Derry farmer named James Dunn, who left nearly \$5,000 to the widow of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, Lon., and her son, to be spent in free distribution of Spurgeon's sermons in the manner which they considered would accomplish most good. The relatives of the testator opposed probate, disputing the will. At the suggestion of the Judge it was decided that the relatives should have two-thirds of the bequest.

Amongst the Lenten preachers in Paris are some notable priests. They are Pere Etourneau, of Notre Dame, followed by Pere Olivier, who it will be remembered preached a remarkable sermon in connection with the Charity Bazaar fire.

Pere Etourneau lived for some time in America, and is considered to be something of the type of Archbishop Ireland. At the Madeleine is Pere Vallee, who is very ascetic and learned. Then at Saint Clotilde, Pere Feuillette draws crowds through his eloquence. He won a reputation some time ago when summoned by the Bishop of Orleans to preach on Jean d'Arc.

By the time this issue reaches our readers the great majority of them will already have read the startling details of the sudden death of Felix Faure, the President of the French Republic. Scarcely was the great statesman stricken when the end came; scarcely had he succumbed when the news was flashed across continents and oceans, and the world was made aware of the fact, that the head of a most important nation had disappeared from the scene. Less tragic, in one sense, than the death of the late President Carnot; more unexpected than the withdrawal from the Presidential seat of Casimir-Perrier; still the closing of President Faure's career was perhaps, more dramatic than that of either of his predecessors. The convulsed state of the nation, the wild rumors abroad of "coups d'etat," the delicate and burning questions of the hour, the unsettled condition of France's foreign relations, and the uncertain attitude and stability of the existing government, were all causes sufficient to awake the anxiety of the people in that country, and to attract the gaze of curious Europe to Paris, the centre and pivot of the Republic. It was under these circumstances, and while so much of the nation's future depended upon the firm grasp that M. Faure had upon the helm of state, that Providence deemed opportune to issue the terrible summons, and to cite, without almost any premonition, the ruler of a great nation before the Ruler of all Nations.

We are yet too near him to see his proportions truly; and amongst those most familiar with him—both as a private and a public man—the vexed issues of the hour are too absorbing to allow any of them to judge his career with the calm impartiality, which true history will one day ex-

ercise in his regard. We are neither prepared to accept the extra-enthusiastic comments of one section of the French Press, nor the extra-bitter remarks of another section. In fact we consider the opinions expressed by foreign commentators are more in harmony with a just estimate of the dead President. Possibly the words in the message of the President of the United States may be taken as a fair expression of the general sentiment throughout the nations: "The whole world mourns the loss of its greatest Statesman," or, again, the words of the Holy Father, on hearing the sad news, may convey still more emphatically a sense of the blow that France has sustained: "Poor France! She suffers misfortune after misfortune! What terrible consequences may follow!"

The late President was scarcely cold in death, when, in accord with the constitution, his successor was chosen. Whatever may be the merits or demerits of M. Emile Loubet, as a citizen, a statesman, or a ruler, it is certain that discord reigns in Paris, and that his election seems to be the forerunner of chaotic confusion. The very hostility shown on almost every side, the fearful strain upon the gov-

## DR. CURRAN'S LECTURE, IN ST. MARY'S PARISH.

The National Council of Women, organized by the Countess of Aberdeen, during her sojourn in Canada, has done a great deal of good work. Lady Aberdeen will be long remembered amongst us as the patroness of noble efforts for the amelioration of our people, and the promotion of everything that tends to alleviate the trials and sufferings of humanity. The National Council of Women, through the local branch in Montreal, has not been idle. Amongst the many good movements, one of the best and most successful was the inauguration of a course of lectures at St. Mary's Hall, Craig St., where professional men spoke on subjects instructive and interesting to the mothers of families. Three lectures have been delivered by Doctors of Medicine. The first by Dr. Kennedy, the second by Dr. Edward O'Connor, of which we have already given a notice. The last lecture of the course was delivered by Dr. Curran, on the subject of consumption, which has occupied so much attention of late in all parts of the world. The Rev. Father O'Donnell, always so devoted to the interest of his parishioners, occupied the chair, and introduced the lecturer of the evening. Dr. Curran is an excellent speaker, and in a few brief sentences of introduction gained the sympathy of his audience.

He began by alluding to the history of the disease, and to recent discoveries, which enabled the medical profession to cope with this insidious foe. Consumption was not confined to the human race, but existed in animals of the lower order as well. He briefly alluded to the bacilli or germs which he explained as being the cause of the disease, and said the same germ attacks many parts of the body, apart from the lungs, giving rise to a variety of affections, which were all classed under the general term tuberculosis.

Referring to the prevalence of the disease, it was to be found in all parts of the world, but was more prevalent in cities, due to overcrowding. Climatic changes were largely responsible for its prevalence. Dealing with the races, he gave some interesting details, concerning Indians, an unusually large percentage of whom die from consumption. The negro was also liable to be attacked, but in a different form. He next alluded to the important discoveries of Dr. Koch in connection with the cause and treatment of consumption. After pointing out how the malady is spread by expectoration, he gave some valuable hints, as to the means to be adopted to prevent infection.

Dealing with the subject from the point of heredity, he said that the taint was more likely to be derived from the mother. Consumption, however, was hardly ever directly inherited, but merely the tendency to it. The lecturer here gave some valuable advice in regard to the marriage of persons in whom there was this disease, or a predisposition to it.

ernment, the uncertainty, doubt, fear, and distrust that sweep like clouds across the political sky of the Republic, indicate, better than all the words that a thousand writers could express, the importance of the situation held by President Faure and the necessity he had become to the clearing away of the tempest that menaces. Again, we must repeat, that at this moment no person is able to foresee the immediate consequences of the sudden vanishing of the late President from the scene. As a public man, and a ruler of a great Republic, we cannot but admire the sterling qualities which carried him along successfully amidst a very wilderness of national uncertainties and through a period marked, almost at every sunrise, by an important crisis. A democrat by birth, training and inclination, he was capable of walking on the same plane as the proudest royal representatives of European power, and of sustaining the dignity and éclat of France, at courts where the exclusiveness of autocracy reigned supreme. And, despite prejudiced partisanship to the contrary, he upheld that standard without sacrificing one iota of native republicanism, or ignoring the people from whose humbler ranks he had arisen.

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Speaking of the remedies to be adopted, it was not difficult to suggest them to people of ample means. They could seek an equable climate and make their surroundings comfortable; but everyone could not go to Colorado, the Adirondacks or to our own health-giving mountains in the north. Those who were compelled to remain at home, should choose an occupation which put no strain on the lungs, and enabled them to breathe the pure air for a greater part of the day. Factory life was very injurious to the health of the young, especially young girls. Domestic service was far preferable to the many occupations eagerly sought for.

After referring to many employments that encouraged the progress of consumption, he spoke of the nostrums and patent remedies, so widely advertised, as sure cures. He said there were preparations which were of service, but only when used under the guidance of a physician. People would not purchase a property, without consulting a lawyer as to the title, but thousands every day purchased and drank bottles of medicines of which they understood nothing of their contents or effects. Common sense indicated, that each constitution required special treatment, and in those days when philanthropy had done so much in the way of hospitals and dispensaries, even the poorest need not be without skilled medical advice.

In concluding he said, that while consumption might be successfully combated, it should be treated in its early stages, as once the germ had taken hold, it was a difficult task to eradicate it. It was gratifying, however, to know, that medical science had made such progress, in the past few years that the percentage of cures was now very high, and the precautions being taken as the result of medical investigations gave us the hope, that the disease would become a very rare one, within a not very great number of years.

Rev. Father O'Donnell at the close of the lecture, tendered a hearty vote of thanks to Doctor Curran, and assured him that he would always be welcome to St. Mary's parish, to speak on any subject of public interest.

Dr. Curran entered upon his duties as assistant surgeon to the outdoor dispensary of Notre Dame Hospital, on Tuesday last. It is always a pleasure to notice any of our rising Irish Canadian friends who devote their talents to a good cause.

## IRISH VALOR REWARDED.

A writer points out that the three V.C.s. awarded for valor during the charge of the 21st Lancers at Omdurman were given to Irishmen. The recipients were, Captain Kenna, Lieut. Montmorency, and Private Byrne.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated on Wednesday last at 7 o'clock, for the benefactors of the St. James Cathedral.

## THE OUTLOOK FOR BUSINESS.

Waves of commercial prosperity like those of commercial depression, affect, one after the other, all countries engaged in mercantile pursuits. When trade is good in the United States, it is good in Canada. The United States is prosperous now, and the leading merchants of that country expect that this year will be still more prosperous than last.

One manufacturer says:—"I look for a greater fall trade than has ever been known in this country. Our nation is now ready to go forward, and I believe nothing can stop it. Our business was unusually good in 1898, better than during any preceding year, with the exception of 1892. The indications, judging from our trade thus far this year are that 1899 will go ahead of 1892. We have found it necessary to add three stories to our factories, thus increasing our capacity by 25 per cent., and we have no doubt about finding a market for all the goods our men can turn out. Our export trade has increased one hundred per cent. during 1898, and I look for a large American trade with Cuba in the near future."

Another says:—"What the commercial and manufacturing world wants now is not to be harassed by vicious legislation."

"The business conditions in this country are probably more favorable at the present moment than ever before. Hitherto the prosperity of the United States has been due almost entirely to its advantages of cheap, fertile and unoccupied lands and political institutions that give every man a chance. From these conditions as a foundation has come our phenomenal growth as a nation. Incidentally they have also developed certain remarkable business facilities, notably inventive ingenuity and the devising of new industrial forces. In consequence we have become not only the greatest agricultural nation in the world, but by far the most important manufacturing nation; not perhaps, in the volume of our manufactures in each line, but in their variety and diversity, and in our remarkable ability to effect improvements in any line of manufacture undertaken by us, provided, of course, that our natural conditions are favorable to each industry."

## CATHOLIC WINTER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

(From the Daily Pleasure, Feb. 17.)

In the presence of a large audience, much larger than would have been expected, considering the unfavorable weather, the Catholic Winter School of America opened its fourth annual session last night at Tulane Hall, on University place near Canal, New Orleans. The exercises comprised a prayer by Very Rev. Father J.M. Laval, vicar general of the diocese, and address by Prof. Alcee Fortier, president of the Board of Directors, and a lecture by Right Rev. Thomas O'Gorman, D.D., bishop of Sioux Falls, S. D., on "Church and State." His lecture last night was an introduction to the main subject, and had for title, "How to read Mediaeval History."

Bishop O'Gorman sustained his reputation as one of the foremost orators on pulpit and rostrum in the ranks of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. His discourse was eloquent, simple, logical, convincing, and showed the broadest spirit of modern Christianity.

The exhibit of pupils work and progress in the several Catholic Colleges, academies, convents and schools which were to form part of the Winter School, were considerably interfered with and retarded by the state of the weather. Several of the illustrations did make a very handsome show, but as the majority will not be in trim until to-day, it is better to await the complete exhibit before making any particular mention. The greatest difficulty was experienced by schools, colleges and convents some distance from Tulane Hall in obtaining conveyances to transport the exhibits to the hall.

When at 8 o'clock, the Very Rev. Father Laval rose from his seat on the platform; and advanced to the

And a prominent New York merchant says:—

"We must fight for the very best harbor facilities, and must break down the restrictions that now harass the commerce of this port, the charges of terminal rings and warehouse rings."

"We must defend our canal system, the great artery upon which the life of our commerce depends, against the attacks of political rings and of other interests that seek to destroy it."

"We must cultivate friendlier relations with other cities, must assist in the great manufacturing interests of the interior in obtaining new outlets, and above all, must defend the great business and financial interests of this city against the continual assaults of ignorant or venal legislation, which otherwise will make it impossible for men with money to continue in business in this State."

"No nation was ever so favored by natural and political conditions as this. No city was ever so favored as the natural centre of all these beneficial influences as is this city, but we should see to it that we do not throw away the gifts that fortune is showering upon us."

These words are in many respects applicable to Canada in general and Montreal in particular. Returns for the seven months of the current fiscal year—the seven months ended on January 31st—show an increase in our aggregate, compared with the corresponding period of last year, of \$11,055,000, the excess being due entirely to an augmentation of imports. Our trade with the outside world reached the enormous total during the seven months' period just ended of \$106,017,000, as against \$181,962,000 in 1898. While exports decreased by \$1,703,000, the balance of trade as between imports and exports was \$17,123,000 in favor of Canada, assuming that there is any virtue in the balance of trade argument. In the seven months' period of 1898-99 we exported \$106,570,000, and imported \$89,447,000, while during corresponding period of 1897-98 we exported \$111,274,000 and imported \$73,688,000. The duty collected on imports was \$14,408,000, and \$12,198,000 respectively, and increase for the current year of \$2,209,000. These figures speak for themselves.

speaker's table, the hall was fairly filled with people, and yet the numbers did not seem large on account of the vastness of the room.

Father Laval said:—"We will open the Winter School with prayer, for the success of this enterprise. Although the weather has interfered with the attendance, let us hope for better weather in the days to follow, and that the attendance will grow larger and larger every day. We will now ask the grace of God on the Winter School."

Prof. Alcee Fortier delivered the opening address as follows:— It gives me great pleasure to welcome you at the opening of the fourth session of the Catholic Winter School of America. Our first session was held in 1896, and we saw then that our institution, which seemed to be an experiment, was based in reality on solid foundations, and was destined to subsist.

During the first two sessions we were encouraged in our efforts by our late saintly Archbishop Janssens, and last year the present reverend head of our diocese attended our exercises and helped us most kindly in our work. This year Monseigneur Chapelle has been sent by the holy father on an important mission and he has been unable to be with us. However, he has shown in many ways the great interest which he takes in the Winter School, and I know that we have his best wishes for our success. The worthy representative of the Archbishop, Father Laval, is here tonight and he has implored divine blessing for our undertaking.

Our religious exercises were opened last Sunday by a solemn pontifical Mass, and our eminent American Cardinal braved the most inclement weather that New Orleans has ever seen and was present at the St. Louis Cathedral.

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# Public Spirit of The Catholic Laity.

Address Delivered by the Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, O.S.B., at Birmingham, on January 17.

SECOND PART—FROM LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC TIMES

Next, the Board. By the Board I mean any local public body in whose hands are to any extent the interests of the Catholic flock. On these Boards we want Catholics. We want men who can spare the time. We do not want a man to damage or neglect his own business; a Catholic can hardly help the cause better than by succeeding in business. But we want men who will strain their sinews a little to work both for themselves and the public Catholic good. We are not asking for spouters or swash-bucklers; but for conciliatory men who can be firm; men who will take their share in the general business of a Board and practically demonstrate the right of Catholics to equality of treatment by working as hard as their non-Catholic colleagues; men who will never fight merely for fighting's sake, but always prefer quiet arrangement and peaceful conciliation. I would not be understood to imply that a little hard hitting is not, at times, both needful and successful. A man has to let his public see that he is in earnest. But nothing demands greater discretion than the use of sharp words. Give me the Catholic member that is ever at his post, who is quiet but ready, who is dignified but knows how to say the word that is wanted, who suppresses his own personality, who strains his tongue from mere bitterness, and who carries his point without leaving his legacy of hostility and distrust which may cost his cause far more in the long run than they can win for at the moment.

Next comes the Club. The Club may be defined any association of Catholics with one another for distinctly Catholic purposes. In this description are included a wide range of bodies, from the Catholic Union of Great Britain to the drum and fife band of a collier's village. I am inclined to advocate strongly the formation of clubs or associations. First, the joining hands with another man is for many of us the first step in that self-suppression or self-sacrifice which is the essential form and soul of all work for Catholicism. Next, to get a man to associate himself with others is to give him a wide outlook, to quicken his perception, to stir him up to activity and emulation. The non-associate Catholic is like one of those shepherds on the borders who live for long periods of time without company but their sheep. The interests of the community concern them not. The merely negative advantages of a Club are many. You may have noticed how persistently the present Pope urges on Continental Catholics the formation of associations for workmen and others. The reason is clear. If a Catholic has not Catholic Clubs, he will find non-Catholic ones—and evil ones—such as ultra-liberal, socialism, irreligious, atheistic clubs. But, whether or no, it is of great profit to all of us to be recreated, helped, instructed, in a rational an unexceptional way, rather than to be left to drift to any sort of pleasure, any sort of companionship. For our young people, it is certain, that if you can only get them, on any pretence, to come round the church door—whether it be in a football or cricket club, a band, or a debating society—if you can get them into a reading room, or even a lilliard or smoking room of the right sort—you have a chance, an opportunity, which you never would have otherwise, of getting at them in matters more important. It is unnecessary to do more than to refer to the positive good work that a Catholic club or union may do in the work of registration, in elections, in the material advancement of the mission, in charitable relief, in carrying on homes and orphanages, and lending its organised labor to the many projects which a devoted pastor is always setting on foot. The Catholic club, whatever its direct, immediate, or ostensible object is indirectly the safeguard of the Faith. As it is, the Catholic club is generally promoted by the priest, almost single-handed.

Our better educated and learned laymen too often stand aloof. There are two principal reasons for this. The first has to do with a certain phase of politics—as to which I will only say that I recognize how thorny and troublesome it is, and trust that mutual good feeling will do more and more as time goes on to minimise dissension. The other is the essential nature of the club—which is that the members be more or less of the same social standing. But that difficulty is only a difficulty after all, and

not a fatal obstacle. What can be more worthy of a Catholic layman, whatever his culture or his position, than to study how to be useful without being offensively condescending, and how to mix with other men on the footing of a common Catholicism, and I will add of a common humanity? Depend upon it, the solution of one of our pressing social questions lies in this: that those who have more money, more education, more refinement, should find out how to talk to workmen, and how to use their own advantages for the sake of workmen without looking down on them. I say they should use their advantages; for it is comparatively easy to associate with anybody if you bring yourself to his level. But the point is to associate honestly and yet to elevate. When the dark waters of the Rhone enter the lake of Geneva it mingles with the blue waters of the lake and losing by degrees the earth which it has gathered from the soil passes out as bright and clear and blue as the great lake itself. So that which is best in a Catholic laity should transform and purify those who form that majority which has to do without this world's advantages, and should seek for the secret of equality—a secret which is to be found not in a low level of roughness and prejudice but in a raised condition of greater reasonableness and of higher aspirations. It would be impossible on this occasion to say one-hundredth part of what might be said of the Catholic layman in relation to the Press. But I do want to say this: the printing press is nearly the greatest power of the age. From the Press Catholicism suffers indefinitely more than even from bad and wicked laws. By the Press we must make our damage good—and more. As our Holy Father says, we must oppose writing by writing—scripta scripitis. But the problem at this day is, not to print, but to get ourselves read. Not to be read leads not only to failure, but to financial disaster—and to ward off this there is a great temptation to condescend to undesirable methods of catching readers. This, then, is what I want to say—that hardly any layman deserves as well of his cause as he who uses intelligence or means to make Catholic books and periodicals pay. Now this points to combination: so we are once more brought back to the absolute need, in our laity, of those qualities of self-restraint, zeal and tact, which alone make combination possible. I will not touch on any practical or burning subjects. It may or may not be true that we want a strong Catholic daily paper, or that we should be the better of a really big solid syndicate, founded on business principles, for the publication and spread of Catholic books, or that more subscribers are required for the Catholic Truth Society. Such things, such enterprises, arise from circumstances, and cannot well be made part of a programme. But, big or little, our printing ventures must be the laity's interest, the laity's study, the laity's fostering, and any jealousy, inertness, or stupidity that checks our Catholic press must always be a deplorable misfortune to the Catholic body.

I have named as the last of my five heads the purse. But the purse would appear to be hardly a mere head; it is rather head, body, limbs, and everything. This is true; in a sense: You cannot help any good cause without spending money. Hence, as regards my subject to-night, it has come to be regarded in some quarters as the whole duty of a Catholic layman, and his proudest privilege, to be allowed to entrust money to the priest to spend. But this is an exaggerated, and indeed satirical view. For I will make bold to say that no priest in the country would maintain it for a moment. I would not like to deny that one or two of our cloth, here and there, may be bitten with it. But by far the greater majority, when they have a few years' experience throw it off. The truth is, although money well used will do a great deal indirectly for the Spiritual Kingdom, there are many most essential things that it cannot do. The seed of God's Kingdom is watered and fertilized, not by coin, but by personal devotedness. As a force of subduing the world to God money, unless it is the expression of the soul's true zeal is barren—and one has only to open one's eyes to see that it is. There are fine church buildings and endowments in this country, and for all the effect they have had they might be jungle-choked ruins in South Africa. There are, on the other hand, numberless examples

of self-sacrificing labor, begun on a small scale, continued from one generation to another, where flocks have grown and souls have been gathered to the harvest. We are, in my opinion all inclined to overlook this. The immediate possession of money brings oftentimes so much relief—it gives such a sense of well-being—it furnishes such well-sounding paragraphs to the papers that we forget the importance of other things. But the old story that a coin, unless it be hallowed and blessed, is apt to turn into a withered leaf in your coffers, points to a true moral. To a priest, nothing can be more lamentable and forlorn than that the good and monied men of his flock, although their subscriptions are fairly abundant, yet should be either out of the church, or indifferent to the parish work, or ignorant of Catholic things, or strangers to the interests, the glories, and the struggles of the Church throughout the great world at large. What he wants is that they should love their altar, should come about their pastor—should give the work of their hands and the wisdom of their heads—and that when they offer their gifts, it should be merely by a messenger, by a cheque, by the post, by the collector, but with the pains of personal service, with journeying, with enquiring with endurance, and with the bending of the knee before Him who alone can make them fruitful. Our Holy Father said, four years ago. "Catholicos laicos otiosos esse non permittimus." "I forbid the Catholic laity to be unemployed." (Letter to the Bishop of Tarragona, 10 Dec., 1894.) There were three things, he said, which religion wanted them to give: "Tempo, zelo, e Sostanze"—time, zeal, and substance. (To the Italians, 17th Feb., 1893.)

This is what he has been preaching and exhorting for twenty years. Two years ago, almost on this very day, he said that it seemed to him that there had been a reawakening of Christianity—a "risveglio di sensi cristiani." I would fain think there has. Wherever we look throughout Europe we seem to find evidences of a keener interest and more determined action on the part of the laity. Three years ago I happened to be present in Rome in the great Church of the Gesù at the interesting celebration of the silver jubilee of the society which is called Societa Primaria Degli Interessi Cattolici—the Primary Society for Promoting Catholic Interests. The Church was crowded, and Monsignor Radini Tedeschi delivered a most stirring and eloquent address. That society of Roman laymen dates its birth from immediately after the entrance of the Piedmontese into Rome. It is by no means the only society—I do not think it was even the first—which sprang up under the shadow of the Vatican with the object of preserving the Catholic life in Rome against secularism, infidelity, and vice. In confederation with it there exists at this present moment numerous clubs, unions, associations, leagues and works. I have never met with a better description of a Catholic union than is given in the "Invite," or invitation to join the Catholic Club of Rome. The object of that club is declared to be "to establish a centre around which Catholic Romans may gather for the purpose of reunion, of getting to know one another, of showing what they are, of understanding one another, of organising themselves, and of concerting measures for uniform action." ("All' effetto di riunersi, conoscerosi manifestarsi, intenderosi, regulari e concertuarsi sui modi di prosedere concordemente e uniformemente." And during all the years that have elapsed since Pius IX. became a prisoner to this day when Pope Leo, each Christmas, renews his protests, these good Roman laymen have worked at education, at the principal elections, at the sanctification of the Sunday, at first Communions and Catechisms, at the help of the poor, at economical kitchens, at public dormitories, at the recreation and amelioration, at centenarries, at Papal jubilees, and in every department of Catholic life. The Societa Primaria has affiliation with kindred objects all over Europe. I know there is one in Dublin. I am not sure whether there are any in England.

Still England, or rather the Catholic laity of the country—has not been utterly supine. If we look to London we find the Catholic Union—we find the Catholic Social Union—established by Cardinal Vaughan to enlist the personal service of the laity on behalf of the East-end of London; we find the Catholic Association; we see the laymen doing a part of the work needed for the support of Mill Hill Foreign Mission College, of the Catholic Truth Society, and of the Converts' aid Society. We find them willingly serving on Boards of Temporalities, on School Boards, on Poor Law and Industrial Schools. We find south of the Thames, the Catholic League of South London, a strong and active body, who are doing splendid work

in the important matter of registration, and who, at the polls of the Schools Board, have converted defeat into victory. We find also the young and generous efforts of Newman House in the establishment of clubs for boys and men, and as an example of effective club premises on a large scale would point to the new St. Georges Club, near St. George's Cathedral, established and supported by the joint efforts of the clergy, the League and Newman House. In the diocese of Liverpool, again, I happen to know that there are and have been laymen who are beyond all praise. I will venture to name Mr. Richard Yates, who died two years ago. Here we have a gentleman who for more than a quarter of a century devoted himself to Catholic work. A man of great ability, he was as unostentatious as he was able. I believe he was practically the founder and he was long the guiding spirit of the present Liverpool Catholic Reformatory Association, which manages the three reformatories of the ship Clarence, Birkdale farm, and May-place. As member of the Liverpool School Board he did better than fight, he managed; and he managed among other things to secure those advantages which the Liverpool Catholics have in the day industrial schools. He also gave the start to another excellent Liverpool institution, The Children's Protective Society for the emigrating of Catholic children who are in danger. He seems to have been one of those men who were never weary and who looked for no reward on earth. In Liverpool, again, we have boys' homes managed by laymen—homes that is where boys who are homeless and cannot earn enough to keep themselves, get lodging and food at moderate charge. There are members on the Liverpool School Board, who are excellent models of what a devoted Catholic layman should be—men who have been on the Board for years, regular attendants, influential by their abilities and sterling character, and never weary of work. Then I would point to the young men's societies of Liverpool, largely promoted by zealous laymen; I would point to the Catholic laymen on the Liverpool Select Vestry, who work splendidly for the poor; to the laymen who manage St. George's Industrial School and the Catholic Orphanages; to the work done by laymen for the League of the Cross; to the Liverpool registration society; to the Ladies' Guild of Church Workers, and, though last not least, to the noble army of collectors who Sunday by Sunday and week by week gather with much pains and self-denial the means by which in the diocese of Liverpool Catholic churches, schools, and presbyteries have become the envy of those who are worse off. It is needless to seek for further examples—and there are many in all the English dioceses of good and solid work carried on by the laity for the sake of the Kingdom of Christ.

Let me venture, in conclusion, to say one word of Birmingham. Between sixty and seventy years ago, before most of us were born, or at least before we could articulately express our views on the rights and duties of laymen, there was a "Catholic Magazine" written and published in Birmingham, and it is recorded in that magazine that London—even London—had shown itself jealous of the qualities of Birmingham Catholics notably as exhibited in that enterprise. Since that time, when, as I have said, Birmingham may be said

**The Miser.**



Many a man with his whole soul immersed in business and money-getting is like the miser whose spring door shut and locked him in forever. Men work and slave and worry and get sick and broken down, forgetting all the time that health is worth more than gold, and that home is rather than great till they hear the door of disease spring to and shut them off from all the bright hopes they labored for. A sick man cannot be happy; he cannot accomplish the work he has to do in this world; he loses the very money he is striving for; his ambition defeats itself. Any man who discovers that his strength and energy are giving way has an unfulfilling means of regaining his physical health and stamina in the simple yet all-potent restorative power of that wonderful "Golden Medical Discovery" originated by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., the world-famous specialist in diseases of the nutritive organism.

Among the thousands who have consulted him by the case of Mr. Newton B. Blake, of Tippleville, Nippon, C. Missions, shown in following letter indicates the remarkable efficacy of his treatment: "In December 1897 my health began to fail. I tried many different kinds of medicines and the more I took the worse the disease grew. Finally in April when I was busy with the farm work my health got so bad that I could not hold out for one hour. My breath became short and I was weak and nervous, and oftentimes would spit blood. I was unable to work and I tried one of the doctors in the vicinity but failed to obtain relief. I seemed to grow worse. My father received a book from Dr. Pierce in which I read of a case similar to mine, and decided to write to Dr. Pierce. He recommended me to take his 'Golden Medical Discovery.' After taking six bottles of this remedy I can recommend it as one of the best medicines to build up the system. I am now enjoying good health."

