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The Irish Witness



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MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1905.

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IRISH PILGRIMS AT FONTENOY.

A special commissioner of the Dublin Freeman's Journal, writing from Namur on June 4, says:

The pilgrimage to Fontenoy has been made, and the Irish visitors disperse to-day—some to return, others to go further into Belgium, following the footsteps of the exiles. Those last two days must have left an ineffaceable impression. We are in a land where time makes few changes, and where neither the works of nature nor the works of man are obliterated by the spoiler. No archaeologist is needed to trace the lines of Fontenoy. The village was razed to make way for the batteries, but it rose again a hundred and sixty years ago, and its roofs are standing now. Vezen, where Cumberland prepared his advance, still slumbers round the village spire; and one of its farmsteads wears proudly on its gable the date 1736, nine years before Cumberland was seen by the wayside where Irish songs were sung and Irish dances danced to-day. Antoining has added five and thirty chimney-stacks as monuments of its new liberty, and they smoke round the Chateau of the Four Winds where Saxo prepared his plans; but Antoining is still Antoining. Belgium does not waste its woods, and one has only to read an authentic account of the battle to realize that De Barri's Wood must still follow closely the line it occupied in 1745—otherwise the plan of battle would have been impossible. The light railway that carried us to the scene yesterday, winding through the lanes and by-ways to serve the villages straggled across the plain, carried us through Ramecroix, where the Brigade spent the night before the battle, and through Gauran, where they waited impatiently for the spring that decided the historic day. So that no effort of the imagination is required to follow the course of the fighting. The corn is springing fresh as it was on the battle day—though the tall fields of rye could scarcely have been so full, or the attack would have found better cover a hundred and sixty years ago. Even the thunder that rolled across the plain, left and right, during our visits helped to remake the picture, which wanted but the marching men to restore it altogether. If one of the brave though nameless dead that sleep beneath the growing harvests of the plain were to come to life again he would probably find but little changed in the scene. Not much care, therefore, and Mr. Barry O'Brien has given great care to the study of the scene, is needed to enable one to trace the line of advance of the British column, identify the ridge on which they broke the French lines and planted their batteries to complete the rout, and so come to the very line along which the Irish charged, as they leaped from behind the Bois de Barri struck the victorious column in the flank, and rolled back the tide of the British fortunes. He would certainly need to be more phlegmatic than the average Irishman who could pass amidst these scenes unmoved.

The deputation was not composed of phlegmatic persons, and there was no one missing from the roll-call at two o'clock yesterday when the first visit was paid. Under a warm sun we set out. Ramecroix, the first of the villages associated with the battle, is only a few miles from Tournai, and before the battle song of the Brigade had been sung, we were at Gauran, entering the scene of the final struggle of the opposing armies. The light railway runs up and over the swelling ridge across which the French trenches were dug, and down the slope to Vezen, where the plain heaves again to another ridge, from which Cumberland's last stroke was delivered. From the height, if height it may be called, beyond Gauran an splendid view may be had of the plain. It has more character than the ordinary levels of Western Belgium. Right and left it is bounded by thick woods. The little spire and hamlet of Fontenoy occupies the centre; away in the distance to the right is discerned the spire of Antoining, while facing the traveller as he descends the railway track lies Vezen. To-day the plain is filled with crops that another the view of the travel-

ler as effectually as the Irish hedges, and prove the richness of the soil. Rye seven feet high, wheat coming to the grain, fill most of the fields. Rich flowering clover and promising root crops occupy the remainder. But there is not a field that has not felt the tiller's hand. In the paddocks and under the orchard trees, but mostly in the steadings, the cattle may be seen that make up Belgian millions of live stock; but they occupy no lazy field, and they must no peasant from the labor of the land.

We descended from the train at Vezen, and returned along the old Mons road and by the railway track till we reached the ridge, where Mr. Barry O'Brien and Mr. Collins, of Paris—two invaluable and inexhaustible guides—pointed out the lines along which the battle moved on the French left. As they were delivering their instructive lecture on the battle field the lightning suddenly crashed over Antoining, and slowly across the plain moved heaven's artillery. The drenching showers could not be resisted, and the Irish were this time beaten off the field by a pitiless rainstorm. We retreated in good order on Vezen, down the slopes where Cumberland's beaten troops fled; and then we found shelter in the hospitable train. Returning to Gauran, the showers passed, and a halt was called. Here Dr. Henry delivered his Gaelic speech to an enthusiastic audience, including many Irish villagers, who heard for the first time in their lives what Gaelic was, and what were the multitudinous distinctions between Irish and English, and why the Irish of to-day should be interested in Gauran.

