

Random Notes and Cleanings.

GRATITUDE TO SAINTS.—One of the most beautiful of all the characteristics of man is gratitude. One always feels a sense of pride in humanity when made aware of an expression or evidence of gratitude in a fellow-creature. And the reverse is the sentiment that is awakened by favors received. This is so common to all the human race that we are not surprised at the expression of the "Sunday School Times," a Protestant church organ, in regard to the evidences of Catholic gratitude to the Saints and to the Blessed Virgin for favors, spiritual or temporal, received. Thus speaks that organ: "If there is any one thing that the world needs more than Christian teaching and preaching it is Christian witnessing. In many of the Catholic churches in Europe the walls are, in portions, covered with tablets put there by persons who wish to gratefully record the help they have received from Mary. One shrine in Munich is covered with cards, some of which say, "Mary, help!" and others, "Mary has helped." In the Sorbonne in Paris, there are scores of little tablets thanking Mary or Joseph for help received in the college examinations and for successes in obtaining a degree. Protestants turn from this with a frown or a smile. But is not this spirit of testimony, this readiness to show gratitude, this desire to witness—is it not what Our Lord fairly expects of us? Let us not be ashamed to say what Christ has done for us. If we believe that Christ has been life to us, why not go and tell it?"

THE ESCORT OF ACOLYTES.—The Christian is bound to make an act of thanksgiving after Holy Communion. St. Philip never once observed a man who habitually left the church immediately after communicating. In order to reprove and put him to shame, he called two acolytes and bade them take two candlesticks with lighted tapers and accompany the man in question, who was hastening home after receiving Holy Communion. The servers obeyed and everybody in the street stared at them and at the man, who, looking back and perceiving them, asked why they were following him. They said that St. Philip had ordered them to do so. He therefore returned to the church and asked the saint what was the meaning of this unwonted escort. St. Philip replied: "It is to pay proper respect to Our Lord, whom you are carrying away with you. Since you neglect to adore Him, I sent the servers to supply your place. The man saw that he was at fault, and kneeling before the altar, made his thanksgiving most devoutly. He remained in prayer for a quarter of an hour. No one ought to leave the Church after receiving Holy Communion without having made his thanks giving."

A NUN ARCHITECT.—Out of the thick of the woods on the southern border of Lake Forest, near Chicago, the new home of the nuns of the Sacred Heart is being completed and will be ready next month for the opening of the schools. The building of this institution is more remarkable than is generally known. The work has been planned, fostered and carried out by the nuns themselves. The overseeing architect is a member of the Order, and the same nun has also been general building and business supervisor. The new edifice is an immense building—368 feet, with basement and five stories. The convent will be in the northeast wing, all the remaining part being given over to the school. Despite all the space accorded pupils only about 125 can be taken in, which testifies to the attention given to their ease and welfare in the construction. It is a model piece of architecture.

A SOLDIER'S DEATH BED.—A few years ago there lived an officer in one of our large towns who, though brought up as a Catholic, was a sworn enemy to religion and never said a prayer. He had a servant who, unlike his master, had not belied his early training, but every day said his prayers devoutly before a crucifix which he had hung upon the wall of the little room where he slept. When the officer saw the crucifix he ordered it to be instantly taken down. Not long after he became dangerously ill, and grew rapidly worse, so that the doctor declared that the case was hopeless, and

in fact he had but a few hours to live. Then his pious servant resolved to make an earnest attempt to save his master's soul. Going close up to him he said: "Sir, there is someone waiting outside, no other than your best friend; he is most desirous to come in and be reconciled to you. May I admit him?" The sick man was much surprised; he wondered who it could be who wanted to see him, and told his man to show the stranger in. Then the servant hastened to fetch the crucifix, which used to hang on the wall, and bringing it to his master, he held it up before him, saying: "O, dear sir, here is your best friend, one who your while life has shown you much kindness and bestowed so many benefits upon you, and whom you nevertheless have hitherto only repulsed and persecuted. He is infinitely merciful; He longs to be reconciled to you before your death. Do not turn Him away this time." And now behold a miracle of grace; the dying man took the crucifix in his hand kissed it with tears in his eyes, and told his servant to go at once and bring a priest. The priest came without delay, the officer made a humble and contrite confession of the sins of his past life and expired in the best dispositions. How well it is when impenitent sinners upon their death-bed are openly exhorted by their friends or attendants to repent and be converted. Those who refrain from speaking through false delicacy, or a fear of giving offence, are no true friends to the sick person.

