

Local and Diocesan News.

A.O.H. DIV. NO. 7 ELECTS OFFICERS.—The following have been elected for the coming year as officers of Division No. 7, A.O.H.:

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE IN UNITED STATES.—His Grace is presently on a trip which will take in all the American dioceses, the object of which is to invite the high dignitaries of the United States to the sessions of the Eucharistic Congress, preparations for which being now well under way.

OPENING OF NEW PRESBYTERY.—The pastor of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Rev. T. F. Hoffmann, and his curate, the Rev. E. Polan, took possession of their new presbytery on Tuesday. In next issue we will give some details of this very fine new house, which will certainly prove quite an ornament to the district of which it is the centre.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.—The following contributions, although too late to be classed as Christmas gifts were nevertheless most thankfully received during the past two weeks. The London Assurance Corporation, through Mr. Francis Collins, ten dollars; Chas. McCarthy, McCarthy, P.O., five dollars; Miss Guineá, Montreal, two dollars; and Lieut. O'Donnell, Bernard McGuffan, Patrick Burns, Mrs. Gallagher, Mrs. Allan and Mrs. Mullins, one dollar each.

ST. ANN'S SCHOOL BOYS SUCCESS.—In the recent prize Essay Competition, offered by the Montreal Carnival Committee to the schools of Canada, in which 350 pupils took part, three boys of St. Ann's School T. Gavin, J. B. O'Brien, T. A. V. Hamill were among the prize winners. T. Gavin secured third prize in Class B, a handsome pair of snow shoes and moccasins donated by Messrs. Henry Morgan & Co., of Montreal.

RETURNS TO MONTREAL.—Mr. Edwin Cox, of this city, returned Thursday last from a nine months' stay at Revelstoke, B.C., having completed a large branch building for the Molson's Bank. The number of Revelstoke's prominent citizens, who waited at the train to bid their Montreal friend bon voyage testified in eloquent terms either to the golden hospitality of the people of that western town, or to the popularity of their new found acquaintance.

Mr. Cox speaks of Revelstoke as a lively and past growing town of some 5000 inhabitants, commanding a most picturesque site among the mountains.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES GALLERY.

After a somewhat lengthy illness Mrs. James Gallery, of the firm of Messrs. Gallery Bros., bakers, died on Monday morning at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Mr. Gallery was born in Co. Clare in 1846, and came to Canada 46 years ago.

Mr. Gallery was the eldest son of the late Thomas Gallery, and is survived by four brothers, Messrs John Michal, and Daniel.

The funeral took place in Wednesday morning to St. Ann's Church, thence to Cote des Neiges cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.

The Fingers of Frost Points is Eterity.

So! it is winter. The beautiful frost foliage is on my windows in the morning—flowers and leaves, wrought out in all manners of such exquisite curves and interlacings that no human art could possibly approach it. No finest pencil, or sharpest chisel, can give anything at all approaching the exquisite tracery, the multitudinous lines, the sweeps and segments of circles wrought in a few hours by the invisible spirit of the air on a little moisture on the glass.

Alas! that it is evanescent, like all beautiful things. I breathe softly on the window pane, and lo! it is gone. The secret artist withdraws his handwork and departs. It is hint at perfection, a suggestion of the absolute, which Nature is forever giving us to remind us of "The Beauty, ever ancient, ever new," that lies beyond the visible, and shall be revealed when matter is no more, but only the Form, the Anachetype, the Vision and the Spirit stand out against the background of eternity.—Rev. Dr. P. A. Sheehan, Paregga.

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

The local Government has decided to give £1,000 for immediate relief of distress, owing to unemployment, in Belfast, and the Corporation Finance Committee has been authorized to expend a sum not exceeding £2,000 for the purpose of the execution of work necessary, but not provided in this year's estimates. The Committee is applying for sanction for the borrowing of £20,000 for street improvements.

Cardinal Gibbons.

The Only Archbishop Who Has No Carriage of His Own.

