

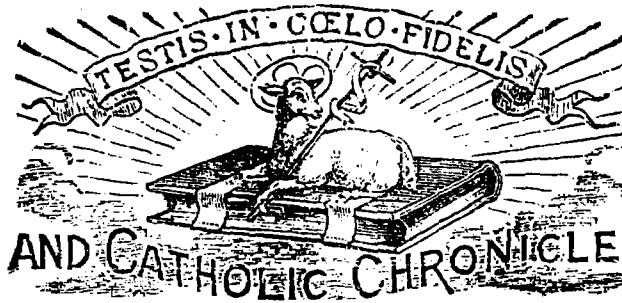
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## The Sophistries Of a Roman Correspondent.

Recently the "True Witness" had occasion to make a lengthy and critical reference to the New York Sun's able Roman correspondent "Innominate." While crediting that writer with exceptional talents, and admitting that he is possessed of an immense amount of important information regarding Roman matters, we drew attention to the fact that many of his seemingly erudite letters are well calculated to deceive the general Catholic reader. They breathe a spirit of devotedness to the Papal cause, while they actually reflect seriously upon the character of more than one institution of the Papacy. We have before us two of "Innominate's" letters—one of the 25th, the other of the 3rd June last—which present a strange contrast. The first letter is admirable in composition, conception, logic and statement; the second is equally remarkable for its style, its ideas, its lack of argument, and its misleading conclusions. That it may be fully understood why we thus characterize these two communications we will take a few extracts from each.

The first letter deals with the exclusion of the Pope from the Peace Conference, and claims to expose the secret history of the movement. He states that it was at first supposed that Italy was the sole cause of this unfortunate step, and then he adds:

"But the negotiations disclosed the fact that behind Italy there were entrenched the King of the Belgians, England's servant; the British Foreign Office, the Berlin Chancery, Austria, Roumania and Greece. At the very beginning in order to wound no feelings, Russia has changed the place for the conference from St. Petersburg to The Hague, hoping that the intervention, Mgr. Tarnassi, would be ex-officio a member of the congress. The manoeuvre did not work. Germany and the great powers, with the exception of Russia and France, would on no condition permit the presence of a pontifical representative, and this for two reasons."

The first reason given is to the effect that the Pope's wise policy and lofty views were calculated to bring about a real disarmament, and that England and Germany did not want any such result. The second reason is that the powers feared a policy of points of contact between Russia and the Papacy, whether in the Polish question or in the Orient, in Asia Minor, or in China. And he adds that "Roman questions are now-a-days the foundation of European and extra-European questions." After speaking of the surprise created by the Pope recalling Mgr. Tarnassi from The Hague, he adds:

"It seems that the surprise has become amazement on the Papacy's declaring to Russia that it is not on her that it places the responsibility, and that the Czar will appreciate the

higher reasons of the Pope. The misunderstanding, the suspicion, the coldness, which, as some powers hoped, would spring out of the failure, have not arisen; the friendship between Rome and the Czar has, on the contrary, become an intimacy."

Here is a clear and fair statement of the situation. It is generally conceded that from the first the Peace Conference would prove a huge failure; it was universally believed, from the moment of the Pope's expulsion, that it could only end in a fiasco. "Innominate" almost positively makes this admission in the closing paragraph of his letter; and in so doing he places the blame upon the right shoulders, while paying a just tribute to the Pope, and summarizing in a few sentences the exact situation in Italy. We quote that paragraph in full, it is truly a fine piece of political criticism:

"The exclusion of the Pope is looked upon by many persons as a serious mistake. All the small powers weary of armaments, even now wish for the Pope's intervention. I know from an authority whose information is always correct, that steps have been taken to lead the Pope into taking sensational action. Impassive Leo XIII. holds to his reserve. He has patience, that 'divine part of the art of government'; moral powers have time to demand with them the 'stuff of which great things are made.' Whether invited or not, whether he intervenes or abstains, his is the nobler part. It is Italy which, in the eyes of the public, that knows nothing of hidden workings, will bear the responsibility for the failure of the conference. There she is now, that Italy whom the Liberals nailed in the days of the conquest as the symbol of progress, of civilization and of liberty! She has become, and that is her real character, the provoker of trouble and disturber of international order. There she stands unmasked, in the horrible nakedness of her anti-Papal, anti-social, anti-civilized and anti-pontifical policy. The latter will kill the former."

Turning, now, to the second letter, that of June 30, we find this able critic and diplomatic reviewer, falling into his own peculiar error. He deals with the present Austrian agitations, and treats of the part played by the late Cardinal Schönborn in politics. He claims that universal suffrage is the only remedy for the race wars in Austria-Hungary, and in dealing with this matter he seeks to show that the late Archbishop of Prague was the last standby of the Triple Alliance against Pope Leo's plans.

We have no need of reviewing the various historical and diplomatic points raised in the letter; our object is simply to indicate how "Innominate" seems to have a mania for creating

ing cabals and secret schemes and underhand plottings amongst all who are interested in the personality and the policy of Leo XIII's successor. One would almost imagine, from his statements, that the Pope was not actually chosen by the conclave, but was really a creature of chance, whose election entirely depended upon the existing combinations outside all ecclesiastical circles. We will just quote one short paragraph to illustrate our meaning and to show how dangerous is the spirit of "Innominate's" correspondence. He says—

"From the point of view of Roman affairs, the Cardinal's death marks the final collapse of the Italo-Austrian-German faction around the Vatican and the coming conclave. When Leo XIII., in 1892, laid the foundation of his republican-democratic policy in France, the Quirinal was frightened out of its wits by it. It sent a political emissary to Paris to study the situation, his mission being to find out what new forces the 'rallment' brought to the country and what dangers it implied for Italy and the Triple Alliance.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It was then that Signor Crispi gave out the watchword to get ready for the conclave, so as to create a Pope who should undo what Leo XIII. had done. King Humbert sent to the Emperor Francis Joseph, in care of Count di Reverteira, a sealed letter in which the Pope's plan proposed as Leo XIII's successor, Cardinal Monaco Valletta. The Emperor held a family council in the Hofburg, at which Cardinal Von Schönborn was present. It was decided that the Catholic Hapsburg family could not accept the Cardinal of the Freemason King, and that Cardinal Serafino Vassalletti, former Nuncio at Vienna, a pious and learned man, should be chosen rather. Cardinal Schönborn was therefore the soul of that faction which in the last consistory on June 19 received a mortal wound. The disappearance of the Archbishop of Prague is another fatal blow to us."

If these statements are not sufficient to establish a solid basis for grave doubts concerning "Innominate's" reliability, then we have to take this short sentence from the body of the same letter—

"The strange thing about the Pope's policy is that the enemies of France have understood better than the French its meaning and general effect, just as Protestants and free-thinkers in general have had greater admiration for the genius of Leo XIII. than the Papal party or Catholics have."

These last words are the most biting of any that have come from his pen during the present year. A strong insinuation—yes, more than an accusation—that the Papal party's admiration for Leo XIII. is not very extraordinary and that Catholics in general are lacking in the proper sentiment towards the illustrious Head of the Church. Contrast this last sentence, with the last one of the former letter, and you have ample groundwork for distrusting the New York Sun's clever correspondent.

## Bishop of the North Pole.

Almost all our readers are familiar with the name of the Right Rev. Mgr. Clut, O.M.I., the aged Bishop of Athabasca. Many of them have seen the venerable missionary, when he visited Montreal two years ago; and all of them must have read some details of his wonderful life. It will, therefore, interest every one to read the following spirited article from the New Zealand "Tablet":

"Athabasca-Mackenzie, is what Hood would call a humpy, lumpy, country. It lies away in the wild, mountainous part of the great northwest of Canada, on the sixtieth parallel, where the winter cold is almost as keen and unrelenting as on the gold fields of Alaska. Athabasca has the very jewel of a bishop—the Right Rev. Dr. Clut, O.M.I., who is better known by the title of 'Bishop of the North Pole.' The 'Northwest Review,' tells how this saintly old man—he carries the weight of seventy years quite jauntily on his shoulders—journeys over his wide, wild and desolate diocese, eating of the meagre and most scanty fare, and sleeping in huts as he goes. In a private letter to a friend—which received publicity without his knowledge—Bishop Clut says:—

"I have not written to you for a

long time. During the whole summer I was absorbed in manual labor, and oftener had the spade and axe in hand than the pen, so that my correspondents may have a right to complain. It is true also that we have few occasions to send letters to civilized regions, and we have just spent more than three months without receiving any mail."

The grand old man of the Northwest can evidently wield the axe with all the skill and effect of the late master of Hawarden. Here is what he says in another letter:—

"During last summer I cleared two acres of the forest, in order to enlarge the Sisters' field; and when the frost stopped my work of clearing, I took up my axe and chopped sixty ox loads of firewood. Though these jobs were not exactly episcopal, they proved very useful to the mission."

Not episcopal, indeed! Why, the Bishop of the North Pole was just doing what St. Paul would have done in like circumstances. As things stood, was not the Apostle of the Gentiles often "in labors"—or rather in exhausting or wearying-out labors; for that is the meaning of the Greek word he uses (*kopois*)? And he did not say of himself: "Even unto this present hour we both hunger and

thirst and are naked and are buffeted and have no certain dwelling-place, and we toil, working with our own hands?" Athabasca has an apostolic Bishop—one of those grand pioneers of the faith who go out into the wilds with a single aim—to spread God's Kingdom, neither solicitous for their life, what they shall eat or drink, nor for their body, what they shall put on. God's sappers and miners and road makers, clearing the obstructions that lie in the path of faith! Look at them; hands often grimy with oil, faces weather-beaten as the granite outcrops below Wilmot, old clothes that a Jew would not give sixpence for. And do not some of us know the Marist Fathers who have bravely settled among the head hunters, and the patient missionaries who live as Maori in order to win the Maori, and the Jesuit Fathers who lived barefooted and in destitution among the Daly River blacks in South Australia to gain the dusky tribesmen to Christ? There is more of the glory of God and true heroism in the soul and work of one of those weather beaten missionaries than there is in a train-load of sparkling Koh-i-noors or an army of men who scrambled over the ice-bound pass in search of gold. Nameless others and unconsidered now, they will yet

\* \* \* \* \* Join the choir invisible Of those immortal dead, who live again In minds made better by their presence, I've In pulses stirred to generosity, In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn For miserable aims that end with self.

## Two Miracles At Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

QUEBEC, July 18.—It gives me great pleasure to be in a position to inform the readers of the "True Witness" that two miracles occurred today at Ste. Anne de Beaupré. Both of them were, as is, of course, every miracle, strictly speaking—of a very remarkable character; and they took place during the celebration of High Mass when thousands of people were present, including myself.

The first was in the case of a girl about fifteen years of age, who had been a cripple from birth, her limbs being twisted together in such a way that she had to use crutches all the time. Her name is Delphine Belanger, and she belongs to the parish of Deepbrook, Ont., just across the boundary line of the Province of Quebec. She was so poor that she was unable to buy a ticket for the pilgrimage which left on Sunday last, with a large number of pilgrims from Ottawa, and which passed Montreal at 4 o'clock on Monday afternoon last, after taking on a number of pilgrims who had gone to Montreal by train. The boat was the "Three Rivers," of the R. & O. Company. The good pastor of her parish, however, moved to compassion at her sad lot, procured a ticket for her, and as she was physically almost entirely helpless, he sent his housekeeper to accompany her on the journey, and to carry her to the shrine. His name is the Rev. Father Larose. The poor girl attracted special attention in the Basilica by the loudness of her voice, and the fervency of her prayers to the Saint through whose powerful intercession so many a number of miracles had been wrought. Suddenly her voice rose to a scream. A number of worshippers crowded around her, but at the first noise of several of the priests they drew back, for the girl stood in danger of being trampled on or of falling into the closeness of the altar caused by the proximity of so many people to her prostrate form. Rev. Fr. Larose, Father Lefebvre, and others tried to lift her up. A

was formed around her watching her with awestruck glance, in which there was also an expression of pity, evoked by the spectacle of the crippled devotee. Suddenly she stretched out one of her legs. She asked them to carry her to the altar of the Blessed Virgin; and where the same loud and piteous appeals were heard, lasting long after the Mass was finished. Then she stretched forth the other limb, and handed her two crutches to one of the Fathers who was beside her. Her cure was complete, and her happiness was beyond description.

The other cure was that of a man for many years afflicted with spine complaint. He had to wear iron clamps and wire-work along his back to keep his body upright. His color was death-like, and he was so emaciated by both pain and poverty—for poverty brings with it the lack of proper food and care—that he looked more like a corpse than a living being. He measured only fourteen inches around the waist, and was carried into the Basilica in an old bark-covered chair, on which he had sat for years. I was so deeply interested in the case of Delphine Belanger that I paid little attention to the victim of spinal disease, which, I should add, had, as I was informed by one of the spectators, been pronounced incurable by several doctors years ago, and doubtless was incurable so far as human skill was concerned. It was the voice of a priest requesting all females to leave the Basilica for a few minutes that attracted my attention. As soon as the women and girls had left the sacred edifice the man took off his coat and with the aid of a priest took the cruel looking iron and wire-work from his back, and standing upon his feet again stood bolt upright. This contrivance and the young girl's crutches were objects of great curiosity during the day, so those who were not present what the miracles occurred. G. M. B.

## CATHOLICS IN FINLAND.

Some time ago, when dealing with the question of the Peace Conference we had occasion to refer to Russia's very contradictory attitudes. The Czar advocates universal disarmament, while he is pushing armed training to its extreme in Finland. The policy of Russia is almost certain to end in the entire wiping out of the Finland Nationalhood, and the absolute abolition of all national claims in that country. In this connection it may be interesting to know what about the Catholics of Finland? The London "Tablet" recently gathered some information from a letter of the Helsingfors correspondent of the "Volkszeitung," Cologne, and as it casts a fair light upon the subject, and is in all probability pretty exact we will take occasion to give it to our readers. The letter states that:

"The total number of Catholics in Finland, exclusive of the garrison troops, which contain many Catholic Poles is about 1,400, of whom 600 live in Helsingfors itself. Unfortunately during the past ten years the position of the Helsingfors Catholics had deteriorated. With the exception of three or four families, they are all poor people, whilst formerly the parish of Helsingfors, which belongs to the diocese of St. Petersburg contained a number of well-to-do Catholics. In 1863 they built a beautiful church which was at that time served by two priests; at present there is

but one, Provost Medzys, from Kiev in Russia. Catholic education there was also a Catholic School in which religious instruction was given by the curate of the church.

"At one time the wife of the Governor-General Count Adelborg, was a Catholic. Moreover, the financial position of the parish has much changed for the worse. The clergy used to be paid by the State; now according to a new law such payment is only made when a parish contains at least 6,000 souls. Thus the Helsingfors Catholics have to keep their own priest, who preaches every Sunday alternately in Swedish and Polish. The church at Helsingfors is the only parish church in all Finland, though there are also Catholic chapels at Tammerfors, Åbo, Frederikskam, Viborg, and Kotka. At the last named place

the Catholics are almost exclusively German, so that Provost Medzys has to preach there also in German, and so add yet a third language to his repertory. At Tammerfors mass is said in a private house, and at Sveaborg there is a chapel for Catholic soldiers. Lastly, there was formerly a Catholic parish at Viborg, but the priest has had to be recalled, and the few Catholics of that place have to depend upon the much over-worked priests of Helsingfors for their spiritual wants. Truly it would not be easy to imagine a worse plight than that of the unfortunate Catholics in Finland."

ford, the Hon. C. A. Geoffrion, and the Hon. W. B. Yves, were all strong political leaders in their respective districts, and had warm friends on both sides of Parliament. Affecting tributes were paid to them by the Premier and the leader of the opposition—not the usual formal tributes, but sincere expressions of genuine regret.

Yesterday the Usury Bill was read a third time and passed in the Senate. It has been altered and amended so much that it bears but slight resemblance to the bill originally introduced by Senator Blandford, and what its fate may be in the House of Commons no one can foretell. The gist of the bill as it has left the Senate is contained in the following two clauses:—

"2. The expression 'money-lender' in this act shall include any person who carries on the business of money-lending, or advertises or announces himself, or holds himself out in any way, as carrying on that business, and who makes a practice of lending money at a higher rate than 10 per cent. per annum, but does not comprise registered pawnbrokers as such.

"3. Notwithstanding the provisions of chapter 127 of the Revised Statutes no money-lender shall stipulate for, allow or exact on any negotiable instrument, contract or agreement the principal of which is under five hundred dollars, a rate of interest or discount greater than twenty per cent. per annum; and the said rate of interest shall be reduced to the rate of ten per cent. per annum from the date of judgment in any suit, action or other proceeding for the recovery of the amount due."

## REGENT DEATHS.

MRI. PATRICK METGOLDRECK. Death has claimed another well-known and highly respected Irish Catholic citizen in the person of Mr. Patrick Metgoldreick, one of the early Irish settlers in Montreal. Mr. Metgoldreick died yesterday morning, 22 years ago, from the effects of Bright's Disease, which he had suffered from the time of his arrival in the city 32 years ago, from the town of Dromahair, County Tyrone, Ireland, where he had been born. He was a man of great energy and activity, and had been a prominent and popular member of the commercial community. For 30 years he conducted with much success a grocery business on Bonsecours Street, now known as St. James Street, on which he entered into partnership with Mr. P. McFetrich, in 1882. Mr. Metgoldreick retired from business to enjoy a well-earned rest. He was one of the oldest parishioners of St. Patrick's Church, and up to the time of his first illness was a well known figure at all the ceremonies. He was a kind and indulgent father, honest and earnest in all his undertakings and made the most of his opportunities. The funeral which was held to St. Patrick's Church this morning, where a Solemn Requiem Mass was chanted, was largely attended by citizens of all classes. To his family the "True Witness" offers its most sincere condolence.—R.L.P.

MRI. MICHAEL O'GARA.—The friends of the Rev. Father McDermott of St. Mary's will regret to learn that his uncle, Mr. Michael O'Gara, did not long survive the shocking accident which befell him in the Grand Trunk Yards, on Monday morning, having succumbed the same evening at the General Hospital. The funeral which took place two days afterwards, to St. Gabriel Church, at which Rev. Father McDermott officiated, was largely attended. Mr. O'Gara, who was highly esteemed in railway circles leaves a widow and four children to mourn his great loss.—R.L.P.

## THE SHARKEY PONY CONTEST

For some time past there has been a great deal of anxiety in St. Mary's parish in regard to the result of the competition for the famous "Sharkey Pony," of which Rev. Father McDermott had the direction. All doubts and anxieties were set at rest on Wednesday evening when the drawing was held. Number 2169 was the lucky one and Mrs. John Halpin, 379 Rivard street, was its fortunate possessor. The terms of the drawing made it optional with the winner to accept a certain sum in cash or the pony. Mrs. Halpin chose the former, so that the pony still remains the property of the parish. It is said that the sum of \$800 was realized.

# WHAT OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER HAS TO SAY ABOUT "CANADIANISM."

On the occasion of the 32nd anniversary of Confederation the "True Witness" published an editorial in it? If so, let us not hesitate to which a broad and patriotic Canadian confess that such institutions are guilty of a most deplorable oversight. To teach the children of the country that Canada is their common country is not merely a vain desideratum—it is a necessity and an imperious duty. It is time to set to work everywhere—in all the schools: English, French, Catholic, Protestant, etc. Prejudices have too long had their day. There are antagonisms of race which should never exist and less in America than elsewhere."

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"In fine, short of proclaiming himself an enemy of his country and openly professing hatred for his fellow citizens, no sensible man—I do not speak of hotheads or cranks—can object to seeing young Canadians taught to know and understand that a common country makes them true patriots."

This letter gave rise to an editorial in the "Daily Telegraph," from which for reasons that will later on become obvious, I intend to quote. That organ, amongst other things, said—

"It is certainly of happy augury for the future that, among our French Canadian fellow-citizens and particularly among the class to whom the training of the young is committed, men are to be found who can rise superior to the narrow sectionalism which cripples so much of our energies and tends to perpetuate in this New World the unhappy divisions, prejudices and antagonisms of the Old."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Every effort should be made to render the education of our youth more practical. All the great progressive countries of the world are just now straining every nerve to equip their youth more fully for the great battle of life, stress being laid chiefly on technical and commercial education. We are reminded that the commercial education which is now the great aim of the most enterprising and enlightened nations is not the mere training in book-keeping, figures, the drawing up of accounts current,

promissory notes, bills of exchange, etc., which have been so long considered in the staples of commercial education in this country. These are good enough in their way to make book-keepers, clerks and accountants, but the great merchant and the successful business man require a good deal more to equip them properly for the fight against modern competition and the sooner our teachers get to understand this important fact the better it will be for the progress and prosperity of Canada."

Here are two distinct questions raised, that of a Canadian national spirit, and that of adequate commercial training. I have deemed it necessary to fill up a considerable amount of my allotted space with the foregoing quotations, because they will serve as texts wherein to build the framework of future contributions. I will not attempt to deal with the education question in this issue, for I have too much to say about it, and I do not wish that those who honor me by reading this column should lose any of the criticisms I feel obliged to make. I will merely treat of the Canadian patriotic spirit side of the subject, this week, and reserve for next week a great deal of matter that may prove more interesting than palatable to some people.

