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SHOULD CATHOLICS TRADE WITH CATHOLICS?

"In the Catholic religion there is no "respect of persons." It is the universal religion, the religion of all mankind, the religion of the whole universe. It teaches that there is but one way of salvation for all, whether great or humble, ecclesiastical or lay, religious or secular. Its beneficence is like the sun, that shines upon good and evil alike. No true Catholic ever refuses an alms or a kindness to any one who asks it, even though the needy person be a Protestant, or a Jew or a Pagan.

Most Catholics seem to feel that this same principle requires them to ignore all religious distinctions in distributing their business patronage. In this they are mistaken. In some cases, it is a matter of conscience to choose a good Catholic in preference to one who is not. To employ a non-Catholic physician, or nuserymaid, or tutor, for example, is almost scandalous.

In all cases, a neglect to patronize one who is known to be a consistent Catholic, in preference to one who is not, is a sign of indifference—and bodes ill for the salvation of the soul.

Unless a supernatural love of God and our neighbor, and especially of God incarnate in Jesus Christ and the church flourishes in our souls, we are the heirs of eternal damnation. But He Who loves Jesus Christ will love all the other lovers of Jesus Christ with an altogether special affection. Love expresses itself chiefly by giving; therefore a true Christian will prefer to give his patronage—which, if he is an honest and self-supporting man, is a valuable gift—to his brother or sister in the faith and love of Jesus.

A special reason for so doing is, that a Catholic who really obeys the teachings of his religion is at a disadvantage in the competition with bad Catholics or sectaries. A Catholic cannot keep his employees at work on holy days, or sell adulterated goods, or commit any kind of fraud or other infraction of the moral law, however great the business advantage to be reaped from so doing. He must pay generous wages to his employees, and be always ready to assist them when in trouble. He is also bound by the law of Christ to be liberal in almsgiving and hospitality, and in contributions to the support of religion. Add to these circumstances the loss of business which, owing to the prejudices of sectarian fanatics and the mutual assistance of sectatian fraternities, he incurs on account of his catholicity, and it can be easily seen that he is likely to have a hard struggle to keep his head above water in the presence of a niggardly and unscrupulous competitor.

When, therefore, one gives his custom to a real Catholic, who carries his religion into his business, one is helping a faithful servant of God to carry his cross, and to resist the terrible temptations which solicit him every day to descend to the dishonesty and meanness of his worldly rivals.

While giving as much business as possible to good Catholics, one should give as little as possible to bad ones. Any Catholic business man who uses dishonest weights, or pays dishonest wages, or sells dishonest goods, or does business on holy days of obligation, or "grinds the faces of the poor," or in any other way is dishonest or ungenerous, is undeserving of Catholic patronage. As he has adopted the ways of the ungodly world, let him look to it for his support.

Deal with a thoroughly exemplary Catholic if you know one, or with some one who, by advertising in a Catholic paper, shows that he desires and appreciates your patronage. But always give the preference to an honest misbeliever or unbeliever over a Catholic who disgraces the name he bears by neglecting to govern his daily life by the principles of the Gospel.

A man who doesn't take his religion to the store with him can't expect to have his customers recognize it."

Editor Pallen, who penned the above, strikes the nail on the head squarely. We have known of individuals and Catholic societies who have gone out of their way to patronize firms who could give them no better bargains than they could have secured from one of their co-religionists. If Catholics would trade more with each other it would assist in bringing our people more closely together, raise them up to a higher station in life, and eventually solidify them in one grand brotherhood for the betterment of all.

SINGULAR

A queer story comes from Omaha, Neb., this week, which states that one Anson T. Colt appeared some time last fall among the Episcopal clergy of Omaha. At the clericus he was introduced by the Associated Mission, and read some excellent papers. No one knew who or what he was, but being vouched for by such a body of men was enough, and he was heartily received. Imagine, then, the shock to the feelings of the clergy after losing sight of him for two months to discover that he had quietly joined the Catholic church.

The story of his religious wanderings is somewhat romantic. Four years ago he was the beloved pastor of a pretty church in Brooklyn, but doubts as to the validity of his orders and of the catholicity of the Protestant Episcopal church caused him to enter the Catholic church. Two short years he remained a communicant in that church, then he was led back to the Episcopal fold.

