



Northwest



Review.

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CURRENT COMMENT

It is not often that one meets with a great musician who is at the same time a thinker. The study of harmony and melody seems to absorb all the grey matter of the average musician's brain. But Ottokar Malek, the Bohemian pianist, last Saturday gave the Tribune an interview that was full of suggestive ideas. Having taught the piano in Europe and the United States, he says with the authority of experience: "The great defect of the American pupil is his over-ambition, his tendency to hurry. He wants to do in one year what we take four to do in Europe. He has talent, and works hard, but he does not work correctly. He sees things more quickly than the typical European student, and advances more rapidly up to a certain point—and then, just when he should begin to become an artist, he fails. He lacks the foundation; he prefers a fast start with ultimate failure to a slow start with final success." After saying that the American student need not go to Europe, for the best European teachers are attracted to the United States by higher pay, he adds: "The chief defect here is the fault of the pupils themselves—they force the teachers to hurry along lest they lose their pupils. Again, American pupils are weak in not being able to work without a teacher; they do not seem to think for themselves." Ottokar Malek certainly hits the nail on the head. American methods in intellectual matters are decidedly second-rate. The second-rate man runs to seed before middle age; the first-rate man goes on developing into fairer fruitage till the decrepitude of extreme old age. Short cuts are all very well in machinery and commerce, but they are fatal to those pursuits in which the higher faculties of the mind are brought into play. The mellowing process of time alone produces the man of original ideas. He must have winnowed the chaff during a long course of years before he gets to the golden grain. Hence it is that America has produced so few great thinkers, great writers, or great artists. Whistler had to live in France and England before his originality burst into vigorous bloom. Emerson had to adopt European hatred of haste before he wrote thought-provoking essays, and even at his best he lacks the consecutive-ness and balance of the great thinker. Brownson is the nearest approach to the European standard of high thought. The few American writers who have left their mark on English literature excel, not so much by their great thoughts, as by the finish and directness of their style.

The Free Press calls our recent appeal to Sir Wilfred Laurier "a vain dream." We dreamt no dreams. We did not express any hopes. We simply reminded the Premier of Canada that if he were really "strong and righteous of purpose," now, if ever, was the time to redeem his promise about settling the school question. Our appeal was to the conscience of one who is universally considered an honourable man, not to the partisan blindness of such organs as the Free Press. These latter are hopelessly rooted in unreasoning prejudice. The Free Press in particular, which praises Premier Combes for robbing and persecuting the best citizens of France, has no conception of freedom as applied to others. Like the French Radicals, it wants all the freedom for itself and its own party. This is the besetting sin of all those who misapply that beautiful word "liberal." The third volume of the life of Louis Veillot, recently published by his brother Eugene, shows how even Catholic prelates, when they try to graft the liberal parasite on the stock of

Catholic truth, become the most despotic of tyrants. It is ever the old story of crimes perpetrated in the sacred name of liberty.

The Free Press is strong on prophecy. About 1894 it began to prophesy that the school question, being dead and buried, would never be resuscitated. It still keeps harping on the same string. The school question may be deemed buried pretty much as the proverbial ostrich's head is buried in the sand, only that the position of the pretended corpse must be reversed: the school question is buried up to the neck, with its head, and especially its tongue, very much alive. The humbug, who, in the name of equal rights, and civil and religious liberty, deprived us of our school taxes and forced us to pay taxes to schools which our children do not attend, felt quite sure that ten or fifteen years of this hypocritical but very real oppression would bring us to our knees and force us to send our children to the public schools. But here we Winnipeg Catholics are in the fifteenth year of unjust ostracism fighting more vigorously than ever. We have just erected, at a cost of \$42,000, a splendid Catholic school which will entail for its support and the payment of interest on debt, an annual outlay of \$8,000. Assuredly a pretty lively corpse. Thus is the oft repeated prophecy of the Free Press fulfilled.

The pretext for forcing us into the public schools was the supposedly greater efficiency of the latter; the real motive was to ruin Catholic belief in the minds of our children. The pretext has been continually belied during the past fifteen years by the superior success of our Catholicly trained children in school and college competitions. The real motive is coming more and more into prominence, as Protestants themselves realize more keenly the growing absence of a Christian atmosphere in the public schools. The dead level of uniform national schools is a distinct bar to educational progress. Competition is the life of pedagogy as it is of trade and many other pursuits. There can be little or no competition so long as government grants are not based on results. In Great Britain, where the various denominations compete on a footing of equality the practical results of education in all its grades are far more satisfactory than in the public schools of Canada and the United States. Those who deny this are superficial sporters who seek to win favor with the unthinking multitude. Neither Canada nor the United States dare send to England, Scotland or Ireland a commission of educational experts such as visited the United States from the British Isles recently; they foresee too clearly how humiliating could be the contrast between our boasted American schools and the really efficient schools of the Old Country.

"At the present time the foremost opponents of Catholicism in France—M. Combes included—have all received their education either from the Jesuits, the Christian Brothers or some other Order; and what is equally curious the champions of the Church, men like Brunetiere, Le Maitre, Daudet, Jr., Drumont, Francois Coppee, Lasies, Uzanne and a host of others, have come from the University, where religion certainly does not occupy a predominating position." This passage from a recent fortnightly Review shows, on the one hand, that you cannot make a purse out of a sow's ear, and on the other that natural rectitude and fidelity to Divine inspiration may make amends for most of the shortcomings of an unchristian education.

Last Saturday one of our city dailies published a cablegram from

London, gloating over the story, now told for the first time, of how the British government obtained its Erhardt guns during the Boar war. It would have been useless to approach the German government openly; but, luckily about this time the Chinese government was considering the advisability of getting some of these Erhardt guns, and Lord Lansdowne took advantage of this to send two English officials, disguised as Swedes with an imperfect knowledge of English, who followed in the wake of the Chinese representatives and inspected much more closely and minutely every part of the guns. The report was entirely satisfactory. The guns were shipped to Southampton in piano cases, while the German government was induced to believe that their destination was China, the negotiations being carried on through a German financial journalist, who felt no scruples about deceiving his government. Had all this low trickery and lying been carried on by any other nation, the British papers would have branded it as jesuitical, but under the circumstances they do what Stacky called "a gloat," they glory in the clever way the German government was fooled.

The Marquise des Monstiers, nee Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, has solemnly announced by cablegram from Rome, dated October 30, her apostasy from the Catholic faith. She is well known as the first foundress of the "Catholic University of America" in Washington, D. C. She is a daughter of William T. Caldwell and his wife, who was a Miss Breckenridge of Kentucky. Shortly before his death, Mr Caldwell became a Catholic and left his two daughters in the care of some Irish Catholic friends in New York. There they met the Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, a man of great ability and force of character, who persuaded the eldest daughter, Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, to devote \$250,000 to the foundation of a post-graduate University for the higher training of priests. The intention and purpose were every way admirable. The name of Miss Caldwell became an honored and beloved one throughout the Catholic World, for this was the first time so large a donation had been made to any American Catholic Educational institution. The new University was highly recommended by Leo XIII. and started under the auspices of some of the most celebrated bishops in the United States. The first structure was the Divinity Building, in the reception room of which figures a life-size portrait of Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, dressed in a black silk gown and painted as reclining or rather sprawling on her back on a sofa with an immense train trailing away into the background. When we saw it fifteen years ago we remember being disgusted at the lack of taste or congruity which such a portrait posture for the foundress of a Catholic school of divinity reveals.

Some years later a Father McMahon bestowed on the same university three or four thousand dollars; many other large donations poured in; chairs were founded; last year all the dioceses of the United States were called upon to contribute; this year's collection, we are told, amounts to one hundred thousand dollars. No other Catholic college ever had such magnificent pecuniary support, no other was so highly encouraged by the clergy and the episcopate, no other was so repeatedly favored by Papal recommendations. Yet the whole history of the Catholic university, from its very beginning, has been most unfortunate. At the laying of the corner stone of the first building connected with this university, a famous prelate, who is saturated with Emerson and has caught the Emersonian trick by which "naught of sequence links the far and near of those terse versesets" in his crisp essays, spoke disparagingly of St. Thomas Aquinas, whom he cannot appreciate because the Angel of the Schools is logical and consecutive. Among the first professors were two or three eminent men who were squeezed out as soon as they were found to be haters of Liberal Catholic shams. The only

remaining professor that had some real theological lore switched off into hazardous propositions which have since been condemned by all the clergy. The professor of English Literature in the "Catholic University of America"—sweet, modest title, by the way, ignoring Canada, Mexico, Central and South America—lately boasted that it was no longer chiefly a Divinity School, the purpose for which it was first founded, no longer even a strictly Catholic school, since a Protestant taught the course of Political Economy and many of the pupils were Protestant. In fifteen years this much coddled university has produced nothing but a very small number of students and a few doctors of divinity, two or three of whom have written brilliant articles in defence of the faith. Its first Rector was deposed by the Holy See and later on made archbishop, its second has been transferred to the government of a diocese, its third is the author of the term "Americanism" applied proudly to himself and all those who shared his peculiar opinions, which now of course he repudiates. Many of the theological students attending the university lectures, far from being, as the original purpose was, priests ordained after a full seminary course of theology, are recent converts with a year or two of wretched Latin rudiments and no theology at all before they entered the university. The chief result of this great effort at establishing a university for the improvement of the clergy has been to inspire its students with a vulgar pride in fine buildings, in freedom from rule and in showy, shallow lectures.

This condition, known of course to the first foundress, together with the recent bankruptcy of Mr. Thos. E. Waggaman, treasurer of the university, whose failure may seriously embarrass the Board of Directors, accounts in a measure for the Marquise's petulant profession of Protestantism. In her long declaration she gives no valid reason for her return to Protestantism. She is known to have been ailing for several years. The Board of Directors have had no official communication from her and cannot explain her present state of mind. But may not the sad failure of her pet project have influenced her evidently emotional nature?

