

Miraculous Cures At Shrine of St. Anne.

From the annals of Ste. Anne de Beaulieu we take the following reports of cures at that famous shrine:

Some months ago we related to our readers the marvellous cure of young Theodore Cortlander of Grand Rapids, Michigan and later we told them of the no less wonderful cure of Sister St. Aurele of Silvery.

We now have a third one, equally miraculous to relate and we will give it in the words of the person herself who received the favor from Ste. Anne, and accompany it with the certificate of the pastor of the parish.

St. Donat, 19th July, 1902.
Reverend Sir,—

It is a duty as well as a happiness to me to proclaim aloud the great power of Ste. Anne, the protectress of the sick.

For eight years and a half I had a severe pain in the left side near the heart. Frequently the side would swell and my sufferings were so great that I often nearly lost consciousness, my limbs would stiffen, my tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth and I would feel that I was going to die. I could obtain relief only after bleeding. I was unable to do any heavy work because I suffered too much, and could not lie on my side or on my back.

I relieved the last sacraments twice and the last time, fifteen months ago I had a relic of Fathers de Brebeuf and Lalemant (the Jesuit martyrs of Canada) which relieved me very much for I could lie on my back; but I was not yet cured. It was necessary that I should go to Ste. Anne to be cured. I did so and I am cured. On my arrival there I was greatly fatigued. I washed in the miraculous water and drank some of it. Afterwards I knelt at the feet of the saint and begged her to cure me.

My prayer was granted for, the very same night I was able to lie on my side on which I had not lain for eight years and a half; I slept as well as ever and have continued to do so since.

Since I have come back from the pilgrimage I do all sorts of work and feel no pain.

I will never forget Ste. Anne and the martyred Fathers for the favor they obtained for me. Their names will ever be on my lips that will bless and praise them.

MRS. JOSEPH CHARBONNEAU.

Reverend Father,

I certify that all the facts set forth in Mrs. Charbonneau's letter are true in every respect. This letter was sent to me last July and, before communicating it to you, I waited to see whether she would continue in good health. I am happy to say that she is quite well after being at death's door.

Mrs. Charbonneau accompanied the pilgrimage from Ottawa which arrived in Ste. Anne on the 24th June. You may publish her letter if you wish.

Your most obedient servant,
FELIX LE GENDRE, priest
pastor of St. Donat de Montcalm.

KAMOURASKA.—One of my parishioners begs me to publish in the "Annals" the following fact, which he considers miraculous.

Towards the end of March, Etienne Leveque, a farmer of Kamouraska, was returning home with a load of wood. He came to a place where the road was bad and tried to keep his sleigh from upsetting; unfortunately the weight was too great the sleigh upset and the poor man was buried under the heavy load of wood, weighing several hundred pounds.

After vainly trying to extricate himself and fearing that he would be suffocated he prayed to Ste. Anne and promised to publish the favor in the "Annals." Then he lost consciousness.

Some time afterwards he came to his senses and found himself lying on the snow and relieved of the heavy load of wood that had crushed him. Although weakened by loss of blood he succeeded with much difficulty in dragging himself to the nearest house where he was cared for.

The surgeon who was called in found one rib broken, three displaced

and many contusions, some of which were rather serious.

Mr. Leveque cannot explain how he was extricated from his dangerous position, except that it was through the effective and manifest protection of the great saint in whom he has the greatest confidence.

He is now nearly well and hopes to be able to do his work as before.

Your obedient servant,

B. P. G., priest.

Mrs. Simeon Matte, of St. Raymond, is a great devotee of Ste. Anne, and she has reason to be so. Some twenty years ago, through her intercession, she recovered her sight when nearly blind. This was published at the time in the "Annals." Last year she came to the shrine of Beaulieu, walking painfully with a stick, to pray her protectress to intercede for her once more. This was on the 20th May, 1901. For six months she had ulcers on her foot and could not put on her shoe. The physician had forbidden her to rest on that foot, and said that it would be a long time before she could be cured, if cured at all. After her devotions in the basilica she took her shoe, put it on without feeling any pain and left her stick with the others in the shrine. She then went home and resumed her household duties, feeling better and stronger than ever.

