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The True Witness



MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE MOORE MEMORIAL FUND

The following letter appears in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record:

Rev. Dear Sir,—May I venture to ask for space in your very influential review to plead with the Irish clergy at home and abroad the cause of the "Moore Memorial." Knowing how highly the work of Moore is appreciated by Irish priests, I am satisfied that there is no class of our countrymen I could appeal to with greater confidence. In the school, on the platform, and at the social board, the Irish clergy have constantly, unflinchingly and universally paid their tribute to the genius of our national poet. Amongst them, perhaps more than amongst any other section of Irishmen, the songs, the poems and prose works of Thomas Moore have been held in honor. Now that there is question of erecting once for all a suitable monument to the poet, I am sure that the clergy will help, as far as they can, to make it worthy of Moore and worthy of the capital of Ireland.

The work of Moore appeals, I think, to all that is noblest and best in the nature of Irishmen. He drew his inspiration entirely from the soil and atmosphere of his native land. At a time when the culture of ancient Ireland was a subject of mockery to so many even of her own sons, Moore turned to it, admired it, defended it, and by the magic of his touch revealed to the world a glimpse of its grandeur and loveliness. It is scarcely fair to judge him by the standards of our day; but even so judged, did he not make the national spirit of his country the lifelong theme of his songs?

In the ancient civilization of the Gael and in the legends and myths that grew up around it, he found a source of inspiration for some of his noblest lyrics. He brings us back in spirit to the halls of Tara and the palace of Fingal. He calls up the vision of a predestined race which had turned its gaze, even in far-off times, towards

That Eden where the immortal brave Dwell in a land serene Whose bowers above the shining wave At sunset oft are seen.

He celebrates the achievements of the Red Branch Knights. He sends on to posterity the most tuneful echo ever yet heard of the great tragedy of the North, the "Lament of Deirdre for the Children of Uisnach." He has caught up and transmitted to us the strain of that wonderful "Song of Fianna"—"Lir's lonely daughter"—which in its weird, melancholy pathos has not its equal in the world. He has made us listen to the croon of the Banshee, and shown us the track of "the Mountain Sprite," and the spectre of "Donohue's White Horse."

In dealing with religious subjects, Moore rose to the full height of his genius. In his Biblical poems he is truly sublime; and in such short lyrics as

This world is all a fleeting show For man's illusion given,

and Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see, he is on a level in that branch of verse with the best poets of his age.

It is, however, where religion and nationality meet and combine that he is most at home. The sacred places of our religious history have for him a charm that is almost beyond expression. Glendalough, Kildare's holy shrine, sweet Inisfallen, Aranmore, have an additional halo, a romantic sweetness shed around them by the songs of Moore. And as for Irish history, there is scarcely any of its great heroes and heroines, or of its epoch-marking episodes that have not inspired the poet. He has sung the glories of Brian the Brave. He has sounded the defiant battle-cry of the Prince of Brehni. He has recalled the fate and sacrifices of the "Wild Geese."

The Blakes and O'Donnells whose fathers resigned The green hills of their youth among strangers to find The repose which at home they had looked for in vain.

And nearer still to us he has left the mark of his genius on the great

upheaval of '98, not only in his "Biography of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," but in that captivating song "She is Far From the Land," in which the destiny of Sarah Curran and Robert Emmet is enshrined in a form worthy of the ill-fated love it has immortalized. Washington Irving has paid his tribute to the genius of Moore, by quoting this poem in his "Sketch Book," and writing a beautiful essay on the subject that inspired it.

I am informed that even in the theological schools Moore's "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion" is quoted with interest and with pleasure; and we have it on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Edgill, Protestant Rector of the parish in which he died, that our national bard was faithful to the last to the creed of his childhood. It is unnecessary to dwell on the sweet expression of sentiment in all the melodies which touch the heart and turn even sorrow into pleasure. How many a careworn brow has been smoothed over by the poet's wand? How many an Irish home has been enlivened by the strains of the bard? How many a bosom has been swayed by the noblest emotions of patriotism and love at the call of this national minstrel? The tears of the exile freely respond to the double charm of the music of his native land which Moore did so much to rescue from oblivion and of the refinement and tenderness of the words with which it is allied. Wherever the Irishman wanders over the world the songs of Moore accompany him and help to bind him, as if by invisible threads, to the land of his birth. Let the critics say what they will, Moore has exercised and still exercises a subtle influence over the Irish race which comforts them in their sorrows, cheers them in their trials, and adds an element of refinement and distinction to their joys. His name, too, has travelled far beyond the confines even of Greater Ireland. His fame is universal. His songs are sung by the greatest artists of the greatest cities in the world. He has found an entrance into the castles and mansions of nobles as he has established a home in the cabins of the humblest peasants; and everywhere he has brought with him an echo of Ireland's history, of her struggles, her sufferings, and her hopes.