Brother Edward's remarkable speech at the Silver Jubilee banquet in honor of the Brothers of Mary deserves careful perusal. He shows how the constitution of the religious order to which he and his brethren belong embodies one of the fundamental principles of the New Testament—the equality of all religious in their tendency towards spiritual perfection. The Institute of the Brothers of Mary is unique in that, although composed of priests as well as laymen, the former are ordained solely for the benefit of the more numerous lay brothers, to serve as their confessors and spiritual directors, and to act as superiors, general and provincial, and rectors of classical colleges. In all other cases a Brother may be the superior whom a Father has to obey. Although this arrangement is unique in our time it is not new in the history of the Church. St. Francis of Assisi was the Founder and General Superior of a large Order containing, even in his lifetime, thousands of priests, and yet he himself was only a deacon. Many monasteries of the early ages were ruled by men not in holy orders, who had priests under them. The reason of this is that the priesthood, although imprinting a sacredness to the recipient thereof, does not necessarily imply a tendency towards spiritual perfection, whereas the religious state does. Our Lord did not say, "If thou wilt be perfect, be ordained and preach the gospel"; but, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell all thou hast." He thus made religious poverty the indispensable requisite for a state of perfection. Communities of priests who observe celibacy and obedience to a rule are not religious if they take no vow of poverty, that is, if their property is not held in common and used only by permission of superiors. But once that vow of poverty is faithfully observed, priests and laymen in every religious order are perfectly equal as regards their tendency to perfection and their spiritual advantages. This was the

condition of the apostles and of all the disciples of the Lord: "And all they that believed had all things common. Their possessions and goods they sold, and divided them to all, according as every one had need" (Acts II, 44-46). Gradually, as this was not the fulfilment of a command, but only the practice of an advice or counsel given by the Master to fervent souls, when fervor waned the practice became less general, although it remained much more common during the first ten centuries of the Christian era than during the eleventh and twelfth, when most of the clergy were secularized. Then came the great revivals of the thirteenth, sixteenth and nineteenth centuries when the religious orders increased and multiplied anew.

The following paragraph from the Liverpool "Catholic Times" of Oct. 14th, confirms what we have already written of the abortive Congress of Free-thought in Rome.

"Freethinkers in France are displeased at the fiasco which resulted from the insolent gathering of their brethren in Rome. In revenge they have been celebrating a high week at Amiens. The Town Hall, the circus, the staffs of the municipality were given over to them. Meetings of the approved type took place, and a decree was issued which doubtless was meant to prove the importance of the Congress. Here it is: 'Morality is a product of human evolution; as it is methodically perfected, so will it become more and more scientific; it is absolutely independent of all religious doctrine'. There we have the naked aim of all modern freethought. It intends not simply to discard dogmas, but to root up ethics. As we said last week, its object is to bring back the license of paganism. It hates religion because religion is the sanction of moral restraints. A gospel of the body, it seeks to hide away every sign of the gospel of the spirit. Thus, at Lorient, on the representation of the Society of Free-thought, the Municipal Council has forbidden the public carrying of Holy Viaticum by the clergy. What power has the Society of Free-thought to demand such a municipal prohibition? None whatever; but apparently in France City Councillors dread to do anything which would meet with the disapprobation of the men to whom all religion is a subject of mockery because it turns the mind to, contemplate the consequences of disregarding the duties it teaches. And, after all, if a man may think as he likes, why may he not do as he wills?"

In the middle of last month a number of French physicians visited London in a body. One of these doctors who was on the staff of a great Paris hospital and had had practical experience of hospital work in Berlin and Vienna, said to a reporter of the Pall Mall Gazette: "What has impressed us most, perhaps, is the high standard of the nursing staff not only here but in every hospital we have seen. You seem to be able to attract a socially higher and better educated class for the work than we can. Of course, at present we are very badly off in France. Many of our best nurses were nuns. They have now been deported, you understand. They were kind to the patients, but 'enfin' they were nuns. Now we have to educate a new supply of nurses, and I hope we shall be able to attract the type of woman you have." We have pretty much the same type here among our lay nurses; the very best bred, but educated and best working girls take to the noble nursing profession. One ambitious girl went too far on the ladylike tack. Applying for a place as nurse in a famous Montreal Hospital, she sent the only photo she had of herself, a low necked one, and was promptly refused.

Other countries will profit by the loss which French hospitals are enduring. We are thankful for a large share of this profit. Six Daughters of the Holy Cross, lately expelled from France, have taken the former boys' school adjoining St. Mary's Church on Hargrave Street and offer a safe and comfortable shelter to Catholic girls momentarily out of work or absent from their homes.

Clerical News.

In last week's first instalment of the Silver Jubilee Banquet report, Rev. Father Trudel's degree was marked as "Ph.D." it ought, of course, to have been "D.D." Doctor of Divinity, a title which he secured by examination in Rome.

The Superior General of the Brothers of the Cross, the Very Brother Firmin, was here this week and visited his brethren at St. Pierre and St. Jean Baptiste.

One of the degrees voted at the recent General Chapter of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate was the erection of a second province of their order in the United States. The older province, comprising the Northern, Northwestern and Eastern States is, as we said last week, under the new Provincial, Very Rev. Dr. Fallon. The new province, which comprises the Southwestern States, is under another new Provincial, the Very Rev. Father Constantineau, of San Antonio, Texas, formerly rector of Ottawa University. By exception the Oblate residence at Duluth is under the Vicar of Missions in this diocese, the Very Rev. P. Magan.

Persons and Facts

Mrs. and Miss Monchamp left this week to spend the winter in Florida.

The Beautification of the Cure of Ars is fixed for the 8th January next.

The Emperor of Corea, through an envoy extraordinary, has sent an autograph letter to the Pope.

On Wednesday, the 23rd inst, Miss Mathilde Bernier, daughter of Hon. Senator Bernier, left for Montreal to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary.

On Monday evening last the pupils of St. Mary's Academy, Crescentwood, presented a charming musical and dramatic entertainment to a large and elect audience of friends, in honor of the Feast of the Presentation.

The Oblates of St. Charles, Bayswater, London, have made a gift of ten thousand pounds to the Cardinal Vaughan Memorial School to be built at Westminster.

The mild, open weather, so unusual at this season, has enabled many farmers to prepare, by ploughing, a much larger acreage than ever before for next year's crop. This high temperature contrasts favorably with the snowstorms that have tied up railway trains in England, with the terrific gales in and around New York the Saturday before last and with the heavy snowfalls below Quebec.

Last Monday evening Father Drummond lectured before the St. John's Literary and Musical Society in the corner of Main street and Church avenue on "How to acquire a good style in writing and speaking." The attentive and appreciative audience was, the chairman (Rev. E. E. M. Phair) said, the largest ever assembled there. Canon Coombs proposed the vote of thanks, which was seconded by Prof. Williamson, both gentlemen dwelling upon special points in the lecture. Canon Murray also enlivened the proceedings by some very happy remarks.

Obituary

THE LATE MRS. E. J. BARCLAY.

Many residents of Brandon and Winnipeg were greatly grieved and shocked on learning last Saturday afternoon and in this city on Monday of the sudden death of Mrs. E. J. Barclay of Brandon. She had been suffering from cancer for a long time and went recently to Chicago to undergo an operation. At first the news was hopeful, but soon the shock to her system became so great that she was unable to withstand it.

Mr. E. J. Barclay, who accompanied his wife to Chicago and was present at her deathbed, has the sympathy of all his many friends, for both he and his wife had the knack of making true friends. Mrs. Barclay was a devout Catholic and leaves one son, Mr. Henry Barclay of Winnipeg and Miss Lillian Barclay of Brandon. Among the near relatives of the dear departed one are two sisters, Mrs. J. C. Kavanagh of this city and Mrs. K. G. Girdlestone, all natives of Halifax.

The funeral took place Tuesday at St. Augustine's church.

R. I. P.

Marriage

WATSON-KEMBALL

On Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock in St. Mary's church, a quiet but very happy wedding took place, when the Rev. Father McCarthy united in the bonds of matrimony at a nuptial mass, Miss Hilda Mary Kemball, daughter of Cuthbert Alfred Kemball, to Mr. Joseph Watson, of this city. The bride wore a handsome dress of bisque color with a large picture hat, shirred silk to match. Miss Agnes Kemball was bridesmaid, and the groom's brother Edward Watson, stood as best man. Music and singing added much to the impressive ceremony. The happy couple were the recipients of many beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Watson left for St. Louis and other cities in the United States. On their return they will reside in Winnipeg.

PARLIAMENT IS CONVENED

Elaborate Arrangements for a Mock Session to be Held in Catholic Club.

(Tribune Nov. 21, 1904.)

A solemn proclamation has been posted on the bulletin board of the Catholic club summoning in grave accents, "The legislators of these Dominions to consider the welfare of our subjects, to assemble in our legislative chambers in the Catholic club rooms on Tuesday evening Nov. 29, at 8 p. m." On that date a mock parliament is to be solemnly inaugurated. Many details were adjusted at a meeting held yesterday afternoon, but another meeting will be held Tuesday evening at 7.30 o'clock in St. Mary's new school previous to the lecture by Rev. Father Drummond, S. J. All members of the club are invited to be present.

"Our trusty and well beloved Lord Thomas Daniel Deegan, Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George," has been appointed governor-general, and his excellency will present the message from the throne at the opening of the session. The Populists are in power with Hon. J. E. O'Connor as premier. The Plutocrats, or party of wealth, have the unique position of being in the opposition, which is led by Mr. Murray. The leaders are supported by several other barristers of the city, but the younger members of the house will be given an opportunity to shine in a national light if they be gifted therefor.

