

Society Meetings.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26

(Organized, 18th November, 1893)

Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of the month at 8 p.m.

Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the branch may communicate with the following officers:

M. SHARKEY, President, 1338 Notre Dame St.
J. B. FEELEY, Treasurer, 719 Sherbrooke St.
G. A. GADBOIS, Fin. Sec., 611 St. Lawrence St.
JAS. J. COSTIGAN, Secretary, 325 St. Urban St.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY

Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on the second Sunday of each month, at 4:30 p.m. JOHN WALSH, President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary, 354 St. Martin Street, to whom all communications should be addressed. The Committee of Management of the society meets at 8 p.m. on the first Tuesday of each month. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. John Walsh, J. H. Feeley and William Rawley.

MUSIC FOR YOUNG MEN.

An Opportunity to Cultivate the Beautiful Art.

Professor J. A. Fowler's Offer to Give a Series of Lessons on Musical Theory and Sight-Singing to All Members of the Choir—Now is the Time to Become Associated With St. Patrick's.

The class on musical theory and sight-singing that Professor Fowler has been giving the young men, for the last three years, has been so successful and so useful to St. Patrick's Choir, that Prof. Fowler has decided to continue it this year. It will open on next Monday evening, October 18th, in St. Patrick's choir practice room. It consists of a thorough course of the theory of music, as complete as those given in conservatories of music of the United States or Europe, and of a sight singing class. It is free of charge, the only obligation being to attend St. Patrick's Choir.

All young men wishing to follow this course should make application to Professor J. H. Fowler, No. 4 Phillips Place, any evening after 8 o'clock, or on Sunday after the service at St. Patrick's Church.

Our Reviewer.

We acknowledge receipt of a new little book, "The Month of the Soul in Purgatory," published by the Brothers of Charity of the House of the Angel Guardian in Boston. This little volume is illustrated, neatly printed and well bound in paper covers, and contains over seventy pages, and is the work of the inmates of the institution, where orphan and destitute boys are cared for and given a Christian education, along with being instructed in different trades, suiting their capacities, which affords them great assistance when they are obliged to leave the good Brothers. We find in this little book: "The exercises for each day of the month of November, followed by a prayer," "The Way of the Cross for the souls in purgatory," "Prayers that should be said at the Christian's last hour," "Rules to observe for the reception of the last sacraments," etc. This publication is a real necessity, not only during the month of the dead, but during any time of the year, and its trifling price, (only 10c. by mail), places it within the reach of every one, and permits the poor as well as the rich to help the Brothers of Charity in their good work. Any of our readers who should want to procure this little book can apply to Brother Jude, Superior, 83 Vernon St., Boston, Mass.

In "That Football Game," by Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J., we have one of those sound, wholesome, yet exciting books which every parent would be glad to see in the hands of his sons. It deals with none of those incidents of war and adventure which too often lead the vivid imagination of youth to glorify deeds of rapine and bloodshed. Nor is it of the sickly sentimental order that the soul of the healthy lad instinctively revolts against. It contains neither blood-curdling incidents nor prolix morality. But it is safe to say that the young athlete will not only find in it a tale of absorbing interest, but will derive from it instruction that is not only of benefit to him to-day, but will prove of inestimable value to him in after life.

As Father Finn shows it, football, so far from being a game for the promotion of roughness, if not brutality, is really an athletic exercise where a player is schooled to control his passions under the strongest provocation. Those who cry out against it as a school for savagery are confounding the game itself with certain abuses that threaten to creep into it. With these eliminated it is a splendid teacher of courage and manly fortitude. Football is essentially a gentleman's game—for if others play it there is danger of the rougher element predominating until slugging takes the place of science—and thus the boy, who naturally derives his manners from his associates, is in danger of forgetting the very principles and virtues that the game is intended to inculcate. Father Finn, indeed, regards football as the greatest of all games, principally because it schools a boy to an almost heroic self-restraint both on and off the field. It teaches him the value of discipline, gives work takes the place of head-work, and team play is converted into horse play. It teaches him self-restraint, because it compels him to give up many of his cherished luxuries in order to keep in condition. These are qualities that will make him a braver and braver man in after years, and since athletics in proper proportion are perfectly compatible with good scholarship, they assist him in achieving success in the battle of life.