This morning, before our second visit to the field, a special Mass was celebrated in the old parish church of St. Quentin, on the Grand Place. Visiting the church on the previous evening I came upon the graves of two Irishmen by the pillar in the chancel. One was a Canon Brady of the Diocese; the other was Vice-Rector of the old Irish College of Tournai, Father Felix MacBrady. Close by was the grave of another citizen of Tournai who possibly also was derived from the old sod—John Francis Hardy. Ireland might well produce some "Old Mortality" who would make a record of the graves of the Wild Geese. He would find many a tomb to decipher in the churches of the free towns of Belgium. Now, nearly two hundred years after these Irish priests were laid to rest in the transept of St. Quentin's, comes an Irish Canon to celebrate Mass for his countrymen at the high altar where they, too, must have celebrated, and out of the pulpit for the first time is heard the language of the Gael. Canon MacCartan was the celebrant, and Father MacInerney preached the Irish sermon. While before and after Mass the organ rolled out Irish music—"Let Erin Remember," "The White Cockade," "The Wearing of the Green," "The Last Rose of Summer." In settings supplied to the organist of St. Quentin's by Mr. Grattan Flood.

Our march was along the whole battle front to-day. Starting from the station at noon our weather scouts described new batteries preparing for another attack. But we were not dismayed. They gave it to us hot and heavy at Antoining, but the friendly parish church sheltered us, and soon the advance was sounded. At Antoining we found an eager interest in the story of Fontenoy. Its new industrial life has not quenched its historic pride and curiosity; and a ready courtesy was shown in giving all possible assistance to make the visit instructive. The station master led the way, pointing us out the Chateau of the Four Winds, Saxo's headquarters, and the lines of the extreme French right. Suspending the regulations of the State Railways, he took us by the shortest cut along the railway to the Fontenoy road. The little village was sleeping its Sunday sleep when the visitors came. But it woke up to life, and gave them a hearty welcome. The village cure made himself especially friendly, and welcomed the Lord Mayor and Mr. John O'Leary. The village letter-box was soon filled with postcards, but unfortunately there is

WEDDING BELLS.

The marriage of Miss Kathleen McShane, youngest daughter of Mr. James McShane, Harbor Master, to Mr. Wm. H. Buckley, a well known attorney of Albany, N.Y., took place on Wednesday morning at the Sacred Heart Chapel of the Cathedral, Right Rev. Thos. M. A. Burke, Bishop of Albany, performed the ceremony and also said the nuptial Mass. The bride was attended by Miss Nellie Davis, while the groom was attended by Mr. Thomas F. Behan, of Albany. The altar was tastefully decorated with flowers and colored lights. His Lordship Bishop Burke, during the ceremony, read a cablegram from His Holiness Pius X. extending the Apostolic Benediction on the newly wedded couple. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Buckley left during the day on their honeymoon trip.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The concert given in aid of the Catholic Sailors' Club last evening, under the auspices of Branch 50, C.M.B.A., proved to be a very enjoyable affair. Mr. F. Landen made an exceptionally fine chairman. The new hall was crowded to the doors, and everything points to a record year in the history of the Club. After the opening remarks of the chairman, the first item on the programme was a comic song by Mr. Frank O'Neil, which brought forth rounds of applause. A clog dance by Mr. Joseph Casey followed. Songs by Messrs. Chas. Mullen, Frank Kelly, William Moran, Oliver Johnston, Asselin and Benoit were very much appreciated. Among those present were Rev. Father Malone, S.J., and Rev. Father Fox, S.J.

Pontiff Sent Blessing to Knights of Columbus.

In the midst of the festivities of the Knights of Columbus convention at Los Angeles, when activity was at its highest, Joseph Scott, Past State Deputy of California, received the following cable despatch from His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val:

"The Holy Father graciously blesses the Knights of Columbus, assembled in council, and their labors for the defence and propagation of the faith."

Ordinations at Maynooth.

