

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

On Newspaper Correspondence

How long have I been scribbling for the press that I often imagine that from my birth I must have had a lead pencil in my fingers, instead of a spoon, and a sheet of blank paper instead of a bib in front of me. And in all that time I have made it a specialty to observe other observers and to study above all those writers that are classed as "correspondents. There are many branches in journalism, and the editorial one is not, as some people think, the only one of importance. I have always thought that the correspondent, especially the foreign correspondent, can do more than any one else to either make or break an organ. In fact, the reputation of a newspaper not unfrequently depends upon the reliability of its correspondents. Hence it is that in late years the yellow journalism that has come amongst us has been mostly supplied with its extra sensational matter by its correspondents. The result is that not a few of these gentlemen have come to believe that their usefulness depends upon the amount of color they can give to their bits of information wired to their respective organs. It became a regular race between them to see which could tell, or invent the most alarming piece of news. The question of veracity never entered into their calculations. As long as the correspondence created a sensation, the goal was gained. If an error was committed, or that which was not exact was told, the next letter could easily rectify the mistake or correct the untruth. It mattered little, anyway, for the sensational information would have served its purposes, and the public would care very little for the correction that might follow.

"TRUTH IS TRUTH."—After all "truth is truth the world over." It may not be considered by some people as wrong to write a falsehood and send it to a foreign newspaper, as it would be to tell the same falsehood to the first man you meet on the street. But the fact is that it is a million times more criminal to deceive untold numbers of confiding readers than to deceive one individual. Yet I have known a correspondent who prided himself upon his capacity for lying; he could invent stories of a personal, or a political nature that would startle every one who read them, and would calmly sit down next day to explain away the "slight mistake," or the "slip of the pen" in his former letter. By this means he succeeded in making quite a pile of money out of a couple of New York dailies. He was estimated in proportion to his capacity for inventing the almost impossible, and for creating the most startling sensations. What was the final outcome of all this cleverness? Simply that no person believed one line that appeared in those dailies from the pen of this special correspondent. And so flagrant were his errors, that after a time, the public began to distrust everything that appeared in those organs, whether it came from him, or from any other correspondent, or even from the editor. Thus it is that the unreliable correspondent is an ultimate cause of great loss to a newspaper.

THE PROPER ESTIMATE. — I have been asked, on two different occasions, by eminent American journalists what course I would advise

Missionary Spirit of the Irish Race.

Preaching at the reopening of St. Patrick's Church, Wildnes, Lancashire, which has been undergoing extensive repairs and has been handsomely decorated, Bishop Lyster, of Achonry, Ireland, said:—"Go forth out of thy country, and far from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I will show thee" (Genesis xii, 1). This was the command given by God to the man He loved. Amidst the gloom of earth's early gloomings, in the dawn of dim and distant centuries, through the haze of hoariest history, looms out the little form of Abraham, then in the flower of his manhood, in the prime

of vigor of his strength, looking his last on the hearthstone where he was born, turning his back on the home of his fathers, leaving for ever the land of his people. He questioned not, nor quibbled; he tarried not, nor stayed; but, with unflinching faith, he trudged, and tramped, and travelled, in starlight as in sunshine, forging forward through the silent solitude of a desolated world, following God's pointing finger, and waiting for God's warning voice. It was to this man, loved of God, honored by God, trusted by God, that He gave the command, hard, stern, bitter, unbending, "Go forth out of thy country, and far from thy kind-

ROMAN CORRESPONDENTS.—The Roman correspondents of the secular press have always been more or less inclined to create sensations at the expense of the exact truth. Possibly they do not purposely make misstatements; but they have to fill up a certain space each week, and if they have no reliable material, at least they are in a centre where a little guess-work can be indulged in, and where they can safely speculate upon the probable or the possible. The result of all this is a general distrust in any news coming from Rome through the channel of secular newspaper correspondence. Take for example, the news concerning the Pope. Any item, to-day, regarding his health, and especially if it foretells his early collapse, or dwells upon his debility, or fainting fits, or any such information, is considered as sensational, is set down as an invention, and is positively disbelieved. No person places the slightest reliance upon such news. If, subsequently, the real official Roman organs corroborate the statements of the correspondent, so much the better for him; but this rarely happens. It seems to me that it would pay some large American daily to have a reliable Roman correspondent. There is always real news in Rome of sufficient interest to the great reading world, without there being any necessity of additions, exaggerations, surmises, or inaccuracies. I do not expect, nor am I vain enough to expect, that any one is going to be guided in such matters by what I write; but I have the satisfaction of writing it, and of asserting that in journalism, as in all other affairs, "honesty is the best policy."