Hon. Mr. O'Connor, president of the council, and minister of justice, has selected a galaxy of erudite and most able men for his cabinet. The portfolios have been assigned as follows: Secretary of war, Daniel Coyle; Minister of finance, C. W. O. Lane; minister of the interior, O. Marrin; minister of railways and public works, W. J. Donovan; minister of militia and defence, W. Bawlf; minister of customs, Dr. McKenty; minister of marine and fisheries, J. A. Barry; postmaster-general, Harry Wallace. Frank W. Russell, member for Carlton, has been chosen speaker for the House; clerk of the House, Daniel Dalton; gentleman usher of the black rod, William Jordan; sergeant-at-arms, J. Gladnich; chaplain, Rev. Father Frigon. The whips will be: Populists, E. J. Golden and T. O'Callaghan; Plutocrats, A. H. Kennedy and H. H. Cottingham.

A list of the members of the House and their constituencies is posted at the club.

At the meeting tomorrow night the policies of the two parties will be presented to their constituents.

Speakers in the first evening will be Messrs. Coyle, O'Callaghan, Donovan, Barry. Opposition—Messrs. Marrin, Cottingham, and Kennedy.

BUGOLOGY.

(From the "New World," Chicago.)

A few days ago the esteemed "Daily Journal" contained some sensible editorial remarks with regard to the public schools. It asserted that they undertake to teach too much, and intimated that they teach several things inadequately. The faddists, it declared, crowd too many studies into the curriculum, thereby injuring both the minds and the health of pupils.

Now, according to one of the morning journals, another peril is upon us. Superintendent Cooley, it is said, "is a devotee of nature study, and has been given authority by the School Board to retire the study of civil government, history and grammar and put public school pupils to studying" the ant, the grasshopper, the caterpillar and the cornucopia moth. The paper referred to says the following hereafter may be heard in the public school rooms of Chicago:

Teacher: "Children, you may now each take a specimen of the Melanopus differentialis from the desk. Lay the specimen down with the anterior end from you and the posterior end toward you. Note the main differences between the dorsal side and the ventral side. Above the antennae look for the ocelli. Below the epicranium is the clypeus, and below this is the movable labrum. Trace each of these and find the irregularities of surface."

Our profound respect to Mr. Melanopus Differentialis, LL.D. He is only a plaintive, gray grasshopper, but he is in luck. In the public schools of Chicago he will receive more attention than will the great God who created him. In the past, pistils and petioles, culms and corollas, anthers, glumes, whorls, fascicles, ovates and serrates have been studied while the commandments of God were ignored; but now we are to drop down into bugology. Apparently some strange strepsipeter is crawling beneath somebody's hat.

HIS SUPPLICATION SPEEDILY ANSWERED.

A leading Chicago paper is authority for the following incident: Recently a poor Portuguese immigrant was lost in the streets of that great city. He was alone and friendless, and could find no one who was able to understand him. Finally, overcome with grief and fatigue, he sank down upon the steps of St. Peter's Church—the Franciscan Church—in the thickly settled district inhabited by all sorts and conditions of men—chiefly, sad to

say, not of the best class. "Mary, Mother, help me!" he cried, appealingly; and there he was found in a short time by the only Portuguese policeman on the Chicago police force, who gave him care and found employment for him.

SOME BOOKS THAT GIRLS READ.

(By Mary B. O'Sullivan, in Donahoe's for October.)

Girls have their favorites among the novelists and essayists, and the books show the degree of popularity they have attained. "Katherine Eleanor Conway's books are always out," said the custodian, "the special favorites in her set being 'New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways' and 'Labor's Maples.'" Anna Hanson Dorsey has a numerous following, her "Two Ways" and "Tomboy" being in constant circulation. These two stories are bound together in a short, thick volume with large type, a kind of book that has an attraction all its own for young people. A little girl at the round table was absorbed in a well-thumbed book, Abbie Farwell Brown's "Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts," a delightful collection of stories familiar to every generation of Catholic youth, but told anew by this modern Protestant writer with a charm that is all her own. Rosa Mulholland, Helen Hunt Jackson, and Louis Alcott, are much read; and Marion Ames Taggart's "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet" is never allowed to remain on the shelves. "The Sister's Story" is another favorite with the girls; and Christian Reid has a strong clientele among them, just as she did among their mothers, which is saying a great deal for her popularity. Lady Georgiana Fullerton is occasionally asked for.

Two copies of "His Hidden Servants," Francisca Alexander's exquisite volume of stories in verse, pass from reader to reader unceasingly; and Father Sheehan's "My New Curate," and "Luke Delmege" never get from the desk to the shelves, as requests for them are always waiting. Among the applicants was a high school girl who had read "Luke Delmege," having taken it from the Central Library, and now applied to the Service Station for a copy. Her father, a Jew, had become interested in the story and was very anxious to finish it.

THE IRISH SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.

(By Dr. James J. Walsh, in Donahoe's for October.)

It has been always generally recognized that a very important portion of what is called English literature is really due to the native genius of the English-speaking writers of Irish birth and parentage whose Celtic qualities of mind and heart have proved the sources of some of the most significant developments in the language of their adoption. What a large lacuna would be created in English literature by the removal from it of the work of such men as Dean Swift, Goldsmith, Burke, Sheridan, and Moore. It is not so generally known, however, that if the work of the distinguished Irish physicians and surgeons of the last century were to be blotted out of English medical literature there would be left quite as striking and as wide a gap. It is indeed to what is known as the Dublin School of Medicine, for medical schools have very properly been named usually after the cities rather than the countries in which they were situated, that we owe not a little of our modern progress in practical medicine, and especially the advance in the clinical teaching of the medical sciences. Now that the Gaelic movement is calling attention more than ever before to things Irish, it seems only proper that this feature of the national life should be given its due prominence and that the great members of the Irish School of Medicine should not be without honor in their own and English-speaking countries.

TEACHERS THAT NEVER GROW OLD.

(Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.)

At times in our cities there is a strong preference expressed for younger teachers. A Chicago superintendent recently placed this preference upon a more rational basis when he said: "When I speak of beauty and youth, I mean beauty of expression and youth of spirit. I know a teacher who is physically deformed and ugly, but I consider her one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. So do her pupils, and that is what counts."

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One of the pictures is called

"Heart Broken"

We will not let the reader into the secret of what has happened, but one of the merry little companions of the woeful little maid who has broken her heart is laughing already, and the other hardly knows what has happened. Cut flowers nod reassuringly at them, and a bright bit of verdure covered wall stands in the background. There is something piquantly Watteauesque about one of the petite figures, suggesting just a touch of French influence on the artist.

The other picture presents another of the tremendous perplexities of childhood. It is called

"Hard to Choose"

As in the other picture, we will not give away the point made by the artists before the recipients analyze it for themselves. Again there are three happy girls in the picture, caught in a moment of pause in the midst of limitless hours of play. One of the little maids still holds in her arms the toy horse with which she has been playing. Flowers and butterflies color the background of this, and an arbour and a quaint old table replace the wall.

The two pictures together will people any room with six happy little girls, so glad to be alive, so care-free, so content through the sunny hours amidst their flowers and butterflies, that they must brighten the house like the throwing open of shutters on a sunny morning.

Quick Reference Map of The Dominion of Canada

SPECIALLY PREPARED

The map of the Dominion of Canada will fill a long felt want. It has been prepared specially for the Family Herald and Weekly Star, and is right up-to-date. It is printed on a sheet 22 x 28 inches, each province in a different color; it shows the adjacent portions of the United States, the exact location of the towns, villages, etc., all railroad routes, including the new G. T. Pacific. It gives the population according to the very latest census, of all small and large places in Canada. With the Dominion maps will be enlarged provincial maps, that appeal to subscribers in each province, as follows:

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QUOTATIONS FROM "SUCCESS ARTICLES BY ALLEN WEST IN MONTREAL STAR.

NEGLECTFUL PARENTS NOT INTERESTED.

The people who do not seem interested in success are those who neglect the duties of parents in our homes, and possibly those who do not teach the fundamental principles of success in our schools. One of the greatest merchants in Montreal has called my special attention to the lack of home training, by which parents fail to equip their children for success in our stores. He says the stores have enough to teach what pertains to business itself, and have neither time nor opportunity to drill children in obedience and courtesy.

All business men call my attention to the fact that many who undertake to do stenographic work accept positions without either the school education or the typewriting and shorthand training that will make their services acceptable.

STENOGRAPHY TAKES MUCH STUDY.

Great authorities upon stenography—Mr. Owens, of Ottawa; Mr. Downing, of Toronto; and Miss Graham, of Montreal, for instance—say that it takes lots of brains and hard study to equip stenographers for success, and success means not the \$6 a week which the great army of incompetents eagerly seek, but the \$10 and \$15 and \$25 a week positions, which are far in excess of proper people to fill them.

Stenographers reading this will get the impression that I know lots of people anxious to pay good prices for good work, and that is exactly the impression I wish to create. The great business institutions, the great railroads, the great manufacturing enterprises of Canada have millions of dollars on deposit in our banks with which to pay for the brains and expertness.

BRAINS ARE AT A PREMIUM.

Brains were never at such a premium as they are now.

The world's work is concentrating itself in organized effort.

The greatest prosperity man has ever seen is offering dazzling prizes to those who can win them.

Take your mind off the subject of how to earn \$25 or \$50 a week, and think for a minute of a salary of \$25,000 or \$50,000 a year. There are men in Canada to-day who are not only getting these salaries, but they are earning them, and more, too. These men have risen from poor boys by their own efforts.

There is no question of price when it comes to filling the big positions of the world, where hard work is measured neither by hours nor by salaries.

DUSTING OFF THE DESKS.

It's the boy who gets down early in the morning and dusts off the desks and sees that the boss's mail is laid out in order who gets lifted ahead into something better.

It's the fellow who is studying how much he can do—not how little—who gets a chance to do a good deal and gets a good deal for doing it.

It's not the fellow who rubbernecks at the clock around closing time, and

breaks the record hiking for his hat when the bell rings, and turns down a proposition from the head of the department to help fix the windows, or unpack goods, or something else not on his list, because he has to keep a date.

