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The True Witness

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IRELAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

(By Miles J. Murphy.)

For some years past the observer of things Irish has noted the evidences of an awakening of commercial activity in Ireland. It has been apparently a ripple; and to most people it has meant a mere passing ripple of industrial excitement. That American onlookers have been deceived as to the importance of the movement is now demonstrated by the fine showing made by the manufacturers of Ireland at the exposition in St. Louis.

In the concession known as the Irish village there is a large hall covering a couple of acres of space, in which is an exhibition of the varied industries and arts of the Emerald Isle that opens the eyes of the astonished visitor. The artistic element is uppermost. The filmy laces from the convents and cottages occupy case after case and present the latest designs in apparel for fair femininity.

This display of the Irish Village has the greatest significance for Ireland in the fact that it is being exploited in an entirely independent manner. There are Irish exhibits under the British section, but in the Irish Village Ireland not only maintains an independent demonstration of her activities, but she shows them all together. This way of displaying her wares is being backed by a number of agencies. The recently created Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland is a direct sponsor. Furthermore, the British Government is said to be in full sympathy with the endeavor to bring Ireland to the front, while the Irish Manufacturers' Association is an organization formed expressly to exhibit Irish goods at the Exposition. The Irish Exhibit Company, of St. Louis, however, is the body actually supporting the undertaking.

The great Industrial Hall is, of course, the chief building in the village, though of exceptional historic interest are the reproductions of that cottage in County Antrim where the ancestors of President McKinley lived, and of the Chapel of Cormac, in County Tipperary, the only surviving specimen of architecture of the time of which it is representative, the twelfth century. While the McKinley cottage is only a reproduction, it contains the cradle and one or two other pieces of furniture that belonged to the homestead.

The Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland assumed the task of properly placing the exhibits in the Industrial Hall, and to this end sent over several of the cleverest men in Ireland. Among these were J. Clibborn Hill, textile expert; T. W. Rolleston, an expert authority on ancient Ireland; Macarney Fligate, chief of the agricultural branch, and Aubrey Toppin, of the educational branch of the department.

Facsimiles of prehistoric Celtic ornaments in gold are astonishing looking objects. The originals of these facsimiles are in the Dublin Museum, and the aggregate of the gold composing them is five hundred ounces. In all this work, wherever designs were used, and, in fact, in all Irish handicraft before the Christian era in Ireland, the spiral was the model of decoration. In Christian times, however, the interlace was introduced.

The most interesting piece of ancient metal work shown here is undoubtedly the beautiful Cross of Cong. This glorious piece of antique Irish workmanship was wrought in the town of Roscommon in the year 1123, by order of King Turloch O'Connor, to enshrine a piece of the true cross sent to the King by the Pope. The relic was placed under the large crystal in the centre, where no doubt it still remains. It was transferred ultimately to the Augustinian Abbey of Cong, County Mayo, where it was used as a processional cross.

Irish industrial effort of modern times began with the silversmith work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Most notable examples of such work at the Exposition is the silver dish ring. These rings were first made to save the fine mahogany dining tables of the Irish nobility. The Irish gentleman, after the regular courses of dinner had been served, was regaled with a big bowl of whiskey punch. The cloth was removed, and the punch bowl was set on the dish ring.

The marvels of the present industrial movement are in the lower portion of the great hall. Here the cases present a bewildering array of bog oak carvings, jewellery, woollens, the largest linen exhibit ever brought together, delicate hosiery from Balbriggan, and poplin, the virtually indestructible fabric with silken warp and woollen wool, is to be seen in most attractive patterns, the figures entirely in silk.

The display of the Belfast Rope Works gives the record of the most extensive hemp and flax twisting industry in the world. In these various exhibits the one of great historical and economic interest is the wool weaving of the west coast of County Donegal, a country of extraordinary bleakness that now gains much of its subsistence from this industry. The weaving has persisted in a small way for centuries, but in a fortunate hour the Countess of Aberdeen bent her energies to its development and probably to its salvation from extinction. New looms were sold to the people of Donegal on very easy terms. They now derive from the manufacture of the wool about fourteen thousand pounds a year. The dyes with which they color the goods are made from the crota, a lichen that grows on the rocks, and that gives a dark brown dye; from the root of the hiris, giving a dark blue, and from the tops of heather, which makes a yellow stain. The wool is most suitable for suits and for women's skirts for outing or general wear.

The modern Irish artists are constantly turning to the Celtic motives for their inspiration and of this circumstance a very favorable illustration is to be seen in the hand woven carpets, made in Donegal also, though not in the district to which reference has just been made.

