

WOMEN'S SOCIETY.—Established 1866, incorporated 1866. Meets in the hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Meets last Wednesday. Rev. Director, Mr. J. J. Doherty; Justice C. J. Doherty; E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, J. Green, Correspondent, John Cahill, Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

WOMEN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Established on the second Sunday of the month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, after Vespers. Management meets on the first Tuesday of every month. Rev. M. J. McPhail, President; W. P. Vice-President; J. N. Secretary, 716 St. Adolphe St. Henri.

WOMEN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, 1863.—Rev. Director, Mr. J. J. Doherty; President, D. P. Sec., V. J. Quinn, 18 St. Augustin street, on the second Sunday of the month, in St. Ann's Church, Young and Ottawa street, 8 p.m.

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# The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE  
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All communications should be addressed to the Managing Director, "True Witness," P. & F. Co., Limited, P. O. Box 1138.

EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.  
"If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work."  
—PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

**FALSE NOTIONS.**—The greatest danger for the Catholics to fall into is a state of indifference. It is the ambition now-a-days to be considered tolerant—and by that is meant broad-minded, the opposite of bigotry. Yet there is no such thing as bigotry in the Catholic composition. To be intolerant of error, for error is the enemy of truth, is not to be bigoted. Bigotry consist in refusing to all others the rightful use of their faculties and to be cruel towards them simply because they are not of our way of thinking. But it is one thing to crush and oppose and injure individuals and a totally different thing to decline to accept under any form the errors that they hold or propagate. The moment the Catholic grows tolerant of wrong, or of error in any form, he becomes indifferent to truth, and indifference is the first step towards infidelity. And what stands good in matters of religion is equally good in matters of education. It is a false tolerance to allow that one religion is as good as another one, and it is also false tolerance to say that one class of education is as good as another class. Rarely have we ever found this great coupling of indifference and tolerance more clearly and briefly expressed than in an address delivered, on the occasion of the closing of the school of St. Cuthbert, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, by Rev. Horace Mann. After complaining of the lack of attendance of day scholars the reverend gentleman proceeded to point out the causes of this falling off. In some cases he said that people pleaded poverty, but the principal one is indifference on the part of the parents. In this part of his splendid address he said that "the age is tolerant because it is indifferent." And he added, "I am, however, pleased to think that I am addressing a body of people who are not tolerant, i.e., are not indifferent in this respect."

We will now take from this address a couple of extracts which we present to our readers, especially the parents amongst them, in the hope that they will read them and ponder on them carefully. Rev. Father Mann said:—  
"I am addressing a body of people who are so far from believing that one religion is as good as another that they firmly hold that religious truth is as one, absolute and exclusive as any other body of truth, and who hold that of all forms of error, heresy is the worst, because it is an error, which regards not pounds, shillings, and pence, but Heaven and the immortal souls He has made. But it is well nigh impossible to live in any particular environment and not to be affected by it. I am not here to go into the question and to show how far even in this matter Catholics are influenced by their surroundings. However, there is no doubt that Catholics are deeply influenced by the prevailing indifference with regard to education which persons well competent to judge confidently assert to be the attribute of the country at large."

"It of course stands to reason that if a nation is indifferent as to its relations towards God, it will be indifferent on matters of less importance. Hence no less an authority on education than the Hon. Mr. J. Bryce declared a month or two ago that its greatest enemy was the utter indifference on the subject everywhere manifested by the British parent. His idea on education seems to be much the same as on religion. One form of education is as good and useful as any. It matters very little whether a boy receives a primary education or a secondary, or indeed

any at all; or if a boy does enter the secondary school it is of very little moment whether he stops there barely till the time when the law allows him to be employed, or whether he remains till he is sixteen or more years of age.  
"That many Catholic parents are infected with these vicious views on education there is the evidence of the smallness of the numbers of those who make any effort to give their children a higher education or to keep them a sufficient length of time at a secondary school if they have once sent them there. I can also unfortunately adduce my own experience in my dealings with them."  
After this fine lesson on the non-sense of tolerance of the class referred to and of the dangers of indifference, the same experienced educationist points out a few of the most frequent and most important of those excuses that parents trump up to deceive themselves into believing that their children do not need education. Let the parents read these, and let each one ask himself or herself, how often the same excuses, or some of them, have not arisen in their minds. Rev. Father Mann says:—  
"Their indifference assumes various disguises. Some say that what was good enough for their parents must be good enough for their children. They never went to a Grammar School and therefore! Or else they left school when they were in long clothes and thereabouts; and see what they are! Generally I may be permitted to interject a horror to the ears of at least. Sometimes appeal is made to certain people who have made their way in the world and had never received an education. Or again, because a school fails in a year or two to make a genius out of a boy who has no particular ability, it is obviously no use leaving him any longer at a place where such egregious failures are possible. But where the cause of education breaks down most hopelessly is before the prospect of immediate gain. What can be the utility of keeping a boy at school when he can earn five shillings a week? Opportunity, too, is another motive put forward to abridge a boy's education. A chance has presented itself which, if not seized at once, will of course never return again. These and similar points, which are constantly urged to one, show the esteem in which education is held by many, and the utterly inadequate conception they form of its possibilities. It is for Catholics, then, not to balance their zeal and earnestness in religion by a want of it in other things, but to make it the standard and measure of their interest in all other matters of importance. For the very reason that they are intolerant of what they believe to be defective religions, let them not tamely bear any shortcomings or defects in education, or indeed in anything else of moment, whether municipal, national, or imperial affairs. Let them be truly progressive in every domain."