Torpid liver and constipation are surely and speedily cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They never gripe. They regulate, tone up and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels. No substitute urged by mercenary dealers is as good.

## USE ONLY Finlayson's Linen Thread. IT IS THE BEST

to have shown the way to English Catholics, the laity of the town and district—as far as a comparative stranger may be allowed to pass an opinion—have shown themselves trustworthy, steady, and successful. I believe I may say it is especially in those very important matters which concern the administration of the Poor Law that their labors have borne fruit—and I have more than once heard Bishop Ullathorne—not, of course, speaking of the laity, exclusively—congratulate himself, not only on his success, but on the quiet, conciliatory, and business-like way in which it had been brought about. And now I hold in my hand the manual of rules and the personnel of the Birmingham Catholic Association. I find here thirteen large town parishes, each with its priest at its head, and its good and true men as officers and committee, and all banded together in one grand union which will be able to speak and to act with the whole weight of a great Catholic community behind it. Whilst excluding party politics, I find that its objects are briefly, registration, public Boards, public institutions in their connection with the poor and with the children, material help to the missions, and fellowship among all Catholics of the town. It is an association which cannot be used for any cause of Catholicism. It is an association which carries with it no menace to anybody. You are not banded against your fellow-citizens, much less against the country at large. You are prepared to take advantage of your country's law—and, if necessary, to agitate constitutionally for the repeal of obnoxious laws. But you do not want to shirk one single civic duty, to throw off one single burden, or to encroach by a hair's breadth on the liberty of a single fellow-townsmen. Nay, your association will smooth the ruggedness of controversy and diminish the jarring of strife by forcing agitation into rational and lawful channels, and by curbing the rashness and the exuberances of individual champions. As concerns yourselves, the Catholics of Birmingham, it should reinforce and stimulate your Catholic thought, your Catholic views, your Catholic life. May it flourish! I venture to pronounce a good and prosperous augury over it to-night. I seem to foresee concord, unity, wisdom, victory. I have a vision of something like that old Homeric onslaught, "Shield to shield, helm to helm, man to man." (Iliad xiii., 331); and I pray long after we who meet to-night have been called away the spirit, if not the embodiment, of such a union may subsist in the brotherly feeling, the living faith, and the chivalrous devotion which will be the inheritance of the Catholics of Birmingham.

### SAXON AND LATIN COURTS.

Under this heading, Walter S. Logan, writing in the "Forum," says:—"Latin law is always codified. The Latin judge is ever following the strict language of the code, and dares not depart from it. In these modern times we Saxons of North America have experimented somewhat with codes, but usually to our sorrow. The common law of the English-speaking race has too much life and vigor in it to be bottled up.

"The Latin law is an artificial law. There is no law in a Latin country until somebody makes it. When made, it is a dead law with no inherent power of growth and development; and it is easily codified. The Saxon law was never made. It grew and developed, as order and institution were evolved by our Saxon ancestors, out of the wild freedom of the German forest. It is more alive and growing faster now than ever before. You may write what you know of it in a book, and call that book a code, and the legislature may enact it; but no press can print it so quickly, but that before it reaches the public there will be more law outside your code than in it. The Saxon Court draws its inspiration from a library of living precedents which it is ever modifying and to which it is ever adding. The Latin court looks only at its book of enactments, dead because there is no power to change or modify or adapt them to meet new conditions."

This view of the subject has been adopted by a multitude of lawyers and juriconsults, who seem to see no danger of chaos in the heaping up of one precedent on another, and the eternal mutation of the law. However, while we admit the many, ad-

vantageous characteristics of Saxon—or English—jurisprudence, we cannot accept such a sweeping denunciation of the Latin, or French, and continental system. The real difference is this: The English system is the outcome of countless precedents, or anterior judgments, all which have been exposed to error, because all are subject to reversal, amendment, or nullification. The Latin system is based on principle, which changes not, but can be varied in its applicability, according to new circumstances and new conditions. In other words it is a matter of precedent against principle.

As the writer quoted truly says, the English law was never made; it sprang into existence fattered by the accident of circumstances, and it is subject to as many changes as men's minds are to mutability of judgment. What was law yesterday may no longer be the law of to-morrow. The citizen has nothing to guide him in his relations with society and with law. That which was right for him to do a year ago, has become wrong, and again right, and again wrong—may be fifty times—in the space of twelve months. Vainly may we attempt to apply one or another of the countless conflicting precedents to his case; the application may suit when he enters on a litigation, and have no relation at all to his case when he comes to the close of the legal contest.

On the other hand, the Latin law lays down a well digested and perfectly understood principle; the individual circumstances of a case may change, but the principle is the same. What is right, according to that principle under our code, was right under the code of Napoleon; it was right according to Pothiers, to Marcade, to Aubray and Rau, to Demolombe, to Troplong, or to any of the authorities on that special point; it was right under the Theodosian Code, it was right under the novels of Justinian; it was right when the Roman laws of the "Twelve Tables" were promulgated; it was right according to Ulpian and Paul; it is a principle, firmly established, upon which all can rely, and passing unchanged through centuries, and only different in its application because of the difference of circumstances surrounding each special case.

We humbly submit that we prefer to have a fixed principle whereon to base our action, than to face the uncertainty of law that a confusion of conflicting precedents turns into a matter of chance or haphazard.

### KRUGER SYMPATHY.

Here is a good story from "M. A. P."—"An Irish priest, who has lately returned from South Africa, after seventeen years' missionary experience, relates how, on one occasion, he was introduced to President Kruger. 'Ah! said Oom Paul, judging from the priest's pronunciation of Boer Dutch, you are an Englishman! 'Indeed I am not; I am an Irishman!' replied his reverence. Then give me your hand,' was the President's hearty response, 'for we are brothers in affliction!'

### The Orangeman's Idea of Toleration.

A correspondent, writing to the Belfast News Letter sets himself to the task of proving that the Orangemen of Belfast are not in the least bit intolerant. He calls our attention to the significant fact that the Lord Mayor is a Jew, the Chairman of the Harbor Board is a Presbyterian, the Chairman of the Board of Guardians is a member of the Church of Ireland, and the Chairman of the Water Commissioners is a member of the Society of Friends. "Judged by these appointments," says our contemporary, "the citizens of Belfast are as tolerant and broad-minded as those of any city in the United Kingdom." But some how or other we do not find mention of any Catholic on the list. Nor is such mention to be found in a similar list in the records of the city. This surely is strange in a tolerant and broad-minded city, of which nearly a third of the population are Catholic.

### YOUR WEAK SPOT.

Perhaps it is your throat or your bronchial tubes. If you take cold easily, takes Scott's Emulsion. It checks any tendency in your system to serious lung trouble.

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

# The Lost Mission Of the Irish Gael.

At a recent meeting of the Literary and Debating Society of the Catholic Commercial Club, of Dublin, Dr. Sigerson, F.R.U.I., delivered a lecture on "The Lost Mission of the Irish Gael," the following report which we take from the Dublin Nation. Very Rev. Wm. Delaney, S.J., presided:—

The lecturer said since nations had severally their functions, their faculties, and their fates, might it not be well for them to enquire and learn what were the predominant faculties of the ancient nation to which they belonged in order that they might rightly comprehend the function it had been formed to fulfil, so that they could understand whether it was going on the true lines of its mission. For on this whether it be faithful to its inner, greater, intenser life-energies, or whether it fall off from them and fail, surely depend its future and its fate. He classified the predominant characteristics of the ancient Irish as threefold—spirituality, intellectuality and chivalry. No nation had more clearly shown its possession of a leading characteristic than the Celtic that of spirituality, nor had any been so true to it. When Christianity came to Ireland it came to cultured people, and in a brief time the island took flame, and year after year, sent forth hosts of spiritual champions, admirably equipped to convert the wicked world of Europe. The spiritual descendants of these illustrious envoys were found to-day in every part of the world, and therefore the verdict of the world should be that the nation had been faithful and had not failed. Chivalry unquestionably was a distinguishing character of the ancient race. They delighted in chivalrous warfare, disdaining whatever they deemed unfair or mean. In their old heroic romances innumerable examples may be found the perusal of which should tend to exalt the ideals of generations. He asked if that martial and chivalric spirit which animated this nation in former times disappeared with the generations who exemplified it then. If there could be such an assertion, but there was none, how convincing would be the contradiction given by the great nations of Russia, Austria, Spain, and France, where exiled Irish and their noble descendants upheld the honor of their adopted lands and the memory of their forefathers with heroic fidelity. The new world America, both North and South would hear generous witness, nor could Great Britain be silent when the chief commanders of her armies and navy were Irishmen. As regards the racial characteristic of intellectuality, he said no one could contest its possession by their predecessors. It was the passion and the pride of the ancient nation. So great was the enthusiasm for learning, so high was the honor of literature, that the Irish Universities counted their students by thousands. Their renown over-spread Europe and called visitors to their halls from all the adjoining kingdoms. Ireland was then, in the words of the faith-worthy witnesses, the "New Rome," and the "School of the West."

In no place at no period was there shown such intense zeal for the cultivation of letters, nor had the world ever witnessed such magnificent hospitality as that lavished on foreign students by the Irish nation. When Rome fell its intellectual sceptre did not pass to any country of the Continent, but was caught from the ruins of Ireland and borne for three centuries at last by Ireland in sovereign supremacy over the known world. That was a great claim, but it was admitted. In that glorious period Irish authors helped to save classic letters from degradation, and did more—they laid the deep and strong foundations of modern literature. They gave of their higher culture and elaborated methods to the Norse to the Anglo-Saxons, to the Germans to the French, and the Spaniards directly or indirectly. Beyond the classic world they created new realms of heroic romance, imaginative fiction, aerial visions of other States, mystic dreams, and humorous tales which inspired or influenced much of the great intellectual efforts of other and later men. It was an undeniable fact that ancient Ireland was the Mother of Literatures. Had the people of modern Ireland proved faithful to the noble characteristics that glorified her past and made her name famous among men? Was this faculty exercised? Was this function

rightly fulfilled? Was Ireland now faithful to the great mission bequeathed her in illustrious heritage? All pleas that could be put forward were foreseen and admitted. No doubt storm after storm had swept over their country, wrecked their universities, destroyed their great schools, and at last for a time swept over the land like a demon, burying all education under a Sahara of sterile sand. But their nation had outlived it all. In the very worst time of the tempest, when plunder and death banned learning at home, it created a constellation of colleges abroad, which were founded in the space of a century dating from 1582. They were fostered out of hard won salaries by the gallant commanders of the Irish Regiments on the Continent, whose lands had been confiscated because of their loyalty to prince and principle. Had the nation fallen away from its strong enthusiasm and high ideals? No doubt in the last century much had been accomplished, but were the people inspired by the same intense zeal as of old. If they looked to those lands towards which the Irish race had outflowed they saw that in their poverty and their struggles that they had succeeded in achieving schools and colleges, and at last a university raised its hallowed head. But that was not enough.

If they looked for instance, at the publishers' list for any year, saw what multitudes of volumes were poured forth from the Press amongst English countries, and counted the few that came from Irish authors and how fewer still were produced by Irish publishers, the result should call a feeling of painful humiliation. It was a general complaint that the Irish people did not buy books, that Irish authors found a more friendly audience abroad than at home, and that Irish literature, because of its fine qualities, was held in esteem amongst strangers, while it was almost ignored by the nation for the vindication of whose honor it had been earnestly created. His fear was that the eminent mission which inspired ancient Ireland might be a lost mission if the people be not awakened to the presence and effect of paralysing apathy. Other nations had been advancing with rapidity, and theirs, too, might and should advance with all the resilience of an ever-youthful race. But to accomplish this it must persevere its failings and its faults; it must put aside the false standards under which glaring gawds and gilded vulgarity were set before refined metal, and mercenary materialism preferred to the expressions of spiritual and mental life. Self-sacrifice exalted a nation, self-indulgence degraded it; one was the victory of the spirit, the other the triumph of matter. The burden of a nation's heritage, the responsibility of a nation's fate, lay on every generation as it came. It was a heavy burden, a great responsibility; the heavier it was and the greater it was the deeper and more shameful the infamy of that generation which brought down one of the highest nationhoods of the world. Let not that dishonor be theirs.

Mr. O'Leary (Curtis) proposed, and Mr. Keogh seconded a vote of thanks to the lecturer. The proposer said the decadence pointed out by the lecturer was produced by the English insurrection, which they all so much deplored. The Rev. Chairman said that the mission of the Irish race could not be described as lost while so many missionaries remained. Referring to the death in the country at the present day of assiduous readers of good Irish literature, he said this could not be wondered at as the readers of today were trained under a system which had divorced them from all that was Irish in spirit. No history found its place in what were called with such irony National schools. What boy ever taught in any of these schools was taught to revere anything that any Irishman could look to with pride or respect. The result was that the garbage referred to by Mr. Curtis was the literary food on which the bulk of their population were to-day fed. There was a serious danger that, fed on that garbage, they might cease to be in any sense Irishmen. What they wanted to remedy in the present state of affairs was that their education should be truly national, teaching them the history of the country, teaching them to know and love it, and to be above all things Irishmen.

### Solved the Snow Problem.

A resourceful engineer of a big office building in Philadelphia solved the snow problem for his employers this week, and saved them quite a

sum of money. In the cellar of the building there is a hot well into which empties the greasy drip from all the cylinders of the pumps and engines. The well is sixteen feet deep and five feet in diameter, and from

it this waste water, which has a temperature of more than 200 degrees, is pumped into a sewer. The method employed was to empty the snow into the cellar through the archways, and then shovel it into the well. A force of twenty-three men, divided into squads, commenced work at noon on Tuesday, and after 36 hours' labor the snow had practically been removed from around the building. The work went on without interruption as the snow was melted and pumped off as fast as it was emptied and shovelled into the well. In all more than 1,000 loads were removed at an expense of less than \$150. As the cost for removing snow in cart-loads varies from 90 cents to \$1.25, the saving amounted to more than \$800. It is expected to reduce the cost of removal in the future by providing chutes, entailing less labor in handling the snow.—New York Post.

### His Holiness as a Patient.

Dr. Lapponi, the papal physician-in-chief, explains as follows the origin of the recent slight indisposition of His Holiness, Leo XIII. has very often sleepless nights, and is in the habit of leaving his bed when he cannot sleep, and spending hours at his writing desk. Of course, the doctor

does not approve of such doings, and he has repeatedly insisted that the aged Pontiff should not leave his bed during these winter nights. On the morning of January 18th, he found that the Pope had a slight cold, with shiverings, which boded no good, and His Holiness admitted that he had risen in the small hours of the morning to write a Latin ode about "poor Lavigerie," intended for Cardinal Perraud, who is going to Carthage to inaugurate a monument to the first-named cardinal. Dr. Lapponi insisted that His Holiness was not to leave his bed, and not to receive any one, even the Cardinal Secretary of State. His old valet, Pio Centra, and Mgr. Angeli were requested to see that the doctor's instructions were carried out to the letter. The Pope obeyed for a couple of days, but on the 3rd he told the doctor that he was becoming his second jailor. "I had to submit to the other for twenty years, but I shall not submit to you," he said, and received Cardinal Perraud, gave him the Latin ode, and felt all the better for a long chat.—(Rome Correspondence London Daily Mail.)

### Missions to Non-Catholics.

Eighteen dioceses at present have missionaries engaged in preaching to non-Catholics.—Providence Visitor.

## THE POWER OF THE INTERNATIONAL FINANCIAL CLASS.

In a recent article, by William Clarke, on the life of Bismarck and the effects of the Iron Chancellor's policy on Europe, the writer advances the theory that the subjects of his remarks had but one grand object in life, mainly the acquiring for Germany the control of the Continent and for Prussia the control of the Germanic union. In order to attain this end it was necessary, in the elaborate and long-studied system of his statesmanlike plans, to bring about the distinction of the democratic idea in Europe and to establish in as far as possible, the autocratic methods of Government. To aid in this his grand means was "militarism," or the arming for perpetual preparation for resistance of every power in the old world. With the details and ensemble of this very clever article we have, at least for the present, nothing to do; we desire to merely take a short extract from its pages for the purpose of introducing another train of thoughts.

After thus elaborating the history of Bismarck's bigoted prejudices and altogether Machiavellian system of controlling public affairs, the writer says:— An incidental outcome of this policy has been the tightening of the grip of the financier over Europe. The question of whether the financier makes for peace or not has been much discussed. The answer seems to be that he makes for armed peace, for a state of things in which, while war would mean a tremendous risk, yet preparations for war are necessary in order that the power of the international financial class may be sustained.

Here is also a perfect picture, in a few words, of the situation to-day: The Czar with his peace proposals and all those—except the Pope—who participate in his desires for a general peace agreement, seem to desire that it should be an armed peace. While they are talking of peace they are actively preparing for war, and so preparing on a more gigantic scale than ever. The Pope alone, of all the European influential leaders, sincerely wishes to see war replaced by arbitration, and alone is free from the grasp of the money-lenders, the Jewish bankers of the Continent, whose enormous fortunes are more safely built up upon the continued arming for peace, than upon the accidental arming for war. It is, therefore, these financiers that actually govern Europe to-day, that control the destinies of the various powers, and that dictate peace or war to all except the Vatican. And these Jews have the mighty weapon of the press under their direction. To quote from Mr. Clarke:—

"As the newspapers, notably in Vienna and Berlin, are completely in the hands of that financing class, and the newspapers can be easily used to

spread rumors and so instantly affect the prices of all securities as well as to carry on crusades in behalf of armaments by frightening the public with vague alarms, it may be said that the effect of the "Armed Nation" as developed by Bismarck, has been not only to directly depreciate democracy, but also indirectly to create a power more fatal to its growth than any other in the world. The huge indebtedness of Europe is not only an economic disorder, it places immense power in the hands of a small class who can never be open, as kings may sometimes be, to humane impulses." On more than one occasion we have pointed to the Jewish influence in Europe, and especially to the sway held by that element over the press of the continent, as the under-current that is constantly agitating the masses, shaking the governments, threatening the rulers, attacking the Church and producing the social and political troubles that eternally rock the surface of society. In this unprejudiced exposition of the actual situation in the old world, and of Bismarck's Nationalism—which would stop at nothing to attain the end in view, we have a confirmation of that which, on various occasions, we placed before our readers as the true source of all the diplomatic and international difficulties of the age. It could be readily conceived that such an influence must be antagonistic to Rome, and especially to the reigning sovereign. To Rome, because of the Catholicity that centres in the eternal city; to the present Pontiff, because his great influence is exercised in favor of peace on the basis of arbitration, and not an armed peace, as the financiers would desire.

Here again is an explanation of Bismarck's great and constant opposition to the Church; not so much because it is the Church, or because it is Catholic, or because it is unchangeable and could not be moulded by his fingers to fit into the plans which he had conceived, and which he carried to a successful issue in many cases. "To Bismarck the man exists for the State, not the State for the man." This idea is an integral part of modern German political science. The Church, holding to the very opposite opinion, and the only one in accord with the principles of political economy, and with the origin of society, became a liberty-grafting institution, whose methods clashed with Bismarckian system of reducing the individual to a mere clog in the machinery of the State. Hence the enmity engendered between Bismarck and the Church, hence the deadly hatred of the money made dictations of Europe for the Catholic establishment. In both cases we find the Church on the side of peace and justice, as well as on the side of human liberty and the prerogatives of citizenship.

### THE JUDGES' LUNCH.

In the February number of the Windsor Magazine there appears a very interesting account of "A Judge's Actual Life," written by Michael Moscow. Among other things, it appears that judges are able to pay but very scant attention to the wants of the inner man. "Some of the judges go on with the chamber work without even the customary adjournment for luncheon, merely munching a biscuit by the way of sustenance at half-time and while disposing of the list, in order to liberate as speedily as possible the hundreds of busy professional men in attendance. Others

clear the room for ten minutes or so while they discuss a modest meal. One judge who consistently leaned on the side of frugality, was the hero of an incident that has become historic. While he was enjoying a basin of broth in seclusion a young solicitor ran breathlessly to the vigilant janitor outside with the hasty inquiry, "What's the judge on now?" "Pea soup," responsively roared the well-voiced attendant, much to the amusement of my Lord, who ever afterwards lunched on bread and cheese, regardless of the expense."

Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN McCaffrey, Who Died January, 29th, 1899.

Life's sunshine seems but shadows, Its brightness naught but gloom, Since he who was their idol Has been laid within the tomb.

In the prime of life's fair manhood, Swiftly came the unwelcome guest Death's dark Angel here him onward To his home of final rest.

Vainly will his loved ones listen For the music of that voice; Or the soft tread of his footsteps, That once made their hearts rejoice.

In the twilight's holy calmness, A lone wife her vigils kept, While the tears fall for her husband, Who now sleeps his long last sleep.

And a small voice whispers, "Father, Will I see thee nevermore, Must I watch in vain thy coming, From that bright celestial shore?"

Will the springtime come with gladness, Decking earth with fairest flowers? Yet it cannot chase the sadness, From this once bright home of ours.

Where every severed wreath is bound In heaven thou dost dwell, While loved ones mourn thy still an earth.

A long and last fare-well. —Margaret A. Masam Lapine.

Commence your daily life with prayer. Earnest prayer will sanctify your daily actions—will give you strength to bear up with disappointments. The man, woman or child who consecrate their day's action with prayer, weave the blessed charms of God's grace around them, which gives strength against temptations. How many daily go forth in health from their homes never to return there in life! Prayer is a surety for those you love and leave behind that whatever may befall you, yet all is well.

### FACTS ABOUT HEALTH

It is Easy to Keep Well if We Know How—Some of the Conditions Necessary to Perfect Health.

The importance of maintaining good health is easily understood, and it is really a simple matter if we take a correct view of the conditions required. In perfect health the stomach promptly digests food, and thus prepares nourishment. The blood is employed to carry this nourishment to the organs, nerves, muscles and tissues which need it. The first great essential for good health, therefore, is pure, rich blood. Now it is certainly a fact that no medicine has such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is literally true that there are hundreds of people alive and well today who would have been in their graves had they not taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is depended upon as a family medicine and general regulator of the system by tens of thousands of people. This is because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the blood pure. This is the secret of its great success. Keep your system in good health by keeping your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which absolutely cures when other medicines fail to do any good whatever.

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A Burial Outfit, without distinction—the poor and the rich treated alike, and for the smallest possible sum; within the reach of all classes.

The following is what we agree to do in the event of death during the year's subscription:

To beautifully Decorate the Mortuary Room.

To furnish a Rose Wood Finish or Cloth covered Coffin, and a Hearse with two Horses to convey the Body from the Home to the Church and thence to the Cemetery. All this is covered by the following yearly payments:

\$2 The only Burial Society Incorporated offering a Solid Guarantee.

\$1 10 YEARLY, from birth to 5 years of age. 75 CENTS EARLY, from 5 to 20 years of age. 1 10 YEARLY, from 20 to 45 years of age. 1 50 YEARLY, from 45 to 65 years of age. 2 50 YEARLY, from 65 to 85 years of age.

All our accredited Agents carry a Booklet of Receipts and should call on you, kindly give him an opportunity to explain clearly such a serious and important matter, and which concerns you specially.

Should no Agent call on you, please come to our office and our Manager will give you all information.

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FOR THE SKIN: WHITE ROSE LANTOLIN Cream, 25 cents

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# The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle.

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## EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

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

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY, February 25th, 1899.

### ALD. KINSELLA AND THE WATER COMMITTEE.

While Alderman Ames is an estimable young man in many respects, there was something patronizing in his attitude towards Alderman Kinsella, when, after assisting to displace him from the Chairmanship of the Water Committee, he offered the Irish-Catholic his own less important chairmanship of the Parks and Ferries Committee.

It does not seem to be generally known that for the past quarter of a century the chairmanship of the Water Committee has belonged, by the right of custom, to the Irish element. For a period of ten years John McGauvran held the office, and during his tenure it some of the principal works in connection with that department, such as the wheelhouse, were constructed. For about a similar period that staunch and estimable Irishman, Peter Donovan occupied the same position; and while he held the office many important improvements to our water system were made.

In view of these facts, the attitude of the aldermen who assisted Alderman Sadler and Ames, to deprive us of this important chairmanship—the only one allotted to us—is all the more unjust and irritating. As far as Alderman Ames is concerned, we speak for ourselves, when we say that his offer to vacate his Chairmanship should be rejected.

There is another phase of this matter which has caused us no small surprise; and that is the action of Ald. Laporte. For nearly twenty years Ald. Laporte has worked side by side with the Irish Catholics of St. Ann's Ward, and has been regarded as, in a special sense, a staunch friend of our people; so that we felt that we could rely upon him in every emergency as such. When the Irish Catholic chairmanship had been offered to and refused by Ald. Clearihue—from what motives we do not know—it was then that Ald. Laporte's friendship and loyalty to our race was put to the test. Did he then remember his long years of association with our people? Did he realize that in order to preserve harmony it is necessary to recognize the rights of that section of the population which had so long held the chairmanship that had been offered to him? No; he failed to rise to the occasion, which then presented itself to him.

This is not the first instance in which the Irish element have found that they have been deserted when the help of some of the French Canadian element was most needed. Had Mr. Laporte been imbued with a proper estimation of our people he would have indignantly repudiated any attempt on the part of Messrs. Sadler and Ames to deprive the Irish Catholics of an important chairmanship in order to give it to a Protestant. We should have expected that Ald. Laporte, when his name was mentioned for the chairmanship, would not only have done as Ald. Clearihue did, namely, declined it—but would have shown himself to be a champion of the rights of all sections of the community and a friend, especial-

ly, of the Irish element. It is not for us a question of persons. It is a question of principle. The chairmanship of the Water Committee belongs of right to a representative of the Irish element; and it should be occupied by an Irish Alderman.

### ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY AND THE HIGH SCHOOL.

From what we consider a reliable source we have learned that, on the occasion of the last monthly meeting of St. Patrick's Society, notice of motion was given that at the next monthly meeting the treasurer would be asked to set aside five hundred dollars, from the funds of the Association, to be contributed to the erection and maintenance of the new Catholic High School.

It seems to us that there is a peculiar wisdom in suggesting such a contribution, especially coming from that parent organization. The proposal, it also seems to us, is virtually an investment of that portion of the society's funds, for the benefit of future members.

We know that it is the desire of the President, officers and members of St. Patrick's Society to perpetuate an organization that has for so many generations been associated with the rise and development of the Irish Catholic element in this city, and indirectly throughout Canada. The present members are but the successors of the hundreds who have gone before them, and they are carrying on the work that their predecessors commenced. Time is on the wing; a few decades more and another generation will, in its turn, be taking up the patriotic task that those of to-day so nobly accomplished. The existence of the future prosperity, and the perpetuation on the same lines, of St. Patrick's Society must of necessity depend on the membership to be secured from the ranks of the rising, or rather the younger generation. It is therefore obvious to all who reflect that the stability of principle, the preservation of nationalism, the propagation of Catholicity—all which have ever been characteristics of the Society—must, to a great extent, be swayed by the education of those who are to be the men of the near future. Consequently such a proposal as that of a contribution to so worthy an object as the Catholic High School, is a donation by the present members of the Society for the education, the instruction, the training of those who are to one day fill their places and continue the traditions of their organization as time rolls onward.

This thought should be alone sufficient to secure for the proposal the unanimous support of the members.

