

The Catholic Journal

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The pictures of Pope Leo XIII presented at the Cook Opera House Sunday evening were true to life and one could imagine himself in the presence of His Holiness receiving the pontifical blessing.

There are many people in this city who now know more than they did a week ago. Election caused it. The independent voter will have to be figured in hereafter. Neither party has the sure thing.

Mayor McGuire was re-elected mayor of Syracuse on Tuesday for the third term. The Post-Standard of that city says that it is likely to plunge the city into hopeless bankruptcy to say nothing of minor ills. To which the Times of this city replies: Tell such stuff to the marines! The Post-Standard would better enlarge its horizon.

The JOURNAL congratulates the mayor.

The Philadelphia Standard and Times says: "We learn with no small surprise that the Metropolitan Truth Society of New York has met with very little encouragement from the Catholic press in its laudable attempt to get a better diffusion of Catholic literature on important issues that has hitherto been the case. Only three Catholic papers besides ourselves consented to accept its proffered supply of translated articles from foreign publications. The rate asked for those papers was exceedingly moderate, and as it was optional for those to whom they were offered to accept or reject them, the apathy displayed by the great bulk of our contemporaries reveals a singular state of mind for a representative press. We do not think this fact should be allowed to pass without comment. It is not in the interest of Catholicism that there should be lukewarmness in the dissemination of the truth on matters of vital interest to Catholics everywhere, and the Metropolitan Truth Society deserves better treatment." That Catholic publishers as a rule are lukewarm in their interests is no news to us. Some time ago we attempted to form a press association for the benefit of Catholic publishers and we suggested that such an association would be the means of building up a Catholic press that would be a credit to the country. A dozen or so responded and the rest—well, they didn't have time or didn't care so far as we know.

Our congratulations are extended to Admiral Dewey and Mrs. Hazon who were married quietly at the rectory of St. Paul's Catholic church in V Street near Fifteenth, Washington, D. C., shortly before 10 o'clock Thursday morning. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James F. Mackin, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. Joseph Foley, assistant pastor and Rev. Sidney Hurlbert.

The Boers are giving the English a lesson in the art of war. England has officially sent three priests to South Africa to act as chaplains for its Catholic troops in the war with the Boers.

Bishop Hennessey is just back from Montreal, where he closed an agreement with the Basilians Fathers to conduct a college for young men in his episcopal city.

CARDINAL LOGUE.

"Cardinal Logue," says a writer in one of the Catholic papers, "is the most ordinary looking man of the entire Irish hierarchy. He has a firm, boyish face, somewhat resembling that of Oliver Goldsmith, who in his youth was called 'Ugly Aesop.' But in his fluent Ulster eloquence his eminence says some beautiful things, and of these is the following uttered by him the other day in reference to the completion of St. Patrick's Cathedral at Armagh:

"Wherever the English tongue is spoken, and even in lands where its accents are seldom heard, churches are ruled by distinguished prelates, who, if not born on Irish soil, have gathered the first truths of faith from an Irish mother's lips and caught up the inspirations of piety from an Irish mother's heart. Crowded congregations, almost beyond number, assembled in splendid churches raised by pastors who are Irish either by birth or descent, and what with the spirit and zeal of our early missionaries, cherish the fervor and guide the lives of their scattered countrymen and of many Catholics as well. All these, looking back with loving affection, to the land of their birth or their origin, gratefully acknowledge the debt which they owe her for the precious jewel of faith."

Rev. William Gaston Payne, the missionary whose field is the diocese of Richmond, tells the following edifying incident of a mission at Danville in that State: "A young Protestant, a cadet at the Danville Military Academy, came into the sacristy one Sunday before mass and courteously offered to act as altar boy. 'Why, are you a Catholic?' 'No father, I am an Episcopalian.' 'Well, I am surprised that you should know anything about serving mass. How did you learn it?' 'Why I went to a Catholic school down in Georgia and I was allowed to join the class of boys who were taught to serve mass. If you will permit me, I shall be glad to serve your mass.' He served mass and served it well and as reverently as though he were a Catholic. He told me afterwards that he was a nephew of the late Bishop Becker, of Savannah, and hoped when he came of age to join the Catholic Church."

A good editor, or competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or a poet, born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travels, have been tried, and nearly every one has failed. "I can," said a former editor of the London Times, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense. Nearly all successful editors are of this description. A good editor seldom writes much for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, alters and combines, and to do all this well he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper is another."

