

CROSSING
THE OCEAN.

From an interesting article which we reproduce from the New York Evening Post a good idea may be gathered of the difference that exists between the circumstances attending an immigrant's trip from the "old country" to this continent at the present day and those which accompanied the voyage thither a generation or so ago. In the interval great progress has been made, as we all know, in the matter of speed, and, with certain reservations, in the matter of comfort. The journey across the Atlantic which the parents of a large portion of the readers of THE TRUE WITNESS took, occupied not infrequently a month and more. Now the immigrant can attend Mass on the Sunday before he or she leaves the old land and assist at the Holy Sacrifice on this side of the ocean on the following Sunday. This is an important advantage, a giant stride forward, due to the marvellous development of steamship engineering. But while a wonderful increase in speed has been accomplished, and floating palaces have taken the place of the obsolete passenger boats, there is still much to be done in respect of a certain proportion of those who come to the new world to seek to better their lot—and that proportion is by far the largest of the passengers who arrive at our hospitable shores. The advantage of speed is shared by all of them alike; but there is a vast difference in another regard—that of comfort. There has been a distinct and marked discrimination between the "classes" of the immigrants. The wealthy have been catered to with a lavish commodiousness which leaves nothing to be desired. The poorer class—the steerage passengers—have still to "rough it" in much the same way as they did before.

Crossing the ocean has come to be a very simple affair. People worship beneath the dome of St. Paul's in London one Sunday and attend service in New York or Boston the next. A trip abroad is no longer regarded as an event, and nobody gets flustered over it, that is, nobody but the immigrant booked from Londonderry, or Queenstown, or Southampton to his destination in a strange country.

The immigrant has never stirred from home before; even the getting to the port where he will take ship is a momentous undertaking, and, from the moment when he answers the questions to be "filled in" on the contract ticket, and receives from the agent the scarlet labels "steerage" and "wanted" for his luggage, every stage of his progress seaward is fraught with exciting interest. The luggage of the emigrating immigrant tells its own story, more expressive, more individual, than the brass-banded, leather-bound trunks of the cabin passenger. Here is a hide-covered box scarred with long usage, and near it a basket fairly bursting with brown paper parcels.

"All of you up on deck to be inspected," orders the steward, and the occupant of berth "No. 3," below stairs, hastens to take place in the procession, and holding his folded paper firmly in evidence, so as to be sure not to lose it, watches proceedings with grave curiosity. To him the uniformed physician before whom he must pass is a grand mogul, not to be approached in any light frame of mind, and the card given him by the inspector a fiat of solemn moment.

"Mine's got B on it. Is it like yours?" he asks eagerly of a companion as soon as the crowd is dispersed.

"He put 'A' on mine, but mother's card is marked 'B' in blue," says another passenger, and then several get together and discuss these official symbols and guess at their meaning, while the German who cannot read English and the Swede to whom it is all a muddle stand apart and look on with wistful eyes.

The vaccination problem gives rise to fresh excitement. "The doctor comes at one o'clock to-morrow; everybody be ready," the steward calls forth, and interest centres on the approaching ordeal.

"Have you got a mark on your arm?" The English girl who is going to "live out" with a sister in Cleveland asks of the girl from Cork who aspires to become a hair-trimmer. "I've got a mark, but Miss Hall says it's too faint. Will they do it over, do you think?" is the anxious inquiry.

"I don't know, but all that crowd from Donegal has got to be done, and that boy who is going out to his mother in New York. They say his mother ain't seen him since he was a year old, and he won't know her."

"I only hope no one will get sick. Some folk's arms swell up terrible," says the mother whose card is marked B in blue. She manages to make these forebodings known to the flaxen-haired Swedish woman who sits all day plaiting suspenders by the engine-room door. The Swede does not catch the full drift of the matter, but she gets visibly uneasy, discards her colored skeins, and taking her inspection card out of the little shiny black satchel by her side, stares at it in dumb appeal. The Swedish woman never says anything. When the sea is smooth and the sun shines, she plaits her skeins of blue and gold and scarlet, and when the wind blusters and the ship rocks, she stays in her straw bed in the dark hold and suffers and is silent. When the time comes for the vaccination ceremony, she is in line with the rest, with her white arm bared to the shoulder, and passes in review just ahead of the Swiss girl who has no mark to show.