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of Leo XIII. that mysteriousness is most strikingly manifested. Popes have lived older than he; one even celebrated his hundredth year; but few, if any, have developed after 80 as much strength and capacity for statesmanship as has the present Vicar of Christ. Of all the great, the remarkable, the famous old men of the nineteenth century he alone remains. Of his contemporaries not one is alive. Gladstone has almost passed into the realm of history; Long does it seem that he has made his exit from the public arena; the Iron Chancellor lives only in memoirs, that are being published, and that in no way serve to enhance his fame; all the sovereigns of Europe—except Queen Victoria—whom Leo XIII., had known and had communicated with have passed away, and he really might say, in the words of Whittier:—

"I am the last leaf upon the tree."  
At the close of this wonderful century, the sublime figure of Leo still attracts the gaze—like the last mountain of Deluge over the unbroken expanse, when all other great peaks had vanished in the flood. And he is not a broken down ruler, nor an exhausted power; rather is he daily giving evidence of most astounding activity and mental force. In the natural course of events it cannot be reasonably expected that His Holiness should see many more years, yet we trust and pray that the prediction of Dr. Lapponi, the Vatican physician, may be more than fulfilled; that eminent medical authority expressed the opinion that Leo XIII. would be as well as he is to-day on January 1st, 1901—when he purposes ushering in the twentieth century, by special elaborate ceremonies in St. Peter's. Humble as our voice is, we raise it gladly in the course of congratulations that will greet the great Pontiff on the 3rd of March, next.

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not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ at or after the consecration thereof, by any person whatsoever; and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous. And I do solemnly, in the presence of God, profess, testify and declare, that I do make this declaration and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation or mental reservation whatsoever, and without any dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope or any other authority or person whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before God or man, or absolved of this declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope or any other person or persons, or power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same or declare that it was null and void from the beginning."

We can readily understand how offensive and insulting such a declaration must be in the minds and to the feelings of twelve million Roman Catholic subjects of Her (or His) Britannic Majesty. Queen Anne, in 1782, was the first sovereign to subscribe to this declaration. Since then it has been repeated by each succeeding monarch who has ascended the British throne.

Father Fallon spoke of the sense of humiliation which the present Queen must have experienced, when, a young girl of eighteen years, she was required to repeat words so foreign to her sentiments and which brand in no mild tone as idolatrous and superstitious a large section of her most devoted subjects. Without entering into the questions of faith—the truth of error or doctrines—the lecturer pointed out that this was not a national, nor yet a religious issue, but a matter of public policy. In 1828, O'Connell refused the oath; he was therefore prevented from taking his seat in the House of Commons. He went back to Clare, was re-elected, and returned to again refuse to take the oath. The result was emancipation in 1829; the oath was amended to suit the Catholic conscience as far as members of Parliament were concerned. By degrees, it was amended in a similar manner, through the efforts of the historian Lingard, and Sir Coleman O'Loughlin, until 1867, a bill passed the House of Lords, by virtue which no British subject was thenceforth obliged to make the declarations of the oath. Most logically does Father Fallon thus argue:—

"Now, it is offensive and unjust for Catholics to be termed idolatrous by the subjects of the Crown, the offensiveness and injustice are increased beyond endurance when the charge is made by the sovereign and on the most solemn occasion. Every argument used in favor of the abolition of the oath for office-holders makes with ten-fold force against its being taken by the Supreme Head of the State."

If we mistake not, on a recent occasion one of the Lieutenant-Governors of this Province declined to take the oath of office on account of objectionable expressions contained therein; and, in consequence, the form of the oath was changed. What could be changed for a Lieutenant-Governor may be changed also for a Governor-General, and with still more reason for the sovereign whom both of them represent.

In any case, the movement is now on foot, how strongly it will be pushed remains to be seen; but, certainly, the Catholics of Canada and of all the empire owe a debt of gratitude to Rev. Father Fallon, for his manly and timely initiative, and to the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa for having so readily taken up the question and brought it before the public. While we know the Coronation oath is more a matter of form than of policy, still we hoped that those who commenced this laudable work will soon behold their efforts crowned with success, and that these objectionable terms will be forever blotted off the page of the statute book.

In referring, when unhappily occasion required, to any of those unfortunate men who, having been raised to the dignity of Catholic priesthood, have, for one cause or another, fallen away and abandoned the Church, we have always been careful not to make use of the term "ex-priest." The expression "ex" prefixed to a word that indicates a function, or a state conveys the idea of the disappearance of such function, and the non-existence of such a state. We speak of an "ex-governor," an "ex-mayor," an "ex-lawyer," an "ex-member of Parliament"; in so doing we mean to state that the person in

question is no longer a governor, a mayor, a lawyer, or a member of Parliament, and this also includes the statement that such person has no longer the right, or power to exercise the functions peculiar to the state, office, or profession indicated. In the same sense there may be "ex-monks," "ex-nuns," and "ex-Catholics." That is to say, a person who once belonged to a religious order—male or female—even as a person who once belonged to the Catholic Church, may of free will abandon that state, or that faith, and go abroad in the world with the right to the prefix of "ex."

But in the case of a priest of the Church of Rome, provided he be a really ordained priest, there can be no "ex" applicable. He may leave the Church, he may attack the Church, he may abandon all the rights and privileges of priesthood, he may despise the functions of that high office, but he cannot cease to be a priest, he cannot divest himself of the sacerdotal state, he cannot efface the effects of ordination. Therefore, it is morally and actually impossible for a genuine priest to become an "ex-priest." He may become a renegade priest, an anti-Catholic priest, a priest-hating priest, or any other stamp of priest; but he remains a priest, all the same, and all the "exs" that he could write in a year before his name would not make him less a priest. It seems to us that this should be the most fearful thought that could haunt the soul of the unworthy priest.

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The carefully prepared revolution, that was to have destroyed the republic, and placed one of the pretenders on the throne of France, has failed to materialize. For weeks it was heralded throughout the world, that everything was ready for the overthrow of the present regime. A demonstration in a theatre, organized by the adherents of the Napoleonic faction was called abroad, with all the seriousness of a natural outburst. Yet in the midst of all the anarchy, that was alleged to be ready to break forth without a moment's notice, the President of the republic was touched by the cold hand of death, the State was left without its duly elected head, and no blow was struck, nothing was convulsed. The nation expresses its sorrow, at the sudden disappearance of a man of good motives who fell beneath the heavy burdens of the cares of state. Solemn services, for the repose of the soul of the illustrious departed, have been held in Paris, and a new president has been elected, all this giving evidence that despite the utterances of bravurers at home, and of the enemies of France abroad, men of sound sense are in the great majority, and things may be looked forward to as likely to be managed in the best interests of the country, let pretenders to the throne do as they will, in obscure corners, where they hatch their apparently insignificant plots and plans. Felix Faure has disappeared from the scene. His presidency was an eventful one, but the true inwardness of his mission to St. Petersburg, and of his treaty with Russia, must be

known, before any estimate can be formed of the influence of his career upon France and Europe generally. The election of his successor, M. Emile Loubet, was a remarkable one. He was, virtually, placed in the Presidential chair, by acclamation. People abroad were prepared for stormy scenes and national disruption, but everything passed off with apparent harmony. M. Meline's name, and the name of M. Dupuy as well as those of one or two other prominent statesmen were mentioned, but patriotism is strong in France, despite what her enemies may say and hope for. M. Meline declined to accept a nomination, so did M. Dupuy. Egotism played no part in the hour of peril; all rallied round M. Loubet, and the dreams of those who thought the hour for the downfall of the republic had arrived were displeased. The new President has a great place to fill, at a most critical moment in the affairs of the old world. Fortunately he is no novice in statecraft. He has arrived at an age when he can look at things calmly, having been born in 1838. His first entry into politics was in 1876. Since he sat in the assembly, and was sent to the Senate in 1895, where he subsequently became president of that body; a position he filled when he was elected to the chief Magistracy. All agree that he is a calm and resolute, as well as an able man. Amidst all the turmoil and recrimination on the Dreyfus affair, he has observed a dignified silence, on all sides he appears to be trusted. In such hands the affairs of the Republic are likely to be safe. All friends of peace will hope and pray that he may be able to guide the nation's bark into tranquil waters, and that these questions which have threatened to embroil the country in difficulties with her neighbors, having been disposed with honor, to all concerned, a new era of calm and prosperity may dawn, for the great and chivalrous nation, who, whatever their faults may be, have played a glorious part in the history of the world and its civilization.

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On Tuesday in all the Christian Brothers' schools, the Most Blessed Sacrament was exposed from nine o'clock, a.m., until noon, in order that the blessing of God would attend the sitting of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, which held its final meeting in Rome on Tuesday, preparatory to the canonization of Ven. Jean Baptiste de La Salle, the celebrated founder of the Christian Brothers.

The members of the Mount St. Louis College Literary Society intend this year to surpass their previous efforts in the celebration of the feast of Ireland's National Saint. They will produce the Shakespearian drama, "Julius Caesar." This effort may be thought, by some, to be presumptuous upon their part as the portrayal of Shakespeare's plays have seldom, if ever, been attempted by amateurs; but we know from experience and can confidently assert that under the direction of their able instructors, the production of "Julius Caesar" will add fresh laurels to the histrionic ability of the pupils of Mount St. Louis College.

Our readers, especially the older ones, will be glad to hear that the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association, after the lapse of many years, are going to repeat that stirring Irish drama, "Robert Emmet," at Her Majesty's Theatre, on St. Patrick's night. Many of our readers will remember the elaborate scale on which this historic play was staged, in the old Theatre Royal, in 1879, and can remember the great enthusiasm evoked at that time. It is to be asked that the Young Irishmen's Dramatic Club of to-day will spare neither time or expense to equal, if not surpass their brother's of the past, feeling assured that they will be heartily seconded by the Irish public, a public that has never failed to show its appreciation of this estimable organization.

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# What Children's Pennies Can Do.

Some months ago, it was proposed to present an equestrian statue of Lafayette to France, and that the amount required to defray the cost would be subscribed by the school children throughout the United States—each to give one penny. The whole amount required was estimated to be \$765,000; already the penny contributions have reached the sum of \$75,000. It must be considered, however, that the time was too limited, the scheme was not properly advertised, and very few of the children were aware of the object of this collection until the other day. Despite all these obstacles it is a splendid object lesson to find the enormous sum of \$75,000 resulting from the pennies given—in a few weeks—by the children. Apart from the immediate case under consideration, we think that in our own country, and even in this city, a practical lesson might be drawn from these facts.

Hundreds of children would feel more delight in contributing a penny—such a small sum—to some grand and universally approved object, than to spend the coin for candies, marbles or other childish luxuries. Take for example, the enormous and important undertaking of the Catholic High School; a penny would not weigh

very heavy in the balance, when we consider the cost of such an establishment; but a mass of pennies would soon become dollars, and every dollar has its place in the structure, even as every stone in the material edifice is necessary to the stability of the whole. We are merely taking the example before us, and presenting it to our readers as a good suggestion. The great difficulty in life, at present is the fact that we are too liable to underestimate small things; yet it is the aggregate of small things that constitutes the great, the enormous things in the world—whether in the material or in the social orders. We do not pretend that such a sum as \$75,000 could be gathered—in pennies—from school children in Canada, or in Montreal; but in proportion to our population, in proportion to the object in view, and in consideration of the great spirit of faith and sentiment of generosity inculcated into our children, we know that most unexpected results could be fairly calculated upon. Moreover, the proverbial "widow's mite," is as acceptable as the rich man's large donation—it is proportionate to her means, and the hearts of both beat with the same noble desire to advance a good cause.

## NOTE AND COMMENT.

Most people know the old adage, about giving a dog a bad name. The Filipinos if they get a glance at the newspapers must feel astonished at the category in which they are now placed. The general impression was that they were at home in their own country. The idea that prevails amongst them, no doubt is that they are fighting for their own firesides, in their own land, where they were born, and where their forefathers for generations lived and died. In the war now being waged against them, they might claim to be the natives, and the forces opposed to them ought to be called invaders. But all that has been changed. For some reason which Senator Hoar and many others cannot apparently divine, the United States, having gone to war with Spain for the purpose, avowedly, of giving Cuba self-government, has not only taken possession of Cuba and raised the flag of the republic there, but has covenanted with Spain that for \$20,000,000 the Philippine Islands are to be transferred to the Stars and Stripes, despite the fact pointed out by the leaders of the Filipinos that it was to be distinctly understood that they too, were to be in control of their own country when once liberated from Spanish bondage. The thick-headed followers of Aguinaldo are just as stupid as Senator Hoar. They scout the idea that they should be sold with their lands and tenements and their pride of race for \$20,000,000, like so many heads of cattle, and because they do not understand diplomacy, and cannot recollect the words of the President of the United States, prior to the war with the acts of his admirals and generals since, they are dubbed insurgents, and the invading army glories in the title of the National forces—were the position less tragic it would be humorous, but the melancholy fact is this, that tens of thousands of lives are likely to be sacrificed, before the natives of the Philippine Islands shall have fully realized the significance of a modern nation's act, in going to war for the sake of humanity, before they shall fully understand that in plain English, they are henceforth to become and remain a subjugated people. The move made by the commander of the native forces, if, indeed, he be not misrepresented as is most likely the case, when he is said to have attacked General Otis' forces, was in the judgment of all disinterested parties a false and fatal one. It consolidated public opinion in the United States, in favor of expansion and the attack, was apparently unjustifiable, inasmuch as the natives are not drilled or equipped so as to contend against forces supplied with the engines of modern warfare. Let us hope, that in the end the unfortunate inhabitants of those Islands may find the Americans better masters than the Spaniards provided themselves to be; in the meantime, it does not seem harsh that the men and women who are shedding their blood for the defence of their homes and liberties should be styled insurgents.

According to statistics discovered and reproduced by the New York "Sun," the class, after that of the British farmer, which is most interested in seeing the price of wheat kept up, is that of the clergy of the Established Church. Since 1836, the old system of paying tithes in kind has been changed into one of payment of value, or money. The result is that the incumbent of a parish, under the existing state of affairs, finds that his revenue fluctuates with the rise and fall of the wheat market. Although it is generally conceded by all Christian Churches, that our Lord informed the world that "not by bread (wheat) alone" should man live, but by every word," etc., still, in this closing period of the nineteenth century, we find the livings of the clergy in the English Established Church, dependent upon the multiplication of the loaves—or, what amounts to the same thing, the increase in the market price of wheat.

What a contrast between this state of affairs and that which existed in the Catholic Church. It matters not, as far as our priests, missionaries, communities, or general clergy are concerned how the bills and levers of the wheat pit succeed. They may tear each other limb from limb, and yet the triumph of one or the other class of speculating dealers can in no way affect the security that surrounds the Catholic clergy. Why so? Simply because the Catholic Church was not erected by "Act of Parliament," and no legislature can ever dictate how or in what degree the faithful must contribute to the support of the clergy.

Sir Thomas Taylor, Chief Justice of Manitoba, resigned his position a short time ago, and considerable speculation is being indulged in with reference to his successor. The names of some gentlemen of the Bar have been mentioned; on the other hand, it is claimed that one of the present judges, will be promoted to the Chief Judgeship. Some of the English press having put forward the claim of Mr. Justice Killam, as the senior Judge, "La Presse" of this city points out that the Hon. Justice, is not the senior Judge of the High Court. Judge Killam was appointed in 1885, whilst the Hon. Justice Duhaie, a French Canadian, was elected to the Bench in 1879. If the position is to go by promotion, Mr. Duhaie should get it. He is a man of learning and high character. It is to be hoped that his race or religion may not debar him from the place to which he is justly entitled.

## Letters to the Editor.

To the Editor of the "True Witness." Sir:—The spirit of Christian charity, that prevails so largely everywhere, has opened wide the doors of our hospitals and dispensaries. It appears, however, that abuses have

grown up, which it is time to find a remedy for. The number of persons, who are able to pay the small fees exacted by the physicians but who avail themselves of the attendance and free medicines, given by our charitable institutions is it appears

largely on the increase. There was a time, when the feeling of self-respect was strong enough in the people to prevent them from seeking the free aid intended for the very poor. Now, it is quite different, and so great has the abuse become, that some of our institutions have felt called upon, to speak out and state, that a remedy for this state of affairs must be found. Why people should not feel ashamed of being classed amongst the pauperized it is difficult to understand; but there is another and a more powerful motive, that should prevent any one, able to afford payment for medical attendance, from throwing themselves upon public charity. It should be patent to such persons that they are doing a grave injustice to the deserving poor, they are taking what belongs to the latter, when they appropriate a part of that which is destined for the really destitute. The clergy cannot investigate every case, so as to give a perfectly reliable certificate, but such associations as the St. Vincent de Paul Society, with their active energetic and efficient committee of investigation, have all the machinery needed to make such enquiries to establish the bona fides of any claim for hospital or dispensary treatment. If such a certificate was required by applicants, for medical attendance at the hospitals, there would be fewer cases of deception and actual imposition upon public charity. Every now and again reports are published, of the straits in which our public hospitals are placed, for lack of necessary funds, and can it be wondered at, when we find it stated upon reliable authority, that fifty per cent. of the recipients of this charity is made up of persons well able to pay for medical attendance by private practitioners. Ordinary human respect and honesty ought to be enough to prevent people from practising a deception, that burdens our institutions of charity, and robs the deserving poor.—A. F. P.

Montreal, Feb. 22, 1899.

## A GLANCE AT EUROPE

Continued From First Page.

That M. Faure was a genius no person will admit; that he was a marvel of statesmanship we cannot fairly claim; but no far-sighted critic can ignore the talents, the abilities and the higher qualifications which enabled a man to ascend, step by step, the great ladder—often a tottering and dangerous ladder—of political success. The son of a carpenter and a seamstress; himself by trade a tanner; a man whose ambition seemed to be centred in the commercial development of his own, and then of his country's interests, he was led, as it were by the hand of Providence, from one height to another, until he closed his career and his life under the roof of the Elysee, and practically and actually in the presidential chair of the French Republic. This was the man of whom the Emperor of Russia, the Queen of Great Britain, the Emperor of Germany, the crowned heads of the world considered and treated as an equal; whom the President of the United States looked up to as a statesman whose example was worthy of imitation. And yet through all these changes in his eventful life, he was the same business-like, kind-hearted, poverty-helping, friend-respecting individual. Surely there are in these few characteristics the elements of greatness!

Greatness! "Dieu seul est Grand, mes freres," exclaimed the immortal Bossuet, in opening one of his masterly funeral orations: "God alone is great," said that genius of the pulpit; and the last words of President Faure, spoken to his valet, are a confirmation of the same truth: "You see," he said, "how little a man is, even he be President of the French Republic." It is that sentiment of humility, joined to the fact, that, despite the shortness of the time between the first stroke and the final breath, a priest of the Catholic Church stood beside the dying President, and ushered his soul into the presence of God, which may be the greatest consolation of those dear to him in life, and the grandest gift that his angel may carry beside him, as he renders an account of his conspicuous life, before the eternal tribunal.

In the historic sanctuary of Notre Dame, there where so many scenes in the great drama of French history have been enacted, the church chants a solemn Requiem over the remains of France's dead President. The tide of political strife may lead itself into fury outside, the cries of conflicting parties may awaken the echoes of the capital, the passions of the hour may burst forth in restrained vehemence, censure and praise may meet and grapple for supremacy over the multitude; it matters not! The solemn "Libera" goes on; the eternal sacrifice is offered from the altar; the remains of the last head of the nation rest in the sacred aisle where

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once were extended those of the great Conde. of Turenne, of the greatest of the royal Bourbons, of the greatest of the Imperial Bonapartes; and the same Church chants the same service, and, despite the infidelity, the very paganism of more recent epochs, the Catholic head of the still Catholic country reposes under the wing of the Catholic Church Militant, and we pray that his spirit lives in the bosom of the Catholic Church Triumphant.

## THE LATE PRESIDENT FAURE.

A solemn Requiem service for the repose of the soul of the late President Faure of France, was held in the Church of Notre Dame, on Thursday morning. The ceremony which had been ordered at the request of M. Kleczkowski, Consul-General of France, was most impressive. His Grace Archbishop Brecheux presided, and chanted the absoute at the conclusion of the service. The church was most sombre in its drapings for the occasion, and a most representative gathering was present. Among these were noticed Lieut.-Governor Lette, Major Sheppard, A.D.C., Hon. J. J. Tarte, Minister of Public Works, who represented the Federal Government; Premier Marchand, representing the Provincial Government; Lieut.-Col. Roy, D. O. C.; Chief Justice Sir Alexander Lacoste, and a number of judges. The bar attended in a body, as also a number of French National societies. The spacious sanctuary was filled with clergy and the students of the Grand Seminary. The various religious orders were also well represented.

His Grace the Archbishop, at the close of the solemn service made the following touching reference regarding the late President:—  
"The imposing funeral ceremony which has assembled here on the invitation of the worthy representative of France in Canada, calls, it seems to me, for a few words on my part. Nearly four years ago the President of the French Republic fell in a street of Lyons, struck down by the dagger of an assassin, and a prince of the church rushed to his side to receive his last breath and give him the supreme consolations of religion. On Thursday last his successor, M. Felix Faure, died at the palace of the Elysee, struck down by apoplexy, and a humble abbe of Paris pronounced over him the words of pardon and of divine hope. In both cases it was Christ pardoning in the person of his minister, in both cases it was sudden and terrible death, but accompanied with the peaceful blessing of the Church, without which our hearts would mourn to see those whom we love depart. The touching details which the telegraph furnished us yesterday, display before our eyes an assertion of the Christian and Catholic feeling of France. Yes, God is with her, and she, in the midst of the trials that come to her, tells the world that she needs God.

Near the dying President I contemplate with emotion the strong woman, the pious wife, who, in her immense grief, thinking of the soul of her husband commands that a priest be sought with all possible haste, in four different directions. I like to hear the doctor say, when he sees that the President's life will escape him, notwithstanding the energetic efforts of science, "We have done all that we could, let us now give our place to religion," and my emotion still continues when I see the members of the cabinet collected and on their knees, unite their prayers to the prayers of the weeping family, because all that tells me that in the heart of our mother land, Faith is always alive. When the existence of her chief magistrate is about to end she proclaims her belief in future life, in the efficiency of prayer, in the supernatural power of priesthood, that is a lesson given the world.

Dearest Brethren, at the moment when I am speaking, the funeral of M. Felix Faure is perhaps not yet over in Paris. The casket containing his remains has appeared under the portals of Notre Dame, and in front of the altar, and in the midst of an immense crowd, representing the whole nation, the sublime hymns of the Church have been chanted. Divisions and strife may have been outside, but in the old Cathedral it was a perfect union of hearts and minds, under the same impression of the vanity of life, and in the same hope of immortality.

Notre Dame of Montreal also sings and prays with Notre Dame of Paris, as a daughter ever faithful to her mother in her days of mourning as well as in the days of triumph and glory. Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine! Yes, oh! Lord, grant the leader of France whom Thou hast called so suddenly to Thee, eternal rest, and have mercy on France herself. Continue for her Thy merciful and tender protection. Whatever may happen and whatever may be said, Thou knowest that she always loves Thee, that she labors and suffers for Thee. Glory for ever to Christ, who loves the Franks!"

## THE GAEIC SOCIETY OF MONTREAL.

One of the most successful meetings yet held by the Gaelic Society of Montreal, was that which took place on Monday evening last, in their hall, 662½ Craig street. As has been mentioned in recent issues of the "True Witness," the Gaelic Society was lately established to perpetuate the Gaelic language; the study of which is being revived among the Celts throughout Ireland and the United States. The Gaelic Society of Montreal has the honor to be the first to inaugurate the revival in Canada; and Messrs. Lavelle and Mangan, the president and secretary respectively, deserve great praise for their herculean efforts on behalf of the language. Both are proficient Celtic linguists and they have liberally volunteered their services every Monday evening, to teach, free of charge, all those who desire to learn the Celtic language.

The kind efforts of these gentlemen should be appreciated by the Irish community of Montreal and as many as possible should encourage, by their presence on Monday evenings, the study of the language of their forefathers.

The attendance on last Monday evening, although better than formerly, could have been larger. Among those present were noticed the following:—  
Messrs. J. Lavelle, Pres.; J. C. Mangan and M. Birmingham, joint Secretaries; B. Feeney, Col. Hibernian Knight; J. Dodd; Alexander M. Beaton, Mr. MacQuarrie; W. P. Stanton, P. O'Keane, Captain of Hibernian Knights; ex-Detective A. Culman; J. O'Neill, P. Logue, J. McFadden, D. Maloney, E. O'Keane, S. Fitzpatrick, J. McCarthy, P. Horan, J. Clarke and Mr. Cransey.

The progress of the regular class instruction was somewhat retarded as the fifty Gaelic readers donated by M. J. P. Quinn, Q.C., M.P., had not yet arrived from Ireland, and the stock in hand was recently destroyed by a fire in the dwelling of the secretary. After instructions by Mr. Lavelle, several selections were rendered and a most enjoyable time was spent.

Mr. J. C. Mangan rendered the Gaelic song, "Graig na chroie," and received a well-merited encore; a song, "I'm Irish to the Backbone," by Mr. E. O'Keane, received great applause. Mr. B. Feeney, then gave an instructive reading on "The perplexity of the Irish language." Mr. Dodd sang "The Bragh," which was enthusiastically received. When recalled he rendered an original topical song about Col. B. Feeney, and literally brought down the house. A humorous song in the Highland Gaelic language upon the "Victory of the late Sir John Thompson," was then given by Mr. Alexander M. Beaton, and was well received; Mr. MacQuarrie, formerly of Cape Breton Island, and now of Ontario, was next called upon by the chairman, Mr. Lavelle, to address the meeting, and he did so in a most eloquent manner. Mr. MacQuarrie, has thoroughly mastered both the Celtic and Highland Gaelic and he is greatly interested in the present Gaelic revival. His discourse was very interesting and impressive and he received a vote of thanks from the society.

Mr. J. C. Mangan was again called upon, and he favored those present with a monologue in the Scotch dialect. Mr. W. P. Stanton, then made a few remarks after which the entertainment closed with the singing of "God Save Ireland" in the Irish language.

At a meeting of the executive committee which was subsequently held, arrangements were made to have a grand concert on March 4th. The talent will include some of the ablest in the city. Mr. M. J. P. Quinn, Q.C., M.P., will deliver an eloquent address on "The Life and Times of Robert Emmet," and the programme will include several Gaelic songs and recitations. Mr. J. C. Mangan will also deliver a short address in the Irish language. It is expected that a large attendance will be present. Tickets are only 25 cents, and can be had at their hall, 662½ Craig street, or at the residence of Mr. J. C. Mangan, 366 St. James Street.

On Thursday evening last, Messrs. Lavelle, Mangan, and Birmingham, organized a ladies' class at the residence of Miss Stafford, 21 St. Louis Square. A good number were present and it is expected that the enthusiasm of the ladies to learn the Irish Gaelic will soon rival that of their husbands and brothers.

On Friday evening the same gentlemen established a private class in the Knights of Columbus Hall, corner Blouin and St. Catherine St., as many of our Irish Catholic citizens prominent in professional and commercial circles expressed the desire to learn the Gaelic language. From present appearances the Gaelic movement in Montreal, promises to be an unqualified success.

## PERSONALS.

The many friends of Mr. B. J. Coghlin, 151 University St., will be sorry to hear he is confined to his residence through illness.

Rev. Canon Cousineau of the Archbishop's Palace, and Rev. Father Lemerger, of St. Bridget's Church, were in Ottawa last week, and visited Rev. Father Champagne, who was ill at the Water Street hospital.

Miss May Flaherty, who is the guest of Mrs. Edward O'Brien, 29 St. Famille street, has arrived on a visit from Boston.

Rev. P. E. Mignan, the Lenten preacher at Notre Dame, was unable to preach on Sunday owing to illness. He is to preach on Sundays and Fridays and during Holy Week.

Miss Mullaney is visiting Miss Murphy, Ottawa.

## LONDON CABMEN.

London's crowded streets have been relieved by a new police order directing cabmen to drive into the nearest side street as soon as they have discharged their passengers. No empty cabs are allowed on the main thoroughfares. The rule keeps the streets clearer, but the cabmen object that they miss many customers, and the Londoners that they can no longer find cabs where they want them most.

**JOHN TAYLOR'S HAM.**  
"Broil or Fry Quick Over a Hot Fire Just Before Serving."  
**TAYLOR'S PREPARED MINCED HAM.**  
No Salty Taste. Broil Quick. It's Great!  
Sliced, 20 cents per pound. In 5 pound sacks, 17 cents per pound.