While I know that the vast majority of Canadians, of all races and creeds, will applaud with both hands the sentiments conveyed in the above cited letter from a French Canadian School Teacher, still I am perfectly aware that the day is yet distant when a general Canadian spirit will become universal in this Dominion. So long as there are men—especially writers—who are so blinded by prejudice that they can see only an enemy in every being not of their own race, or creed, so long will Canada have to submit to the postponement of the great era of her material as well as political, national and even social success. Were there only men of one political party, or of one race, or of one creed, to be blamed for the per-

petuation of useless illfeeling, and suicidal prejudices, we might expect to be ultimately able to open the eyes of those people to the excesses of their folly, but when we find, here and there, isolated examples of this unhappy class, cropping up in both political camps, and in different sections of the community, we must admit the difficulty of coping with the hydra of disunion.

Let me take one example—I could cite others, but this one must suffice for the present. In "La Verite" of July 8, Mr. J. P. Tardivel treats his readers to an article on Dominion Day. As usual it is written in that able and attractive style which characterizes Mr. Tardivel's every work. There is a something peculiar about Mr. Tardivel's compositions that always makes them impressive; a something that always comes to me like a memory, or an echo, or a once familiar voice, yet I am ever unable to define exactly what that something is. Does it remind me of Veillot, or of Thorne? I know not; possibly a mixture of both—the Ultramontanism of the former, without the genius that created its own obstacles in order to overthrow them; or the slashing, reckless, dogmatic, autocratic, furious, unbending, and often uncharitable pugnaciousness of the latter, without the excuse of an enthusiastic convert to palliate it. Sincere even to the verge of fanaticism, Mr. Tardivel spares no one, when his pen is transformed into a sword of controversy; honest to a degree of remarkable scrupulousness, he must write from conviction—otherwise his tirades would give excuse for very harsh terms on the part of his opponents. I, for one, would not care to measure swords with him, no matter how convinced I was of the justice of my cause; the oftener he would be foiled, the oftener and the more furiously would he return to the attack. There are persons with whom you must either absolutely agree upon every point, and on every question, or else make sure that you do not commit the folly of

casting a doubt upon their infallibility—in journalism "La Verite" represents this category of individuals.

For the reasons above given I would not care to undertake a "set-to" with such a writer as Mr. Tardivel, and yet I feel obliged to quote from his article on "Dominion Day."

I never wrestled with a giant, or an angel, nor have I any ambition to undertake such a pastime; I have never attempted to agree with a blind man on the subject of color, or light, life is too short to be thus wasted away; no more will I criticize Mr. Tardivel's "Dominion Day" editorial, I will merely quote from it, and leave to my readers the easy task of contrasting it with the extracts taken from the School Teacher's letter, and from the "Daily Telegraph's" editorial. Decidedly Mr. Tardivel cannot find fault with me if I translate some of his remarks: to characterize them I will not—because, as I before intimated I am somewhat of a coward, especially where there is nothing to be gained by receiving blows, and the opponent is beyond redemption as far as convincing him goes.

Here is Mr. Tardivel's idea of a Canadian national spirit. He writes thus:—

"The Canadian Confederation has just celebrated without the least display, its 32nd anniversary. The 1st July, is purely 'statutory' holiday. It is not a 'national feast.' Banks and offices are closed on that day; there are cheap excursions of which a good many people take advantage; business is more or less stopped. But no patriotic fibre is stirred on the occasion of Dominion Day. It is the anniversary of a national marriage; or rather of one that was believed to be national and necessary. Love played no part in the union contracted in 1867."

It would be too long for my space to translate the whole article, but the writer conveys the idea that many French Canadians mistrusted the fusion of races in a Canadian nationality, and feared that the French-Canadian nationality would disappear. He declares—and properly so—

that the St. Jean Baptiste and not the 1st July, is the national feast of the French Canadians, (so is the 17th March, that of the Irish-Canadians; I might add).

I must, however, give the following paragraph in the words of the writer:

"For the French-Canadians, their true country is always the Province of Quebec. If we are attached to the French groups in other Provinces, it is by the old ties of blood, of language and traditions, not by the political bond created in 1867. We interest ourselves in our brethren of the East, and the West, because they are our 'brothers,' but not because they are our 'fellow-citizens.' We have certain business relations with the English-speaking populations of the other Provinces; but we do not feel the slightest 'fraternal' sentiment towards them."

\* \* \* \* \*

They are for us, and we are for them, merely 'associates,' agreeing more or less. But particularly speaking, we are no more bound to the English of Ontario and New Brunswick, than to the people of New York and Vermont."

I will not comment upon these sentiments. They appeared in "La Verite," and were conceived and written by Mr. Tardivel—at least I expect he is the author, both on account of his being editor and proprietor, and on account of the style. As "La Verite," ("Truth") cannot err, and as the one who publishes Truth must be infallible, I will not dare to dispute the existence of sentiments such as these paragraphs contain. The second part of the article on "Dominion Day," is decidedly illogical, and unfounded in fact—as far as the responsibility of Confederation for French Canadian emigration goes—but it is at present foreign to my subject. I have much pleasure in leaving to the readers of the "True Witness" the delicate and interesting task of passing judgment (in their own minds) upon the Canadian patriotism displayed by "La Verite."

The writer thus comments on the above:—

"There can be no question that this sentiment does honor to those who thus gave it expression."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Are there really educational institutions in our midst, in which this

## A Peculiar Law in France.

France has some very curious laws, and none more so than one which went into force on the first of last month. It is in connection with pensions to be paid by employers to employees under given circumstances and conditions. The following text of the law will prove interesting reading for all connected with labor movements, or devoted to the labor cause:—

"Accidents occurring in the course of work to workmen and employees in the following occupations:

Building, workshops, yard work, manufactures, transportation by land and water, loading and unloading ships, mines, quarries, and every operation, in whole or in part, in which are manufactured or handled explosive materials or in which use is made of motive power other than that of man or animals—give the victim, or those depending directly upon him, a right to indemnity at the expense of the head of the enterprise, on condition that the interruption of work exceeds four days.

"Foreign workmen victims of accidents in France, who cease to reside in French territory will receive as total indemnity an amount equal to three years' pension; members of their families not resident in French territory at the time of the accident will receive no indemnity.

"Employers are also held responsible for medical, pharmaceutical and funeral expenses. The maximum funeral expenses cannot exceed 100 francs (\$10.50).

"Employers can relieve themselves, during the thirty, sixty or ninety days following accidents, of the obligations of paying to the victims the expenses of the accidents and the temporary indemnities or parts only of these indemnities, as specified herewith following, if they can show—

"(a) That their workmen have joined a mutual-aid society and they (the employers) have paid their share of the subscriptions to such society by mutual agreement; but such share shall never be less than one-third the total subscriptions.

"(b) For the children, legitimate or natural, recognized before the accident, orphans of father or mother, un-

dor sixteen years of age, pensions calculated on the annual wages of the victim, of 15 per cent. of those wages in the case of only one child, 25 per cent., if there are two children, 35 per cent., if there are three children, and 40 per cent., for four or more children. For children deprived of both parents the pension is 20 per cent. for each child, but cannot exceed in the aggregate 60 per cent.

"(c) If the victim leaves neither widow nor children, as per (a) and (b), each of the ascendants who depended on him will receive a pension up to sixteen years. This pension will be equal to 10 per cent. of the annual wages of the victim, but in no case can it exceed 30 per cent.

"The pensions allowed in virtue of the present law are payable quarterly, and cannot be transferred, nor are they subject to seizure.

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wages of the injured the employers must make good the difference.

"Full pensions and indemnities are allowed on wages amounting to 24,400 francs (\$163.20) per annum, or all wages above that sum pensions and indemnities are calculated at the rate of one-fourth the regular allowances."

While this elaborate scheme may be considered as a boon to the workmen in general, still it is liable, in its application to result in greater injury than good. In order to minimize the risks, employers will certainly refuse as much as possible, to employ married men, and especially men with families. Likewise, in border districts and even in central sections, will naturally give the preference to foreign workmen, to the injury and may be permanent loss of native laborers. However the law is now in existence, and time only can tell what its effects will be on France.

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Mammy, says, Mr. Semmes came home and went to his room. He had been in the house scarcely ten minutes when he went out on the back gallery and called: "Mammy, Mammy. Come to me; I am feeling ill." Mammy rose hastily and went to her old master. She says he had been disrobing for the night when he called her. He was gasping for breath and said: "Mammy, I feel so strange, so strange. I am suffocating." Mammy had been fanning him and bathing his face. She looked at him and saw a strange pallor on his face—a pallor which her experienced eye knew too well. She cried: "Oh, master, I am going for the doctor; you need a doctor." And she called "Betsy, Betsy," to the maid servant. "Come and stay with Mr. Semmes; he is sick and I am going for the doctor."

And the faithful old soul in her bare feet and night gown, rushed into the street wildly, and knocked at Dr. Chaille's door. It was just a few steps from the house, but the doctor was not in. She saw a man passing and she cried: "Oh, sir, tell me, please, where I can find a doctor." He told her to go over to Dr. Lyons. "How did I know where Dr. Lyons was?" said Mammy. "I said to myself, 'Oh, may God help me,' and seeing two gentlemen standing over at the corner of Canal and South Rampart street, near Mr. Fourcade's drug store, I went to them and said: 'Oh, gentlemen, tell me where I can find a doctor.' I am a doctor said one of the gentlemen. Then, sir, for the love of God, please come to Mr. Semmes; he is dying." Judge Semmes? inquired the doctor. "Yes, come quick, come quick!" And the gentleman who was none other than Dr. Moton, rushed with the half-crazed old woman to the Semmes residence. Entering the room, Mammy says that she heard Mr. Semmes saying: "Oh, Lord have mercy upon me; Christ have mercy upon me." The doctor felt his pulse and shook his head. "He is dying," he said. "There is nothing to be done." Mammy says that she fell on her knees at his side and began to pray. "Pray," said Mr. Semmes, "pray with me," and still he kept repeating. "Lord have mercy upon me. Sweet Jesus, take pity and save my soul." "Kiss the cross," said Mammy and she held the blessed symbol of salvation to his lips. He kissed the cross, and with the words: "Oh, Lord, have mercy upon my soul!" he gasped once, twice and all was over. Mammy closed his eyes and sadly turned to do what must be done—inform the family of the dreadful event of that night.

Justice has always been represented as being blindfolded; never was the symbolic bandage over the eyes of that goddess more suitable and appropriate than in Ireland. We do not refer to the days of the Penal Laws, nor to the evil times that preceded Emancipation, but to the present day. Despite all the enlightenment of this country, and all the changes favorable to Ireland, that it has witnessed, still the Irish Catholic has but a slim opportunity of securing justice—even in the lower courts, and in matters of no public concern.

The other day, in the House of Commons, on the vote of £30,895 to complete the sum needed for criminal prosecutions and other laws in Ireland, Mr. T. M. Healy made a remarkable speech in which he called attention to the shocking murder in Cork of a debt collector by a constable. The man was convicted and sentenced and reprieved by the Government. He did not like to condemn a man who was not there to defend himself, but he wanted to know whether because this man was a policeman, he was not to be punished as an ordinary citizen. He considered it a graceful and merciful act to reprieve any prisoner, but it was a gross scandal that a man should be reprieved simply because he was a policeman. The hon. member went on to complain that as between Catholic and Protestant there was no question of the Catholic. It was easy to get an array of Protestants in the jury box. They had only to ask for a special jury. What was wanted was the repeal of the Act of '76, and the going back to O'Hagan's Act of '71. In any case between Crown and subject, or an acute question between Catholic and Protestant, there was absolutely no chance for the common Catholic. Only recently the Court of Appeal, consisting of two or three Protestant judges, changed the venue from the City of Dublin and sent the defendant to take his trial at Downpatrick before a jury of Orangemen.

There is a refined sense of injustice in this system of calling special juries. As Mr. Healy explains, whenever it was deemed advisable to administer law—but not justice—to an Irish Catholic, a mere motion for a special jury suffices to array twelve of his bitter enemies against him. In this Province of Quebec we have a law that permits, in criminal matters, the summoning of a special jury, and in virtue of that law the accused may always demand and is certain to obtain a mixed jury—the one-half speaking his language. This is in almost every case a safeguard of justice; in fact it is open to no criticism. But, it is otherwise in Ireland. There the special jury means in a sense a "packed jury," one composed entirely of men of a certain religious belief. No matter how honest the intentions of these men might be, they are all bigoted, like ourselves, and just as liable to be swayed by their prejudices. The letter of the law, when put into practice, destroys the spirit of the law, when admitted only in theory.

But it has ever been so in Ireland, and will ever so continue until such time as Irishmen make their own law in a native or Home Rule Legislature.

JUSTICE IN IRELAND.

## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE—12 PAGES

## ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MAYNOOTH UNION,

Some four years ago the ecclesiastical graduates of old Maynooth organized what is known as the "Maynooth Union," and the 4th annual assembly of the members of that body took place at the end of June last. The "Weekly Freeman" devotes eight long columns to a report of the proceedings and an appreciation of the institution. We would gladly had we space, reproduce the whole account of that important and impressive event; but we are obliged to confine ourselves to a few extracts, and still fewer comments.

We have no need to tell our readers that Maynooth has been, for long generations, the training school of the Irish priesthood, and any body of its former students that might be convened could not but constitute one of the most enlightened, sacred and patriotic assemblies in the land. In order to better understand the "Union," we take the following from the "Freeman":—

"The objects of the Union, according to the intention of its founders, were principally two. It was meant, perhaps, primarily, as a centre of social intercourse, where old friends, long separated, might be brought together, where the generation of ecclesiastics that is passing away should mingle with those in their prime, as well as with those who are just beginning to appear, and all should communicate to one another some of the spirit that characterizes the period of life to which they have attained, when worldly thoughts and cares might be broken off for a little while, and one might grow young again, were it but for half a day, by revisiting the scenes in which were passed the brightest and happiest period of one's life.

"The Union was intended also as a centre of education—on a small scale it is true; but still not without importance. It is a portion of the rules that each meeting opens with a High Mass, and it was hoped that, as in the College, this ceremony would be conducted, both as to ritual and music, in strict accordance with ecclesiastical ideals and requirements, it could not fail to make an impression for good on missionary priests, who, by the very nature of their office, are removed as a rule, from personal experience of what may be done in this respect. Anyone can supply himself with theory out of a book; it is by seeing and hearing that vivid impressions are made. This is true in art, above all things; and ritual and music are some of the highest forms of art."

Then comes a statement, in general, of the proceedings prior to an elaborate report of the sermons, addresses and various papers read.

"After the High Mass come the academic proceedings, and here it was noted that difficulties would be explained and some light might be given that the students would share the fruits of their reflections with neighbors who might not have had equal opportunities, and might receive from others equally blessed with themselves, either pleasant instruction or the comforting hope of progress in the near or distant future. And it was suggested that there should be free speech for all—a freedom limited only by the bounds of Christian courtesy, of true motherly love and filial reverence for the authority of the Church."

We will have to skip, very reluctantly, the column of explanations and descriptions that follows, and come to a synopsis of some of the speeches and papers. Even outside Maynooth circles these cannot fail to interest deeply the Catholic clergy of the world—especially the Irish priests, at home and abroad. The writer says:

"A most interesting item of the day's proceedings took place immediately before the first paper was read. Father Nagle, one of the Dunboyne students, rose to thank the Union, in the name of the students, for the gift of books in English literature made last year to the Divisional libraries. I hope the address is fully reported; to the present writer it was the most touching thing he ever heard at any meeting of the Union. In the words of Father Nagle: 'If the members of the Union had realized how crying was the need they contributed to relieve, and how eager was the students' desire to have it removed, they would not wonder at our being effusive in our thanks. . . . As the result of the donation a great need has been partially supplied; and it would be difficult to over-estimate the benefits that follow to the Irish priesthood of the future.' The need is but 'partially' removed as yet; may the day soon dawn when it will completely disappear."

Then comes a report that shows the great latitude permitted in the broaching or the discussion of subjects:—

"Next came Father Finlay's paper on 'The Co-operative Movement and

the Church.' Its scope was to point out the evolution of the laborer, from slave to serf, then to tenant or workman, till we see what we see all over the world to-day. Father Finlay touched on the effect of the French Revolution on the condition of the laboring classes, on the rise of machinery, on the remedies proposed by the Socialists for the evils thus caused to the workingman, on other suggested remedies, profit-sharing, as in M. Harmel's factories, and co-operation as developed in Italy, Germany, Belgium, England, and here at home. We were thus brought to the precise measures which the lecturer wished to recommend. As a result of the little which has been already accomplished £100,000 have been placed in the pockets of the Irish workmen; English capitalists have cast grudging eyes on this source of profit; if we do not take up the movement they will. Nay, they are already doing it. And the result must be a total loss of our industrial independence, without which it is vain to struggle over the preservation of Irish Nationality. If we lose the direction of our own industries we shall never more be anything but veriest drudges, working for the ruling Anglo-Saxon race."

"Father Finlay's paper called forth three very serious criticisms—from the Bishop of Clonfert, the Bishop of Rathoe, and Canon O'Mahony. The points made were chiefly these. The co-operative movement distracts the nation just now from what should be its principal aim, the distribution of rich tracts of land among the inhabitants of congested districts, and the rooting of the farmers in the soil by a measure of compulsory sale of the landlord's interest. Moreover, it is to be feared that increased profits on the farmers' part would be made on the occasion of varying the rent; and, further, it was argued that the co-operative purchase of supplies meant a serious loss to the local shopkeepers, a loss which we could not contemplate unmoved.

"Father Delany, S.J., and later Father Finlay himself, replied to those criticisms. Father Finlay was understood to say that the Co-operative Society have made up their minds that co-operative stores could not be made a success. They had failed in England, and must fail here as well. As for the claims of the congested districts and land purchase generally, he not unfairly argued that the leaders of his movement were quite in sympathy with the endeavors of others who are devoting themselves to these questions. Why should not both movements go on simultaneously? As for the rent difficulty, Father Finlay stressed that not in, but the rent not in, is the real source of the tenant's distress. It is easy to say that when produce is plentiful and prices high, this is the aim of the leaders of the co-operative movement. Moreover, products thus obtained are due to farmers' own skill and capital, and have a right in law to be exempted from rent. He did not add, what seems to the present writer not unreasonable, that landlords have a right that the opportunities supplied by land should not be neglected. If, therefore, the co-operative movement is a reasonable means of raising the value of land in Ireland—reasonable within the capacity of Irish tenants—it might seem not so very unjust for a landlord to complain that he derived no benefit from this source of fertility. He has a right to complain of a tenant who spends his time in idleness. May we all not be idle in Ireland, if we do not adopt the means of production and of exchange which have been so efficacious in other countries?

At the afternoon session an experiment was tried for the first time at these meetings, the audience dividing itself into three sections, at each of which important papers were read. The present writer remained in the Aula Maxima to hear Dr. O'Riordan and Father Yorke, so that he could testify to, or discuss what took place at the other sections, when Dr. Coghlan read his paper on the "Origin of Man's Body," and Father R. Walsh, O.P., his paper on "The University of the Deluge."

"Dr. O'Riordan's paper calls for no comment, though it promises to be the source of a powerful organization. It resulted in the formation of the nucleus of a committee for the promotion of a body which might do for Ireland what has been done for England by the Catholic Truth Society. It appeared to be the unanimous feeling of the audience that the new body should be independent of any such organization already existing; but that we should be able to make liberal use, by purchase, of the publications of these societies, supplying from our own resources material and intellectual, whatever may be necessary for

our local wants. The new society is as yet but in the very first stage of its existence. It bids fair to grow and flourish and cover the land. May it go on and prosper."

**COWAN'S HYGIENIC COCOA.**  
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"Next came Father Yorke, on "Certain Aspects of Clerical Education." The primary idea of the paper was, that, whereas, the Irish people have been the most important factor in modern times for the propagation of the faith, their influence has been exerted almost entirely by weight of numbers and the money they have contributed so liberally for the purpose of the Church. In the intellectual order the influence of our voice has been very small. Why? The Penal laws have had much to do with the matter, also the want of a Catholic University; but it seemed to the speaker that there must be something more—something connected with the system, according to which the education of priests is conducted, not in Ireland only, but in all English-speaking lands.

"Father Yorke then went on to say that Dr. O'Riordan had anticipated much of what he had yet to discuss. Some things still remain to be said. He referred to the want of common higher education in the Ancient as well as the English Classics. He advocated a course of instruction in the method of communicating theological and philosophical science. He did not wish to be understood as referring to a course of sacred eloquence, but rather to an exposition of the ways and means adopted by the great writers on these subjects in the English language. In this connection he gave a glowing description of the beauty of theological science and its influence in forming the world. He would foster the system of specialization, so that all men should be forced through the same theological groove—a system, which has already to some extent been adopted, and applied by the trustees. The lecture was full of wonderful flashes of eloquence, which were received with rounds of applause. It wound up with a touching reference to the past of Ireland, and its future prospects, and to the love with which the Irish abroad go across the ocean to their kindred in Ireland for aid in the struggle with the enemies of both."

"In criticizing the paper, Father Mahony expressed his opinion that as regards both English literature and specialization, so much has been done of recent years in the College that the lecturer gave expression to fears that are at present without foundation. None would be more thankful for the development than Father Yorke, if one would be more sceptical of his hopes that the new store may succeed on its way, and prevent the improvement there has been so far—but it must also be admitted that much remains also to be done."

What we have thus quoted is too suffice to give an idea of the various proceedings—where are to last month—so well as of the scope and methods, and numerous importances of the Maynooth Union.