"Hold on to your card; you'll have to show it again before you go ashore," the stewardess warns as she hands back the important document with its newly added stamp. The card is put carefully away again in its envelope in the black satchel, and the Swede returns to her

plaiting. There will be no further official orders to obey until the day of landing, but she does not know this, and every now and then she feels in her satchel for the card to make sure that it is there.

Even Mary Ann, the life of the steerage saloon, is subdued into gravity by the inspection-card aspect of the situation. Mary Ann has no proof of vaccination on her stout English arm, and is almost ready to cry about it.

"I don't want to be vaccinated," she declares. "I wish I was 'ome. If I was 'ome I could have some 'am and beggs and wouldn't have to eat porridge and pea-soup three times a day."

"Well, you ain't home, and you ain't likely to be, so you may as well not whine about it," says young Finnegan, who has been skipping rope with her for the last hour. "Vaccination ain't nothin'. You'll be dancin' on deck that very night," he predicts. Finnegan is distinguished among his fellows by his very red cheeks and very green necktie. He stands behind Mary Ann when they skip, and when she flings the rope back over her shoulders, he is up and through it even with her. The company gathers on that side of the ship to see, and up and down the length of the deck they go. Finnegan's red cheeks grow more vermilion, and Mary Ann's hair tumbling down her back. That very evening she will sing with all her heart to the music of Bill Bray's accordion, and have a sparring match with Finnegan's cousin before the reel begins.

Mary Ann's face is thoughtful, however, when she sits down to count out her money before she gets it exchanged. "The chief steward will give American money for all descriptions of foreign coin on the night before landing," is the announcement, and long before that functionary is ready, a crowd of anxious travellers has gathered in the long bare waiting-room.

"I've got three shillings and six. How much will I get for it?" says the buxom German girl, who for once has thrown aside the black knitted hood from her fair hair. Finnegan, who has gained some knowledge of money matters, is giving a lesson in comparative values to less fortunate fellows, and the fat cook who has made exchanges before enlightens a group on her particular bench. Prosperously located in Philadelphia, she has only been home on a visit, and throughout the voyage has aired her superior knowledge and experience.

"Get your guines changed here," she advises Mary Ann. "You'll have to pay more on shore, I'll be bound," and Mary Ann, who is quicker at skipping rope than she is at figures, gets her fat friend to go up and make change for her.

"If you ride on a street car, you know, you give the conductor this; this is a nickel."

"That means tuppence ha' penny," puts in Finnegan. Some one else volunteers an opinion, and Mary Ann, whose head is a mass of crimping-pins against coveted beauty on the morrow, gets lost in a maze of bewilderment.

"Suppose my cousin don't meet me, how will I do?" she questions, and many others are speculating with vague alarm on the yawning blank of "to-morrow," the day when they must give up the friendly shelter of the ship and encounter strange ways and places and people.

No one in the steerage sleeps much the last night on board. Their minds are intent on anxieties ahead; on the unwonted toilet to be made in the morning (a toilet with scant washing appliance and tumbled-up raiment), and the unknown ceremonies to be undergone before they are free from surveillance. Many have a long journey by train before them, a train that starts from they know not where and that will land them in the midst of they know not what.

They all make a presentable showing in the morning, assembled on deck for the final inspection. Finnegan has put on dignity to correspond with his stiff collar and Derby hat, and Mary Ann's brown locks are crimped into appropriate frowsiness. She does not look comfortable in her new frock. She was far prettier in the old rumpled black calico with the stuff cap stuck jauntily on one side. As for the fat cook, one would scarcely know her in her rich broad-based bodice and gay bonnet, one of those airy affairs all wire and bugles, and with a red cabbage rose crowning her forehead.

And now those precious bags and budgets and boxes that have been hauled up out of the hold are thrown open, that the sunlight and the eye of the law may search their contents. Then fresh scarlet labels bearing the mark "inspected" are affixed, and armed again with black thornsticks and umbrellas and babies, the newly-arrived immigrants set forth down the gang-plank. Fresh mysteries and embarrassments encompass them. Mary Ann, arraigned before the custom-house official, looks a very different creature from the care-free heroine of the sparring match and skipping-rope. She can hardly stammer out the name of the cousin to whom she is consigned, and can't remember at first where she lives. As for Finnegan, the responsibilities attached to his initiation into a new country have banished all thought of Mary Ann from his mind, and when last seen he was buying lunch to take with him on the train to California.

"How much money have you got?" the law had questioned.