**A CUP OF GOOD TEA!**  
We offer a very choice EXTRA QUALITY SOUCHONG TEA, the best imported, in 5 and 10 pound tins and caddies of all sizes, on charge (for tins or packages) at 75 cents per pound, delivered, express prepaid, at any station within 300 miles of Montreal. This quality only.

**Finest Extra Souchong Tea (English Breakfast)**  
75 CENTS PER POUND. FRASER VIGER & CO.

**THE "DEERFOOT FARM"**  
SAUSAGES, SAUSAGE MEAT AND SLICED BACON,  
All in Pound Packages.

We have now in store a nice little parcel of  
**100 Boxes "Golden Tipped Ceylon" Tea**  
and offer it at same price to one and all.

**50 Cents Per Pound.**  
"Golden Tipped Ceylon" Tea, 50c per pound in one-pound packages.  
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**ALFRED BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER**  
(For making the Richest Custards, without eggs, at one-half the cost and trouble.)  
**2 Boxes for 25 cents. \$1.20 per dozen boxes.**  
Each box contains three packets, and each packet is sufficient for a pint of Custard.  
Remember the price—2 boxes for 25c equal to 6 pints. \$1.20 per dozen packages.  
Bird's Custard Powder. A full line of recipes with every box.

**HUMMEL'S FAMOUS STRASBOURG PIES**  
(Pates de Fotes Gras) in Terrines.

Here they are, all we have left:—  
7 Terrines de Fotes Gras, Size No. 14 ..... \$0.70 each  
15 Terrines de Fotes Gras, Size No. 13 ..... 0.90 each  
12 Terrines de Fotes Gras, Size No. 12 ..... 1.05 each  
2 Terrines de Fotes Gras, Size No. 8 ..... 2.70 each  
1 Terrine de Fotes Gras, Size No. 6 ..... 4.75 each  
They will all be gone by Easter.

Make your selections now of Hummel's fresh made Fotes Gras in Terrines.

**OUR STILL MOSELLE WINES,**  
Are light and so rich as the Rhine Wines, and if for use with oysters and all sorts of fish they are unexcelled. At present we have only the following remaining in stock:—  
**STILL MOSELLES.**

	Per case	Per case
	1 doz. quarts	1 doz. quarts
	\$ 8.00	Mosellblunchen..... \$12.00
1/2 tinger.....	11.00	Berncastler Doctor..... 20.00
Braunberger (in quarts only).....	11.00	Pints \$1.00 per case extra.

**FRASER, VIGER & CO.,**  
Italian Warehouse, 207, 209 & 211 St. James Street!

# RANDOM NOTES

## For Busy Households.

Some twenty years ago there was an enthusiastic desire displayed by the majority of Irishmen, and Irish-women too, to have a home of their own for their families. Through a movement inaugurated by a few enterprising Irishmen, known as mutual building societies, several hundreds of our people were enabled to attain this object. It was of course to be expected that there would be some people who would fail to take full advantage of the inducements offered at the time; who were unwilling to continue to make the sacrifices which their membership imposed upon them, but as a rule, a large number of those who are owners of small holdings of real estate in Montreal and district to-day, owe it in a very great measure to the spirit manifested by the organizers of Irish Mutual building societies. It should be the aim of the heads of our Catholic households to secure for their families, even however modest, a home that they could call their own. It will give them a status in the community. A writer in one of the New York newspapers refers to the increase in the number of purchases of real estate by small investors in that city as follows:—

When it is considered that many of the chief banks for saving in this city are actually overburdened with the increasing millions of deposits and that the financial condition of the average wage-worker is very much better than it was from three to five years ago, some idea is gained of causes which have brought about this tendency of the man with a few thousand dollars to withdraw his savings and to invest them in a home.

A large proportion of depositors in saving banks are persons who depend for a living upon the returns from their daily work. They add to the holdings of the saving banks for their individual benefit until the approach of middle age or a change in their social surroundings suggests the necessity of a permanent home.

Then comes the withdrawal of their savings for years and a visit to the real estate salesrooms to bid on a parcel offered at auction or to the office of a broker, where enquiry is made as to the price and terms, on which a particular parcel may be bought. With this class of investor the favorite purchase is either a flat or a tenement. He calculates that by occupying one of the apartments himself he can keep the building in better order than a janitor, and can also collect the monthly rents with less loss than would result if an employee had charge.

With the head of the family earning sufficient to support the family, and a little more, the returns from the payments by tenants can be applied to decrease the mortgage.

Father Alfred, Franciscan Provincial in a sermon recently delivered at St. Francis, Stratford, England, in speaking of the home said:—

That home should be the model of every Catholic home. As the parents lived so generally the children lived after them, though we did, of course, hear sometimes of good parents having bad children. Parents ought to have little to say to their children, their example should be sufficient. Unless they good example it was useless to tell their children to be virtuous. They knew as well as priests did that it was often the early good impressions of childhood that had brought

back from the ways of sin many an erring youth. Instead of being like the home of Nazareth, how many Catholic homes were the abodes of wretchedness because of dissensions and sin. The parents of such homes would have a terrible reckoning to make before God, not only for their own souls, but for the soul of every child God had committed to their care. The responsibility of the education of a child rested with the parents. Its education might be continued at school, but it must be commenced at home, which was the foundation or background of the school education. And when children left school, then should parents be especially watchful over them, particularly as regarded their companionships and their literature.

In a Christian borough—which was none other than their own borough of West Ham—there was an institute frequented by children which was circulating literature which was so blasphemous it made one shudder which spoke against Jesus Christ, who was God. There was already enough bad literature in the world without public bodies circulating it. It was earnestly to be hoped that all who had their share in allowing blasphemous literature to be read in a Christian borough would be no more supported by the electors.

Red tape may be a good thing in the right place, but there is no room for it in works of charity, says the Church News. When the thermometer is hovering around the zero mark and the streets are rendered impassable by snow there is no time to refer cases of suffering to committees for investigation. At such times it is better to give to the unworthy than to take the chances of refusing the worthy. All that the truly charitable want to know is whether or not men are suffering. If they are, charity should be dispensed promptly and without the formalities accompanying the issuing of rations in the army.

Here is a recipe that should be cut out and pasted in a corner of the kitchen mirror, where it can be seen, for it will save many dollars' worth of time and strength, says the Prince Edward Island "Agriculturist." Shave five cakes of good hard soap into just enough boiling water to dissolve them nicely. Stir constantly until the soap is dissolved, then add two teaspoonfuls of powdered borax, and a scant teaspoon of kerosene. Stir rapidly with a wooden spoon until the mixture is as thick as putty. Use it whenever anything very dirty, either cloth, tinware, woodwork, or iron utensils, is to be cleaned. Apply a little to the outside of your teakettle, while it is hot, using a flannel cloth for the purpose, and see how bright it will be. Use a little also, when cleaning your windows, and you'll never again regard that task as something to be put off as long as possible. For cleaning sinks, wash basins and slop jars, there is nothing that can equal it, and by its use the dish towels can be kept nice and white without rubbing. Put them into a pan of cold water add enough of the compound to form a good suds, and let them come slowly to a boil. Let them boil until they are sufficiently clean, then rinse and hang them out. Such work it will almost do itself, while one is attending to other duties, and the task of keeping clean is thus robbed of more than one half its terrors.

### ANGLO-AMERICAN DOWRIES.

(From the London Chronicle.) According to an estimate that has been made of the Anglo-American marriages during the past few years no fewer than 152 American women have married European noblemen. The dowries they have brought amount in the aggregate to rather more than £3,330,000, which would give an average fortune of some £20,000 to each of them.

### PHYSIQUE AND PHYSIO.

(From the Maryland Medical Journal.) We are often too ambitious in ordering our patients change of air in lung troubles. They do not need to go a thousand miles to obtain fresh air and that change in their way of living which their health demands. They need more hygiene, more exercise, more sunlight and probably a better diet. Regular systematic, not too severe, exercise in the open air every day is what is needed to establish and develop such a constitution in the growing child that he will not be liable to phthisis. Let us be content with smaller doses of climate and supplement them with larger doses of hygiene, moral and physical. The chest is the keystone of a fine

physique. No one can perfect the capacity, bony frame and muscles of his thorax without also developing back, loins and limbs. A good chest means good arms and like enough good legs. Take care of your chest and your limbs will take care of themselves. What is the need of a capacious chest? The answer is that a roomy thorax and strong heart are no mean allies in resisting the assaults of disease. Every inch a man adds to his chest measure adds to the measure of his days.

### An Ottawa Singer Praised.

The Denver, Col., Sunday News has this to say of one of Ottawa's talented musicians:— "Few strangers have made so warm friends in so short a time in Denver. They need more hygiene, more exercise, more sunlight and probably a better diet. Regular systematic, not too severe, exercise in the open air every day is what is needed to establish and develop such a constitution in the growing child that he will not be liable to phthisis. Let us be content with smaller doses of climate and supplement them with larger doses of hygiene, moral and physical. The chest is the keystone of a fine

endeared her to many, and her magnificent knowledge of musical art, combined with the quality of her soprano voice, have made her an acquisition to musical circles in Denver, which it is a pity they must lose. She hopes to spend the summer vacation here." Miss de Rideau and Mr. O'Reilly are children of Mr. John O'Reilly, of this city.—Ottawa Free Press.

### BOUNTY MISAPPLIED.

(From Punch.) Philanthropic Duchess (who has taken several tickets for amateur concert, to two young ladies)—would you like these tickets? I am not going myself, and I'm afraid you'll be awfully bored. First Young Lady—I thank you so much, Duchess! But my sister and I are going there—to sing!

### A WOMAN'S WIT.

A lawyer defending a prisoner on trial for stealing money, began his cross-examination of the principal witness, a woman, by saying:— "Tell me my good woman, what sort of money had you?" "I had 8s in silver and a sovereign in gold." "Tell me, my good woman," continued the lawyer with a sneer, intending to confuse the witness, "did you ever

see a sovereign in anything else but gold?" "Oh yes, sir," answered the woman with a calm smile, "I saw Queen Victoria." "Madam, said the coarse lawyer, baffled in his attempts to make a cool witness contradict her statements, "you have brass enough to make a saucepan." "And you have sauce enough to fill it," she retorted.

### A WAY TO WEALTH.

(From London Telegraph.) Upon one occasion the late Earl Poulett was paying his physician, and on handing the medical gentleman 400 guineas in gold, asked him if he knew how to grow rich. The doctor replied in the negative, and the Earl advised him never to pay an account by a check, but always in coin, "for," he added, "the more you look at your money the less inclined you will be to part with it."

### A LESSON FOR BACHELORS.

The Bachelors' Club of Chicago has closed up its affairs and gone out of existence. There were only three members. They died on February 10—all on the same day—and were buried side by side in Calvary Cemetery. These members of the Bachelors' Club were John Durrens, 92 years old; Matthias Caas, 79 years old, and Mi-

chael Nolan, 87 years old. Although it was nearly half a century ago that the club was in active existence, these three members were true to their early vows and remained bachelors to the end. They were cared for by the Little Sisters of the Poor.

### BOYLISTS HAVE RIGHTS.

A French Court has just made a decision that establishes the point in France that when a bicyclist is attacked by a dog, and in attempting to drive it off meets with an injury, the owner of the dog is liable. The plaintiff in the case lost his balance in chastising the dog that pursued him, fell off, hurt his wrist and smashed a valuable cigarette case that he was carrying in his pocket. He claimed damages of \$100 and \$40 was awarded to him.

### Money for Lord Kitchener.

London, Feb. 17.—In the House of Commons on Friday last, Mr. John Dillon, asked if it was true that the Government intended to give the sum of £30,000 to Gen Lord Kitchener to enable him to support his new fleet. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer, replied that it was. He added that the money was given in recognition of the victory at Omdurman, and that Parliament would shortly be asked to vote the amount.

### The Experiment of Workmen Directors.

Some interesting statements appear in the half yearly report, just issued, of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, and particularly in regard to the addition of working-men directors to the board of the company. The directors state that the profit-sharing system, which was introduced in 1889, continues to justify its existence, as it induces a generally intelligent interest in the welfare of the company on the part of its officers and men, who by their better work earn the profits that are distributed among them annually. The greater part of these profits during the past nine years has been invested in the company's stock. In October last the workmen shareholders elected two of their number to sit on the board, and, with the addition of these directors, the report states that the "result so far has proved satisfactory." As a result of the half year's working there is a net revenue balance of £190,422, of which the directors recommend the same rate of dividend as was paid in the previous half year—namely, 5 1/3 per cent. The balance added to the reserve fund brings that fund up to £106,043, while the insurance fund now amounts to £46,017. — (St. James Gazette.)

### YOUR BEST INTERESTS.

Will be served by making sure of health. It will be a loss of time and money to be stricken by illness. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and purify your blood. In this way all germs of disease will be expelled, sickness and suffering will be avoided, and your health will be preserved. Isn't this a wise course?

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Price 25 cents.

**STABAT MATER DOLOROSA**

BY JACOPONE DA TODI, THE "FRANCISCAN POET"

A NEW TRANSLATION.

Stood the doleful Mother weeping,  
By the dark Rood, vigil keeping,  
While, uplifted died her Son,  
Grief his sword relentless driving  
Through her soul, smote keenly riv-  
ing,  
And she moaned, with pain fordone.

Oh with what deep sorrow laden  
Was that blessed Mother-Maiden  
Who God's One-begotten bore  
When she saw her offspring peer-  
less,  
Hands and feet nailed, could she  
tearless,  
Look on agony so sore.

What man living so hard-hearted,  
As to feel no grief imparted,  
By th' excess of Mary's woe?  
Who could witness her great anguish,  
While she saw Him bleed and lan-  
guish,  
And could curb the hot tears' flow?

She beheld Christ's agonizing—  
Victim scourged, Priest sacrificing—  
For His people's debt of sin:  
On her Son she gazed with moaning,  
When with Death He struggled groan-  
ing,  
When he died our love to win.

Mother, fount of love o'er flowing,  
Ah! may I, thy colors knowing,  
In thy bitter grief have part:  
May my spirit cold, unruled,  
Burn with love of Christ, God truly,  
And console His Sacred Heart.

On mine heart be graven solely  
Jesus' deep wounds, Virgin Holy,  
Wounds of Jesus crucified,  
All His pains, my Lord and Brother,  
Borne for me—a loving Mother—  
Those dread pains with me divide.

Pity for thy tears so tender,  
May I feel until I render  
At my death the last faint sigh.  
By the Cross, where thou art ever,  
Place me, and desert me never—  
Hear, oh, hear my longing cry!

Virgin, all chaste maids excelling,  
Grant this wish, that aye is welling,  
From mine heart, to mourn with  
thee.  
In my soul Christ's death to carry,  
In His wounds all days to tarry,  
This obtain from God for me.

Be those bleeding Wounds my treas-  
ure,  
And His Cross my holy pleasure,  
Be my drink His blood Divine,  
Virgin by thy prayer defend me,  
In the Judgment hour befriend me,  
Lest Hell's dreadful doom be mine.

Christ, when I through death am  
speeding,  
Give, by Thy dear Mother's pleading,  
Give to me the victor's palm.  
When at last my flesh shall perish,  
Oh, do Thou my tried soul cherish,  
In Thy Heaven's all-blissful calm!

—Sonnets and Lyrics by Rev. Michael Watson, S.J., Melbourne, Vic., Australia.

# MRS. CHARLES ST. JOHN.

A Well-Known Dressmaker in Providence, R. I., is Well and Strong Again, After Being So Weak that She Could Not Walk Without Help.

Four out of five women in America are not perfect women in the sense of being perfectly healthy. Nearly every one has some peculiar ailments of the menstrual organs. Just look around when you go along the street. You will see the pale, the weak, the run-down and the sorrow-faced everywhere. Some of these girls and women are rich and don't have to work. Others are poor and must toil for a living. The poor are most to be pitied. They must work away with their heads, backs and sides aching. They must toil regardless of their paleness, weakness and nervousness. Day after day the drains of leucorrhoea sap away their strength and life becomes a round of misery. Women can be healthy if they wish. No doubt about it. They can be well, strong and rosy-cheeked. Read the following as proof:—

Mrs. Charles St. John, 255 Charles St., Providence, R. I., testifies as follows: "For six years I suffered from female weakness, headache, pains in the back and in the legs. At times I was so weak that I could not walk without help. For two months I was under special treatment in the hospital, but came out as pale and as weak as I was when I went in there. Having seen so many women cured by Dr. Coderre's Red Pills, I tried them, and was at once greatly benefited. My doctor afterwards told me to keep on taking them. I am a dressmaker, and am well known to many women in Providence, who have frequently remarked how much better I am now looking." (Signed) Mrs. CHARLES ST. JOHN, 255 Charles street, Providence, R. I.



Dr. Coderre's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women are a positive specific for all female weakness and disease. They may be depended upon to purify and strengthen the organs distinctly feminine, to soothe all inflammation, and to stop pains and debilitating drains. They cure where doctors fail, and cure right at home, without abhorrent examinations and local treatment. They are the only medicine in the world that is the discovery of an experienced and skilled specialist in the treatment of the diseases of women. In all realms of science there has never been

a medicine with such a remarkable number of cures to its credit. While taking these pills it is well to follow certain health rules under reliable professional advice. All women ought to get such advice by mail from our celebrated French specialists. Simply write us a letter, and full advice will be sent you free of all charge. For personal consultation, call at our Dispensary, 274 St. Denis St., Montreal. Be very careful about getting the genuine Dr. Coderre's Red Pills at the drug store. They are always sold at 50 cents a box—fifty pills in a box—or six boxes for \$2.50. There are many harmful imitation red pills sold by the dozen, the hundred, or at 25 cents a box. Beware of them. It is not quantity that you want. It is good health you are looking for, and you will find it if you take Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. A 50-cent box lasts longer than a \$1 bottle of liquid medicine, and the pills cure. It is the druggist's business to give you what you ask for, not to substitute something else for the sake of his profits. Honest druggists sell Dr. Coderre's Red Pills. Or you can send the price in stamps, or by registered letter, money order or express order to us. We mail them all over the world. No duty for you to pay. The best woman's doctor book is called "Pale and Weak Women." A free copy can be secured by sending your name and address on a postal card and asking for it. Send now. All letters should be addressed to The Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Department, Montreal, Canada.

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Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairing of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to. 15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

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GAS, STEAM and HOT WATER FITTER,  
RUTLAND LINING, FITTING ANY STOVE,  
CHEAP.  
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ESTABLISHED 1864.

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House, Sign and Decorative Painter.  
PLAIN and DECORATIVE PAPER HANGER,  
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Registered Practical Sanitarians,  
PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL  
AND SLATE ROOFERS,  
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# FRED'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

From "Our Boys' and Girls' Own," by permission of Benziger Bros.

## CHAPTER VI. BRIGHTMAR.

Brightmar is a lovely place. It has acres and acres of woodland and meadow, for a wide river sweeps along its southern boundary, and the meadows are known far and wide for their rich growth. Then there are uplands and fallow fields, wheat and corn and clover fields, cattle-pastures and sheep runs, and the gardens. The railroad crosses it, and the station is on their own land—the only one there is for miles around. It is fully a mile distant from the house, unless you know the path through the woods, or go down with some of the family who know it.

The house is old—for this country—but it is large and fine in its old age. Mr. Morris had plenty of money, exquisite taste, and a liking for building, so that in his long occupancy of it had enlarged it and improved it again and again. When Katharine first saw it, it stretched along the gentle slope on which it stood, with porches, galleries, verandas, and oriel windows in bewildering number, draped as they were with vines of all kinds. The gardens lay in front of it, and they were beautiful in order, as they had been another fancy of the late master, and his successors had too much respect for his likes and dislikes to forget his interest in the grounds he had so long worked to beautify. The walks were sometimes shaded and sometimes sunny, sometimes straight and sometimes winding, sometimes broad and sometimes narrow, and there were arbors and trellises of all kinds, with garden-chairs and seats in every pleasant spot.

The children were allowed to run and play at hide-and-seek, or sit anywhere they chose to read or talk or study, but they were in honor bound not to touch the plants, not to be careless or injure anything. Each had a garden in quite another part of the place where they might do what they pleased in the way of planting and pulling up, digging and trenching, sowing and reaping, but in "grandfather's gardens" all was sacred.

All this was explained to Katharine in many tongues. Then she was escorted over the house and introduced to each room, to the garret and the cellar, to the kitchen and the great parlor. "Grandfather's room" was approached with much gravity, for it had not as yet been changed from the way in which he had liked to have it. But, with that exception, the whole house was opened to the youngest inmate, and every one was expected to behave well in any place where he or she chanced to be. The many beautiful and rare things gathered together with such care and such expense were all safe enough, for not one of the children would carelessly destroy anything, while, where there was no prohibition and a sense of ownership, there was an easy absence of curiosity and a sense of protection to be exerted. The place as it stood was a lesson in beauty to each child.

Mrs. Johnstone was energetic enough in maintaining it at its best. She was a good housekeeper and a good home-maker, and enjoyed her placid rule very much. Miss Morris was perfectly satisfied. Her tastes were different, and she was only too glad to be left at perfect liberty to follow them wherever they led her. To-day that was for a long ride on horseback with Mr. Courtney, and Agnes was free to go with the others, as they begged her to do.

It was getting on towards sunset, and they were a little tired, when Polly raced down the garden path from the terrace steps, calling them to follow her and rest in the stone alley. She had taken a particular fancy to Katharine and showed her "the cypress corner" when she arrived with the others.

"You know, you're company yet. You're next youngest to me. I was the last company, and I came two years ago. So I am two years old, and you only one day."

"I am five and more than a half," said Katharine with a troubled dignity.

"Oh, I mean at Brightmar! All the others have been here ever since they were born. We came in late."

"So did I, Polly," said Agnes, who had brought her book to one of the stone seats. "And Jeff, too."

"But you have been here forever. Long enough, I mean, to forget when you did come."

Katharine was looking very earnestly from one to the other, as though revolving a question in her mind. Agnes put down her book

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"Does Katharine know who we are? Can she tell us one from the other?" "Oh, yes! I was teaching her all morning. I taught her lots of things, didn't I, Katharine?"

"I know all the names," said Katharine, hesitating, "but I don't know why some are cousins and some are brothers and sisters."

"Well, Uncle John's and Aunt Penelope's children are brothers and sisters because—well, because they are. And I'm not, because I'm Polly Howard, and my mother was Uncle John's sister Elizabeth."

Katharine nodded an energetic understanding of so much.

"You told me that this morning," she said.

"Agnes and Jeff are brother and sister to each other. They're the Albert Morris orphans," as people say. I suppose they will call you—"

"Polly!" exclaimed Agnes. Polly flushed very red and became silent. She had very nearly said an unkind thing in reminding Katharine that she, too, was an orphan.

"She does not explain very clearly, does she?" continued Agnes, cleverly mending the breach in Polly's discourse. "Gretta is the eldest Johnstone, and Terese comes next. Then Fred and Gertrude. There is only one year's difference in their age, and they are like twins—"

"We have twins," interrupted Katharine—"Alma and Alice, and so pretty. But—they have—gone away."

"Such a pathetic little pause as it was! Agnes felt it, and even Polly looked wistfully at the little speaker.

"There is no one else but Johnny," she said hastily.

"And Francis forgotten? With those trowsers, too! And Aunt Mary's three sons, Polly? Why, they belong to Brightmar as much as any of us!"

"But Stanislaus is a priest!" expostulated Polly.

"Not quite. Besides, what difference will that make? He must have his own people and his own home somewhere in the world. And George and Theodore are not priests. They are only away at college."

Just then Miss Morris came down the terrace steps. She was in her riding-habit and carried her hat and whip, for she had caught sight of the children from the porch and hastened to them. She was laughing as she came down the path.

"Well, Polly! You said as soon as they could distinctly see her without calling, 'we have to thank you for a pleasant thing that will happen. You flattered Mr. Courtney to some purpose, although you did not mean it. We are all invited to Shirley for a day. What do you think of that?'"

"Oh, Aunt Sara! And you have been over there? Did he go to see that it is all ready for us?"

"Now, Polly! The idea! I have not been to Shirley, but over to Blakely. And we are not invited for to-morrow—not exactly! But Mr. Courtney has gone home, and he did invite every one of us to give him a whole long day at Shirley next week, particularly Katharine and Polly. Yes," as Polly uttered a little shriek of ecstasy, "he mentioned those two names particularly to me and to Aunt Pen."

"It's too perfectly scrumptious for anything!" said the excited Polly, and she at once began pouring out to Katharine's eager ears all the delights they might anticipate.

Miss Morris leaned on the arm of the stone bench near Agnes, watching the two joyous little maids, and thinking, as she enjoyed their pleasure, how very small and young Katharine was to have been left in so sad a manner.

"She is a dear little thing, Aunt Sara," said Agnes in a low tone, watching the looks and their direction. "I have been with her all day, and there does not seem to be one ugly thing about her. She is like her sweet little face, and no one can help loving her."

Miss Morris roused herself from thought and looked pleased.

"Well, Agnes, you certainly know a good child when you see one, and I can take your word for what I am quite ready to believe. I thought as much from the first moment I saw her last evening. What a blessed thing that she is so sweet and so happy-hearted! Our children are a good sort, and I think there will be only one more of us—no stranger, hard to fit into our Morris angles and rub against our separate corners."

"Is she like her mother?" questioned Agnes, half hesitating.

"I never saw her mother, dear. But your Uncle Fred thought her the finest and most sensible woman he ever met, and, surely, this little one has been as carefully brought up as a blossom in a conservatory. That looks as if his wife was really his 'better half,' for your Uncle Fred—"

good and lovely character as he was—would hardly have made a success of bringing up a little girl. He could be strong and wise with a boy, but not with a girl. You know what I mean, I am sure. There goes the teagong!"

Agnes slipped her arm through her aunt's, and they ran together up the long path. Captain Ramsey's idea of Miss Sara Bronson Morris was not quite just. He would have liked her better could he have seen her and heard her out there in that sunset hour.

## CHAPTER VII.

The invitation to Shirley came the next morning, but through the influence of Mrs. Johnstone the day was set for the following Saturday. It would be so much better, she said, to have such a glorious holiday at the end of the week, with no lessons on any one's mind and plenty of time to talk it all over before the next lesson-day.

"For you will all want to be talking it over from morning until night. You always do. And it does take time to dispute, even mildly, over every incident, rearrange the whole thing to suit each one of you, and then make up your differences. However, I must say you do make them up, and are always satisfied—in the end."

"But, Aunt Pen—" hesitated Polly.

"Well, Polly?"

"If it were only the other end of the week! Monday is one end, you know."

"Oh, Polly, how silly! No, no! that would not be the same thing at all. Besides, you will not lose by it. This is Saturday, and between now and next Saturday, there will be fifty things thought of to amuse you that you would miss if you went to Shirley early in the week."

"Well, yes—that's true! I think I'd rather wait, after all. Oh, Katharine, you never did see such chestnuts as there are at Shirley! Just wait until we get there! I'll show you!"

"Oh, Polly! Chestnuts in June?"

"You know I wouldn't be such a silly! I know we must have frost before chestnut-time. I only just happened to remember how good they were last year. Come, Katharine, we'll go down into the garden and there we can talk without being laughed at by everybody."

"Do you mind the laughing, Polly?" Polly stood thoughtfully near the door. It was Agnes who had spoken, and her soft voice was sweet and sincere.

"No, of course I don't care for it! decided Polly. "It is not your fault when I mix things up so. But, really, I was trying just as hard as I could not to feel cross. A whole week! It is an awfully long time, after all."

"An 'ou was dest tryin' to take 'oor own' tention, wasn't 'ou, Polly?" sympathized the solemnly wise Francis, or, as they called him this week, "Towers." About every seventh day he made for himself some new title by a new excitement of a new mistake, into which he plunged with all the ardor of twice his years, and without the slightest endeavor to hide his feelings or conceal his errors from their laughter. Then the others immediately gave some suggestive nickname and wore it out on him.

