

[FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.]

OCTOBER LYRICS.

What time the scarlet maples glow,
Like giant gladioli in bloom,
And 'gainst the balsam's emerald gloom,
The orange foliaged poplars show.

When in the mild blue, dreamy sky
That silver seed wings far and near,
When 'tis the rest-time of the year,
Come fair month of the rosary.

The autumn days assume new grace,
As each in turn its offering bears
From Mary's children, love and prayers,
To her, throned in her ancient place.

Monday and Thursday, pearls of price,
And robes of white commemorate
The joyful mysteries, souls state,
Rehearse the maiden mother's joys.

Tuesday and Friday wear a crown
Of rubies, bright with sacred blood;
Wednesday and Saturday the rood
Is changed to glory's dazzling throne.

Sunday, oh! Sunday, happy day,
God's own, all blessings and all bliss
Cluster, like precious gems in this,
Angels guard its triumphal way.

Then may October, like a queen,
Wear robes of purple, crimson, gold,
And o'er her loyal subjects hold
Benignant sway in peace serene.

E. C. M.

THROUGH IRELAND

On a Jaunting Car.

BY A RAMBLING "UNIVERSE" MAN.

Every reader of the novels of Charles Lever—works such as "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," "Tom Burke of Ours"—must have laughed over the freaks of the famous Enniskillen Dragoons. Very few readers of Lever, I dare say, have ever been to Enniskillen itself. More is the pity, for it is really a charming old spot, and within easy reach of some of the loveliest scenery in the land, which teems with loveliness on every hand—north, south, east, or west. On the way to Enniskillen from Londonderry you pass through Strabane and Omagh. In the last mentioned town I happened to be in the railway station just as one of the trains, a very important one seemingly, from the number of passengers, was about to start. A few minutes before the train moved away from the platform a boy about fifteen years old, entered the station with a huge parcel, which evidently contained blankets, in his arms. Coming to the first carriage at the rear of the train he shouted out,

"IS MRS. FLANAGAN THERE?"

and receiving no answer, he pushed on to the next, and so on the whole length of the train. The gentle Mrs. Flanagan, however, was nowhere to be found. This seemed to excite the boy to quite a dangerous extent, and the whistling of the engine previous to departure served only to irritate him all the more. He ran up and down the platform at well-nigh incredible speed, considering his burden, calling out in a voice half pleading, half reproachful, "Mrs. Flanagan! Mrs. Flanagan!" But the fair one answered not. The train moved away, and even when she had disappeared in the distance the poor boy could still be heard crying out "Mrs. Flanagan!" to the no small amusement of the bystanders. One is not long in Enniskillen before he becomes convinced of the fact that it is a very important military centre. You meet soldiers everywhere. They do not speak very eloquently for the physique of the British army. As an English gentleman whom I came across in Enniskillen said to me: "God help us if the safety of the country ever depends on these fellows," and certainly

A MORE WEAK KNEED, BOW-LEGGED LOT

it would be difficult to find. If the reader will take the trouble to open the map of Ireland he will find that Enniskillen is situated at the point of junction between Upper and Lower Loughs Erne. The lower lake, which is by far the finer of the two, is a magnificent sheet of water extending a distance of twenty-four miles from Enniskillen to Belleek, the well-known ceramic village, where the charming Irish pottery is manufactured. The lake varies in width from one to nine miles, and is studded with islands of singular beauty. To my mind you can with difficulty find a more delightful spectacle than an island situated in a lake and covered with trees which bend down to kiss the placid water which nourishes unfailingly their strength and beauty. The visitor to Enniskillen is daily afforded an opportunity of inspecting the beauties of the lake. A little steamer leaves every morning for Belleek, and covers the whole distance up in three

hours. Then, after a delay of three hours more at the pottery village, you are carried back again to Enniskillen in time for a late dinner. The journey up and down by steamer cost only 2s. Just after leaving Enniskillen the little steamer passes close to Devenish Island, on which there is found what is probably

THE MOST PERFECT OF THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND,

constructions which seem to baffle even the wisest archæologists, and which raise their slender tapering forms proudly before the world, defying alike the hand of the despoiler and the power of the elements. This particular tower on Devenish Island is 83ft. 11in. high. Close to it stand the ruins.