But after considering the case for two years Mr. Colt was more firmly convinced than ever that the Roman was the only Catholic church. His wife, who had been living in the east, visited him here last spring, and on her way home stopped in Chicago long enough to make her submission to Rome. His return to the Catholic church was not delayed long, and now he is trying to get the Pope to annul his marriage so that he may become a priest. It is announced that his wife does not object to the annulment.

TONE MONUMENT.

The laying of the foundation stone of the monument in memory of Wolf Tone took place at Dublin on Tuesday last. The entire city was en fete. The municipal offices and many business houses were closed. Thousands of excursionists were present, and delegates were in attendance from the United States, Australia, South Africa, France and Italy.

John O'Leary and Capt. O'Connell of New York headed the procefsion, which occupied two hours in passing a given point. James Stephen also rode in an open carriage.

Mr. O'Leary laid the stone with a silver trowel sent from Connecticut by a granddaughter of Wolf Tone.

The Spanish in their frantic endeavors to place the responsibility of their defeats and loss of territory upon some one have placed the blame upon Christopher Columbus. Poor Christopher!

THE GOSPELS.

GOSPEL: St. Luke, x. 23-37.—At that time, Jesus said to His disciples: "Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see. For I say to you that many prophets and kings have desired to see the things that you see, and have not seen them, and to hear the things that you hear, and have not heard them And behold a certain lawyer stood up, tempting Him, and saying: Master, what must I do to possess eternal life? But He said to him: What is written in the law? how readest thou? He answering, said: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and will all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. And He said to him. Thou hast anwsered right: this do, and thou shalt live But he, willing to justify himself, said to Jesus: And who is my neighbor? And Jesus answering, said: A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among robbers, who also stripped him, and, having wounded him, went away leaving him half dead. And it chanced that a certain priest went down the same way, and seeing him, passed by In certain manner also a Levite, when he was near the place and saw him, passed by. But a certain Samaritan, being on his journey, came near him, and seeing him, was moved with compassion, and going up to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and setting him upon his own beast, brought him to an inn and took care of him And the next day he took out two pence and gave it to the host, and said: Take care of him, and whatsoever thou shalt spend over and above I at my return will repay thee Which of these three in thy opinion was neighbor to him that fell among the robbers? But he said: He that showed mercy to him. And Jesus said to him Go and do thou in like manner."

Jesus Christ, having completed the work of redemption, left this world, ascended into heaven, and will return at the end of the world. In the meantime, we are confided to the care of the priests, His ministers, and they in His name must provide for our eternal welfare But if they, in the discharge of their duties, do more than what they are strictly bound to do, they will receive an especial reward from Christ on the day of judgment, when He will return to this world to punish the wicked and to reward the good for all they have done, the former against Him, and the latter for His glory.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday, August 21—Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost. St Joachim, Father of the B V M St Jane Frances de Chantal, widow Less. Ecclus xxxi 8 11. Gosp Matt xiii. 44 52 Last Gosp Luke x 23 37
Monday, 22—Octave of the Assumption
Tuesday, 23—St Philip Benizi, confessor Vigil of St Bartholomew
Wednesday, 24—St Bartholomew, Apostle
Thursday, 25—St. Louis IX, King of France confessor.
Friday, 26—St Zephyrinus, Pope and Martyr.
Saturday, 27—St Joseph Calasanctius, confessor.

THE BISHOP'S PICTURE.

Every Catholic Family in the Diocese Should Have One.

As this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid as a priest and his thirtieth as a bishop, every Catholic family in the diocese should be in possession of our beautiful large photograph (not lithograph), 11x14 inches of the Rt. Rev. Bishop. The picture will be given to every subscriber of THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL, who, until further notice pays a full year's subscription for 1898 in advance, and send us fifty cents extra to cover part of the cost of framing. The photograph is a reproduction of the picture of the Bishop which hangs in St. Bernard's Seminary and is certainly a work of art. It was made by Mr. E. E. Nier, the celebrated artist of Powers Block. The photograph will be handsomely framed with an elegant gold bordered white frame, glass and back. Those who have received the premium are more than satisfied, and say that they do not see how we can give so much for so little money. Now is the time to send in your orders.

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

What is Transpiring in the Different Fraternities—Current Calendars

PICKINGS FOR THE GOOD OF THE C. M. B. A.