Since we know, and know by faith how great the torments of these just souls in Purgatory are, should we not be moved to compassion for them? We cannot endure to see a living creature tormented, and can we be so insensible to the sufferings of these friends of God as to regard them with indifference, so unfeeling as to refuse to mitigate them? When our Lord saw the sick man at Bethsaida, who suffered for thirty-eight years because he had no one to place him into the water, His Heart was moved to pity; and He passed by the other sick and held this one, who was unable to help himself. The condition of the souls in Purgatory is similar. Will the example of our divine Lord not impel us to help them?—Rev. John A. Nagelsens.

Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, said in a recent sermon that it "is the weakness of the Church in America that our Catholics are massed in centres." The weakness is not, perhaps, so much in the fact that our Catholic people have gathered in our great cities, as in the fact that the priests, too, have remained there. While the wickedness of cities has had a weakening effect on the faith of some Catholics, the lack of priests in the country brought famishing-death to many Catholic homes.—Church Progress.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the new court house at Covington, Ky., which took place Tuesday afternoon of last week, Bishop Maas made the opening address.

England has officially sent three priests to South Africa to act as chaplains for its Catholic troops in the war with the Boers.

Bishop Hennessey is just back from Montreal, where he closed an agreement with the Basilians Fathers to conduct a college for young men in his episcopal city.

CHURCH DEFAMERS

Are Now Getting Their Just Deserts

Massachusetts is one of the New England states—a fact to be borne in mind when reading the following report, taken from the Taunton Herald, of the reception accorded to Margaret F. Shepherd, the bogus ex-nun, on the occasion of her recent visit to that town:

"For some time past placards have been posted in front of Odd Fellows' hall, in which were pictured the idealized features of a devout female clad in convent garb. In big, black letters the posters announced that Margaret F. would speak in the hall for the benefit of the yearning public. "When the doors were thrown open and the hall was flooded with light, Monday evening, there was a jamb at the entrance. This was not unexpected, however, as the jamb has been there ever since the doors were hung on the hinges, for the architect of the building deemed it advisable to have jamba on all the doors, for he was an experienced man, and, knowing that his fellow-craftsmen invariably built their doors with jamba on 'em, he was careful not to omit them from the doors of Odd Fellows' hall. Hence, when the Shepherd seance began, the vast audience—consisting of at least several hundred chairs and nearly ten people—was not startled by the jamba of the door.

Margaret, according to her posters, was born Sister Madelene Adelaide. Why her parents conferred upon her the strange and sanctimonious name of Sister Madelene Adelaide is not known. Heretofore the public was under the impression that Sister Madelene Adelaide was the alleged title she bore in the convent. The public was laboring under the wrong impression. She was born that way, for her posters say Margaret Shepherd, nee Sister Madelene Adelaide. 'Nee' is the past participle of the French verb 'naître,' to be born. Hence she must have been afflicted with the title at birth and did not happen in later life. "It is said that the audience was a most enthusiastic one, notably the chair part, which remained throughout without the least interruption. "But the jamba at the door did not pay the gas bill."

Ex-Priest Slatery is in a tight corner. He cannot get away from his shady past; the present is full of menace; the future only holds disaster for him. Nemesis has fairly overtaken the swindler. In Australia he is everywhere dogged by exposure and shame. The Orange lodges have thrown him overboard. Mr. Edward Lewis, a chaplain of the Collingwood L. O. L., tabulated certain charges and proved them up to the hilt against the unfortunate swindler who is now deserted by his former Williamite associates.

"John," Slatery's nephew, has entered a sworn declaration to the effect that his unfortunate uncle used to drink heavily in Ireland, and also on the sly during his lecturing tours. In Melbourne he was constantly drunk, and kept quarreling with the hapless "Sister Mary Elizabeth," the woman whom he calls his wife. Several times he threatened to cut her throat, and added, "As soon as you get tired of this lecturing, I can easily get another woman and teach her the lectures same as I have you." This disposes of "Mary Elizabeth's" pretty fables about Cavan convent and her life therein. The whole story was a fine effort of Slatery's imagination, and the poor woman was bullied into "lecturing" by the pure physical fear of the brute whom she called her husband. During Slatery's tour in these parts we repeatedly urged the police to take action, and submitted to them ample proof of the swindler's guilt. They held back and hesitated, behaving as the man was an angel of light. What must they think of themselves now that Slatery is exposed as a drunkard, a fraud, a blatant bully and threatens to murder his wife?