It is the head of one of the big railroads who told me recently that the kind of man he wasn't looking for was the one who was always looking for the easy end of the thing.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, ACCORDING TO MR. DOOLEY.

"It's strange about th' vice-prisidincy, Hinnessy. Th' prisidincy is th' highest office in th' gift iv th' people. Th' vice-prisidincy is th' next highest and th' lowest. It isn't a crime exactly. Ye can't be sint to jail fr it, but it's a kind iv a disgrace. It's like writin' anonymous letters. Whin Sinitor Elkins is asked about his father-in-law, Hinnery Davis, now, he shakes his head an' says: 'We don't speak iv him anny more in th' fam'ly.' At a convintion nearly all th' dillygates lave as soon as they've nomynated th' prisidint fr' as if it was an indictment. They offered it to me frind Joe Cannon an' th' language he used brought th' blush iv shame to th' cheeks iv a naygur dillygate fr'm Allybamy. They thried to hand it to Hinnery Cabin Lodge an' he wept bitterly. They found a man fr'm Wisconsin who was in dhrink an' had almost nomynated him whin his wife came in an' dhraged him away fr'm ttemptation. Th' way they got Sinitor Fairbanks to accept was be showin' him a pitcher iv our gr-reat an' noble prisidint thryin' to jump a horse over a six-foot fence. An' they on'y prevailed upon Hinnery Davis to take this almost onequaled honour be tellin' him that th' raison th' Sage iv Esopus didn't speak earlier was because he has weak lungs.

"Why is it, I wondher, that ivrybody runs away fr'm a nomynation fr' vice-prisidint as if it was an indictment be th' gran' jury? It usen't to be so. I niver voted fr Grover Cleveland. I wudden't vote fr him anny more thin he'd vote fr me. I voted fr ol' man Thurman an' Tom Hendricks an' Adly Stevenson before he become a professional vice-prisidint. They thought it was an honour but if ye'd read their bio-graphies to-day, ye'd find at th' end, 'Th' writer will pass over th' closin' years iv Mr. Thurman's career hurriedly. It is enough to say iv this painful peroyd that after a lifetime iv devoted sarvice to his country, th' statesman's declinin' days was clouded be a gr-reat sorrow. He become vice-prisidint iv th' United States. Oh, how much better 'twere that he shud be sawed off arly be th' gr-reat reaper Death, thin that a life iv honour shud end in ignomy.' It's a turrible thing. I read in th' pa-aper four years ago, 'Foul plot again Thaydore Rosenfelt. Platt an' Hanna schame to make him vice-prisidint.' I r-read th' other day, 'Attack on Joe Cannon. Odell proposes him fr vice-prisidint. Cannon pleadin' with his frinds to save him.' Bimeby whin th' campaign opmity runs short iv funds, they'll raise th' wind he goin' around an' threatenin' pluthycrats with th' nomynation. Ye'll hear people say: 'That boy will come to no good end. He will be vice-prisidint.'"

A SONG: IN OCTOBER.

(By Maurice Francis Egan, in Donahoe's for October.)

The acorns fall, and slow decay,—
"To send up tender green in spring,"
The red leaves flutter every way,
The meadow larks no longer sing.

The shadow of white death is near,
The wind bears coldly winter's breath,
"Ah, fearful heart, have then no fear,
The May must come,—there is no death."

Death lurks behind the maples' glow,
"Life lives beyond the frost-wing's flight,
There is no death,—Christ wills it so!
The darkness leads into the Light!"

THE LABORER IS WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.

Once in a while, when the "Sacred Heart Review" gently reminds a subscriber that his subscription is for years overdue, we receive a letter which expresses the shock the said subscriber has experienced on the receipt of our polite intimation that he pay up. "What," he exclaims, "you a Catholic editor, demanding money for your paper? Why, I never heard of such a thing! Is it not enough that I take your paper from the post-office every week and read it? Is there not satisfaction enough for you in the thought that the excellent Catholic matter with which your paper is filled every week is being read? Why this demand for money when you say over and over again that your work is being done for the Church and for souls?" These may not be the exact words of such a communication, but they are the sentiments to a dot. And every time we receive such a shocked expression of opinion, we are reminded of the story of a certain Baptist preacher whose salary had not been paid for several months, and who at last told the trustees that he must have his money as his family was suffering for want of the necessaries of life. "Money!" exclaimed one of the trustees, noted for his stinginess. "Do you preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls." The minister replied: "So I do; but I can not eat souls. And if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."—Sacred Heart Review.

JOHN WESLEY'S UNIQUE DISTINCTION.

(From the Freeman's Journal.)
... We suspect that this was also Wesley's view, for he never intended to establish a distinct and independent church. He was a minister of the Church of England and lived and died in that communion. His idea was to establish a society or order within the pale of the Anglican Church, and under its obedience, as St. Benedict, St. Francis, St. Ignatius and St. Vincent de Paul established societies or orders within the pale of and under obedience to the Catholic Church. But it was a task too great for him. His followers broke away from the Church of England and established what is now known as the Methodist Church, while the founder of the society remained in the Church of England and died in its communion. The Methodist Church, has therefore, the unique distinction of being founded by a man who never belonged to it.

Treated by Three Doctors for a Severe Attack of Dyspepsia, Got No Relief From Medicines, But Found It At Last In Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Frank Hutt, Morrisburg, Ont., was one of those troubled with this most common of stomach troubles. She writes:—"After being treated by three doctors, and using many advertised medicines, for a severe attack of Dyspepsia, and receiving no benefit, I gave up all hope of ever being cured. Hearing Burdock Blood Bitters so highly spoken of, I decided to get a bottle, and give it a trial. Before I had taken it I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken the second one I was completely cured. I cannot recommend Burdock Blood Bitters too highly, and would advise all sufferers from dyspepsia to give it a trial."

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High Mass, with sermon, 10.30 a.m.
Vespers, with an occasional sermon, 7.15 p.m.
Catechism in the Church, 3 p.m.
N.B.—Sermon in French on First Sunday in the month, 9 a.m. Meeting of the children of Mary 2nd and 4th Sunday in the month, 4 p.m.

WEEK DAYS—Masses at 7 and 7.30 a.m. On first Friday in the month, Mass at 8 a.m. Benediction at 7.30 p.m.

N.B.—Confessions are heard on Saturdays from 3 to 10 p.m., and every day in the morning before Mass.

C. M. B. A.

Grand Deputy for Manitoba.
Rev. A. A. Cherrier, Winnipeg, Man.

Agent of the C.M.B.A.
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SATURDAY, NOV. 26, 1904.

Calendar for Next Week.

NOVEMBER

27—First Sunday in Advent.
28—Monday—St. Sylvester, Abbot.
29—Tuesday—Vigil, Patronage of the
Blessed Virgin Mary (transferred
from the last Sunday after Pentecost)
30—Wednesday—St. Andrew, Apostle,
Fast Day.

DECEMBER

1—Thursday—Manifestation of the
Blessed Virgin Mary (transferred
from Nov. 27).
2—Friday—St. Bibiana, Virgin, Martyr,
Fast Day.
3—Saturday—St. Francis Xavier, Con-
fessor.

ALL PRAISE TO THE PRESIDENT.

Every decent man and good woman will heartily indorse President Roosevelt's order to the Governor of Arizona to retake, with the aid of United States troops, the nineteen orphans that had been forcibly taken from Catholic sisters. These children were placed in resorts in the towns of Morenci and Clifton that are frequented by the worst class of men and women. When the orphans were sent from the New York Orphan Asylum in care of sisters and nurses, the intention was to distribute them among Catholic Mexican families who were willing to adopt the little ones. A local priest had vouched for the respectability of each of these families.

Anti-Catholic prejudice was aroused to fever point by the announcement that Catholic Sisters had come from New York to place Catholic orphans in Catholic families. Morenci and Clifton were stirred to their depths. By the way, these two Arizona towns are noted for having an over supply of the worst sort of dives, patronized by the most depraved specimens of the criminal class. A press dispatch gives us this picture of the moral condition of the communities, whose sense of fitness was offended by the placing of Catholic orphans in good, responsible homes:

"Morenci and Clifton abound in resorts frequented by the worst class of men and women in the world. In them fugitives from justice can be found—bandits, robbers, murderers, thieves and gamblers. The dives are of the very lowest order, and there are nightly revels in the grog shops, dance halls and gambling houses. Murders are of common occurrence, and hardly a day passes that one or more men are not shot down either on the streets or in one of the dives. The women who frequent these places are no better than the men. They are outcasts from every State and Territory and from Mexico."

Such are the "moral communities" that deemed it their duty to safeguard orphans against influence of Catholic homes. Sister Teresa, who, with another sister, and some nurses, had the children in charge, tells the following story of how the chivalry of Morenci treated weak and defenceless women, who had been guilty of the crime of taking the place of mothers to helpless little ones:

"When we arrived in Morenci a mob of men surrounded the car and threatened to kill us unless we took the children back at once. They abused us and cursed us, and we fled to a hotel for privacy, but we could not get away from that mob. We were not permitted to close the doors of our rooms, and all day men came in and pointed pistols at us, threatening us with death.

"The next morning (Monday) when the Mexicans at Clifton, who had been ordered to give up the children, started to bring them to us, they were met by armed Americans, who seized the little ones and made off with them. What became of them we do not know.

"The Mexicans then went to their homes and returned with revolvers. While I was cowering in my room, surrounded by twenty-four of the children still left to me, a man came in and seized three of the nicest looking children and walked away. Then we were told that the nurses and I would be killed unless we fled. We were ordered to leave the children. Trembling with terror, we took the train and went to St. Louis, taking the children left with us."