IRISH LEAGUE CONVENTION.—Mr. John O'Callaghan, a prominent member of the executive of the United Irish League of America, in referring to the Convention to be held in New York on August 30th and 31st, says: Hon. John E. Redmond, M.P., the leader of the Irish party, Capt. A. J. C. Donelan, M.P. for East Cork, and Patrick O'Brien, M.P. for the City of Kilkenny, are the three gentlemen who will constitute the delegation from the organization in the old land.

IRISH EMIGRATION.—Mr. Conor O'Kelly, M.P. for County Mayo, Ireland, who is now lecturing in the United States, in referring to the great drain caused by emigration, said the other day at Montana: "At this moment we of the old Celtic race are but 3,000,000 in Ireland. Those who are opposed to us, the ascending party, are 1,500,000, and the sad fact is that while our population is steadily decreasing from year to year, the population of those opposed to us is steadily increasing. In the last ten years we lost 200,000 of our people, mostly young people, while our opponents in the same period increased their numbers by 10,000, and I need not say that, if that alarming state of things continues unchecked, it only needs a simple arithmetical calculation to arrive at the time when, instead of being in the majority, as we are now, we shall be in a minority; instead of having 3,000,000 to our opponents' 1,500,000, it is they who will be the 3,000,000 and we the 1,500,000, and that result will be as inevitable as the rising of to-morrow's sun if there be no parliamentary party to defend Irish interests in the House of Commons, and to assure us that the causes of the almost fatal shrinkage in Irish populations be removed."

COST OF WAR.—A French writer in discussing the cost of wars in life and money during the past, says: The Crimean war cost Russia \$700,000,000, or \$25,000,000 per month; it cost the French about an equal sum, and the English somewhat less; the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 cost the Prussians \$258,000,000, or \$49,000,000 per month; the loss of the French (in addition to the territory) was \$2,800,000,000; \$31,000,000 per month. England spent in the Boer war \$1,212,000,000, or \$38,000,000 per month; in the war with China, Japan spent \$48,000,000, or \$10,000,000 per month; and the Chinese, in addition to the cost of conducting the war, paid an indemnity of \$146,000,000.

JULY FESTIVALS.—Two weeks ago we gave the names of the saints whose festivals were commemorated during the first and second weeks of July. We will now complete that

work by following out the feast days for the balance of the month. Sunday, 16th July, was the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. On the 17th the feast of St. Leo, IV., Pope and Confessor. The 18th, St. Camillus of Lellis, Confessor. The 19th, St. Symmachus, Confessor. The 20th, St. Jerome Aemilian, Confessor. The 21st, St. Alexius, Confessor. The 22nd, St. Mary Magdalen. The 23rd, St. Apollinaris, Bishop and Martyr. The 24th, St. Vincent de Paul, Confessor. The 25th, St. James the Greater, Apostle. The 26th, St. Ann, mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The 27th, Blessed Rodolphus and his companions, martyrs. The 28th, Saint Nazarus and his companions, martyrs. The 29th, St. Martha, virgin. The 30th, Saints Abdon and Sennen, martyrs. The 31st, St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus. It will be seen that the month that is just passed away has been commemorative of a number of important saints, especially martyrs and confessors. The month that is coming in will also have very important feasts to which we hope to allude at greater length.