Besides containing a simple and excellent description of "The American Game," Father Finn's hints on coaching will prove interesting reading to players of far older growth than the book is written for. He gives descriptions of the right and wrong methods of tackling, passing and punting, that shows him to be an expert in the game, and his codification of signals and suggestions as to the most useful plays under differing circumstances, might be perused with advantage by many of our captains. His description of the particular march from which the book derives its title is as remarkable for the exactness of the details as it is for the exciting manner in which the inter is kept up. One seems to be on the field oneself, sympathizing with the fluctuating fortunes of the players, so faithfully is the mimic contest portrayed. No boy who ever starts that chapter will lay the book down until he has finished it, so graphically does the author bring forth the fortunes of the fight—nor indeed will the older player—for Father Finn assesses a wonderful power of word painting, and it is easy to see that his soul is in the game.

The book is one that every boy should read. It will do much to make him a purer and a nobler son and it will teach him that in developing his physical nature he is also broadening and beautifying his mental character, and rendering himself a worthy citizen of this great continent.—B. Ziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, price 85 cents

The Decadence of the Preacher.

In an editorial reference, the New York Freeman's Journal thus disposes of the false logic of a Protestant minister, who has been treating a subject which it pleases him to entitle, "The Decadence of the Pulpit":

Rev. Thomas Dixon writes a letter to the World on "The Decadence of the Pulpit." He should have said the decadence of the preacher, for it is he whose influence is on the wane. Besides, this is what he really meant. He says: "The truth is, the modern novelist is driving the conventional clergyman off the earth. There are hundreds of our orthodox churches to-day practically deserted except by a few faithful women and children."

This may be, and doubtless is, true of Protestant churches, but it is not true of the Catholic churches. They are crowded with worshippers several times a Sunday, and would be still crowded if they were larger and more numerous.

Mr. Dixon continues: "There are one thousand educated preachers in the neighborhood of New York out of a job." If we add to these the uneducated preachers the number would be greatly increased, and the lesson of it stronger. In economic phraseology, there is evidently an overproduction, or an under-consumption, or a decline in the demand. In contrast with this, Catholics complain that they have not enough priests, and the priests complain that they are overworked.

In trying to account for the crowds of preachers "out of a job," Mr. Dixon says: "One of the reasons for this is that the modern novelist has become the ethical teacher of the world."

If this be the case, and there is a new dispensation, there is nothing for the jobless ministers to do but to turn novelists. This seems an easy solution of the problem; but there is one drawback to it. If those preachers could not interest their hearers, how can they hope to interest readers? If they have failed as ethical teachers in the pulpit, is it not 16 to 1 that they would fail as ethical teachers in the novel? It is not the novelist who has deprived them of a vocation and support. Men and women read novels to be entertained and amused, not for information on ethical principles; and the novelist's success depends on his power to entertain and amuse, not on his ability to teach ethics. The conventional preacher is not entertaining or amusing. The graveyard tone and melancholy, wash day atmosphere that he carries about with him are not entertaining; nor are they conducive to cheerfulness, nor even that kind of cheerfulness that is consistent with goodness and holiness. His false views of religion are apt to react on his liver and give him a bilious diathesis. Next to a fire in the adjoining building there is no pew-emptying agent so efficient as a bilious diathesis superinduced by a false view of Divine economy, of man, his destiny and the means to attain it. When a man goes wrong on these he is apt to be sour. This is one reason for the decadence of the preacher, and why his appearance is a prospect of empty pews. But, leaving aside the question of method and form, it is possible, very possible, nay, probable, that the decadence of the preacher arises from the fact that he is not a good teacher, and that the demand for the kind of wares he has to deliver is on the decline.