At Maynooth last week the following gentlemen were ordained priests by the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin: Rev. Peter O'Connor, Armagh; Rev. William O'Keefe, Killaloe; Rev. Patrick Clancy, Ardagh; Rev. Philip O'Daly, Ardagh; Rev. Patrick O'Donovan, Cork; Rev. Peter Cusack, Armagh; Rev. John Rehill, Kilmore; Rev. James Redmond, Ferns; Rev. James Power, Ossory; Rev. John Meehan, Galway; Rev. P. Donnellan, Elphin; Rev. John Lynch, Kerry; Rev. Patrick Coleman, Limerick; Rev. Denis Hehir, Galway; Rev. William Browne, Tuam; Rev. John Crumley, Raphoe; Rev. John McIntyre, Raphoe; Rev. Daniel Waldron, Kildare; Rev. John Lavelle, Armagh; Rev. John O'Brien, Killaloe; Rev. R. Smyth, Dublin; Rev. Patrick Murphy, Tuam; Rev. Michael Murphy, Cork; Rev. Patrick Waldron, Tuam; Rev. Michael MacLoughlin, Kilmore; Rev. Patrick Bradley, Achomy; Rev. Jas. Murphy, Cork; Rev. Thomas Mulloy, Killaloe; Rev. Charles O'Byrne, Derry; Rev. Michael Murphy, Ferns; Rev. John Curran, Ardagh; Rev. Michael Lavelle, Tuam; Rev. Jerome O'Donoghue, Kerry; Rev. Denis MacGrath, Waterford; Rev. Thomas Woods, Armagh; Rev. Jeremiah Fehily, Cork; Rev. Michael Collins, Kerry; Rev. John O'Keefe, Dublin; Rev. Edward Dolan, Dublin; Rev. John Duffy, Clogher; Rev. William Fallon, Ardagh; Rev. Jeremiah Cahalan, Cork; Rev. Jeremiah O'Callaghan, Cashel; Rev. Patrick O'Donohoe, Kilmore; Rev. Michael MacGuone, Armagh; Rev. Charles O'Donohoe, Kilmore; Rev. Patrick Cullinan, Clogher; Rev. Edward Murphy, Dublin; Rev. Eugene MacEvoy, Armagh; Rev. Mathew O'Donohoe, Clontarf; Rev. Bernard MacMahon, Dublin; Rev. J. O'Brien, Kildare; Rev. Daniel Toal, Down; Rev. Edward Blaxter, Armagh; Rev. John O'Ryan, Dublin.

The following were ordained from outside Colleges: Rev. James Campbell, Tuam; Rev. George Lillis, Killaloe; Rev. Thomas Finan, Elphin.

HOW TO DEAL WITH OFFENSIVE PAPERS.

The daily press is a mighty power for good or evil, but its power for evil is not too great to be curbed if the people, or any considerable section of the people, set about the work in some sort of practical way, such as for example, as the method suggested as follows by Archbishop Farley in his speech at the Commencement exercises of St. Francis Xavier College, New York:

"I was pleased to note the tone of idealism which pervaded the speeches of the graduating students and was profoundly impressed with what was said about our responsibility for what appears in public print. You will remember that we were told that the papers in a great measure reflect the lives we live. It is equally certain that if it were made plain that we did not relish certain kinds of matter, that was offensive to us, the papers would not print it. Now we, as a religious body, are very well organized. In every district there are Catholic societies, some of which have as many as 2000 or 3000 members. It would seem to me that the thing to be done when some paper is offensive in any particular would be to notify the editor of the fact, and if the unpleasant publications are persisted in, simply to cut off the subscription."

That would make the editors or managers pause and think. It may be said that they would not care about the subscriptions so long as they had the ads., but if the subscriptions dropped the ads. would soon follow. Advertisers are not fools. They have ways of keeping track of circulation and they act accordingly. In San Francisco not long ago the Catholic societies brought some offending editors to their senses in short order by the plan Archbishop Farley suggests.

DEVOUT CATHOLIC ACTRESS.