"Three guineas," the young fellow answered, and when requested to produce them his hands were trembling so with eagerness that he could scarcely get them out of his wallet. The mother in the big white apron owns up to having a bank account, and the rose-crowned cook tosses her head knowingly as she warns the officer that she is all right. The big woman with the tiny baby, and the Scotch woman with three toddlers at her skirts, are even more perplexed and worried-looking than when they started, and one can guess the agony of doubt and uncertainty those must be in who have no single friend waiting outside the gates to welcome them.

Famous Mexican Manuscript.

Something highly interesting to philologists is the reproduction in prototype by order of the Pope of a famous Mexican manuscript from the Vatican Library. Of the few authentic pre-Columbian figured writings that Mexico has left us this is one of the most important. It deals with the religious

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PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER.

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CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP.
KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL.
IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY.
FOR THE HAIR.
IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR.
RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING.
IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET.
IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR.
DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-RESS.

— R. J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT, MONTREAL.

ceremonies and ritual of the time, and is of the class which linguists call Nahua. Another of these manuscripts, called the Borgia Codex, is in the Museum of the Propaganda, where it was deposited by Cardinal Stephen Borgia, who died in the beginning of this century.

AMERICAN PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

A Reply to the President of the American Public Education Association
—The Catholic Church and the Instruction of the Young.

The following letter has appeared in the New York Sun:

"At the second annual convention of the Public Education Association held at 64 Madison avenue, on Friday, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, the president, spoke in protest against parents sending their children to other than public schools. As quoted in the Sun of this morning she said:

"I object to the parochial and so-called national schools, not because they teach religion to the pupils, but because in the national schools the mother tongue is taught, such as Italian in Italian schools, German in German schools, and so on. No school that recognizes a particular creed or nation betrays our own can Americanize our young."

"I know something of the parochial schools and of the parochial school system in New York city, as elsewhere, and beg leave to inform the President of the Public Education Association that no additional stock of knowledge on the subject is to be derived from a perusal of her statements on the subject as quoted in the Sun. There are in New York city 34,000 children attending parochial schools maintained in and by Catholic parish churches. These parochial schools are not, as the lady seems to suppose, national schools for instruction of children in language other than English. They are American schools maintained chiefly by those speaking English, and at which the rudiments of education are imparted in the English language. The purpose of such parochial schools is not, as this lady seems to suppose, to maintain foreign notions and distinctions, but in conformity with the mandate of the Baltimore Council of the Catholic Church of the United States in 1886, which ordained that in every parish which could support one, there should be maintained a parochial or parish school for the education of children of Catholic parents. There was nothing new in this declaration, for the traditional policy of the Catholic Hierarchy on the question of education has been uniformly the same for centuries. It is not necessary to make any quotations from Catholic writers in order to establish this, for it has long been a matter of public knowledge and historical mention that the Catholic Church has never favored the surrender of the task of educating the young of the Catholic creed to secular or civil hands. The objection which Catholics find to the grammar or public schools is that they impart no instruction in religious matters, which constitute, according to the Catholic theory of education, the most essential requirements. Hence, these parochial schools wherein instruction is given in the Catholic doctrines are maintained at private expense, and without any public aid, throughout the country, and in the city of New York the extent of the parochial system is shown by the figures which I have quoted—34,000 school children in attendance."

"The question of nationality does not enter into the matter at all except so far as arises from the fact that many of the newly landed Catholic emigrants do not speak English, and they attend churches at which everything but the ritual is in their own language. Necessarily, the parochial school of a German, Italian, or Bohemian church is, from its attendants, a German or Italian parochial school, but this condition is temporary, not permanent; and the great majority of parochial schools in this city, as elsewhere, are as much English schools as those maintained by the Board of Education."

"I do not write this letter to provoke any controversy on the disputed school question, but to make clear some matters which the President of the Public School Association does not appear to understand, and Col. Strong's new appointee to the School Board, Col. Anderson, who was present on Friday, does not seem to know much about either, judging from a remark of his which the Sun quotes, that 'a woman's opinion should be to a man as welcome as her cares.'"