THE editor of the Church Times, the organ of the English Protestants, in discussing the two celebrations, in honor of St. Augustine, at Ebbwfleet, remarks, after confessing that the Catholics put the Anglicans to the blush with the splendor of their proceedings:

"We have seen a photograph of the Anglican commemoration, which represents a back view of a crowd of gaitered dignitaries standing in a field, and trying to get a view of something which could not easily be seen. If we had not known the circumstances, we should have taken the crowd for a muster of well-to-do farmers at an agricultural show."

Purity can detect the presence of the evil which it does not understand; just as the dove, which has never seen a hawk, trembles at its presence.

DIED.

O'BRIEN—Katie A. (Dolores) O'Brien, at the residence of her father, Mr. Michael O'Brien, 819 Wellington Street, on October 12, 1897. Funeral will take place Thursday morning, 14th, at 7:30 sharp, from the above address, to St. Ann's Church, thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances are invited to attend. (Cobourg, Ont., rap is please copy)

MR. BRUCHESE

Leaves For Rome by the Dominion Liner Labrador.

His Grace Escorted to the Steamer by Thousands of the Parishioners of the Various Churches.

Despite the rain the departure of Mr. Bruchese for Rome, on Friday evening, was made the occasion of an unusually large attendance of the parishioners of the various parishes of the city, at St. James Cathedral, where a special service was held at 7:30 o'clock.

As soon as the service was concluded His Grace, accompanied by Canons Racicot, Valliant, Archambault, Martin, Rev. Fathers Callaghan, Larocque, and De Quoi, of the Bishop's Palace, drove to the wharf. Following the Archbishop's carriage were 150 carriages containing the clergy, mayors and councillors of the several adjoining municipalities, Catholic school commissioners, the artisan societies, C.M.B.A., C.O.F., the procession being enlivened by music by the Police Band, St. Henri Town Band and the band under the auspices of St. Elizabeth Society. Among the prominent citizens who wished him bon voyage to His Grace were Judge Desnoyers, Dr. Lachapelle, Dr. Desjardins, Hon. J. D. Rolland, M. Burke. The Dominion line wharf and sheds were specially decorated for the occasion. Flags and colored lights were seen in profusion. As soon as the clerical party reached the wharf His Grace was saluted with rockets, fired from the Labrador. As the Archbishop stepped up the gangway, he was met by Captain Erskine and Mr. Robert Macdonald, and conducted to his stateroom. Owing to the inclemency of the weather, His Grace did not appear at the present, but he asked the representative of the True Witness to convey his gratitude to the people for the kind manner in which he had been greeted, and for the good wishes and prayers of the faithful.

ST. ANN'S RAMBLER.

The Opening of the Bazaar on Thursday.

A Pretty Wedding—The Annual Visit to the Cemetery—Death of Miss O'Brien.

St. Ann's Bazaar commences to-morrow and is under the direction of the Redemptorist Fathers and the Ladies of the Parish. It is being held in the spacious St. Ann's Hall, Young street, and will continue with open doors each afternoon from 1:30 p.m. until 5:30 p.m., and each evening from 7:30 p.m. until 10 p.m., closing on the 23rd instant. The object is a most charitable one, the income going to the good work of assisting the needy of the parish on the opening of the long winter season. The admission fee is only ten cents, and every Catholic in Montreal should pay it a visit. The committee who have had the arrangements in hand are: President, Mrs. Wm. Brennan; vice-presidents, Miss Mary O'Connor, Miss Annie Garcan, Miss M. Kane, Mrs. Thomas O'Connell, Miss Johnson; secretary, Miss Laperance. The programme is both an interesting and varied one, and reflects the highest credit on Rev. Father Strubbe and his lady assistants.

A PRETTY WEDDING.

A pretty wedding ceremony took place on Monday at St. Ann's Church, when the contracting parties were Mr. John Kenahan, second son of Mr. James Kenahan, the well known proprietor of the wagon manufactory on William street, and Miss K. McKeown, daughter of Mr. P. McKeown. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Scannell, C.S.S.R., assisted by Rev. Frs. Flynn, C.S.S.R. and Girard, C.S.S.R.