OUR POST OFFICES.—One of the most distinctive notes of modern civilization is the post office. The mail service has become so perfected in late years that it works almost like a miracle. From time to time we hear of a person who has lost a letter in the mails, or whose letters have been delayed. But when we consider the hundreds of millions of letters that, from year's end to year's end, travel in all directions, the wonder is that so very few should fail to reach their destination. It would require a vast volume to tell the story of the general mail service all over the world to-day. When we look back to the time when Roland Hill devised the "penny postage," and when Bianconi's stage coaches were a marvel to all Europe, we cannot but ask ourselves, what the men of that time would think if they were to stand in the Montreal post office and watch the operations of the mail service, or to travel on a transcontinental train and watch the mail clerk distributing letters all along the road. We have said that the perfecting of its mail service and the increase in its revenue from that source, constitute the best evidence of a country's development and progress. Taking this as a standard, and glancing over the blue-book just issued for 1903 by the Post Office Department at Ottawa, we must marvel at the changes which a decade of years have brought about in Canada. A few statistics, or rather, general results gleaned from detailed statistics, may interest some of our readers, and especially those who can recall when we had only a few hundred post offices in the country, when the telephone was undreamed of, and the telegraph was just coming into use. According to the returns for 1903 we find that we have now 10,150 post offices. In 1867, at the time of confederation, there were only 3638 post offices in all the country. In that year eighteen million letters were mailed in Canada. In 1903 over two hundred and thirty-five million letters were posted in the Dominion. And, apart from the letters twenty-six million post cards were mailed. The postal revenue of the country for 1903 was \$5,681,162; and the expenditure was \$5,390,508. Turning to the telegraphic development we find that Canada has 38,000 miles of telegraph wires including cables and overhead wires. They would cover the distance from ocean to ocean across Canada eight times. If we add thereto the telephone wires, the country has 130,000 miles of wires—telephones and telegraph. Taking the all-British Pacific cable, Canada contributes five-sevenths of it. Besides Canada is the first colony of the Empire to adopt the penny postage.

These may appear facts of very little importance to some, but they mean a very great deal as far as the story of our Dominion's development is concerned. It must be remembered that we have scarcely six million of a population, and we have a territory capable of accommodating six hundred million. With these facts before us it must surely be a great encouragement for the youth of this country. They have opportunities such as are not to be met with in any other country on earth. There is lots of room and ample freedom to mount upward. In fact we cannot conceive of any land that presents such opportunities as Canada. We have every modern facility of communication, we have the practical result of every invention and improvement; and we have the vast, almost unmeasurable expanse of territory wherewith to develop all our energies. Add to this the fact that competition is almost null, compared

to what obtains in the old world, or even in the United States, and you have all the desirable conditions for prosperity and for a future rising generation. The country, nature, art, science and industry have done their share to make the avenues to success innumerable; it remains for the young man to take advantage of those opportunities, to profit by the chances at their disposal, to educate themselves up to the requirements of the times, and there is no limit to the heights of prosperity to which they may rise.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.—A public reception was tendered to Cardinal Satolli in St. Paul, Minn., under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. His Eminence in the course of his reply to an address of welcome, paid a high tribute to the Knights. He said in part: I thank you gentlemen, Knights of Columbus, for the sentiments to which you have given expression, both in regard to myself personally and in regard to your society. To be frank, I will say that heretofore I had some little hesitation as to the substantial nature, the formal organization and the probable results of this association. Now, however, I am glad to say that I have better information, and have seen at close range; I realize that it enjoys the approval and the encouragement of the Bishops, that it counts among its members many irreproachable ecclesiastics, and that it admits no one who does not give evidence of good standing in Church and state, and is not a practical Catholic. I declare that henceforth I shall cherish a special regard for the society of the Knights of Columbus, and I trust it may have a field growing wider with each year and a future blessed with prosperity. The Catholic Church, since it is a living organization, eminently social in its nature, has always had in the past and shows itself to have to-day inexhaustible and marvellous fecundity in producing and nurturing associations, quickened with her own spirit of justice and charity, aiming to secure the common good of their members and of the civil society at large. For twenty centuries there has been in the Church an unbroken succession of fraternal associations to suit the needs and conditions of humanity. The history especially of the middle ages in Christian Europe is a wonderful record of institutions for every social class, in arts, and trades, in industries and commerce. They were destroyed by subsequent changes, but everywhere the Church has given new birth to others more numerous and more active. Among them in America I am pleased to number the Knights of Columbus.

CATHOLIC REPRESENTATION.—A correspondent of the Catholic Times, Liverpool, in referring to the recent debate on the Royal Declaration in the House of Lords, says: "For long years past, I have been astonished at the silence, if not cowardice, of the Catholic Lords in the gilded Chamber when an important Catholic question was before the House. I say now, sir, I am scandalized that out of thirty-three (Catholic) members only three had a word to say on the subject of the blasphemous oath, and the last of the three was so lukewarm that silence would have been by far the better policy. Why did not the thirty-three stand up and protest in a body and resent the insult to our holy religion? Oh for an O'Connell just for a day in the House of Lords when such a subject was brought forward! It would not be 'as you were.' No, the Catholics of the British Empire would all hear of it, and would be stirred in their millions. It is well known the King hated the ordeal of the oath, and Catholics and Irishmen consequently on that and many other grounds revere him."