The fate of the children who were kidnapped from their Mexican guardians is described in a press dispatch, which tells how they were distributed amongst the

lowest of the low in Clifton and Morenci. "Some," to quote the dispatch, "were taken to the filthy grog shops, where they were kept for the amusement of the rough patrons. Others were taken to even worse places, to be reared among vicious women and to be taught vice as these women know it." When these facts were brought to the attention of President Roosevelt he acted promptly. Without losing a moment's time he forwarded orders to the Governor of Arizona to rescue the little ones, "even," as the press dispatch put it, "if the United States army were required."

The indignation at the outrage committed upon helpless children, as indicated in the orders transmitted to Governor Brodie, is characteristic of President Roosevelt. A natural born hater of injustice, whatever shape it assumes, he fights it, regardless of personal consequences. It would be impossible to imagine Theodore Roosevelt remaining indifferent to such an outrage as that committed upon Sisters of Charity by anti-Catholic bigots, who, though they have cut themselves loose from the moral restraint imposed by the Protestant religion, still retain a frenzied hatred of the Catholic Church.

President Roosevelt has established another claim to the respect and esteem of his fellow countrymen by the prompt and energetic manner in which he has dealt with religious bigotry in its worst form.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"Canada West" is beginning to be used to designate this part of the Dominion. It appears in large letters on the blank wall of Scott's new, six storey building. How that term has travelled westward. Fifty years ago it was applied to any place a hundred miles west of Montreal. We are inclined to think it has got beyond Manitoba and Assiniboia. We believe the eastern limit of Canada "West" ought to be somewhere near Medicine Hat, more than six hundred miles west of Winnipeg. This part of the Dominion from Lake Superior to Alberta, should be called Central Canada, for that is what it undoubtedly is; we live in the central valley of Canada. Not a few wise people think we shall one day be in every sense the financial and social, as well as the geographical centre of the Dominion.

MOST PERFECT CHURCH IN AMERICA.

Rev. Father Drummond's Opinion of Edifice Erected by Little Congregation in Fargo (Winnipeg Tribune, Nov. 16, 1904.)

Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., returned last evening from Fargo, N.D. where he preached a triduum in connection with the jubilee of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. The eloquent Jesuit preached two sermons daily, on Friday and Saturday and three on Sunday.

"I was very much struck with the enterprise of the Catholics at Fargo," remarked Father Drummond. "What is noteworthy about the cathedral of Fargo is that it is the most beautiful church edifice in all the Northwest; everybody admits that. The Catholic congregation of the town of Fargo is the smallest in the town, and yet it has the finest church. Fargo has 14,000 people and this congregation numbers only 600, really 400, counting out the infants in arms. The church seats 1,000, and is the most finished church in the States, I suppose, west of Cincinnati or perhaps west of New York. The pews are the most comfortable I have sat in; the kneelers are arranged so that one has plenty of room to kneel, without sitting on the benches, allowing everyone to kneel upright. The floor of the church drops 2 feet 6 inches from the entrance to the chancel, and it is roughly 200 feet long. The result is that the back pews are just as desirable as those in front. There is a greater fall in that church floor than in the Winnipeg Opera House.

"The acoustic properties are admirable. One may be heard in a whisper, and yet it is a large church. The stained glass windows are beautiful, and donated by parishioners. The stations of the cross are the finest west of New York; they are large figures in full relief, and while only a few figures at each station, the figures of all are very expressive. The pulpit is an exquisite work.

"The figure of Our Lord on the crucifix on the high altar is the sort of thing to make one shed tears of compassion, so expressive is the face, and the anatomy of the figure, life-sized, is so eloquent of intense suffering. The communion rail and the steps leading up to the chancel and the other two altars are perfect in every way. The electrical illuminations in the church are so arranged that one may illuminate

separately the beautiful ceiling, the organ loft, the pews, the altar, the pulpit or all together. The organ is a very powerful one and very soft in tone. The vestry or sacristy is perfectly appointed in every way. The confessionals are monuments of carved woodwork.

"In short, this is the most complete church I have ever seen in America; I may say that. Of course, I have seen many such churches in Europe, in England, where the population can undertake them. Here is a church that costs \$75,000, and is certainly worth \$120,000. The only explanation is the great architectural and financial genius of Rev. Father Lemieux, the rector of the cathedral. I may say I never enjoyed preaching so much in any other church. I was disappointed at the small attendance on week days, but on Sunday the church was crowded at all three services. The Catholic people of Fargo are a fine, generous people."

SWITZERLAND'S CATHOLIC VILLAGERS.

Rev. Dr. Lang, vicar of All Saints, Southend, England, gives his parish magazine some impressions of Switzerland, where he recently spent a holiday. Describing how Sunday is passed at Bristen, he says:

"As I went to the church at 8.30 a.m. I found the rustic path that does duty for a village street thronged with groups of men and boys, some in conversation, others sitting side by side on the roadside railings. This is probably their weekly club, where they get the chance once in seven days of exchanging family news—and smoking a pipe together. I wondered at first whether all these members of the 'nobler' sex were coming to church, as when I entered the sacred building there were only women and girls present, filling up the entire left side of the church, kneeling down or sitting quietly, looking neither to the right nor to the left—most of them with books of devotion.

"Presently, however, the male part of the community began to file in in military order—each one making his genuflection and signing himself with the holy water—filling the right hand seats from the top to the bottom of the church, and then overflowing into the space in the center. There is no need to ask where are the men in some parts of Christendom. As I sat there I could not help contrasting this Catholic village with Protestant Lausanne, in which it was my misfortune to be last year, and where most of the shops are open on Sunday, and no one seems to go to any place of worship, but to be bent on loafing about in Sunday attire!"

After giving an outline of the service, Dr. Lang concludes:

"The thought of 'Roman' had vanished from my mind—these people were Catholic Christians, keeping their Lord's commandment on His day. Many of them had made their communion, at one of the Masses earlier in the day; and all had a long and toilsome journey to make before they could get home. No wonder, then, if after service some stayed behind in the village for refreshment, and conviviality, yet all was quiet without anything of disorder, and soon the village returned to its normal state. One cannot help being impressed by such scenes as this, and it is impossible not to see that instead of wanting to convert these peasants and giving them Bibles and tracts, we might well take many a lesson from them and try to imitate them in their Christian devotion and simple piety."

Over the tea cups

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SILVER JUBILEE BANQUET TO THE BROTHERS OF MARY.

(Continued from last week.)

Rev Chairman and Gentlemen:

I am glad to have an opportunity to address you, representatives of the many boys that were taught here by the brothers these twenty-five years. And yet it is with reluctance that I rise to speak, for, as a newcomer, I am out of place in a jubilee celebration. My worthy predecessors who toiled here with you and for you amid surroundings that spoke of hardship and privation, who, in days gone by, in the little brown school house on Hargrave street, strove to lead you along the flowery path of knowledge by removing obstacles, and disclosing to you the many beauties beyond its thorny hedgerows—they, above all others, should be here to-night, address you in turn, and celebrate with you this jubilee.

But God has willed otherwise. Your old teachers are far from here. They are separated from you and from each other by thousands of miles. Bro. Bertram, who came here twenty-five years ago, is now president of St. Louis college, Honolulu, S. I. Bro. Anthony Ram-bach, who taught here from '83 to '86, has retired from active service as teacher and is enjoying a happy old age away out in Nagasaki, Japan, at a school with the beautiful title, "Our Lady Star of the Sea." Bro. James Banzer, his successor, is good for twenty more years, and is now teaching in Covington, Ky. Bro. William, brother to Bro. George, from St. Boniface, here with us to-night, is principal of St. Martin's Academy for boys, at Baltimore, Md. Bro. Francis Laehr, who was here at St. Mary's from '89 to '93, is principal of St. Joseph's school, Covington, Ky. His successor, Bro. John Jaekel, who taught here from '93 to '96, has since passed to his reward in a better life beyond. He died March 17, 1901, as acting principal of St. Mary's school, Cincinnati, O. He was succeeded by Brother Lewis, who outstripped all his predecessors in the length of time spent in Winnipeg. He was here eight years. He is, as many of you already know, principal of Holy Trinity school, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Others of your teachers, notable for their long sojourn up here are Bro. Celestin, who is now steward of the College of Our Lady Star of the Sea, Nagasaki, Japan; Bro. Xavier Antoni, here from '85 to '93, is at present teaching in Yokohama, Japan; Bro. Joseph Fink, who was here five years, is now teaching in San Francisco, Cal. Last, but not least, Bro. Thomas, here with us yet, will this year complete his eighth year at St. Mary's, Winnipeg.

You will no doubt be pleased to hear a few words about the religious order to which your teachers belong. In the Church we are known as the Society of Mary of Paris. The words "of Paris" are added to distinguish us from so many other orders that have taken the name of Mary. We are a teaching order, pure and simple, with no other object, outside our own spiritual perfection, but the instruction of children and the education of youth. We were founded in 1871 by the Rev. Joseph Chaminade, at Bordeaux, France. He gave us a costume differing in style but slightly from that of ordinary men in the world, in order to put us at ease in our work, to give us freer access to those with whom we must deal, and to spare the sensibilities of such as take offense at a too strictly clerical garb in the class room. Yet we are fully professed religious, having taken after due probation, the three vows of religion, poverty, chastity and obedience, as prescribed by the Church. The Society of Mary is unique in that it has enrolled in its membership priests and lay brothers who are absolutely on a par as regards social position in the order. Our priests are an institution with us, the raison d'être of which is the spiritual welfare of the lay members. They are our advisors, father confessors, and spiritual directors. They have no parish work. Their ministrations are for us at home. They are mainly employed as chaplains, and incidentally as teachers in our colleges and larger communities. The first superior of the order, his provincials, the presidents of classical institutions, and novice masters are by special mandate from Rome, always to be chosen from among their ranks. Otherwise they enjoy no prerogative. Indeed we have many houses of which the superior is a lay brother, and some members of the community, reverend fathers, who though respected, loved and esteemed because of their priestly character, are nevertheless employed merely as teachers, and in that capacity oftentimes rank below their more gifted brethren of the dark brown coat. This anomalous social order in our midst works admirably well. We count it