The choir, under the able direction of Prof. F. J. Shea, rendered a number of beautiful choruses during the nuptial Mass.

The wedding presents were numerous and costly, among the number being one from the members of the ladies' choir.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenahan left by the morning train to spend their honeymoon at Washington and New York.

VISIT TO THE CEMETERY.

The annual visit of the parishioners to Cote des Neiges Cemetery was held last Sunday, and there was a large attendance of the parishioners despite the fact that the day was cold and the wind piercing. The solemn practice of visiting the different Stations was carried out under the direction of the Rev. Father Strubbe.

THE BAZAAR.

The opening of the Bazaar has been deferred, owing to the death of Miss Katie O'Brien. The inauguration was to have taken place this evening, but as a tribute to the deceased it was decided to postpone the function until after the funeral. Miss O'Brien was always an enthusiastic worker in St. Ann's parish and her loss will be sadly felt by the young people of the parish.

NED.

OBITUARY.

THE LATE MRS. T. MOONEY.

It is our painful duty to announce the death of Catherine McNeil, wife of Timothy Mooney, at the age of 78 years, which took place on the 28th of September. A native of County Antrim, Ireland, she came to this country in 1845. She was a sincere Christian, loved and respected by all who knew her for her many good qualities of heart. When the end came she was surrounded by all

the consolations of religion. Her remains were taken to St. Gabriel's Church, where a Requiem Mass was chanted for the repose of her soul. The funeral then proceeded to Cote des Neiges, followed by her husband, children, grand-children and great grand children, and many sorrowing friends having arrived at her last resting place, her body was lowered into the grave, where we hope, to await its glorious resurrection. She leaves a husband, two sons and four daughters to mourn her loss. May she rest in peace.

Irish Day at Nashville.

There was an Irish-American day at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition in Nashville, and it was a glorious success. The parade, the thousands in attendance, the thrilling speeches, the beauty of the women and the manliness of the men, proved the influence which the grand old Celtic race is wielding in the land of its adoption. Space does not permit us to describe a scene which will live in the memory of all those who had the happiness to behold it forever. Governor Taylor made a telling address. In it he said:

"If I were a sculptor, I would chisel from the marble my idea of a hero. I would make it the figure of an Irishman, sacrificing his hopes and his life on the altar of his country, and I would carve on its pedestal the name of Emmet."

"If I were a painter, I would make the canvas eloquent with the deeds of the bravest people who ever lived, whose proud spirit no power can ever conquer, and whose loyalty and devotion to the hope of free government no tyrant can ever crush. And I would write under the picture, 'Ireland.'"

"If I were a poet, I would melt the world to tears with the pathos of my song. I would touch the heart of humanity with the mournful threnody of Ireland's wrongs and Erin's woes. I would weave the shamrock and the rose into garlands of glory for the Emerald Isle, the land of martyrs and memories, the cradle of heroes, the nursery of liberty."

"Tortured in dungeons and murdered on scaffolds, robbed of the fruits of their sweat and toil, scourged by famine and plundered by the avarice of heartless power, driven like the leaves of Autumn before the keen Winter winds, this sturdy race of Erin's sons and daughters have been scattered over the face of the earth, homeless only in the land of their nativity, but princes and lords in every other land where merit is the measure of the man."

"Where is the battlefield that has not been glorified by Irish courage and baptized with Irish blood? And where is the free country whose councils have not been strengthened by Irish brains, and whose wealth has not been increased by Irish brawn?"

"Wherever the flag of war flutters, the spirit of Irish chivalry is there, panting for the battle and eager for the charge. Whether it be Wellington leading the allied armies at Waterloo, or Ney following the eagles of France; whether it be Sam Houston crushing the armies of Santa Anna at San Jacinto, or Davy Crockett courting death at the Alamo; whether it be Andrew Jackson at New Orleans, or Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville; whether it be Phil Sheridan in the saddle riding like a god of war in the thickest of the fight, or Pat Cleburne leading the forlorn hope and dying at the cannon's mouth on the breastworks of the foe, it is the same intrepid, unconquerable spirit of sublime courage which flows like a stream of inspiration from the heart of Old Ireland to fire the souls of the world's greatest leaders, and to burn forever on the altars of liberty."