It is only right, I think, that the man who has bequeathed to his country such a priceless treasure should have in the city of his birth and in Ireland's capital a monument worthy of his genius. I therefore humbly appeal to the Irish clergy at home and abroad, and wherever these lines may find them, to help us in the work we have undertaken. We have secured the co-operation of a very powerful committee—men of all shades of opinion and of all ranks and classes. I trust it may be found possible to organize a little concert during the winter in every town and village in the country and give the people at large an opportunity of contributing a trifle to the work. Perhaps the students of Maynooth, All Hallows, Thurles, Waterford, Carlow, and of all our Colleges and Convents could see their way to give us a little help. All contributions will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged by the Dublin Committee, by the Hon. Treasurers, Mr. Thomas Sexton and Dr. Percival Wright, or by yours faithfully.

EDWARD H. ENNIS, B.L., 41 Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin.

PRAYING FOR THE DEAD.

Speaking recently at St. Margaret's Church Hall, Anfield, Liverpool, on "Why does the Church pray for the departed?" the Rev. H. N. Thompson, Vicar of Haven street, Isle of Wight, stated that in the course of a four hours' conversation on prayers for the dead with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate, who was then Bishop of Winchester, admitted in private that he himself said prayers for the dead with the late Queen. His only wish was that the Archbishop would make such a declaration in public because it would be the means of clearing away many of the difficulties with which the members of the English Church Union had to contend.

Sulpicians in France Share in the Unhappy State of Affairs.

Apropos of the state of affairs in France at the present moment, the following extract from a letter handed to us by a Sulpician in this city to whom it was sent recently by a fellow Sulpician in Orleans, France, will be of interest to our readers, especially those who have lived and are presently living in parishes under the direction of the priests of St. Sulpice. The writer is eighty-four years old, an eminent historian, rhetorician and man of letters, and though the snows of years are piled on his head, his mind is clear and his heart is strong. It had been hoped that grand old St. Sulpice would have been spared by the ruthless hand of the deprecator, but Combes et al believe in "doing their work thoroughly," their diabolical thirst to level everything savoring of religion to the dust has not been satiated, hence the fiat has gone forth, and for St. Sulpice it is only a question of time when she must submit to be driven from her universities and seminaries. The letter is eloquent in its perfect submission, not a word of censure, but simply trust in the mercy of a long-suffering God who in His own good time will avenge the outrages perpetrated on those working so faithfully in His vineyard.

"What is to become of us? In a few months we will be obliged to leave our seminaries, where we expected to pass the end of our days. We will have to abandon the great work to which we have consecrated our lives, and begin, we might say, our existence. It is hard; but God permits it. We must adore Him and accept with submission His divine will. God needs no one to perform His work. If He wishes no longer to use us, He will find others to replace us. That He may shower on them abundant blessings. But we must not lose confidence. St. Sulpice has suffered other trials and survived them; we can only hope that the present one may be dissipated. * * * Driven from our seminaries, we cannot tell what will become of us, and the future is anything but bright * * * America always had a great attraction for me * * * but I am eighty-four years of age. To undertake at this age such a journey would be a sort of madness. I can only dream of it and resign myself, notwithstanding the sad spectacle which "la chere France" presents, to here end my days. I had hoped to rest when death had called me beside my dear conferees who sleep their last sleep in our little chapel in the Pomme-de-Pin (the name of the beautiful garden, at one end of which is built the above-named mortuary chapel and a favorite spot of the writer) but will not have that consolation."

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

At the Gloucester street Convent, Ottawa, on Monday, the golden jubilee of Mother St. Cecilia, provincial of the Congregation of Notre Dame for Ontario and the United States, was fittingly observed. The pupils enjoyed a holiday on the occasion, and took part in a musical programme. An address was presented the Mother Superior, and afterwards a reception was held, at which many friends of the jubilarian extended their congratulations. The celebration has a double significance, as it was also the feast day of St. Cecilia, patroness of the venerable nun. The next morning, in observance of the eventful occasion, Mgr. Sbarretti, Papal Delegate, officiated at Mass at the convent. In the afternoon, Rev. Dr. Emery, rector of the University, officiated at Benediction. Mother St. Cecilia took the veil in Montreal fifty years ago, and is one of the best known and best beloved nuns of the order in America.