"Oh, children, do—for goodness' sake!" protested Mrs. Johnstone, who was beginning to find the household accounts and memoranda too much for her amid such confusion. This time they paid heed to her entreaties and vanished like a breath, half a dozen voices echoing through the hall and rising newly on the ear from without as they raced into the garden.

"I am sure those children will frighten that little thing out of her wits!" said Mrs. Johnstone. "She's not one bit like Fred, is she, Sara?"

"Only in the expression of her eyes. I remember he used to speak of Eleanor's beauty, her dark hair, dark eyes, and brilliant color. Agnes asked me last night if Katharine was like her, and, thinking it over after I went to bed, I recalled these things. She must be like her, yet when she looks at me

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Such were Tonello's three ways of being happy. Every person can find them. Happiness lies in every heart that is, in contentment. "The glory of a man, says Thomas A. Kempis," is

and smiles I see Fred very plainly. Dear, dear Fred! If father had only been—easier to please."

"You were here all the time and I knew all about it," said Mrs. Johnstone, after a little pause. "I never had the courage to ask for particulars when we came back from England. What reason had father for objecting so seriously to Fred's marriage? Wasn't she a lady? Or—what?"

(To be Continued.)

## THREE WAYS TO HAPPINESS.

By R. J. LOUIS CUDDY.

There are a large number of persons who would wish to be happy, but never take the trouble of finding out how happiness is to be obtained. Many persons will say: "Ah, if I knew a way to happiness, how glad I should be!" Those do not reflect that there are three ways which they may pursue, as well as the Roman vine-dresser who was won't to say "Happiness is always threefold; the first is given to me, the second, I buy; the third, I steal." The vine-dresser lived in a little hut on one of the hills around which lay the Eternal City. The hut nestled among rich and luxurious vines, in a vineyard, and from this trellis work of vines could be seen the great and immortal Rome, its towers and bellfries, its palaces, and churches,—those places "Where rulers reigned; you heap of stones.

Was once their gorgeous palace; Beside them now, on altar thrones, The priest lifts up the chalice."

But the beautiful vineyard did not belong to the vine-dresser. He had simply rented the place, and though he worked assiduously, and with great hardship, he did not amass a fortune by his avocation. But, fortunately he had three ways to gain a threefold happiness. "The first way was: One is given to me. The vine-dresser with his jovial, rubicund face, had little need to say, "one is given to me." He was in truth a sunny, cheerful, cloudless nature. He was one of those favored beings whose cheerfulness and power of enjoyment, never desert them, even when the hand of old age is laid heavy upon them. So he was wont to say, "Shall the cares and miseries of life make me sad and despondent? Why, I say to myself, sadness does not belong to your flesh and blood; away with it." But, the good Andrea Tonello—such was the vine-dresser's name—did not depend altogether on the happiness given him, so he bought more. The second way was: "The other I buy." Now, the Roman vine-dresser did not go down into the dark room of the dirty tavern on the plain below, and buy happiness which men drink in long, full draughts of a glass, and which after a little while robs their brains away; and which produces nothing but a reeling head, a drunken sleep, and in the end a shattered body. No, it was not at this "den of iniquity and misery" that the honest and noble Roman sought or bought his happiness. But he bought it by hard, redoubled labor in his vineyard; and by this means he never failed. Thus at evening, after a day of harder work than the preceding one, he turned homewards wearied, indeed, but, joyful and contented. How pleasantly glided along the hours of the evening, as the vine-dresser sat chatting with his wife and caressing his children. Truly it may be said: "that a good father is the joy and prop of the home."

The third way was, "To steal it." If stealing were always a sin, Tonello would have been a great sinner. As all the happiness he desired was not given him, and as he could not buy it in sufficient quantities, he had recourse to the third method: "I steal it."

But he stole it in a way that he committed no sin. How did he manage to do this? "When the happiness given me is not enough, and when I cannot buy it, I look down to where the palaces of the great arise from the forest lands, and I behold in spirit all their grandeur and magnificence. I see their stately halls, abounding in gold and rich stuffs gleaming with the precious marbles (Here Pagan pride with sceptre stood), and I reflect that all the lords and ladies who dwell therein are not altogether happy. I know, indeed, that many of them are very unhappy. Then my heart is full again of contentment with my lot, feeling convinced that all the gold of earth cannot make happiness. I think of Heaven, with its streets of gold and its beautiful dwellers, which lies up yonder, where I shall one day rest in joy that knows no end. Thinking this, I grow glad. Thus do I steal my happiness from the palaces of the rich and the Kingdom of God itself."

Such were Tonello's three ways of being happy. Every person can find them. Happiness lies in every heart that is, in contentment. "The glory of a man, says Thomas A. Kempis," is

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the testimony of a good conscience. Keep a good conscience, and thou shalt always have joy. A good conscience can bear very much, and is very joyful in the time of adversity. A bad conscience is always fearful and uneasy. Sweetly wilt thou rest, if thy heart reprehend thee not. "Happiness lies in work; that is, in the true fulfillment of duty. Stand firm to duty on all occasions, never swerving either to the right or to the left, but keep in the straight path, neither fearing the criticisms of men, nor the tongues of detractors.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow Is our destined end or way; But to act that each to-morrow Finds us further than to-day."

Happiness lies in God; that is, in the remembrance of eternity. "Our heart" says the great doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, "were made for thee, and they shall never rest except they rest in Thee alone." When God created us, he did so with a quintuple object.

1st. To know Him, 2nd. To love Him, 3rd. to serve Him, 4th. To be happy to a certain extent in this world, and 5th, to enjoy Him forever in Heaven. Thus pursuing these ends, will life glide along peacefully until the Master shall call the servants to pay them their hire, and then will the darksome and weary night of this world be changed into the Everlasting Day, in that Home where the great Apostle St. Paul says, "The eye hath not seen, the ear hath not heard, neither can any man think to himself of the grand things that God has in store for those that know and love Him."

## WOMEN AS WAGE-EARNERS.

(Lecture of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer in Boston.)

In 1840 there were but seven occupations open to women in the way of wage earning, whereas now the field includes several hundred branches of industry. Mrs. Palmer said that 61 percent of the women of Massachusetts between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five years are wage-earners, domestic servants forming a much smaller class than other occupations.

## The Doukhobors Are Protestants.

A book just issued, purporting to give Canadians full information as to the characteristics, etc., of the recently imported people, known as the "Doukhobors" or "Spirit-Wrestlers" referring to their religious (?) principles, says:—

"The Spirit-Wrestlers never frequent churches; they do not 'worship' (?) images; during prayer they do not make the sign of the cross; they do not keep the ordinary fasts . . . All which no doubt accounts for the very enthusiastic reception they have met with all along the line from a certain class of people. The "Doukhobors" are apparently sound Protestants; at all events they are not Catholics—and that fact suffices!

The doctor may be a good man, but even so, medical examinations and the "local-application" treatment are abhorrent to every modest woman. They are embarrassing—often useless. They should not be submitted to until everything else has been tried. In nine cases out of ten, the doctor in general practice isn't competent to treat female diseases. They make a branch of medicine themselves. They are distinct from other ailments. They can be properly understood and treated only by one who has had years of practice and experience in this particular line. This is true of Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a remedy for all derangements of the reproductive organs of women, has been in actual use for more than thirty years. It cures every form of "female weakness."

We cannot change the profound, resistless tendencies of the age towards religious liberty.

Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum is sold by all druggists; 10 cts. a bottle.

## Society Meetings.

### Young Men's Societies.

**Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.**  
Organized April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875. Regular monthly meeting held in its hall, 18 Dupre street, first Wednesday of every month, at 8 o'clock, P.M. Committee of Management meets every second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8 P.M. Officers: President, M. J. POWER; all communications to be addressed to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: W. J. Hinchy, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

### St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Organized 1885. Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 8 P.M. Spiritual Adviser, REV. E. STRUBBE, C.S.S.R.; President, JOHN WHITTY, Secretary, D. O'Neill. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

### Ancient Order of Hibernians.

**DIVISION No. 2.**  
Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laurier streets, on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 P.M. Officers: President, ANDREW DUNN; Recording Secretary, THOMAS N. SMITH, 83 Richmond street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: A. Dana, M. Lynch and B. Connaughton.

### A.O.H.—Division No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at Hibernia Hall, No. 2042 Notre Dame St. Officers: B. Wall, President; P. Carroll, Vice-President; John Hughes, Fin. Secretary; Wm. Rawley, Sec. Secretary; W. P. Stanton, Treas.; Marshal, John Kennedy; T. Ervine, Chairman of Standing Committee. Hall is open every evening (except regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading newspapers on file.

### A.O.H.—Division No. 4.

President, H.T. Kearns, No. 32 Delormier ave. Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Foutly; Treasurer, John Traynor; Sergeant-at-arms, D. Mathewson, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, F. Goeha; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Donovan, J. P. O'Hara, F. Goeha; Chairman Standing Committee, John Castello. A.O.H. Division No. 4 meets every 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notre Dame street.

## C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26

(ORGANIZED, 13th November, 1883.)

Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month, the regular meeting of the Order, and also on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 P.M.

Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: MARTIN BAGAN, President, 577 Gledoux St. J. H. FEELEY, Treasurer, 719 Sherbrooke St. G. A. GADBOIS, Fin. Sec., 511 St. Lawrence St. JAS. J. COSTIGAN, Secretary, 325 St. Urbain St.

## Catholic Order of Foresters

### St. Gabriel's Court, 185.

Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan 31, in St. Gabriel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laurier streets.

M. P. MCGOLDRICK, Chief Ranger. M. J. HEALEY, Rec.-Sec'y, 48 Laurier St.

## St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, C.O.F.

Meets in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawa street, every 1st and 3rd Monday, at 8 P.M. Chief Ranger, JAMES F. FOSNAE, Recording Secretary, ALAN PATTERSON, 197 Ottawa street.

## Catholic Benevolent Legion.

### Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L.

Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at 8 P.M. M. SHEA, President T. W. LESAGE, Secretary, 447 Berr Street.

## Total Abstinence Societies.

### ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

ESTABLISHED 1841.

Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Sunday of every month at 8 P.M. REV. J. A. MCCALLIN, Rev. President; JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary, 24 St. Martin Street; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs J. H. Feeley, M. Sharkey, J. H. Kelly.

### St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

Rev. Director, REV. PATRICK FLYNN, Pres. Rev. JOHN KILLFEATHER; Secretary, JAS. BRADY, 119 Chateaugay Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, commencing on Ottawa street, at 8 P.M. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

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# CATHOLIC WINTER SCHOOL OF AMERICA.

Continued From First Page.

The highest dignitaries of the Catholic Church in America have approved our labors, and, therefore, we feel confident that our purpose is good. From the very foundation of the winter school we have had many friends, and our success has been increasing from year to year. We have no doubt that we shall be still more successful this session. We have prepared with great care what we believe to be an excellent course of lectures, and we trust that the audience will be both pleased and enlightened.

Bishop O'Gorman has been so kind as to leave far-distant Dakota to instruct us in a most important subject, and one little understood—"Church and State in the Middle Ages." Mr. Henry Austin Adams, whose eloquence we all admire will speak to us of five of the greatest men of this century—Pope Leo XIII., Gladstone, Bismarck, Darwin and Tennyson. Father Barnum, of Georgetown University, will lecture on Alaska, the immense American territory situated in the icy northwest, and inhabited in part by the strange Eskimos. Chief Engineer Harrie Webster, U.S.N., will take us to the Orient, of which a part now belongs to us. China, Siam, Corea and Japan. Father John Talbot Smith, of New York City, will speak about the works of the great Cardinal Newman, of Sienkiewicz and of "Quo Vadis," and of the modern drama. Father Biever, whom you heard last year with so much pleasure and profit, will explain the properties of gases and of electricity, and will show us scenes from the "Passion Play," the last remnant of the mysteries of the middle ages. Prof. Currell, of Washington and Lee University, will tell us which books are our friends and which are our enemies, and will take us to the England of the author of the "Canterbury Tales." Father Horan, of Little Rock, Ark., will lecture on Dante, and Mr. McAle, of the weather bureau, whose prophecies have been but too unerring, will initiate us into the mysteries of the atmosphere, and will take us from our present realm of snow and ice to the realm of the cloud.

Besides the lectures we shall have two other solemn pontifical Masses, one at St. John's Church and the other at the Jesuits' Church, and we have inaugurated this year an exhibit of Catholic School work, to which we respectfully call your attention.

In the absence of the archbishop we have had no formal opening exercises, and my chief purpose of addressing you briefly to night has been to give you an outline of our work and to welcome you as friends and brethren.

Right Rev. Bishop O'Gorman: "This is the end of the nineteenth century, and is one of the most progressive and up-to-date cities of the country, said His Lordship. Then why should a bishop from the far northeast come here to bring up antiquated questions of the middle ages? A stranger visiting the beautiful city of New Orleans—beautiful even without sunshine, and gazing upon the wonderful carnival pageant, might ask why Rex and Comus propose to the inhabitants of New Orleans and to the strangers such antiquated subjects on their floats. Why? Because these subjects of ancient times can be more satisfactorily treated than modern subjects. I have chosen the subject of the middle ages because of that very reason. Furthermore, the Church in the middle ages played a political and a religious role in the affairs of the civilized world. Critics of an uncharitable turn of mind have said:

"What the Church did in the middle ages, she will do again, if given the chance." I deny this, and intend to give a true view of the middle ages and to show that the Church did not persecute for religious motives.

Christianity is a fact, not a theory. It has a place in history, and it is co-terminous with human race. The centuries since Christ give the development and the expansion of Christianity in human life and human affairs. It is a fact embodied in the Church. Therefore the Church has its history. Christ compared the Church to a mustard seed, which, in the course of time, becomes a vast tree, on which the birds of the air found a shelter and a resting-place. The oak, monarch of the forest, is in the acorn—every constituent fact of the great tree is in the small acorn. This comparison gives an idea of the Church's internal growth since the days of Christ. Another comparison, more to the point:

Christ compares the Church to leaven, which causes the dough to rise and expand. Christianity got in contact with all mankind—with all the departments of human life, and the interests of humanity. The Church is in contact with men as individuals, in all their phases of life, public, professional, social and domestic. It is because the Church is thus in relation

with man that a possibility is offered to object to the Church from an individual standpoint.

"History deals with what has happened, with what has been created; and there is a history of mankind, and of the mutable of humanity. In order to properly view the history of the middle ages, it is necessary to view it in all its phases, and not to look at it from a single point of view. In or to study the Church, one must judge it from its environments in each age. It is not fair to judge the Church of the thirteenth century according to the usages and manners of the nineteenth century. Study it in the light of the time in which it exists. Men in the north have no idea of what is called tropical or semi-tropical climate.

"When the European came to the newly discovered country on this side of the Atlantic in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries this country was not uninhabited; and, in order to understand what the great mariners of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were trying to do, it is necessary to take up the old map that they had. When you read the past history of the Church, you must forget the conditions in the nineteenth century and go back to the old map of united Christendom—the environments are not the same. Down to the sixteenth century, the civilized world had but one religion; the map of the old world was a map of monarchy. Is it so now?

"The monarchies of Christian Europe were federated under one emperor in the middle ages. Therefore, do not expect the Church to act now as she did in the olden times. Then the map was a different one.

"The influence of the Church, in modern matters, would be impracticable because the conditions are not the same now that they were in the 13th and 12th centuries. The Pope in 1791 disclaimed that he wanted to bring the Church to the same conditions that obtained in earlier times. The Church now does not assert dominion in civil and in political affairs.

"Another law to help in reading history is to generalize the particulars and ignore the subject as a whole. If the bad side of things are brought forward, then one can draw a horrible picture, and no people, no institution, can be safely and justly considered.

"There is a human side to the Church. It has individuals in its folds—there are bad ecclesiastics—but that fact does not reflect upon the Church. Popes are infallible in one thing only—in declaring Christ's revelation to the world. When they sit as judges, they have authority and must be respected as the universal judges of the Catholic Church. They are not infallible, and may not all have been impeccable in private life and in deciding political questions.

"Now, then, the unfair historian of the Church loses sight of all the good picks up the wrong side only, and piles wrong upon wrong, so that men stand aghast. It is wrong to thus generalize particulars. The Church is not afraid of the truth. When Leo XIII opened the archives of the Vatican, he was advised against by some parties, but he gave free access to the archives, to the students of the world and said: 'Let the truth be known. It must be so.'

"The Church has already been a blessing to mankind, in spite of the mistakes and failures and fallings off of some of its members or some of its ecclesiastics.

"It is the noblest and most filial duty of every member of the Church to show that the Church has been through all ages a blessing to the world, as God intended it to be."

Loud applause evidenced the interest taken in the Bishop's lecture.

## NOTES OF LOCAL INTEREST.

Notre Dame Hospital will be equipped shortly with the X-ray apparatus invented by Dr. Roentgen, of Germany. At present the General Hospital is the only one in the city fitted with the new invention; and in that institution it is almost a daily necessity, as all important surgical cases are subjected to the X-rays. Consequently the introduction of the apparatus into the Notre Dame Daine Hospital will be of great advantage to the physicians of that institution.

St. Mary's Young Men's Society held its annual meeting recently and elected officers for the ensuing term with the following results:—

Spiritual Director, Rev. Father O'Donnell, P.P.; president, E. W. Kearns; 1st vice-president, J. Bennett; 2nd vice-president, H. Melancon; treasurer, J. Heffernan; secretary, Geo. Prevost; financial secretary, T. Logan; corresponding secretary, Ed. Brennan; auditors, J. J. O'Neil,

chairman, Mr. W. Weir and J. Lowe; membership committee, J. Purcell, chairman; librarian, F. Phelan; marshal, L. Rafferty. The reading of the annual reports was left over to the next meeting, which takes place on Sunday, the 26th, at 2.30 p.m. The new Executive intend to make this a banner year in the history of the society. With that end in view they have already discussed with the spiritual director, Father O'Donnell, P. P., the best means necessary to put the society on its proper footing. The Rev. Father has promised to give the new officers his hearty support. In the inter-society tournament just completed, the St. Mary's Society won the trophy. This is the second year they have won.

There were 113 deaths in the city last week—96 Catholics and 17 Protestants. The chief causes of death were: Diphtheria, 4; scarlet fever, 2; measles, 1; whooping-cough, 1; infantile debility, 18; consumption and other chest diseases, 30; grippe, 7.

St. Anthony's Catholic Young Men's Society gave a progressive euehre party in their hall, St. Antoine Street, on Monday evening, which was a great success. Over fifty members and their friends were present and a most enjoyable time was spent by all. Several selections of vocal and instrumental music were rendered during the evening, and were much appreciated. The first prize for euehre was won by Mr. S. C. Gahan; the second, by Mr. A. Walker; and Mr. P. Milloy carried off the booby prize.

The executive committee who have in charge the calling of a convention of the Irish national societies of Canada to take place in this city in the early part of the coming summer, met Sunday afternoon in the Hibernian Hall, Notre Dame Street, and issued a circular to the different societies. This is the first convention of its kind ever held in the Dominion, and the delegates amongst other things will draw up a line of independent political action.

Archbishop Bruchesi has issued a circular letter to the heads of colleges in the diocese of Montreal, recommending their attention to the Ecole Polytechnique, in the hope that it will be useful to several pupils, and at the same time serve French Canadian interests. This school has been affiliated with the arts faculty of Laval University. His Grace forwards with his letter a memoir on the work of the school prepared by Mr. E. Balet, the director, and asks principals and professors to study it. In conclusion, His Grace says:—

I repeat, it seems to me that the fact alone of directing each year one or two scholars to the Ecole Polytechnique will serve efficaciously the cause of the influence of the French Canadian race in certain careers now closed to young people of our nationality. I am happy to say that the professors of the Ecole Polytechnique merit the entire confidence of the clergy and of Christian families."

The Catholic School Board met Tuesday evening, Rev. Canon Racicot, Vicar-General, in the chair. Rev.

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UNPARALLELED

## Silk Sale

Having just completed an immense purchase of Choice Silk, in new patterns and designs, at about 33 1/3 to 50 p.c. below regular manufacturer's rates, we will offer the same to the public at correspondingly low prices. For example:

Black Broche Silks, \$1.50 for \$1.00, \$1.75 for \$1.25, \$2.50 for \$1.75  
Fancy Striped Silks, about 12 colors, 75c, for 50c.

Fancy Tartan Silks, 75c, for 50c.  
Fancy Silks, \$1.35, for 90c.  
Fancy Broche Silks, \$1.75, for \$1.25.  
Fine Fancy Check Silks, \$2.25 for \$1.00.

100 Pieces Fancy Shot Silks, all the newest shades, \$1.10, for 75 cents.

A full range of Corticelli Silk Underwear, Corticelli Silk Hosiery, kept in stock.

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## SPECIAL NOTICE.

We wish to announce to the Clergy, Organists, and Wardens of the different Churches of Montreal and vicinity, that we have now in our employ a first class Pipe Organ builder and repairer, in the person of Mr. Jos. Caron, who has had an experience of forty years, and was for twenty eight years in the employ of the old and reliable firm of S. R. Warren & Sons, whose business we acquired about two years ago. Any work entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, will be fully guaranteed and undertaken at the lowest price possible.

Specifications for new Organs, estimates for repair work, also contracting for the care of Organs by the year, furnished on application to the Montreal branch of

**The D. W. KARN CO., Limited,**  
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**REED & PIPE ORGANS.**  
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Father Leclerc and Quinlan, Ald. Martineau and Messrs. F. J. Hart, P. Demers and B. Connaughton were also present.

The meeting had been especially called to discuss the question of the redistribution of the school taxes as asked for by the board, but, as several of the members announced that nothing would be done at the present session of the Legislature, it was agreed not to take the matter up.

At Ald. Martineau's suggestion it was decided to hold an annual competition to be open to the pupils of all the schools. A special committee composed of the Rev. Canon Racicot, the visitor of the Christian Brothers, Brother Prudent, and Messrs. P. Demers, F. J. Hart, P. Lacroix, Ahern and Archambault was appointed to arrange the matter.

## RECENT DEATHS.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. Joseph Campbell, which occurred at his residence, 16 Eleanor street, on Tuesday last. The deceased was the father of Messrs. James and Joseph W. Campbell, of this city, and was employed for many years in the freight department of the Grand Trunk Railway. The funeral which took place on Friday morning to St. Ann's Church was largely attended. The St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society, of which the deceased was a life-long member, attended the funeral in a body.—R.I.P.

Both visitors and patients to St. Patrick's Ward, Hotel Dieu, will remember the familiar figure of Mr. Thos. Butt, who has been an invalid in the Hotel Dieu for the last eight years. They will also regret to learn of his death which took place on Tuesday the 14th inst.

"Tom" was an interesting personality, and will be much missed in St. Patrick's Ward, where he was long the patriarchal patient. He was born in Exeter, Eng., and the life story of his rambling, his poverty and his sufferings reads like a romance.

The sisters, whose kindness the invalid so deeply appreciated, had "Tom" removed to a private ward, when the end was approaching. Thus was the sick man's comfort augmented and his body saved from the knife of the student. He was buried at the expense of the sisters. The service which was a very impressive one, was conducted by Father James Callahan, English-speaking Chaplain of the Hotel Dieu.—R.I.P.

St. Gabriel's parish mourns the death of one of its oldest parishioners in the person of Mrs. J. J. Ellis, who suddenly passed away this week. Deceased was prominently interested in all the charitable works of the parish, and her many friends will regret to learn of her demise. She was the mother of Sister St. Bridget of the Holy Cross; also of Mrs. Jas. McCormick, Mrs. W. D. Fanning, Mrs. T. W. Kane, Mr. William Ellis of Chicago, and Mrs. J. J. Ellis, of Boston.

The "True Witness," tenders its heartfelt sympathy to Sister St. Bridget and the other members of the sorrowing family in this the hour of their affliction.—R.I.P.

It is with profound regret that we chronicle the demise of Miss Mary J. Lakin, second eldest daughter of the late Joseph Lakin, which occurred at her mother's residence, 244a Centre street, on Friday, Feb. 17th. The deceased had been ailing for several months, and bore her illness with Christian fortitude. She was at all times popular with the hosts of friends she made by her genial and friendly disposition and was univers-

## WIDE AWAKE

People will take advantage of the bargains we offer in sample shoes. Sleepy-heads will wake up to the fact that they are left again just as our Sample Shoe Sale terminates.

Don't be a sleepy-head. Be wide awake. Get a pair of our sample shoes and save the retailer's profit by buying at less than makes cost

Men's Tan and Black \$3.00 Boots, for \$1.99.  
Men's Tan, Black and Patent, \$4.00 and \$5.00, for \$3.00.  
Ladies' Tan and Black, Strap and Laced Shoes, \$1.50, for \$1.00.  
Ladies' Extra Fine French Kid Shoes, \$2.25, for \$1.50.  
OTHER BARGAINS IN ALL LINES.

**E. MANSFIELD, The Shoest,**  
124 ST. LAWRENCE, Corner Lagouchetiere Street. Tel Main 849

ally admired for her many beautiful traits of character. Her funeral took place on Sunday last, from her late residence and was largely attended. Mrs. Lakin and family have the sincerest sympathy of their numerous friends in their heavy loss.—R. I. P.

## PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of Patents granted to inventors by the Canadian Government, through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors of patents and experts, New York Life Building, Montreal.

(This report is prepared especially for this paper.)  
62124 Calixte Courchesne, St. Gabriel de Brandon, P. Q., boilers.  
62509 Moise Bourdeau & Delphis Thi, baudeau, St. Jean d'Iberville, P. Q., washing machine.  
62515 Eugene Berthoin, Grenoble, France, fastening device for garments.  
62589 Herbert Williams Collins, Cartright, Man., improvements in bolts and nut locks.

## DON'T WORRY.

More vital force is consumed by worry than by work.

Don't worry over something that happened yesterday, for yesterday is beyond your reach.

Don't worry about anything that happens to-day; do the best you can, and let it pass.

Don't worry about something you think may happen to-morrow; wait until to-morrow comes and you may find there is no cause for worry.

Don't worry because you feel a little out of sorts; take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it will soon set you right.

Don't worry because you have a headache; probably your liver is sluggish, and Hood's Pills will cure you.

Don't worry because you have pimples on your face; Hood's Sarsaparilla will purify your blood and your skin will become smooth and fair.

Don't worry about your health or the health of your friends. Keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and your system regular with Hood's Pills, and you may depend upon having good health every day in the year.

## MARKET REPORT

("True Witness" Office.)  
Thursday, Feb. 23.

"Trade is slow," is the remark now heard in the circles of produce dealers. Very little business is being done, but the prospects seem to be bright. The condition of the roads has had something to do with the slowness in local circles. The bustle which was formerly such a noticeable feature around our market halls, is not in evidence. Many of the local traders, however, expect great things during the next few months.

A great deal of discussion has been occasioned by the reports coming from Quebec, that a special committee appointed by the Legislative Assembly in connection with the Montreal Bill, has made it obligatory for the city to afford farmers greater market facilities. The members of the committee from rural districts urged in the strongest manner the necessity of Montreal providing adequate accommodation.

The Montreal Fruit Auction Company had a large sale a few days ago. Apples sold well, seconds bringing close to \$4 a barrel. Valencia and California oranges had to submit to the inevitable, and sales were only made at very close figures, even for large lots, such is the market, and the sellers, who are also members of the company, acted as gracefully as possible by selling reasonable lots to reasonable buyers, so that none went away dissatisfied. The result therefore cannot be quoted as the real market value, which should be considerably higher, but as showing that sellers were in a generous mood to meet buyers, as far as possible, and close out lots and face the market, trusting that future transactions would perhaps recoup them in a measure at least, and keep the even balance of trade as it ought to be.

Averages—Valencia oranges, cases 714 size, at about \$3.70; large, 420's \$3.75; small, 420's, \$3.25; half cases \$1.95; Californias, \$2.05 to \$3. About 2,000 packages were sold. Potter & Morin, auctioneers for the Company.