red, and out of thy father's house." Our nation and race and people seem to have received and heard and hearkened to a command similar in sense and substance, and as significant in its sequel, as that spoken by God 4,000 years ago: "Go out of thy country and far from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I will show thee." In the dawn of the fifth century the black pall of paganism hung gloomily over the land; the thick mists of error, exhaling from a heathen soil, shadowed the country with their gloom, and shut out the light of life. Fanaticism, fierce and fearful, yet civilized after a sort and cultured in its kind, spread over the island like a blot, from Tara to the ocean, from its centre to the sea. Darkly dawned that century; heavily hung that gloom; blackly lowered the skies; but with startling suddenness, when his advent was unexpected, and the people unprepared, St. Patrick stood alone at Sline, bearing before him the fire of Faith, lifting aloft the torch of Truth. The Irish seized the Faith with a promptness and decision unparalleled in all the ages, unexampled at any time. They grasped the gift of God; hung to it; clung to it, as the child which springs from the arms of a stranger to nestle in its mother's breast.

Soon the fire of Faith scintillated all round; from it the lamp of learning and the torch of science caught their light; in it, intellects and genius found their inspiration. The schools became as remarkable as the churches; its teachers grew as numerous as its saints, Ireland was soon the University of Europe; and, like a beacon on the headland, flashed its search-lights across the world. Around their masters' feet sad stories were told by the strangers; tales of terror rang in the ears and riveted the attention of our scholars here at home; tales of restless rapine and ruthless robbery; of plunder and pillage and paganism and impiety, of cities sacked by marauding murderers. With Irish impetuosity, which brooks no difficulty; with Irish zeal, which counts no cost, these ardent missionaries left the quiet calm of the cloisters of Clonmacnoise, left the peacefulness of the Blackwater, of wooded Lismore, "of Arran the holy and Bangor the blest," left the feet of saintly masters, left the halls of famous schools, left hearths and bones, and human happiness, to evangelise the world—to capture souls for Christ. They left Ireland for ever; their eyes were never gladdened by its green sward again. "Go forth from out thy country, and far from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come to the land, which I will show thee." This is the first exodus of the Irish; the first great going forth of our exiles from the bosom of their motherland. The emigrant stream yet goes on. At times, perhaps, there was occasional pause; at times, again, short intermission; now as a trickling rivulet, and yet awhile as a bounding flood; but the exile stream goes on for ever. But the tide of Irish emigration is ever on the flow. The first "exile of Erin" left the oak-woods of Derry—his bark bearing for the rugged coast of iron-bound Iona—now 1,400 years ago; the latest, but not the last, left Queenstown Harbor at 10 o'clock to-day. The story of these exiles stares us from the annals of the world; their labors are recorded in the memories of many peoples, in the traditions of every nation, more undyingly than by monumental brass or chiselled marble.

Stand on the pinnacles of Europe; let your gaze encircle the land around. There, my brethren, you will find the monuments of the first exiles from the shores and shrines of holy Ireland. The tide of time flows quickly by. The course of ages rolls speedily on. Whole centuries have dawned, and lingered, and passed away. Numberless generations have come, and lived, and disappeared. The years have rushed, like the bounding river. The days have flashed along, like the arrow which is sped. The sun of the seventeenth century was setting on Irish soil—setting ruddy, red, crimson, cruel—going down in a sea of blood. Havoc was on the land, hideous, horrid, harrowing—not now the black pall of paganism, but the red flag of war. The green sward of Ireland had been crimsoned by the stain of Cromwell's butcheries; the bitter brutalities of our governments rankled in her soul; yet the sympathy and chivalry of Erin were called forth at the sight of a deposed monarch, and a lost cause. They fought and fell for a Stuart King. They were driven back from Derry; they were beaten at the Boyne; the walls of Athlone fell around them; the brown bogs of Aughrim were sodden with their blood. Behind the walls of Limerick they made their last stand. It was not by the whirling whims of chance; not by the blind

influence of fortune; not by the varying fates of war—but by the protecting Providence of a mighty hand. Limerick was not captured; it capitulated; and then, while the yellow parchment lay still unrolled on the Treaty Stone, with the ink not yet dry, begun the second exodus of the Irish race, the second pouring forth of Erin's exiles; not now the going forth of missionaries, but the marching out of martial men. "Go forth out of thy country, and from out thy kindred, and from out thy father's house, and come into the land, that I will show thee."

