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Our Curbstone Observer

ON LOST CHILDREN.

O frequently do I read the startling heading "A Lost Child" in the daily press that I have almost come to a point that I feel as if something were wanting if a day goes past without some such announcement. Some times the lost child is found again, at other times the little one is found in the river; but always there is that sad news which goes home to the hearts of parents and waken up sentiments that are akin to agony. But I am one who is rarely surprised when such painful events are announced; in fact, I am more astonished at the rarity of them. Do you know that nine families out of ten, amongst the ordinary class of citizens, run daily risk of having children "lost, strayed, or stolen," and I may add, killed by electric cars, drowned in the canal, or destroyed in some other way. And when the young children are too young to run on the streets they run the risk of being scalded to death, or burned to death at home—that is in the careless absence of their parents, or of those placed in charge of them.

MANY EXPERIENCES. — In my rounds on the curbstone I have had many an experience, and some of them have been very touching, others quite humorous, but as a rule, I found them to be of the more serious character. One evening in the early summer, it was not yet dark, for the days in June are long and the twilight lingers so delightfully, I was sauntering along, near the corner of Roy and St. Hubert streets, when I was attracted by a little urchin playing, with a stick, in a heap of dust or dirt near my curbstone. I had no special reason to be attracted by the child, for I fancied that he must be near his own door-way, and that his parents were some place hard by. However, I found that children have a certain cuteness, or cunning, or intuition, or instinct, or whatever else it may be, that enables them to detect at once in a stranger either friendliness or the contrary. I suppose Providence endows them with this protecting feeling. The little lad noticed, evidently, that I noticed him, and he looked up and smiled. I spoke to him, and replied very frankly. I asked him what he was doing, and he said he was playing and having a good time. I asked him if he lived nearby, and he said that he did not; that his home was on Mount Royal Avenue, not far from Sanguinet street. Now what on earth could a boy of six, or thereabouts, be doing at that hour, and so far away from his home, and all alone, was the puzzle to me. I grew curious and resolved to find out. I had nothing better to occupy my time, so entered into a regular conversation with him. I asked him why he did not go home, as it was getting quite late; he made answer that he was afraid to go home. I learned that his fear was due to the fact that there had been over-sufficient liquor in his home that day, his father and mother had quarrelled, and he had taken to the street for safety. So, then, this lad was safer, he felt, on the street, at night, a half mile almost from his home, and amidst entire strangers, than under the roof of his parents. And he was contented; he felt happy to play there in the heap of dust. I resolved to learn more about this case, as it might serve me as a good lesson in life. I asked him if he would care to go home if I went with him. He said "yes," so off we went. We came along Roy street to St. Denis and went up that street to Mount Royal Avenue. He stopped to look in at all the windows on the way. Near the corner of Roy and St. Denis is a fancy toy store, and the little lad enjoyed beyond measure looking at the sheep and the elephants in the window. I thought how well that young mind was shielded by the same Providence from the bitterest effects of adversity's blasts. Misery incalculable awaiting him at home, and possibly lurking along the pathway of the coming ten or even twenty years of his life, yet he knew it not and he cared not, for he was happy in the contemplation of those unattainable toys. But what a load of responsibility rested on the heads of the man and woman who were answerable for his coming into the