After such clear and exact distinctions, especially in regard to the indifference of the Catholic, that great stumbling-block of all true children of the Church, it would be only in accord with the mind and reasoning of such an observant and logical man as Father Mann, were he to let us understand what he means by progressive. And he does so by means of another most important distinction. He says:—  
"Progressive, not aggressive. For to-day in the mouths of many progression is a euphemism for aggression; and not a few who boast of being progressists are really better opponents of the just liberty and ra-

ditional rights of their neighbors. My point then is that because Catholic parents are concerned about the souls of their children they should be correspondingly concerned about their minds. Profoundly interested in their children's spiritual advancement, they should be proportionately interested in their intellectual development. Anxious that they should be good, they should also be anxious that they should be learned, intellectual, and cultivated."

**DAY NURSERIES.**—A couple of weeks ago one of our regular contributors, dwell, in a lengthy article, on the dangers to which children are exposed on the street. In conjunction with that contribution we may now call attention to a new association that has been recently established in Chicago. In the "Rosary Magazine" Cecilia M. Young, tells how the Catholic women of Chicago try to solve the problem of caring for children who live, as it were, in the streets. The title of the association is the "Catholic Women's National League." It is an organization of a philanthropic character, which has established three day nurseries in the poorer districts of the city. In these nurseries the children of the humbler classes are taken care of at a cost of from five to ten cents per day. Large families are taken at the rate of two for fifteen cents. It is a purely charitable establishment, and is consequently maintained by charity. There are at present three such homes, or nurseries. The principal one is called Saint Elizabeth's Nursery, on the north side. This one is now in its eighth year; it occupies four rooms in a brick flat building. The average attendance is twenty-five children a day.  
A brief account of this institution may be of interest, and we take the following extracts from Miss Young's article:—  
"As early in the morning as half-past six, the mothers arrive with their offspring and install them in the nursery, 'to be kept till called for.' Some of the babies cry dismally as they watch the forms of their mothers vanishing down the street; others, of a more cheerful disposition, make the best of it and set out from the beginning to have a jolly day.  
"The older children go to the public school nearby and after school hours are cared for until their parents return from work. The younger ones have kindergarten work, play games, and twice a day the matron takes them out for an airing. A room, containing half a dozen cradles, is reserved for infants.  
"Good, nourishing food twice a day, builds up the muscles and tissues of the frail little bodies, born without the 'silver spoon.' A housewife, competent cook and the gentle matron comprise the household staff besides the kindergarten teacher, engaged especially by the league. A kitchen garden is another branch of this institution, where girls from twelve to fifteen years are taught the essentials of good housekeeping, in order to prepare them for future usefulness.  
"On Saturday mornings a sewing school is conducted. A nursery library, in which the public school system is used, has a very good circulation in the neighborhood, and another important feature is the free dispensary.  
"Two years ago a penny saving station was opened, which is one of the prides of Saint Elizabeth's, ranking next to the public school in the number of depositors; last year there were two hundred and fifty depositors. This plan has taught the children the virtue of economy, besides giving them a taste of personal independence. They are said to show great zeal and enthusiasm in saving their money.  
"During the past year the nursery has received \$116.50 from donations, and from the care of the children \$443.85. The total number cared for there has been 1,078. Sixteen families have been assisted, and to thirty-six Christmas dinners have been given. Clothes have been given to 102, and 408 have been cared for free of charge. The kindergarten box donations have amounted to \$48."  
We need not quote any more. The foregoing will give a fair idea of the system and of the aims and purposes of this organization.

No matter what opinions we may form of great subjects of political significance, it is always certain that the members of the hierarchy have a better opportunity than we have of carefully observing the trend of affairs and of judging with calmness and impartiality of passing events. It is always a great benefit for the people to have the expressed opinions of their Bishops on all that concerns their temporal, national and political conditions. It is, therefore, that the Irish people have been glad to have the views of such an authority as His Eminence Cardinal Logue, on the recent Land Bill and its possible effects. Three weeks ago the Cardinal was in the West of Ireland presiding at the Episcopal consecration of Most Rev. Dr. O'Dea, the newly appointed Bishop of Clonfert. Before his departure His Eminence was presented with an address, and he took advantage of it to state some of his views on the subject of the Land Act. He said that to a great extent they had the same laws in Ireland as in England, but the difference was in the effects and execution of these laws. He expected that the recently passed measure would result in great benefit for the country. The land, he said, was the principal industry and that it was a pity that the people did not get an opportunity of making the most of it, because if this were so it would be the means of causing other industries to spring up. He believed that if the land question was satisfactorily settled in the West other industries would at once follow. They all wished to see abundant employment and abundant means of support for all the children of Ireland, so that this terrible exodus of the people might be stopped, and that there is no country in the world, in his opinion, like Ireland, and still the people were leaving it.

The predominant note in all that the good Cardinal said is a lament for the exodus of Irish people caused by the lack of encouragement at home, or rather by the improper administration of laws that are the same almost as those of England. Underneath this assertion we can read the fact that the great lack in Ireland is not so much good laws as good and interested administration. If the Land Act were only in force for a short time, it would become evident that Irishmen would need to have the administration of their national affairs in their own hands. They would then have the same interest in the proper administration of their country's affairs as the sons of England have in theirs. This is the real secret of the difficulty, and Home Rule is the only remedy in sight for the bad state of affairs.