When winter comes the vital forces of nature are low, and the tree stands like a solitary monument to the dead summer. In the winter of life, active men experience a similar lowering of vitality. In some the effect is starting. They loose their grip on life. They seem like monuments of a buried past. At this crisis there is need of a medicine which will nourish and build up the body, and increase its vital power. Such medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It enriches the blood, purifies it, carries off the clogging waste of the system, increases the nutrition of the body, and produces a sound, healthy condition with abundant vital power and physical energy.

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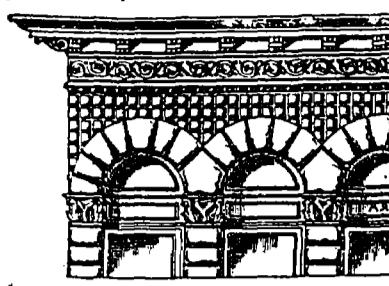
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+ PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

SATURDAY ..... July 22, 1899.

### THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

In our last issue we briefly referred to the appointment of an Apostolic delegate to Canada. Now that the news is confirmed from Rome, we feel it our duty to simply accept and rejoice at the honor conferred upon this Dominion by the Holy See. We can, beforehand, assure the high ecclesiastical dignitary, who will come to us clothed with authority and powers, from the centre of Christendom, that none will more fervently welcome him than the Irish Catholics of Canada.

As to the reasons that inspired His Holiness with the idea of establishing a permanent court in this country, we know nothing positive. All we do know is that Rome has decided to send a special representative to our country, and in consequence we rejoice and pray that great blessings—in every sense—will come to the Church in Canada, through the instrumentality of Archbishop Falconio. No more do we desire to discuss the narrow questions of our party politics, in connection with this new movement in our religious world. It is simply a question of Catholic interest, and one that has its very attractive side, since in the Pope's decision we behold another evidence of the Holy Father's deep and paternal solicitude for Canada.

On the 12th July, Mr. N. Clarke Wallace, spoke thus to his Orange followers concerning the new delegate:—

"If this delegate, is coming to attend solely to the affairs of the Church, we will have nothing to do with it, but I can tell him and those who sent him that if he attempts to interfere with the political affairs of the Dominion of Canada, we will teach him a lesson. We will let him know, and those who sent for him, that we can govern ourselves and will not tolerate any outside interference in our affairs."

Poor Mr. Wallace! If he only knew how little Mgr. Falconio, and those who send him, are undisturbed by such threats, he would save his breath. There is no danger that the delegate will interfere either with Mr. Wallace's seat in the House, or with his position as Grand Master; possibly after he is duly installed in his future residence here, he may hear that such a man as N. Clarke Wallace really exists, but the knowledge will in no way disturb his slumbers.

### THE CORONATION OATH.

Our readers are all aware of the fact that the Catholic Truth Society Ottawa, having received the suggestion from a lecture delivered by Rev. Dr. Fallon, O.M.I., has been agitating with a view to have the British Coronation Oath amended, in as far, at least, as the portions so hostile and insulting to Catholics are concerned. This subject gave the Rev. J. F. Gorman of that city, and opportunity to tickle the ears of his Orange audience on the occasion of the 12th July celebration. Naturally on such an occasion, when all that is true and loyal and true of Orangeism assembles for the two-fold purpose of self-glorification and the abuse of Rome, a minister of Mr. Gorman's fervor would be expected to say much that under calmer circumstances he would have left unsaid. If so inclined, one could almost prepare Mr. Gorman's sermon for him, or, at

driving religion into any section of the people, by any means whatsoever. No; the Brahmins and Hottentots have not burned or assassinated loyal Englishmen because they refused to believe and to adopt their religion; but, they have been both burned and assassinated by their so-called civilizers; and, after the true story of British conquest in China is told, no man, with a spark of British patriotism in him, would dare to make use of Mr. Gorman's language. In fine, if the reader could take each sentence in Mr. Gorman's sermon and reverse it, he would be quite near the truth. It is a pity that such a body as Orangeism and such ministers as Mr. Gorman should have accepted the unholy mission of misrepresenting Catholics and Catholicity. Their very presence is a perpetual menace to the future of such a country as Canada.

### COUNT TOLSTOI'S BIBLE.

Sometime ago the "True Witness" published an editorial in appreciation of the famous Russian author—Count Tolstoi. At that time he had not become the authority amongst certain classes that he is to-day. From a novelist it is an easy step—especially when dealing with sensational, sentimental and hero-worshipping people—to a general religious conversationalist. In one direction we have Zola, in the opposite we have Tolstoi; each rushing towards an opposite pole, and both plying away, with equal rapidity, from the centre of truth. Tolstoi's lastfeat has been to write his idea how mankind should read the Bible. At least he tells the world how he reads the Bible, and he concludes that his method is an infallible one. Be that as it may, the Russian authorities have forbidden the circulation of the Count's opinion. Whether the fact of the Czar's Government condemning the letter is any recommendation or not is matter of little moment. What we find most astounding in this written essay for such it is, is the fact that Tolstoi unconsciously and unintentionally exposes the radical error of Protestantism in regard to the Bible. A quotation even if a little lengthy, will fully repay its reproduction. He says:—

"Man does not understand the Bible. It seems improbable, unintelligible, and even contradictory. Therefore when the majority of persons read the word of God, what professes to be Christ's teaching, they read it mechanically, for they do not know the meaning of the words as they are given. The reason that they are ignorant of the truth the Scriptures convey is because they do not understand it."

This is exactly the contention of the Catholic Church, yet the vast majority of Protestants accept this as rational, when coming from Tolstoi, but reject it as ridiculous when coming from Rome. Then he says:—

"One man will have a better understanding of the Gospel than another, but with the knowledge that he gains he fails to advance sufficiently to secure a connected practical interpretation which will be of value as a means of reaching the understanding that is necessary to the proper comprehension of the Word of God."

Just what the Catholic Church says, and this is one of the irrefutable reasons advanced in favor of an infallible and authoritative voice to interpret the Scriptures. Then he continues thus:—

"Another fact is that very many people who possess this limited understanding have absolutely different ideas as to the interpretation of the Scriptures. Some say redemption is the all important matters. Others say the all important thing is grace, obtainable through the Sacraments. Others again say the submission to the Church is what is really essential. But the churches themselves disagree and interpret the teachings variously."

Right again, Count Tolstoi! The churches all disagree and interpret the teachings variously; but "The Church," never varies, nor waives, nor changes, nor falters, nor errs in Her interpretation of the Bible.

So far one would imagine that the Count's reasoning would lead him to the plain statement that the Catholic Church alone expressed certainty in regard to the Scriptures; but, we now find the novelist overshadowing the logician, and the vagaries of the imagination blinding the eyes of reason. At once he flies away from the very logical conclusion that must of necessity, flow from his statements, and he places the Catholic Church in the ranks of the sects. By so doing he knocks down at one blow the house of blocks that his infant hands have been so long building up. Here is his error:—

"The Roman Catholic Church holds that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father to the Son; that the Pope is infallible, and that salvation is obtained chiefly by works. The Lutheran Church does not agree with this view, but holds that faith is the chief necessity for securing salvation. Then the Anglican and the Episcopal, the

Presbyterian and the Methodist, and all the other sects that throng the world, interpret the teachings of Christ in their own way. Each believes his own way is best. Thus we have a Tower of Babel in the matter of the interpretation of the Scriptures."

Having launched this sublimely false proposition, Tolstoi drifts off into an explanation of how he reads the Bible. Briefly told, his method is thus:— He divides the Bible into two parts, that which he understands and that which he does not understand. The former passages he marks with a red pencil, the latter with a blue one. Then he studies over the red pencilled parts, which he fully comprehends, and he does his best to make out the meaning and the application of the blue-pencilled parts. Consequently his method is no improvement upon any ordinary one—he still has to leave a great portion of the Bible aside, because he fails to understand it; but he contents himself with the sections that he thinks he understands.

Cannot Tolstoi see that he is absolutely incapable of grasping the Bible, and that the world has need of some better authority than his? How can he pretend to positively inform humanity in what way to read the Scriptures in order to understand them, when he is not able—even with his own method—to master them?

When he says that the Catholic Church holds that the Pope is infallible, he asserts a truth, but an unexplained truth; and, at the same time he offers, without either knowing or accepting it, the only solution to the Bible problem. When he states that the Catholic Church holds that salvation is obtained chiefly by works, and not by faith, as the Lutheran Church teaches, he makes a misstatement. The Catholic Church teaches that salvation must be obtained through Faith, Hope and Charity; and she also teaches—in the words of St. Paul—that "faith without good works is dead"—that is to say, that faith is an essential, but it must be a live, a practical, and active faith. And works are the manifestation of the activity of that Faith.

Tolstoi would do well to confine his writings to the domain of Romance; he is not infallible, as far as religion is concerned.

### TO PROTEST AGAINST CARICATURES OF THE IRISH.

We are glad to notice that practical and determined efforts are at last about to be made to put an end to the long-continued practice of caricaturing the Irishman on the amusement stage and of cartooning him in the newspapers. The A.O.H., of this city, ever to the front in all that concerns the honor and the interests of the old land, has organized the first public meeting ever held to protest against this practice. The meeting will be held in St. Gabriel's Hall, corner of Centre and Laprairie Sts., on Sunday, July 30th, at 2:30 p.m. Occasion will be taken to present a testimonial and address to Mr. E. B. Devlin, B.C.L., in recognition of his recent manly protest against such a caricature at a local theatre.

For ourselves, we do not look at this question from the point of view of individuals. It is one which affects the whole race. And while we give great credit to the A.O.H. in taking the matter up, it should, we think, be remembered that some of our own national societies are not free from the charge of introducing into their entertainments such so-called comic songs and recitations as are nothing else than caricatures of which mention has been made. We hope the A.O.H. meeting, to which all Irishmen are invited, will be the success which it deserves; and that it will, in the words of the circular of invitation "demonstrate and proclaim to the world that the caricaturing of the Irish race must cease forever, at least so far as this fair Dominion is concerned."

### CORNWALL'S HOTEL DIEU.

On Sunday last Cornwall was the scene of an interesting ceremony of an eminently Catholic character. It was the solemn laying of the foundation stone of a new Hotel Dieu, a cherished project in which the zealous and esteemed Father Corbett, whose name is a household word in the Factory Town, took a leading part. There was a large concourse present, and the stone was blessed and laid by His Lordship Bishop MacDonell, whose recent visit to St. Patrick's, Montreal, to consecrate two new altars and to bless four stained glass windows, will be remembered by our readers. The sermon was preached by the Rev. James Callaghan, of the Hotel Dieu, Montreal; and it is needless to say that he did full justice to the noble theme which he chose for his discourse—that of Catholic charity. The Catholic Church is thriving in Cornwall and especially one who is associated with Orangeism, to talk of

## NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

### FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

The funeral and interment in the Grey Nuns' Lot, in the Cemetery of Our Lady, Montreal Road, of the mortal remains of Rev. Sister Rivet, took place on Thursday of last week. Mgr. Routhier, V.G., officiated and there was a large attendance of clergymen as well as of the entire community of the Grey Nuns.

The Conference of the teaching Sisters of la Congregation de Notre Dame, who are assembled at the Gloucester Street Convent, is now in full vogue. Lectures on various points connected with education are being delivered by distinguished Professors twice a day. The Conference will extend over three weeks.

Although since their settlement at Hintonburg, on the outskirts of this city, some years ago, the Capuchin Friars, have admitted a number of Lay Brothers to the Order. Friday, the 14th inst., the Feast of St. Bonaventure, Confessor and Doctor of the Church, witnessed the admission of the first two Canadian-born aspirants to the high and holy office of the priesthood, in the person of two young men from the Province of New Brunswick. At half past six o'clock solemn Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Guardian of the Friary—the Rev. Father Leonard. At the Domina non sum the entire community having in their midst the two young aspirants, who were yet in their secular dress, filed into the sanctuary and received Holy Communion, remaining in the sanctuary till

In honor of the Feast a Solemn High Mass followed, chanted by the Friars, assisted by Deacon and Subdeacon. A number of the Brothers having ascended to the organ loft, rendered Abbe Vilatti's Mass, the blending of the different male voices producing a fine effect. In the evening there was a Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

A special meeting of St. Patrick's Temperance Society will take place on Sunday evening, 23rd inst. A lecture will be delivered by a prominent gentleman.

The Rev. Mother St. Paula of the Mother House of la Congregation Notre Dame, is on a business visit and is a guest at the Gloucester street Convent.

## Grosse Isle Monument.

Quebec, July 18.

In an article which appeared in the "True Witness" some months ago respecting the erection of a monument to the memory of the dead on Grosse Isle, the writer overlooked some important facts.

As far back as the year 1875 (or 1876) an attempt—abortive as it seemed to be—was made to organize towards the desired end, and it came about in this wise:—

The former and ever to be lamented Archbishop John Joseph Lynch, of Toronto, was a guest at the Archbishop's Palace in Quebec, en route for the Maritime Provinces; at the same time was also in the city Mr. Peter O'Leary, the well-known labor organizer of London, England. Mr. O'Leary it would appear had the project of such a monument in his mind for some time, and taking advantage of His Grace's presence, waited on him and suggested the desirability of erecting a monument to the memory of the victims of the Ship-fever of 1817 on the spot where so many thousands of them lie buried, the only object to denote the past being a small stone erected—it is understood—by a private individual. The patriotic Archbishop Lynch heartily approved of the proposal and volunteered his most energetic assistance in its furtherance. Mr. O'Leary next called upon Mr. Matthew F. Walsh, the then City Accountant, and informed him of his interview with Archbishop Lynch, and suggested that together they should again see His Grace and arrange upon some plan of action. Accordingly both gentlemen waited upon His Grace, where, after some conversation, Mr. Walsh was requested to act as secretary, and as such, issued circulars to as many of the leading Catholics of the city as possible, requesting them to meet His Grace, on a given day, and stating the object; printed circulars to the number of a couple of hundred were issued accordingly. This was some talk was also had about asking the Government to light it up at night during navigation. However, no action was taken, a short notice of the meeting having been given in the city papers. A remark made by His Grace during the discussion made an impression. One of the gentlemen present happened to mention "the famine in Ireland," when His Grace sharply brought him to with the correction: "No, Sir, there was no famine, there was lots of food if the Government only did their duty. Do not insult the Almighty by calling it a famine!"

Some ten or twelve years ago, Mr. O'Leary was again in Canada, and he was still full of the idea of a monument.

A SUBSCRIBER.

### THE FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Seminary of the Foreign Missions at Paris, has sent out during the last year seventy-four missionaries for the different missions of the society in the Extreme East. The year 1898 has been rich in the vine blessing on this work. The number of adult baptisms has during last year reached the almost incredible figure of 727,000. Never before, during the 235 years' existence of the society, has a similar result been registered. The zeal and activity of the missionaries are insufficient to account for such abundant fruits; it must be attributed to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, which has worked in some missions an irresistible movement of Pagans towards our holy religion. The table of baptisms and conversions is as follows:—

Baptisms of Pagan adults, 727,000; baptisms of Pagan children in danger of death, 19,360; baptisms of children of Christian parents, 43,595; conversions of heretics, 371.

### IRISH EMIGRATION.

In 1863 the number of emigrants from Ireland reached the great number of 117,229, but in 1898, the year made historic by the working of the United Irish League, the number was only 32,211. This is accounted for all right. The League was combating British misgovernment, and hope was commencing to gain strength in the hearts and minds of the people that soon the soil of Ireland would once more be in their possession, without the blighting shadow of the landlord lying over it. At the same time, the industrial energy of the country was being well and strongly recruited by thousands of farmers who purchased their holdings under the Land Acts and carried no fear of eviction, or a raising of rent about with them at work. There is reason to hope that the tide of emigration that almost drained the lifeblood from Ireland will soon cease, and the country once more be populated with a contented people, making their own laws and transacting their national, as well as their local affairs minus the alien and blighting influence of British legislation.—Exchange.

# THE CONNAUGHT RANGER'S CORNER.

A PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION. Under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a testimonial and address will be presented to Mr. E. B. Devlin, on Sunday the 30th instant, in St. Gabriel's hall (basement of St. Gabriel's Church). It is the intention of the committee which has charge of the affair to have it as imposing as possible and in consequence they have invited over one hundred of the leading Irishmen of Canada and the United States. There is every probability that one or more of the National officers of the organization will attend officially as the object for which it is called is one of the cardinal principles of the Order. The readers of the "True Witness" should also bear in mind that there is no political tinge about the matter; The meeting is called solely for the purpose of protesting against a burning injustice, perpetuated on the most intelligent and enlightened race on the face of the globe; consequently every Irishman and Irishwoman should be present on the occasion and show by their presence that they are in full sympathy with the movement undertaken to protest against the caricaturing practices of a class who seemingly have no respect for our nationality.

FUNERAL OF MRS. FALCON. — The funeral of Mrs. Fallon, wife of Bro. M. B. Fallon, of Division No. 1, A.O.H., and one of the oldest members of the Knights, was held on Sunday afternoon, and was one of the largest which left Murray street for some years. Deceased lady who was in her thirty-second year, has been ill for nearly two years, suffering from that dread disease "consumption." Mr. Fallon has also been ill for some time, having had his arm broken by falling from an electric light pole, on the canal bank where he is employed as electrician by the Dominion Government. The Hibernian Knights attended the funeral in a body.

HIBERNIAN CHANGES.— Mr. F. Collins, financial secretary of Division No. 8, has taken a well earned vacation. He has accompanied his father, Mr. Thomas C. Collins, of St. John street, who has been indisposed for sometime past, to Cacouna. Prior to his leaving his resignation as financial secretary of Division No. 8, was received. Bro. Martin Ward was elected in his place.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS.— The regular monthly meeting of the Hibernian Knights was held in their hall on Craig street, on Sunday afternoon, Capt. Keane presiding. Letters from the National officers, in connection with business of importance to the Company were read by the corresponding secretary. The question of holding an excursion or picnic and games was discussed and the matter was allowed to drop, for the time being. I am informed however, that the officers have under consideration the advisability of having a grand trolley drive, before the cold weather sets in. The election of a color sergeant in place of Bro. O'Donnell, was taken up and resulted in Private James Keane being the unanimous choice of the company. The new color sergeant like his predecessor, is a County Antrim man, and one of the oldest and best drilled men of the Company; he is also a general favorite with the boys. On Monday evening he will wear the new stripes, which will consist of three yellow bars, a harp and a wreath of Shamrocks.

NOTES.—Resolutions of condolence

were tendered private Fallon on the death of his wife.

Three new recruits were elected bringing the membership to fifty-seven.

The Boston excursion was discussed and preparations for the trip are progressing very satisfactorily.

The Company will hold a special drill in the "barracks" on Sunday afternoon and every member is requested to be present.

THE ENDLESS CHAIN AGAIN.— The endless chain; what a wonderful invention this! Will somebody tell me what part of the "circumference" reached Muckross Abbey? Well, well! What next?

THE KISSING BUG.—Private Ward of the Knights had a rather curious experience on last Sunday morning. After attending early Mass at the Church of the Gesu, he took a rest for a few hours during the course of which he was attacked by a "kissing bug." So fierce was the attack that in a few minutes his lip was terribly inflamed. Somewhat alarmed the Hibernian paid a visit to the General Hospital on Monday. He is all right now and vows he will not be caught napping again.

DIVISION NO. 8.—A special meeting of division No. 8, A.O.H., was held on Wednesday evening, Mr. John Lavelle presiding. The meeting was fairly attended and a pleasant feature of the evening was a fraternal visit from many of the members of No. 6.

Several new candidates took their degrees in Hibernianism, and the applications of five for membership received. The dramatic section gave a lengthy report through the chairman, Mr. John Gethings, in regard to the formation of the section. Amongst other things it referred to the by-laws which will govern it, and other interesting points to members wishing to become associated with it. The report will be submitted to the county Directors on Friday night. Another important step taken by the members of this vigorous Division is the formation of a fife and drum band.

There is no reason why this should not be a success; Quebec with its one Division has a splendid band, composed exclusively of members of the organization. The regular meetings of the Division will be held in future on the first and third Wednesdays. Congratulatory and instructive addresses were made by Lieut. McRacken of the Knights; W. H. Turner, Vice-President, Division No. 6, and Lieut. Holland of the city police. Mr. Holland who is well known to members of the Catholic Foresters as founder of St. Lawrence Court, is a solid and logical speaker, he dwelt on the necessity of fraternal visits by the members of each Division. Songs and recitations followed, and a very pleasant evening was brought to a close, by the singing of God Save Ireland, in the Gaelic language.

A PERSONAL NOTE.— Mr. Joseph O'Brien, ex-president of the Young Irishmen's Association has been seriously ill in the Western Hospital for some weeks past, suffering from Typhoid Fever. "Joe" is being visited by his brother John of New London, Conn. I am glad to state that the danger line is passed, and it will be only a matter of a short time until he is around again.

C. O. F.— St. Anthony's Court of the C. O. F., held a largely attended meeting on Friday evening in their

hall corner Notre Dame and Seigneurs Streets, the quarterly reports as presented showed this popular branch to be in a healthy condition.

MOONLIGHT TRIPS.— The question of moonlight or searchlight excursions is foreign to the Ancient Order of Hibernians as well as to the rest of our Catholic Societies. When such a question is brought to your notice, choke it off as quick as possible, thereby letting those over-zealous promoters know that you fully understand your duties as Catholics.

C.M.B.A.— Branch No. 10., C.M.B.A., Grand Council of Quebec, held their regular meeting last evening in the Bank of Halifax Chambers, corner Seigneurs and Notre Dame streets. The meeting was numerously attended, and important business of vital interest to the members transacted.