Masonic Initiation Antics.
A correspondent of the Catholic Columbian refers to the system of initiation in Masonic lodges in the following terms: "Not long ago, in one of the Southern States, a Protestant minister who was being initiated with the Masons lost his life while 'searching for the foundation of Solomon's temple.' He was placed in an elevator at the top story of a build-

ing, and by the breaking of machinery precipitated with a crash to the cellar. Of course, no catastrophe was intended, but it came nevertheless. Now we are being told how a prominent Colorado politician has been killed by an initiating process of the Elks. He was a high Mason, it is said, and wanted to show his grit. At any rate he is dead. This comitology, which is sometimes fatal, is the disgrace of grown men in some societies. A relative of mine, thinking that he might prosper by becoming a Mason, applied for admittance to the Lodge. He was a very tasteful man and dressed himself elaborately for the occasion. When he returned home, if I recollect aright, he was in a state of mortifying disorder. He made no complaint, but I think he did not frequent the Lodge afterwards."

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND

Denies the False Rumors Recently Published About Him.

In the interest of truth and justice, the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland has been compelled to deny the calumnies recently circulated about him. He has sent to the press the following statement:—

"In all the reports recently published as to my relations with the Vatican there is not one syllable of truth. Not one word has come to me from Rome indicating the smallest change in the kind feelings which the Sovereign Pontiff and his immediate advisers have been pleased to entertain toward me. It is false to say that I have been summoned to Rome. I have not been asked to give an explanation of any act or any writing of mine; and certainly if the Sovereign Pontiff had desired to approve or to blame me, he would have communicated his will to myself, instead of making it known to me through the gossip of newspaper reporters of Europe or America. What may be the sources of the reports, or the motives of the men who put these reports into circulation—whether the enemies be political or ecclesiastical—I do not know, nor do I care to inquire."

BISHOP KEANE

Going to Rome to Become a Member of the Propaganda.

WASHINGTON, November 30.—Bishop Keane, late rector of the Catholic University in this city, will sail for Rome on Saturday, in response to the commands of the Pope to come to that city and perform such duties as may be there assigned him.

The Bishop came over from Baltimore last night and will remain here two or three days prior to his departure for New York. He spent much of the morning at the pastoral residence of St. Patrick's Church, where he received a large number of callers. In response to the request of the reporter of the United Associated Presses, Bishop Keane said: "During the discussion that has been going on in the newspapers about the affairs of the Catholic University I do not remember to have seen an interview attributed to me. I have never said a word to anyone and have been fairly treated by the newspapers. I do not know that I should say a word now, and I should not but for the fact that I do not care to be attempting to throw a cloak of mystery about myself or my movements. I will, therefore, only say that when the Holy Father expressed the wish that I should sever my relations with the University I signed the rectorship willingly and without regret. Instead of going into that retirement that would have been so acceptable to me, I am now on my way to Rome. The Holy Father has called me to a position there of honor and responsibility, and I shall take the first opportunity to assume the duties of the new position with which I have been honored. This much of a statement may perhaps be of interest, and I trust that it will set at rest idle rumors that have been, or may be, put in circulation."

Bishop Keane goes to Rome to become a member of the Propaganda. It is said that as an American representative in this College he will be in a position to do great good and be still in touch with the people with whom he has so long been associated.

The English Education Question.

Sir J. Gorst, speaking at a meeting in London on the education question, contrasted the Voluntary and Board school systems, contending that the Education Act should be so revised as to destroy unfair competition between them. Unless Voluntary schools and the Board schools could be put upon something like equality the majority of the Voluntary schools would soon come into the

HANDSOME FEATURES.

Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or sallow opaque skin, destroys the attractiveness of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

hands of the Board. The Roman Catholics would probably never give up their schools, but if the latter were maintained it would be as distinctly inferior schools, not from any want of will or zeal in education, but from sheer want of money. The managers of the Roman Catholic schools would be enabled to give as good a secular education as was enjoyed in the public schools around them, but with the exception of Roman Catholic schools, and a certain proportion of Church schools, Voluntary schools would cease to exist. Was that desirable? (No.) He did not think it was desirable at all in the interest of economy or education. Dealing with the question of the distribution of this grant, he said there must be either a grant all round in which the Imperial Government could exercise no discretion, or the creation of a local authority to receive the grant and undertake its distribution.

Brevities.

There is no suffering equal to fear, for it has no limit.

The pleasures of life are the commas which separate our sorrows.

A melancholy reflection—The top of a bald head in the looking-glass.

It is said that dwarfs die of premature old age, and giants of exhaustion.

Let every man do the best he knows, and if he is not a fool he will do about right.