"Wherever the banner of peace is unfurled over the progressive nations of the earth, this same irresistible Celtic blood has ever been present, shaping the destinies of empires and republics."

"If I were asked why our Southern people are so impulsive, I would answer it is the predominance of Irish blood in our veins. It was this that fired the Irish heart of Patrick Henry to preach secession from English wrath and the power of English arms."

St. Mary's Bazaar.

The bazaar in connection with Our Lady of Good Counsel opens on Monday next with a banquet in the church hall at the corner of Janet and Craig street. Mrs. James Street is the president of the Committee of Arrangements, and the following ladies will have charge of the different tables:

Rosary, Mrs. Lawlor; Children of Mary, Miss B. Smith; C. M. B. A., Mrs. L. O'Brien; Holy Name, Miss Smith; A. O. H. Miss Sutherland; wheel of fortune, Mrs. Curran and Miss Harvey; fish pond, Miss Cassidy; C. O. F., Rev. Father Shea; post-office, Miss Gehan; gypsy tent, Miss Lavoie; entertainments, the young ladies, and the refreshment booth will be presided over by the popular president, Mrs. Street; lottery, Mrs. Singleton.

Rev. Father O'Donnell has worked earnestly with the Committee to make the entertainment a success and it will be little to the credit of this great Irish Catholic parish if its efforts are not ably seconded by his parishioners.

The reputation of Menthol Soothing Syrup as a Soothing Syrup is in the memory of thousands of mothers and nurses who have used it. It is indispensable for all diseases of children.

Menthol Cough Syrup is on sale everywhere; price 25c per bottle.

In Paris the trees on the public streets are treated with as much attention as are the plants in botanical gardens. Officials look after their welfare and as a result the streets are beautiful and comfortable.

Last winter a postal card containing \$10,000 in gold, silver and paper money was lost on a train near Sigmaringen, Germany. It was supposed it had fallen into the river, but several weeks of dredging did not recover it. A few weeks ago some workmen found it embedded in the mud of a canal leading into the Danube.

MR. BUTLER DECLINES

The Nomination For Representative of St. Gabriel Ward.

Full Text of His Letter Addressed to the Delegation Appointed by the Electors

It is a matter of regret that Mr. Tobias Butler could not see his way clear to allow himself to be placed in nomination for St. Gabriel Ward, as aldermanic candidate in the approaching municipal campaign. The deputation which waited on him represented fully two hundred and fifty of the most influential electors of St. Gabriel, and there is no doubt that had he given his consent Mr. Butler's triumph at the polls would have been assured. Well and long known in the ward, and with a thorough experience in public and society affairs, with a broad mind and a man who knows how to be fair and just to all sections of the community, Mr. Butler is peculiarly fitted for the office of alderman. His ready debating powers and his indomitable perseverance in the prosecution of any object demanded by public justice, was a guarantee that St. Gabriel Ward and the interests of the city generally would have found an earnest champion. However, it is still to be hoped that Mr. Butler will consent at some future period to allow himself to be placed in nomination. The following is the text of his reply to the deputation:—

To Messrs. John Connor, Francis McCabe, Patrick O'Brien, Andrew Dunn, John Ryan, and others.

Gentlemen,—I know not how to thank you and the other gentlemen of St. Gabriel parish for the great honor you have conferred on me by making me your unanimous choice to represent this thrifty young ward in the City Council of Montreal. Perhaps the best and only thanks I could offer would be to place myself unreservedly in your hands to do with me as you would. But I am sorry,—how sorry it would be impossible to say—that circumstances at present prevent me from devoting that time and attention to your interests which a careful and painstaking representative would be supposed and ought to be prepared to give. I feel the more reluctant to write you thus, knowing, as I do, that the time has arrived for us to make a vigorous and determined effort to regain the rights and privileges of which in a moment of weakness we have been deprived. We can accomplish almost anything by being united and fighting shoulder to shoulder as one man, so that our opponents may not break our ranks, and throw us once again into confusion.

