



WELCOMED.

Apostolic Delegate Spends a Very Pleasant Day in Nelson.

(Nelson Daily Miner.)

Oct. 26, 1900.

The Apostolic Delegate, the Most Reverend Diomedo Falconio, who visited Nelson yesterday on his eastbound trip to his home at Ottawa, was tendered a most hearty reception at the church of Mary Immaculate last evening. The gathering was most interesting, and the house was filled to the doors, not only with members of the Catholic church but a large number of members of other denominations established in Nelson.

When the meeting was opened an address of welcome was presented to His Excellency by Messrs. T. J. Scanland, Martin O'Reilly and A. J. Kerr. The address was signed by a number of prominent members of the Catholic church, and was as follows:—

"To His Excellency, the Most Reverend Diomedo Falconio, Archbishop of Larissa, Apostolic Delegate:

"May it please Your Excellency; To accept in the name of the Catholics of Nelson the expression of our deepest gratitude for the great honor conferred on this congregation by Your Excellency's visit. Words cannot express all the joy we feel to have the opportunity of extending to you a thousand welcomes to this little city situated in the heart of the Rockies.

"In your person we revere the worthy representative in Canada of Our Holy Father the Pope, Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning over the Catholic world. Leo, the scholar, the great statesman, the beloved Pontiff, respected alike by those who do not belong to his flock as well as by those who venerate in him the Vicar of Jesus Christ and the Supreme Head of the Church, has endeared himself too much to us not to seize this solemn opportunity of raising our voices in protest against the restraint placed on his liberty.

"Liberty, that blessing which all men wish to enjoy, is especially necessary to the Father of the great Christian family. Rome so appropriately called the Eternal City, because it is the city of all ages as well as of all nations, is degraded and loses its character when it is forced to become the capital of one particular nation as the House of Savoy has attempted to make it. By a Providential design, after being the Mistress of the World, Rome now belongs to the whole human race, and consequently the power that governs there should be the best representative of the human family, the Head of a Church, which, like mankind, is universal in time and in space. Nevertheless to-day we have to witness and deplore the abnormal condition which makes the Head of this great Society, composed of some three hundred million members, subject not only to foreign power, but also to one that is inimical.

"Raising therefore our hearts to God with the tens of thousands, who each morning after Mass pray for the wants of the Church, we

also ask of God to give back to the Pope the inalienable patrimony of St. Peter, to make Rome once more for all future ages what history has made it in the past, the intangible capital of the Catholic World, and to grant to our beloved Pontiff and to you, long years of prosperity.

"We regret that circumstances do not permit Your Excellency to remain longer with us, but we console ourselves with the thought that perhaps we will be able to welcome you again to our mountains, where you will always find devoted children to His Holiness and to Your Excellency, who so ably represent our beloved Pontiff."

To this His Excellency made a most eloquent and appropriate reply, congratulating the members of the congregation upon the beautiful temple they had erected in Nelson and upon the enterprise which had led to the erection of the large school which will in a short time be opened.

After His Excellency's reply to the address he gave the Papal Blessing, a most solemn and impressive ceremony. This was followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, given by His Lordship Bishop Dontenville, of New Westminster.

His Excellency is accompanied on his trip by his secretary, the Rev. Father Fisher. Fathers Welch, Cote and Ferland received the Apostolic Delegate.

During yesterday afternoon His Excellency, accompanied by Father Ferland, Mr. A. J. Kerr, and his secretary, visited the smelter, through which they were kindly shown by Mr. J. J. Campbell. In the morning the Apostolic Delegate visited St. Joseph school, when a most touching address was delivered by one of the little children.

Before leaving for the east His Excellency expressed great surprise and pleasure at the rapid growth of Nelson and surrounding country.

A POPULAR PROMOTION.

Sergeant McGinnis is no longer an ordinary Sergeant; he is now entitled to the honor and emoluments of Inspector of the N. W. M. P. He is well worthy of the promotion, for he served for about nineteen years faithfully and well, a terror to evil doers, a praise from them that do well. His promotion from the ranks was gradual, a Corporal from 1882 to 1884, a Sergeant from 1884 to 1887, and a Staff-Sergeant from 1887 to the present. His last promotion to an Inspectorship has been a little slow in coming, but Inspector he is, and we heartily congratulate him on his promotion.

Inspector McGinnis has the respect and confidence of the Police force as well as of the community. He is known to be a thoroughly competent officer and is punctiliously on time in all his duties. As an officer of public law and order he is as impartial as a judge; he has no room in his make-up for compromising with wrong doing as all offenders against the peace in this neighborhood well know. During his residence in Moosomin he has won golden opinions on account of

his promptness and thoroughness in dealing with crime of all kinds. His record has created a wholesome dread among those inclined to lawlessness, of his power and ability in tracing wrong doers.—Moosomin (N. W. T.) Territory, October 15th.

THERE ARE NO CHILDREN.

Our Providence contemporary, the *Visitor*, tells a very interesting and significant story about an incident that occurred at a meeting of the Baptist Association held in Valley Falls last week. The ministers and the laymen were discussing the problem of church attendance in the rural districts. One of the speakers said that the best way to encourage church attendance was "to first get hold of the children."

Just then "it was up to" Mr. J. B. Marsh, who is the state distributor of Bibles and tracts for the association, and he bluntly declared that the chief trouble with the proposed solution was that there were no children to get hold of. He asserted that it is "a rare exception to find a family in the country with as many as three children in it." Nobody was ready to contradict this statement, and so it stood. A Baptist clergyman, by name Cameron, volunteered the remark that "the American women wouldn't have children while the 'dago' element is increasing and multiplying." This fact troubled him seriously. "What," exclaimed Dr. Cameron, "is to become of our country in the next generation?"