KNIGHTS OF ST. CHARLES.— Are composed chiefly of members of St. Ann's Cadets. They held a very pleasant Trolley Drive, on Monday evening. Occupying some twenty-five cars with their friends, they availed themselves of a pleasant evening's drive through the principal thoroughfares of the city. The committee of which Mr. Kenefan and Conway of Div. No. 8, were members, are to be congratulated on the success which attended their efforts.

ST. MARY'S COURT.—The last regular meeting of St. Mary's Court, No. 161, C.O.F., was the most interesting and important held for some time, the quarterly reports were read showing the finances to be in a splendid condition.

ANOTHER DIVISION.—I am informed on what is very good authority that a new division of the A.O.H. will be organized next week in the Drummond street Hall.

COUNTY BOARD.— The regular monthly meeting of the County Board of Directors will be held on Friday evening. This is the first meeting at which the new members will meet. Important business will be transacted as I am informed that almost every Division has some matter to lay before the Board. I hope the delegates will appreciate the worth of the "True Witness" and at this meeting proclaim the great Catholic journal the official organ of the Order in this city.

DIVISION NO. 3.— This fine Division of the A.O.H., held its regular semi-monthly meeting on Wednesday evening, in the Oddfellows' Hall, Notre Dame Street, Ald. Gallery, presiding. Two new members were initiated and several proposed. The matter of holding the annual outing was discussed, and the members have decided to hold an excursion down the river on the 23rd August. A strong working committee have charge of the same. Other matters of grave interest were discussed, after which the officers were installed by Bro. H. T. Kearns, Provincial Treasurer of the Organization. After the installation ceremony was performed, Mr. Kearns complimented the Division on its selection of officers and paid a high tribute to the members. The meeting duly closed with prayer for the repose of the souls of deceased members.

CONNAUGHT RANGER.

positiveness than another plenary council will assemble in this city in 1902. I have no knowledge from an official source that either denies or affirms the statement. I am quite sure however, that His Eminence the Cardinal has given no expression of his views on the subject thus far to leave even the inference that such council will be held, and I am equally sure that until official announcement is made by him or the Apostolic Delegate, all statements from minor sources are of dubious value.

Plenary Councils heretofore in this country have been held at intervals of about fifteen years, but there exists no restriction as to the limit of time or a provision of exact dates when they shall be held. Exigencies might occur requiring a meeting of the entire hierarchy of the country at any period covering a comparatively short interval, and then again there might be no need for such an assembly for a quarter or even a half-century. The Church, however, is growing and expanding to such a phenomenal degree in this country, and her influence and interests are reaching such colossal proportions that legislation to correspond may be deemed necessary, and the matter of a council may, possibly, be under consideration by the Pope and the Propaganda at this time.

FOR CHARITY'S SAKE.— The Catholics of Cincinnati held a monster picnic on the 4th of July, in aid of the St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. The following statement of the returns from the various departments, amounting to \$11,000, will, we hope, serve as an example to our readers:—

Mr. Mullen ..... \$82,002.10  
Mr. Regan ..... 854.22  
Mr. Sheehan ..... 82.70  
..... \$2,939.32

Chalice Contest:

Cathedral Parish \$ 100.10  
St. Xav. Parish 6,678.70  
..... \$1,778.80

St. Xavier's table ..... 359.80  
Orphan's table ..... 1,850.00

St. Edward table ..... 50.00

St. Patrick's table, Cummingsville ..... 359.66

Cathedral table ..... 228.44

St. Patrick's table, city ..... 158.81

St. Boniface's table ..... 136.46

Holy Cross table ..... 132.75

Mr. Bradley for church of the Blessed Sacrament ..... 100.71

Messes. Burns, Finnegan and McErkone for church of the Assumption ..... 98.00

Sacred Heart table ..... 81.00

Post Office, per Miss Callahan ..... 43.00

Field sports, Knights of St. Michael (Capt. Lee) ..... 193.66

Dining room receipts (Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Xavier's Church) ..... 317.00

Donations ..... 191.00

Gate Receipts ..... 312.00

Admission Tickets, sales reported ..... 908.50

Advocate estimated ..... 300.00  
..... \$11,010.32

BISHOP MACDONELL AT LOCHIEL.

A graceful and well-deserved compliment, which is another proof if one were wanted, of his great popularity—by no means confined to his own diocese of Alexandria—was recently paid to His Lordship Bishop Macdonell, on the occasion of his pastoral visitation to St. Alexandria's Church, Lochiel. He was the recipient of an address. The address said in part:—

"Nor can we permit this opportunity to pass without venturing to convey to your Lordship our feelings of warm affection. That we should honor you in your high episcopal office, goes without saying on the part of true Catholics. But when, once more we see among us the well-beloved friend and priest of previous days, our hearts are full to overflowing. We cannot forget the close and intimate association of former years, nor the fact that the prelate who now comes to confer the sacrament of confirmation upon our children was the priest who baptized so many of the present generation among us, and who for so many years inspired us by his example of every Christian virtue and blessed us by his daily ministrations."

Regarding the purse this touching reference was made:

"May we ask your acceptance of the accompanying purse from those of your old parish, who, knowing well your disposition, attach thereto this sole condition; that its contents be not given to others, but expended in some manner which may add a little to your personal comfort, so habitually overlooked by you?"

The occasion was worthy of the traditions of the Catholics in the district.

CONSECRATION OF MGR. CLOUTIER.

The consecration of Mgr. Cloutier, Bishop of Three Rivers, will take place on the 25th instant. Mgr. Begin will officiate, assisted by Mgr. Blais, Bishop of Rimouski, and Mgr. Labrecque, Bishop of Chicoutimi, and the sermon will be delivered by Mgr. Gravel, Bishop of Nicolet.

A PLURAL COUNCIL.— The Baltimore correspondent of the New York Freeman's Journal writes:—

"While it is asserted with much

# Let All People Read

THIS Ad. It's ALLAN'S

It Leads to Prosperity All Who Take Advantage of Its Offerings,  
**A GREAT CHEAP SALE,**  
**For One Week Only.**

There is no end to modern progressiveness. The more we do the more we want to do. Ambition is never satisfied. That is OUR ambition. Although competition gets keener every year, our eyes are not closed. We have forged ahead for nearly a dozen years, and we intend to keep the lead. Montrealers have marked with pleasure and complimented us on our enterprise. They have appreciated and liberally supported our efforts to give them up-to-date Men's Outfitting Store right in the centre of our city. TO-DAY we open our doors to one of the finest Men's Furnishing and Clothing Stores in Canada, the corner of Craig and Bleury streets, all remodelled and freshly fitted with new fixtures, and every convenience to make trading easy, but we have a purpose in view before making our

## GRAND OPENING WITH NEW FALL GOODS.

We want to clear out every odd line of goods we have in the store, we want to reduce all our stock, we want to turn most of it into cash.

## Now For the Biggest and Quickest Cash Turn

EVER HEARD OF? TO-DAY WE START

## THE GREATEST CLEARING SALE EVER HELD IN MONTREAL.

And for the above we have gone over all our stock and marked goods at such ridiculously low prices, that the bargains we offer must prove irresistible to the public of Montreal. We want you to call and examine our goods and prices. The reductions are genuine and you must see the goods to appreciate them.

### Only One Price Asked or Taken. First come, first served.

WE WILL NOT TRY TO ATTRACT YOU TO THIS SALE BY ANY HIGH-FALUTING LANGUAGE, but SIMPLY PLACE A SMALL LIST OF PRICES BEFORE YOU AND ASSURE YOU THAT WE DO JUST AS WE ADVERTISE.

### Men's Suits.

Thirty-four Men's Suits made of pure all wool tweeds, thoroughly shrunk, well made and trimmed, good value at \$10.50, our former price, to clear at \$8.75.

### Men's Trousers.

Men's Fancy Striped Moloskin Trouser, regular price \$1.00 to clear at 55 cents.

Men's Blue Serge, also Brown Tweed Trouser, all sizes, well made and trimmed, regular price \$1.25, during sale \$85.

### Boys' and Children's Finest Clothing TWO-PIECE SUITS

Big line of Boys' Navy Blue Serge Sailor Suits, size 0 to 26, sold at \$1.25 and \$1.50; sale price 75 cents.

Boys' Two Piece Suits in Tweed and Serge, nicely plaited, our price \$1.75 and \$2.00, to clear at \$1.25.

### Boys' Fine Three-piece Suits

A nice line of Boys' Brown Scotch Tweed Suits, well made and trimmed, former price \$1.00; sale price \$0.60. Boys' Tweed and Halifax Suits, double or single breasted, very durable, all wool and well made, regular price \$1.50 and \$5.00. Sale price, \$2.75.

### Underwear.

65 Dozen Brown and Blue Cotton Shirts and Drawers, was 25c each, now 18c each.

### Sweaters.

Lots of Fine Fancy Patterns and Self Colors Men's Sweaters, \$1.25 up to \$2.50, less 20 per cent off during sale.

10 dozen White Pure Wool with deep duplex collars, good value at \$2.50, less 20 per cent off during sale.

### Cambric Shirts, Laundered and Soft Bosoms.

About Five dozen soft and Laundered Bosoms, odd sizes, were \$1.00 each; to clear at 36¢ each.

Twenty dozen Best Imported English Cambric, Starched Bosom, were \$1.25 each; must be sold out at 50¢ each.

### Hosiery and Underwear.

15 dozen Cotton Socks, 15¢ pair. Sale price 7¢ pair, four pairs for 25¢.

60 dozen Black and Tan Seamless and warranted fast colors Cotton Socks, 20¢ pair; now 12¢. Two pairs for 25¢.

35 dozen Fancy stripe Cotton Socks generally retailed at 25¢. Our Sale price 12¢. Two pairs for 25¢.

28 dozen Very Fine Fancy Silk Checks and Stripes; our price 50¢ pair; now for 25¢ pair.

Bicycle Stockings, fancy tops, 50¢ a pair. Sale price 25¢.

### Neckwear.

10 dozen Bows, White Ground with Red or Blue Check or Spot, regular price 10¢; to be sold during sale at 5¢ each.

28 dozen Very Fine Fancy Silk Checks and Stripes; our price 50¢ pair; now for 25¢ pair.

5 dozen Bows, Club Stripes, usual price 25¢; will sell during sale at 2 for 25¢.

All Men's Clothing at Craig Street Store, and lots of other Bargains. Come early and

# A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY. By REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S.J.

PUBLISHED WITH THE PERMISSION OF MR. B. HERDER, PUBLISHER AND BOOKSELLER, ST. LOUIS, Mo.

## CHAPTER II.

The Pastor of Ste. Victoire had ended a good day's work, for Sunday was with him a laborious day, as indeed it is for most hard-working Parish priests.

On the Sunday of which we are speaking he had risen betimes and made his meditation in the Church, until it was time to ring the Angelus. This he did with his own hands; his negligent Sacristan was not yet up. Since it was the first Sunday in Lent, a considerable number of his parishioners were desirous of approaching the Sacraments, and the good clergyman was detained for a long time in the Confessional, in fact until the time for Mass. He felt almost faint when he went into the sacristy to vest; the sacristan was there ready to help him, but not in the best of humor, for he knew he had failed in his duty and expected a well-merited reprimand. Instead of this to his surprise Father Montmoulin merely observed that he had taken a long rest that morning. The sermon that day was on the Sacrament of Penance; the preacher reminded his hearers more particularly that our Lord had rendered confession much easier than it would otherwise have been, by imposing strict secrecy as a solemn obligation on the minister who was His representative; so that on no account, not even to avert the loss of all his temporal goods, of his reputation, even of life itself, can the priest venture to violate the seal of the confession. In illustration of what he said, he mentioned the well-known example of St. John Nepomucene; and in more recent times, the case of the Polish priest who, rather than break the seal of confession, suffered shame and reproach and ended his days as an exile in Siberia. Finally he appealed earnestly to the men of his flock—of whom unhappily few were present—entreating them no longer to defer the duty, perhaps already too long neglected, of making their peace with God, and participating in the treasures of grace the Redeemer purchased for us by His bitter passion and death.

It was rather later than usual when Father Montmoulin having finished the Mass, after a short but fervent thanksgiving, repaired to his own room, where a cup of coffee stood upon the table ready for him. Then the breviary—always longer in Lent—had to be recited; and almost before this was ended, half a dozen of his parishioners came in one after the other, each one needing counsel or help or consolation, according to their several circumstances. This lasted until Susan, the old housekeeper who attended to his wants, brought his frugal dinner in from the "Olive-tree" inn close by. This woman was not regularly engaged as his servant, he contemplated making a fresh arrangement, as soon as he could furnish a couple of rooms for his mother, and offer her a home under his roof.

Susan was dressed in all her Sunday finery, which consisted of a frock of pale blue material with a somewhat striking pattern of yellow and red flowers. Over this she wore a small shawl of green striped with white, the gaudy colors being ill in keeping with her wrinkled countenance and the grey locks that were rather untidily twisted up under her cap. The good woman was, in fact not far off seventy, and could never have been a beauty in her younger days; but that mattered little, for she was an honest old soul, and had no greater wish than to make all straight and comfortable for his Reverence.

As soon as she had put the soup upon the table, she smoothed her apron with her wrinkled old hands, and standing at a little distance she began, with the familiarity of an old domestic:

"What a splendid sermon you gave us to-day, Father! All about the seal of confession. And the beautiful story about the Saint, and the Polish priest! I looked around me once or twice in church—I hope I did not do wrong, it was for my edification—and you should just have seen how the people were crying. The persons who ought to have heard it, like the Mayor and the Notary, and the Liberals as they call themselves, were not there, more's the pity. They have got something better to do now than to come to church; they are so busy with the election! And as for one who was there, that lout of a sacristan, I saw him smiling to himself as he sat in the shade of the sacristy-door, instead of taking the sermon to heart as he should have done,

and resolving at last to go to confession."

"Well, Susan, we know that the most eloquent discourses do not change the heart. You ought to pray fervently, that will do more good than lamenting over the obduracy of sinners. We have a long-suffering and compassionate God who knows how to recall the wanderers to Himself."

"Mercy on us! I only meant first to tell your reverence what a fine sermon you preached and now seemingly I have been proud and uncharitable! But will you not take another slice of the roast beef, Father? No? Well, I expect it is rather tough, the barcher serves us very badly now. I have scarcely got a tooth left in my head, but you are young and with your excellent set of teeth you might manage it. Am I to clear away? I do not think however you will keep up your strength, eating as little as you do."

"I shall get on well enough, Susan. Now you must leave me time to get ready for Catechism, it is really more important than the morning's sermon," answered the priest, watching the old woman with a smile as she carried away the dishes amid many an anxious shake of the head. When the door had closed behind her, he took up a catechism and began to think over the instruction which he had already prepared some days previously. For some time he sat at the table meditating, his head resting on his hand. He was quite a young man; his pale, rather handsome features wore a pleasing expression, for although somewhat grave, he was naturally of a blithe and cheerful disposition. The careful and pious training of his boyhood, and the course of study he had subsequently gone through, imparted a certain refinement to his countenance.

The whitewashed walls and simple furniture of the room were in keeping with its occupants. The old fashioned carving of the dark wooden ceiling and door-posts bespoke considerable antiquity; and the crucifix hanging on the wall, as well as the picture of the Last Supper facing it, were far superior to the ordinary productions of modern religious art. The common gilt earthenware vases on each side of an image of our Lady of Lourdes looked, it is true, somewhat out of harmony with the quaintly-carved wood-work, and the writing-table of unpolished deal, the bookshelves only half-filled with books, the plain chairs and table, testified to the poverty of the priest. In this case, however, poverty did not banish cheerfulness and content. What in fact, did he want with grandeur and show? To his mind the fragrant hyacinths at the open window, the bright sunshine that lit up the room, the mild spring air laden with the scent of the orchards in flower, did more to make the humble apartment homelike and pleasant than rich carpets, costly paintings and luxuriant furniture would have done. A Sabbath stillness, an atmosphere of peace rested on the whole scene; nothing in his surroundings led to his dismissal within a short space of time. His only recommendation, or rather claim on his country, was the sabre-cut across his face, which he alleged to be the work of a Prussian Hussar during a skirmish. In the course of his wandering he had come about a year ago to Provence, and by his glib tongue had ingratiated himself with the Mayor, who happened to be looking out for a sacristan, and offered the vacant post to the man, for the sake of getting rid of him.

"Ah true. The sight of all this wealth for the Church and the poor put my own business out of my mind"; Loser replied. "I wanted to ask for a holiday till next Saturday. You can get along quite well without me in the week. I should like to go to Marseilles, where a friend of mine has heard of a situation which I think will suit me better than being a sacristan. Where have I put his letter to—" he concluded, feeling in his pockets.

"Never mind about showing me the letter," answered the Priest, while the man was still rummaging in his pockets. "Go to Marseilles by all means, and I hope you will meet with something desirable. I will ring the Angelus myself, I am generally up before you are. Old Susan can open and shut the church; leave the key on the kitchen table when you are going!"

"I shall start to-night. I can easily catch the last train from Aix. I am much obliged to you for giving me leave of absence. And may I venture, seeing your Reverence is flush of cash just now, to ask for a little loan—a mere trifle—one of the hundred-franc notes I see there."

"I have already told you that this money is not mine to dispose of. And if it were, it is quite against my rule to lend you money."

"Well, if you consider me a thief—"

"It is quite against my rule, and that is enough. But if a small gratuity out of my own pocket will be of service to you—" and the priest held out a five-franc piece to the man, for the sake of getting rid of him.

"I will accept it as my well-earned due," answered Loser, as he slipped the coin into his waist-coat pocket. "I will not take it as an alms, I am not a beggar. Besides I shall soon be out of my financial difficulties. I expect a legacy, an aunt in Lorraine, quite a rich woman, is said to be dead. I wish your Reverence good day!" And with a low bow, and another greedy glance at the money on the table, he took his departure.

No marvel that when Father Montmoulin at length threw himself back in his easy chair with a sigh of relief, his eyelids closed from sheer weariness, and drowsiness crept over him. But a moment later he started up and rubbed his eyes. "Come, come," he said to himself, "this will never do. I am too young yet to go to sleep in broad daylight. I have just time left to look over the accounts of St. Joseph's Guild, and count the money that Mrs. Blanchard deposited with my predecessor and myself. She is coming to-morrow to fetch the whole sum; thank God, they will soon set about building the hospital. It is astonishing what an amount these good ladies have contrived to collect. France is as ready as ever to help the needy; God grant she may thereby win the divine favor, and the old child-like faith may revive in our land." Thus musing, he cast a glance out of the window at the quiet village that lay below, half-hidden by the trees which were now in full blossom. Then he turned to his writing-table, and opened the drawer where he kept the cash-box

containing the funds of the Guild. He spent some time reckoning up his figures, and then slowly, and doubtfully, in it must be confessed no very business-like manner, he began to count the monies spread out on the table.

"80 hundred-franc notes is 8,000 francs; 50 twenty-franc notes is 1,000 francs; that makes 9,000 francs in total. 75 gold Napoleons added to it makes 10,500 francs; 215 five-franc pieces 1,075 francs more, and 425 francs in smaller coins. Altogether the 12,000 francs (£480) which are to be given over to Mrs. Blanchard. Upon my word 'tis a goodly sum! I have not been to the Sacraments for twenty years or more, and don't mean to neither, in spite of your reverence's fine sermon about confession, yet none shall say that Albert Loser is not an honest man!" And as he uttered these words in tones of righteous indignation, striking his breast in a theatrical manner, he was busy plotting a scheme which was diametrically opposed to the virtues he claimed for himself.

The simple-minded priest only thought at the moment how he could best get the man to his duties. "I am very sorry, my good fellow," he said, "if I judged you somewhat hardly; but just tell me, how can one expect a man to be very conscientious who has neglected to fulfil his bounden duty towards God and his own immortal soul for twenty or five and twenty years?" Qui sibi nequit, cui bonas? Will a man who is his own enemy be a friend to others?"

"Well, well, Father, one would think you had preached enough for to-day! Who knows if there really is a God, and if there is, whether he troubles Himself about such insignificant creatures as you and me. And as for immortal soul, science has long since shown that we have nothing of the sort. But I did not come here to discuss these matters with you, Father. Of course God exists for you and you must have an immortal soul, it belongs to your profession."

"You forget yourself strangely, Loser!" interrupted the clergyman, repressing with difficulty the just anger he felt at this godless way of talking. "What did you come to ask me?"

"Ah true. The sight of all this wealth for the Church and the poor put my own business out of my mind"; Loser replied. "I wanted to ask for a holiday till next Saturday. You can get along quite well without me in the week. I should like to go to Marseilles, where a friend of mine has heard of a situation which I think will suit me better than being a sacristan. Where have I put his letter to—" he concluded, feeling in his pockets.

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containing the funds of the Guild. He spent some time reckoning up his figures, and then slowly, and doubtfully, in it must be confessed no very business-like manner, he began to count the monies spread out on the table.

"You need not be alarmed, your reverence," rejoined Loser with a mocking smile, for he guessed the good priest's thoughts. "I shall not take you for one of the accused Prussians, whose game I stopped—all is fair in war, and for the sake of one's country. There is not a more harmless man in creation in time of peace,

I cannot say Bo to a goose upon my honor. And as this money is for the sick and needy, I will not ask so much as a penny of it. And do you think I would demean myself to filch one of those pretty banknotes—all of a hundred francs, I do believe—either by fair means or foul? Fie, fie, Father, I would not have credited you with such a rash judgment! But it all comes of your mistaken idea that only your pious folk have any idea of honor. It is quite true that I have not been to the Sacraments for twenty years or more, and don't mean to neither, in spite of your reverence's fine sermon about confession, yet none shall say that Albert Loser is not an honest man!" And as he uttered these words in tones of righteous indignation, striking his breast in a theatrical manner, he was busy plotting a scheme which was diametrically opposed to the virtues he claimed for himself.