world and then being reduced to the rugged pathway ahead of him. We reached his home at last. He would not go in unless I went with him. I did not like the experience, but I feared now to leave the little fellow alone. I will not stop to describe what took place in the hallway of that house. I told his parents that I had found the lad far away from home, and as he might have been lost or injured I brought him along to a place of safety. They seemed to be anything but grateful for my trouble, and appeared to wish that I had kept the boy, or else had let him get lost for good. The father was abusive, the mother was stupid, and between the two I had no easy task to conjecture how the child would fare. At last I made bold to remonstrate with them, and then they both turned on me and gave me about as good a tongue-lashing as ever a man got, for not minding his own business. When I saw the lad safely into a kind of bed that was his usual habitation for the night I left. I made up my mind to follow up the adventure. Bright and early next morning I was back there, and I met the father at the door as he sauntered forth, presumably to his work. In a few words I recalled to him what had occurred the night before. He seemed in humor to listen, so I took advantage of it and told him all, from my first meeting with the boy to the moment that he and his wife abused me and practically put me out. He listened as to a romance and seemed deeply interested, but absolutely unaffected. Finally he confessed to me that they had a delightful and happy home except when they got in drink, and then he and his wife generally took too much of it, and the result was what I had seen. All care for that bright child vanished when the demon of drink came in. Had he been the child of richer parents there would have been a mention in the papers of his being lost the moment he was missed, but they did not miss him. It was on a Sunday in the end of last August, I was sauntering through the cemetery near the north-east end of section "P." I came upon two persons who were occupied with a small lot where a child had been recently buried. They were the man and woman in question. I could not resist the curiosity, and I went over to them and asked them if they had any one buried there; they told me that their little boy had died ten days before and was in that little grave. He had taken cold from exposure at night on the street during the damp and rainy season of mid-summer, had contracted a fever, and, probably from neglect as well as from sickness had died. And they said that when he used to rave he talked about sheep and elephants. The poor little soul; he had visions of that night when I brought him home and when he saw the toys in the window. Possibly the only half hour of pleasure that his young life had ever known. I did not upbraid them, for I saw how keenly they felt their loss. But I could not sympathize with them, for I knew that they would go down from the mountain to their home and drink themselves into forgetfulness of the child—and the same would go on until, each of them in turn, would be laid under the sods of that lot. Need I say what a phantom of terror the thought of that drink has ever since conjured up in my soul.

A Catholic Actor Dead

Mr. Joseph Haworth, the well known Catholic actor who, during many years, presented his plays in Montreal, died quite unexpectedly at Willoughby, Ohio, September 3rd. An exchange in referring to the sad occurrence, says:—

There was perhaps, no American actor who had more power than Mr. Haworth, certainly none who had so complete an equipment for the highest dramatic success. He was the best interpreter of Shakespeare on our stage and an artist whose force was no greater than his versatility. Besides being a great actor, Mr. Haworth was a most lovable man. He was generous to the highest degree—generous of his means, of his time, of his talents. A large-hearted and high-minded gentleman, he made friends everywhere and kept them. He was a loyal and practical Catholic. No church benefit ever appealed to him in vain, and he gave himself no less wholly to a small audience in a church hall than to the thousands who hung upon his words in the great play houses of the metropolis. Only a week before his death he had appeared at an entertainment given by the Catholic church at Crestline, Ohio. His death, therefore, means a double loss—a loss to art and a loss to the great many who had reason to love and admire the artist.

Mr. Haworth was taken off in his prime. He had been ill for several

days, but nothing serious had been apprehended, and the end was as great a shock to his relatives as to the public.

Joseph Haworth was in his forty-seventh year. Born in Providence, R.I., in 1856, he was brought to Cleveland, O., in his early boyhood, and soon gave indications of splendid dramatic talent. He was fortunate in receiving his early stage education in the famous stock company of John Ellsler at the old Academy of Music in that city. Here he was cast in a hundred roles and acquired that well-rounded art which distinguished all his later work. Before he was twenty he scored a signal success in "Hamlet." This was in the days of Edwin Booth and McCullough, with both of whom he played leading parts. Mary Anderson still recalls, as one of the most remarkable successes of her career, the benefit in Boston in which Joseph Haworth played Romeo to her Juliet. He played so long and won such favor at the Boston Museum that he came to be known as "Boston's favorite actor."