Religion in Irreligious Paris

The days of All Saints and All Souls were remarkably well observed by people in Paris, writes a correspondent. On the Toussaint, a general holiday, the churches were

crowded, many men as well as women attending Mass and Vespers. There was less pleasure-seeking than usual, and the attendance at theatres and even those revellers were some of the very worst people in the city who tried to make an ordinary roistering holiday of the Toussaint, and even these revellers were somewhat subdued. The largest number of visitors to the cemeteries was recorded at Pere Lachaise, where on All Saints' Day 100,000 people entered. The crowd was less on the Jour des Morts, which is a working day. In many tombs in the cemeteries candles were lighted, and presented a weird appearance, especially on the Jour des Morts, when the skies were sombre. It has been estimated that there are over three millions of people now buried in Pere Lachaise alone. It is an enormous place of magnificent and costly monuments, which increase annually.

An Irish Tribute to King Edward.

The Freeman's Journal, organ of the Irish National Party, says: There is undoubtedly something more than the conventional sincerity in the congratulations that are showered upon King Edward from all quarters on his 63rd birthday. He has not only come to be the most important influence, apart from party politics, in the life of the country, but he has done it by services of a kind which no one can cavil at. But the greatest service King Edward has rendered to this country is in counterbalancing the illicit capacity of the present government for costly and criminal blundering. His ability, tact, and acute powers of perceiving what is beneficial have undoubtedly proved a most valuable counterpoise to the incompetence, inexperience, and stupidity of the scratch lot whom family predilections and Mr. Balfour's supine negligence have let loose to exercise their incapacity in muddling and mismanaging the affairs of this country. It was undoubtedly a very fortunate circumstance for the taxpayer, to put it on no higher ground, that King Edward ascended the throne at the time he did, and snuffed out the crude and dangerous Jingoism which had already cost them so dear.

SAINT AND BUSINESS MAN.

Archbishop Chapelle, after his first interview with Pope Pius X., described him as a "business man and a saint." He likes above all men those that are hard workers, and he wants all those who have been chosen to help him in the government of the Church to be as interested in their work as he is himself. Whenever he discovers a dignitary who is merely a dignitary, he plans the abolition of the "dignity" at the earliest possible moment—especially if there are emoluments connected with it. It is probable that His Holiness is more concerned with money matters now than he ever was before. Every morning he notes carefully the expenses of the Vatican for the previous day, and he balances the accounts, receipts and expenditures at the end of every month. But the Holy See does not get any richer, for where the Holy Father saves in one direction he spends in another, the only difference being that he makes one dollar do the work of two, and poor churches and foreign missions are the gainers. And there never was a time when the Vicar of Christ had such need of the generous support of the faithful all over the world. He has reduced the working expenses of the Holy See to a minimum, and has multiplied its efficacy to an extent which will be realized later on, but he is prevented from carrying out many great enterprises by lack of resources.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE NOTES.

The annual Thanksgiving dinner of the American students is being held to-day.

On Wednesday evening the American students held a private entertainment, at which solos, recitations and selections by the orchestra were given.

Prof. Drouin, leader of the orchestra at Riverside Park, has been appointed professor of violin at the College, succeeding Prof. Arthur Rousseau.

An addition is being built to the community of the Holy Family Sisters. The Sisters have charge of the washing, cooking, etc., of the College.

Many letters of condolence were sent to the College authorities on the death of Rev. Father Carriere. His familiar figure is greatly missed around the place. A large number of different works to which he devoted his spare time were found after his death. Some of them will be published, and will make interesting