Westfield, Mass., February, 1903.—Two years ago I suffered greatly from rheumatism. It is said that there is no cure for this disease. I prayed to Ste. Anne and made several promises. Last summer I had the happiness of making a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaulieu where I received communion in the basilica and my rheumatism left me. Since then I have been quite well.

J. A. RAINEAULT.

Vulcan, Mich., 20th January, 1903.—Three months ago my son injured his eye while working. Four physicians thought it would be necessary to remove the injured eye. I at once prayed to Ste. Anne and promised to thank her publicly if he did not lose his eye. I made a novena in her honor with all my family. Ste. Anne heard our prayer. I am now happy to be able to publish my son's cure.

MRS. JOS. DEHAIE.

St. Isidore, Dorchester, P.Q., December, 1902.—In December, 1901, I underwent an operation that was not successful. The two physicians who performed it told me to go to the Hotel-Dieu hospital as soon as I regained my strength. I had to submit to their decision while I prayed still more fervently to St. Joseph and Ste. Anne.

It was intended that I should leave my family at Christmas time and my physician was to accompany me to the city, for it was considered necessary to perform the operation without delay. Unforeseen circumstances compelled him to postpone the journey for a few days. When he came back at the end of the week, he found me so much better that he thought the operation could be put off. I therefore remained with my family to the great surprise of all who knew how ill I was. I recovered and have heard nothing more about the operation.

MRS. C. I.

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 5 new Subscribers to the True Witness.

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholics Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

Our Boys And Girls.

CHARACTER CERTIFICATE.—

"We must hurry, or we won't get a chance at the nuts. The Ninth Grade boys are going over to the grove in a body, and if they get there first we might as well stay away." This from George Brandon, who was getting over the ground as fast as his short legs would carry him, while his cousin kept pace with him without any effort.

As they swung along the street in the outskirts of the village, talking of the day's promise of a good time, and wondering if the Ninth Grade boys had started yet, they came to a sudden halt. They were opposite a queer little house, old and weather-beaten; windows placed irregularly for convenience rather than outside appearance; wooden eavestrough; a lean-to and a scraggy grape vine clambering up towards the roof; a tangled mass of weeds and flowers that had escaped the early frost grew along the fence.

As the boys came opposite, a window was hastily thrown up, a man's head and shoulders were pushed out, and a voice called out:

"Hallo! Say, you young fellows, are you going to the village?"

"No!" replied George, moving forward. But Jack said:

"Hold on; let's see what's wanted." "We haven't time!" persisted George.

"We'll take time!" Turning to the man, he said: "Can we do anything for you, sir?"

"Well, I'm that stiff with rheumatism that I couldn't hobble to the village and back in half a day. Miss Green wants her shoes for Sunday, and I've run out of thread and can't finish them now how 'thout I get some. I thought maybe you'd just as soon get me some; boys like to run about. My! I wish I was a boy!"

George demurred, and explained that they were in haste, and were not going to the business street of the town, and, anyway, did not expect to return before 2 o'clock. "We could bring the thread then, if that would do," he said.

The old man shook his head. "There wouldn't be time to finish the work after that, and Miss Green, she don't like to be kept waiting. Besides, I promised her, and I never broke a promise yet," and the old voice faltered as the head drew back; he was about to shut the window, when Jack spoke up:

"I'll do the errand, sir, if you'll tell me just what you want and where to get it."

The old face brightened. "Bless you. You'll save an old man's reputation for keeping his word, and Miss Green won't be kept from church to-morrow."

In spite of his cousin's protest, Jack waited for his orders, and cheerfully undertook one or two additional commissions. It is true that he was late at the grove and the Ninth Grade had been before him, so that the nuts were scarce, and George, with his own bag full, said, tauntingly:

"If you hadn't been such a greeny as to turn an errand-boy for old Snitz, you might have had as many. You got nothing for it, and lost your chance here."

"You are mistaken; I did get something."

"You did! What?"

"Thanks, and a promise to do me a good turn," returned Jack, quietly.