The Irish linen and lace exhibit is naturally extensive and contains all those forms of work for which the Celt has so long been famous. Amusement is not forgotten in the Irish Village. The national characteristics of the warm-hearted race would not permit that. In Blarney Castle there is a spacious theatre, the stage of which would permit the presentation of the largest spectacle and which has a seating capacity of eighteen hundred persons. Here one may hear Ireland's melodies sung in the most delightful manner and witness charming playlets or neat, light footed Irish dancers tripping their native rinks to the lilt of the pipes.

PATENT REPORT.

The following Canadian patents have been secured during last week through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

- 89,258—Arthur M. Bauckham, Wellington, N.Z. Means for retaining and locking window sashes at any desired height.
- 89,270—Dalus W. Judson, Barrie, Ont. Bicycle frame.
- 89,285—Auguste Gamache, Bartlett, N.H. Telephone transmitter.
- 89,286—Raymond Rouge, Paris, France. Windings of electrical machines and appliances.
- 89,299—Alex. Parker, Hawke's Bay, N.Z. Means for preventing the entry of draughts and dust between window sashes.
- 89,300—August Dumont-Desgoffe, Brussels, Belgium. Crushing or grinding machines.
- 89,301—Wm. J. Mundy, Petrolia, Ont. Down draft-base burning stove.
- 89,302—Hermas LaRose, Vercheres, Que. Baling Press.
- 89,303—Hugh T. Hughes, Frankfort, N.Y. Nut-lock.
- 89,304—Eugene Gareau, Montreal, Que. Spring heel for shoes.

A FAMOUS IRISHMAN.

Wherever they go, Irish Catholics are pretty certain to distinguish themselves. A Johannesburg, South Africa, correspondent records the death, at that city, of Chevalier O'Donoghue, whose loss, it is said, is a distinct loss to the Transvaal. It must be admitted that he had an honorable if somewhat meteoric career, outclassing even the famous Con Cregan, made notable by the pen of Lever. Chevalier Henry O'Donoghue, who hailed from Nenagh, Ireland, came to South Africa as a lad, and first settled in the Eastern Provinces of Cape Colony, taking up his residence at Kingwilliamstown. He afterwards proceeded to Kimberley, of which town he was one of the pioneer diggers. Upon discovery of gold on the Rand he came up, with his family and settled on West Rand, where he acquired a portion of the farm Lupaardsvlei. He put up a battery and with his sons and the Kilfoil brothers, both of whom married daughters of his, worked the mine on his own account, with profitable results. Chevalier O'Donoghue retired from active business about ten years or more ago, when he settled in town, and, until the first warnings of his coming illness (cancer) were received, he devoted his attention with untiring zeal to municipal affairs, being a member of the first Sanitary Board of Johannesburg. When on a visit to Rome, some eight years since, he had an audience with the Pope, the dignity of a Knighthood of the Order of St. Gregory was conferred on him; an honor which was appreciated by Catholics in the Transvaal. On this occasion the Pontiff accepted a golden cross made of Transvaal gold taken from Chevalier O'Donoghue's own mine. The deceased gentleman had a family of thirteen children, to whom and to Lady O'Donoghue much sympathy is extended.—Ex.

Gilbert Parker's "Tenderfoot"

Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, is fond of telling a story which shows that the "tenderfoot" is to be found in Australia as well as "out West." "Once in Australia on my way through the bush with my friend Cabbage Tree Bill," he says, "we were accompanied by an intelligent young fellow who had just come out from England. As we travelled along we saw on the road—a it might be called a road—a young kangaroo. "Bill said to the tenderfoot: "Now, see him take the letters in his pouch. He's waiting for them. Have you got any to post?" "No. What a pity I didn't write some. He's trained to carry them to the post office, I suppose?" "Certainly." And Bill cracked his whip and said, "Nothing to-day," and the kangaroo bounded off into the bush. "And the tenderfoot honestly believed that the kangaroos were trained to act as postmen in Australia just because nature had happened to give them pouches."

A SOUTHERN CATHOLIC WRITER.

Mrs. Kate Chopin, who died at St. Louis last month, was well known among the Catholic writers of the South. She was a daughter of Captain Thomas O'Flaherty, and after her marriage to Oscar Chopin moved to Natchitoches. After the death of her husband she returned to St. Louis. She was the author of several books that brought her fame and fortune. Living so long in the South, it was but natural that Mrs. Chopin's stories should find their plot in that section of the country. Among her works are "At Fault," "Bayou Folk," "A Night in Acadie," and "The Awakening."

EUROPE'S AGED MONARCHS.