THE SLOCUM HOLOCAUST.—Police Inspector Schmittberger, of New York, on July 13, sent to Commissioner McAdoo a revised list of the dead, injured and missing in the General Slocum disaster on June 15 last. The list follows: Identified dead 897 Unidentified dead 61 Missing 62 Injured 180 Escaped without injury 235 Number of adults 431 Number of children 476 By the official figures compiled under the direction of Police Commissioner Schmittberger, the total number of those lost in the disaster of the General Slocum is placed at 1020 persons. Commissioner McAdoo received the list from the Inspector, who for two weeks has employed a squad of Ger-

OUR GIBBERSTONE OBSERVER ON NAMES.

Perhaps I should entitle this short contribution "Nicknames"; and yet that would not be appropriate. A nickname is one given to a person constantly and that serves, either in ridicule or otherwise, to indicate some defect or peculiarity in the person. The names to which I purpose referring seem to attach more to the nationality than to the person. In the United States when a person does not know a boy's name he calls him "Johnnie." Out West if a stranger turns up he is sure to be called "Jack," at least until his real name is known to the settlers. If you meet a Chinaman you are liable to call him "John"—no matter what his name may be. In France they call a person whose name is unknown "Jacques." In Mexico it is "Pedro." In Cuba the natives call all Americans and Englishmen "Charlie." And in the Southern States they call every hotel waiter "George." If a man is a Scotchman he will at once be called "Sandy," or "Donald"; if an Irishman he will be called "Pat" or "Mike," if a French-Canadian "Johnnie," and thus we may run through an indefinite list. But the name used apparently by common consent, and not always in an offensive sense, seems to designate the country or race rather than the individual. Why it should be so has long been a puzzle to me, and, in going my rounds, I have tried to find a solution of the problem—but I have not as yet succeeded. In the case of the Irishman, I can understand that the name most in use among his people and in his country may naturally be employed to designate him; but certainly that rule cannot apply in the case of the Chinaman—for rarely is one of them named "John"—nor yet in the case of the little boy on the street—for the vast majority of them have names other than "Johnnie." I am curious to know how these names came to be applied. In fact I find that there can be no fixed rule in regard to the matter. Possibly some of my readers may be interested enough in the subject to inform the "True Witness" of why these names are given.

ANOTHER QUEER CASE.—Another strange practice has attracted my attention. You rarely ever find two old men, who have been fast friends and life-long acquaintances, who will not call each other "old boy." Why this is I cannot say, unless it be that they want to appear boys again and to make believe that years have not told upon them, and that they are as full of life and spirits as they were when at school together. On the other hand, you find two young men, especially if they are of the sporting world, call each other "old man." This is still more wonderful. Surely they are not so tired of life, so weary of the enjoyments of youth,

man speaking policemen to canvass the district where the majority of those who went on the excursion on June 15 resided. The list shows the probable total number on the boat that day to have been 1435.

EFFECT OF TRAINING.—Heroic work on the part of the Boy Fire Brigade of the Catholic Protectors at Van Nest, New York, saved the Anderson Annex to the main building from destruction by fire which was discovered early on the morning of July 16. There were 300 of the smaller boys asleep in the annex when the alarm was sounded from the sleeping apartment of Brother Henry. Instantly the alarm gongs in the building rang simultaneously, calling all the boys from their cots and bringing out the Boy Fire Brigade of the institution.

In a few seconds the brothers were at their places at the head of the line and the boys marched out into the yard, carrying their clothing with them. When the boys reached the yard they came to attention and put on their clothing. They did it just as calmly as if it were one of the regular fire drills, which are practiced regularly. The watchman discovered the fire on the first floor and notified Bro-

that they want to, be permanently considered old men. Still I can see no other rational reason why they should so call each other. Possibly it is a mere custom, a style, a habit; possibly it is because they think it is an evidence of cleverness, of brains, of importance. If so they are exceedingly mistaken. Yet I am not going to pass a judgment on them. It certainly might be a rash one. However, the use of the strangely out-of-place term "old man" brings me to another use of that expression.