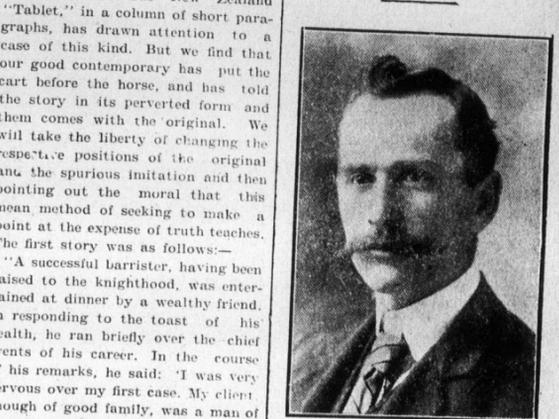
**TRUE CHARITY.**—The "fire-side philanthropists," and "lazy philosophers," the men of the Combes stamp, who can sit down in the quiet and easy of their position and comfort and teach a charity that has no real foundation, are not of those who care to hear about the great sacrifices made by pious priests and holy nuns of the Church. They have no conception of the grandeur and the depth of the charity that the world never hears of but which God sees in the retired lives of those noble priests. And they are not few, nor are they the exceptions. We have them all around us; they are in almost every parish. And why do we not know of their generous deeds? Simply because their deep humility causes them to shrink from publicity, while their own idea of charity is that all merit is lost the moment the world becomes aware of what they have done. A secular paper tells of the Abbe Lanusse, chaplain of St. Cyr Military Academy, in France, who distributed all his money to some of the poor people dependent on the victims in the recent Paris "tube" accident. And when he had no more money, he pledged a cross and ring that had been presented to him by Pope Leo XIII. and gave the proceeds to these unfortunate people. It is not his fault of the facts became known; but could he have prevented it he would have done so. We repeat that this is only another illustration of the spirit of charity that permeates the priesthood of the Catholic Church.

**CHANNELS OF PREJUDICE.**—Bigotry can do almost anything to attain its unholy ends. In countless

cases have we found the hand of bigotry twisting apparently harmless stories out of their original shapes in order to give them an anti-Catholic application. The New Zealand "Tablet," in a column of short paragraphs, has drawn attention to a case of this kind. But we find that our good contemporary has put the cart before the horse, and has told the story in its perverted form and them comes with the original. We will take the liberty of changing the respective positions of the original and the spurious imitation and then pointing out the moral that this mean method of seeking to make a point at the expense of truth teaches. The first story was as follows:—  
"A successful barrister, having been raised to the knighthood, was entertained at dinner by a wealthy friend. In responding to the toast of his health, he ran briefly over the chief events of his career. In the course of his remarks, he said: 'I was very nervous over my first case. My client, though of good family, was a man of disreputable character. But, if he had been convicted, the good name of his family would have been hopelessly tarnished; so I took up the case, threw my coat off at it, and got the scoundrel off.' After dinner a wealthy friend of the host entered and was presented to the newly-made knight. 'I see you do not remember me,' said the newcomer; 'but I hardly need an introduction to you, for I was your first client, and I may say, gave you your successful start in life.' And the newcomer wondered where the laughter came in."  
This story is American, but "Tit-Bits," of May 16, 1903, takes it up and lays the scene in England. Then the bigot comes along and gives his version, or rather he distorts the story and uses it as a means of attack upon the Catholic Church and one of her most sacred institutions. Here is how he tells it:—  
"A certain Cardinal at an evening party, when pressed by an admiring circle of ladies to say whether he had ever received any startling confessions, replied that the first person who had come to him after he had taken orders desired absolution for a murder which he confessed to have committed. A gentle shudder ran through the frames of the audience. This was turned to consternation when, ten minutes later, an elderly marquis entered the apartment, and eagerly claimed acquaintance with the Cardinal. 'But I see Your Eminence does not remember me,' he said. 'You will do so when I remind you that I was the first person who confessed to you after you entered the service of the Church.'"  
It is not difficult for the fair-minded to detect the superior character of the foregoing. In the first place no lady, be she Catholic, or not, would ever take the liberty that the story ascribes to the one who so questioned the Cardinal. In the next place if any lady so far forgot herself as to do so, no priest, Bishop, or Cardinal would stoop to making a reply—or if he did reply, instead of joking about the holy sacrament of penance he would be likely to teach the lady a lesson in good breeding that she might not so readily forget. Moreover, this is one of those subjects upon which, under such circumstances, people feel that they are expected to be silent, and the common instincts of propriety forbid any dealing with them in public. But it is clear that only the most prejudiced and bigotted could stoop to such means. Yet terrible must be the detestation of Truth in the breast of Error.

**APPLIED SOCIALISM.**  
The following conversation took place during a recent election between two farmers:—  
"What's them air Socialists, Jack?" questioned one of the other.  
"Well," replied the other "it's this way. If you had two carriages and two horses, you'd give me one, wouldn't you?"  
"Just think I would," replied Bill.  
"And if you'd two fields, you'd give me one, wouldn't you?"  
"You bet I would," said Bill.  
"You're a Socialist, Bill—a born Socialist. If you'd two pigs you'd give me one, wouldn't you?"  
"No, I wouldn't," replied Bill, "before I'd give you one I'd fight you for it."  
Bill had two pigs.

## Catholic Sailors' Club



MR. H. C. McCALLUM.