our greatest source of strength, for we have ever with us those whom Christ designated the salt of the earth, his priests with their sacred ministrations. We are essentially and solely a teaching order. We have schools and institutions of learning of all kinds and grades. We pride in our methods and believe our vocation to be the grandest under the sun. We receive the innocent child fresh from the hand of God, mould its character and direct its steps irrevocably heavenward; so that no matter through what vicissitudes it may pass in later life, what ups and downs it may experience, or even how deeply it may fall, it will yet in the end remember the sweet, innocent days of its childhood, recall the truths we taught it and so come back to its God again. Unlike the priest and the zealous missionary of the Church, we are no spiritual cobblers, patching up men's worn-out souls. No, we get the raw material direct from Heaven's store-house; fashion it all our own way, and put upon life's great market a finished article, brand new, stamped with God's own trade-mark. To quote a spiritual author, "We form men, mould generations, decide the fate of individuals for time and eternity, determine the destinies of empires, kingdoms and states. We give good children to families to become in their turn model heads of Christian households. We give worthy priests to the sanctuary, legislators and just magistrates to the state; defenders and protectors to religion, and saints to Heaven. There are other works of zeal more striking to the eye than the instruction of children and the education of youth, but none more solid, more fruitful of good, more worthy of the esteem of God and men." At the present day and until better times return for unhappy France, our distinctive name, "Society of Mary of Paris" is a misnomer. As a religious body we no longer exist in Paris, nor for that matter in any part of France. Until the recent wholesale robberies committed by Combes, the Freemason, and the other Grand Orient worthies at the head of affairs out in France, we were in possession of two large colleges in Paris, Stanislas and Monceau. The real estate of Stanislas alone was estimated at fifteen million francs. We were driven out and all our goods confiscated. In company with so many other religious orders, we were expelled from the provinces of France. We thus lost 58 primary schools, 37 colleges and boarding schools, 15 houses of formation for members of the order, 4 orphanages and the agricultural school of St. Remi, the largest and best of its kind in all France. We confidently trust these misfortunes to prove blessings in disguise. Providence well knows how to turn evil into good. Though we have found entrance into nearly every country in Europe; have schools throughout the length and breadth of the United States; are firmly established in Northern Africa, Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, China and Japan; yet we are not sufficiently numerous in countries outside of France to be other than provincial in membership. Even to this day the only Brothers of Mary that teach under the British flag that can be found anywhere within the vast empire ruled by His Majesty Edward VII., are we ten Brothers here with you at this Banquet to-night. If, beyond robbing us of goods to which, by the vow of poverty, we durst not attach our hearts, Combes do no more harm to us than drive our French conferees to seek refuge across the Channel on British soil, we English-speaking brothers will bless him for it and forgive him all the rest. What we have lost in France we seem to be gaining elsewhere. Reports from our remaining schools in Europe, and those we have here in America, and in the far east, show unprecedented increase of enrollment for the present year. Thus it ever is. History shows that in the designs of Providence the spread of truth is effected by persecution, by the very means employed of Satan to stay its progress. It is the old fabled Nemesis at work in the grand tragedy played by the church militant. As the sun which sets for the peoples in the east, only to rise for those in the west, so the light of Christian civilization no sooner wanes in lands where for ages it shone in the brightness of noon-day splendor, than it penetrates elsewhere to dispel the gloom and shed the light forfeited by nations that en masse, said in their hearts, there is no God. I have spoken too long. Yet I have one more word to say. I owe it in gratitude to you and in duty to Bro. Lewis, my predecessor. When I bade him goodbye in the Dayton Union Railway station—our trains due within five minutes of each other, his to pull out to the east and mine to the great Northwest, he took me by the hand and said, in half-choking voice, while I wondered at the great tear drop that stood in his

eye: "Good-bye, Bro. Edward. You are going to a cold country, but never fear. You will find many warm friends up there." As yet I have not tasted much of the coldness of this climate. But I assure you I have been more than agreeably surprised at the fulfillment of Bro. Lewis' second forecast. I have met nothing but friends up here, and they are unsurpassed for kindness of heart and warmth of affection.

THE OLD BOYS

The toast, "The Alumni," was offered by Rev. Bro. George, of St/ Boniface, one of St. Mary's veteran teachers. Rev. Dr. Trudel responded with a most fervently eloquent address. He spoke first of the old comradeship of school days that should be perpetuated by a permanent organization. Referring to old times, the speaker sketched strikingly the chapters of the life of the alumni; the first at the mother's knee, where as an innocent child he first

continued on page 6.

WANTED.—In every town and city, excepting Ontario, live energetic canvassers for **LMEN AND WOMEN**, a bright, new Catholic Home Journal. Only one of its kind in Canada. Sells at sight. Rare opportunity. Liberal inducements to right person. For full particulars apply to Headquarters, Smith's Falls, Ont. Box 390.

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I have carefully studied the different phases of the drink evil and am convinced beyond a doubt that drunkenness is a disease.

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I have known several people who seemed to be hopelessly addicted to drink, thoroughly cured of the habit by the Keeley Treatment when all other remedies had failed.

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INTERESTING LECTURES AT CLIFF HAVEN.

Monsignor Loughlin of Philadelphia occupied the third week mornings with five lectures on one of the most fascinating and vital subjects in the history of the Church, the Council of Trent. It is a mark of our intellectual deadness in America that the relation of this Council to the present time is not at all understood by the majority of the Catholic body. Yet it was the great reply of the infallible Church to the Protestant heresy, and its decrees are the rocks upon which false doctrines have been dashed to pieces. The exposition of Monsignor Loughlin was interesting and comprehensible to the lay mind. He himself is a characteristic prelate, tall and good-looking, with a distinguished manner, remarkably outspoken, and most hospitable of men. Upon his shoulders rests much of the honor connected with the founding of the Summer School. His colleague in charge of the evening lectures was Professor James J. Walsh of New York, one of the remarkable men of the day. He is able to lecture entertainingly on almost any subject, from literature to lobsters. I believe he excludes law and love. Psychology is his favorite topic. Making Catholics acquainted with the achievement of their great coreligionists in science and art and letters is his great delight. He can tell apt stories, true and well found, by the hour. He lectures all over the country, edits a medical journal and contributes numerous articles to all journals. His education, begun in Fordham, continued in Heidelberg and other universities, has never ended.

THE "GOOD LADY."

Attached to one of the parochial churches in Liverpool; St. Anthony's, is a large cemetery. As an addition to the church was required it became necessary to transport many of the bodies from their graves to another portion of God's acre. The diggers thus came to where hundreds of those who had been victims of the cholera epidemic had been buried. They were discovered in trenches or pits, having been placed there one above another and then covered with quick lime. In one of these deep graves twelve coffins had been piled one upon another. In the lowest of these, though the coffin itself was so rotten that it crumbled into powder when touched, they discovered the body of one who, judging by her dress, had not belonged to one of the poorer classes. The body was not only unchanged by death, but the limbs were quite supple; and the cheeks when slightly touched would change color just as would happen in a living person. There was no name by which the corpse could be identified, but amongst the hundreds who came to look upon the body before it was re-buried there were many among the aged who believed that it belonged to one who during life had been known by the title of "the Good Lady," who spent her time and her means in performing works of charity both corporal and spiritual among the poor and afflicted. Her name was unknown to the children of men, but from the incorrupt state of her body there can be little doubt that it was written in the Book of Life.

AN IMPRESSIVE REBUKE.

Dr. Seward Webb was entertaining a large shooting party at his estate in Vermont. Sport was excellent, and every evening after dinner hunting stories were told in the smoking room. Nearly all the stories were true, but there was one guest, a young man, who pulled the long bow a little. He pulled it more than a little on one occasion, and after he had concluded a story evidently impossible, Dr. Webb took him in hand. "In '94 I was shooting in the Rockies," said Dr. Webb. "I was after grizzlies. I trailed a grizzly to a high peak one day. I advanced toward it along the edge of a precipice three hundred feet high. Getting a good shot at last, I let drive, but missed. The big bear came for me then like lightning. I took aim again, but as I was about to fire my foot slipped, I fell, and my gun dropped from my hand and rolled over the precipice. There I lay, unarmed and helpless, and the maddened grizzly not six feet away." Here Dr. Webb paused and lighted a cigarette. The imaginative young man frowned impatiently. "Well?" he said. "Well? Go on. What happened?" Dr. Webb, looking him calmly in the eye replied: "The grizzly devoured me."



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SO-CALLED DARK AGES.

President Capen, of Tufts College, at its recent commencement, gave vent to some views regarding pre-Reformation Europe. He said in part:

"I stand in awe under the mighty arches of a great cathedral of the Old World. I look around on a vast pile which was centuries in building and which it would require the resources of an empire to reproduce. My eye is caught by the delicacy and grace which seemed to be the response to every tap of the workman's hammer. I say, surely the men of the olden time were not inferior to the men of to-day, and when I am reminded, too, that all this majesty and beauty were the votive offerings of faith and love, my soul is filled with humility and gratitude.

"I would not put the hands back on the dial plate of time. I would not have the nineteenth and twentieth centuries exchange places with the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. I would not have mankind halt in their mighty march of progress. Nor would I put out of mind the marvelous offerings for learning and charity which render our age illustrious.

"But I could wish that we had something more of the religious faith, something more of the absorbing devotion, something more of the self-denying love of those earlier times injected into our age, even though it might mean for all of us a simpler life and a loss of some of the products which we now reckon as a part of the wealth of the world. Economics might show a diminution in its account, but our essential humanity would be vastly enriched."

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Liquozone is not made by compounding drugs, nor is there alcohol in it. Its virtues are derived solely from gas—largely oxygen gas—by a process requiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. This process has, for more than 20 years, been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research.

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not kill. The reason is that germs are vegetables; and Liquozone—like an excess of oxygen—is deadly to vegetable matter.