Miss Margaret Anglin, the charming Canadian actress, has taken the great city of San Francisco by storm, according to the dramatic critics. It is reported that she satisfied the critical theatrogoers of the city on the Pacific coast. It might be mentioned incidentally that San Francisco was the first city on this continent to recognize genius in that other great Catholic actress, Modjeska, over one quarter of a century ago. Miss Anglin is in many respects like Modjeska. She is a devout Catholic, and is ever ready to put her talents at the disposal of the needy. She sprang from a distinguished Toronto family who have always been the staunchest defenders of the Church. Her brother may be seen Sunday after Sunday singing in the choir of St. Basil's Church, Toronto. It is a pleasure to note that Miss Anglin not only inherits the family genius, but also other inestimable family traits.

OBITUARY.

MISS ELLEN QUINN.
We have the sad duty of chronicling the death of Miss Ellen Quinn, daughter of Mr. Peter Quinn, of the parish of St. Anicet, who was cruelly murdered in her home on the morning of June 18th. May her soul rest in peace.

IN MEMORIAM.

On Wednesday morning, 21st inst., she died at St. Joseph's Hospital London, Mrs. W. R. Smith, nee Mary Marrin, aged thirty years, formerly of Montreal. Mrs. Smith was the youngest child of the late James Marrin and Mary Ann Mulrooney, of Madoc. Deceased leaves to mourn her death a fond husband and little three year old son; also one brother, Frank, of the G.T.R., Sarnia, and three sisters, Mrs. F. Miller, of Montreal, Mrs. Cecil Holmgren, of Cleveland, and Miss Maggie Marrin, of Biddulph.

HEALTH.

Do you want it? Health! which brings the even pulse, the clear brain, the hospitable heart, the cheerful manner, and the biggest bank balance. Do you want it? Then get the Muskoka appetite, the Muskoka muscle, and the Muskoka color. In the "Muskoka" region health is given away, but you must apply for it in person. Uncle Sam's people pay no duty on health. When to go, how to go, the best hotel, short talks on fishing, canoeing, camping, bathing, and a word about expenses—all in a little book with a map and nineteen views, issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System. Sent on application to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

Where the King Went to Mass.

Most people thought that the Corpus Christi Chapel in the Avenue Friedland, where King Alfonso of Spain went to Mass the day of his departure from France for England, had been closed by the orders of M. Combes when he was in power. The chapel was owned by the priests of the Most Holy Sacrament, who came under the ban of the Associations Law. It remains open, and is used by the Spanish and Spanish-American Colonies. It has as Administrator Mgr. Acoves (a Mexican prelate), Abbe Mercado (also a Mexican), and three French priests. According to the instructions of the Spanish Ambassador, only the very best of the people of the two colonies were allowed to be present at the Mass attended by the King. The congregation was accordingly of the most select sort, the Princess Blanche d'Orleans and others of the French aristocracy joining the blue-blooded Spaniards. The exclusion naturally led to a good deal of adverse comment, but the chapel is a small one, and,

WHAT WOMEN SUFFER.

At All Ages They Need Rich, Pure Blood to Secure Health and Happiness.

A woman needs medicine more than a man. Her organism is more complex, her system more delicate. Her health is disturbed regularly in the course of nature. If anything happens to interfere with that natural course, she goes through unpeakable suffering. In fact the health of every function and the happiness of every moment of a woman's life depends upon the richness and the regularity of her blood supply. That is the simple scientific reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth more than their weight in gold to women of all ages from fifteen to fifty. These pills actually make the rich, red blood that brings health and happiness and freedom from pain to every woman. Mrs. Neil Ferguson, Ashfield, N.S., says: "In justice to you, and in the hope that what I have to say may benefit other suffering women, I take pleasure in stating that I have found wonderful benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began using the pills I was so badly run down that I could scarcely go about; at times I suffered very much and felt that life was a burden. Thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I can now say I am enjoying better health than I ever expected to have again, and I can most heartily recommend these pills to other suffering women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Ferguson because they filled her veins with the rich, pure blood so necessary to every human being. It is for this reason that these pills always cure such troubles as anaemia, neuralgia, heart trouble, indigestion, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, kidney and liver troubles, and the special ailments of growing girls and women of middle age. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, but you should be careful to see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around each box. If you wish you can get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The purity of her life and charitable nature made her loved by all classes and creeds, and who now mourn in sympathy with the many loved ones she has left behind.

Around her grave little birds will sing, autumn winds gently blow, and winter lay down its mantle of white, but in rain or shine, in bright or gloom, and although days pass into years "little May" will never be forgotten. May God have mercy on her soul.

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