When your choice falls upon another, and I hope a stronger and much abler man than myself, I need hardly promise that your man will be my man, and you may rely upon a hearty and cordial support from me.

Again, gentlemen, allow me to thank you, thank you with a sincerity I am unable to convey to you in words, for conferring upon me an honor which I shall ever treasure most highly.

Believe me,
Yours sincerely,
TOMAS BUTLER.

October 9, 1897.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Two test cases now being heard by the United States board of general appraisers are expected to result in an authoritative definition as to what constitutes a work of art from a custom house standpoint. The cases relate to the importation of two altars intended respectively for a church in Binghamton, N.Y., and a church in Brooklyn. The question involved is, roughly, whether these altars are the work of artists or artisans. The altars were both designed by American artists and executed in Italy. The one for the Brooklyn church is of white marble, and was imported piece by piece. The statues, which form part of it, were admitted free without any question, but the main altar, or, as it has been termed, the "architectural part," was held to be subject to duty as merchandise, and was appraised at \$1,500. The testimony of two sculptors has already been heard,

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and it is understood that various eminent artists and sculptors will be called upon to give their ideas as to what really constitutes a work of art.

MARRIAGE OF DEAF MUTES.

A quiet marriage ceremony was performed on Thursday night in St. Michael's Church, Ninth street, Jersey City. The principals were Miss Mary Fitzpatrick and Mr. John O'Brien, both deaf mutes. The Rev. Fr. Roger McGinley, who understands the deaf and dumb language, officiated. He asked the questions with rapid motions of his fingers and the couple responded in like manner. The bride, Annie Fitzpatrick, a sister of the bride, and the best man, Dennis O'Keefe, were also deaf mutes. The bride and groom looked just as happy as if they could tell about it orally.

IN HONOR OF BISHOP CLANCY.

A dinner in honor of the Rev. Dr. John J. Clancy, Lord Bishop of Elphin, Ireland, was given in the octagon room of the Savoy Hotel, Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth street, Thursday night. Bourke Cockran presided, and among those present were General James R. O'Brien, Justice Smyth, John D. Crimmins, Justice Joseph P. Daly, Judge James Fitzgerald, E. D. Farrell, Dennis Burns, Joseph L. Keane, Justice L. J. Conlan, Justice P. Henry Duffro and Stephen Kelly. The tables were prettily banked with roses, and between the courses a stringed orchestra discoursed popular Irish selections.

In introducing the guest of the evening, Mr. Cockran presented Bishop Clancy as "the rising power of Irish patriotism and Irish eloquence." The Bishop suitably replied, and other speakers were General O'Brien, who responded to the toast of "The United States," Justice Daly, who spoke on "The Judiciary," and Justice Smyth, whose topic was "The Law." Chauncey M. Depew, who was a guest in another part of the hotel, was also present for a short time and said a few words of welcome to Bishop Clancy.

The Bishop has been in the United States for six weeks, and has traveled as far West as Chicago, where he was the guest of Archbishop Feehan. He sailed for Europe on Sunday.

MAYORALTY CONTEST.

The contest for the office of Mayor of Greater New York is waxing warm and vigorous in the different camps.

General Tracy created no little enthusiasm by his speech at a Republican ratification meeting in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on Monday evening.

Standing before an audience of his former neighbors in the city where he won political fame, the old campaigner, his voice trembling with emotion, his face pale with anger, resentment pictured on his countenance, and indicated by his bearing, denounced Seth Low for the words Low used in his speech on Saturday night, and in cutting sarcasm hurled back Low's proffered friendship.

The cause of Tracy's anger was the statement of Mr. Low that should General Tracy be elected the administration of the Mayor's office for the next four years would be conducted from the Senate Chamber at Washington.

Mrs. Smith: It seems to me that for a man who claims to deserve charity, you have a very red nose?

Charlie Bowen: Yes, mum; the cheap soap that us poor people has to use is very hard on the complexion, mum.