There lies the great value of Liquozone. It is the only way known to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues, too. Any drug that kills germs is a poison, and it cannot be taken internally. Medicine is almost helpless in any germ disease. It is this fact that gives Liquozone its worth to humanity. And that worth is so great that, after testing the product for two years, through physicians and hospitals, we paid \$100,000 for the American rights.

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DION AND THE SIBYLS.

By Miles Gerald Keon

A CLASSIC CHRISTIAN NOVEL.

"Well may you," cried Thellus, "be filled with horror. Ah! then, when will a god descend from heaven, and give us a new world? I have one child in my home, a sweet, peaceful, natural-hearted, conscience-governed, loving little daughter. Her mother has gone away from me for ever to some world beyond death where more justice and more mercy prevail. The day when I lost her I had to fight in the arena. Eheu! She was anxious for me, she could not control her suspense; she saw the execrable Tiberius. Bah! do you think I'm afraid to speak? Of what should I be afraid? Thellus has been at the funeral of fear; yes, this many a day," continued Thellus, raising his voice; "she came to the Statilian amphitheatre against my express command; she saw the execrable Tiberius, contrary to every custom, after I had been victor in four fatal encounters, when I was worn out with fatigue, order me to meet a fresh antagonist; and looking up among the hundred thousand spectators, I beheld the sweet, loving face—I beheld the clasped and convulsive fingers. But, lo, who came forth to fight against me? Whom had the accused man provided as my next antagonist? Her only brother, poor Statius, whom Tiberius knew to be a gladiator, and whom he had thus selected for the more refined excitement of the spectators to fight against Thellus; but, above all, for his own more refined enjoyment, for the monster had tried and found my poor Alba incorruptible; and this was his revenge against a wretched gladiator and his faithful wife. Statius was no match for me; I tried to disarm him; after a while I succeeded, wounding him at the same time slightly. He fell, and his blood colored the sand. I looked to the people; they looked to Tiberius, waiting for the sign of mercy or execution. I was resolved in any case not to be the slayer of Statius.

"The prince turned up his thumb, to intimate that I was to kill my wounded opponent. The amphitheatre then rang with a woman's scream, and the people, with one impulse turned down their hands. I bore Statius in my own arms out of the arena; but when I reached home, I found my wife was near childbirth, delirious, and raving against me as the murderer of her brother. She died so, in my arms and in her brother's. She left me my poor little Prudentia, who is dearer to me than all this globe."

After taking breath, he added, quoting Paulus's words:

"But we are a gang of base-born, uneducated, and mercenary cut-throats."

"Oh! forgive, forgive, forgive my words," exclaimed Paulus, stretching out both hands toward the gladiator.

Thellus took those hands and said:

"Why, I love you, lad. I love you like a son. I am not high-born enough to be a father to the like of you; but it is not forbidden me to love a noble youth who hates baseness and is ignorant of fear. I'll tell you more; but first answer me—are you of opinion, from what has passed between us, that Thellus is an uneducated man?"

"I am afraid that you are better educated than I am."

"In any case," replied Thellus, "I am ready to confess that the qualities and virtues exercised by gladiators are exercised for a wrong purpose, and in a wrong way. But tell me, why is bread made? You will not say because bakers bake it. That would be a girl's answer; it would be saying that a thing is because it is, or is made because it is made. Why is it made? Because it is wanted. Would bakers bake it if nobody ate it? If nobody wanted to live in a house, would masons build any? or would there even be any masons? You could not, I grant, have music if there were no musicians, if none wanted music. It is the gladiator, unquestionably, who does the fighting in the arena; but if none wanted the fighting, you would have no gladiators. I

have told you how we are trepanned in helpless infancy; and not only reared, prepared, and fitted for this calling, but hopelessly unfitted for every other. We supply the spectacle—but who desires the spectacle? It is not we; we are the only sufferers by it; we detest it. But whatever in so dreadful and wicked a pastime can be noble, courageous, unselfish, heroic, we the same, we the victims, give and exhibit; and all the selfishness of it, all that is cowardly in it, all that is cruel, base, despicable, execrable, and accursed, sits on the benches, and applauds or yells in the wedges; this you, you, who go thither, and bring thither us, your victims, this you produce, this is your contribution to it. Ours is honor, valor, skill, and dauntless death; yours, inhumanity, cowardice, baseness, luxurious ease, and a safe, lazy and besotted life."

"It is true," said Paulus. "Hideous are the pleasures, detestable the glories of this gigantic empire; but unless, as you say, a God himself were to come down from heaven, how will it ever be reformed?"

"How, indeed?" answered Thellus.

Little did they dream who a certain Child in Syria was, who had then entered his eleventh year!

CHAPTER XII.

A short silence followed the concurring exclamations of Thellus and our hero, recorded in the last chapter; and then the lanista said:

"Before I leave you, I will speak one word which came of the chance of uttering while I brought you that letter, but which I would not have pronounced had I found you to be a person of a different sort. You are really Tiberius's prisoner, remember, although it is to Velleius Paternulus you have given your parole. I know, by personal experience and much observation the men and the things of which you, on the other hand, can have only a suspicion. Now, I conjecture, it is hardly for your own sake that you are in custody. Beware of what may happen to those dear to you; and as they have given no parole, send them to some place of safety, some secret place. There is no place safe in itself in the known world. Roman liberty is no more; secrecy is the sole safety remaining. Vale."

With these words the lanista departed, leaving our young friend buried in thought. As he left the court of the impluvium to seek his mother, he remarked that Claudius had returned thither, and was occupied in watering some flowers in pots at the opposite angle. "I wonder," thought he, "can that fellow have overheard Thellus?"

Other and more important matters, however, were destined to invite his attention. We have said enough to justify us in passing over with a few words every interval void of more than ordinary daily occurrences of the age and land. What has been related and described will sufficiently enable a reader of intelligence to realize the sort of life which lay before Paulus, his mother, and Agatha during the next few days passed by them together at the inn of the Hundredth Milestone.

Of course Paulus detailed to his

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mother what he had observed or heard, especially Thellus's warning. Further, he propounded thereon his own conclusions. The family thought it well to summon Crispina and Crispus to a council; and it was finally resolved that Aglais should at once write to her brother-in-law, Marcus Aemilius Lepidus, the ex-triumvir, and ask a temporary home under his roof for herself and Agatha, with their female slave Melena. Old Philip and Paulus could remain at the inn for some time longer. Agatha, Paulus, and the worthy couple who kept the inn consulted together, carrying their conferences rather far into the night, when the business of the hostelry was over, upon the question what would be the best course to pursue should the triumvir, from timidity or any other motive, refuse shelter to his brother's widow and child? During these conferences Agatha and Benigna went to sit apart, each engaged in some kind of needlework. It did not seem to the little court-

To be continued.

TIME TABLES

Canadian Pacific

Lv.	EAST	Ar.
Imp. Lim.	Selkirk, Port Portage, Fort William, Port Arthur, Toronto, Detroit, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Montreal, Quebec, New York, Boston, Portland, St. John, Halifax.....daily	Imp. Lim.
6 45	Molson, Buchan, Milner, Lac du Bonnet.....Wed.	21 10
7 00	Selkirk, Molson, Rat Portage and intermediate points.....daily except Sunday	19 30
8 00	Keewatin, Rat Portage, during July and August.....Sat. only.....Mon. only	18 30
13 30	Keewatin, Rat Portage, Fort William, Port Arthur, Toronto, Detroit, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Montreal, Quebec, New York, Boston, Portland, St. John, Halifax, and all points east.....daily	12 00
Tr'ns Pass.		Tr'ns Pass.
20 00		8 30
WEST		
7 45	Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Yorkton, and intermediate points.....daily except Sun. Morris, Winkler, Morgen, Manitou, Pilot Mound, Crystal City, Killarney, Boissevain, Deloraine, and intermediate points.....daily ex Sun	18 40
8 50	Portage la Prairie, MacGregor, Carberry, Brandon, Oak Lake, Virden, Elkhorn, Moosomin, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Banff, Revelstoke, and all points on Pacific Coast; Lethbridge, McLeod, Fernie, and all points in East and West	17 00
9 20	Kootenay.....daily	19 00
9 40	Headingley, Carman, Holland, Cypress River, Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points.....daily except Sun.	15 20
16 40	Portage la Prairie, Carberry, Brandon, and intermediate points.....daily ex Sun	12 20
Imp. Lim.	Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Broadview, Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Banff, Revelstoke, and all points on Pacific Coast and in East and West	Imp. Lim.
22 00	Kootenay.....daily	5 55
NORTH		
16 00	Stony Mountain, Stonewall, Balmoral, Teulon.....daily except Sunday	10 20
18 15	Middlechurch, Parkdale, Victoria Park, Lower Fort Garry, West Selkirk, Clendeboye, Netley, and Winnipeg Beach.....Tues., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri.....	9 45
17 15	Winnipeg Beach.....Mon., Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs., Sat.....	8 45
SOUTH		
14 00	Morris, Greta, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Fargo, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Chicago, and all points south.....daily	13 4
15 45	St. Norbert, Carey, Arnaud, Dominion City, Emerson.....daily except Sunday	10 45

Canadian Northern

Lv.	EAST	Ar.
10 20	"Winnipeg to Fort Frances." St. Anne, Giroux, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Pinewood, Emo, Fort Frances.....daily except Sun.....	16 25
8 05	"Fort Frances to Port Arthur." Mine Centre, Atikokan, Stanley Jct., Fort William, Port Arthur.....Mon., Wed., Fri. Tues., Thurs., Sat.....	21 05
SOUTH		
17 20	Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14hrs. 20min., via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Crookston, Fergus Falls, Sank Centre, St. Cloud, Elk River, Minneapolis, St. Paul.....daily	10 10
13 45	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. and Nor. Pac. Rys. Morris, St. Jean, Lettelier, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, The Superiors.....daily	13 30
WEST		
10 45	Headingley, Eli, Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Dauphin, and all intermediate points.....Tues., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri.....	18 15
10 45	Headingley, Eli, Portage la Prairie, Neepawa, Dauphin, and all intermediate points.....Mon., Wed., Fri.....	16 15
10 45	Gilbert Plains, Grand View, Kamsack, and intermediate points.....Tues., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri.....	16 15
10 45	Sifton, Minitonas, Swan River, and all intermediate points.....Wed., Thurs., Sat. Mon., Wed., Fri.....	16 15
10 45	Bowman, Birch River, Erwood and intermediate points.....Wed. Mon.....	16 15
10 45	Fork River, Winnipegosis Fri., Sat.....Sat., Tues.	16 15
7 00	Oak Bluff, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.....Mon., Wed., Fri.....	17 50
11 05	St. Norbert, Morris, Roland, Wawanesa, Brandon, Hartney, and intermediate points.....daily except Sun.....	16 30

ROME CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TABLET

(Continued from Oct. 29th)

WHY GOD LOVES FRANCE.