LAST CONCERT OF CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Long before the appointed hour the Sailors' Concert Hall was filled to overflowing by friends anxious to be present at the last entertainment to be given in favor of the Club for this season. The hall was tastefully arranged, and from the offset everything plainly showed that the evening's entertainment was to be a grand one; and fully up to the standard of the old saying: "Last, but not least." The first item was a piano solo by Miss Lynch, who presided as accompanist for the balance of the evening. The President of the Club, Mr. F. B. McNamee, then made his appearance, and after formally opening the concert in a few well-chosen words, introduced the president of the evening, Mr. Chas. Smith, of the Jas. McCready Co., under whose auspices the concert was given. Mr. Smith made an ideal chairman, proceeding with things in an off-hand and business-like manner that showed him to be a trained all-round worker. There was a decided contrast between this and previous concerts in the fact that the sailors were not present in their usual numbers, owing to the fact that only one or two ships are in port. The programme was opened by Mr. Kennedy, who possesses a splendid tenor voice, and who sang with good effect a ballad entitled "An Irishman's Heart," evoking rounds of applause. The recitation, "Angels' Whispers," given by Miss Rupert, was applauded to the echo. Miss O'Brien gave the old song "Kilbarney" in finished style, which called for an encore, to which she responded by singing very sweetly "Sargent Kitty." Mr. Fox gave the audience the "Three-leafed Shamrock," and was recalled three times in appreciation of his efforts. Miss Catherine Fitzgerald then favored the audience with a song entitled "The Country School-house, or Ragtime Joe," and "Wedding Bells" as an encore. The recitation, "Kelly and Burke and Shea," given by Mr. Mooney, was enthusiastically applauded, to which the gentleman was obliged to respond. "The Telephone Song," by Miss Mary McKay, "Good-bye My Lady-love, Good-bye," by Mr. Frank O'Neill, were well rendered. "The Banks of the Wash-bash," by Miss M. Walker, brought out for an encore the grand old ballad "Annie Laurie." There was also a recitation, "The Dandy Fifth," by Mr. Murphy, and Miss Eva Rupert very acceptably sang "Little Black Me." "Kathleen Mavourneen" was splendidly and pathetically rendered by Miss B. Ferguson, who gave the "Slave Song" as an encore. Then came a fancy dance from Mr. Kennedy. The remarks of Rev. Father Malone, S. J., brought to a close for the present season a series of concerts long to be remembered by the Catholic sailors and their friends in the city of Montreal.

reading and give general information to those with literary tastes.

The French drama, "Renegade and Martyr," which was staged by the pupils on Monday evening last, was very successful. A large audience assisted, among those present being a number of city folks, parents and friends of the scholars. The college theatre was beautifully illuminated for the occasion. The college orchestra and the band rendered several selections during the evening.

C. O. F. SOCIAL.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, Catholic Order of Foresters, will give their first euchre and social this season in Stanley Hall on Friday, November 25th. This Court has always been noted for the success of its entertainments and the committee in charge of the arrangements are confident that this one will be the best ever held by old St. Patrick's Court.

Death of Eugene O'Curry's Daughter.

At Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, the interment took place last week of Mother M. Brigid O'Curry, last surviving daughter of Eugene O'Curry, the great Gaelic scholar and antiquarian. The deceased religious spent nearly her whole life in Loreto. In her childhood she had the privilege of knowing the foundress of the Institute of the B. V. Mary in Ireland, and to the last revered and cherished Rev. Mother Teresa Ball's memory. Mother M. Brigid filled many offices in her Order. She loved the poor, and devoted her early years in religious life in the National school attached to the Abbey. Then she taught in Kilkenny, Loreto and Rathmines. She was Superior in Wexford, and Balbriggan. Her remaining years were spent at the Alma Mater, Loreto Abbey, where many will miss her genial welcome. Universal regret is felt for her by a large circle of friends.

NEARLY SIX MILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO SPEND FOR PATENTS.

The past year has been a busy one for inventors, and, unless all signs fail, manufacturers in the United States intend placing upon the market many new products not heretofore known. During the last year, 31,699 patents were issued by the United States Patent Office. The number of patents which expired in the United States in 1903 was 21,797. The number of allowed applications awaiting the payment of final fees was 10,545, and there are \$5,682,540.61 to the credit of the Patent Office in the Treasury of the United States. Messrs. Marion & Marion, of Montreal, secured twenty-five per cent of all U.S. patents issued to Canadians in 1903. Altogether the volume of business done by the U. S. Patent Office last year was the largest in its history.

Germany has purchased land, and plans have been prepared for a new Patent Office building in Berlin to provide accommodation for two thousand employees. Commencing Jan. 1, 1905, the British authorities will follow the method of examination now practised in Canada, the United States and Germany.

Our readers may obtain any information about patents and trade marks by applying to Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, who have sent us the above article.

An Englishman walking through a certain part of Scotland with rod and reel, came upon a tiny lough, which he thought held out promise of a good day's sport. Patiently he fished for three hours, moving steadily from spot to spot along the borders of the little pond, but no success came to him. At last he accosted a little boy, who had stood for ten minutes watching him with mingled surprise and curiosity.

"My little lad," said the Englishman, "can you tell me whether there are any fish in this pond?" "If there be any, they must be vera wee ones, sir," returned the boy, "for there was nae water there until it rained yesterday."