ELOQUENT IN THEIR SILENCE,

of a priory built in 1849. To my mind the scenery around the Lower Lough Erne will bear favourable comparison, if it does not absolutely surpass, the best that can be shown in Scotland. Loch Lomond may be more rugged and impressive than Lough Erne, but the Irish lake gains immensely in softness and sweetness, which more than compensate us for the loss of the bold ruggedness which is so peculiar a feature of the Scottish lake. Arrived at Belleek one naturally inquires, first of all, for the far-famed pottery works. They are found quite readily, for though Belleek is a pretty little village, yet it possesses few buildings of a very pretentious character. Entering the works the manager appoints one of the young men to conduct you through the buildings. Here you see, for the first time probably, now it is that cups and saucers—in fact, every description of china-ware, from the most expensive to the cheapest, are manufactured. It is very interesting to watch the young girls nimbly fastening on handles to cups and jugs of all descriptions, which a few minutes hence will be

CARRIED AWAY TO THE IMMENSE FURNACE and there baked for the space of twenty-four hours. The Belleek pottery works give employment to about 150 young men and women. What a pity it is that such institutions as this are not multiplied amongst the poverty-stricken people of the West of Ireland, who are only too willing to work if work could only be given them. Belleek ware is very much in demand all through Ireland, England and Scotland seem to neglect it altogether. It is gratifying to think that there is an immense sale for it in America. So much so, in fact, that the works are kept going all the year, round at full speed supplying the numerous demands and giving weekly more and more employment to poor peasants of Donegal.

Have You Asthma?

Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure to any sufferer who sends his address and names this paper. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases, insures comfortable sleep and cures where others fail.

"What is wisdom?" asked the teacher of a class of small girls in a primary school. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered: Information on the brain."

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

A Preparatory Course.—"Would you like your son to study the dead languages, sir?" Mr. Doll: "Cert'nly, cert'nly. He's going to be an undertaker."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. (12-18-o w)

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lipping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier. "I once had a military ball come to me, and what do you think? It took my leg off."

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

THE TRUE WITNESS.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS UPON OUR NEW FORM.

[The Montreal Herald, 14th October.]

THE TRUE WITNESS, which has been greatly improved during the past year, has taken another step forward and now appears in magazine form, sixteen pages, four columns to the page.

United Canada, 22nd October.

The TRUE WITNESS of Montreal has appeared in a new and improved form. Mr. J. K. Foran its present editor has much improved that paper in every respect since he assumed charge and we hope he may continue as he has begun moving upwards and onwards.

[Canadian Freeman, 9th October.]

The Montreal TRUE WITNESS sauntered into this office last week with a new make-up that compelled us to look twice before we were able to recognize our welcome weekly visitor. It is a nice size of a sheet to handle, and, filled with racy and well-selected news, should be eagerly looked for in all Catholic houses. The change is a decided improvement.

[Boston Pilot, 22nd October.]

This week the Pilot welcomes to its heavily laden exchange table some new papers and some old ones in new forms. THE TRUE WITNESS of Montreal, Can., which for several months past has been progressing from good to better, is out in the semi-magazine form of the Catholic Review. Its sixteen pages are full of excellent original and selected matter, and it announces a prosperous forty-second year of existence.

[The Antigonish Casket, 20th Oct.]

We congratulate the Montreal TRUE WITNESS not only upon its new dress, which well becomes it, but also upon the new spirit, more becoming still, which its present clever editor has managed to infuse into its columns within the past few months. A fearless defender of the Faith and the truth is needed just now among the Montreal papers. The TRUE WITNESS fills the bill.

[Chattanooga, Tenn., "Facts," 22nd Oct., 1892.]

Our venerable contemporaries, "The Monitor," and the "True Witness," came to us this week in beautiful new dresses. The "Monitor" is in its 30th year, and THE TRUE WITNESS has been "for 42 years the mouthpiece of the Irish Catholics of Montreal." The Most Rev. Archbishop Reardon, and the suffragan bishop of his province give "The Monitor" a well merited send off.