France seems to be outdoing itself in pilgrimages to Rome this year, for now another has arrived, representing the movement known as the "Jeunesse Catholique" and numbering over six hundred. They were received by the Holy Father yesterday. What his Holiness thinks of the future of France he revealed last Friday in reply to an address presented by the Committee of the National French Pilgrimage of Paris: "Your presence," he said, "strengthens in us the conviction that God loves France because He loves the Church, and since He protects His Spouse, He will also protect her beloved daughter. Yes, God loves France for her many works for the salvation of souls, which, like the waters of a majestic river, send their blessings far and wide; He loves her for the peaceful conquests of her intrepid missionaries, who carry the light of faith to the least known corners of the earth and through the darkness of idolatry. God loves France, for if she has not always corresponded with the mission He has entrusted to her and with the privileges He has bestowed on her for the fulfilment of this mission, He has not left her ingratitude unpunished, and He has raised her up again with the very hand which has chastised her. He loves her, because during these very days of proscription and sorrow He calls her children to the shrines of Montmartre, Paray-le-Monial and the Grotto of Lourdes to pray and weep and to admire the wonders of His power. Such graces as these God grants only to nations that He wishes to save."

CONSECRATIONS AND BREAK-FASTS.

Yesterday Cardinal Merry Del Val consecrated another Apostolic Delegate—Mgr. Ragonesi, Archbishop of Mirra, who will shortly sail for Colombia. When his Eminence was consecrated Archbishop some six years ago in the Spanish National Church of Santa Maria di Monserrato, a few steps away from the English College, he dispensed with an old custom to inaugurate a new one. Instead of the usual breakfast offered after the ceremony to the invited guests, he devoted the money this would have cost to a dinner for the poor of the neighborhood. This example has been followed more than once since then, and it was followed last Sunday week by Archbishop Agius, the new Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines.

THE MAKING OF A DELEGATE.

By the way, the story of the appointment of "Father Ambrose" to his present lofty dignity is interesting and typical. Everybody who speaks English in Rome knew of him, but comparatively few knew him personally, for he led a very retired life, occupied with his work in the monastery of Sant'Ambrogio, his confessional in Sant' Andrea delle Fratte, and his spiritual direction of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin and other communities. Nobody was surprised, although his friends were sorry, when it was learned last summer that he had been transferred to England. Later on we learned that his General, who has been appointed Apostolic Visitor of the Houses of the Resurrectionists in the United States, had decided to bring Father Ambrose with him as "socius" or companion. His ticket was bought, and everything was arranged for his departure when he received a telegram from Rome one afternoon, summoning him at once to the presence of the Holy Father. Three days later Father Ambrose found himself kneeling before Pius X., who received him with his usual kindness, and asked him if he had yet seen the Secretary of State. "Well," said Pius X., "go and see him now, and remember that you have to say 'Yes' to him." It was all very mysterious, but Father Ambrose dutifully made his way from the Pope's private study to see the Cardinal. A few seconds later he was enlightened, and very much amazed. "The Holy Father has ordered me to come to your Eminence, and say 'Yes,'" he explained, "but I have no idea what the 'Yes' is to mean." "It means," said the Secretary of State, "that his Holiness wishes you to be Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, and that you are to be consecrated Archbishop of Palmyra at once." My informant at the Vatican does not describe what happened

after that; but, after all, we know the rest.

A FALLACY EXPLODED.

In a talk to one of his confirmation classes recently, Bishop Hartley, of Columbus, O., told the following story:

About twenty-two years ago the bishop, then Father Hartley, was consulted by a Catholic man who occupied a clerical position with a large corporation. He was discouraged to find that promotion was very slow coming his way, but saw, to his dismay, that clerks less competent were placed ahead of him, all for the simple reason that they belonged to the same secret society as the heads of the firm, and when advancements were to be made, those were favored, to his exclusion. He wanted Father Hartley to tell him why the Church was so severe against secret societies. The priest gave him the Church's good reasons—its objection to the ritual which led the members away from their own church services, and so on, and advised him to be true to his Church, no matter what came. After some conversation, the man left, satisfied with the reasons given, and resolved to continue to be, as he always had been, a loyal son of the Church.

The years rolled around, and some four weeks ago Bishop Hartley met the same gentleman for the first time since that memorable conversation; and after the first greetings were over, the Bishop's mind naturally reverted to the subject then discussed, and he asked the man how he had gotten on. His reply was that he had more than prospered. He is now a member of the corporation of which he was then but a clerk. Two of his sons are getting salaries of \$2,000 a year each, two daughters happily married, and two at home with the parents. "No, indeed, I never regretted taking the advice you gave me that day, Bishop," said the gentleman. "Shortly after that, things began to go wrong at our place of business. The clerks in responsible positions became dissipated and grew careless at their work, with the result that the firm soon noticed the danger to its standing. After futile efforts to make them attend to business properly, the dissipated ones, whom I had formerly envied for their advancement, were dismissed, and I was given a position of trust, finally becoming a member of the firm."

The popular belief, says "The Catholic Columbian," that only the "man with a pull" forges ahead nowadays could have no better disclaimer than the above. Integrity, coupled with merit, will always win.

A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE.

"The Dreyfus agitation was one of the most sonorous hullabaloes in history," says the "New Zealand Tablet." "It arose over a doubt as to whether a Jewish army captain was receiving a fair trial at the hands of a French court-martial, and it stormed and rumbled round and round the earth in a deafening clangor of vociferation. The secular newspapers led off and swelled the thunderous din. They were convulsed by paroxysms of frothing hysteria. But today, when there are tens of thousands of Catholic Dreyfuses scattered all over France, the same newspapers are as dumb as tongueless mummies. And here it is no question as to the fairness or unfairness of a trial. It is a case of the wholesale proscription of vast numbers of people—the pick of the country—the head and front, and, indeed, the sole cause, of whose offending is the faith they profess and the religious habit which they bear in honor and a blameless life. Their property is plundered; they themselves are turned out, often penniless and hungry, and banished like noxious beasts from a land to which they had given the best and noblest service without fee or reward. And this, too, without accusation or trial. As an act of wholesale proscription and spoliation it takes rank side by side with what Jessop calls 'The Great Pillage' of Henry VIII., and with the historic madness of the French Revolution. But the papers that raved over one doubtful victim of a miscarriage of justice are tongue-tied and as mute as muzzled dogs when the certain victims of oppression and tyranny count by tens of thousands."

Dr. Douglas Hyde writes to the "Cork Examiner" a letter in which he highly eulogizes the new President of the Queen's College, whom he describes as an enthusiastic Gaelic Leaguer.

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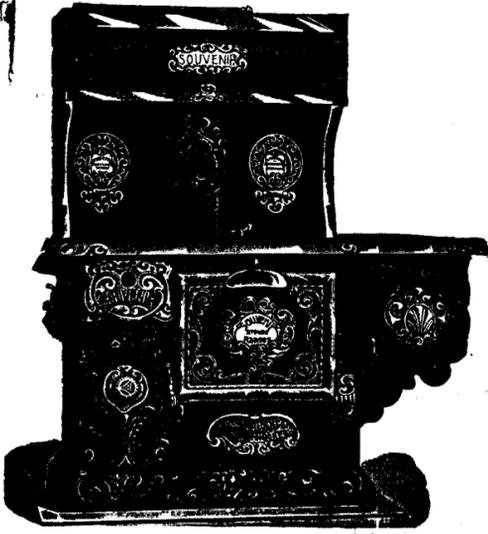
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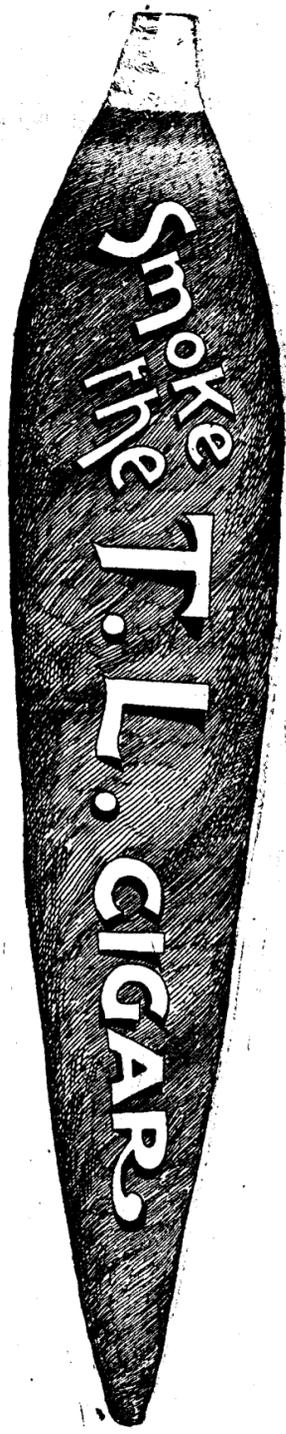
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