A SIGN BOARD.—Just as surely as a sign-board indicates the character of the place over which it is suspended, so certainly does the use of the term "old man" indicate the calibre of the man that uses it. In the first place Yankee slang has been augmented by the addition of that expression as applied to the father of a family, or the senior in a household, or any elderly person. "Old man Jones," "old man Brown," instead of "old Mr. Jones," or "Mr. Brown, senior," are expressions daily in use. I know of no case in which anything approaching that expression could be said to be appropriate, except that of "Oom Paul," applied to the late President Kruger of the Transvaal. It is a certain sign of a lack of refinement and education to hear a young person employ the term in the sense above indicated. But bad as that may be, there is still something worse. That may show a lack of education, but the case to which I am going to refer indicates a lack of gentlemanly training, of self-respect, of honest Christian and filial sentiment. I mean when a young man, or boy, speaks of his father as "the old man." I have no words to qualify such a mark of disrespect; no more have I language to describe the feeling of disgust with fact I may as well not attempt to which I hear that expression. In say what I think. It is most abominable to hear a young snob talking of his father as "the old man." Whenever I hear it from the lips of these young fellows I at once conjure up a picture of the same persons a few years hence, very old, very much despised, very insignificant and very touchy about being called "the old man." He forgets that it is his father who gave him all he possesses; who educated him; who clothed and fed him; who made it possible for him to walk in society. And if he has such a poor idea of that father as to treat him as "the old man," he may safely look forward for the day when his own sons (if ever he has any) will return him the compliment and repay him one hundredfold for the unfillial and ignoble treatment of the one whom he is bound by every tie of nature and every obligation of conscience to honor, respect, and defend. My advice is to all, to avoid such low slang, for it eventually helps to ruin the young men's future

SECULAR NEWSPAPERS.—The London Monitor and New Era says: A reporter of a Highland newspaper, describing a High Mass sung at Fort Augustus by the late prior, Very Rev. Jerome Vaughan, wrote this inimitable sentence: "At this point in the proceedings the very reverend gentleman turned round and observed in stentorian tones: 'Dominus vobiscum!'" It was an Edinburgh paper which gravely stated that "the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles sang Haydn's Sixteenth Mass," and it supplemented this remarkable item with the statement that "the thurifer was swung gently to and fro in front of the altar."

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In a certain village named Glenthorp there had for many years been a haunted house. It had a spacious one cultivated it, and nettles grew in the flowers and vegetable days. It had no rooms, but no windows and doors were there. No one would do to with the place, have caused general the village if "The H been pulled down and ploughed up. There were superstitious places in Glenthorp, and perhaps as this old house in the village helped in sure to keep its super For years the H empty and desolate, the day arrived when a tenant

The early spring was to dress the hedge rose green, and the Apple lose its chill, when the Clifton Arms, the best thorp, a little old man existed the wonder of

In figure the strange ally short, and looked from a considerable st ed leaning somewhat a gold-headed cane, and hair fell down over h strands of pure white gage was inscribed with Peters, and all that gent and persevering make out of him was travelled straight f Since there was no l and no hesitation in y bill, mine host of th was well pleased with In about a month, I looked upon the newco different eyes. The st been seen prowling ar sitage and from that was eyed with suspic picion might have been a little while had not in the course of a few guilty of an act which lord wish to get rid of ly as possible. He ac the Hermitage, bought and deliberately went ted mansion by himself He inspected the ro made his way up to looked out from the upon the few panic-str who had stopped on so the dreaded portal; he into the soil of the g gold-headed cane; all had done, and accordi sips of the place, he herbs in the garden fo of strange potions. H the place with gold w morning, the villagers be found to be no mor ed leaves.

All Glenthorp was d only one calm and un Dr. Peters himself, as gentle and benevoler would take endless tim tempt to chronicle the duct of the Glenthorp wards the now very stranger. The chamber "boots" at the Clifton through his keyhole at the night and morning her he was in his bed ary man, or working s middle of the floor; th fell over each other in get out of his way wh ed on the street; if he chase his money was with a suspicious eye always asked if it wer this would have been ant to most persons. I pitied the ignorance of and was content to w down their prejudices. In course of time th as they had begun transferred himself and lings from the Clifton Hermitage, and soon s loads of furniture and ther with an old w from London. Now, if favorable opportunity exactly where the stran but, alas for the curio wagon drivers knew wa had brought the thi gloomy street, of whic not remember the nam It was unfortunate th that his housekeeper