Mr. James J. McCullough, of the Ottawa Cold Storage and Freezing Company, stated to a Free Press reporter recently, that the price of cheese was liable from present indications, to be very high at the opening of the spring market. About two weeks ago, some of the leading Montreal produce merchants formed an association to be designated the Quebec Cheese and Butter Association, for the protection of the manufacturers of cheese and butter.

During the past season the Canadian cheese market has been hurt, a great deal by repeated failures of produce merchants on the English market.

These failures are due in a great measure to the result of speculation which has been very general and prominent. Produce to shippers and retailers have all suffered and especially the latter to whom an even supplied market and the absence of wanton fluctuation are of vital importance.

A system has prevailed of selling cheese forward before it has been secured, often before it is made, and while both the quality and the quantity available are matters of mere guess work. This can be characterized only as pure gambling. The association recently organized in Montreal will oppose this practice, and will adopt the plan of buying cheese and butter with the weights and quality inspected and paid for before it leaves the hands of the producer thereby offering protection to the produce merchant.

Several cheese factories will be opened this year in the Province of Quebec and the Eastern parts of Ontario.

**HAY.**  
The supply is largely in excess of the demand. We quote No. 1 in car lots at \$6.00 to \$6.50, No. 2 at 4.50 to \$5; clover silks at \$3.50 to \$4, and clover mixed at \$4 to \$4.50.

**OATMEAL.**  
All leading millers in the West are asking an advance on oatmeal and rolled oats; the prices they are quoting are \$3.75 to \$3.80 in wood or 10c per barrel less in bags. These prices are for car lots on track.

**BEANS.**  
Hand picked white beans are worth \$1.05 to \$1.10 in a jobbing way. Prime pea beans are bringing from 95c to \$1.00. Car lots to arrive could probably be worked at 21c less.

**FEED.**  
Ontario winter wheat bran continues scarce and the demand for it cannot be satisfied. Dealers are asking \$15 in bulk here.

**BUTTER.**  
There is a good local demand for both creamery and fresh made roll butter, but western tub butter is rather slow. We quote:—  
Finest creamery ..... 19c to 20c  
Township dairy ..... 15c to 16c  
Western dairy ..... 12c to 13c  
Rolls in barrels ..... 15c to 16c  
Rolls, in baskets ..... 15c to 16c

**CHEESE.**  
There is hardly any business doing, stocks are light and there are practically no receipts, so that holders are not anxious to unload. Values range from 9 1/2c to 10c, according to quality.

**EGGS.**  
The mild weather has materially increased the receipts, and in consequence both fresh and limed eggs are off a cent or two. We quote:—  
New laid ..... 19c to 19 1/2c  
No. 1 candled ..... 15c to 16c  
No. 2 candled ..... 13c to 14c  
Cold storage ..... 12c to 13c  
Montreal limed ..... 11c to 12c  
Culls ..... 10c to 10 1/2c

**DRESSED POULTRY.**  
Turkeys are still scarce. Chickens and ducks are also coming in less freely than heretofore, and values have appreciated one-half to one percent. We quote:—  
Turkeys ..... 10c to 11c  
Chickens ..... 7c to 8c  
Ducks ..... 7c to 8c  
Geese ..... 5c to 6c

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### JAPANESE CARPETS.

RUGS AND MATS—Our shipment is a leader for superior patterns to any yet imported to Montreal. Our prices, notwithstanding, are lower.

### OUR SILK OFFER.

Excellent quality Tartan Silk, well worth \$1 to \$1.10. By reason of an exceptional fortunate purchase at the McIntyre Stock Sale, we can offer you your choice from a fine variety of patterns at 65c a yard. Come, while this special lasts.

### BOYS' CLOTHING.

Closing up a season's business. A few odds and ends to sell, and then, boy! for the Spring styles. Of course, it's a bargain time, and you know for yourself how thoroughly good these suits will be for wear for months yet.

### SHOT SILK.

Handsome Shot Silks in shades and effects that are as good as gold. Well worth 95c a yard. Another special purchase enables you to buy this exquisite line at 60c yard.

### MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

Do you want a nice Jacket or Cape for present and future wear? We can give you a selection of exceedingly low priced. Jackets that were priced from \$5.00 to \$11.50 now \$2.75 each.

### DRESSMAKING.

You will be more than satisfied if you give our Dressmaking Department your Spring orders. Our Dressmaking Department is famed for its superior work and stylish designs.

### MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

**JAMES A. OGILVY & SONS,**  
The Largest Exclusive Dry Goods Store  
in Canada.  
CORNER ST. CATHERINE  
AND MOUNTAIN STREETS.

In the Montreal "Herald," of Saturday, 11th February, appears what purports to be "The New Catechism of the Churches," prepared by special committees of the Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales. The "Herald" introduces the Catechism as follows—

"The following is the full text of the new Catechism prepared by special committees of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales. The first draft of the Catechism was prepared by Dr. Oswald Dykes. There were represented on the committee, directly or indirectly, the beliefs of no less than sixty millions of avowed Christians in all parts of the world. Presbyterians were represented by Principal Oswald Dykes and Dr. J. Monro Gibson; Baptists by Dr. Clifford, Dr. Vincent Tyms and Principal Gould; Congregationalists by Dr. C. A. Berry, Dr. Mackennal, Dr. J. Guinness Rogers, Dr. C. S. Euret and Dr. Vernon Bartlett; Wesleyan Methodists by Prof. J. S. Banks, Prof. J. Agar Beet, Prof. W. T. Davison, Prof. G. G. Findlay and Hugh Price Hughes; Primitive Methodists by Rev. H. B. Kendall and Prof. A. S. Peake; New Connexion by Dr. W. J. Townsend; Bible Christians by Rev. F. W. Bourne and the United States Methodists by Dr. David Brook. The explanatory note by the chairman, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, says: Students of history will be aware that no such combined statement of interdenominational belief has ever been previously attempted, much less achieved, since the lamentable day when Martin Luther contended with Huldreich Zwingli. Canadians cannot afford to miss a statement of such a character adopted by such a representative committee 'without a dissentient vote.'"

The whole so-called Catechism does not cover more than two and a half columns of the "Herald." On reading it carefully we have felt at a loss know where or how to commence an appreciation of the astonishing work. Happily, however, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the ex-officio chairman of the first committee and the subsequent permanent chairman of the National Council, has published a lengthy and comprehensive review of the whole subject, in the January number of the "Contemporary Review." Had it not been for this elaborate and highly-eulogistic contribution, we fear that, for lack of light and a guide, we would only become lost in the maze of astounding and contradictory theories set forth in the short series of fifty-two questions and fifty-two answers. But when the learned and enthusiastic reviewer informs us that this catechism takes in the whole range of theological thought, we find ourselves confronted by another idea; we cannot conceive—how even inspired writers could crowd the almost unlimited range of theology into the space of a dozen

# THE NEW CATECHISM

ADOPTED BY THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCHES.

A REVIEW BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR TO THE "TRUE WITNESS."

pages. The easiest way of all those we have attempted, in striving to get at meaning, scope and contents of this great Catechism, is that of following Rev. Mr. Hughes' article and seizing upon the principal points therein—that is, after having divested them of all the bombastic praise of this stupendous work, this marvel of the nineteenth century.

The reverend reviewer kindly informs his readers, at the very outset, that "every one who has any historical knowledge of theology or any imagination can realize the almost insuperable difficulties which surround the preparations of the draft of a new Catechism." We have no doubt as to a knowledge of the history of theology we cannot see that it could be of great utility in realizing those difficulties, but certainly there is little need of any elastic imagination to conceive the confusion of ideas and theories arising from the deliberations of such a Committee of conflicting sects. But one would needs have a terrific imagination to be able, even remotely, to perceive a united or harmonious creed—in Catechism form—springing from such a source.

By the way, the Rev. Mr. Hughes is strong upon imagination, elsewhere in his review he says—

"Every Christian possessing in any degree a historical imagination will realize the inspiring significance of the fact that the time has actually come when Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists and Methodists can sit round a table and deliberately agree to a common statement of faith, in relation to every doctrine of fundamental importance." It would need more than a "historical imagination," it would require a "romantic imagination" to picture the scene and to conceive these elements agreeing upon the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. The writer of the review under consideration, insinuates that such a dream has been realized; yet he tells us plainly, that "to secure that result—the reducing of all to fifty-two questions and answers—the Committee omitted one or two excellent questions and answers, which were, however, by general consent, not absolutely essential to the full statement of the Truth." He also informs us that, "it has been understood from the beginning of the movement that with respect to the Sacraments we should agree to differ," as Wesley and Whitfield agreed

to differ on some profound aspects of the Calvinistic Controversy." Since there has been, ab initio, an agreement to disguise in order to be in harmony with each other in producing a Catechism to which all would subscribe, we are not surprised that, after having described this work as the most wonderful production of the century, or to use his own words, "one of the most wonderful and far-reaching facts of the wonderful century hastening to its close," the enthusiastic writer should add: "I have already asked theological and ecclesiastical critics not to be in a hurry to express final judgment with respect to our work." Despite this emphatic desire, on the part of Rev. Mr. Hughes, that his—or their—wonderful work should escape criticism, we have the audacity to pass a few remarks upon the subject.

The first question we ask ourselves is this: "What does this so-called Catechism contain?" In other words, what is its scope? what truths does it enunciate? what principles does it establish? what is the plan followed? and what does it aim?

Rev. Dr. Hughes tells us:—"The Catechism covers the whole field of theological thought." Now, this—with all due respect—is either an absurdity, or else it is intended to mean the whole field of theological thought within the knowledge of Mr. Hughes and his associates. He says: "We are not aware that any vital issue of experimental religion has been omitted." It seems to us that the issues of experimental religion must be countless; but the Catechism is not intended, from this statement, to deal with the "truths of positive religion." Issues and experiments indicate strife and confusion, uncertainty and chance. Then he says—

"The Catechism was projected upon a novel and striking plan." Let us examine this romantic and astonishing plan!

We quote the Rev. Chairman's words, as to the plan of this Catechism. He says:—"In the first section it practically follows the Nicene Creed, a part of which is quoted. I need scarcely say that the Nicene Creed is the only Creed of Christendom, that has ever received the assent and consent of the undivided Catholic Church. The second section consists of the Ten Commandments which are for the first time definitely construed, in their Christian sense.

The third section is an equally novel exposition of the various clauses of the Lord's Prayer; and finally we have the doctrine of the 'Church' and the 'Lost Things.'" We certainly can have no more acceptable and authoritative commentator upon this New Catechism, than the one who presided over the committee that formulated it, and who, by his own words, "had all the threads in his hands." Here then is a Catechism; one that embraces all theology; one that all sects accept; and yet it only covers the Nicene Creed, the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer. We would expect, at least, that these three great subjects would be treated in full and left unamalgamated. If the committee has been able to improve on them, or render them more easily understood, we will be ready to admit the limited utility of the work. Yet, we cannot help admiring the sublime audacity that can place before the world fifty-two questions on three subjects, and pronounce them the embodiment of all that need be taught to a Catechumen—for a Catechism is merely a hand book of instruction for those acquainted with the truths, principles and dogma of Christianity.

Let us see how the Catechism deals with the Nicene Creed, "the only creed of Christendom that has ever received the assent and consent of the undivided Catholic Church." We are told at the very outset, that "thoughtful persons will note that in speaking of the Holy and Blessed Spirit we have avoided that unhappy addition to the Nicene Creed which the intolerance of Rome, in its incapacity to appreciate niceties of profound truth, attempted to force upon the Eastern Church at the cost of the first, greatest, and most permanent of all schisms." Not a bad start! The Nicene Creed is a product of the Catholic Church—springing from the great Council of Nice; it is acceptable to all Christendom, according to Rev. Mr. Hughes; and yet they commence by avoiding "anything" originally contained in that creed and not in accord with their other teachings. And while performing this wonderful feat, they acknowledge that the "first and greatest of all schisms" was a breaking away from the Catholic Church. Taking the second section—about the Ten Commandments—we merely find that the dialogue, which is so simple, so

easily understood and so emphatic, is presented in a new and elaborate dress; its very directness and clearness are replaced by phrases that could only serve to confuse the mind and defy the understanding of a child. In the days of Moses their tenth Commandment—for example—was very plain, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods"; now it is an order, "not even in our hearts to grudge our fellow-man his prosperity or desire to deprive him of that which is his, but always to cultivate a thoughtful and contented spirit." In the third section we have an explanation of the Lord's Prayer; and this seems, according to the New Catechism, to sum up all the "law and prophets," to be the whole of the theology and to constitute—what a Catechism is supposed to be—an easy and comprehensive exposition of what Christians are to believe.

In answer 42, we are told that there are only two Sacraments, viz. Baptism and Lord's Supper. Now, this is certainly, a very great breaking away from the Nicene Creed, and yet that Creed is acceptable in its entirety to all Christendom. We always supposed a Catechism was intended for the instruction of the young and uninitiated, the less enlightened or the less studious. If so, and if such be the aim of this new Catechism, we can well imagine the effects upon a young or untrained mind, of learning such an answer as the following—

"Q. What is the Holy Catholic Church? Ans. It is that Holy Society of believers in Christ Jesus, which he founded, of which He is the only Head, and in which He dwells by His Spirit; so that, though made up of many communions, organized in various modes, and scattered throughout the world, it is yet one in Him."

If the unfortunate student of religion can succeed in getting this definition by heart, he must have a peculiarly difficult task in striving, henceforth, to reconcile what his Catechism teaches, with the rational, logical idea of an undivided Church—and Christ could not have left a Church in which unity was not a predominant note. But it is unnecessary to proceed any farther with an analysis of this marvel of the nineteenth century; the sum and substance of the whole undertaking was a desire to prove to the world that all the sects, represented on the committee, are one in faith and that—

the Catholic Church excepted—there is no denomination that does not hold the same doctrines as its neighbor. The object is very laudable; but we regret to say, for the sake of the framer of this great Christian enunciation, that the accomplishment of the work has only proven, more conclusively than ever, that outside the Catholic Church there is and can be no other unity, no harmony, no truth.

Before turning from this so-called Catechism, we cannot refrain from quoting a very significant remark of the reviewer. He says—

"It is a curious fact that the greatest difficulty we experienced was one which nobody would have anticipated. It was in formulating such a definition of the Resurrection of the Body as would exclude no orthodox opinion, and to which we could all agree." (By the way; what does he mean by "orthodox opinion?" Can there be more than one "orthodox opinion" regarding any mystery of religion? Evidently these gentlemen's "range of theological thought" or study, is very contracted.) Is it possible that a Committee, selected as that which fabricated this miracle of a Catechistic erudition, could possibly propose to the Christian world this definition of the Resurrection? Mark it well! "It (the Resurrection) assures us that He has finished the work of redemption; that the dominion of death is ended; and that, because He lives, we shall live also." The Resurrection of Christ may—and does—teach us all these things, and many more besides; but where is the definition of the mystery of the Resurrection?

The Rev. Mr. Hughes closes his essay by stating: "We have long borne the reproach of unnecessary and endless division. We bear it no longer." We would not disturb his fabled dream of a perfect union and unanimity of the various sects that had a hand in this work; but we would suggest in all humility, that before circulating this immense Catechism of fifty-two questions, and before imposing it on be instructed as the exposition of the "whole range of theological thought," that the members of the committee should hold a few more meetings, and let the world know what they believe and teach regarding Eternity; the fall of Satan, the Creation, the fall of Adam, the prophecies, the fulfillment of the same, the Annunciation, the Incarnation, the Birth of Christ, the public life of our Lord, the establishment of the Church, the coming of the Holy Ghost, the sending forth of Christ's envoys to preach, and all the multitude of other subjects that a Catechism would suggest, and that deserve treatment before even the Gospels—for the Gospels did not exist when these and a multitude of other theological events took place. We are anxious to learn in how far all the sects represented may agree upon these subjects—even though they come not within the range of Mr. Hughes' "theological thought."

## Rev. Father Campbell, On Indifference to Religion.

The Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., rector of Fordham College, N.Y., the leading educational establishment of the Jesuit Order in the United States, preached on Sunday last to a congregation which taxed the Church of the Gesù to its utmost capacity. Many were unable to obtain standing room. The preacher began by saying—

"I trust that you will not be scandalized if I tell you that on my journey hither I was reading a novel, not precisely for my own pleasure, but because an educated, intelligent and pious man had put it in my hands, with the remark that it was likely to do me a great deal of good, because an example of virtue was exhibited in its pages.

It was a story of an old physician who had spent all his life, even until he became withered with old age, in attending to the physical wants of the shepherds of the village and mountainous district in which he lived. Often had he risked his life in going out in bad weather to care for the shepherds. At last he became broken in health, and worn out with old age; and his own time came to die. He made no preparations to start on his dread journey to meet his God. When he was asked if he wished that a minister should be called to his death-bed while he yet lived, he said "no" impatiently, and in his own fashion expressed regret at the sins of his life. He died and was buried; and one of the villagers, an old shepherd, said that the "Lord would deal with him better than with many other people." The strange part of the story, was that it was written by a minister, who in it declared that there was no difference what-

ever in religious creeds; that a man could go unruined through life without bothering about religion. On finishing the book I understood why the novelist-minister who wrote it is so popular. It is because indifference as to religious creeds is now the popular trend.

A short time before, I had read a treatise not addressed to the novel-reading public, but to serious and thinking men, in the two volumes in which the writer sought to prove that there is no spiritual motive in human life—in which he declared, in fact, that we should banish all thoughts of a future existence, that man should lead an absolutely natural life, utterly careless of what the Creator wished us to do; that we might go on sinning year after year, like the old doctor in the minister's novel, fancying that there was no religious duty to perform. This indifference to religion is the great danger of the present age. The time of persecution has gone by, at least for the present; the time of acrimonious and bitter disputes on religion is past also; the age of indifference is come. This indifference looks harmless at first. It is presented by men known to be honest, upright and benevolent, who fancy like the old shepherd in regard to the doctor, that God will treat them differently from others. There is danger in their mild and benevolent air. The snow when it first falls is beautiful, as it comes gently down upon the earth, covering its unsightly place. But if it goes on to fall for a considerable time, traffic becomes dismayed, commerce is interfered with, lives are lost, and the country suffers tremendous loss.

So it is with indifference. When it continues it results in the opening of the floodgates of all kinds of crime.

"Beware lest the grace given you be void," said the great Apostle St. Paul. What is grace. It is the sunshine of Heaven, which gives the soul brightness and clearness from on high, which scatters the darkness of sin, shows us the proportions of things, and gives us power to crush all our evil passions. St. Paul's words were addressed not merely to natural men, a little above the animals, but to us ministers of God—not to the consecrated ministers of God, but to everyone of you, who are temples of the Holy Ghost, sons and daughters of God by this supernatural life which we obtain through grace.

Father Campbell, then drew two impressive pictures:

What the Jews might have been if they had not resisted and rejected the grace of God, what a glorious temple theirs would have been, and what a magnificent centre of religion for the whole world, Jerusalem, their once holy city would have been while now the temple was rent asunder, and the great city had been destroyed, and the Jewish people scattered all over the world, without a nation, without a king, the vagrants of the earth—and what might have been if St. Paul, the fierce, intrepid, determined and bloodthirsty persecutor of the followers of Christ, the Son of the living God, if he had not been converted on the road to Damascus. He concluded by an appeal to his hearers to imitate St. Paul, in accepting grace in conforming to the will of God, no matter what obstacle stood in the way, and no matter what earthly sacrifice it entailed.

The retreat for men began on Monday and closed on Friday, and was largely attended.

The bravest deeds, the kindest actions are done silently, cheerfully, un-

ostentatiously. Some people, of course, send their crier around the town to proclaim their philanthropy, and they get what they crave for—laudation in plenty. Others go quietly on their way unnoticed, often unthanked. Many a hero has won his Victoria Cross, yet never received it. Many a worker deserved the statue in the market-place which was never erected to him.

### SHAKSPERIAN STATISTICS.

Mr. E. B. Harris, an exceptionally laborious correspondent of Notes and Queries, has been making calculations as to the length of Shakespeare's plays. The following are the five shortest, with the number of lines words, and letters in each—

	Lines.	Words.	Letters
"Comedy of Errors".....	1,777	14,438	57,614
"Tempest".....	2,163	15,378	65,144
"Machbeth".....	2,318	16,546	68,144
"Midsummer Night's Dream".....	2,175	16,177	65,125
"Two Gentlemen of Verona".....	2,293	16,942	67,434

The longest is "Hamlet," with 3,930 lines, 29,492 words, and 120,050 letters. After "Hamlet," comes "Antony and Cleopatra."—Westminster Gazette.

### A "Mission" for Catholics.

Dr. Fulton, of the Baptist Community of this city, is going to do us all a good turn. The Paulist mission for non-Catholics showed the good doctor a new wrinkle in evangelizing that he had apparently never come across before, and he is going to start a mission for non-Protestants to teach them the good things in his Church.—Michigan Catholic.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, Quebec, are preparing to commemorate the 121st anniversary of Robert Emmet by a grand concert of national vocal and instrumental music and an address by Rev. Father Delargy, C.S.S.R., on the young leader of the insurrection of 1803.

## NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

(From our own correspondent.)

St. Patrick's Church was on Friday last week, the scene of the impressive ceremony of the re-erection of the Way of the Cross, which were removed during the alterations to the Church. Father Whelan performed the ceremony, and it was preceded by a sermon by Rev. Father Burke, of the Paulists, of New York. He made an impressive appeal to a large congregation to consider the solemnity of the act they were about to perform. He would have them witness the terrible scene on Calvary through the eyes of the Blessed Virgin Mother, the penitent Magdalen and the beloved Disciple.

"I promise, God helping me to abstain from all intoxicating drink for one year, and to do all I can to promote Temperance," were the words pronounced in St. Mary's Church, by some two hundred and fifty persons, principally men, after a powerful exhortation and appeal by Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R.

A mission Cross bearing a full sized figure of our Saviour was erected on Friday night.

The Rev. Father Fallon, O.M.I., lectured in University Hall, on Wednesday evening of last week, on the "Coronation Oath," before a large and very enthusiastic audience.

On the same evening, in St. James' Hall, Sparks Street, M. J. P. Waters lectured on Savonarola, the great Florentine reformer of morals. Notwithstanding the counter-attraction, the audience was large and appreciative.

The students in Philosophy of the University will present the play "Philosophy in a Sea of Trouble," on

the feast of the great doctor of Philosophy, St. Thomas Aquinas, 7th March.

The Fathers of the Order of Oblates of Mary Immaculate celebrated the seventy-third anniversary of the approval of the rules of the Order. All renewed their vows.

His Grace will preach a series of sermons on the Commandments in the Basilica, every evening during Lent, excepting the Fridays and Saturdays.

The Sacre Coeur Church is to be completed next summer by the erection of a new entrance tower and spire.

Rev. Father Myrand has been able to resume his duties at Bulling's Bridge.

The Rev. Father Champagne is still confined to his room in the hospital.

The women of the Sacre Coeur parish commenced a retreat of one week's duration on Sunday last.

The St. Vincent de Paul held their annual meeting on the first Sunday in Lent. In the various parish churches the members approached the Holy Table in a body.

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If a man succeeds in any attempt, though undertaken with ever so much rashness, his success shall vouch him a politician, and good luck shall pass for deep contrivance; for give anyone fortune, and he shall be thought a wise man.

If God would teach your dearest friend to paint that portrait just as that friend sees you, you would take the picture for the portrait of a stranger.

# REV. DR. KANE'S ELOQUENT SERMON

### At the Month's Mind of the Late Bishop Nulty.

From time to time we meet with published sermons, the perusal of which is calculated to inspire the reader with burning sentiments of Faith and Patriotism. They are not as frequent as sometimes supposed; but rare occasions bring forth the greatest and best efforts of rare orators, and when the circumstances thus combine, the result is a masterpiece. On the 25th January last, at Mullingar, the Month's Mind of the late Bishop Nulty, of Meath, was observed, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Kane, S.J. A solemn occasion, a magnificent subject, and a grand orator: the consequence is a discourse that combines historical erudition, deep patriotism, great veneration, biographical exactness, and religious fervor. We cannot refrain from affording our readers the treat of a few extracts from that really grand panegyric.

In the course of it the eloquent preacher said:—  
 "Dr. Nulty was born under the shadow of the penal law; he lived to see a Tory Parliament offer to Ireland a first measure of self-rule. He was born under the ban of bigotry; he lived to see Cardinals recognized by the throne. As a boy he learned his lessons at a hedge school; as a Bishop he deliberated on the framing of a Catholic university, when it is but a matter of months. As a youth he tilled his father's farm when his landlord held power from the law of lawless extermination; as an old man he beheld the tenant's soul and thrift secure. His life began with fetters upon his faith, with prison bars across his mind, with prison walls around his industry, with a political stigma upon his religion and a social stain upon his blood; his life ended with his faith free, education open, wealth and honor within grasp of any Catholic Kelt. In all this he was no bystander, but a workman; no camp-follower, but a soldier."

What a picture of Ireland's transition during the past century! We will not be able to give, as space forbids, the details of Bishop Nulty's life; but there are some passages which it would be a journalistic sin to omit.

Coming to the date of his appointment as P.P. of Trim, the preacher said:—

"Shrunken shapes tottered about or crept near where there was hope of food; living skeletons sank in silent corners; the haggard features of the hungry, their corpse-like cheek and bloodless lip; the staring eyeballs of the starving; the wild wail of want or weak moan of pain; these filled the gloom of that despair through which gaunt shadows stalked like spectres or their figures flitted like the phantoms of a sick dream. Famine was followed by her twin sister pestilence whose breath poisoned the homes haunted by starvation and was blown about the hut of the poor and the house of the wealthy, the cabin of the toiler and the castle of the lord. Father Nulty did his duty. Often and often, alone with the pestilence, he sent the souls of the poor to God. Eleven interments a day was his average, and often he stood by the cholera grave alone. In 1864 another and nobler call came."

This call was from Rome, and was to the episcopal throne. The following passage is one of more than human eloquence; it is the graphic picture of the great Bishop's life sorrow; we can only give that portion that appeals to justice and describes that which in life the departed prelate could not explain:—

"In his letter to Lord Hartington he paints a pathetic picture of the difficulties he met with in his apostleship of peace. Can you realize brethren, what it was? The man had seen a crowbar break the roof where he was born. The walls, endeared to him by his father's memory, were shattered, left to shelter the nettle and to crumble with the rain. Pools of water stagnate on the spot where he had learned his prayers at his mother's knee, and the long, green grass now grows on the hearthstone. This not because he would not pay the rent but because men must make room for the silence of the meadow and children be exterminated to give peace to cattle. Nay, he had seen his sons and daughters die of want or drift into exile. The wife of his heart had faded too, and with her life faded the last smile of the last one

that loved him. Is it strange that the man's terrible grief, soured by his sense of terrible injustice, should revolve into a madness of anger, and, with the cold method of implacable hatred, ponder over plans of wild revenge? How easily! He knows the turning of the road, just where the thicket stands. But the priest came. As Father Nulty's tears fell like soft dew upon his sorrow; as the great heart of his greatest friend touched his own, the soul of his "soggarth aroon" conquered the soul of the sinner. Writing from "outside the Flaminian Gate, Rome," near the dungeon where St. Paul wept over his bitterest grief, the falling away of many churches that he had founded, Dr. Nulty exclaims in humble wonder: "Where St. Paul was despoiled, we ourselves are honored!" Stay! Great Bishop, stay! Thy day shall come. Brethren, contrast two days in Trim. The first in 1852, when the poor people gave to Father Nulty a keepsake, a token of their tender gratitude, a gold watch and chain. That watch he loved while he lived, and by his will gave it back as a heirloom to his beloved Trim. The second day was in 1892. Oh! the pain of it! Was it a dream? When, upon Alpine heights, the snow is fresh and soft and full, a shudder will create an avalanche. When the air is charged with electric force, a spark will bring the thunderbolt. So, too, amongst men, most of all amongst men who have the quiet impulse and hot blood of the Kelt, when a keen crisis comes, interest turns to fever, and, as thought becomes intense, the expression of it dashes forward into inevitable extravagance, and action bursts into almost inevitable extreme. So it was then at Trim. Brethren, I hold no brief for defence. Much less have I commission, by aggressive thrust, to reopen wounds almost, if not already healed. I offer no apology, I make no attack. The memory of Dr. Nulty is above both."