They were the cream of the old chivalry; the bone and sinew of the land; the bravest and the boldest, and the noblest, and the best. In their tens and hundreds and thousands they crossed the swelling waves and became the flower of the armies of France and Flanders and Austria and Spain. And not long afterwards the penal days appeared; the lamp of the sanctuary was extinguished; the monastery was dismantled; the Church demolished; the altar overthrown; the school was levelled; the books burned or torn and cast to heaven's winds; the priest was hunted like the wild wolf, the teacher was silenced by musket shot. Who was to train up a priesthood for Ireland? How was succession in the sanctuary to be maintained? If the priests became silenced where would be the Faith? It was a well known fact our soldier exiles supplied a priesthood when every hope seemed vanished, when every ray was gone. We are told how many an Irish exile marched bootless to battle, in faded uniform, clad with thin, scanty clothes, after having placed in the hands of the Rector of Salamanca or Seville, of Lisbon or Louvain his sparse savings to educate an Irish priest. They eign flag; they found a grave on some foreign field; they lay together in a common tomb, unknelt, uncoffined and uncared. Time rolls on and famine is on the land; famine and fever; fearful and fatal; the disease of death is pressing on the people, drying up the life-stream, crushing out the life-spark, curling up the life flame. Then came the evictor and the crowbar; the leveler and the battering ram. The fire on the hearth was quenched; the roof fell in with a crash; the stones of the homestead were built into boundary walls, which made barriers for bullocks; fat oxen looked with lazy eyes; timid sheep scampered in their fright over houseless plains, where, a few months before, stood happy, holy, merry, mirthful, hallowed, Irish homes.

The third great exodus began; it has not yet an end. It is not now, as of old, the going forth of missionaries, in all the might of their manhood, fortified and fenced round by a fixed purpose, strengthened and sustained by a noble undertaking. It is not now the going forth of exile soldiers, hardened by hardship, practised to privation, borne up by hope. It is now the passing out of a nation's people; the scattering through the world of an immortal race; the dispersion over all the seas of the ancient Celtic stock. God bless our Irish exiles, and make them worthy of the destiny to which that God has raised them; for His providence, which ever draws abundant good out of blackest evil; which makes the trials and tribulations, and agony and anguish of His suffering saints, the seed from which His glory springs, has ordained that the exile of His Irish children should be the most effective means of the propagation of His holy Faith, of planting the torch of truth, where, before its light never fell; of reviving fervor which was waxing feeble and warming up piety which was growing chill and of proving to a sneering world and a scoffing generation that there is a God in Israel still.

A Knights of Columbus Celebration

The New York Chapter of the Knights of Columbus, comprising forty-seven councils in the borough of Manhattan, Richmond and the Bronx, with a membership of 12,000 proposes to celebrate "Discovery Day," and has engaged Carnegie Hall for Sunday evening, Oct. 12. A great programme is being arranged. Bishop Farley will be present, and Victor J. Dowling will preside. The Committee of Arrangements are John F. Gibbons, Joseph F. Gleason, James O. Farrell, P. H. Dunn, E. P. Clark, John J. Bush, E. J. Foley, H. G. Connell, William Lyman, John Feeney, M. A. Downes, Alvah Becker, John J. Delaney, Victor J. Dowling and Frank W. Smith.

NOVEL READING.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Novel reading, like any other occupation, or pastime, is to be considered in a relative manner and with due regard to a multitude of circumstances and conditions. To say that novel reading is a praiseworthy would be too general to say that it is to be condemned would be equally too indefinite. In fact, a whole series of books might be based upon the subject and still would not be completely exhausted. In order to express an opinion as to the benefits or the injuries derived from novel reading one would have to take into consideration the reader, then the novels, and again the connection between them. What may prove very detrimental for one reader may not be injurious for another. Then the word novel must be qualified. There are novel and novels. There is the dime novel and the great historical novel; and between the two there are a dozen grades of novels. There is the moral and the immoral, the religious and the atheistic, the spiritual and the materialistic, the novel founded on historical facts and the novel woven from the imagination, the novel of sentiment and the novel of thought; in a word, there is no end to the classifications. Also the authors of the novels must be taken into consideration. Then there is the purpose of the reader; as a pastime, or for information, or for study of style and form, or for mere satisfaction of the passion for the unreal. Indeed, it would be an absolute impossibility for any one to give a direct and truthful answer to the simple question; do you recommend or condemn novel reading? When this question was asked us the other day, we came to the conclusion that the person making the inquiry had in view the reading of standard novels. We do not suppose for a moment that he meant the devouring of the immoral, silly, pernicious books that come in torrents from the press and that are dignified with the undeserved title of novels. To ask us such a question in regard to this class of literature would be simply to insult our intelligence and to cast a slur upon our principles. Again we suppose that the person in question had reference to the reading of novels by the serious and the studious. It would be nonsense to ask us if we approved of the novel reading that some boys and girls—and young men and young women—have the misfortune to indulge in. On these points there can be no two opinions in the mind of any rational and honest Christian. Therefore, we give the benefit of the doubt to the questioner, and suppose that he means to ask whether or not we approve of the reading of standard authors, of the great novels.