"Is that really you, Mother?" he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "Here I am, as you see Francis, and I hope I find you well and happy." was the answer that came up from below; the children adding their greetings.

But their Uncle, leaving the door of his room open behind him, was already hastening along the dimly-lighted corridor to the stairs, which led down into what was formerly the cloisters. He met his mother just as she reached the archway which connected the outer building with what in by-gone days was the enclosure. He welcomed her and embraced her affectionately; then, drawing her out of the dark passage into the day-light, he scanned her features anxiously, for it was some months since he saw her, and he had heard from his sister that she had several times been unwell.

"Last winter has not improved my appearance, has it?" she said cheerfully. "I have not grown younger; look what ugly wrinkles have made their appearance, and my hair has turned quite white."

"I think your white hair is very becoming to you, mother; and as for the wrinkles we will see if we cannot smooth them out, and give you round rosy cheeks again," rejoined the young priest. "I have good news for you," he continued. "In a few weeks time we will have your room fitted up for you beautifully. At present my funds are rather low. But come upstairs now, we must have an extra strong cup of coffee in your honor. Look here, Charles, run down to the baker's, will you, the third shop in the village street, and fetch two or three rolls and a dozen sweet cakes. Here is some money. Now Julia, you must see if you can help make the coffee."

"Oh, I can make coffee all alone, and good coffee, too," answered the girl, while her brother scampered off to the baker's in high glee. "If only Susan has left enough coffee ready ground," she added.

She ran lightly upstairs, for having been at Ste. Victoire before, she knew her way about the old convent, only pausing for a moment to listen to her grandmother's injunction to put on an apron, and be sure not to soil her Sunday frock. Father Montmoulin, meanwhile conducted his mother with a somewhat more sober step to his room.

Little did he suspect that, while the scene we have described was being enacted below, Loser was still spying about his room, lurking in the dark angles of the corridor. It is necessary to explain that the old convent, built on a ledge of rock, formed three sides of a quadrangle; the church on the left, and a corresponding wing on the right, being connected by a wide facade. The front of the building, two stories high, looked down into the valley where the village lay. The priest occupied a good-sized room in the angle where the two corridors leading respectively to the church on the one side and the right wing on the other, met. In former times this had probably been the Abbess' room, as it commanded a view of both corridors, and the double row of cells opening into them. Communicating with this sitting room was a small bedroom, the only one to which access could not be had from the corridor. On the other side there was no adjoining room, as a space had been left to allow of the corridor being lighted by a window in the outside wall, without which it would have been almost completely in darkness. Opposite the Priest's rooms, in the inner angle of the building, was a small apartment separating the row of cells; it was very dark, as the window was small, but there was a door on either side leading to the two wings. In this room, probably once the kitchen of the infirmary, was a cooking-stove which served for the preparation of the good pastor's simple meals; the kitchen of the convent being a spacious apartment with a vaulted roof on the ground floor.

To this little kitchen Loser had betaken himself on quitting the Priest's presence. He made a critical survey of the narrow, ill-lighted chamber, with its twofold means of exit. When, in obedience to the priest's directions, he laid his bunch of keys on the table he pulled open the drawer, and began to examine its contents. Amongst these was a sharp carving-knife, with the initials F. M. engraved on silver plate let into the handle; this he took up, and felt the edge with his finger. "That is by no means blunt," he said to himself; then holding it like a dagger, he made a swift lunge with it in the air, before replacing it in the drawer, which he closed. "We shall not want that," he muttered, "though it might be the shortest way. No, no; I hate bloody work."

At that moment he heard Father Montmoulin calling from the window open window. Looking out, the worthy priest saw his mother with his sister's two children in the act of crossing the courtyard.

"Is that really you, Mother?" he exclaimed, his eyes sparkling with pleasure.

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## Random Notes For Busy Households.

### SELF-RELIANCE.

As there is a difference in food so is there a difference in thought, remarks a writer in the New York Herald. Some kinds of food are so easily assimilated that the result is physical cheerfulness and endurance. Other kinds produce weakness and a tendency to disease. The normal action of the digestive organs is interfered with, and the result is depression and inability to cope with the difficulties which lie in every one's path and must be removed if we are to pursue our way to success in life.

All this is equally true of ideas. Some are exhilarating, stimulant in their nature, uplifting, making us optimistic, hopeful, ready for any fortune that may befall. Tell me frankly what your controlling thought is, what kind of thinking you do every day, and I will tell you what kind of a man you are, whether you are making friends or enemies, how you will meet the emergencies that come into every human experience, whether affliction will embitter you or mature, sweeten and ripen you. We are what we think. Your chief thought is as truly master of your destiny as the captain is master of the vessel which he guides through storm and drifting currents. Your happiness depends not half as much on your surroundings as on yourself. It is possible to have nothing and yet have all, and possible to have all and yet have very little. A cheerful heart can lighten the heaviest burden and make it comparatively easy to bear. If you would discover what a man's life is worth either to himself or to others you need not look at his bank account, for that is no sure indication. If you can find out what kind of thoughts he cherishes you will learn the whole story.

### SLEEP REQUIRE.

A proper amount of sleep at night-time is a question about which there has been a great deal of controversy. Some writers say that in order to prevent nervous prostration eight hours' sound sleep is necessary. If you do not fall asleep easily, or the sleep is broken or restless, or you lie awake for an hour or more after going to bed, you should remain in bed ten hours. Despite what has been said to the contrary, I do not think that on investigation it will be found that there is anyone who can do with less sleep and yet keep good health. To endeavor to get along with less than the natural amount of sleep is simply courting nervous disorder.

### BREACH OF PROMISE.

As a rule it seems to be the height of folly for a girl to apply to the courts in case of a breach of promise. Generally she ought to be thankful to have escaped the life-long torture of an existence with the one who deceived her to the point of promising to become her husband, and then failing to fulfil his promise. But girls like to have satisfaction sometimes, and they do not consider all the consequences of a breach of promise suit. Certainly the girl in the following story would have evaded considerable ridicule had she refrained from publishing the fact that she wore false teeth.

A shop girl in London this week got £70 in an action for breach of promise from her faithless swain. In her evidence the young lady admitted that her lover had bought her a set of false teeth. Now it is usual when an engagement is broken off for both parties to return each other's presents, but in this case a question arises as to whether the observance of the custom is practicable. No doubt the fair one would scorn to remain under an obligation, to one who has proved to be as false as her means of mastication, but what is to be done? Is she to return the set and start anew on a quest for a husband in her pristine toothlessness. Or is she to retain the gift, and have her feelings harrowed at meal times by a reminder of the inconsistency of man, the deceiver ever. The question is a delicate one and the moral plainly is that people when courting should refrain as far as possible from making gifts of false teeth, wooden legs, or glass eyes to those whose charms have captivated them.

### A TRUE SPIRIT.

A correspondent of the Catholic Columbian writes:

"In his will Hon. Thomas J. Scanlon prayed his wife to be merciful, patient and forbearing with his debtors. Augustin Daly concluded the first paragraph of his will: 'I pray that Almighty God may be merciful to us all!' The Boston Transcript, much touched with the beautiful spirit of gratitude and charity of Mr. Daly's will says:

"At the beginning of his career Mr. Daly had no capital save a firm de-

termination to reach a high standard and an unbounded faith that he would succeed. A spirit of vindictiveness he never harbored, but times without number he reached out a helping hand even to detractors in need of it; and now comes his will, which may be coupled a worthy crowning act of his life. Of a truth, Mr. Daly had no need to hesitate to say:

"The mercy I to others show,  
That mercy show to me."

Who can doubt that these merciful men obtained the mercy from God so ardently desired and that they are to be immeasurably blessed in consequence? The very publication of such sentiments will probably inspire others to deeds of kindness and realize what the dying Walter Scott said to his son-in-law: 'Lochhart, be a good man; be a religious man. It is the only thing that can avail you when you lie here.'

**VALUE OF FRESH AIR.**—Admit sunlight at least a part of the day in as many of the rooms as is possible, especially in the sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen, says an American journal. Every room should be aired daily and given the benefit of the sunlight, if not of the sunshine directly. Should you close the house or part of it during the day, do not do so completely as to shut out the moving air, but invite it in through the open windows at the bottom, and after its mission of purification is accomplished give it free egress through the windows opened at the top. The dust may find its way in also, but better some dust and some air than no dust and no air. Bear in mind that a cool room in summer is not desirable nor healthful if the coolness has been purchased at the expense of fresh air and sunshine. Do not fail to have every window of every living room lowered from the top, if only a few inches.

**DEATH IN HEADACHE POWDERS.**—The daily papers of the United States have of late contained reports of deaths in various cities attributed to self-administration of unknown remedies, says the Medical Record. The other day a woman in Pittsburg died in twenty minutes after swallowing a powder for the relief of headache. This is said to have been the fifth death in that city alone recently set down to the same cause. Such instances teach the nostrum-loving American people but slowly. The report of the physicians who have this week made an autopsy in the case of a lady of Detroit is said to show that death was hastened by secret headache powders. It would seem but right that the ingredients of all nostrums sold in the drug store should appear upon the package. This would protect in a measure both the druggist and the purchaser. When both are ignorant of what is being administered, great damage may often result.

**SERVING VEGETABLES.**—Not all the new methods in cooking vegetables are an improvement on the old ones, by any means, but many are decidedly so, while others are equally as good, and well worthy of adoption for the sake of variety. Those here given have been thoroughly tested.

**Green Peas.**—After shelling the peas, wash half the pods in cold water, cover to half their depth with cold water and simmer closely covered for three-fourths of an hour; drain and use the liquid to cook the peas in. Do not let the liquid quite cover the peas; boil slowly, and as soon as they begin to be tender, season with salt, pepper and butter, and simmer, uncovered, until the liquid is nearly boiled away. Then add a little cream, bring to a boil and serve. Green peas are excellent baked. Prepare and treat same as for boiling, and bake in a moderate oven.

**String Beans.**—String beans should be covered with cold water as soon as gathered, and not be allowed to stand after they are cut up. Sufficient cooking is the exception rather than the rule. They require from one to three hours' steady boiling according to variety and age. If allowed to simmer uncovered towards the last, their richness and flavor is greatly increased. Season with salt, pepper and a generous allowance of butter when the cover is removed; add one or two well-beaten eggs to the cream, add and stir the beans for five minutes. A seasoning of lemon juice is preferred to cream and eggs by many persons.

**Baked Beets.**—Care should be taken in dressing beets, not to break the skins, as it detracts from their flavor as well as color. Cover with cold water, clean with a stiff brush and leave

# MRS. HENRIETTA BRENNAN.

**She Had Nearly Every Complaint Common to Her Sex, and Felt She Must Die, but Her Health Now is Perfect—Story of Her Recovery.**



Some of the best doctors are found in hospitals. They are called upon to treat many different diseases, and they undoubtedly do great good to suffering humanity. But they seldom understand the diseases of women. The same thing is true of regular practicing physicians. They do not have time to study the causes of female weakness. They are apt to be mistaken and treat the sufferer for the wrong complaint. The case of Mrs. Henrietta Brennan shows this. The hospital doctors could not help her. They failed to see that her troubles were located in the distinctly feminine organs, and that is why they did her no good. Read this letter from Mrs. Brennan herself:

"I am now and have been for several years a sick nurse in the city of Montreal, Canada. For eleven years I suffered from nearly every complaint common to my sex. Four years ago I became so run down that I was unable to do my work. I suffered from bronchitis, constipation and kidney complaints, and during five years spent much of my time in bed. I have been under the care of several physicians, and received hospital treatment. I was nervous; could not sleep at night; was a dyspeptic, and suffered from rheumatism. I felt I must die. I heard of Dr. Codere's Red Pills, and began taking them. After taking four boxes I experienced much relief. I kept it up until I was strong enough to do all my work." (Signed.)

Mrs. HENRIETTA BRENNAN,  
8 Roy St., Montreal, Canada.

Women and girls ought to know that they can't be cured by ordinary medi-

cines. What they need is a medicine made by a most skillful specialist in female diseases. Dr. Codere's Red Pills for Pale and Weak Women is that kind of remedy. It won't do men any good, but it will prove a great blessing to women. It will cure every ailment of girl, bride, wife, mother and grandmother. The ailments which it never fails to cure are leucorrhœa or whites, falling of the womb, nervousness, sleeplessness, headache, backache, bearing-down pains, the blues, thin blood, irregular menses, bad digestion, cold hands and feet and general weakness. If you suffer from any of these troubles

don't delay about curing yourself with these pills. The cost is small and the pills are easy to take.

Some cases may be difficult to cure, but every case can be cured if our advice be followed. Full advice is given free by mail by our specialists to all who write us. Do not hesitate about writing. All correspondence confidential. If preferred, call for personal consultation at our Dispensary, 274 St. Denis St., Montreal. No fee whatever charged.

When you go to the drug store for Dr. Codere's Red Pills, look out for imitations. Many worthless pills are colored red and offered to women on the plea that they are "just the same" or "just as good" as Dr. Codere's Red Pills. Don't believe it. It is false. Nothing on earth is equal to the genuine. Imitations are sold by the dozen, the hundred or in 25-cent boxes. Do not take them. Dr. Codere's Red Pills are always sold by honest druggists at 50 cents a box—50 pills in a box. Six boxes for \$2.50. 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. Dr. Codere's Red Pills at 50 cents a box last longer and are easier to take than liquid medicines sold at \$1. And the Red Pills cure.

A great doctor book for women can be had free by all. Send your address to us on a postal card, and we will mail you free of all cost a copy of "Pale and Weak Women." Address all letters to the Franco-American Chemical Co., Medical Dept., Montreal, Canada.

crosswise, and cut in half inch dice; boil in salted water until tender and drain. Heat one cupful of milk, rub one tablespoonful each of butter and flour to a smooth paste and season with salt and pepper; add, by degrees, three tablespoonsfuls of the hot milk and stir smooth, pour it into the hot soup with salt, pepper, and butter, wet one level teaspoonful of corn starch with cold vinegar, pour it into the sauce and stir constantly until it thickens and is smooth. Have the sauce in readiness and pour it over the turnips as soon as drained and serve.

**ANTI-CATHOLIC ADVERTISEMENTS.**

The "Catholic Columbian," in its last issue brings a case of great importance to the attention of its readers. It says:—

"That notorious reviler of the Catholic Church and all persons and things connected with it, Dr. James M. King, who is a preacher of pronounced A. P. A. proclivities, has recently published a characteristic work, and is now engaged in advertising it as extensively as possible.

"A leading New York Magazine (McClure's) was persuaded to accept a page advertisement of this anti-Catholic work for its June issue. The character of the advertisement was particularly offensive to the Catholic patrons of that magazine. They at once began to protest to the publishers against the insult which, through this advertisement, the publishers offered to their Church and their religion.

"The Catholic press seconded their protests, and the result, which is alike honorable to the publishers of the magazine and gratifying to its Catholic readers, is that announcement is made now that the offensive advertisement will not appear again, coupled with an expression of regret that it was ever inserted.

"If similar tactics were employed in other cases when insults are offered, often unconsciously, by non-Catholic publishers to our Faith and Church, in many instances, the same gratifying results would doubtless follow. The lesson of this particular case should, and doubtless will be borne in mind by American Catholics who are now too numerous and influential an element of our population for any one to affront their faith with impunity."

We quote this item, not that it immediately applies to Canada, but because it furnishes a most striking argument in favor of the proper support of Catholic papers. Here we have an example of the utility and necessity of a sound Catholic organ in every district. Were our Catholic papers to all vanish, at one fell blow, the result would immediately be noticed in the tone and matter of the non-Catholic press. It is the wholesome fear of exposure and the dread of being detected in overt acts of bigotry that prevent not a few of our exchanges from constantly criticizing misrepresenting and insulting our principles, and our practices.

Not long since the "Semaine Religieuse," quoted an able article, from the pen of an Oblate priest, in which the purchase, the reading of, and the encouragement—direct or indirect—of a pure anti-Catholic publication, are set down as sins that cannot be

causing excruciating agony. A grain of pepper in place of the grain of sand intensifies the torment. The pain is not confined to the organs affected. The whole body feels the shock of that little irritating particle. It is so when there is any derangement or disorder of the delicate womanly organs. The disorder may seem trivial but the whole body feels it. The nervous system is disordered. There are fretfulness, irritability, sullenness and depression of spirits. The general health of woman depends on the local health of the organs peculiarly feminine. Remove the drains,ileations, bearing down pains, and other afflictions of woman, and the whole body feels the benefit. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for the diseases that undermine the strength of women. It is free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics, poisons which enter into many other preparations for woman's use. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

A grain of sand in the eye can cause excruciating agony. A grain of pepper in place of the grain of sand intensifies the torment. The pain is not confined to the organs affected. The whole body feels the shock of that little irritating particle. It is so when there is any derangement or disorder of the delicate womanly organs. The disorder may seem trivial but the whole body feels it. The nervous system is disordered. There are fretfulness, irritability, sullenness and depression of spirits. The general health of woman depends on the local health of the organs peculiarly feminine. Remove the drains,ileations, bearing down pains, and other afflictions of woman, and the whole body feels the benefit. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for the diseases that undermine the strength of women. It is free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics, poisons which enter into many other preparations for woman's use. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

**SCHOOL BOOKS.**

During the coming School Term of 1899-1900 we request all to 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.

**SADLIER'S DOMINION SERIES.**

Sadlier's Dominion Reading Charts, 25 Reading Charts and one Chart of Colors, mounted on 14 boards, size 23 x 32 inches.

Sadlier's Dominion Speller, complete.

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Sadlier's Edition of Grammaire Elementaire par E. Robert.

Sadlier's Edition of Nugent's French and English and English and French Dictionary, with pronunciation.

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Catholic Educational Publishers

and Stationers,

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### BUSINESS CARDS.

**DANIEL FURLONG,**  
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Special Rates for  
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PLUMBERS, STEAM FITTERS, METAL  
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MONTREAL.

**J. P. CONROY**  
(Late with Padden & Nicholson)  
228 Centre Street

## LEADERS OF SOME OF OUR CATHOLIC JOURNALS.

A CATHOLIC PARTY.—On the question of a Catholic Party the North West Review says:—

"At the St. Jean Baptiste celebration at St. Jean, last Tuesday, exception was taken to one of the speakers because he inveighed exclusively against the misdeeds of one of the two great political parties. Apart from the tactless blunder of introducing politics into a national festival, we have had occasion to hear many comments like the following:—

"I was brought up a staunch Conservative; but of late my views have been changed; what we Catholics here need is an independent Catholic party, free to praise or blame the virtues and vices of Liberal or Conservative, but united in all Catholic interests."

This sentiment is growing among the Manitoba Catholics, and His Grace's recent pronouncement on the Oak Lake incident will undoubtedly increase the strength and scope of this eminently reasonable persuasion."

After citing some instances of independence of party, the article concludes:—

"This is precisely what a Catholic party could alone do. Its members might vote with either Conservatives or Liberals on non-religious questions; but they would give their solid vote for matters concerning Catholic interests. Hence the wisdom of His Grace's preference for Catholic candidates who run on the independent ticket."

This is a subject upon which we intend to write an editorial in a coming issue.

IRISH UNIVERSITY CASE.—The Freeman's Journal has a lengthy editorial on the question of Trinity College and a Catholic University for Ireland. We would like to quote it in full, but two or three paragraphs will have to suffice. It begins by quoting Mr. Townsend, a Protestant gentleman, whom Mr. Dillon, quoted in the House of Commons. Mr. Townsend said:—

"If we put the Protestants in the position of the Catholics, what would they (the Protestants) say? If in Trinity College they had twenty or thirty Catholic professors, and suppose that Mass was celebrated each day (in Trinity College) as Protestant service is now, would Protestants be anxious to send their children there, and if not, why should we ask the Catholics of Ireland to do what Protestants would not submit to?"

About Trinity College, the article days:—

The Trinity College mentioned is the University of Dublin, commonly called Trinity College. It is a purely Protestant institution. It was founded by the Protestant Queen Elizabeth; it always has been and still is under exclusively Protestant management and control; its professors always have been and still are all Protestants; its teaching on all subjects having connection with, or the remotest relation to, religion is distinctly Protestant, and Protestant religious service forms part of its regular daily programme.

"There is only one feature in respect to which it cannot be said that this college or university is essentially Protestant, and that is the fund or property which constitutes its endowment. At this point the Protestantism of Trinity College stops entirely. Its original endowment was wholly Catholic property—confiscated landed estates of Irish Catholics—confiscated because the owners would not accept Queen Elizabeth's views on religion—and to this day it (Trinity College) holds possession of 100,000 acres of that confiscated Catholic property."

And it closes thus:—

"The situation then in the matter of university education in Ireland stands this way:—The Protestant minority have all the state endowed institutions to themselves and the Catholic majority have none at all. This is no exaggerated presentation of the case. British statesmen and ministers of both political parties have admitted the justice of the demand of the Catholics of Ireland—a State endowed university, as suitable for them as Trinity College is for Protestants. Mr. Balfour, the present Tory Government leader of the House of Commons, has repeatedly declared that the Catholic claim is just, and he has repeatedly declared that he, as a Protestant, would not send a son of his to an institution as Catholic as Trinity College, Dublin, is Protestant."