"That was good pay! Likely you'll get into the President's Cabinet on the strength of his influence," exclaimed George ironically.

"Well, Snitz, at it yet?" "Yes, Jedge; I'm allers at it!" "Can you sew up a rip in my boot just now while I wait?"

"Reckon I can, sir. I ain't so very busy. The truth is, I kinder kalkulated to lay off this forenoon. I had other business on hand."

"Ah! how so?" asked the Judge with a show of interest.

"Well, I have been writing out a certificate of character for a boy. You know about John Brandon's boy. He lives up to his Uncle Fred Brandon's now, but he wants to get a chance to make something out of himself, and I just writ out a paper for him; maybe you'd like to look it over while I take the boot in hand?"

This is what Judge Cary read, written in a cramped hand, with some misspelled words:

"This certifies that Jack Brandon, son of the late John Brandon, is a polite, kind young fellow. He is kind to animals, helpful to the poor and helpless, honest, can reckon money

correct, and has good strong temperance principles. He can stand ridicule, and can sacrifice his own interests without wanting to be known as a martyr. Anybody that wants this sort of a boy had better get hold of Jack Brandon.

"(Signed)

Karl Snitzer."

"How do you know all this?" asked the Judge, when he had spelled out the scrawl.

"How do I know? Well, I'll tell you, Jedge." While the rip in the boot was rapidly closing the old man told of his interview with the two Brandon boys. "Now, that Jack took off his hat while he talked with me, so I know he is a polite boy. He stopped to pat the cat when she rubbed up against him, so I know he is kind to animals. He gave up the nutting party to do me a kindness, and didn't seem to think it was any great thing to do. He did my errands all square, and brought back the change, more than I expected, because some of the things were cheaper than I thought. So, you see, I know."

"But what about the temperance principles? How do you know that?"

The old man hesitated, then answered slowly: "Well, Jedge, I suppose I'll have to tell you. Being you are so stiff yourself on the question. I hated to own up. You see, I asked the boy to bring me a bottle of liquor, and he just stood up and said: 'Sir, I can't do that. Anything else you want I'll do, but I neither taste nor handle.' My! I am ashamed. Well, he got all I sent for. Wouldn't take pay, either. I tell you, Jedge, if you want a boy, he's the one for you."

A few days ago Jack Brandon was admitted to the bar, taken into partnership with Judge Cary. Looking over some old papers, in view of the new arrangement, the Judge came across one over which he smiled, then handed it over to his new partner, saying:

"I think I never showed you this. Perhaps it may interest you."

Jack read it with a puzzled expression, then, as light broke, he said, with feeling:

"He did 'serve me a good turn.' " It was Jack's "Certificate of Character."

GOOD HEALTH.

How It Can Be Obtained and How It Can Be Preserved.

The health of the whole body depends upon the blood and nerves. The blood must be rich and strong. Therefore a medicine that makes new blood and strengthens the nerves reaches the root of many serious diseases. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do this, and this is the secret of their wonderful power to conquer disease. Thousands of cases—many of them in your own neighborhood—have proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure rheumatism, eczema, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, nervous and bilious headache, heart trouble, indigestion, neuralgia and the ailments that render the lives of so many women a source of misery.

Mr. Jas. Adams, Brandon, Man., says: "Before I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills my health was much shattered with rheumatism, nervous depression and sleeplessness. For fully a year I rarely got a good night's sleep. I gave the pills a thorough trial and can now truthfully say I could not wish for better health."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for others they will surely do for you, but you should be careful to get the genuine with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper round each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A CATHOLIC SANITARIUM.

Bishops O.Gorman, of Sioux Falls and Stariha, of Lead, in company with Father Heidegger, of Epiphany, S.D., were in Hot Springs, South Dakota, last week, looking over the Cascade Springs property with a view to establishing a Catholic school or sanitarium at that place.

THE SHRINE OF LOURDES.

The religious in charge of the Grotto of Lourdes, France, have left their post and been replaced by secular clergy. This concession has been granted by Premier Combes for fear the townsfolk and the people of the neighborhood if the grotto were closed.