Edward Lewis and John Slatery have set out on a campaign of exposure of the ex-priest. Slatery announces his intention of retiring to some remote corner of Australia where he is unknown and starting a hotel with the proceeds of his own and Mary Elizabeth's lying lectures. But he need not hope to get away from the past. His infamy will follow him to the ends of the earth.—Glasgow Observer.

SOCIETY NOTES

Trinity Council C. W. B. L., will hold a reception and card party at Durand Bldg. 58 West Main Street, Wednesday evening, Nov. 15. Committee, the Misses O'Hara, Marcella Crowley, Nellie Crowley, Margaret Powell and Margaret McGrath.

Auxiliary No. 1, will hold a dancing party at A. O. H. hall Monday evening, Nov. 13th. Cards will be enjoyed.

The Knights of Columbus received election returns at their rooms Tuesday evening.

Get your friends to subscribe for THE JOURNAL.

THE ANGELUS.

[Written for THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL.]
Welcome, O sweet notes of gladness—
From those bells at the early dawn;
That tell of the sweet salvation—
To Mary—the Mother of God.

Welcome again to the mid-day—
As the notes float o'er the hill,
The children of Mary our Mother,
Their hearts with rapture are filled.

Thrice welcome thy notes in the evening—
When the toil of the day is o'er;
The Angelus the people are repeating,
Praise to Her, our Mother evermore.

HENRY O'CONNELL.

MUSIC IN HEAVEN.

Does music ring in realms above?
Where God's just will supremely reigns,
Where He has said, the humble gains
The fulfilment of all pure love.
For musical sounds the infant cries:
The lad's chirp begs his sweetheart come;
And old men weep when the song is done.
Will this charm leave when the body dies?
The good in man will listen, while
In virgin forest and quiet lanes,
The innocent birds sing their sweet strain,
To music men will die in file.
As God will grant the heart its choice,
(Let kindred spirits come in touch)
The mystery is no longer such.
There's music in a loved-one's voice.
P. S. WARD

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost.—St. Matthew xiii. 24-30.—At that time, another parable He proposed to them, saying: The kingdom of heaven is likened to a man that sowed good seed in his field. But while men were asleep, his enemy came and sowed cockle among the wheat, and went his way. And when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared also the cockle. And the servants of the good man of the house coming said to him: Sir, didst thou not sow good seed in thy field? whence then hath it cockle? And he said to them: An enemy hath done this. And the servants said to him: Wilt thou that we go and gather it up? And he said: No; lest perhaps, gathering up the cockle, you root up the wheat also together with it. Suffer both to grow until the harvest, and in the time of the harvest I will say to the reapers: Gather up first the cockle, and bind it into bundles to burn, but the wheat gather ye into my barn.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday, Nov. 12.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Pentecost.—St. Matt. xiii. 24-30.—Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary Monday, 13.—St. Diego confessor Tuesday, 14.—St. Stanislaus Kostka, confessor Wednesday, 15.—St. Gertrude, virgin, abbess Thursday, 16.—St. Edmund, bishop, confessor Friday, 17.—St. Gregory Thaumaturgus Saturday, 18.—St. Hilda, abbess

FORTY HOURS ADORATION.

The order of Forty Hours states that the devotions will take place as follows: November 12—Our Lady of Victory, Rochester; St. Patrick's Dansville.

He Likes Our Business Methods.

Horseheads, Chemung Co., N. Y., Oct. 10, 1899.
Sears, Roebuck & Co. Chicago, Ill. Gentlemen: I feel prompted to give you a testimonial concerning the manner in which I have been treated by your house during the past six or seven years, during which time I have been acquainted with you. I have patronized several of your departments, including the grocery, drugs, hardware, musical, clothing, bicycles, blacksmith tools, jewelry, sewing machines, books and sporting goods. During all these years, involving several hundred dollars of transactions, I have never had any reason to make one complaint; I am perfectly satisfied that in patronizing you I saved from 10 per cent to 20 per cent from what I could have done at any other house I know of in this country; and I am not one of those fellows that has never been around the world any, either. I am always watching out for good bargains in everything, but I do not know of anyone who can offer better ones in general than Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago. Ever truly yours,
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A STRONG PLEA.