It has been openly asserted and repeated countless times that the anti-Dreyfus agitation in France has been due to the Jesuits; is the following language—from the lips of a Jesuit preacher—an indication of any such spirit existing? Referring to Bishop Nulty's enforced silence, regarding matters to be decided before the courts and which affected his life as a man and as a Bishop, the preacher said:—

"For three long months he had to wait with folded arms while the infidel and Protestant press shot their execrations shafts against him and his office from every corner of the world, until at last his reply came. But it came too late. Men's minds were made up; they would not listen more. Absolutely convinced of the correctness of his own conclusions and fixedly resolute in what he understood to be his conscientious duty, Dr. Nulty was suffered and silent. You know how the whole world looks on with indignant horror while France condemns a soldier, who, be he false to the honor of his sword or faithful, be he Jew or be he Gentile, be he sinner or be he saint, was sentenced on unseen proof, and thus had no fair play. Nay! no miscreant, accused of evident shame or open murder, but has full trial and actual power of reply. A great Bishop whether by legal law or luckless chance, not by Irish or English honor, was condemned unheard. "It was the bitterest sorrow of my life," he said. But he bore it with the patience of a martyr."

Read, ponder over, remember the words of this sublime oration! We know of none more touching and beautiful in our language:—

"Thus he is gone from amongst us, a great mind, a saintly soul, a character sincere, fearless, resolute, yet withal great-hearted as a patriarch and simple as a child. Had he no fault? Hush! the grave is closed. Fret not the slumber of the saintly dead, nor mock the living tears that mourn. Hush! Wait! When the century, the first faint flutter of whose advancing tide already flings its spray about our pilgrim feet, shall have receded to the bosom of the eternal sea, the calm historian will pause to look across the shallow sands or petty pools where small men lived their little lives, and gaze, with reverence and with sympathy, upon the majestic figure of the great Bishop of Meath."

ful the pious and devout reading of the Holy Gospel in editions containing notes and approved by a Bishop, as the Catholic Church requires; begs your Holiness to be good enough to grant to those who shall read the Bible devoutly for at least a quarter of an hour the indulgences which are given to those who recite the Christian acts."

The following is the text of the Brief concerning the reading of the Gospel:—

His Holiness Leo XIII., at an audience on Dec. 13th, 1898, with the undersigned prefect of the congregation of Indulgences and Relics, made known that he grants to all the faithful who shall have devoutly read the Scriptures for at least a quarter of an hour an indulgence of three

hundred days, to be gained once a day, provided that the edition of the Gospel has been approved by legitimate authority. Furthermore, the Sovereign Pontiff grants monthly a plenary indulgence to all those who shall have read in this way—*fait cete lecture—every day of the month.* It can be gained on the day of the month when, after confession and communion, those who have fulfilled the conditions shall have offered up the customary prayers for the intentions of the Holy See.

Given at Rome on the 13th December, 1898.

CARDINAL GOTTI, Perfect.

Seen and certified. CARDINAL RICHARD, Archbishop of Paris.

## LA CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME.

Gloucester Street Convent, Ottawa.

The young ladies of the intermediate department of this famed institution, not to be out-done, and no doubt incited thereto by the great success attending the "Margaret Bourgeois Reading Circle," founded by their elder companions, have formed themselves into the "Literary Guild of St. Agnes." The first formal session of the Guild was held last evening, and it will long be a "red-letter" episode in the memories of the pupils and teachers alike.

At seven o'clock, the members—24 in number—received in great state the commodious Academic Hall of the Convent, the Rev. Mother Provincial and the Rev. Mother Superior, who were accompanied by the teaching staff of the institution, and also by the young ladies of the senior department; their entrance was marked by song and smiling and greeting. An interesting musical, literary and educational programme of which the following gives the various items was gone through with; but the mere printed list entirely fails to convey

an idea of the excellent manner in which each of the participants performed her part: nor can it describe the enthusiastic manner in which each was applauded, nor yet the hearty commendation which was bestowed by the Rev. Mother Superior in encouraging her youthful charges to devote their spare time to the preparation of those little entertainments which must always prove instructive to themselves as well as entertaining to their teachers and fellow-pupils, a sentiment which met with hearty approval from the audience. The following was the programme:—

Hymn to St. Agnes, soloist, Miss A. Ardouin; piano solo, Miss Dumouchel; Geographical and Historical Essays, Italy, Miss S. Wills; Greece, Miss L. Devite; England, Miss A. Paquet; Ireland, Miss F. Lynch; Switzerland, Miss C. Fiset; France, Miss B. Chabot; vocal selection from Gounod, Miss A. Paquet; recitation in English, Miss S. Wills and in French, Miss G. Heritage. Finale Barcarolle, le.

## Women With Pathetic Careers.

On Friday there was interred in Balthazars cemetery an old woman named Bridget Mulvey, who had a pathetic not to say a romantic career. Born almost totally blind, her first experience of life as a young girl was the heartless eviction of her widowed mother on a Christmas Eve. The eviction was only one of many experienced by poor old Biddy, as she was affectionately known. After years of patient vicissitudes during which she lived on the charity of her neighbors, she at length found a home with her brother, who bequeathed her the cottage in which he and his wife had lived, and a small plot of ground. From this, however, she was ruthlessly and forcibly evicted by her brother-in-law. This man subsequently sold the place to a local man, and from this event the curious part of the old woman's career may be dated. Fearing that the old woman and her widowed sister might take possession of the house was one night razed to the ground. On the following Saturday night the people returning home saw nothing but the sightless ruins. The next morning they rubbed their eyes, and blessed themselves with incredulity on their way to first Mass, for the ruins had been replaced during the night by a substantially built and neatly thatched cottage, with door and windows complete, and Bridget Mulvey and her sister were in full possession. They had, they explained, been knocked up out of bed early that morning by a body of armed men, the most conspicuous wore a sword, with a plume in his hat, and who described himself as the captain of the Bog of Allen Brigade, and had been put in possession and they meant to keep it. When Divine service was over, however, the people had only a heap of ruins to again view, as in the interval both the women had been forcibly ejected by the purchaser and his sons, and the house again utterly demolished. This was exactly what the old woman's friends anticipated. The matter was placed in the hands of Mr. S. J. Brown, solicitor, of Naas. A process for possession and damages was issued against the purchaser, and though a strong defence was made the old woman came off victorious, obtaining £8 damages and costs, and in her turn evicting her evictor. On the news becoming known the whole country was brilliantly illuminated, and it was decided to rebuild the house, and for this purpose one of the probably largest demonstrations ever held in Wicklow assembled at Ballyknocken. The late Rev. M. J. O'Gorman made a splendid speech. The late Very Rev. Father Rowan, P.P., blessed the house, and Messrs. T. Purcell and T. M. O'Reilly also spoke, on the occasion.

The funeral on Friday was very largely attended. On the coffin was a beautiful cross bearing the following inscription:—"In loving memory of Biddy Mulvey from the Bog of Allen Men who reinstated her.—Leinster Leader."

Not long ago, I saw an old lady whom I had known for many years as an office holder in one of the departments. She was in former days, a beautiful woman, but crippled. She also had about \$50,000 invested. She was engaged to marry a Catholic gentleman, but he died before the wedding could take place. She was faithful to that love and never changed her state. A relative borrowed her fortune and lost it. In her poverty she sought and obtained a position in the Interior Department—perhaps it was the Treasury. It was a pathetic thing to see this crippled woman, in all kinds of weather, going to her work, but she had kind friends and everybody tried to help her. Having missed her, I asked a lady on the cars what had become of Miss S—. She said: "Not long ago, she had vacation and was out shopping. In one of the stores she fell and seriously injured her already distorted and paralyzed limb. She was carried to the hotel where she boarded and had medical attention. I suggested that she be nursed by the Sisters. Old as she was and unfortunate in many ways, she clung to life and was fearful that she would lose her government position. At that time Norman B. Scott now Senator elect from West Virginia, was her immediate superior. I went to him and told him about it. He replied: 'Tell Miss S— that, no matter how long she may be sick I will hold her place for her.' This message was conveyed to her, but, while it removed anxiety, it did not halt the approach of death. When she knew that her last hours had come, she sent for a Catholic priest and received baptism and the last Sacraments. Always with her she kept sacredly the rosary her youthful lover had given her, and, when the end was nigh, her thoughts went back to him and to his religion and perchance she thought that the one way to rejoin him was through the Catholic Church. She died peacefully and without any pecuniary means to speak of. I again went to Mr. Scott and informed him of the circumstances. He immediately handed me \$25 and asked if that was enough. He had a kind heart as well as a strong intellect. When the poor old lady was at rest, the Sisters arranged and dressed her. Then appeared one of those phenomena, sometimes exhibited in the dead. She was seemingly restored to youth and beauty. She was indeed lovely in death.—Washington Correspondence, Catholic Columbian.

## ANOTHER GONE.

(The following lines are too graphic to need any comment; they tell, in a few words, the great, universal lesson that daily is taught by passing events.)

Ten thousand men obeyed his slightest word;  
 He pressed a button at his desk and lo!  
 Men who for years had struggled on and on  
 Awoke to find their dreams of riches gone.  
 And bowing servants saw him come and go.

He spoke, and markets rose forth with or fell;  
 He governed all that mighty wealth will buy!  
 Fame, honor, power, homage he possessed,  
 And yesterday you would have called him blest—  
 But millionaires and paupers have to die!

The shouting in the market still goes on,  
 Though whispering servants tiptoe through his hall;  
 How poor was I beside him yesterday—  
 How rich, to-day, beside his pulseless clay—  
 Make fast the lid and let the curtains fall.  
 —S. E. Kiser, in Cleveland Leader.



SIR CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

The new Leader of the Liberal Party in England.

Sir. H. Campbell-Bannerman, Bart., P.C., who has been elected to the leadership of the Liberal party, is now in his sixty-third year. The youngest son of the late Sir James Campbell, of Stracathro, Forfarshire, he assumed the additional name of Bannerman under the will of his maternal uncle, the late Mr. Henry Bannerman, of Hinton Court, Kent. Both the Campbells and the Bannermans were drapers, and Sir Henry himself was engaged, prior to his entry into politics, in the great Glasgow business of which his father, the son of a Stirlingshire farmer, was one of the founders. James Campbell was the occasional guest of the Bannermans, the great warehousemen, and fell in love with Henry Bannerman's daughter, whom he married in the early twenties. With Henry Bannerman behind it, the Glasgow business was soon booming. James Campbell became Lord Provost of Glasgow, and received the honor of knighthood, while the young Henry, who was born in Glasgow in 1836, was in due time sent to Glasgow University and to Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1858 he was made a member of the firm of J. and W. Campbell, which was now a wholesale house. At that time he had no particular politics. His father was an inveterate Conservative. His own first lessons in Liberalism were taken from one Dan Lawson, the Irish linen buyer of the firm. In 1860 he married the daughter of Major-General Sir Charles Druce, and in 1868 he became Liberal candidate for the sterling Burghs. He made an almost instantaneous impression in the House, and by 1871 the young Glasgow business man was Financial Secretary to the War Office. He has since been Secretary to the Admiralty, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and twice Secretary of State for War.

## NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

Continued From Page Nine.

Mr. Alph. Charron, of the Experimental Farm, lectured before the University students on Tuesday last. His subject was "Food."

The St. Patrick's Literary Association, are preparing an elaborate programme for St. Patrick's night. Nothing definite has as yet been done touching the proposed St. Patrick's Hall.

The Rev. Wm. Murphy, O.M.I., lectured on "Constellations," before the Scientific Society of the University; and he repeated it before the pupils of the Gloucester Street Convent on Tuesday last.

Rev. Canon Archambault, and the Rev. Father Lonergan, both of Mont-

real, visited the Rev. Father Champagne in the Water Street Hospital, last week.

The Club Dramatique of St. Ann's parish gave an entertainment in aid of the St. Charles Home, on Monday night of last week.

The mortal remains of Mr. E. A. Mara were conveyed on Sunday, 12th inst., to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Libera was chanted, Rev. Father Whelan, in cope, presiding, assisted by Rev. Canon McCarthy and Rev. Dr. McNally in tunic, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Thence they were accompanied to the cemetery of Our Lady, by one of the largest assemblage of mourners that has been seen in this city for some time back. The C. M. B. A. and the C. O. P. turned out in large numbers, and walked ahead of the hearse. While the "floral" offerings were numerous and choice, a more Catholic course was followed by many, who presented instead, Spiritual bouquets of Masses for the repose of the soul of the deceased. Notable was the example set by the Catholic Order of Foresters.

## SCIENTIFIC BREWERS.

A professorship of brewing and malting is being established at the Birmingham University, and the chair will be well worth holding, for nearly £23,000 has already been subscribed locally toward the endowment.—St. Louis "Review."

It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but the depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.—Bacon.

The ablest men that ever were have all had an openness and frankness of dealing, and a name of certainty and veracity.

Cross cuts to righteousness are artificial survivals. It is a long road, but it is the right road.

Every real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility.

Men are apt to mistake the strength of their feelings for the strength of their argument.

You cannot fight against future. The world is governed much more by opinion than by laws.

Poetry is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious.

LOOK OUT for the first sign of impure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla is your safeguard. It will purify, enrich and vitalize your BLOOD.

## SCHOOL BOOKS.

During the coming School Term of 1898-99 we respectfully solicit the favor of your orders for the supplying of Catholic Educational and other Text Books, both in English and French; also, School Stationery and School requisites.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1540.

### SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Ellen O'Brien, of the City and District of Montreal, wife, common as to property, of William Albert Arnold, commission merchant, of the same place, duly authorized to enter in justice, Plaintiff, vs. the said William Albert Arnold, Defendant.

An action for separation as to property has been instituted, this day, against the said defendant.

HONAN & PARISEAULT, 12 Place d'Armes, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Montreal, 5th January, 1899. 27-5

The "True Witness" is the best medium of education for Catholic young men and young women. Heads of households should subscribe for it.

## POPE LEO AND THE BIBLE.

The Holy Father has issued a Brief granting special indulgence as an encouragement to reading the Bible. Before the publication of this Brief, according to the Unvers, of Paris,

Cardinal Gotti had addressed the following request:—

"Holy Father:—The Abbe Garnier, of the Diocese of Paris, moved by zeal for promoting amongst the faith-

# TALKS TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

## A SHARP LESSON.

Johnny is curious; whatever looks nice,  
Grasps without thought, in a minute,  
Once broke a watch through 'this  
mischievous vice,  
Just to see what there was in it.

Ransacking cabinets, rummaging  
shelves;  
Searching all places forbidden—  
All that his friends wish to keep  
to themselves  
Has to be carefully hidden.

Lately to reach down a picture deem-  
ed rare,  
Fetched he a fork from the stable;  
Got on a hassock, then on a chair,  
And then to the top of the table.

Losing his balance he suddenly fell,  
And falling he broke his right arm;  
Heard you that piercing and terrible  
yell—  
Causing his friends such alarm.

Often has Johnny, poor crazy-brained  
thing,  
Slighted each friend and adviser,  
Look, here he comes, with his arm in  
a sling!  
Will he, I wonder, be wiser?

## A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

The Catholic News tells the story  
of a little lad, who was keeping his  
sheep one Sunday morning. The bells  
were ringing for church, and the peo-  
ple were going over the fields, when  
the little fellow began to think that  
he too would like to pray to God.

But what could he say, for he had  
never learned any prayer? So he  
knelt down, and commenced the al-  
phabet.—A, B, C, and so on to Z. A  
gentleman, happening to pass on the  
other side of the hedge, heard the  
lad's voice, and looking through the  
bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling  
with folded hands and closed eyes,  
saying: A, B, C."

"What are you doing my little  
man?" The lad looked up. "Please  
sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your  
letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer,  
only I felt that I wanted God to take  
care of me, and help me take care of  
the sheep; so I thought that if I said  
all I knew, he would put it together,  
and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man, he  
will, he will, he will. When the heart  
speaks right, the lips can't say  
wrong."

## A Razor and Some Comments.

The old captain's eyes twinkled as  
he surveyed the boys whom he had  
caught back of the barn shaving with  
an old razor the faces that as yet  
showed no sign of down. One of the  
boys shamefacedly confessed that  
they were trying to make their mous-  
taches grow. Then the captain let  
loose the laugh that had been silently  
bubbling within, and he laughed so  
heartily that even the boys them-  
selves joined him.

"I tell you what it is, boys," said  
the merry old man, when his face be-  
gan to straighten out, "you're start-  
ing to be men wrong-side out. It is  
not with the outside, but with the in-  
side, that manliness begins. It takes  
more than a mustache to make a  
man. Now, look at Clarence Beaufort,  
across the way. He has a mustache  
that looks as if it was made to order,  
and his hair is always daintily  
parted in the middle; his trousers are  
never without the proper crease, and  
he carries that little cane of his as  
jauntily as my dog Jack there carries  
his tail. And with it all, Clarence is,  
as you know, only a dude and a  
spondfright. He has neither brains  
nor morals under that nobby hat of  
his, and I tell you, boys—here the  
captain brought his great palm  
down on his knee with a resounding  
whack—"Clarence Beaufort is not a  
decent counterfeit of a man, much  
less the genuine article. This town  
wouldn't lose by the bargain if it  
would exchange him for one of those  
wax dummies that you see in the  
store windows. The wax man is just  
as beautiful as Clarence, and just as  
much of a man, besides, having none  
of his vices."

"Now, there's Joe Holt," and with  
the mention of this name the cap-  
tain's face lost its look of severe dis-  
pleasure. "Joe Holt isn't sixteen yet  
but he's more of a man than lots of  
people that have whiskers as long as  
Joe himself." (This with a side glance  
at the razor.) "Joe takes care of his  
old mother, and does his own think-  
ing, and is clean-hearted and brave,  
and if that doesn't make a man, I'd  
like to know what in the name of  
rusty razors does?"

With that the captain whistled to  
Jack and was off, and five thought-  
ful boys gathered up the scattered  
shaving utensils in silence and return-  
ed them to the homes from which  
they had been borrowed.

## TIM'S HANDS.

"It is the very same coach that  
brought us up from the dock yester-  
day, papa. I remember the horses."  
Bessie tripped down the wide steps  
of the Northwestern Hotel, Liver-  
pool, and the red-coated English por-  
ter followed with hand-bags. He  
helped her into the coach as if she  
had been a grown up young lady; and  
her father, after pausing a moment  
to look at his time-table, stepped in  
behind her.

"Not that trunk, porter!" exclaim-  
ed Mr. Ruthford, as he caught a  
glimpse of the baggage they were pil-  
ing up on top. "That's to be left  
here till we come back in September."  
As he stepped hastily out to see  
that the mistake was rectified, he  
jostled against little Tim, the news-  
boy, who was at that moment  
mounting the steps of the coach, and  
the poor fellow's pack went down  
in the mud. Bessie saw the accident,  
but did not see her father slip a coin  
into the boy's hand as he hurried after  
the porter.

"Here, little boy," she called, "I'll  
pay you for the papers that are  
spoiled," and she handed him out the  
last sixpence in her purse. "I'm sure  
my father did not mean to hurt  
you."

Tim turned his eyes towards her  
in astonishment; but he drew back  
his hand.

"He gi' me a shillin'," he said with  
a nod toward Mr. Ruthford, who  
stood on the sidewalk; and, again  
thrusting his head into the coach  
door to make sure there was no pos-  
sible customer neglected, he shouted:  
"Lon'on papers!"

Bessie liked the honesty that de-  
clined a second recompense, but in-  
sisted that her charity should be ac-  
cepted.

"But take this, too. I am sure you  
need it. Your coat is all worn out,  
and just see how dirty you got your-  
self picking up your papers." She al-  
most shrank back from the  
grimy little hand that was slowly  
stretched out to receive the addition-  
al gift.

"Didn't neither! 'Twas there be-  
fore!" And as he took one more scruti-  
nizing glance at Bessie's face he felt  
a sense of shame entirely new to him.  
Long after the vehicle rolled away,  
amid the sharp cracks of the driver's  
whip, he stood gazing down the  
broad street.

"Nicest girl I ever see; but she said  
I've dirty." Tim looked at his dingy  
hands and wrists and shoved his out-  
grown sleeves still further back, and  
looked again, in deep contemplation.  
"Good mind to wash 'em," he said,  
at length; and, vaulting over the low  
pailing of the park, he took a bee line  
for the fountain in front of Prince  
Albert's statue.

"Times!" "Advertiser!" "Herald!"  
were shouted on all sides. The other  
boys were getting ahead of him, but  
he did not care.

"Bet she washes hers every day!  
Wa'n't they white, though? Can't I  
ever make mine look like that. Meoby  
I could if I had some soap." He passed  
down Lime street, and stopped at a  
grocer's window. There were long  
bars of soap for sixpence, but that  
was too much—more than he spent  
for his food all day, and half as much  
as a week's lodging cost him.

"She's comin' back in September,"  
he called her Bessie; heard him. If  
I can find her, I'll give her a paper  
for nothing. I'll just hold it out so,  
and my hand'll be clean, and she'll  
look pleased."

He was wholly absorbed in his re-  
verie, and illustrated his plan of ac-  
tion by holding out a paper to the  
imaginary Bessie. But just then a  
hurrying customer snatched it out of  
his hand and thrust a penny in, and  
that roused him from his day dream.  
He must be alert, or he would have  
the whole day's stock left on his  
hands. For an hour and a half, he  
was here, there, everywhere showing  
with renewed vigor—

"Lon'on papers!" and when he  
went back to the little den in Reg-  
ent's Court, which he called his  
home he hadn't one left.

Mrs. Bryan's washing was uncom-  
monly large that day, and she was very  
tired.

"Take hold here, Tim!" she called,  
as soon as he came in sight; "dip the  
water out of that kettle and fill that  
tub for me."

The boy noticed her hands at once;  
they were shrivelled and water-soak-  
ed, but were very white.

"Oh, let me wash for you," he  
said, "I'll do it good. I'm real strong  
to rub." And, with a little coaxing  
on his part, and a little instruction  
on hers, the work began. It was  
while the perspiration mingled with  
the steam on his face that his ambi-  
tion seemed suddenly to expand.

"Wish I had some shirts and things  
o' my own ter wash! Could get me  
a gingham blouse for a shillin' an'  
sixpence."

An hour later Tim emptied the last

tub, and his joy at the condition of  
his hands knew no bounds.

"If I knew when she'd come, I'd do  
a whole washin' just before; an' she'd  
be 'sprised, I reckon." He crept out  
into the one ray of sunshine that pen-  
etrated Regent's Court and sat  
down to rest. "I wish I could get  
some work to do, and I could earn  
some clothes. Good mind ter wash  
my face, too."

A few mornings later he went down  
to the river bend for a  
plunge and a swim, and presented  
himself at the newspaper office in  
such a marked state of cleanliness  
that the grimy editor's clerk noticed  
it.

"Hallo! been bleaching yourself  
out, ain't ye? That ain't bad now."  
Tim's next step was to make  
friends with the barber, and get him  
to cut his hair and take pay in work.

He cleaned the steps, the window and  
the floor, and the barber told him to  
happen around again when he needed  
another cut. It was still some weeks  
before the shirts and gingham blouses  
were bought, and the new cotton  
trousers appeared soon afterwards.  
The printer's clerk was growing in-  
terested in the boy, and one day  
chanced to report him at the office  
when the manager said more boys'  
help was wanted. Soon Tim had  
quite work enough. He was summon-  
ed to odd jobs in the distributing-  
room, and was paid every week.  
Soap, towels and a tin wash-basin  
found their way into his little attic,  
and by the first of September it was  
a very tidy boy who shouted "Lon-  
on papers!" before the Northwestern  
Hotel. The very first day of the  
month he began to watch the coaches  
with eager interest.

"If I don't see her when she comes,  
I may not get a chance," he said to  
himself day by day, as he traversed  
the narrow alley leading to Mrs.  
Bryan's. This poor woman had a  
life of trouble, and had grown hard  
and sour in temper. She cared noth-  
ing for Tim beyond the small pay-  
ment he made for his poor lodgings.  
His new whim for cleanliness struck  
her as quite ridiculous in a child of  
poverty, but then it hurt nobody.

One lovely afternoon as the shadow  
of the Mount began to stretch  
out towards St. George's Hall, Tim's  
heart gave a big jump, and then it  
seemed to stand still. There was the  
coach, and Bessie was in it. He had  
thought he saw them several times  
before, but this time there was no  
mistake. He had just set out on the  
evening round, and the bright water  
drops that trickled from his hair after  
his latest scrub had scarcely dried,  
and his well-kept hands were at their  
whitest.

"Now's my time thought he. The  
coach door was hardly opened, when  
with one loud shout, by way of intro-  
ducing himself, he sprang up on the  
steps. Mr. Ruthford sat at the end of  
the seat and his daughter next.  
Thrusting out a paper into the little  
girl's face he said: "Here's a paper for  
you, Miss Bessie." Astonished as she  
was, the little girl opened her purse  
at once, but Tim shook his head and  
backed down the steps.

"Hold on, my boy," called Mr.  
Ruthford; "how do you happen to  
know what this little lady's name is?"

"You called her so when you were  
here. I heard you." And Tim looked  
down in embarrassment, and could  
not see how closely he was observed.

"So we have met before, have we?"  
and Mr. Ruthford's eyes twinkled  
with amusement. "I don't seem to  
recall it."

"You hit me and knocked my pa-  
pers down in the mud," said Tim,  
with an awkward bluntness, which  
yet meant no discourtesy.

"Sure enough! I recollect now; but  
you don't just look like the same  
boy, somehow. Have you had a for-  
tune fall to you?"

"She said I was dirty then, but I  
ain't now," and Tim looked up with  
a shy glance at Bessie's face, to see  
if she looked really glad.

"But I said you were honest, too,"  
and her look expressed all the ap-  
proval a reasonable boy could wish.

Mr. Ruthford got out of the coach  
and walked up to Tim, putting his  
hand under his chin and looking long  
and earnestly into his face.

"So it seems you are clean inside  
and outside too," he said, with a  
kindly smile. "If I ever run across  
such a boy in New York, I shall want  
him in my office."

"Oh, papa, let's take him home  
with us!" exclaimed Bessie, as she  
sprang lightly down the step beside  
them.

"I imagine his family will have  
something to say about that," and  
he looked questioning into the  
boy's face.

"I ain't got no folks," was the  
quiet answer.

"Poor boy!" said Bessie; "would  
you go to America if you could?"

"You bet I would!" and the flash  
in his eye spoke volumes.

It was arranged that Tim should  
come in after dinner to talk further of  
the matter. Mr. Ruthford went to  
see Mrs. Bryan and the district mis-

sion teacher about the plan. He  
warned the boy to consider well, as  
it would be hard to get back if he  
grew homesick; but he stood bravely  
to his purpose.

As the great Atlantic liner weighed  
anchor next day and steamed down  
the Mersey, Tim leaned over the  
rail with a heart too full of anticipa-  
tion to permit any relenting.

"They think I'm clean and honest,  
and they'll find I'm clean and honest  
every time."

It is now six months since his New

World career began. He hastens back  
from school, and does Mr. Ruthford's  
errands with the faithfulness of one  
who loves not merely his earthly;  
but his Divine Master; and those are  
happy moments to him when Miss  
Bessie runs into her father's office  
and gives him one of her brightest  
smiles, and helps him assort the pa-  
pers, or presses her finger on the  
knot he is tying, so that the stout  
twine won't slip, and says: "How  
white your hands are, Tim!"— T.  
Whelan.

# A Catholic Girl's Fortitude.

FROM THE CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES, PHILADELPHIA.