St. Anthony's Court, No. 126, G. O. F., had charge of the arrangements for the concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club this week, and needless to say that the programme was of a highly interesting nature. The attendance of the friends and patrons of the popular West End Court was large. The chair was occupied by the able and enthusiastic Chief Ranger, Mr. H. C. McCallum, who is well known in our ranks for the deep interest he has always manifested in local societies. In a few well chosen remarks Mr. McCallum eulogized the management of the Catholic Sailors' Club for its public spirit.  
The following ladies and gentlemen took part in the programme: Miss O'Grady, Miss Borden, Miss Laing, Miss Hammill, Miss K. Maloney, Miss Wilkinson, Messrs. Geo. Holland, Lemieux, Hamilton, J. Pearson, Master Lavallee, Laing, Jos. Bray, Wm. Frampton, steamship Monteagle; Owen, Brady, steamship Pretorian; Thomas Brady, steamship Milwaukee, Miss Orton and Prof. P. J. Shea were the accompanists.  
The concert next Wednesday will be under the auspices of the St. Lawrence Court, of the Catholic Order of Foresters.

**WEDDING BELLS.**  
This week St. Ann's Church was the scene of a wedding which attracted an unusually large attendance of the parishioners of the old parish. The contracting parties were Mr. John P. McEntee, brother-in-law of the popular Shamrock Captain, Mr. Thomas O'Connell, and Miss Mohan, a well known young member of the parish. Rev. Father Cronin, C. S.S.R., the rector performed the ceremony.  
After the ceremony at the Church, breakfast was served at the residence of the bride, after which Mr. and Mrs. McEntee left for a trip to New York and Boston.  
Among the many handsome presents received by the happy young couple from friends were:—  
Mr. Thomas O'Connell, silver carving set; Mrs. Furlong, a cheque; Charles Gurd, a cheque, employees of Charles Gurd, silver set; Mrs. McNally, fancy china; Misses Smith, fancy table; Dr. Moffat, five o'clock tea set; Mr. and Mrs. Kavanagh, mahogany table; Mr. and Mrs. Breslin, pictures; Mr. and Mrs. Darragh, fancy table; Mr. and Mrs. McEntee, two sets of lace curtains; Mr. Phelan, fancy rocker; Mr. and Mrs. T. McGuire, silver card basket; Miss E. Coleman, silver rings; Mr. J. R. Walsh, 1 dozen silver spoons; Mr. and Mrs. Ward, tea set; Mrs. Norton, fancy glass set; employees of the James McCready Co., dinner and tea set; Mrs. Collins, pair vases; Mrs. T. Ryan, silver-mounted pitcher; Mrs. Bannister, cheese dish; Miss S. Ryan, silver cake dish; Miss Eva Cherry, cheese dish; Mrs. Thomas O'Connell, fancy clock; Mrs. Enlow, silver pickle jar; Miss Latimer, silver cake basket; Misses O'Connell, fancy vase; Miss T. Coleman, silver-mounted biscuit jar; Mrs. Walsh, fancy cups and saucers; Mr. Walsh, water fountain; Thomas E. McEntee, 1 fancy chamber set; Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Howard, tea set; Willie and Terry Purdon, fancy silver cutlery; Miss M. Mohan, linen.

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The following conversation took place during a recent election between two farmers:—  
"What's them air Socialists, Jack?" questioned one of the other.  
"Well," replied the other "it's this way. If you had two carriages and two horses, you'd give me one, wouldn't you?"  
"Just think I would," replied Bill.  
"And if you'd two fields, you'd give me one, wouldn't you?"  
"You bet I would," said Bill.  
"You're a Socialist, Bill—a born Socialist. If you'd two pigs you'd give me one, wouldn't you?"  
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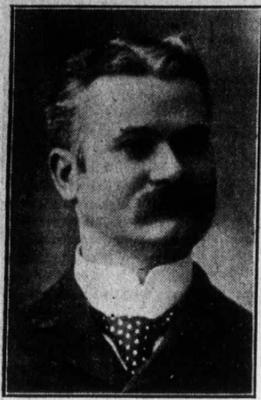
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OUR TORONTO LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)



ALDERMAN J. J. WARD.

The qualities which supported his paternal grandfather through all the hardships of the Peninsula war and enabled his grandsire on his mother's side to come through the great Waterloo with honor to himself and his country, have enabled Alderman John Joseph Ward to come through many an athletic and civic campaign successfully, and he stands today among the men of Toronto as an example of what may be done by urbanity, energy and attention to the matter in hand.

Alderman Ward was born in London, Ont., in 1866, of Irish Canadian parents; his father imbued with the military spirit of his ancestors left his home in Canada with the 100th Regiment, and served five years in India and Gibraltar. Alderman Ward came to Toronto in 1887, and started business in the west end, where he is still engaged. He was vice-president of the Trades and Labor Council in 1886, when only nineteen years old. He afterwards served as delegate at several sessions of the Dominion Congress. In 1888 he was elected at the head of the poll for St. Mark's Ward, being only 21 years old, and was the youngest man ever elected to any public body in Canada. At the time the assessment was made he was under age, and had to go before a judge to get his name on the list about a month before the election at the revision of the voters' list. In 1891 Alderman Ward was offered the Patron-Labor nomination for the Dominion House in West York, but refused. He was nominated for a number of years for alderman, but refused until 1899. He has been very prominent in Canadian amateur athletics for years, having been president of the Canadian Baseball Association for three years; president of the Toronto League for twelve years; president of the Football League, president of the Queen City Bicycle Club; president of the Parkdale Hockey Club, and president of the Tecumseh Lacrosse Club. He was six years on the Dominion Racing Board and Executive Committee of the Canadian Wheelman's Association, and is looked upon as one of the best authorities on amateur athletics in Canada. He was one of the first to start the London Old Boys' Association in 1899, when Sir Wm. R. Meredith was chosen honorary president. He has represented No. 6 Ward as alderman in 1900, 1901 and 1902, and was elected this year by an increased vote. In 1900 he divided the Liberal Convention in West Toronto for the House of Commons, 175 delegates supporting him, against two other prominent candidates.