BY J. J. H., 3. 81

CHAPTER IV, SERIES V

KNOW YOUR RISKS

The excellence of a risk has unfortunately come to mean in the opinion of some brothers, the physical condition, together with the amount of insurance and the age of the insured—and in these alone, remember, there is besides a moral standard of a risk, and this should stand second to none. When you solicit it is expected to approach only men whom you believe to be sound in body and mind; but behind this should stand the medical examiner, and he should decide by examination what you believe to be the fact. The moral quality of a risk, however, lies in great part in your hands; therefore, if you would strive for and accept the application of a man whom you believe to be a quarrelsome fellow, or liable to death in questionable pursuits, he is one whom we can gladly spare, no matter how great a hustler he may be. A little information in regard to personal habits, appearance and reputation is not difficult to procure, and it may be of a great deal of service I say, know your risks, or try to know them, is a motto to paste in your hat

[To be continued.]

Knights of Columbus

The organization known as the Knights of Columbus was started in 1882, when Father McGivney called together in New Haven, Conn., ten Catholic gentlemen, who took up his suggestion with enthusiasm They reported on the ritual in a month, and the work of that committee was beyond all praise for its expedition and efficiency The order slowly grew in Connecticut Its first branch in Rhode Island was Narragansett council of Westerly, which had been intended for Stonington, but owing to the burning down of the only hall in that place was installed instead in Westerly in 1885. Tyler council, Providence, was instituted from Connecticut in 1888, and from that on the order spread There are now 15 councils in Rhode Island, with a membership of over 1,800, and the order is spreading over the country. In two years it has doubled its membership leaping from 15,000 in 1896 to 35,000 in 1898, and it has a surplus of over $200,000 over all indebtedness

The order has nearly 370 councils, whose membership averages over 100

The third degree will be worked at the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, N. Y., August 24.

A trolley outing, under the patronage of Lafayette council, Brooklyn N Y, will be held on August 24. The destination of the excursionist will be Avoca Villa, Bath Beach where supper will be partaken of.

C. M. B. A.

Dear Editor:—

For some weeks past, and I might say months, your weekly paper has been of great interest to me, and why? because it has many subjects in its columns each week that are not alone interesting but instructive as well.

The subject that I have enjoyed perhaps more than any other one, is that pertaining to the workings of the C. M. B. A., to which organization I have the honor of being a member. The articles coming each week from Bro. J. J. H. are read by a large number of C. M. B. A. members, and it is to be regretted that there are not more J. J. H.'s in the organization, for truly by his writings one can see the outpouring of fraternal feeling that fills him with a desire to help along so good and noble a cause as the C. M. B. A. If this spirit were more prevalent in our association the results each year would be very pleasing and encouraging to continue the good work already begun. Let us hope for a continuance of letters through the columns of the CATHOLIC JOURNAL from Bro. J. J. H.

FRATERNITY.

Y. M. I.

Edward J. Maier is attending the third grand council, Pennsylvania jurisdiction of the Y. M. I., now in session at Altoona, Pa., as representative of Council 428 of Rochester.

The Knights of St. John held their eighteenth annual outing at Glen Haven on Wednesday, and although the weather was far from being pleasant the knights report a good time.

HER GENTLE HINT

"You may not kiss me, Jack," said she,
While dimples dotted saucily
Her cheeks of blushing red;
"You may not kiss me, Jack, until"—
I felt my heart with rapture thrill—
"It grows quite dark," she said.

But there (confound my luck) on high
The sun amid the azure sky
Poured forth its golden light.
But I—I wished each piercing ray
Would, fading, put an end to day,
And hasten on the night.

From yonder west, where ocean rolls
Her foaming waves on sandy shoals,
A darkening storm-cloud blew.
The bright sun faded soon away,
While blacker grew the autumn day—
Still there I sat with Sue.

Alas! I knew the storm full well
Would drive us from the cozy dell
Where oft the hours we whiled
But Sue, she sighed and bent her head;
Then looking up, "Why, Jack," she said,
"How dark it grows," and smiled.

—Yale Record.

A LIFE SENTENCE.

They had come out together on the lawn from the room that was too small to hold two men and their anger

Mildenhall's sudden rage had kept him as yet from realizing the full meaning of the torn letter which had fallen from the lace at his wife's bosom as she left the dinner-table three minutes before She had swept away, trailing her silks after her, unconscious Every fresh thought flushed his face anew, and his fingers convulsively crumpled or rolled the scraps of paper that he clung to with both hands

"Oh you scoundrel! Oh you fearful scoundrel!"