Cardinal Gibbons is the subject of an interesting sketch by H. L. Mencken in the American Magazine. He says:

"Baltimore is one of the few American cities still old-fashioned enough to have a fashionable promenade. It runs over the steep hills of ancient Charles street, from the big shops at Lexington street, past Old St. Paul's church, the Waters Art Gallery and the Washington Monument to the northern region of apartment houses and clubs. There the smart folks of the town show themselves every afternoon—pretty little debutantes with talcum on their noses, stout old ladies with dogs, smart young dandies with rolling eyes and men of money from South street on their way to the Maryland Club. And there, too between 4 and 5, rain or shine, winter or summer, you will see a spare, tall old gentleman in a straight-rimmed silk hat, with a touch of scarlet under his brim—to wit, James Cardinal Gibbons, the ranking churchman of the United States of the Holy Roman Empire of princes of the blood.

"To Cardinal Gibbons that daily walk is the most welcome, if not the most important, act of life. It is not a leisurely stroll, but a vigorous, swinging walk. It takes him some days far out Charles street to Mount Royal Avenue, with its string of monuments, and even to Druid Hill Park. The appalling grades of Charles street—it hasn't a foot of level ground in two miles—do not worry him. He takes then at a long easy stride, brushing idlers and dandies, and holding his pace steadily until his four or five miles have been accomplished. Now and then you will see a visiting Bishop at his side, panting breathlessly up the hills but more often he is alone. Publicans and sinners pass him the time of day; policemen salute; a friend drops into a step for a block or two. The greater the crowd the better he seems to like it.

"The Cardinal was 75 last July, but there is still many a hard day's work in him.

"Dinner time at the Cardinal's house comes shortly after noon. There is a good cook downstairs, and the chance guest enjoys the meal as well as the company, but the head of the house himself is no epicure. The delicacies of which Baltimore boasts—the terrapin, the wild duck, the soft crabs and so on—are seldom on his plate. Simple roasts content him, with baked apple to follow as dessert. In the matter of drinkables his choice is buttermilk. He drinks it daily, and he agrees with Professor Metchnikoff that it makes the old feel young. But the Cardinal is no rigid teetotaler. On occasion he is not averse to a glass of white wine.

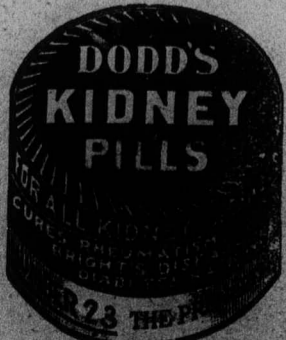
"Walking is his tonic. Let him have his daily tramp and he is content. When he faces a city trip beyond walking distance he telephones to a livery stable for a public hackney coach. He is the only Archbishop in the world who has no carriage of his own."

Canon Sheehan's Latest Book.

Canon Sheehan's "My New Curate" was, and is still, so universally loved and praised, that many readers were not ready for either "Luke Delmege" or "The Blindness of Dr. Gray," not to speak of "Lisheen," with the pen pictures all three give of Irish life, in most of its phases, and the quaint clerical personages of the first two especially. Let us may be found too hard to please we here subjoin what the Catholic Record has to say on the subject. And to quote:

"Those who criticised 'Lisheen' will find fault with 'The Blindness of Dr. Gray,' and for the same reason. For Canon Sheehan's latest novel is a picture of the seamy side of Irish life—too highly colored, some will say, and I'm inclined to agree with them. Of course there are a few sinners even in the Island of Saints, but 'Dr. Gray' gives one the idea that the sinners are by far the major part of Ireland's population. I think it is Dante who consigns the invertebrates, who were neither good nor bad, to the first circle of hell.

Well if Canon Sheehan's picture is true to life that precise place is certain to be very soon scheduled as a "congested district" for 99 per cent. of the Irish are booked for there.