In 1901 Alderman Ward was elected Chairman of the Toronto Technical School Board, and it was the record year for attendance, the number of students being greatly increased during his term. In 1902 and again this year he has been unanimously chosen chairman of the Legislation and Reception Committee of the City Council. He is a member of the Holy Family parish, and belongs to the Catholic Order of Foresters, which is the only society which claims him as a member. Alderman Ward is vice-chairman of the Retail Merchants' Association, and this year was unanimously chosen chairman of the Management Committee of the Technical School; he is also a director of the Industrial Exhibition Association. He is the father of the 18c. per hour by-law, and the Saturday half-holiday by-law, and is the foremost advocate of municipal ownership of public utilities in the City Council.

Ald. Ward is married to Miss Curran, of Toronto, and has three children. It is rumored that a new riding—that of South Toronto—is to be formed, and that at the next election Alderman Ward will be requested to appear as candidate for the new constituency. Viewing the matter in the light of the candidate's present standing it is safe to predict that after the election the name of the present alderman will be embellished by the letters M.P.P., added by the vote of his fellow-citizens amongst whom irrespective of class or creed he is everywhere popular. We predict further and foretell that the day is not far distant when Toronto shall have its first Catholic Mayor, and when this time arrives Alderman Ward will fill the position with the same satisfaction to his fellow-citizens as he has filled all offices in the past.

**MARRIAGE AT ST. BASIL'S.**—A pretty wedding took place at St. Basil's Church on Wednesday morning of last week, the contracting parties being Miss Antoinette Dolores Cassidy, eldest daughter of Dr. John J. Cassidy, and Mr. Manning Doherty, of Guelph. The bride was beautifully gowned in ivory crepe de Chine over white tulle trimmed with old Brussels lace and pearls. Her sister, Miss Irene Cassidy, was maid of honor, and wore white with large picture hat. The flower girls were Miss Agatha Doherty and Miss Aggie Cassidy. Little Miss Frances, a sister of the bride, carried the train. The groomsmen were Mr. Julio Pano, of Guelph.

**CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS.**—The newest addition to our Toronto churches is that of St. Francis, situated at the corner of Grace and Arthur streets. It is but little more than a year since the formation of this parish was taken in hand; now a church complete in all that relates to comfortable seating, lighting, heating and not a little artistic furnishing are all to the fore—evidence of the unanimity with which priest and people have worked for the desired end. At the opening which took place this summer, proof was given of the warm place the young pastor, Rev. W. A. McCann, holds in the hearts of many of the people of our city, in the shape of numerous gifts sent him for his church. The altar was given by the people of St. Mary's with whom Father McCann had up to that time been associated; the handsome velvet carpet for the sanctuary was the gift of a brother priest, Rev. Father O'Donnell; the altar vessels, vestments and other adornments were all handsome, and for the most part gifts from the convents and other friends; the house was furnished by the ladies of the congregation. Several stained-glass windows have already been placed in position. The children of the parish compose the choir and sing the music for High Mass and Vespers. Last Sunday being the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was organized. The celerity with which this parish has been formed and its church and equipments brought to completion are an instance of what can be done when harmony and energy move the workers.

**ENJOYABLE GARDEN PARTY.**—On Saturday afternoon and evening last the house and beautiful grounds of Mr. James Mallon, of West Toronto, were a scene of pleasurable activity. The occasion was a garden party, the proceeds of which were to go towards paying off the debt of the Convent of the Precious Blood. No place more suited to the event could be found, the old shade trees, pretty arbores and wide lawns giving all that could be desired. Tents gaily decorated drew the passers-by to invest in flowers, candies and fruit; in one spot an ingenious "library" had been fitted up; here designs suggestive of the titles of books had been arranged, as for example a child's hood for night wear grouped with a saucer of flour, suggested the well known "When Knighthood was in flower." A fascinating gipsy told unquestionable fortunes to her many applicants and Dillon's orchestra discoursed music from the broad verandah. Dainty tea was served by dainty maidens and nature added a finishing touch by granting a charming evening; representatives from all the city parishes were present. Mrs. and the Misses Malton were congratulated on every hand on the success of their undertaking.

**A MEMORIAL CHURCH.**—In view of the fact that the Memorial Church at Penetanguishene has been in progress for some years, and was formally opened last winter, the late researches of Rev. Father Jones, S. J., are of great value to those inter-

ested. The Church as all know is in memory of the martyred Jesuits Father Breboeuf and Lalleme, who were put to death by the Iroquois at the Huron village of St. Ignace. Father Jones asserts that from observations made, the side of St. Ignace is in the township of Tay, and not in that of Medonte, as hitherto thought. The ruins of the old fort at the village may still be seen from the Penetanguishene Road. As Rev. Father Laboureau has built, and is still busy with the Memorial Church I should like to take this opportunity to tell the readers of the "True Witness" what Father Laboureau has done and is doing to perpetuate the memory of those other priests, Fathers Breboeuf and Lalleme, whose names stand highest on the world's list of heroes. During thirty years Father Laboureau has been pastor at Penetanguishene, and in addition has attended the Indians on the neighboring islands—Christian Island being amongst them—he has also during a great part of this time been chaplain at the Government Reformatory for boys situated three miles from the village.