In spite of the plots of Anarchists and the cares of State, most of the sovereigns of Europe live to a green old age. At present more than half of them are over sixty years old. There are forty-one European monarchs of greater or less importance. Four of them are over eighty, ten

over seventy and seven over sixty. Only six are under thirty, and only two—the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the King of Spain—are under age. The oldest European monarch is the Grand Duke of Luxembourg, who is eighty-seven. Fifteen reigning sovereigns are older than the Pope.

A CATHOLIC SLUM MISSION.

An immense black cross, entwined with a white winding sheet, and reaching to the low ceiling of the room; to the right of the cross a by no means artistic statue of the Blessed Virgin; to the left a representation of the Sacred Heart which is by no means a De Prato; in front of the ominous black sign a white and gracefully draped statue of Our Lady of Victory, before whom a tiny pink lamp burns; an oleograph picture of the Pope in high colors, and a cottage piano backed against the side wall on the low platform are the main features of the Catholic slum chapel at 458 South Clark street, where an immense amount of good is being done by a body of zealous young laymen who have set themselves the uncongenial task of trying to ameliorate the conditions of at least some of the thousands of Catholics who from force of circumstances pass their lives in one or other of the ten-cent rooming houses, dozens of which abound in this part of the city.

The store which has been converted into a slum mission chapel, and for which \$20 a month rent is exacted, is squalid and unkempt. The paper on the wall and ceiling is peeling off. The Welsbach mantles are mostly broken, or the glass gas globes cracked. There is a decided air of poverty about the place, and one regrets that young men, be they ever so zealous and charitable, should be compelled through lack of funds, to bring men into so poor a place. This is the more to be regretted because within a stone's throw of this very poor Bethlehem is a Baptist slum chapel which is as neat and prim as if it were a succursal chapel to some grand cathedral, and almost next door to it is a Salvation Army slum chapel which is by no means uncomfortable nor unclean.

One day recently an occasional correspondent of the New World, who herewith records his impressions, was induced to visit this Catholic slum mission chapel by having a "dodger" put into his hand while waiting for a car at the corner of State and Van Buren streets. It bore the following legend:

OMNIA PRO JESU ET MARIA
 All are Welcome.
 A Free Lecture and Entertainment
 will be given at
 THE MISSION OF OUR LADY OF VICTORY,
 458 South Clark Street,
 A Few Doors South of Polk Street,
 on West Side of Street.
 THIS EVENING
 at 7.30 o'clock.

Then followed a programme of about twelve numbers, consisting of readings, songs, duets and instrumental music, and containing the announcement that there would be a lecture by a well known Chicago priest.

While walking along South Clark street on my way to the mission, I chanced to look into the Baptist slum mission and saw there was an audience of not more than a baker's dozen. In the Salvation Army room there were about half that number, to whom a Salvation lassie seemed to be expounding the Scriptures from a rather high rostrum. I imagined that probably it was an off night for slum mission work along Clark street, and that I should find a correspondingly small number at the Catholic mission, owing to some counter attraction elsewhere. My surprise was great when, upon entering the mission chapel of Our Lady of Victory to see the place quite full of men. I was to learn afterwards what was the attracting power.

Not wishing to be influenced, but desiring to be unmolested in forming my own impressions of the work, I let it be understood that I was one of the ten-cent rooming house inmates, and wanted to hear the concert. I secured a seat where I could

conveniently study the faces of many of the men present. It was a pathetic sight. Men of almost all ages were represented. Youths of eighteen or less were there, on whose faces a life of hostility to the laws of God, or the ravages of intemperance had not yet had time to leave indelible traces.

Other faces showed marks of years of dissipation, while many had the scared, hunted, weary look of those who, if not actual pariahs of society, live a hand-to-mouth precarious life. Here and there could be distinguished a reputable mechanic who had met with the misfortune of being unable to find work. The most impressive feature in the motley gathering was a certain wistfulness on many faces, indicative to those who could read character, of a desire to lay down the burden of sin and guilt and be at peace with themselves and their Creator. The opportunity to effect this was offered as the interesting programme of the evening proceeded.

Mr. M. F. D. Collins, the real head and animating spirit of this Catholic slum mission, began the entertainment by the recitation of the Rosary, at which he insisted that all the men should kneel down and not merely sit forward. Then a popular hymn was sung, at the beginning of which all were told to "please arise." Before the concert began Mr. Collins spoke for about five minutes, giving a strong and earnest exhortation to temperance. This gentleman has been engaged in slum work for some years and he gives it as his opinion that drink is the chief cause of the degradation and misery of most of those who are habitués of rooming houses. He did not, consequently, spare his hearers, but gave them a vivid address on the necessity of leaving whiskey alone.