In later years Mr. Haworth's successes have been no less notable. He has starred in many roles, one of his most popular impersonations being in "Paul Kaurar," in which he played for three successive seasons to crowded houses after five other first-class actors had failed to make it acceptable to the public. His production of "The Leavenworth Case," was also a dramatic triumph. He originated the characterization of "John Storm" in "The Christian." But his great strength lay in Shakespearean roles, and was manifested last year when he joined Richard Mansfield in "Julius Caesar" and completely overshadowed his principal. It is doubtful if any actor ever received the significant and universal praise which was accorded to Mr. Haworth's "Cassius" by the dramatic critics of New York. It was recognized that he was head and shoulders above any Shakespearean actor in this country. He had the genius to rise to the heights of tragedy without falling short of the heroic requirements of the great figures of the classic drama by so much as a single false note. Mr. Haworth's latest performances—alas, that they should be his last!—were in Tolstoy's "Resurrection" and a Mormon play which was received with acclamation in the west. What greater successes might have been his had he lived could be prophesied only from the consideration of his remarkable gifts.

The funeral took place from the residence of his sister, Mrs. J. E. O'Connor, Cleveland. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, by Rev. K. P. Banks, of Willoughby. Rev. F. X. English was deacon and Rev. E. M. O'Hare, subdeacon. Present in the sanctuary were the pastor, Rev. Francis T. Moran, Revs. Gilbert P. Jennings, P. Farrell, D.D., and T. F. Fahey. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. P. O'Connor, of St. Bridget's Church. Father O'Connor had known Mr. Haworth ever since the actor had played at the Boston Museum. He spoke with the knowledge of intimate friendship and paid a tribute to the memory of Mr. Haworth that was notable for its feeling and eloquence. His hearers were profoundly touched by the beauty and sincerity of his eulogy. The generosity of Mr. Haworth was recalled in terms of highest appreciation. "He was noted for his charity," said the priest, "in a profession where charity is proverbial." Father O'Connor concluded his tribute in the touching words from Hamlet—"Good night, sweet prince, we shall not look upon you like again."

RITUALISM.

The petitioner in the Brighton ritual case, says the Liverpool "Catholic Times," who had been empowered by the Chancellor of the diocese, if certain ornaments were not removed by the defendants from the Anglican Church of the Annunciation, to remove them forcibly, entered the church on Tuesday with forty men and broke down and removed several crucifixes and statues, three confessional boxes, and the fourteen Stations of the Cross. They also removed lamps burning before the altar. The vicar, the Rev. H. F. Hinde, entered his protest against the manner in which the ornaments had been removed.

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Lessons And Examples.

THE HOME.—Some practical advice was offered to a large gathering at Portaferry, Ireland, the other day, when Very Rev. Father Malachy delivered an address upon life in the Catholic home. He said in part:—

To young people about to be married now-a-days the great ambition was to meet a rich heir and heiress, and the question was, "How long were the purse strings?" Old age became young, vice became virtue, hideousness, beauty when touched by that philosopher's stone of the nineteenth century—£ s. d. He would point out for their consideration some of the virtues and obligations of married people, the observance of which would secure a bright and happy home. The one he would attach most importance to was the virtue of family love—that mysterious magnetism that united all good families. There was nothing more beautiful than a family united by the bonds of love. However rich a family might be in this world's goods, if the demon of discord had lodgings under that roof, there was no happiness. Banish love from the home, and they had nothing but disunion, jealousy, and the most disgusting forms of uncharitableness all day long. A home such as this was nothing but a disagreeable boarding-house, and it would be better to take lodgings in the workhouse than to be a daily witness of such disgraceful scenes. It was not an uncommon thing to see people all smiles and geniality towards strangers, while perhaps they had left a mother or a sister crying at home because of their rudeness. Speaking of the respective duties of the wife and the husband in the home, he said there was nothing so disgusting to a woman as a house-keeping husband—one that had a talent for going in to the minutiae of the pantry and the kitchen. (Laughter.) It was seldom a husband would gain anything by this, and where the wife was a sensible and prudent manager, she should be left the entire management of the house. At the same time one of the most important duties was that as to the submission of the wife to the husband and the children to the parents. He knew when he spoke of submission of women to their husbands he was touching upon a nice point in the progress of modern thought. He trusted there were Catholic and Irish women who did not allow their minds to be influenced by the oratorical babblings that rose from the platforms of women's rights. It was the Catholic Church that elevated woman to the purest and highest; and even now, if the Church were listened to she would save woman from herself.