Every day of these thirty years has been for Father Laboureau a strenuous day; nothing came amiss to his hands; his life in part has been exactly like that of his predecessors in the field. Fathers Breboeuf and Lalleme; to get to his Indian children he has sailed in their canoes, slept in their wig-wams, endured the torture of their smoke and dirt, and been bitten by flies and mosquitoes; in winter he has travelled on the ice and on two occasions at least was in imminent danger of drowning, as the ice broke and the horses sank to their death; it was only through his great vigilance and activity that the priest himself was saved; at home he has performed—and until late years without assistance—all the work of a parish priest in a large parish; to crown all he has built his great Church for which he has travelled in Ontario, Quebec and parts of France in search of funds. Father Laboureau, too, is keenly alive to the interests of his schools—the Catholic school here being the Public School, the only one in the province, on account of the large Catholic majority. A minor fact, yet one of some importance, that shows the interest of Father Laboureau in educational matters, is that for twenty years the schools and choirs under his jurisdiction have had the benefit of the services of a professional music teacher, who regularly gives instruction in the tonic-sol-fa system of music.

There is yet apparently a good deal of hard work for the zealous priest of Penetanguishene before the debt on his church is wiped out, and as the Memorial Church is more or less an affair of Dominion interest, the Jesuits in whose memory it is put up having worked in Quebec before coming to the West, it is surely not out of place to suggest that assistance should be given from all quarters to this zealous priest at Penetanguishene, whose burden would be much lightened thereby.

The Inventor's Work.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of patents granted by the Canadian Government through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, patent attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Information relating to any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

- Nos. 82,795—Messrs. Michaud & Desjardins, Montreal, Que. Bouquet holder.
- 82,806—Ad. Lambert, Manchester, N. H. Curtain bracket.
- 82,814—Jacob Standingier, Red Deer, Alberta, Harrow.
- 82,838—Emilien Alf. Manny, Beauharnois, Que. Canal lock-gate.
- 82,843—Hercule Hamelin, Montreal, Que. Baby gate.
- 82,854—Wm. Cross, Calgary, Alberta. Washing and drying apparatus for photographic films.
- 82,870—Joseph Frs. Freve, St. Arsenne, Que. Loom.
- 82,889—Martin H. Miller, Warton, Ont. Process of sugar making.

ANOTHER INSTALMENT.

The London correspondent of the Dublin "Daily Express" says he learns that the Government will next session introduce a bill transferring to Ireland the right to transact its own private legislation.

British Politics From a Catholic Standpoint.

Under the heading, "Union Important," "The Universe," of London, England, a Catholic journal, thus reviews the political situation in British politics.

"The result of bye-elections is often misleading, and as a rule deserves little consideration. Yet the decision of the Argyllshire electors having been taken on a definite point, Free Trade or not, and having been expressed in favor of Free Trade in an unmistakable manner, compels attention even where as a rule politics per se are lightly regarded.

"The change of a Governmental representative's majority of 600 into an Opposition candidate's of 1,586, that is a change of mind in over 1,100 people out of 7,000, argues, especially where the electors, being Scots, are not led away on the spur of the moment, that unless the Government arouse themselves and disgorge the Chamberlain scheme of taxation, and with it Mr. Chamberlain himself, that they may prepare for that death which a defeat at the next general election will mean to them.

"Now assuming that the present Government, which after all has not been by any means unfavorable to the remarkable idea that Catholics have civil rights, and are individually equally citizens with other men, assuming, we say, that they are whipped out at the next elections, what advantage do Catholics stand to gain, or disadvantage to reap?

"If we are to believe the Liberal party, as soon as it gets into power it will repeal the Education Acts of 1902 and 1903, and, so far so voluntary schools are concerned, the situation will be worse not better than before the Free Church and no religion cries were raised. We stand to lose all by a change of Government, if the Liberals shall be in an absolute majority. But can they?

"To the Catholic, whose Church is eternal, the children, the seed of the Church in oncoming generations will be distorted, save by a miracle, as their religious teaching is marred and hampered. The Liberals cannot safely be trusted with full power. We do not believe they will be so trusted. There are sufficient Catholics in Great Britain, we are not speaking of Ireland, who put religion in the forefront and politics behind, who will vote politically blindly so long as they may protect their children's schools and the maintenance of their faith. These Catholics alone can manage to turn the scale in quite enough places to destroy the possibility of an absolute Liberal majority, which, as we have suggested, means great damage to Catholic liberty.

"Who knows that the Free Churchmen who rave at 'Rome' will tolerate the French exiled priests and nuns who have fled from the haters and baiters of religion in their own land? The question is a grave one, and must be considered. If there is to be a law against alien immigration, it is practically certain that the Liberals will stretch it to include those who are sure to strengthen the cause of definite religion, these monks and nuns from France.

"But providing the Liberals do not get an absolute majority over the Tories and the Nationalist members combined, we hardly care how successful they may be. In the matter of protection of Catholic interests which come first, or should, to a Catholic the Irish party, who would, in the absence of an absolute majority either way, sway the future Government, can as easily prevent any outrage on Catholic liberty as one may snap one's fingers.

"Mr. John Redmond and his followers are destined, if they wish it, once more to show that it is Ireland alone which can keep English Catholics what liberty they have through Catholic Ireland's well won battle for emancipation. With the knowledge of their support, we may rest assured that a dozen Argyll elections need not disturb us so far as the present state is concerned.

"But it must not be forgotten there are certain things that require amending, or, to compile the hackneyed phrase, ending.

"The Royal Accession Declaration might be declared unnecessary to be taken, there might be a regular service of Catholic chaplains in the Navy, the sea-going Navy, and also

in public institutions where large numbers of Catholics may need a Catholic chaplain, and this chaplain should be paid without demur.