In reply we can only say that we do and we do not; just according to the circumstances. Take, for example, the historical novel—that is to say the book of romance, that is based upon some great historical event, or upon the life of some great historical personage, and that is intended to set before us, in an agreeable form and an enticing manner, the customs, the scenery, the vicissitudes, the characteristics, or even the prejudices and follies of a people or of a country. The great danger that exists, in the reading, and studying of such a work, is that of mistaking the fictitious for the historical and forming a distorted idea of the subject on account of the allurements of style and form in which it is presented. Then the reader may be one incapable of sifting the chaff from the grain, of distinguishing between the prejudices of the author and the facts which are set down on the page. In fine, we can say that as long as novel reading is utilized as a help, an agreeable auxiliary in the labor of historic research it is of incalculable benefit; but the moment that the serious study is allowed to become secondary to the novel reading, there is an element of danger in the occupation.

Suppose that our questioner had been more minute in the details of his question we might be enabled to give him a practical answer. Were he to have pointed out some special class of novels, or some special author, and then asked for a decision, we would be in a position to write something clear and definite. But to answer such a general question is not possible—especially within the

brief space at the disposal of any one contributor. Leaving aside the great religious and moral novels, the name of which is legion, and passing over the countless splendid historical novels that the nineteenth century has produced, we will turn, for the present, to a few of the old-time standards; the works that have actually become classical; the books that have survived their own generation, and the lines of their authors, and that will be handed down, through the coming century, as novels. Let us mention Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Bulwer, and Beaumont. Here we have five, each in his own sphere a master, and all more or less destined to such immortality as can come to an author of fiction. With the array of their works before us, and with the question as to our approval of the reading of novel ever in mind, we will take the liberty of passing judgment upon each of these authors and their literary productions. We will not, however, hazard any criticism of their respective styles. To do so would be merely to repeat that which has been written over and over again by masters of English criticism and by pens far more competent than can ever be this one. What we propose doing is simply to study these works from the standpoint of the Catholic journalist; and in this task we will find sufficient material to occupy whatever space may be at our disposal in coming issues.

WASTING AWAY.

THE SAD CONDITION OF MANY YOUNG GIRLS.

Mothers Should be Very Careful When Their Daughters Complain of Headache, Fickleness of Appetite, Dizziness or Heart Palpitation.

Many mothers neglect the health of their growing daughters. Not willfully, of course, but because they think the occasional headaches from which they suffer, fickleness of appetite, and pale cheeks, are the natural result of the merging of girlhood into womanhood. This is a serious mistake. There is no period in a girl's life when she needs more attention, and unless the little troubles are successfully treated, more serious ones—perhaps decline and consumption—are sure to follow. What every young girl needs at this period is a tonic medicine that will give her a rich, red blood, strong nerves, and bring her safely through a critical period in her life. For this purpose there is no other medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thousands of girls throughout Canada owe their present health and happiness to this medicine, and thousands of others who are suffering would soon be strong if they would give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Among the many young ladies who have proved the great worth of this medicine is Miss Jennie Beamer, of Boyle, Ont. Miss Beamer says:—"Some years ago I became very ill, and my friends feared I was going into a decline. I was pale; suffered from terrible headaches; my appetite was poor, and I grew very thin. I became so weak that I could hardly walk. I remained in this condition for several months, during which time I tried several medicines, but none helped me in the least. Then my mother got me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and almost from the outset they helped me. As I continued the use of the pills, the severe headaches left me; my appetite returned and I gained in weight. In fact, I was soon enjoying perfect health, and have since continued to do so. I attribute this entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will be glad if some other weak and ailing girl will profit by my experience."

Pale and sallow cheeks, dizziness, headaches, palpitation of the heart, and the feeling of weariness that afflicts so many young girls will soon disappear if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are used. These pills also cure rheumatism, dyspepsia, kidney ailments, St. Vitus' dance, and the other troubles that come from poor blood and weak nerves. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is not great battles alone that build up the world's history, nor great poems alone that make the generations grow. There is a still, small rain from heaven that has more to do with the blessedness of nature and of human nature than the mightiest earthquake or the loveliest rainbow.