PRELATE AND PEOPLE. — Last week 30,000 people assisted at the celebration of the golden jubilee of Archbishop Ryan. Of these 10,000 came for the morning ceremonies and 20,000 came in the evening to receive his blessing. The crowd, both morning and evening, was so great that thousands were turned away disappointed.

As a jubilee testimonial, from the clergy and laity of the archdiocese a purse of more than \$175,000 was raised. This, at the direction of the Archbishop, was used to pay all the outstanding indebtedness of St. Vincent's Orphanage, Twentieth and Race streets, so that the orphanage was really the jubilee gift.

From all parts of the land came men high in the Church to do him honor. Hundreds of telegrams and letters were received expressing congratulations and regrets that the senders could not tender their congratulations in person. From Pope Pius X., through Archbishop Hartley, of Manila, there came the Papal blessing and a prayer for long life and happiness.

Monsignor Falconio, the personal representative of the Pope, headed the long list of distinguished visitors.

Rain dimmed but could not seriously mar the brilliancy of the morning celebration.

Because of the downpour the out of doors procession was abandoned. It was to have passed from the chapel along the Summer and Eighteenth streets sides of the Cathedral property and thence into the church. Instead of this route the long line of prelates and priests passed directly from the sacristy into the north aisle of the Cathedral and through the main aisle into the sanctuary.

Exalting was the scene as the solemn Pontifical Mass was begun. The radiance from a thousand electrical

lamps and from hundreds of tapers shone upon the cloth of gold vestments of those who celebrated and assisted at the Mass and over the purple, black and lace garments of those who sat in the sanctuary. Banks and tracteries of foliage were varied with great masses of beautiful blooms. The principal designs of illumination were Archbishop Ryan's coat of arms and the adjuration: "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus"—Behold a great priest.

Admittance to the Cathedral was to have been only by ticket, but a few words from the Archbishop changed that arrangement. As he passed the doorway in the van of the procession he looked out and saw a ticketless throng standing in the rain. Leaving the line suddenly, he said to Reserve Policeman Patrick Garrity, who guarded the northern entrance: "Let them in."

In reply to the address and presentation of the jubilee gift, Archbishop Ryan, after having referred to the sublime dignity of the priesthood and thanking the clergy of the archdiocese for their wise counsel and co-operation, addressed the following remarks to the laity:—

"But, my dear people of the laity, what can general and superior officers do without the body of the army? In the union of bishop, priests and laity is found the triple cord that cannot be broken. No one of these, and no two of these, can effect good but in conjunction with the third.

"You received me over nineteen years ago with cordiality that surprised me and at once won my heart. I had heard much of your great generosity, especially in supporting our splendid seminary. Since my advent I have not spared you, but have done nothing which I did not believe necessary for your own good. Besides building many churches and parish schools you erected the Catholic Protectors for boys, which up to this time has cost \$400,000, and is, thank God, without debt. There is accommodation there for 200 boys, and by adding a dormitory wing 300 more can be received, as provision is made for them in all other departments of the building.

"When, a short time ago, I found it necessary, because of the growing population of the city, to provide for more poor and abandoned very young children, I saw that the large property and building at Twentieth and Race streets was for sale. I undertook an indebtedness of \$150,000 to procure it. The present jubilee offering of the priests and people will meet this large indebtedness and, I trust, leave a sum to aid in paying for the alterations and furnishing of the building. Four hundred little ones can be received within its walls and protected by the gentle care and love of these devoted women, who bear mother hearts in virgin bosoms—the Sisters of Charity.

"May God bless you and yours for generations to come for this jubilee offering, which I accept as more than personal."

With Our Subscribers.

"Enclosed please find one dollar my subscription to your paper until 1904. Your paper teems with interesting matter in every issue, and its circulation should be largely increased in this country. Wishing you and the 'True Witness' every success."

Yours truly,
E. F. C.