"Take the case of a workhouse, for instance. Of course, the non-Catholic members of a Board may object to pay, and from their non-Catholic religious point of view they are right. But not from the view of common citizenship. The Catholic who has fallen by the way is, in quite as large a proportion as outsiders, a worthy citizen, whose evils have come by old age or misfortune.

"By his services to the State he deserves, what even Mr. Chamberlain would own, some sort of pension, and if not that, that he may live in moderate, very moderate comfort, which to a Catholic means chief of all his religious facilities. Refuse those and there is no comfort, except to the degraded, whom we are not reckoning.

"If a Catholic should have the services of his religion, then the chaplain who administers to him should also be paid, as also are the nurses, the superintendent, the tradesman, not because of his religion, but because he earns remuneration, and needs it. Such considerations as these make us wish that at the next election the two English political parties may be equally balanced with the Catholic Nationalists to exert a full influence the better side for Catholicity. This is the case, and even more strongly, in Germany, and if there why not here? Catholics will then be able to extort, under fear of the nominal Government's dismissal, the rights which they have still denied to them, denied solely because they have not made their power felt. They have been disunited and disregarded, let them unite and rule.

A Tragic Death Of French Official

On the 4th of August, early in the morning, the Nuns of the Good Shepherd were expelled from their convent in Pau amidst the universal sorrow of the Catholic population and of the poor and miserable whose home and refuge that convent had been. Of the two men who had shown particular zeal in carrying out this hateful order of the persecuting government, whose slaves they had become, one was M. Franciere, Prefect of the Basses-Pyrenees. Pau that day was stunned by this cruel blow, and all seemed to return to their homes from the scene of departure as if from a funeral. That day, towards 5 o'clock, word came to Pau that M. Franciere had also been expelled from his palatial dwelling, but by an awful hand, for death had seized him suddenly and terribly. Apparently in health whilst his victims were performing their painful journey, one of their youngest members being so sick that she had to be carried on a stretcher, M. Franciere that same day was glorifying at a banquet of lay teachers the awful havoc of which he was the willing instrument. But before the banquet was finished the hand of death was on him, and he was hurriedly taken to the city of Bayonne close by. Doctors were brought to him, but the science of this world was of no avail, and within a few moments he fell back dead.

In the hour of awful need, when the body of the Prefect lay at Bayonne, it was not lay folk who were called to perform the services which the occasion demanded. Nuns—those poor, persecuted nuns whose home close by was doomed—were immediately sent for and came to watch beside and implore mercy for their oppressor. Next night the body was borne back to the home in Pau, where other nuns were waiting to resume the task of watching and praying. On arriving at Pau the body of the deceased Prefect followed the same roads which the day before had been taken by his victims. When proceeding to the station the indignant population had insisted on going out of their direct route to protest in front of the well-guarded Prefecture. Fair had been the promises held out to this poor servant of a passing power, who had hoped and had believed he would shortly attain the grand promotion he had in view. But all had reckoned without the only One in whose hands are the ends of the earth. In reply to the hopes and designs the answer which came was: "Give an account of thy stewardship; for now thou canst be steward no longer."—Catholic Times, Liverpool.

100 SILK REMNANTS Beautiful squares and corners for fancy work. A splendid lot. Prepared for the C. A. H. Co., 55 Vesey Street, New York.

Knights of Columbus At Kingston.

On the 7th instant, (Labor Day), a new Council of the Order of Knights of Columbus was formed in Kingston, and the following is condensed from the report of the proceedings in last week's "Canadian Freeman," published in that city:—

Sunday and Monday last were indeed very busy days in Kingston, among the members of the Knights of Columbus, as it was made the occasion of the formation of a Council of the above Order in this city. There were over four hundred visiting Knights from the following Councils:—Oswego, Watertown, Ogdensburg, Medina, Geneva, Clayton, Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Auburn, Buffalo, Carthage, Niagara Falls and Fulton, N.Y., and from Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke and Peterboro. Among the clergy we noticed a very large number from different parts of the United States and Canada, thus showing the great interest the Church is taking in this popular organization. The visiting Knights met early on Monday morning in front of the City Hall, and after forming in line marched in procession to St. Mary's Cathedral, where they attended Pontifical High Mass, which was celebrated by His Grace the Archbishop.

The sermon was preached by Rev. M. F. Fallon, D.D., of Buffalo. Father Fallon before concluding his magnificent sermon, paid a beautiful tribute to the work performed by the Knights of Columbus, and read extracts of reports of what it had accomplished for the poor Catholic people in New York and other large centres in the United States. He also spoke in grateful terms of our beloved Archbishop, and returned to His Grace, on behalf of the Knights of Columbus, their most heartfelt thanks for the great encouragement and personal interest he had taken in the formation of a Council in the good old city of Kingston. The sermon was a masterpiece of oratory in every particular, being listened to with rapt attention by the large congregation. Many of the American Knights had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Fallon for the first time, and felt much elated over the fact that they belonged to such an Order that had within its ranks such an able and eloquent advocate as he is. As for his old Ottawa friends, who came to Kingston to take part in the ceremonies, they were also delighted to hear again the voice of their former pastor, and especially his advocacy of a society which they take such an especial interest in.

After Mass the procession re-formed and marched back to the City Hall, where the work of conferring degrees took place. The first degree was conferred at 1 a.m. by Grand Knight M. J. Gorman, Chancellor Hon. F. R. Latchford, and Deputy Grand Knight E. J. Taly, of Ottawa Council. At three o'clock the second degree was given by Grand Knight R. J. Donoghue, of Ogdensburg, assisted by J. L. Whelan, of Rochester, and Dr. Buckley, of Prescott. At eight o'clock in the evening the third degree was exemplified by J. P. Dunne, of Ottawa, State Deputy for Canada, assisted by Captain C. R. Barnes, of Rochester, and State Warden McCracken, of Montreal.