[L'Etandard, 21st October, 1892.]

"THE TRUE WITNESS."

This week's number of the excellent English-speaking Catholic organ is remarkable from every point of view. It contains 16 pages of most interesting matter and 4 pages of advertisements. The appearance of this paper, since its last transformation, is magnificent. The typographical department is all that could be desired. It is a beautiful frame, worthy of the picture it is intended to surround. That picture is traced by a hand as energetic as it is able. We would specially remark, in the last issue, that splendid article on the true Catholic Spirit; it is as solid from the stand-point of doctrine as it is brilliant in style.

If we had an advice to give our confrere, it would be to pay less attention to a certain anti-Catholic and priest-hating review, to which much too honor is paid, by its vigorous articles. It seems to us that it would be well not to give more importance to that publication, now in open revolt against the episcopacy, than one would to the Aurora or the Witness. It is just what certain barking publications, without worth or authority, desire. To have people speak of them—good or evil (little they care)—is all they ask. The disdain of honest people is all that their bad faith and insignificance deserve.

"The Ave Maria," 29th October, 1892.

In the True Witness the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal have a paper of which they may be proud, and of which they should show their appreciation by a generous support. Our bright contemporary has just appeared in a new form, enlarged and improved. It is now one of the most attractive, as it was already one of the ablest Catholic journals published in America. The editor was formerly on the Star, of Montreal, and is a trained journalist. Under his efficient management the True Witness has become a power for good in Canada, and its influence has been felt of late in many ways. It was the Catholic Citizen, we believe, that remarked some time ago that if a Catholic paper were worth anything at all, it was worth an occasional recommendation from the clergy. We will say of the Citizen, as well as the True Witness, that few Catholic journals are more deserving of such encouragement.

["The Owl," Ottawa University Magazine, for October.]

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE, Montreal.—THE TRUE WITNESS has discarded its old familiar dress, and will henceforth appear under magazine form. It has made a good beginning and we are promised that not only will the present high standard of excellence be maintained, but strenuous efforts will be made in the direction of still more important improvements. May the TRUE WITNESS see its fondest hopes realized. Years ago it was the able exponent of a truly Catholic sentiment and fearlessly opposed whatsoever was in conflict with Catholic sentiment. In these days its rank was the first among the Catholic organs of Canada. These years of vigor and prosperity were followed by years of inactivity and of trial, but within the past few months the TRUE WITNESS has risen again and entered upon a new period of usefulness. Aided by the marked out the lines of its labor where the need of serious work is most sorely felt. Three

pages are given to editorials and notes, and every line is timely and forcible, whilst the judgment shown in the selections of the general reading matter is excellent.

MORE CONGRATULATIONS.

[The following letter is from Major Daly; a veteran now in his 85th year, and a thorough representative of "the good old times." It speaks for itself.]

Montreal, 21th Oct., 1892.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS: DEAR SIR: It is with honest pride that I have received and perused the two last numbers of the TRUE WITNESS, in its new and magazine-like form. I have read it from first to last page, without interruption. It is so convenient to place on the table, while its valuable contents, (20 pages) are being read, and then so convenient to be laid aside for future use. At the end of the year it will form from 832 to 1040 pages, (according as you issue 18 or 20 pages at a time), which for binding will form a most useful volume. It is with pleasure that, by it, I am reminded of the first days of the TRUE WITNESS forty-two years ago, when it was so much needed to refute the vile calumnies of enemies of our church and religion, as well as of the country. Then no one was too big or too little for these calumniators, in those days of John Dougal, Maria Monk, Gavazzi, Chimiquy and other mostly apostates. In those days our English speaking pastors did not hesitate to endorse the circulation of the old TRUE WITNESS from the pulpit. To-day it reminds me of its great and glorious past.

Yours truly,
ALEXANDER DALY.

DEAFNESS ABSOLUTELY CURED.

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noises in the Head of 14 years standing by a new method, will be pleased to send full particulars free. Address HERBERT CLIFTON, 8 Shepherd's Place, Kennington Park, London S. E., England. 30-G

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