"Enclosed please find my subscription to 1904. Now, please permit me to say that your paper is too cheap, consequently, I suggest that the subscription to the 'True Witness' be put at one dollar and fifty cents a year. It is well worth that sum, and as an humble Irishman, I thank you for giving us so bright and faithful a champion. I wish you health, happiness and prosperity."

Faithfully yours,
W. S.

"I am a delinquent in sending in my subscription, and wishing to atone for my negligence, I have decided to make a present of the 'True Witness' for a year to an only brother. Enclosed find two dollars, one to pay my subscription, and one to pay a year's subscription to the new address. I cannot tell you how much I admire the 'True Witness.' I was much pleased at a remark of my son, a boy of 19. He said 'other papers you have to look over to find something good to read, but everything is good in the 'True Witness.' Wishing you and your valuable paper every success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
MRS. C. F.

Society Needs The Church.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It was only last week that we pointed out, when referring to the comments of a contemporary on the crank who wanted to kill the President of the United States, how very important it is for the State to adhere to the Catholic Church, to adopt her grand principles and to rely upon the wisdom of her direction. Other churches, other institutions may have their merits, their perfections, their good qualities; but these are so interwoven with the demerits, the imperfections and the erroneous qualities inseparable from all purely human organizations that they cannot be relied upon in a positive, or infallible manner. It is otherwise with the Catholic Church. In the first place she can be absolutely depended upon. Even the one who will not admit the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, is forced to acknowledge the infallible unchangeableness and immutability of the Church. They find her now as she was in all ages, and they know that in the future they can rely upon finding her exactly the same.

Surely there is not a publication in America that has a deeper anti-Catholic spirit than "Harper's." It has become proverbial for its bitterness against the Church, yet it has been forced, by the very circumstances to which we have referred, to acknowledge all that we have claimed for the Church in regard to society and to the State. In a recent issue of "Harper's Weekly," we find the following:—

"The Catholic Church is now regarded by statesmen and political economists in Protestant countries as a useful if not indispensable coadjutor in the work of upholding the existing order. The inevitableness of such an alliance was so clearly recognized by Karl Marx that he made the repudiation of Catholicism a cardinal tenet of the Socialist creed. His injunction has been heeded in both Germany and France; and, by a natural counter-movement, all the conservative forces of society are beginning to occupy a friendly position toward the Catholic Church. In view of this new alignment of forces, the Papacy is justified in looking forward with equanimity, if not with confidence, to the possible vicissitudes of the twentieth century."

This editorial expression, in such a publication as that, is surely one of the most striking evidences that could be furnished of the potent headway that the Church is ever making, despite opposition of every class. It is absolutely in vain that governments persecute, exile, disband religious orders, in vain that heresies arise by the score and by hundred to confront the Church, in vain that secret societies seek, by every imaginable means, to undermine her, in vain that lies are spread broadcast, that calumnies are multiplied, that doctrines are misrepresented, in vain all these—"the gates of Hell shall not prevail against her"—for the hand at the helm is guided by the mind in the Head, and that mind is illumined by the Holy Ghost. The fact is that the late Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., inaugurated and carried into practice a policy that as-tounded the world, disarmed all hostility, and restored the Papacy to its pristine influence, its mighty power amongst earth's potentates—even as in the days when all potentates were Catholic. The present Pontiff has succeeded to a heritage that he is well calculated develop, to expand, and strengthen. He has duty of gathering in the harvest, the crop of which was sown, by his predecessor, during the past twenty-five years. As "Harper's" says: "The Papacy is justified in looking forward with equanimity," and with confidence, "to the possible vicissitudes of the twentieth century."

AMONG THE MASSES.

Father Bernard Vaughan is conducting a mission to East End, London, costers. He lives in a single room in a street off Commercial Road inhabited by people of the working class. One of his neighbors is an old woman of seventy, who still works for her living, earning 6s. a week. Father Vaughan, who cooks his own meals, takes up to the old woman an appetizing dinner cooked by himself.