There is a policeman in Chicago who is an active member of the Salvation Army.

Why should a chimney sweeper be a good whist player? Because he's always following soot.

A Methodist, in class meeting, said that he had been a Christian "off and on for thirty years."

"I wish I had the earth." "Well, why don't you ask some bicycle scorcher to give it to you?"

A remedy for hiccoughs that is well-nigh infallible is to eat a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

A grocery stock that changed owners in Bath, recently, included five hundred pounds of cheese two years old.

So long as a man may find his collar button, the house is never in disorder, muses the Adams Freeman humorist.

"I don't think it looks well for a minister to wear diamonds." "Why not? Aren't there sermons in stones?"

No churches are so handsome, if they are only paid for and made accessible to worshippers with moderate means.

There is nothing in nature more pathetic, perhaps, than the sight of a lean man and a fat man casting envious glances at each other.

Happiness is a shy nymph; and if you chase her you will never catch her. But just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.

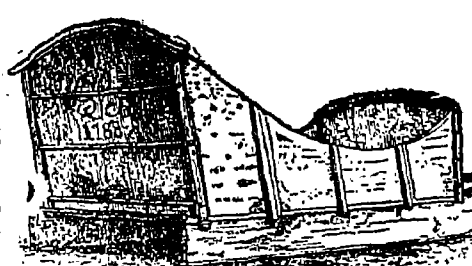
"Was the hotel homelike?" "Very. My husband and I had the greatest difficulty in treating each other with common courtesy while we were there."

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Is contained in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than any other similar preparation. It costs the proprietor and manufacturer more. It costs the jobber more and it is worth more to the consumer. It has a record of cures unknown to any other preparation. It is the best to buy because it is the One True Blood Purifier.

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You can get almost anything and everything you want in the line of sleighs, and while there are 200 or more to choose from the prices are all low and suit anyone.

Pony Sleighs, for any size of a Pony, and prices from \$15.00 to \$100.00.

Large Discounts for CASH or MAIL Orders.

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OMAGH CATHOLIC CHURCH BAZAAR.

List of Winning Numbers in America.

Prize No. 32, a case of old Irish whiskey; L. McGill, 112 21st street, Philadelphia; number of ticket, 433907.
Prize No. 43, a violin; William McBrine, 809 Lambert street, Trenton, N.J.; number of ticket, 435559.
Prize No. 54, a dinner set; Della Stevin, Oakford street, Philadelphia; ticket, 24849.
Prize No. 56, a case of old Brandy; J. Thompson, 159 Alleghany City; ticket, 431209.
Prize No. 57, case of Coleraine whiskey; P. Devine; ticket 439299.
Prize No. 59, gent's silver watch; Delphine McMenamin; ticket 438620.

CANADIAN APPLES.

Under the date of November 14th a Liverpool apple dealer writes as follows: Arrivals this week, 74,095 barrels; arrivals last week, 85,136 barrels; arrivals to date, 690,781 barrels; against last season, 120,435.

Although receipts are on a large scale, they, as shown above, are a decrease on last week. The quantity is not more than might be expected in a season of large crops like the present, and now that arrivals consist of winter stock in sound condition, they are not in excess of the demand. The quality of most of the fruit is good, especially Canadian, which proved attractive, and satisfactory results have consequently been realized. The same cannot be said of Boston shipments, which have been variable, and prices show a wide range, as, while some were poor, others were exceptionally fine; Maine, especially, are beginning to have more color and size. Throughout the week there has been a strong healthy tone at hardening prices, partly assisted by some Continental orders, which may probably continue and be considerably increased, as in some considerable apple growing sections their crops are reported exhausted, and in all others the supply is deficient. This gives assurance of excellent prospects, and with similar or even larger receipts must effectively prevent a recurrence of the disastrous results then experienced. At Monday's sales there was an active demand, the market closing at its best, and the advance on good sound ranges from 1s to 2s per barrel.

"The straw vote man" has doubled and twisted himself into "the postal card vote man," and is more ridiculous than ever before.

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with Pearline.
'Twould be absurd.
It isn't necessary.
Pearline contains everything of a soapy nature that's needed or that's good to go with it.

And Pearline is so much better than soap that it has the work all done before the soap begins to take any part. You're simply throwing away money. It's a clear waste of soap—and soap may be good for something, though it isn't much use in washing and cleaning, when Pearline's around. Jas. Pyle, N.Y.

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