Household Notes.

THE ODOROUS ONION, says Margaret Hoagland Warner, in "Table Talk," among the earliest spring vegetables which appear at our tables is the scallion or green onion. It comes at a time when the system craves and appreciates the mineral salts found in fresh vegetables, and those who are fond of onions will welcome the new-come whether served au naturel or cooked in some way.

The name scallion is derived from Ascalon, where "Soldiers of the Cross"—our crusading ancestors—found the toothsome bulb and brought it back for cultivation in their own home acres. Shalot or eschalot is a diminutive of this same Ascalon, and is now applied to a particular variety of onion small in size, flat-topped and of mild and delicate flavor.

Of the onion proper there are two varieties—the red and white-skinned—seedsmen dividing these again into many sub-varieties. The former are rather dark in flesh and strong in flavor, the latter pure white and not so rank. The Spanish onion is white, very large and of mild flavor, hence its suitability for salads and for stuffing. It is now raised in California and many of the Southern States.

The odor of the onion is due to the volatile oil which it contains and which is rich in sulphur. As a food it acts in a mild form as a stimulant and nerve tonic. It is considered a good dish for children, and many physicians suggest that stewed or creamed onions should appear on the children's menus at least from a piping-hot, roasted onion held an important place in the family medicine chest. The heart taken from a piping-hot, roasted onion was and still is considered to be a remedy for the carache of childhood.

In the kitchen the onion is in constant requisition. There are many who declare they never eat onions. They may not as a separate dish, yet many a concoction which they relish would taste flat if the few drops of onion juice which it contains were omitted.

CLOSED WINDOWS.—Ernest Wentworth, M.D., in referring to this unexplainable action on the part of housekeepers, relates the following incident:—

It was an afternoon in early spring, but a southerly wind had made the air warm and balmy. The sun shone brightly. Nature was in a pleasant mood, and to me she proved irresistible; I wished for the exhilaration of a long brisk walk.

"Ah, there will be no one at home this beautiful afternoon!" I thought as I neared the home of a friend, but decided to ring the bell just to show my good intentions. The ring was answered by my friend, to my satisfaction even if it had spoiled my prophecy.

"Oh, I am so glad you called!" she exclaimed. "I am having one of those awful colds that seem to be going around. I dare not go out for fear I may have pneumonia. I have got to take good care of myself. Last night I thought sure I was going to have the croup, you know I do sometimes, so I put turpentine and lard on my throat and chest, and took croup pills and medicine to reduce fever. I escaped having the croup, but am feeling miserable."

"By the way!" she exclaimed as she ushered me into the sitting room. "Can you smell boiled dinner? We had one yesterday, and to-day made the remainder into hash."

As the smell of said dinner was so very pronounced, I must acknowledge that I did or that I also had a severe cold, so I frankly remarked: "Well, I should say I did."

But my thoughts on the subject, and the agony I endured out of courtesy during that short call, I kept to myself.

There were five people in the small

room, and not a window in the house opened as much as a quarter of an inch, and had not been since some of the warm days of summer.

The other callers and my friend related their afflictions and those of others—how this friend had been taken to the hospital and there died of an operation, how the next-door neighbor lay dead of heart disease, and one just around the corner of typhoid fever.

As I came out into the pure air I thought how much better I should have felt if I had kept to my walk.

Oh, how many on this beautiful earth need to be taught a few simple laws of health! If more pure air were allowed in the home, cupboard and medicine-chests would not show with arrays of bottles, and colds would not "be going around" so much.

Catholic Orphans Of New York.

The following item may contain words of encouragement, or hints, to those who have the charge of orphans or who are associated with the administration of orphanages.

The Catholic orphans of New York will soon enjoy that new asylum at Kingsbridge.

The institution was formerly situated in Fifth Avenue, opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral. Already seven hundred children—four hundred boys and three hundred girls—have been received into the new home, and there is accommodation for a much larger number.

The two buildings are extremely handsome. They are of brick, with granite trimmings, and cost \$1,200,000. There are two main buildings, one for the boys and one for the girls.