Can it be that, like Dr. Gray, Canon Sheehan, too, is out of touch with the people? Has he dwelt so long on the empyrean heights that he expects in them angelic perfection? Politicians, the Gaelic League everything, gets a slap from the genial P.P. of Doneraile. Is it true; but had we not enough of caricatures without those of our household taking a hand in the game? A reviewer says "it is the most comprehensive picture of modern Irish life that has been written in the generation." One wonders if this reviewer was ever in Ireland! There can be no doubt but "Dr. Gray" is a good, interesting, strong book, but the brush has been applied a little too deeply in parts. Again, exception might be taken to the way Canon Sheehan spells some words such as "bhoy," "shpake." To most of us that style of orthography is symbolic of yellow rags from across the Channel. However, that is a minor point. Canon Sheehan, it will be remembered, was a supporter of the stormy petrel of Irish politics—William O'Brien. How strange then does this read. Reeves, a Unionist, was contesting an election against a local nationalist, whose father had been out in the "Rising." He came to solicit Dr. Gray's vote. The doctor could not see his way to support him. I cannot desert my people, he said. To Reeves's suggestion that the classes should unite and work together for the common good, leaving aside all vain efforts after nationhood, Dr. Gray replies: "They can no more get rid of that idea of independent nationhood than they can level their mountains or drain their rivers dry." And yet Canon Sheehan joined the all-creeds-all-classes League! "Dr. Gray" is a good book, but if I know Ireland it is an exaggerated picture of present day conditions in the Green Isle.

Nor is "Columba" alone in the field of criticism. Much in the same strain of thought, the indefatigable editor of the Register-Extension remarks very truly and plainly what follows:

"T. P.'s Weekly for December 17th contains a very appreciative review of Canon Sheehan's latest novel, 'The Blindness of Dr. Gray.' Father Sheehan himself, the reviewer calls 'the most notable, the most distinctive, and the most intellectual story-teller, which Ireland has sent forth in latter years.' He regards his latest novel as his best, because it is not overburdened with these allusions, which only clerics can understand and because it is 'an absolutely true and convincing picture of Irish life.' There are many however, who will differ with the reviewer in his estimate of the Canon's latest book. Dr. Gray and Luke Delmege are of the abnormal type. Daddy Dan, the hero of 'My New Curate,' is the real Soggarth Aroon with all his gentleness, his sympathy with the people, his aversion to innovations, his unselfishness and thoughtfulness for the poor and his never failing fund of gentle humor. There is not one faint spark of Irish humor in Dr. Gray's whole make-up. It is possible, however, that the real Irish priest of to-day may be found in a combination of two types, Daddy Dan and Dr. Gray; but our own experience and observation incline us to the view that 'My New Curate' contains the truer picture of Irish life and sets before the reader a better portrait of Ireland's well-beloved Soggarth Aroon."

The words of the late Methodist Bishop are worthy of preservation. They are based upon facts, and not on passing sentiment, so that they should carry the greater force with our friends outside the Catholic fold.

A Priest For Mayor.

Tontown, being a few years ago a little hamlet of a few Italian families, who took refuge from Southern swampy regions to the healthy climate of Northwest Arkansas, in a short time became a thriving village with its own post office, telephone system, stores, evaporators, cider and cheese factories, lime kiln and other industries. At present Tontown is subject to another transformation: it is becoming a city, with streets and avenues (city lots being rapidly sold and houses built upon them) and a new railroad having one of the most lively and industrious cities on the "Apple Belt." Recently in preparation of the election of the Mayor and officers, the primaries took place. The electors unanimously and uproariously proclaimed Rev. Father Dandini as the first Mayor of Tontown.

The objections of the good Father, as to the incompatibility of the office with his calling, and the almost impossibility of attending to so many different duties were not of avail. The people could not be moved. The candidates named afterwards were all Italians, with the exception of the aspirants to the marshaling of the city. On this case the electors, without knowing it perhaps, fell in line with most of the cities of the Union, by giving the nomination to the Irish race—the almost traditional Irish policeman.

The 11th inst. will be a gala day for Tontown, being the election day appointed by the agent of the incorporation. It will be another glorious page for the history of an industrious people camped in the beautiful region of the Ozark Mountains.—Marco Frambolina, in Western Watchman.