IN FAVOR OF PHYSICAL PUNISHMENT FOR REBELLIOUS YOUTHS.

The Highest Authorities on Education Both Sacred and Profane Taught the Necessity of Correction Besides That the Child in Might Grow up in the Discipline of the Lord.

Rev. B. M. O'Boylan, a well-known priest of the Columbus diocese, contributes the following to the columns of the Catholic Columbian: "He that loveth correction loveth knowledge; but he that hateth reproof is foolish." Prov. xii. 1. There is a disposition on the part of some parents and teachers to incline to the position that a child ought never to be beaten, "because," they say, "kindness and encouragement are quite sufficient, and the rod only serves to irritate and develop the passion of stubbornness and revenge. This may be true in some cases; but to make such a general rule is contrary to the best advice given both by secular and religious teachers. It would be all right if human nature were the same the world over in the sense that every individual is the same. But we know that almost every individual is differently furnished with various grades of faculties and passions. You will find one boy who will never forget a kind act, and another one who will never remember your kindness. Because his nature seems to be incapable of feeling, much less of appreciating any kindness. On this subject volumes have been written; but much yet remains to be thought and written, because the subject is broader than any other on earth and deeper than any philosophy. For who can fully sound the nature of humanity? The mind of man can be compassed only by its Author. It is greater than the universe and will not be satisfied with anything short of infinity. If we take a little child as the infant grade of one of our schools and make him the subject of our investigation as to how we shall correct his faults and direct all his faculties, how long will our investigations have to continue? Shall we be able to reduce them to a code in one or two years, and then point out an infallible rule by which the remainder of his school days are to be successfully employed? And shall this code and rule be such as to be suitable for all the other children in his grade? The experienced teacher will only smile at these questions. He will tell you that the study of your infant pupil goes on not for one or two years, but for all the years of his educational life, and that every one is to be treated according to his own individual nature. There is no book of sciences so deep or complicated as the individual. His face has several sections of art and science, and each one differs from the other as much as any subjects in nature can differ. Thus the eyes reveal a depth of thought more sublime than the ethereal heavens;

the mouth with its taste and tongue—how vast! The ears with their marvelous perception of sound, etc. And as education has to interest itself with all the senses of the body as well as with the higher faculties of the soul, it must make provision for the proper direction of those rude and stubborn natures that do not naturally take to kind words and reasonable suggestion. It must occasionally bend back the twig which inclines to crookedness and prune the wild shoots which endanger the health and growth of the youthful limb.

The advice of St. Paul to the Ephesians, chap. vi. is a good one for teachers as well as parents: "You fathers, provoke not your children to anger; but bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord," and while it should ever be taught that "A wise son maketh the father glad," and "a foolish son is the sorrow of his mother" (Prov. x.) still a salutary fear must never be put out of the heart of the child. Let every one fear his father and his mother" (Lev. xii. 10); that is, not with a common fear, but with a pious fear that will prevent the heart from doing anything that will cause pain to those whom God has placed over them and who represent the authority of God. Finally, the well-known text of Proverbs (xiii. 24) is as true to-day as it was a thousand years before the Christian era: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him correcteth him betimes."

A SAINTLY PRELATE.

Was Bishop Schmitz of Cologne Who Died Recently.
The Blessed Virgin has rarely had a more devoted client than the late Bishop Schmitz, of Cologne. His death was the result of blood-poisoning consequent upon the amputation of a leg. During the operation, and while under the influence of chloroform, the Bishop continually recited the rosary; thus even in his unconsciousness his lips did not cease to honor the Mother of the world's Redeemer. A few days after the operation, with the aid of an artificial leg, he managed to say Mass. It was the feast of the Assumption; on the following day he died. That was characteristic of the man, as was also his brave response to the surgeons who first informed him that the operation was necessary. "Well," he said, "a diocese is governed rather by a head than by a leg, anyway; so you may cut me off."

Bishop Schmitz was one of the leaders of that noble band of German Catholics that frustrated the evil designs of Bismarck in the days of the Kulturkampf. Few lives are so full as his was, yet he never failed to find an hour every day to spend before the Blessed Sacrament. That was not the least of the lessons taught by his grandly noble life.—R. I. P., the Ave Maria.

The annual convention of the Western Catholic Union of Illinois opened on last Thursday at Belleville, Ill.

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J. H. Moore, Manager.

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