Then, having shown that Mr. Balfour's sole reason for not redressing a wrong that he admits, the article says:—

"Who are those followers? Who are the persons who will not allow Mr. Balfour to give justice to the Catholic people of Ireland? The Orange party of Ulster—Protestant ascendancy—the Protestant minority."

"And so the great Unionist party—the party that refuses to grant self-

government to Ireland, insisting that they are as able and willing to do everything for the Irish people that an Irish Legislature could do—this party will not concede the admittedly just demand of the Catholic majority in the matter of university education, and their only reason is that the Orangemen object.

Here is a case well worthy the attention of those who are fond of talking and writing of the beauties of Anglo-Saxon civilization."

PROPERTY QUALIFICATION.—The Milwaukee Catholic Citizen, in a recent issue says:—

"Because there are abuses in the management of our city governments, some say that 'universal suffrage is a failure.' They put the blame upon the mass of voters without making it clear how things would at all be improved by reducing the number. Before universal suffrage prevailed there was the worse evil of class legislation and court corruption."

Largely because the control of cities falls into the hands of few, is it that there is mismanagement and rotteness. It is not too much democracy, but the want of democracy. Cliques of beer-sellers and monopolists obtain control and rule for the benefit of their special interests.

Those who advocate a property qualification are political empirics. They assume that all the goodness and conscience is among the wealthy; that there are more good citizens among the rich than among the poor. A Chicago divine declared no one should be permitted to vote unless he owns property to the amount of \$500. "This," says the Cleveland Palindester, "would have ruled out Christ and all the apostles except Judas."

A \$500 or \$1,000 property qualification would hardly affect a single gambler or saloon keeper, but the "bone and sinew" would feel the force of it.

It is worthy of note that the property qualification panacea is most popular with dudish individuals who rarely vote themselves, but whose ideal system is the English, whether they understand it or not."

### COMFORT ON WHEELS.

#### New Grand Trunk Dining Cars on Their Middle Division.

On Friday last the Grand Trunk Railway System added a new dining car to their already good service between Niagara Falls and Port Huron, in connection with the through fast expresses from the East and the West, which far exceeds anything in point of comfort and luxury attempted anywhere in Canada, and is exceeded nowhere on the continent. It is known as No. 828, and will be attached to trains Nos. 3, 5, 6, and 8. Painted in its appointments, and containing all the latest improvements that tend to the comfort, as well as convenience of the traveling public, the car is without doubt the finest ever run over the tracks of a Canadian railroad. The interior woodwork is of quartered oak, and the carpets and curtains are of velvet, in a handsome combination of olive and gold. Scores of small bevelled mirrors, between the wide windows, and cunningly enclosed in little books around the doors and corridors add to the attractiveness of the interior. Both large and individual tables flank the broad centre aisle, and the chairs are all upholstered in leather. The pantries, sideboard and wine closets, are magnificent creations in cabinet work. Everything for the holding of glass and silver is lined throughout with plush, and the quarters for the waiters are models of convenience. Ice cabinets are numerous both here and in the large and commodious kitchen. In the latter department, the ingenuity of the car builder in providing all sorts of conveniences is shown to perfection. So cleverly is the car laid out that one could walk from end to end, and not even discover the kitchen. The table appointments in the way of silver, glass and napery have been secured expressly for this car, and of the finest description.

#### CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The usual weekly concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club, was held on Wednesday last and the main hall and passages adjoining were crowded. Dr. Kennedy presided, and among those present were Mr. J. Hamilton Farns, president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, and the Rev. Mr. McKilligan. Those who took part in making the evening an enjoyable one were Mrs. Tigh, Miss Murrow, Miss Ina Read, Miss Sangster, Messrs. Moulson, Kennedy, Brennan, Miller, Baxter and Hill.

#### DIED.

McGOLDRICK.—In this city on the 20th inst., at his residence 149 St. Antoine street, Patrick McGoldrick, native of the parish of Drumragh, County Tyrone, Ireland, aged 74. Funeral from his late residence on Saturday at 8.30 a.m., to St. Patrick's Church and thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

#### HOW THIN YOU LOOK!

Do you like to hear it. If not, take Scott's Emulsion. 'Twill fill out your sunken eyes, hollow cheeks and thin hands. Why not have a plump figure? Don't let disease steal a march on you.'

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

## Cured of Epilepsy.

The Story of a St. Catharines Lady Who is Restored to Health.

She Suffered Severely, Sometimes Having as Many as Four Spasms in a Week—Several Doctors Consulted Without Benefit.

From the Star, St. Catharines.

Mrs. S. B. Wright of St. Catharines, has for a number of years been a severe sufferer from epilepsy, from which dread disease she is now happily free. To a reporter who recently called upon her to ascertain the manner of her cure, she said:—"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my release. It is some years since I had my first attack. At the time I did not know what the trouble was, but the doctor who was called in to attend me at once said it was epilepsy, and that the disease was incurable. After this I had the spasms as often as two three and four times a week. I had no premonitory symptoms, but would fall no matter where I was. I always slept heavily after an attack. Finding that the local treatment was not helping me my husband took me to a doctor in Hamilton. He also said that he could not cure me, but that he could give me medicine that would prolong the period between the spasms. This he accomplished, but I longed for a cure rather than for a relief, and I finally consulted a specialist, who told me that he could cure me, but that I must have patience. I asked him how long he thought it would require to effect a cure, and he replied at least six months. He gave me medicine and I took it faithfully, but instead of getting better I was surely getting worse. After following this treatment for some months without avail, I felt that I could not hope for a cure and was about resigning myself to my fate. My sister, however, urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a trial and reluctantly I decided to take his advice. For a time after beginning to use the pills I continued to have the spasms, but I felt that gradually they were less severe, and my strength a bear them greater, and I persisted in the treatment until the time came when the spasms ceased and I was as well and strong as I had been. I took in all twelve or fourteen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although several years have elapsed since I discontinued their use, I have not in that time had any return of the malady. I owe this happy release to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease to a vivified condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who for the sake of extra profit to himself, may say it "just good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

#### PATENT STATISTICS.

The Canadian Patent Office issued a total of 185 patents during the month of May, 1899. Of this number, 131 were granted to citizens of the United States; Great Britain, 10; Germany, 6; France, Switzerland, Sweden and Australia, 1 each; and 33 to citizens of Canada.

It may be worthy of mention that exactly one-half of all the patents to Canadian inventors were procured by one firm, Marion & Marion, of Montreal, the others being distributed among about 100 different firms scattered throughout the Dominion.

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Last week the fear was expressed in this column that the higher prices ruling for fresh eggs would interfere with the export movement of the produce. It is not only because the cost is too high to admit of much remunereration to shippers, but there is not the quantity to ship. Some of our picklers are not quite through for the season, and several large Western firms are still adding stock to their vats. Some held off pickling as long as possible, expecting to be able to buy at lower figures, but those who got their pickling over early it seems were the best off. A few lots of fresh stock are going in cold storage at prices that are fully 3c to 3½c higher than at this time last year. Our receivers and exporters may well wonder where the profits are coming in this season. The season, however, is not yet over, and it may not turn out as badly as some of our packers apprehend. During the week there has been fair business on spot in choice candied stock, at 11c, while prices range down to 12c. Prince Edward Island eggs have sold at 11c to 12c as to quality. Seconds are a slow sale

The cheese market continues firm at 85s for finest colored Western, and 80s for finest white Western. Finest colored Eastern is quoted at 80s to 85s and the finest white Eastern 85s, sales being reported of 100 boxes finest Eastern colored at 85s, and 700 boxes finest Eastern white at 82s. Undergrates have sold at from 81s to 85s. Within the above range of prices have transpired on this market to the extent of about 15,000 pkgs. at least. The sale is just reported of 500 boxes finest Western colored at 85s, and 9s is now asked.

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Receipts of live stock at the East End Abattoir market Monday morning were 300 cattle; 300 sheep; 200 lambs; 200 calves, and 50 store hogs, and young pigs. The supply of cattle was fully 200 head short of that on last Thursday, consequently a stronger feeling prevailed, and higher prices were asked in most cases which checked trade to some extent, as butchers were not disposed to pay any advances early in the day, but later did so in some instances. The offerings of choice beeves were small, and they sold at 5 to 5½c. Good stock brought 4½ to 4¾c; fair, 4c to 4½c and lower grades, 2½ to 3½c per lb. Sheep for export sold at 3½c to 3½c, and butchers paid 3c to 3½c per lb. Lambs sold at \$2.50 to \$10; store hogs at \$5 to \$8, and young pigs at \$1.25 to \$1.50 each. Fat hogs, in selected lots sold at 4¾c, and straight lots at 4½ to 4½c per lb., weighed off ears.

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# Hyde's Literary History of Ireland.

A REVIEW BY "CRUX."

Frequently admirers of Irish literature are under the false impression that the immense amount of essays, poems, sketches, orations, lyrics, and novels produced, in the English language, by Irishmen of this century, may be considered as the sum total of Irish literature. In fact these admirable, patriotic, and effective productions do not enter into the volume of Irish literature, properly so-called. Especially about the time of the founding of the Dublin "Nation," a galaxy of writers arose, to astound the English-speaking world with their wonderful effusions; they made use of the language of their oppressors to argue the cause of Ireland at the bar of universal opinion. They often translated for the benefit of the public, Irish works of great importance; but they wrote their most original compositions in English. Away behind these eminent facts, journalists and book-builders, extends a field of true Celtic literature, that touches the extreme rim of human civilization, and includes every era—from the epochs lost in the mists of fable, down to the invasion of Ireland by the Saxon. That field is rich in relics of a glorious past—books, manuscripts and extracts, old as the Round Towers, and equally as wonderful.

It is a happy coincidence, that, at this very moment, when the children of the ancient race are striving to revive the Gaelic tongue throughout the world, a volume of over 600 pages, should be given to the public, by Mr. Douglas Hyde, on the "Literary History of Ireland." I have read a number of reviews of this wonderful work; I have come upon some very

important and instructive magazine articles, based upon the information contained in Mr. Hyde's gigantic production; but the most complete of all these seems to be a criticism signed "M. W. H." which recently appeared in the New York "Sun": As Mr. Hyde's great effort is certainly the first serious and practical attempt at a consecutive history of Irish literature that has ever been made, and as "M. W. H.'s" review of the work is one of the most complete and impartial that it has been my privilege, for years past, to read, I will summarize as well as I can that appreciation, leaving out all that would necessarily encroach on my limited space, but preserving the leading points, which are essential to a proper understanding of the scope of Mr. Hyde's exhaustive treatise.

Regarding the antiquity of Ireland's recognition by classic writers, the reviewer says:—

"It is noteworthy that, although the Celts captured Rome as early as 390 B. C., and, at one time, spread their conquests from Galatia in Asia Minor to Ireland and the Iberian Peninsula, only one section of their race, to wit, the Irish Gaels, preserved a record of its own past. This record has been transmitted in a literature which, for antiquity and continuity has no parallel in Europe outside of Greece."

The work traces nearly every mention made of Ireland, or the Irish, from Avienus, in 510 B. C., down to Julius Caesar, and from him to Silius, in the third century, of our era. This is certainly most interesting reading, and affords a very instructive study, but it serves merely as an introduction to the literary subject—

or the history of Ireland's literature. The second section of the work as well as of the review, deals more directly with the origin of letters in Erin. I quote again:—

"Whence did the Irish get their alphabet, and at what time did they begin to practice the art of writing? The present alphabet of the Irish, which they used in all their books from the seventh century of our era, and probably for three hundred years before that, is only a modification of the Roman letters. This alphabet they no doubt borrowed from their neighbors, the Romanized Britons, with whom, whether in peace or in war, they carried on a constant and intimate intercourse. The general use of letters is by the author of the book before us attributed to the early Christian missionaries. He sees no reason to believe, however, that it was St. Patrick, or indeed, any missionary, who first introduced them. There probably were in Ireland many persons in the fourth century of our era, or perhaps even earlier, who through commerce with Roman Gaul had become acquainted with the art of writing. That there has come down to our time no Irish record written in Roman script earlier than the seventh or eighth century is chiefly attributable to the wholesale destruction of books by the Danes and English."

But prior to the introduction of Roman script, the Irish had a writing of their own:—

"This was the celebrated Ogam script, consisting of a number of short lines, straight or slanting, and drawn either below, above or through one long stem line, which stem line is generally the diagonal between the two sides of a long, upright, rectan-

gular stone. These lines represented letters, and over two hundred stones have been found inscribed with Ogam writing."

Mr. Rethwisch, a German philologist, is of opinion that, with one or two changes, this Ogam script would make the simplest conceivable universal alphabet, or international code of writing. No matter whether this Ogam script be older than Christianity or not, one thing is certain, it is a possession peculiar to the Irish Gael.

I will now take two extracts that are very interesting—they refer to the civilized habits and customs of the ancient Irish:—

"It is generally assumed by English writers that the prehistoric Irish, because of their remoteness from the Continent, must have been rude, wilder and more uncivilized than the Celts inhabitants of Britain. The assumption is in no way borne out by the results of archaeological research, to say nothing of literary remains. On the contrary, it appears to be the case that in point of wealth, artistic feeling and workmanship the Irish of the bronze age surpassed the inhabitants of Britain."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The gold treasures of Ireland must have, at an early period, determined Continental trade in its direction. This conclusion is borne out by archaeologists. Prof. Montelius, for instance who has traced a close connection in prehistoric times between Scandinavia and the West of Europe, regards much of the prehistoric gold found in the northern countries as of Irish origin. It is true that the Irish Celts, in spite of their metallic wealth, never minted coin, a fact which has been adduced to prove a

lack of civilization on their part. It should be noted, however, that coinage is a comparatively late invention; the Egyptians of the Pharaohs, for all their civilization, never possessed a native coinage, and even such ancient trading centres as Carthage and Gades did not strike coins until a late period. The absence of coinage does not necessarily imply the absence of a currency. Prof. Ridgeway has shown that the ancient Irish possessed a system of values and a standard of weights."

The fact that the Irish seldom built stone houses has been easily explained by the other fact that the country was heavily wooded, and that oak and other good building material abounded. Wooden houses are no more an indication of lack of civilization amongst the early Irish, than amongst the people of America to-day. Besides we are told that:—

"The magnificent dimensions of Cormac's palace at Tara verified, as they are by the careful measurements of the Ordnance Survey, a palace seemingly erected in pagan times, since Tara was forever deserted about the year A. D. 550, bear witness, like the abundance of beautifully wrought gold ornaments and the superior workmanship of the surviving articles of bronze and clay, to the existence of a high degree of civilization among the pre-Christian Irish."

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\* \* \* \* \*

"All the studies of the time seem to

have been taught at the best Irish col-

leges through the medium of the Irish

language; not merely theology, but

arithmetic, rhetoric, poetry, hagiog-

raphy, natural science as it was then

understood, grammar, chronology, as-

tronomy, Latin, of course, and Greek

and even Hebrew. The classic tradition,

in a word, at a time when, to all ap-

pearances, it was dead in central and Western Europe, burst out into

full flower in the Isle of Saints, and the Renaissance began in Ireland

seven hundred years before it was

known in Italy. There were at least

three centuries during which Ireland

was the asylum of the higher learn-

ing, which took sanctuary there from

conquered States of the Continent.

There was a time when Armagh, the

religious capital of Ireland, was the

metropolis of Christian civilization in

the West."

So important is this section of the

work, and the evidence of Irish erudi-

tion amidst the night of ignorance and

barbarism that swept over Europe, that I will reserve next week

the study of its details. The review

before me only follows Mr. Hyde's

history as far as the point now

reached; but I desire to examine more

closely for my own readers the splen-

did evidence of Ireland's greatness,

not only as magnificent in her litera-

ture, but also in the achievements of

her scholars in the domain of science,

of discovery, and of universal learn-

ing. The next section of Mr. Hyde's

history deals with Irish civilization

and literature through the Danish and

Norman periods, down to the seventeenth century. I will gratefully take

leave of "M. W. H." and in next

week's issue will launch out upon the

sea of Ireland's past, and attempt to

thereon "paddle my own canoe."

## "SUCCESS THAT COSTS TOO MUCH."

Under this very suggestive heading Charles F. Wingate, has an admirable and practical article in the "Saturday Evening Post," of the 8th July. While we are not very partial, for obvious reasons to the expressions of Herbert Spencer, yet we admit that he, as well as other able infidels, has often said very wise things and given expression to great truths. These happy accidents were always due to careful reflection apart from and in spite of the infidelity of the author. The quotation from Spencer, with which the article commences is very applicable. "We have had somewhat too much of the Gospel of Work," it is time to preach the Gospel of Relaxation." During this vacation season the subject of necessary relaxation is very appropriate.

It would seem that Mr. Wingate is inspired with his ideas, by the deaths, at comparatively early ages, of four very successful men—Henry B. Hyde, ex-Governor Flower, Frank Thomson, and Augustin Daly. All four were men that the world could ill afford to lose, yet they all died in the vigor of manhood, simply because they would not take any rest. The human machinery became worn out, from constant friction, lack of relaxation and over-powering exertions.

Speaking of the price paid by men of fame and fortune the author says:

"The parable of the rich man who tore down his barns to build larger ones, yet whose soul was suddenly demanded of him, has been the subject of countless homilies, yet it is more applicable to-day than ever before. Every one knows the uncertainty of life, and that there are no pockets in shrouds." Men daily fall fainting by the wayside, or drop out entirely, as in Addison's Vision of Mirza. The sudden shock causes a ripple of interest. Then the ranks close up, and after one glance at their fallen associate the eager throngs renew their strenuous struggle.

"There is something helpful in the early failures of successful men which I have lately discussed, but their latter failures are usually pitiable. Emerson says, "Oh, discontented man, if there is anything you want, pay the price, and take it," but what price men pay for fame and fortune!

"A great Wall street financier gives a million to new hospital, and then sails to Carlsbad to restore his own health. The leader of the New York Bar, famous as a duck-shooter, is recuperating at the Riviera. The provost of Philadelphia Medical school, with an income of \$50,000, dies in early manhood from overwork. A New York lawyer who earned \$100,-

000 the last year of his life succumbed from worry and overexertion in an unventilated court-room."

"Any one who has seen an apparently vigorous man collapse in public or in his family circle, like the Southern millionaire who recently dropped dead in a hotel corridor just as he had written a telegram, will never forget the shocking spectacle. It is like the fall of a tree in the forest, and carries with it a solemn warning."

We might add that the seekers after fame and fortune are not the only men who die early and suddenly on account of being over-worked. Take for example the late John Boyle O'Reilly, or the case of Canada's former Premier, Sir John Thompson. Either is a striking illustration of relaxation.

We will take a few hurried extracts here and there, from this article, in order to draw attention to the folly of this constant rush and flurry in business. As Mr. Wingate's remarks are perfectly clear, they will need no comment; all we regret is that we are obliged to omit columns that are equally as interesting and applicable as are the few paragraphs that we quote. The author says:—

"Americans in general cannot be called greedy or miserly. They work from habit and love of labor. Like the Australian millionaire cattle-owner, they grow enthusiastic over great tasks, and feel inspired to make the wilderness blossom like a rose. They are imprudent rather than grasping, and need to learn moderation."

"Young and old alike seem in a hurry. They walk fast and seem absorbed. Their faces show care and anxious thought. In the cars and ferry-boats every man is deep in his paper. Conversation is rare and a hearty laugh unusual. We are too busy even to jest, and have to employ paid entertainers at clubs and social gatherings. At American restaurants people eat in silence. Only at foreign cafes and table d'hote dinners is there animated conversation. We do not even enjoy our food."

"One may excuse Secretary Stanton

for sacrificing his life to piecemeal, if Providence is never in a hurry. If Massachusetts could have had thirty years of his service as an educator, instead of twelve, how much better it would have been!"

"A leading New York dry goods merchant has hardly taken a holiday in twenty years, and often works Sundays. He might take warning from a neighbor who broke down a year ago, and now enjoys a leisurely lunch every day with his family and a half-hour nap. On Washington's Birthday I called on a New York merchant who said it was the first day he had not been at his office in years. One may well ask such men: Is life worth living?"

"It is of vital importance to leave business cares behind and close the office on daily worries. The journalist who edits a paper during the day and writes stories or magazine articles

leisure during the night soon goes to pieces, like Harriet Fredeke. It is the same with other professions."

"Many men rarely their business can not go on without their presence. If they employed competent assistants this would not be the case. No one is indispensable to this world."

"When a clerk asked for a raise of wages because he thought he was indispensable, his employer asked, 'If you were dead, would I have to get along without you?'

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then consider yourself dead."

"The publisher of a great journal which has an immense circulation never could be persuaded to take a rest. His associates invited him out on a yacht and then kept him for a month. On this return he found that everything had gone on so well that he was content to take other vacations."

"In the home and family circle alone

can be found the seclusion, the security, and, shall I not add, the sanctity which is the needed protection of the wife, the sister and the daughter in these perilous times. Do not misunderstand the drift and purpose of my remarks. I am far from sharing in what is called the pessimistic spirit. I am not a prophet of any kind; still less would I wish to be regarded as a prophet of evil; at the same time I cannot ignore the visible spirit of the age, nor shut my eyes to certain ominous tendencies in the social and general life of our country."