Just as he finished his address all heads were turned towards the street door. Someone had arrived in whom the men were much interested. It was the priest who was to address them. Faces brightened as he came up the aisle, and the satisfaction that he had come found expression in vigorous hand-clapping.

He was a short, thick-set, rather stout father, with a pleasant smiling face. The slum element seemed to take to him immensely. He had evidently often paid them a visit. The secret of his popularity with these men became evident when he addressed them. In a magnetic, earnest way he spoke and appealed to the men, and in their own idiom, making an appeal for better and cleaner lives. He appeared to be able to enter into their lives and their way of thinking, and gradually to lift them to higher aspirations and better things. As the speaker proceeded I closely watched the faces of many of his auditors and saw that emotions had been aroused that must have lain dormant in the breasts of many for long, long years.

At the close of the instruction a hymn was sung, and then the Father invested several in the scapular. He then made an unconventional act of contrition aloud to which everyone responded with a hearty "Amen." The priest then gave his blessing, after which Mr. Collins, quite unceremoniously, dismissed the ladies and gentlemen who had furnished the concert for the evening.

A portable confessional was immediately set up, and the priest began hearing confessions at once, while Mr. Collins and his zealous corps of assistants at the other end of the room were busy urging as many men as possible to go to the father and "straighten up."

I became interested and determined to stay till the end. It cost me a part of my night's rest, for the father did not come out of the confessional until 11.45 p.m., and then he absolutely refused to let his name be mentioned in connection with these impressions, which I told him I was about to give to the New World.

Once, during the evening, the father was called out of the confessional by Mr. Collins. "Father, here is a young man who is very nervous. Will you help him? He seems afraid and yet wants to go to confession."

took his arm and walked him around to the penitent's side of the confessional. In ten or twelve minutes the young fellow came out and said to Mr. Collins:

"My goodness! I made my confession almost before I knew it. I never felt so fine in all my life as I do now. I'm going to keep straight now, Mr. Collins, sure," and then turning to me he said: "Say, neighbor, you needn't be afraid to go to that father."

The slum chapel is open every night and on Sunday afternoons. In connection therewith there exists a club, the essentials for membership being that the men shall take the pledge for six months and promise to go to confession and Holy Communion once a month for that period. This is a very efficacious means of helping many who are more weak than vicious. On the Communion Sunday Mr. Collins always manages to get the men a breakfast at the slum chapel, although frequently the night before he does not know where the means are to come from.

This gentleman, who seems entirely devoted to the men of the slums, does not confine his work to the slum chapel. He is well known in the big rooming houses, where he seeks out and encourages Catholics and distributes Catholic literature. He personally distributes the "dodgers" early every Wednesday evening in many of the huge caravansaries which lie south of Van Buren street on Clark and in that neighborhood.

The Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul pays the rent of the store used as a chapel. Difficulty is sometimes experienced in securing a priest to give the instruction. Sometimes a Jesuit, sometimes a Paulist, or a Carmelite, and frequently a diocesan priest performs this charitable work.—Edward C. St. Cyr, in the New World, Chicago.

POPE TO FRENCH YOUTHS.

Pope Pius last Sunday morning received one thousand members of the Catholic Association of French Youths, whose president delivered an address protesting against attacks on Catholicism and its head.

The Pope replied in a long speech, which, however, contained no allusion to the conflict between the French Government and the Vatican. "Vain would be our steering, our nightly watch, our chart, and our compass if our Heavenly Guide were not leading us over the dark waters, except, perhaps, when he said the protest of the president of the Catholic Association was truly consoling, as it assured the Pontiff that amid present difficulties the Pope would have these dear young sons of France on his side in the struggle for good."

WEDDING BELLS.

At the Sacred Heart Chapel of Notre Dame Church on Tuesday morning, Miss Annie Marie Gleason was united to Dr. William Huguenin, in the bonds of holy matrimony. Miss Blanche Almeras presided at the organ. Rev. Louis Lalonde, S.J., said the nuptial Mass, and performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Huguenin left for Toronto, Niagara and Buffalo, and on their return will reside at 145 St. Denis street.

PERSONAL.

Mgr. Archambault, Bishop of Joliette, will visit his native town, L'Assomption, next week.

Miss Catherine O'Byrne, the young and talented organist of St. Gabriel's Church, who has been in the Adirondack Mountains for some time, has returned again in robust health, and presided at the organ last Sunday.

Rev. Father Goggins, of London, England, sailed yesterday morning for home.

"Here's a motto just your fit, Laugh a little bit. When trouble you have hit. Just laugh a little bit."