The half-light from the drawn blinds fell on the letter—the foolish letter in Kingsmark's handwriting and fell, too on Kingsmark's white hardened face that seemed to peer with a piteous curiosity at what so little time ago was the face of his friend His friend his dear old friend whom he had so basely betrayed and that not for love's sake but in the climax of a series of weak concessions to the foolish passion of his friend's wife

The broken voice went on sounding wearily like the voice of one who has spoken a long time

"And if any one had told me Jack—only five minutes back before I—that you Oh, you scoundrel!"

At the fresh blaze of wrath Kingsmark put up his arm instinctively

"Keep off," he said speaking for the first time."

The action put a new thought into Mildenhall's madness With a scream like an animal in pain, the big yellow-bearded man threw himself upon Kingsmark, and hurled him to the ground As they rolled over together, Kingsmark felt hands at his throat. His eyes swam in his head the clutch released for an instant and before it tightened again, his fingers found what they sought in his breast-pocket.

Mildenhall was kneeling on him and laughing hysterically speech was impossible to Kingsmark he tried it, then forgetting everything but that life and senses were leaving him, he struck upward with all his ebbing force

A tremor ran through the fingers at his throat, and their clasp was loosened He struggled to his knees

Evelyn Mildenhall seemed to be sitting against the tulip bank with his head thrown back and his beard pointed upward just as it used to do when he let off his great peal of laughter at some jest of his friends.

"Evelyn!" No answer Then the blood rushed into the forehead of the man who realized now what he had done He stepped back into the house and threw on his hat and inverness. When he returned, he leaned over Mildenhall and stroked his hair with his hand The man was dead, but the man who had killed him could not think of that now. All his senses were strangely alive to trifles.

Through the open window he could see the dining-room as they had left it the chairs thrust back, the cigar-box open on the table, the wine still in the glasses. One of the two who had sat there was dead—the one who was alive hardly knew which. The turf was wet. Had a shower fallen? At dinner she had complained of the heat, and languidly predicted rain. Mildenhall's head, lying back like that, must be crushing one of the tulips. Naturally an unobservant man, Kingsmark noticed for the first time that tulip-cups shut at night.

Something was shining at Mildenhall's breast. The silver figure of a contadina hafting the stiletto that slew him. Why was there not more blood? Kingsmark had bought that stiletto and the silver candlestick now on the table within, the day the two came away from Pisa, at the end of that long holiday in the sun. He could leave it there safely. No man had looked at it since but he and the dead man who now had it in his heart. He took his eyes from the hilt, shut them, and turned away his head. When he opened them again he stooped to pick up something white from the turf—a torn letter—on whose turned-up corner he read "Darling Hetty."

Thrusting this into his waistcoat pocket, he went down the avenue with head bent, his boots crunching the moist gravel on the path, now lit up and spangled by the moon-light.

His old friend——

Long ago they had sworn that the one who died first should return to meet and greet the other on his way. Kingsmark wished that this could be, for then his last memory of his friend would be a reproachful face—better memory than the white throat thrown back in the moonlight.

He shuddered, and reached out his hands as he walked, as one does struggling to break a nightmare.

Some one was speaking. He had walked into the little lane of light cast by a policeman's lantern.

"Good-night," he answered in his dream.

"Looks like more rain, sir."

"I fear so," said Kingsmark, and hurried on to escape the coming shower.

His old friend! He almost felt the accustomed arm thrown across his shoulder.

No thought of flight; he was tired, and to-morrow showed dimly at the end of the long sleep awaiting him. Mildenhall had always walked this road with him, and now, Mildenhall was dead. Kingsmark wished he was dead, too—but perhaps that was only part of the craving for sleep which oppressed him. But it was his first definite thought since Mildenhall, cigar in mouth, had picked the torn letter from the floor under the empty chair at the table head.

Another policeman was standing at his gate when Kingsmark fitted his latch-key to the lock. Kingsmark wondered at the strange voice with which he gave good-night to this man.

When he had lighted a candle in his bedroom, he leaned his hands on the dressing-table and looked long and curiously at the white face that stared at him out of the mirror's dark depths. It was interesting to see the face of a man who had * * * He threw himself on the bed at the last pitch of exhaustion.