LACK OF RELIGION.—"We see on every side, first and significantly the growing lack of religion, if not a positive denial of the truth and the necessity of Christian revelation. Religious teaching thrust aside and the moral law ignored. I scarcely need to demonstrate by examples the truth of this assertion. We see it painfully illustrated in the general irreverence for God, in the steadily diminishing respect for authority, and in the constant disregard shown for law; and most shocking of all perhaps, we see it in the enormous multiplication of divorces so that the marriage-tie and the family relation would seem to have lost all binding force and sanctity in the United States. Abundant illustrations of this evil spirit are to be seen in our theatres from which pure and decent plays are now almost wholly banished, and in their place

At the 58th annual commencement I addressed the Convent of St. Mary's of the Woods, Indiana, a most scholarly address was delivered by that eloquent Catholic gentleman, Hon. W. A. O'Nanhan. So widely known is his name especially since the Sovereign Pontiff conferred upon him the title of "Count," that he needs no introduction to our readers. The Catholic Columbian publishes the address in full; but we can only take a few extracts—especially such as may find application in our own country.

After dwelling upon the great change wrought in woman's status by the introduction of mechanical devices

# LETTER FROM ROME

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, July 2, 1899.

Nearly every day, since the creation of the new Cardinals, has seen a Cardinal take possession of his titular church. The Sacred College of Cardinals is divided into two general classes—one class of which comprises the Cardinal-Bishops, who are Bishops of the suburban dioceses of Rome. These dioceses are six in number. The other class includes the Cardinal-Priests and Cardinal-Deacons who possess a title over some church in the Eternal City. Such was formerly the jurisdiction exercised by Cardinals over their titular churches that Rome was said to be divided into as many dioceses as there were titular churches within her walls. Without stopping to consider whether or not this jurisdiction has been curtailed in recent times, it is still very evident that a Cardinal officiates in his titular church just as a Bishop does in his own diocese. His Eminence Cardinal Matthioli, took possession, last Sunday, of St. Sabinus's Church, on the Aventine Hill. This ceremony attracted French society to the historic church. His Eminence preceded by a large number of Dominican Fathers, Prelates and College Rectors, entered the church at half-past five, and ascended his throne which stood beneath a gorgeous canopy. A seat of honor in the sanctuary was occupied by Mr. Misard, French Ambassador to the Holy See. A Vatican Prelate read the Papal Brief conferring the title of the Church upon His Eminence. The Dominican Fathers with their Reverend Father General, then came forward to the Throne, kissed the Cardinal's ring and received the kiss of peace. The address of welcome was read in French by the General of the Dominican Order, and His Eminence made a very warm and eloquent reply. He bade a touching adieu to his former diocese of Toulouse and to France, from which his new dignity has severed him. Through Mr. Misard, His Eminence sent a message of respect to the President of the French Republic, and eulogized France's ambassador to the Vatican. His Eminence paid a glowing tribute to the numerous priests and religious of France, who are doing such noble work in Rome. Finally the Cardinal expressed, with deep pathos, his affection and gratitude towards the Sons of St. Dominic and his veneration for the church and convent of St. Sabinus, which had been the religious nursery of the immortal Father Lacordaire. The Te Deum was rendered by a choir of men's and boys' voices with full orchestral accompaniment. The Cardinal then imparted his blessing, an indulgence of 100 days was accorded to all present and His Eminence withdrew to his private apartments.

Rome has celebrated the feast of her two apostles, Peter and Paul. The enormous crowds that visited St. Peter's Church on Wednesday afternoon and Thursday would make even

believe that every Roman found himself in duty bound to go and kneel at the Tomb of Peter. And bound they are, for the presence of St. Peter and St. Paul's sacred bodies in Rome, as St. John Chrysostom says, had made Rome the most illustrious of cities, and in establishing among the Romans the Capital of Catholicity, St. Peter bequeathed them an immortality which the Romans would have sought for in vain from their pagan ancestry. Not forced by gratitude alone, but also attracted by faith, a large concourse visited St. Peter's on the 28th, and 29th of June. Over the main entrance of the Basilica a large globe of myrtle was suspended, representing the Fisherman's Net. The statue of St. Peter, near the Confession, was robed in a rich gold vestment and wore a tiara. The crowds were very dense around this statue. The Gendarmes formed themselves in such a manner as to allow only one person at a time to approach the statue. The tomb of St. Peter was especially resplendent with tapers, flowers and myrtle. Massive brass candelabrae were ranged along the marble balustrade.

The ceremonies were held at the Altar of the Confession. The organs and choirs were placed at either side of this Altar, and from them issued forth the greatest music heard in St. Peter's this year. One organ loft had an orchestra accompanying its singing, and what was really wonderful was to see one conductor direct the two organs, orchestra and two choirs of Pauline Chapel Chanters. First Vespers were finished about eight o'clock, and all present immediately withdrew from the Church because His Holiness was to come at half-past eight to pray at the tomb of St. Peter. Only the Papal Household is allowed to be present when Leo makes this little visit to St. Peter. His Holiness was accompanied by several domestic prelates and a detachment of his noble guards. After a short prayer before the Blessed Sacrament and at the Confession the Holy Father blessed the Palliums for Archbishops. These Palliums were then enclosed in a very rich chest of gilded metal and placed in the Crypt on the tomb of St. Peter. His Holiness then recited in a low voice the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, which prayer was composed by Leo himself. He remained a long time absorbed in deep meditation at the tomb, and on the way back to the Vatican the Holy Father kissed the foot of St. Peter's statue. It was about 9:30 P.M. when the Pope returned to his private apartments.

Dr. Croke to whom "Crux" refers in the "True Witness" is a layman and a native of Halifax, N.S. Dr. Croke is the Roman correspondent of the London Tablet and other newspapers, besides being a contributor to several Catholic Magazines. — F.H.D.

## Notes of Irish News.

FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

TO PROTECT WORKMEN.—At a meeting of the Belfast Catholic Association in St. Mary's Hall, recently, Rev. A. Macauley, P.P., St. Brigid's, in the chair, the following resolution was unanimously passed on the motion of Alderman James Dempsey, seconded by Mr. James M'Donnell, P.L.G.:—

"That we, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to direct the establishment of two police barracks in positions suitable for the same on the Co. Down and Co. Antrim sides of the river, on Harbor Commissioners' property, for the better securing the lives and persons of workmen employed in the several works from injury and molestation; and that copies of this memorial be forwarded to the Chief Secretary and all the Irish members of Parliament."

That we memorialize his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to

direct the establishment of two police barracks in positions suitable for the same on the Co. Down and Co. Antrim sides of the river, on Harbor Commissioners' property, for the better

securing the lives and persons of workmen employed in the several works from injury and molestation; and that

copies of this memorial be forwarded to the Chief Secretary, Sir Andrew Reed, and the Belfast Harbor Commiss

missioners."

Alderman Dempsey said that in 1864 a navvy was driven into the stabbings and murdered, and recently a workman was driven into the river. He turned out to be a Protestant, but that only strengthened their case. On other occasions Catholic excursionists had been attacked when sailing down the river. The police now in charge of the place, he maintained, were harbor police and they were just as much an Orange body as was the old loyal police force of the city which had to be superseded by the R.I.C.

WHITE GLOVES.—Mr. Justice Andrews arrived from Dublin last week, at Drogheada, to open the Commission of Assize. Contrary to usual practice, there was no escort of mounted troopers—perhaps on the score of econo-

is still pursuing its beneficial career with undiminished vigor.

FOR A CONFERENCE.—The Armagh County Council has appointed a delegation of three members to meet in Dublin similar delegations from other County Councils. When Derry City and Armagh County can agree to meet the rest of Ireland in friendly conference remarks the "Irish News," upon matters of interest to the country, the hopes of a ripe development of local government are bright.

QUEEN'S COUNTY CLERK.—The office of Clerk of the Crown and Peace for the Queen's County, vacated by the death of Mr. Gilbert Kelly, has been conferred on Mr. Robert T. Fitzgerald, solicitor.

NEWSPAPER MAN DEAD.—Mr. Thomas Crosbie, proprietor and editor of the Cork Examiner, died at his seaside residence, Aghada, Co. Cork, July 1st. He had been suffering from heart trouble for two years, and had practically retired from active journalism for more than a year. He, however, appeared about his office when his health permitted. He was about 72 years of age. His death has created general regret in his native city, where he was most popular with all parties and creeds:

SPIRITED REMARKS.—At a demonstration of the people of Cavan, Fermanagh and Leitrim, held last week William O'Brien said:—

"We are told that we must not be too extreme for fear of offending the loyalist farmers of the North, and what a glorious thing it would be if the Protestant and Catholic farmers of the North would unite on this subject. So it would; that has been the dream of Irish patriots for the last fifty years, but that union has never come off and will never come off until we have first carried the day without them. There is not a trace of religious bigotry in the Irish people. They will never question a man whether he is Catholic, Protestant or Presbyterian, if he will only be a good Irish Nationalist. A Wolfe Tone or a Parnell is as good a man in their eyes any day as an O'Connell. But I am sorry to say it is mere moonshine to expect that these so-called loyalist farmers of the North will ever do an honest stroke to help us. Their only part in the victory will be bye-and-bye to come in and divide the spoils, as they did after the Land Act of 1881. The best and only way of making these men good Irishmen is to prove to them that we can do without them."

KILKENNY COLLIERIES.—At a meeting of the Athy Town Commissioners, the following resolution was adopted:—

"That we, the Athy Town Commissioners, respectfully request the Government to give a grant in aid of the construction of a line of railway from the Kilkenny coalfields to Athy, thus giving direct communication with Dublin, thereby helping to develop one of the few Irish industries, and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the chief secretary and all the Irish members of Parliament."

WHAT IRELAND PAYS.—A House of Commons return shows that Ireland's contribution to an aggregate of £121,440 received as Crown revenue in the year ending the 31st of March, 1899, is the highest received from any one part of the United Kingdom. The Crown rents and duties raised in Ireland during the year in question amounted to £37,142, 11s. 11d. as against a sum of £37,320 15s. 8d. received in the preceding year.

DIRECTORS APPOINTED.—The Lord Lieutenant has nominated the following gentlemen additional members of the first Committee of the Belfast District Asylum.

Most Rev. Dr. Henry, Lord Bishop of Down and Connor; Right Rev. Dr. Welland, Protestant Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore; Rev. Daniel A. Taylor, M.A.; Mr. Patrick Dempsey, J.P.; Mr. Jas. McCorry, J.P.; and Mr. Arthur Hamill, J.P.

CONVENT SCHOOLS.—Mgr. O'Doherty during the course of an address recently delivered, at the Loreto Convent, Omagh, said:—

Ireland enjoys a reputation above the rest of the world for the purity of her daughters and the virtue of her sons, it is not to the good mothers who trained them that they owe it? In the time of trial and temptation that "mother-made virtue" stands them in good stead, and prevents them from the commission of evil. But it is in our convents that most of those mothers have been educated, and thus, as from the aromatic islands of the East, the delicious odors of their spices is wafted on the breeze and delights the mariner miles away from their shores, so from our convents is wafted that sweet odor of virtue which sheds its purifying influence over the length and breadth of the land. We wish then, every success to our Convent Schools; and we wish a special success to the Convent of Omagh, which has done so much good for the young in the past, and which

arrived from Dublin last week, at Drogheada, to open the Commission of Assize. Contrary to usual practice, there was no escort of mounted troopers—perhaps on the score of econo-

man named John Hughes was arrested on suspicion by Head-Constable McNamee. Hughes was remanded by Mr. Furney, J.P., to Kilkenney Jail for eight days.

ORANGE RIOTS.—Recorder of Belfast, sitting in the Crown Court of the County Courthouse last week, heard applications for criminal injuries, as provided by the Local Government Act. There were 65 claims, the majority of which were for damage to glass caused by stone-throwers in the June riots. Forty-one of these claims were settled by consent, the amounts granted amounting to over £1,500.

MEMORIALS TO HEROES '98.—It would be very well indeed if the spirit displayed in the country with regard to National memorials were emulated in Dublin and Cork, says the Dublin Freeman. Foundation stones have been laid in both cities, but no practical effort has been made to complete the work. It is different in the country. Apathy has not followed the outburst of enthusiasm caused by the memory of the dead. Earnest, unostentatious, Nationalists in the smaller centres, the men on whom, when all is said, the safety of the National cause depends, say little but go on quietly with the business in hands. In Clonakilty, Co. Cork, splendid progress has been made with the monument to the memory of the gallant fellows who were alone in the South in striking a blow for the cause that fired the men of Wexford and Wicklow. And we are glad to say that the people of Sligo have erected at Carricknagat a memorial to Bartholomew Teeling and the brave Irish and French soldiers who took part in the battle of Carricknagat. It is an imposing monument, worthy of the object, the statue of the valiant Teeling, being 9 feet 6 inches in height, while the pedestal is 25 feet high and 9 feet 6 inches square at the base. The unveiling ceremony was performed on Sunday in the presence of thousands of the Nationalists of Sligo, Mayo, and Leitrim and once more in the unity of spirit and action exhibited by the people it was shown that the country is at heart united.

DEATHS FROM LOCKJAW.—Six deaths from lockjaw were reported on Saturday last in New York, making twenty-eight deaths in all in the past four days. Three new cases were admitted to hospitals. There is no longer a doubt that in New York and the cities in its immediate vicinity tetanus is epidemic.

AN INDICATOR OR CALENDAR likewise registers the number of confessions heard from any date.

CONFESSORAL REGISTER.—A patent has been granted Rev. Patrick J. O'Connor of the Sacred Heart Church, East End, Pittsburgh, for improvement in confessional registers. The nature of the improvement is an automatic device which registers by the movement of the confessional slide. Heretofore registers were employed which required to be operated by hand, and in consequence of any inattention gave but inaccurate results.

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Every case reported is due to a pistol shot wound received on the Fourth of July. Strangely, each of these shows that the wound was received in the left hand. There is a single exception.

BANK CLOSED.—The Middlesex County Bank, of Perth Amboy, closed its doors yesterday, and the cashier, George M. Valentine, is in a cell at New Brunswick, a self-confessed defaulter, says the New York World. In six months he has utterly wiped out the bank. He has stolen \$125,000 according to the State Bank Examiners, and every penny of the institution's capital and surplus is gone. Besides this, the Perth Amboy Savings Institution, which did business over the same counters, and of which Valentine was the treasurer, is a loser to the amount of \$7,000. This amount is covered by Valentine's bond. Wall street and high living are to blame.

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THE POLIS PROTEST.—The Polish residents of Chicago, at a meeting last week, denounced the Anglo-American alliance. The following resolution was adopted:—

"Resolved, That we, Polish-American citizens, can see no reason for an alliance between this Government, for whose establishment Kosciusko fought and Pulaski died, and that of England or any other monarchial power; that neither the traditions, the instincts, nor the necessities of the American nation call for such an alliance, and that we as Polish-American citizens, protest against it and pledge ourselves to vote and work against any political candidate or any party who may advocate it."

JESUIT NOVITIATE.—The Order of the Society of Jesus has purchased 100 acres of land on the east side of the Hudson River, above Poughkeepsie, N.Y., on which modern buildings will be erected for the novitiates for the Maryland and New York provinces. It will require about two years for the buildings to be completed, and then the novitiates now at Frederick, Md., will be transferred to the new novitiate. The Jesuits have been in Frederick since 1759. Rev. John Williams, an English Jesuit, was a feature of the occasion.

SOLDIERS' GIFT TO A PRIEST.—Rev. P. P. Cooney, chaplain of the Thirty-fifth Regiment Indiana Volunteers, was presented with a gold chalice and embroidered vestments recently, at the University Church, Notre Dame, Indiana, as tokens of the esteem entertained for him by the officers and men of his regiment.

Father Cooney is seventy-seven years of age, and is the oldest Catholic chaplain living.

Before the Thirty-fifth Indiana was mustered out of service the officers and men raised over \$1,000 to buy a chalice and vestments for their chaplain, but owing to various causes the presentation was delayed until Sunday.

SHRINE BOX RIFLED.—Recently the shrine box placed outside of the altar rails in Arles Catholic Church was found to have disappeared, and subsequently on search being made it was discovered on the organ gallery broken and rifled of its contents. Word of the robbery was conveyed to the Ballyliffin police, and later a

trial was held.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE

Continued from Page Nine

ry out great industrial and commercial enterprises which result in cheapened production or more opportunities for labor."

J. Pierpont Morgan, who has endowed hospitals, filled museums and built churches says:—

"When one looks about and sees the misery and suffering caused by sickness among those who have not themselves the means to relieve it, he cannot help feeling that to alleviate a little of it is the duty of those who have been fortunate or successful. The care of the sick poor is, in my opinion, our most practical charity."

Now Mr. Russell Sage, a generous millionaire in practice, seems to disagree with Mr. Carnegie on the one hand, and to clash with Mr. Morgan's ideas—at least in theory. He says:—

"I do not see how it is a disgrace

for a man to die rich. If I am afraid that Mr. Carnegie will die disgraced. My own opinion is that a man may better employ his money in productive enterprises that give employment and benefit the community than to give it away. Suppose I gave away all that I own to thousands of poor people in this city to-day. Next week it would be all gone and they would be back here for more, but by using it in business enterprises which I represent, it gives steady work to hundreds of honest workmen, who don't want any charity beyond what they can earn."

After all it seems to us that, what a millionaire says, or thinks, must be less important than what he does. Consequently we prefer the silent, unostentatious and universal, as well as uncasing generosity of Canada's Lord Strathearn, to all the lengthy dissertations of those multi-millionaires, who cannot do a kind deed without accompanying it with an essay on the duties of the rich."

Notes of American News,

FROM EXCHANGES.

first chapel and residence in 1763, Rev. John H. O'Rourke, is the present rector of the novitiate at Fredericksburg.

CHEAP FARES.—Three-cent fares were announced on Saturday last, on the front of Detroit street cars.

AN EDITOR'S LUCK.—Robert E. M. Cooper, of St. Louis, formerly a prominent newspaper editor and politician, has fallen heir to \$500,000. The estate was left to Cooper by John C. Grego, a miser hermit, who recently died at Cripple Creek. Years ago Grego lived in the Panhandle country, of Texas. Cooper made a tour of that region. He stopped for a short while near where Grego lived. Grego was not inclined to make acquaintances, but Cooper found him about to drown in a river and risked his own life to save the miser. That resulted in a friendship.

AT THE SUMMER SCHOOL.—Three new cottages have been erected at the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven, and were opened on July 9. They are known as the Odensburg Brooklyn, and Curtis Pine Villa Cottages, and were built by private individuals. It is announced that a dramatic entertainment will be given once a week in the auditorium. On August 19th there will be a pilgrimage from the school to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, at Quebec.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—The work of excavation has been begun for the imposing new building of the Academy of Mt. St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, near Norristown. The building will be an imposing structure of Chestnut Hill stone and granite, harmonizing with the present academy building.

By the will of the late William Gallagher, the greater part of an estate valued at \$2,500 is bequeathed to the Little Sisters of the Poor, Conference of St. Vincent de Paul of St. Michael's Church, St. Joseph's Hospital, St. Agnes' Hospital, St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum and St. Joseph's House for Homeless Industries Boys.

The Orphans' Court has divided a balance of \$1,715 in the estate of Anna Lafferty, deceased, among the following legatees:

St. Joseph's Hospital, the Catholic Home for Desolate Orphan Girls, the Little Sisters of the Poor, St. John's Orphan Asylum, the Church of the Gesu, St. Vincent's Home, the House of the Good Shepherd and Bishop Horstmann.

IRISH PATRIOT'S MEMORIAL.—The monument erected by the people of Pawtucket, and vicinity to the memory of Frank Byrne, the Irish patriot, and his devoted wife, Mary Moneyepenny Byrne, in St. Mary's Cemetery, was appropriately dedicated and unveiled July 1. The monument is a Celtic cross. The monument was draped in a large American flag and was unveiled by Miss Kathleen O'Brien, daughter of Representative T. O'Brien. Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa made the address. Mr. John F. Quinn chairman of the committee of arrangements, presided. A street parade was a feature of the occasion.

SOLDIERS' GIFT TO A PRIEST.—Rev. P. P

# THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

On Sunday last the 1899 session of the Lake Champlain Catholic Summer School opened at Cliff Haven—near Plattsburgh, N. Y., and the fourth week has been announced as devoted to the interests of the Alumni Auxiliary Association. The promoters of this admirable institution desire to have attention drawn to this fact in particular. It is almost unnecessary for us to detail for our readers the history of and the utility and importance of the Summer School, Montrealers are almost as familiar with it as are the Catholic people of New York. A recent circular issued by the authorities of the School gives a fair statement of its principal aim. It says:

"Briefly stated, the object of the Champlain Summer School is to increase the facilities for busy people as well as for those of leisure to pursue lines of study in various departments of knowledge by providing opportunities of getting instruction from eminent specialists. It is not intended to have the scope of the work limited to any class, but rather to establish an intellectual centre where anyone with serious purpose may come, and find new incentives to efforts for self-improvement. Here, in the leisure of a summer vacation, without great expense, one may listen to the best thought of the world condensed and presented by unselfish masters of study."

As many persons desirous of attending the Summer School, can afford to go for one week, or for a few days, and as each would like to be present when lectures of special interest and of utility—as far as he (or she) is concerned—are delivered, we will give the fullest programme after the first week, which is over, for this summer's session:

"Lectures for the second week, beginning July 16—Sociology, by the Rev. William J. Kerby, Ph. D., Catholic University, Washington, D.C.; Dean Swift and Dickens, by John F. Waters, M. A., Ottawa, Canada; Reception to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Loughlin, D.D., Philadelphia, Pa.