To this pertinent query the reverend editor of the *Visitor* offers a reply, and it is so pertinent that we quote it as follows: "One need not be a prophet or the son of a prophet to answer this question. The children of the 'dagoes'—of the Irish—of the French-Canadians—of the Germans—will possess the land. There is a passage in Genesis which American Bible Christians will do well to take to heart before it is too late. Moreover, a little plain preaching on the ends of marriage, as God and nature declare them, will be of more benefit to the dying religion of Protestantism than the nebulous disquisitions on the higher criticism, broad views and spiritual evolution which are the stock in trade of fashionable preachers. The up-to-date woman has somehow come to think that, while it is ladylike to get married, it is 'so animal' to have children. She will accept the advantages of marriage but not the burden thereof. This is to violate the ordinance of nature. And a race which does this thing is doomed. Its epitaph will be one word: 'Suicide.'"—*Boston Republic*.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC MAYOR OF CAPETOWN, S. A.

Mr. Thomas J. O'Reilly was elected Mayor of Capetown on the 17th September, and on Sunday morning, September 23, at eleven o'clock, he was present in state at the High Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, accompanied by the Town Councillors and Officers of the Corporation of the city. The procession left the Town House at 10.45 a. m. in the following order: Band

of the Cape Garrison Artillery, detachment of City Police, detachment of Metropolitan Fire Brigade, Superintendent and staff of the Sanitary Department, his Worship the Mayor and the Corporation, members of the Corporate staff. Mass was sung by the Rev. Father Moran, in the presence of His Lordship Right Rev. Bishop Leonard, and an eloquent sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Rooney, the coadjutor-Bishop of the Diocese. The music of the Mass was as follows: "Kyrie" and "Agnus Dei," Schubert; and the "Gloria," "Credo," "Sanctus," and "Benedictus," Haydn's No. 1. The choir was heard to advantage, for the acoustic properties of St. Mary's Cathedral are of an exceptional kind, and have been very highly praised by singers from many parts of Europe. Mr. O'Reilly, who was Mayor of Capetown eleven years ago, has served as a Town Councillor for almost a quarter of a century.—*Catholic Times*, (Eng.)

"FOOLSCAP."

Every one knows what foolscap paper is, but not every one knows why it is so called. An exchange ventures to remark that not one in a hundred that daily use it can answer the question. The following will tell you how the term originated:—

When Oliver Cromwell became Protector, after the execution of Charles I., he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed upon the paper used by the English Government. Soon after the restoration of Charles II., having occasion to use some paper for despatches, some of this Government paper was brought to him.

On looking at it and discovering the stamp, he inquired the meaning of it, and on being told, he said: "Take it away; I have nothing to do with a fool's cap."

The term "foolscap" has since been applied to a certain size of glazed writing-paper.—*Morning Star*.

DON'T FORCE THEM TO LEARN THE PIANO.

Children naturally love to strum on the piano from curiosity; some easily learn to pick out a tune with one finger; beyond that, only a few love music well enough to bear its drudgery cheerfully. Yet all boys, as well as girls, should be able to read notes both for the voice and for the fingers; and so much doubtless, they will learn in school. If possible, they should learn to play more or less, enough eventually to accompany a singer or read a hymn at sight. But it should be made as easy as possible; practice time should be short, never over half an hour a day when the child is under twelve, and this divided into two periods. The real foundations of a musical education on any instrument, the endless routine of scales and exercises, should not be insisted upon when there is a genuine hatred of them, for in the end it will be found that there is nothing gained by the trouble taken. By all means cultivate a talent, only be sure there is a talent to be cultivated.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

"Now, children," said the Sunday school teacher, "which of you can tell me why Babylon fell?"

There was a long silence. The little ones bent over and looked at one another and drew long breaths, but none of them said anything.

"Come, come!" the teacher exclaimed, at length, "I'm surprised! Isn't there any little boy or girl in this class who can tell why Babylon fell? Isn't there any one of you who can think of any reason why Babylon should have fallen?"

Then a boy with large brown freckles on the bridge of his nose and a thumb with a blackened nail put up his hand.

"Ah!" the sweet-faced teacher said, "I thought some of you must know, if you only stopped to think. What was it, Percy?"

"Mebbe he stepped on a banana peel," Percy suggested.

A STORY ON W. J. BRYAN.

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

William Jennings Bryan had stopped in his travels to visit the Lone Star mine, and, finding a group of men gathered about a large piece of machinery, he paused, turned his face in their direction, and began his customary bid for votes.

After declaring his love for work and all connected with it, he said:

"My friends, you are engaged in the noblest occupation known to man. When I see a grand piece of machinery like this it has a wonderful fascination for me. I feel myself drawn into a close sympathy with its labors; it appeals to me personally; it—What is the matter?" he asked in a low tone of a friend, who was frantically tugging at his coat tails.

"Cut her short, Colonel, and get out of here," the friend whispered hoarsely; "that blam'd thing is the biggest wind pump in the whole State of Colorado."

A TERRIBLE TALE.

Told of Conditions in Alaska by a Catholic Priest.

Seattle, Oct. 27.—Rev. Father John B. Rene, in charge of the Roman Catholic missions on the Yukon, has arrived at Dawson, with a terrible story of the sufferings of natives in that valley from an epidemic of a mysterious disease, resembling a combination of pneumonia, measles and typhoid fever.

At Holy Cross Mission 60 out of 150 Indians died in less than two months. A famine now threatens, as the natives have not been able to lay up supplies of fish and game for the winter.

THE IDEA.

Miss Summit—What a lot of old china Miss Spindle has! And she says it was handed down in her family.

Miss Palisade—Then it is just as I expected.

"What is it?"

"That her ancestors never kept servants."