Most Rev. Dr. McKenna, Lord Bishop of Gloagher, opened the Cruden Orphanages, decorated for the occasion. Their erection is due to the philanthropy of the late Miss Sarah Cruden, who bequeathed by her will the sum of £50,000 for the Orphanage, which is to be for the benefit of the Catholic poor of the Diocese of Gloagher. Bundooran, we understand, was the site chosen by the deceased lady, the fame of that health resort having personally attracted her notice and convinced her of its suitability as a home and refuge for the poor little orphans of the diocese.

St. Patrick's Day Number.

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Father Tim's Port of Call.

One of the coldest nights of the first week of the real winter Father Dempsey stood by the desk in the hallway and watched them coming in. Every man had the decency in him to touch his battered cap to the big priest, who gave every man a word and a smile, and sometimes a shake of the hand. A big, straight-backed blade of an Irish lad stepped out of the line and in a few blunt words told of an employer holding back his week's pay on some petty pretext. His eyes were hard with cold rage and determination, but nevertheless, he came to Father Tim for guidance.

"Never mind, Kelly, my lad," said the big priest, when he had listened to the end. "You are giving me a straight story and to-morrow the little man will pay—he will pay."

As Kelly moved away, Slavin, a thin-chested Irish boy, came timidly forward, and, lifting his foot, showed that the bare skin of his feet was touching the icy pavements as he walked the streets looking for work. "Tut, tut," said Father Tim; "stay right here by the radiator till I get a pair of shoes over here for you in the morning."

In the men filing past him Father Dempsey caught sight of a boy of 15 or 16 years of age, already clutching in a grimy fist the dime with which to pay for his night's lodging. As he passes, Father Tim's big arm shot out and drew him over to where he stood. The youngster showed every sign of hardship and exposure. His eyes had dark circles around them and were bloodshot from cold and hunger. It was another case of the orphan striking out for himself and coming to certain grief in his battle with the world and the elements. But he was a boy still at heart, for in all his memories and mannerisms of the world of trampdom in which he had spent the summer.

So through the evening Father Tim looks after his "Lost Legion." Three years ago in December the Father Dempsey Hotel was first established. It was known at the time as the Exiles' Rest. Thirty years ago the region in which it stands was one of the best residence parts of the city and the parish of St. Patrick was one of the most powerful in the West. When the railroads and factories came the best blood of the parish moved out and the cheap lodgings began to come in. They had cheap beds and costly drink and the occupants were constantly exposed to all the vicious features of these places.

Priest after priest battled with the problem as best they could and then came Father Timothy Dempsey. He saw that taking up individual cases in a spasmodic way would do but little good. He wanted to get the men away from the lodging-houses where so much liquor was sold. The old parochial school of the Parish of St. Patrick had been abandoned by the public schools which had been using it for some years and this building was leased for the hotel. The Celtic priest, with his "Lost Legion," moved in and has remained there since. Thousands upon thousands of them come and go in twelve months' time. As the name and the fame of the place spreads it is becoming a sort of a "port of call" for the human derelicts that drift back and forth across the country.

And so it came about that the good priest began to feed them and shelter them and find them work. It only remained for him to bury them decently and Christianly when they died. Father Dempsey is by nature a sentimentalist and he could not bear the thought of them being buried anywhere and anyhow. So he began to gather them together in death as they had gathered in life. The lifeless bodies of his "Lost Legion," those who die under his care, are being buried in a plot of ground out in Calvary Cemetery. Under the shadow of the big Celtic cross erected last November the exiles from all the nameless little villages and hamlets, from the streets of the world's big cities, lie in peace, their wan-

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Winter Race Meeting OTTAWA, Jan. 29 to Feb. 5, 1910. Tickets on sale; January 31, Feb. 2, and 4. Return limit, Feb. 7, 1910.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Short Line and Through Sleeping Car Service To Cobalt and Cochrane via North Bay. Train leaves Windsor Street Station 9.50 p.m. daily.

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