"Third week, beginning July 23—Tendencies in Biology, by Dr. James J. Walsh, New York City; Glimpses of American History, by the Hon. John Fitzgerald, Member of Congress, Brooklyn, New York City; Camp Life

"Reading Circle Day, August 21."

## SOME PHASES OF EDUCATION DISCUSSED.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

IN THE PRISON CELL.—We have before us two articles, the reading of which would incline one to believe that education was a great evil. Uniting them together they constitute a strong argument against the idea of general or universal education being a boon to the world. But it must be remembered that in both cases the writers argue from the exceptions and not from the rule. The first of these is from the San Francisco "Monitor," one of the most staunch Catholic organs of the Pacific Coast. The subject of the editorial was suggested by the publication of a masterly organ entitled the "Prison Forum," to which inmates of New York City penal institutions contribute very able, scientific and literary articles. The writer however, says that it is not necessary to go to prisons to find the great number of educated people who are offenders against the laws of God and of man. The article says:

"In the life around us we find among the most frequent and flagitious offenders against the higher code, persons who enjoyed exceptional advantages in the way of early mental training. These people are not always legally culpable though their guilt is often blacker than that of those who are. The sort of education they received enables them to evade accountability to criminal statutes, without inspiring them with decent respect for the spirit of law, human or divine."

"This class of persons figure conspicuously in divorce court annals and in domestic scandals. Socially reputable and even distinguished, their transgressions however glaring and notorious, not coming within the purview of the written code, they pursue their wicked course un molested of mundane justice. Who can doubt that in the eyes of God, many an inmate of a felon's cell, is infinitely less a sinner, than some of his more fortunate brethren counted among the social elect, beneath whose outward vesture of gentility there lies a core of moral rottenness?"

CREATES DISCONTENT.—The second article is from the pen of Maurice Thompson, and it appeared in the Philadelphia "Evening Post" of last week. Mr. Thompson's object seems to be the proving that contentment is the great source of happiness, and that education does not always—in

sing the question of too much education, Mr. Thompson is obliged to make these admissions:

"And yet it is a great error to suppose that education is an evil, the trouble lies in breeding. The first dawn of life should open upon carefully planned preparations for teaching that life to flow contentedly in the channels of its greatest usefulness. Young men should feel as they develop that no sphere is inferior if it is necessary to human economy, and that ignorance of how to hoe a hill of corn or how to house a crop of grain is just as great a defect as ignorance of how the law of gravitation affects the heavenly bodies."

The members of the Alumni Auxiliary Association are expected to be present in attendance especially during the fourth week of the session. An important meeting of the officers will be held Monday morning, July 31, at half-past seven.

"Fifth week, beginning August 7—Sensation and Thought, by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, Watervliet, N. Y.; English Law and Catholic Chancellors by Mr. William M. Byrne, Wilmington Delaware; Reception to the Hon. John T. McDonough, LL.D., Secretary of State and Regent of the University of the State of New York.

"Sixth week, beginning August 14—Psychology in Education, by the Rev. James A. Doonan, S.J., Philadelphia, Pa.; Life on a War-ship with an account of the explosion of the "Maine" by the Rev. John P. Chidwick, Chaplain in the United States Navy; With the Men Behind the Guns, by Lieut. Godfrey L. Carden, ordnance officer during the Spanish-American War on the U. S. S. "Manning" of Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

"Seventh week, beginning August 20—Will Power in the Domain of Ethics, by the Rev. Thomas J. Gasien, S.J., Boston, Mass.; Song Recitals, by the Rev. Thomas P. McLaughlin, S.T.J., New York City.

"Reception to Governor Roosevelt, August 21.

"Round Table Talks are arranged on the study of the Latin Language under the direction of the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, LL.D.; Nature Study, by Prof. F. D. Chester, M.D., Director of Pathological and Bacteriological Laboratory of the State Board of Health, Delaware; Practical Demonstrations in the Study of Biology, by Dr. Joseph P. Walsh, University of Pennsylvania; Vocal Music, by Miss Rose A. Carrigan, Normal School, Boston, Mass.

"Reading Circle Day, August 21."

"All of the youthful subjects of grouped together would equal in number the men in the ranks of our standing army at the outbreak of the last war. The object of the investigation was to discover the relationship between parentage, surroundings, nationality, stature, weight, size and shape of head and other conditions and the conduct, intellect and health of children at different ages. Almost all of the subjects were selected from the public schools of Washington, the

# Our Boys and Girls.

**A COUNTRY HAY CART DRIVE.**  
As the golden rays of a summer sun,  
illumined hill and dell,  
And quaint Dame Nature richly shone  
where'er the lustre fell.  
**In a hay-cart loudly babbling,**  
a crowd of girls and boys  
Were about to have a hay-cart drive—  
the best of rural joys.

There were Kate and Nellie Cunningham, with Ciss and Mary Ann; Myself and Tommy Allan, Dick and Harry, Jim and Dan.  
**Old Bill Macpherson held the reins—oh,**  
how his mare could trot!  
**And Billy ne'er would care a snap,**  
if you'd tumble out or not.

At length we're off and jogging along  
the village street;  
We loudly sing or crack stale jokes on  
everyone we meet;  
The neighbors hasten out-of-doors, to  
see us passing by,  
And farmers stop their mowing and  
stare as we draw nigh.

The roadway lies by flowing streams,  
thro' wood and over plain;  
While rumbling gayly o'er it, the dust  
attends our train.  
**And ev'ry time the cart would jolt,**  
you'd think Bill had a fit,  
For he enjoyed our antics so, he  
laughed till his sides near split.

If toiling up the steep hillside, or  
moving thro' the kale,  
The road is rough and rocky, and  
causes many a wail,  
**As thumping o'er some boulder, we're**  
bumped and tossed about;  
Midst laughter and mid frolic, some  
are almost tumbled out.

But look! The sky is dark'ning, the  
sun is hid from sight;  
And clouds are thickly gatherin'  
where but now it's been so  
bright.  
**As fast as changed the heavens, so**  
turns our laughter clear;  
For far from home or shelter, we've  
no protection near.

No other choice is left us, but retrace  
our way again;  
So the road is travell'd homeward,  
midst cold and pelting rain,  
Our mirth is now forgotten, our joy  
is quickly hushed  
**As ensconced 'neath sundry wrappings**  
along the road we're rushed.

Away, thro' bush and marshland, we  
splash and rattle on,  
**Past farmers' cosy cabins as day-**  
light's almost gone.  
On faster and still faster as nearer  
home we get,  
Ne'er minding mud-smeared clothing,  
nor whether we'll be wet.

At last our welcome homestead  
looms up before our gaze,  
All rain and mud-bespattered, we  
look like "reg'lar jays."  
Oh! changed is our appearance and  
we're all quite different folks.  
**To what we were when leaving, 'mid**  
laughter, songs and jokes.

All to their homes now hurry, dry  
garments there to find;  
**And round each blazing fire-place, we**  
seek for peace of mind.  
But tho', the glowing embers helped  
our energies revive,  
We'll never forget the jolting of that  
Country Hay-Cart Drive.

A Pupil of St.  
Patrick's Boys' School.  
July, 1899.

## UTILIZE SPARE MOMENTS.

If boys and girls and grown-up  
people too, would only be more  
prompt to seize and improve even the  
shortest intervals of possible action  
and effort, it would astonish them  
to see how much more they could  
accomplish. With perseverance, the  
very odds and ends of time may be  
worked up into results of the greatest  
value. Watt taught himself chemistry  
and mechanics while working at his  
trade making mathematical instruments;  
and he availed himself of every  
opportunity to extend his knowledge  
of language, literature and the  
principles of science. Stephenson, the  
inventor of the passenger locomotive,  
taught himself arithmetic and mensuration  
while working as an engineer  
during the night shifts and he studied  
mechanics during his spare moments  
at home, thus preparing him for the  
great work of his life.

An hour every day withdrawn from  
frivolous pursuits would, if properly  
employed enable any boy or man of  
ordinary capacity, very shortly to  
master a complete science or art. It  
would make an ignorant person a  
well-informed man in ten years, as all  
our boys and girls are now enjoying  
their long summer vacations. I  
would impress upon them the importance  
of utilizing a few moments every  
day to review what they have studied  
during the year. To others who do

not intend to return to school and  
who are about to begin the battle of  
life either as message boys, junior  
clerks, apprentices, etc.; I would advise  
them one and all not to allow  
their spare moments to pass by without  
yielding any fruits in the form  
of learning something worthy of being  
known, of cultivating some principle  
or strengthening some good habit.  
An eminent doctor translated  
Lucretius while riding in his carriage,  
going his rounds among his patients.  
Another famous musician learned  
French and Italian while travelling  
on horseback from one pupil to another  
in the course of his profession.

Let not any one then sit with folded  
arms, day dreaming. Let each one  
exalt his adopted calling or profession.  
Look on labor as being honorable,  
and dignify your task whether it  
be in the class-room, the office, the  
counting-room, the work-shop or the  
furrowed field. There is a certain equality  
in all, and the resolute will and  
pure heart will enable either.

## CONCEIT DARING.

"A wild scene of terror and consternation" in one of the quiet streets  
of Evanston, Illinois, is described by  
the Chicago Post. It came about through the inquisitive spirit of Egbert  
Spencer, a six-year old boy. With  
two or three playmates he discovered  
a section of sewer-pipe lying beside  
the street, and dared any one of them  
to crawl into it. None of them accepted  
the challenge, and the lad, probably  
after calling them all cowards, got  
down on all fours and proceeded  
to show them what he thought true  
courage was.

"All went pretty well, though with  
some squeezing, till it came to getting  
his hips in. Then he stuck fast,  
and could go neither in nor out. His  
little fingers clutched the farther end  
of the pipe, but though he tugged and  
tugged, he could not get an inch farther."

"Then his courage began to fail,  
and he set up a howl of pain and terror,  
which presently brought upon  
the scene a Mrs. Wyman who lived in  
the nearest house. Meanwhile the  
boy's mates had run away in their  
fright, and it was sometime before  
Mrs. Wyman discovered whence  
the cries proceeded.

"That discovery made, she seized  
the boy by his ankles and tried to  
pull him out. She could not move him  
and he screamed the louder. Then she  
went to the other end and tried to  
pull him through by the shoulders.

"That attempt also was useless,  
and the boy more and more hurt, as  
well as more and more frightened, re-  
doubled his outcry."

"At that moment, opportunely, Mrs.  
Wyman's cook came out to see what  
was the matter. She took in the situation  
at a glance, ran back to the  
kitchen, and got the cleaver. With  
that she administered a few blows to  
the sewer pipe. It broke, and Egbert  
got up from among the fragments,  
with his skin chafed and in some  
pain, but with the conceit and 'dare'  
fully taken out of him."

## THINGS TO REMEMBER.

To those of our young readers who  
are at present in the country, as well  
as to others, the following few lessons  
on kindness to animals will be  
very good things to remember:

1. Never to stick pins in butterflies  
and other insects, unless you would  
like to have somebody stick pins in  
you.

2. Never to carry poultry with  
their heads hanging down, unless you  
would like to be carried in the same  
way.

3. Never to throw stones at those  
harmless creatures, the frogs, unless  
you would like to have stones thrown  
at you in the same way.

4. That nearly all snakes are harm-  
less and useful.

5. That earth worms are harmless  
and useful, and that when you use  
them in fishing they ought to be killed  
instantly, before you start, plunging  
them into a dish of boiling water.

6. That it is very cruel to keep  
fish in glass globes slowly dying.

7. That it is kind to feed the birds  
in winter.

8. That bits should never be put  
in horses' mouths in cold weather  
without being first warmed.

9. That it is cruel to keep twitching  
the reins while driving.

10. That when your horse is put in  
a strange stable you should always be  
sure that he is properly fed and watered,  
and in cold weather that his  
blanket is properly put on.

11. That you should never ride after  
a poor-looking horse when you can  
help it. Always look at the horse and  
refuse to ride after a poor-looking  
one, or a horse whose head is tied up  
by a tight check-rein.

12. That you should always talk  
kindly to every dumb creature.

13. That you should always treat

dumb creatures as you would like to  
be treated yourself if you were in the  
creature's place.

## MINNIE'S TRUST.

Into the quiet station of N—  
rushed and shrieked the express with  
a bang and an angry puff. Soon the  
restive iron steed was brought to a  
standstill, although it continued to  
plunge, as if resenting the restraint,  
it did seem a pity to interrupt so  
magnificent a race, just to deposit a  
decrepid, but kind-faced old lady on  
the rustic platform, and to admit a  
little golden-haired maiden of some  
five summers. The admission to the  
coach was rather difficult for said  
wee lady, although not quite as heavy  
laden as Mrs. Jones with her baggage,  
who had brought along for her  
outing rather more than she could  
carry. Snugly tucked under her arm  
was a small spaniel, making frantic  
efforts to escape the neighborhood of  
the dreaded train, while the child's  
other small hand clasped lovingly a  
large and beautiful bouquet of June  
roses. The conductor, a stalwart, good  
natured fellow, looked critically at  
his new passenger, and catching her  
up, dog, and flowers, and all, de-  
posited her safely in one of the lux-  
urious seats of the parlor car. Min-  
nie smiled her thanks, then Spot, still  
squirming, on the nice, soft cushion,  
thereupon her bouquet tenderly near  
the window, and then finally clambered  
into a seat.

"Spot, Spottie, you're a naughty  
dog, now be good and stand still, and  
be quiet, or you shall never go along  
again!"

Spot felt bound to answer this  
threat by an emphatic wag of his diminutive tail and a low whine of re-  
pentance, which so touched his kind-  
hearted little mistress, that he was  
soon rewarded by a dainty bit of  
cake.

The conductor now stepped up to  
collect tickets or fare.

"Well, my little lady, your ticket,  
and this chap's too," pulling Spot's  
ear, at which familiarity the spaniel  
growled to the limit of his vocal  
powers.

"Please, sir," answered Minnie in  
a voice of flute-like sweetness, "I  
haven't got no ticket, but I have my  
new silver dollar right out of my  
bank. Will it be enough for Spot, and  
me, and the bouquet?"

"That depends on where our little  
woman is going," answered the official,  
smiling down on her. "Where are  
you bound for, eh?"

"Please, sir I'm going to Chicago to  
see my Papa."

"To see your Papa! and where's  
your mamma, pray, and why are you  
all alone?"

"You see, mister, it's this way, my  
Mamma's an awful sweet Mamma."

"No doubt: mammas usually have  
that reputation, but still she  
oughtn't to let you travel alone,"  
said he.

"About, sir, she don't know  
I'm gone. I'm going to be back before  
she does," said Minnie earnestly, as  
she raised her innocent eyes to the  
listener's face. He was a sympathetic  
listener, the little one felt, although  
he interposed curtly:

"You see, mister, she don't know  
I'm gone. I'm going to be back before  
she does," said Minnie earnestly, as  
she raised her innocent eyes to the  
listener's face. He was a sympathetic  
listener, the little one felt, although  
he interposed curtly:

"Oh, yes, child, a dear old Mamma.  
You must see her one of these days."

"Oh, so nice; do you hear that  
Spot?" He heard and gave a short  
growl of dissent. He did not seem to  
take kindly to the railroad potentate,  
who had made so free with his ears.

"Now, you'll go with me, won't  
you?" and she slipped her small hand  
confidingly into his, "right to the  
big house and help me find Papa, then  
we'll go straight to the church and  
home right after that, to make Mamma  
glad again. It's so jolly to make  
Mamma glad, isn't it? You always do  
I know. You make your Mamma happy."

As he moved on our young traveller  
bent over Spot, whispering: "Yes,  
Spottie darling, we'll just tell him all  
about it, and he'll help us find Papa,  
for he's a good man, I'm sure."

Spot seemed to incline to the same  
opinion, for again he pounded vigor-  
ously with his feathery tail. There-  
upon he moved over to the bouquet,  
and began sniffing at the fragrant  
buds for a change of scene.

"Not for you, not for Spot. Nose  
off. That's for the sweet Sacred Heart,  
in the big church you know, so that  
Mamma may get well and strong  
again." Spot seemed to understand  
the situation and moved off to his  
corner, in which he cuddled up, and  
soon was asleep, dreaming, no doubt,  
of spray bouquets which dogs also  
might enjoy.

"Now for the story, little woman,"  
broke in Brown's cheery voice, as he  
seated himself with great ease and  
elegance on the back of the seat in  
which Minnie and her belongings had  
their quarters. "Get her off, my little  
girl, before the next station looms  
up."

"Well, sir," and she cleared her lit-  
tle throat previous to her first effort  
at oratory. "You see my Papa is a  
great big, big, darling Papa, but—  
sometimes you know he don't  
come home often, cause—cause—"

"What's the 'big Papa's' name,"  
inquired the conductor with interest.  
"The 'big house,'"

"His name's Mr. Andrew Morris,  
but folks say Andy."

"Andy Morris, the Roadmaster?"  
asked Brown hurriedly.

"I think he's some kind o'master,  
mister."

"Hew! Andy Morris, and he stays  
away from home a good deal. I believe  
that, God help the poor child," he  
said, turning aside.

"So it makes my Mamma sick and  
sad, and Mrs. Delaney said this  
morning. It's her very heart she's  
fretting out, and I got scared, and  
I asked our Nancy if people could live  
without hearts, and she said, 'Sure  
they could,' and I just slipped off  
to find Papa and tell him, and then I  
brought this bouquet to take to the  
pretty statue at the big church and  
ask Jesus to make Papa love to come  
home."

"But how can you find your Papa?"

"Why isn't he always at the big  
house where the cars stop?" asked the  
little one anxiously.

"Well, yes, he's supposed to be. But  
what will he say when he finds his  
little girl coming all alone?" inquired  
her new friend.

"He'll say, 'Hello Minnie, you're a  
captain,' and then, first I'll pray,  
real hard, and then I'll tell him about  
Mamma, and then he'll say: 'Lord  
bless my soul! is that so girlie?' and  
he'll get his hat and coat and come  
right along to make Mamma stop  
fretting her heart out; and, Oh, won't  
that be nice!" and she clapped her  
hands gleefully, and gave Spot two  
vigorous hugs, that all his aesthetic  
dreams of shops and steaks  
quite vanished.

"Poor little one," murmured Brown  
sympathetically under his moustache,  
"she doesn't know what a hard case  
her Papa is. How he ever came to  
this angel of a child, I can't see. Ex-  
tremes often meet, though, they say."

"But," aloud, "supposing Papa  
wouldn't go, what then?"

"O, but he must go; he can't help  
it. Don't you think, mister, when a  
little girl just prays her nicest, best,  
and gives all her flowers, every last  
one, to the Sacred Heart, the Sacred  
Heart will send Papa right on? You  
should see poor Mamma, she's so  
white and got big tears in her eyes  
hasn't she Spot?" the inevitable tail  
gave two distinct thumps in the af-  
firmative. "And it hurts so to see  
your Mamma sad. Don't it hurt you,  
mister?"

There was some detail to be attended  
to just then, and Pete Brown was  
glad of the opportunity to turn aside  
for a dark, red flush surged over his  
bronzed face, and conscience clamored  
very uncomfortably. Before the vis-  
ion of the big, burly railroader a frail  
old lady with a sweet, pathetic smile  
arose, looking, and waiting, and  
weeping for the boy she loved so  
fondly, and who, since he had gone  
abroad into the world, had become  
so cold and indifferent to her and the  
treasured love of a lifetime she so  
jealously guarded for him.

"I know it does," continued the  
sweet child, as the guiltless eyes, blue  
as Italia's skies, searched his face.

"You see, mister, it's this way, my  
Mamma's an awful sweet Mamma."

"No doubt: mammas usually have  
that reputation, but still she  
oughtn't to let you travel alone,"  
said he.

"Oh, yes, child, a dear old Mamma.  
You must see her one of these days."

"Oh, so nice; do you hear that  
Spot?" He heard and gave a short  
growl of dissent. He did not seem to  
take kindly to the railroad potentate,  
who had made so free with his ears.

"Now, you'll go with me, won't  
you?" and she slipped her small hand  
confidingly into his, "right to the  
big house and help me find Papa, then  
we'll go straight to the church and  
home right after that, to make Mamma  
glad again. It's so jolly to make  
Mamma glad, isn't it? You always do  
I know. You make your Mamma happy."

That was a home thrust, for that is  
precisely what Pete always did not do.

While he was enjoying himself with  
rollicking companions, his poor, lone  
mother was watching and weeping  
for him, but far, far too often. Min-  
nie's faith in him touched him, how-  
ever, more deeply than the most elo-  
quent sermon could have done. In  
passing his little friend he told her to  
be ready, they would soon reach the  
big house now. Accordingly, Spot, to  
his great disgust, was again tucked  
under arm, and the bouquet clasped  
firmly in both hands, and the eager  
little face bent forward in expecta-  
tion. With clangor, and puff, and  
bang, the great snorting locomotive  
dashed into the depot. What a babel  
of sights and sounds! They were all  
unheeded by Minnie, who watched for  
her protector. His duties over, after  
what appeared an age to the anxious  
child, he entered the car and was  
about to relieve her of the charge of  
Spot and the bouquet. Spot resisted  
the transfer savagely, and Minnie  
could not think of other hands than  
her own touching Jesus's bouquet. To  
simplify matters Brown took up  
the little tourist and her property  
and strode off with her. From her el-  
evated position, she had a safe view  
of her tumultuous surroundings, but  
one object alone could interest her,  
the "big house."

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