They are situated on a beautiful tract of twenty-eight acres, which is given up to lawns and wooded dells, in which the children are permitted to play at will. Buildings and grounds are so altogether attractive and seem to promise such a large store of wholesome living to the little orphans that the mere sight of them brings a thrill of pleasure to those who have seen only city orphanages.

Of necessity everything in the home is on the wholesome plan. There is a great "shower room," where fifty boys may be shut in at once. Whole classes may bathe at one time, and when they come out, each child has a private dressing room, next to the shower bath. There is also a shoe room, where seven hundred pairs of restless feet may be supplied from the shelves, which reach from the ceiling to the floor all round the room.

The chapel in each house is situated on the second floor. One thousand children may be seated in each chapel.

Up at the top of the house are the infirmary, the quarantine ward, where children with contagious diseases are placed, and a complete and perfect drug store, presided over by one of the Sisters.

Every opportunity for healthful play is afforded to the children. Besides the extensive grounds they have a large paved play court and an indoor playground.

The children do not dress in uniform, and one of the prettiest features of the home is that each little girl has a pretty and becoming dress made for her by the Sisters, entirely different from the dresses of the other little ones.

The asylum is under the care of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul. Sister Mary Martha is the superior of the boys' house, and Sister Clothilde of the girls'.

HEALTH OF THE POPE.

His Holiness Leo XIII. continues to enjoy good health. He has with him in the last week been receiving pilgrims in large numbers.

THE COL

CHAPTER XXII.—Co

"Why so, mother?" "Ah, that's a safe answer. I think I may trust you v quiring a pledge. Anne met with the usual fate ladies at her age; she is love."

"Hardness felt the gather upon his breath heard these words. 'You mother,' he said at length a forced smile.

"It is a sad jest for p however," said Mrs. Cre much seriousness. "She pletely caught, indeed. I a girl so much in love in 'He is a happy fellow,'

ress, after a pause, and voice; 'he is either a ver a very happy fellow wh

Chute distinguishes with And happy he must be, f lower could never press upon the remembrance of

He is a very happy fellow And yet, tq looks at would suppose he was n

one nor the other," said "What is his name?"

"Can you not guess?" The name of Kyrle Dal

the lips of Hardness, but undefinable cause he was pronounce it. "Guess?"

"not I. Captain Gibson?" "Pooh! what an opinio

formed of Anne, if you t to be one of those suscep to whom the proximity

coat, in country quarters fair of fatal consequences "Kyrle Daly, then?"

"Poor Kyrle—no. But t she has already chosen could wish it were he, p

But you do not seem incl your cousin a compliment ing. Do you not think y

little below her worth?" Not in Kyrle Daly. He

for a queen; he is my tr "That," said his moth

phesis, "might be some ation."

Hardness gazed on her, together at a loss.

"Well, have you alrea a stand?" said Mrs. Cre I believe I shall not insi

exposing your own dul longer. Come hither, Ha sit near me."

The young gentleman t at his mother's side, an

her further speech with interest.

"Hardness," she said, claim, independent of n

right, to your obedience, insist, in this oge instan

on its not being conteste to me. I have now an

view, to the accomplish which I look forward w

monate interest, for it h aim than the complet

happiness—a concern, boy, which has always

to my heart, even from hood. I have no child b

other little babes are v Maker. I have none left

and I think I feel my h towards you with all the

if those angels had not me, would have been d

ongst them," She paused, affected, res lowered his face in

grateful emotion. "It is, I think, but

therefore," Mrs. Gregr "to desire your concurr

fect which has your ow only for its object. Are

so dull of perception as aware of the impressio

made on the affections Chute?"

"That I—I have made? Hardness, with a confusi

wildness in his manner v like a compound of joy

"That I—did you say, m "That you have mad

his mother. "It is tr Hardness. She loves y

cinating girl loves you deeply. This incompar

woman, with whose pral not trust your tongue, i

your love in the silen chamber. This beautif

creature, who is the w who see and the lov

know her, is ready to her spirit at your feet

of expiring fondness. I Anne Chute is long, de

"votedly your own."