One of the saddest accidents of the  
month is that which befel Miss Bride  
Davis Walsh. The young girl who  
completed her education only last  
year, had for the past two months  
been stenographer for Messrs. C. J.  
Milne & Sons, and was setting out  
for the office when the accident occur-  
red. Miss Walsh is not yet in a con-  
dition to explain the cause of the  
mishap. All that is certain is that  
she was attempting to get on the car  
at Belgrade street and Montgomery  
avenue when she was thrown on the  
tracks. The front wheel passed over  
er right leg, crushing the bones to  
powder. A gentleman on the car-  
platform instantly sprang into the  
snow bank and dragged the injured  
girl out of the way of the back  
wheel, which, but for his heroic re-  
scue would most assuredly have pass-  
ed over her chest and killed her in-  
stantly.

Non-Catholic spectators are warm  
in their praise of the wonderful  
"nerve" shown by the young suffer-  
er, but Catholics will understand that  
such patient courage as hers can  
spring only from perfect faith, which,  
offering all suffering to God, accepts  
pain and loss heroically for His sake.  
The young girl did not lose her sen-  
sibility; she was alive to all the agony  
of her situation, yet not a moan escap-

# THE PROPER WAY TO TREAT DOMESTICS.

MRS. LOUISE WILMERDING, IN THE NEW YORK HERALD.

The truest axiom regarding the serv-  
ant question of which I know is,  
"Mechanical treatment makes the  
mechanical servant." The custom and  
idea that anything is good enough  
for a servant, so far as quarters and  
general fare are concerned, can have  
but one result—time service. How  
can you expect any man or woman to  
do the best they can for an employer  
when they receive such indifferent  
treatment and are given to under-  
stand in every way that they are in-  
ferior and that comfort or conveni-  
ence is insufficient in itself to be giv-  
en any thought at all?

I went to one of the most notable  
New York homes not so long ago  
and in the servants' rooms found a  
condition of affairs that seemed to me  
almost pitiful. Once the furniture the  
rooms contained had been very good  
indeed, but it had grown so old in  
service that it looked positively un-  
clean, was rickety, and to me offensi-  
ve, just as I think it was to any or-  
dinary refinement, and I do not ques-  
tion the fact that there is refinement  
in the servants' quarters just as much  
as in the other part of a house.

There was a rug on the floor, but  
very old and really unfit for use. In  
the room where the servants spend  
much of their time was an old table,  
on which was a cover so thoroughly  
inkstained that it gave the impression  
of never having been clean. One or  
two chairs, almost in a condition of  
worthlessness, completed the list of  
furniture.

If the servants were as tidy as it is  
possible for people to be, they could  
not keep such equipment looking  
well. Not only had it outlived its  
usefulness, but it was unfit to be ar-  
ound where human beings were. And  
yet in that very house it was expect-  
ed that every servant would be the  
pink of neatness and look as if every-  
thing with which she had to do was  
fresh and clean as it were possible to  
be.

In another house that I was called  
into I went the first thing to the ser-  
vants' quarters, and the contrast be-  
tween the place I have described and  
this was amazing. Everything about  
the quarters was sweet and clean and  
cheerful. The furniture was either  
new, or, at least, had the appearance  
of it. It was not costly at all, but  
it did not look like second hand. The  
rug on the floor was bright and cheer-  
ful, unstained. The chairs were com-  
fortable. Everything about was as  
tidy as paint, varnish, polish, soap  
and water could make it. The re-  
sult was an atmosphere of cheeriness  
that was simply delightful.

I said to one of the servants that  
it was charming to see everything in  
this condition. The maid to whom I  
spoke smiled and answered:—  
"Yes, madame, and you will find  
everything in the house the same  
way."

It is hard to imagine a greater con-  
trast than that between the servants  
in the first place I spoke of and those  
in the latter house. In the one there  
was an absence of what we might  
call esprit du corps. In the other  
there was alacrity in every movement  
and a desire to please so evident as  
to be more than pleasant.

These things show what is brought  
home to me again and again, that  
the proper way to treat a servant is  
to follow the methods we are suppos-  
ed to observe in our treatment of hu-  
man beings generally. Indifference to  
those about us rarely brings good re-  
sults, and if the servant observes  
that the mistress of the house takes  
a kindly interest in the vast majority  
of cases that interest will be repaid  
threefold by the care and attention of  
the servant.

ed her lips, although women were  
shrieking and fainting and strong men  
cried like little children. She asked  
for her purse, and when this was  
handed to her opened it, and drawing  
forth her rosary kissed the crucifix  
and wrapped the beads about her fin-  
gers. She gave her name and address  
in unflinching tones, but requested to  
be taken to St. Mary's Hospital,  
dreading the shock which might be  
given to her relatives were she borne  
to her home.

Her limb was found to be badly  
mangled that amputation had to be  
resorted to. The operation was very  
successfully conducted by Dr. Spellys,  
assisted by Drs. Reid and Harbridge.  
Although the patient is not yet out  
of danger, it is hoped that her youth  
and hitherto excellent health will ma-  
terially aid her recovery.

Miss Walsh, who is eighteen years  
old, is a native of miracle-famed  
Knock, in County Mayo, Ireland. Her  
mother was Miss Mary Davis, of  
Chillicothe, Ohio, and her grandmoth-  
er, Mrs. Davis, was Miss Ralph,  
of the same place. The girl has made her  
home with her aunt, Mrs. Katharine  
Davis of this city, for the past nine  
years, during which time she attend-  
ed the Visitation and St. Edward's  
schools and the High School, graduat-  
ing from Duployan College, Our  
Lady of Mercy School.

learns in this way that the girl whom  
she has barely noticed is really ultra-  
refined.

I think one thing should always be  
remembered, and that is that a ser-  
vant is a servant—whether butler,  
cook, maid, or laundress. To call  
them by these titles is very well of  
course, but at the same time they  
should be spoken to and of as serv-  
ants, just as we speak of the baker,  
the butcher or the grocer. They  
should not be treated as if it were  
criticism or reflection upon them  
when the position which they have  
chosen to fill in life is correctly term-  
ed.

There is a great difference between  
England and America in this regard.  
In the former country the servant is  
the servant, and is not at all ashamed  
of it. In the latter the servant is  
still the servant, but is very often  
much ashamed of it.

I see nothing to be ashamed of in  
service. All of us are servants to a  
certain extent, and if each one does  
the best that there is in him, in the  
particular lot in life to be filled, why  
I know of nothing more honorable or  
entitling one to greater respect. When  
I am busy superintending the work of  
putting one of our great households  
in order, I often feel that I am a ser-  
vant of the heads of that household,  
and I am not in the least ashamed of  
it.

The work of the servants should be  
closely supervised. This is not best  
accomplished by following a servant  
from room to room, but by waiting  
until the work is complete through-  
out and then inspecting it.

A lady, a friend of mine, had a way  
of doing that always seemed to me  
very excellent. In each of the bed-  
chambers of her home hung a tiny  
porcelain slate. When the rooms had  
been swept and garnished each day  
this lady would go through them and  
on each slate would say briefly what  
she thought of the work as it had  
been done. Then the girls who had  
been at work there would look and  
find out exactly what the mistress  
thought. So you see there was no ne-  
cessity for any words being spoken,  
and still a complete understanding  
was arrived at.

This would not be practicable in  
many homes, but if the servants feel  
that they are subject to daily inspec-  
tion, they will certainly work better  
and with more heart. But that inspec-  
tion must be fair. I call to mind an  
instance where the mistress was very  
unfair. She sent the chambermaid  
downstairs to assist in some other  
work, taking her away from the work  
she was doing in the bedrooms.

Continued on Page 12.

## MACS.

(The Catholic Union and Times.)  
Referring to the four Macs in the  
United States Senate—McBride, Mc-  
Enery, McLaurin and McMillan—the  
Washington Post observes that "our  
citizens of Scotch descent are very  
solid members of society."

We hope our esteemed Washington  
contemporary doesn't intend to make  
all the Macs in the world "Scotch."  
Mac, like O', is a Gaelic prefix of  
designation, and is as common in Ire-  
land as in Scotland. Hence the old  
rhyme:—

By Mac and O',  
You'll surely know  
True Irishmen, they say;  
But if they lack  
The O' or Mac,  
No Irishmen are they.

All forms of scrofula, sores, boils,  
pimples and eruptions are quickly  
and permanently cured by Hood's  
Sarsaparilla.

Eternity is now, always has been,  
and always will be. Hence there is no  
need of haste; all mortal interests  
will be served in their own good time  
and this present life, which is but a  
snap of one's finger in the great mea-  
sure of eternity, certainly ought not  
to embitter or even time with sor-  
row the great chain of lives before us.

# Drink Habit Cured at Home.

We are treating and curing more  
patients than any other drink cure in  
the world. This is because we treat  
our patients at their home, saving  
the time, expense and publicity of an  
institute treatment; because we use  
no hypodermic injections with their  
bad effects, but give healthful tonics;  
because we not only antidote the  
drink crave, but cure the diseased con-  
ditions arising from the use of intox-  
icants.

By our system of correspondence,  
each patient receives individual care  
and instructions. We have re-  
ceived the highest and best endorse-  
ments of any cure in the world, from  
leaders among men whose com-  
mendation the whole world could  
not buy. Among those who vouch for  
our treatment are Rev. Father J.  
Quinlivan, pastor of St. Patrick's;  
Rev. Father E. Strubbe, vicar of St.  
Ann's; Rev. Father J. A. McCallen, St.  
Patrick's; Rev. Canon Dixon, rector of  
St. Jude's; Rev. M. Taylor, pastor of  
Cenotaph Methodist Church. Particu-  
lars and treatise on Alcoholism sent  
free on application in plain sealed  
envelope. Address  
THE DIXON CURE CO., 40 Park Ave., Montreal.

# RELIGIOUS NOTES AND REMARKS.

On Monday night, 13th Feb., a grand conference of the Alumni of Queen's College, Kingston, took place; on the occasion a very able address was delivered by Mr. John Cameron, the founder and editor of the "London Advertiser." His subject was the "Press and the Pulpit."

After a few words relative to the different views of the public to social and political life the speaker urged that the relation of the two powers should be that of friendliness and co-operation, which was not always the case, and in his opinion the fault lay more often with the pulpit than with the Press. Demonstrating that the preacher and journalist have much in common in respect to their anxiety to promote in individual hearts the reign of the higher law, Mr. Cameron went on to remark that whether the golden age of the pulpit was past or not it was certain that the influence of the newspaper, whether for good or for evil, had advanced and was still advancing. The newspaper reached both those who listened to the preachers and those who did not.

Having spoken of the press from various standpoints, Mr. Cameron summed up his opinion regarding the relationship between the press and the pulpit, in these words:— "Whatever the best method of co-operation, there was need that the two powers, the pulpit and the press, should come into closer sympathetic and personal touch. Let them get together."

With much of what Mr. Cameron has stated we heartily agree, and agree all the more readily because it is not new to us. For over ten years we have been familiar with that grand conception of Leo XIII., the "Apostolate of the Press." From his seat on the seven hills the Vicar of Christ has over and over again emphatically blessed the work of the press, has indicated to his hierarchy the importance of converting such a power into a real apostolate of good, and has given the key-note of harmony and union between the pulpit and the press. These ideas may appear new to our non-Catholic friends, but as far as we are concerned, and especially in America, we have long been familiar with the grand aim of the reigning Pontiff in this regard.

Coming from the special to the general, we have noticed how, on many occasions, and under various circumstances, an idea, or a scheme, which has emanated from Rome, is allowed to rest unnoticed by the Protestant world, until such time as it may be generally forgotten whence it sprung and then is taken up—as something very original—and wafted on all sides, by its advocates. The present case is an example; although we do not suppose that Mr. Cameron was intentionally spreading one of Rome's teachings.

On the 18th of January last, at Colwyn Bay, Wales, the Rev. Thomas Lloyd, delivered himself of a most wonderful arraignment of the Catholic Church, which establishment he pronounced to be a very dangerous institution. The Liverpool "Catholic Times" considers that Mr. Lloyd's fancy is large and expensive, and has no particular relationship with the realities of life. It is thus he expressed himself concerning Catholics:—

"In 1889 they propounded a scheme which they hoped to put in force on joining (gaining?) the ascendancy in this country; a scheme whereby the law would be abolished which provides that this Protestant nation shall be governed by a Protestant sovereign; a scheme for securing a Roman Catholic succession to the throne of these realms; a Roman Catholic Parliament with Roman Catholic priests in both Houses; which would institute tests and penal laws against 'heretics' (Protestants); establish a military order to suppress 'heretics' at home and abroad; securing the burning of all 'heretical' books, including probably the Bible, and, finally, establish the Inquisition and its nameless tortures."

Our transatlantic contemporary adds:—

"We are quite willing to pay homage to the power of Mr. Lloyd's Cymric imagination. It is an imagination which an Eisteddfod bard might envy. But, alas, the use of this involves the painful inference that he must have regarded his auditors as simpletons."

The wonderful Roman correspondent of the London "Morning Post" is endowed with one of the most fertile imaginations on record. He has already perpetrated many peculiar feats in the arena of romantic journalism; but we believe has surpassed himself in the following:—

London, Feb. 14.—The Rome correspondent of the "Morning Post," referring to attacks published there upon Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Rampolla, Papal Secretary of State, by the anti-American party, says:—

"These attacks seem to be promoted by the Jesuits, and, judging by the excitement they have caused, they are bad omens for the future of Americanism."

If any reader, specially interested in these matters, will kindly keep this piece of news in memory, in may serve to amuse him, in a few days, or few weeks hence, when the whole blame for the spirit called "Americanism" will be laid at the door of the Jesuits. Jesuitism and Jesuits are a boon to those writers who lack knowledge concerning Catholic affairs; a grand cloak to hide ignorance.

cluded in exhorting all to be faithful to their pledge, striving hard to keep alive so great and good a society and thus grow up useful members of society and loyal children of the Holy Catholic Church. The Rev. Father White, is also director of the Night School for the boys of the East and Central part of the city. He is meeting with great success in his noble undertaking.

For the first time in many years the gut at Placentia is frozen over, and there is not the least difficulty crossing to or from each side of the harbor. The winter has been about the worst known in 20 years for frost.

Herrings still continue plentiful in Placentia Bay, though several schooners have been obliged to lie up for several weeks without securing full fares. Andrew Foley's boat, of Fox Harbor, and three others, waited for eight weeks without obtaining a haul. They hoisted their sails intending to "give up the voyage," but shortly afterwards the herring struck in in immense quantities, and in less than a fortnight the three boats cleared over \$1,300. Foley once had his seine out and was just about to make a splendid haul when ice came down the river and destroyed the chances of his reaping a piscatorial harvest. The seine was driven ashore and the herring disappeared. Thomas Bruce, of Little Placentia, is amongst the fortunate ones that obtained good hauls, and there are many others also that will realize nice bills.

The Freeman's Journal, in a late issue speaking of the literary ability of Newfoundland's great and noble Bishop says:—

The Most Rev. Dr. Howley, Bishop of Newfoundland, is one of the most versatile and brilliant contributors to the local literature of the island. His range of subjects is very wide, but it may be truly said of him that he has touched nothing which he did not adorn. Glancing at random through a miscellaneous collection of his writings, one is not more surprised at the diversity of theme than delighted at the uniform brilliancy of treatment. We will take half a dozen or so of his contributions to illustrate our meaning. "Sammy Ricket's Mysterious Purse" is one of those quaint legends that spring up amongst settlers in a wild new world. It is told with graphic power that absorbs the reader's interest from opening to climax, and incidentally it affords a most vivid picture of social life and enjoyment of the primitive Newfoundlanders.

In the next contribution we find this genial story-teller make successful incursions into classic literature in the shape of an admirable verse translation of a famous passage from Seneca's "Medea," with most interesting notes and comment, illustrating the startling resemblance that some of the old Pagan myths bear to the great truths of Christianity. In extracts from old records compiled, edited, and then dated by the Most Rev. author, we have some quaint and interesting pictures of the primitive times and people at St. John's, the capital of Newfoundland. The description of the journey from Whitbourne to Wee-Ball is a vivid panorama of the wild and beautiful scenery of the island, most tempting to travellers. The scenes, as he describes, come from the imagination of the reader with a distinctness no photographs could rival. Two other legends, "The Fairy Funeral at Ictickle," and "Poor Joe Benoit," will prove how rich is the Bishop's story-telling vein. It is not needed to add how keenly these gifts are appreciated, in a diocese where the majority of the inhabitants are Irish, and where the Bishop is as much respected for his ability and zeal as he is beloved for his genial kindness.

La grippe is very prevalent now at Harbor Grace, and in several instances whole families are down with the distemper.

Some of the old and experienced sealing captains seem to think the white coats will not bear north next month, if these northerly winds continue.

A few years ago with similar conditions of weather, most of the steamers went too far north, and missed the seals. But old veteran hunters like Captains Jackman and Blandford etc., will know where to find the white coats.

Word comes from the French Shore, that in several small settlements the residents are in dire need and there is no means of getting any food if these people were provided with money. Some families there have only made \$50 for 7 months and it is no wonder that they cannot find food enough to tide over the winter storms. One family is being kept entirely by Rev. C. Cogan, as they are without food and no means of getting it. Fortunately their case is not as bad or as serious as it was two years ago and immediate steps will be taken to give the most destitute

relief by the new road recently cut. The present Government has looked out for such an emergency, and can get supplies there in a few days.

## THE PROPER WAY TO TREAT DOMESTICS.

Continued From Page 11.

An hour afterward the lady went up stairs, saw that the work was not completed, sent for the maid and chided her because the task had not been finished. Now the maid had been busy with the downstairs work to which she had been assigned, and was not in the least to blame. She was indignant, and with good reason, and, I doubt not, lost all respect for criticism from her mistress.

Where a family can afford to keep but one servant the lady of the house should not permit herself to be bound in any respect when she takes the girl into service. I mean by that that there should be no ironclad agreement as to the so-called privileges. For instance, while the girl should be permitted to have as much of her Sunday as possible, I think it a very bad plan to change the dinner hour on Sunday as a matter of accommodation to her. In households of this sort the mistress always does some of the little things, and it can undoubtedly be arranged so that luncheon could be practically prepared by the girl early in the day and the dinner as well all arranged for.

This would give her most of the day, for it would only be necessary for her to come back and serve the dinner. After that she could go out again if she chose.

Neither do I believe that the one day out should always be adhered to if it incommodes the mistress. The girl should be given to understand at first that she must accommodate the lady that engaged her when that accommodation is necessary, and in return her own desires will be considered when it is possible to do so. I think this prevents any "independence," of which so many ladies complain in regard to their servants.

To sum up, the proper way to treat a servant is to be considerate, firm, kind and thoroughly just. Where this policy is followed I think there will be few complaints of bad service.—Mrs. Louise Wilmerding, in the New York "Herald."

## REMARKABLE LONGEVITY.

(From the Dublin Freeman.)

The barony of West Muskerry has of late years been remarkable for centenarians. Judging from the following it seems to be holding its reputation for producing long-lived people.

There is at present living within a mile of Coachford, and still nearer to Peake Station, an old woman named Johannah Mountjoy who has arrived at the extraordinary age of 115 years. Our informant, on hearing the whereabouts of "Joney," the name by which she is more familiarly known, lost no time in repairing to her residence, which is a miserable little cabin situated on a bleak hill at the end of a long "bohrten." The poor old woman has been confined to bed for the past two years, and, with the exception of being a bit deaf, and her sight a bit impaired, her faculties are preserved in a remarkable way.

Our informant continues:—

"Joney informed me in Gaelic (for she speaks no English) that she was born near Aghabullogue, her maiden name being O'Sullivan (Gow). It seems her husband left her with a young family, and is supposed to have gone to America, and was never heard of afterwards. Her youngest 'boy,' Tom, who, by the way, is now over 70 years of age, and has buried two wives, resides with the mother, and seems most attentive to her. Indeed, to quote 'Joney's' own words to me, 'he is the best gorsoun a mother ever reared, although he has the name of being a miser among the neighbors.' Whether this be so or not, it is almost incredible to think that within such a short distance of our go-ahead city of Cork, a poor old woman of that age should be lying on a miserable bed without even a bolster or pillow under her head, and minus a cup, saucer, plate, or knife and fork, and the house in a miserable condition.

As to the great age of this old woman, as our correspondent states he has made the most exhaustive and satisfying enquiries. The oldest woman in the village states positively that 40 years ago "Joney" was a finished old woman of 75 years, and was prepared for death. She has a daughter an old woman, with grandchildren, residing near Coachford Junction. After being photographed, an operation which the remarkable old woman submitted to with no small share of anxiety, she expressed a great wish to have a copy sent to her numerous friends in America, and having promised to comply with her

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New Bedford Cord Dress Material; very fine quality; latest shades; 42 inches wide. Special value, 33c.

New Satin Finish Cloth, in 30 different shades, fine bright finish; very stylish and dignified, 39c yard.

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New Ladies' Cloth Suiting, special for spring costumes in best standard shades, 69c yard.

New Bengaline Dress Material; very handsome styles for spring costumes; special price, 95c yard.

### A Silk Opportunity.

The headline alone is sufficient to get your attendance to a Silk opportunity like this. Three Silk bargains will be presented from the hundreds of others that fill this section.

1st. New Striped Pure Silk, in 26 different styles and all good, regular 55c a yard Silks, for 30c.

New Check Glace Silks, small, medium, large and broken check, usual 75c Silks, for 59c.

New Shot Glace Silks, all leading shades, extra fine quality, splendid value at 90c a yard. Special price, 70c.

## GREAT TOWEL SALE.

These Towels will sell rapidly at the prices it's decided they will be sold at. Housekeepers will be here by the thousands to participate in the Bargains.

Linen Huckaback Towels, size 14 by 24 inches, 4 cents.

Linen Huckaback Towels, size 14 by 26 inches, 6 cents.

Linen Huckaback Towels, size 17 by 28 inches, 8 1/2 cents.

Linen Huckaback Towels, size 18 by 32 inches, 10 cents.

Linen Huckaback Towels, size 20 by 36 inches, 12 1/2 cents.

Linen Huckaback Towels, 15c, 18c, 21c, 26 cents each.

## NEW HOUSEHOLD LINENS.

The Big Store's LINEN VALUES are endorsed by thousands of Canada's best housekeepers. Every make of Linen that has a place in the Linen World can be seen here. On Monday a special showing of New Barnsley Linens will convince you of The Big Store's leadership in Linen Values. Ladies have already begun to choose linens for their summer homes. Prices show decidedly in your favor. Buy now.

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## INDIGESTION? TRY



The Ideal French Tonic. FOR BODY AND BRAIN. Since 1863. Endorsed by Medical Faculty.

immediate lasting efficacious agreeable

wish, our correspondent, before leaving, received her untimed blessing in the only language she knows.

### Death of a Centenarian at Bantry.

The death and funeral of an extremely old woman named Mary Spillane has just taken place here. She attained the ripe old age of 112 years. Some say she was about 115, but as to how many years over 112 she was no one can say with any degree of accuracy. She lived at Derry Grinagh, and has been a widow upwards 50 years. She was able to boast of numerous descendants, both in this and foreign countries. She was Irish speaking, and retained possession of her faculties, mental and physical to the last. She was not sick but weakened. She was quiet and observant, but at death presented an appearance, physically, about a half or less her appearance at middle life. Her recollection of the French descent under Wolfe

Tone in Bantry Bay, in 1796, and the incidents connected with that and the period in which it took place she well remembered, as also stories which she had heard of the subsequent stormy political and other events connected with this country. She got married in or about the time of the battle of Waterloo. From sickness or bodily disease she was, during that long span of life, singularly and blissfully free. She was interred in the Bantry Abbey.

### A CELTIC REUNION.

A grand Irish re-union to celebrate the festival of La Fheile Bhrighde, or St. Brigid's Day, was held under the auspices of the Gaelic League of London, at the Bloomsbury Hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st. The hall was full to overflowing, with a representative audience of the many literary and patriotic Irishmen and women in London, who are interested in the preservation of the national language and customs of Ireland. There

were present Gaels from the Highlands of Scotland, several of them in their picturesque national dress, and also Celts from Wales and Brittany. Mr. Francis A. Fahy, President of the London Gaelic League, occupied the chair. The programme composed solely of Celtic items, was admirably rendered and enthusiastically received.

### A FISHERMAN'S TRIALS.

Exposure While at Sea Brought on an Attack of Sciatica Which Caused the Most Excruciating Agony.

Mr. Geo. W. Shaw, of Sandford, N. S., follows the occupation of a fisherman, and like all who pursue this arduous calling is exposed frequently to inclement weather. Some years ago, as a result of exposure, Mr. Shaw was attacked with sciatica and for months suffered intensely. He says the pain he endured was something agonizing, and he was not able to do any work for some months. His hip was drawn out of shape by the trouble, and the doctor who attended him said that it had also affected the spine. After being under the care of a doctor for several months without getting relief, Mr. Shaw discontinued medical treatment and resorted to the use of plaster and liniments, but with no better result. He was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and finally decided to do so. After using them for a couple of weeks, he found a decided relief, and in about two months' time every trace of the trouble had disappeared, and he was not since troubled with any illness. Mr. Shaw says he occasionally takes a box of pills to ward off any possible recurrence of the trouble.

Those attacked with sciatica, rheumatism, and kindred troubles, may avoid much suffering and save money by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset of the trouble. Sold by all dealers or sent postpaid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

All leading newsdealers sell the True Witness, price five cents.

## Notes From Newfoundland.

FROM OUR TOWN CORRESPONDENT.

February 15.

The weather on the west coast the past fortnight has been the worst for many years. Harbors are frozen over that had not been so for a decade, and Friday night, in Hermitage Bay, the thermometer was 15 below zero on the 'V. L.'s' bridge, and at Bay Despair it had dropped to 25 below.

About 500 barrels of herring were hauled in Fortune Bay this winter, which is a very hopeful sign, and all trust that it will not be long ere this place will be as well stocked with these fish as in the years gone by. Millions of midge herring are in the waters, and these will undoubtedly rapidly increase and grow.

The famous iron ore mine which has lately been discovered at the head of Conception Harbor, will be worked extensively during the summer, and it is to be hoped that it will be a boon to the island.

The "Virginia Lake" had a very trying time on her last trip to the west coast. Since leaving here the weather has been unprecedented for cold and high winds, with terrific sea. On the way west it was about as bad as one could even anticipate, so that but slow progress was made at times. At Port-aux-Basques a large freight was taken on board, and returning every harbor was found frozen. Friday night was the worst on record, and one can imagine what it was on the bridge, facing to windward with the thermometer registering fifteen below zero. St. Jacques, Belloram, Burin, Tropassey, Fermouse and Cape Broyle are frozen solid. A terrible storm of wind raged on Sunday and the lay in Burin all day, as it was useless trying to cross to Placentia and on leaving that port

was frozen; she came on over her usual route. The water was exceedingly rough in Placentia and St. Mary's Bay, while at Fortune and Grand Bank with difficulty mails were landed, but to send freight on shore was impossible.

Sunday, Feb. 5th, Rev. Jas. White, having received the appointment from His Lordship Rt. Rev. M. R. Howley, was initiated as Spiritual Director of the Juvenile T. A. Society. The Rev. gentleman received an ovation when he entered the meeting-room, and in a very eloquent address showed up many things of interest to the society. He had been a member himself some years ago, and though he ceased to be among them, yet he never violated that pledge he had taken. On such an occasion as this, he said, he could not but feel proud that he, like the young boys who were now members, sat there himself once; and then too in the office of assistant treasurer. He said: "Keep your duties ever in sight and remember that you cannot be false to man without being at the same time false to God."

You are children of a Church which for 1900 years has baffled the attacks of her foes, and thus has proved to the world her divine mission." Today she stands as firm as when her Divine Founder, Christ our Saviour, said to His Apostles: "Go ye therefore teach all nations." As in the past, so in the future the Holy Church shall continue until the work of Christ is completed. If you wish to continue in the noble cause you have undertaken, strive then to cement your union with the holy Church. Take a firm grasp of her, and she will carry you along through the storms of life on by the shores of success into the haven of glory. Fr. White con-