* * * * * * *

Knock—knock—knock! What was it—was some one making a coffin? Hammer—hammer—hammer; No; it was some one at the front door, and a bell was clanging loudly in the empty kitchen.

Kingsmark instinctively tore off his coat and put on a dressing-gown before he went down.

As he shot back the heavy bolts of the front door he was conscious of a light through the ground glass, and of voices without.

"Well, what's up?" he was surprised to hear himself say as he saw two policemen standing on the doorstep. The night smelled sweet of wet earth and leaves.

"Mr Mildenhall, sir—he's dead, sir—murdered."

"Good God!" Kingsmark leaned against the door-post, fighting for breath to say, "I killed him."

"Yes, sir In his front garden—a knife in his heart, sir," put in the other policeman

Kingsmark rubbed his hands across his eyes and looked at it as if he expected to see something on it.

"I was asleep," he said

"You see," went on the policeman, apologetically, "we came to you through you being so well known to be his best friend—and having been seen with him last of all."

"What?" said Kingsmark.

"Why, sir, sure you're heavy with sleep, or you'd remember meeting us as usual, and us giving you good-night, sir don't you recollect?"

"You saw me walking with Mr Mildenhall to-night?"

"Yes, sir, of course I did Come, sir, rouse yourself" Kingsmark held his two hands over his head and said: "Tell me again."

"Again and again, sir," answered the man, with some temper. "I saw him and you as usual, and I saw him leave you at your door, and I saw him go back home and I said good-night, but he never answered And then we saw the light and the window open, and went in and found the poor gentleman stone dead on his own lawn with his head among the tulips."

Kingsmark's hands tightened their clasp The dead man had kept his promise then, and had walked with him that night. A ghost had paced by his side—a ghost's arm had lain on his shoulder—a ghost had come back—the murdered man had saved the murderer. How curious.

Kingsmark burst out laughing, and fell at the policeman's feet.

They roused him—or what was left of him. The best part of him lay on the lawn among the tulips.

A stupid sense of clinging to life with both hands possessed him. Mildenhall had saved his life; he dared not throw it away. He was condemned to live He went through an inquest—or dreamed he did—answering questions mechanically with a growing wonder to find his answers believed. What fools people were! And he the greatest fool of all His old friend!

Kingsmark thinks he went mad a little after this. They called it brain fever. When he got better he tried to tell himself Mildenhall was not dead—had gone to a far country. But even that last rag—the one thing that let any meaning remain to life—was torn from him, for Mildenhall's widow came to see him.

"My darling," she cried, throwing her arms around him, "how terrible all this has been, but I am all your own now."

He did not answer, but she felt the repulsion of denial in the contact of him.

The commonplace, pretty face, framed in the yellow hair and widow's bonnet, darkened. Then she spoke, reasonably, softly, with the little lisp Mildenhall had loved to hear.

"Jack, dear, of course it's very shocking and all that. But really it ought to bring us together. Why should it part us?"

He drew himself up and laid his dry lips against her little red mouth. This, too, was part of his life sentence.

"Why, indeed?" he said, with a shiver. And sat with his head bowed in the shadow of the night coming.—The Argonaut.

Hints to Would-be Belles.

An old woman, who was and is still a great belle in this city, gives some sound hints to those who would be belles. Among other things she says:

"The most absolute necessity for being a favorite in every sense of the word is sweetness. Not surface sweetness, but that genuine kindliness, of heart which makes us considerate for all about us at home as well as abroad, and which is just as sure to make itself evident as the tearose is bound to exhale its exquisite perfume. Never say mean things about any one. Your hearers may laugh at the time, but instinctively they feel they may be the next to suffer, and one by one they will drop away from you, for there is nothing so absolutely killing as ridicule.

"Never try to keep a man with you against his will. You may succeed very well for once or twice, but he is bound to feel more or less 'struck' and in the end will avoid you. After all, your belledom is not for one or two years, but perhaps for a good many, especially in America where the girls marry late, and you do not want to make friends for only one season. Accept the attention with so sweet a willingness that the other will be glad he offered it, and if you have to decline, do it as graciously and as kindly as you can."—Baltimore Sun.

Earth has nothing more tender than a pious woman's heart.—Luther.