After the third degree was conferred a banquet was served in Ontario Hall, at which speeches were delivered by several prominent Knights. The Knights left for their homes immediately after the banquet well pleased with their stay in the "old limestone city." The new Council starts with a membership of sixty-five, composed of the leading Catholics of Kingston, including four priests.

Rev. Father Whelan, the respected pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Ottawa, was among the prominent clergymen who took part in the ceremonies. The visiting Knights left a magnificent impression of the kind of material that this Order is composed of. Manager Martin, of the B. A. Hotel, which was practically headquarters while they were in the city, told the "Freeman" that in all his experience in the hotel business, he never met such a fine lot of society men. Every one of them were perfect gentlemen in every sense of the word. District Deputy J. J. Heney, of Ottawa, had charge of the work of the formation of the new Council, and was ably assisted by John J. Behan, who was already a member of Ottawa Council.

Hon. Senator Sullivan accompanied the Knights in the morning procession to High Mass in the Cathedral. The venerable Senator received many warm congratulations from the Knights as they passed by his carriage.

General Richard Montgomery

A SKE

By "CR"

FROM time to time a comet of a general Richard Montgomery, who fell, on the 8th of July, 1775, in an attempt to capture the Citadel front of Quebec, there could not be very much of the part of a general, in this matter, the general admiration, as a man and a soldier, died in an attack upon the city, and on that, his successful, might have changed the map and history of the nation, and national character. In the United States, time that the subject, up, there appeared to be enthusiasm. The only one has ever existed, to re- stranger Montgomery's death, was a placard of the rock, midway between plain street and the bar- adel, bearing the inscription "Montgomery." To tent the little house on street, near the corner of the street, known as "Montgomery House" has been, and through all the cha- occupants has always been front the story of M body having been there- ter his fatal attack. Bu all his question of mon- national feelings in regard terprise in which he had the life of Richard Mon- source of pride for ever- who loves to know of and glory of the men of

A few years ago I had read a volume, containing ters sent by Montgomery young wife, during the co- expedition. In them you true character of the man gleaned from them that im- dated with most noble he was an enthusiastic heroic soldier, a slave duty, and above all a lov- home. He was so attach- wife and home, that one most see the tears of love- liness fall on the page as those letters, from vari- and in them you could see- ing to be back, his pining peace and tranquility of the light of duty, of patri- tion, falling upon the clo- someness and illumining it- tinge of glory. He must- bic, and then he would go- enjoy all the peaceful scene- of dear ones, in comfort a- piness. But he was destin- the take Quebec nor to see the home and the wife- fectious.

It might be of interest- ers of the "True Witness" the idea of the brief, but grand- this young Irish soldier; ar- instructive might be a brief- the memorable events in- had taken such a conspicu- in the days of that mighty- which ended in the indepen- the United States, and in t- vation of Canada to Great-

Richard Montgomery was- cember 2, 1738, at Conway- near Raphoe, County Done- land. At eighteen he received- mission in the English ar- was promoted to a captaincy- this commission to obtain r- emigrate to America. At t- break of the Revolution he- pointed by Washington one- eight brigadier generals. T- distinction conferred on Mon- by the supreme authority, his solicitation or privily, cepted with his characteristic- esty, a patriotic sense of du- a strong presentment of his- coming fate—a presentment- traced in all the letters of- mention has been made. T- Ticonderoga and Crown Po- been captured by Ethan Al- May, 1775, giving thus the- of Lake Champlain to the Am- when Congress resolved upon- vasion of Canada. According- plan of campaign, Schuyler- Montgomery were to seize M-

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as it was made the occa-  
formation of a Council  
above Order in this city.

over four hundred visi-  
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ina, Geneva, Clayton,  
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arriage, Niagara Falls and  
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Among the clergy we no-  
y large number from dif-  
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St. Mary's Cathedral,  
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The first degree was  
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y by Grand Knight R.  
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Richard Montgomery was born De-  
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land. At eighteen he received a com-  
mission in the English army, and  
was promoted to a captaincy. He sold  
this commission to obtain money to  
emigrate to America. At the out-  
break of the Revolution he was ap-  
pointed by Washington one of the  
eight brigadier generals. This high  
distinction conferred on Montgomery  
by the supreme authority, without  
his solicitation or privy, was ac-  
cepted with his characteristic mod-  
esty, a patriotic sense of duty and  
a strong presentiment of his swift-  
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traced in all the letters of which  
mention has been made.

Ticonderoga and Crown Point had  
been captured by Ethan Allen in  
May, 1775, giving thus the command  
of Lake Champlain to the Americans,  
when Congress resolved upon the in-  
vasion of Canada. According to the  
plan of campaign, Schuyler and  
Montgomery were to seize Montreal,

General  
Richard  
Montgomery.

A SKETCH.

By "CRUX."

FROM time to time the ques-  
tion has come up of the erec-  
tion of a monument to Gen-  
eral Richard Montgomery,  
who fell, on the 31st Decem-  
ber, 1775, in an attempt to scale the  
Citadel front of Quebec. Naturally  
there could not be very much enthu-  
siasm on the part of a Canadian Gov-  
ernment, in this matter, great as is  
the general admiration for Montgom-  
ery, as a man and a soldier, because  
he died in an attack upon this coun-  
try, and one that, had it been suc-  
cessful, might have changed for all  
time the map and history, the destina-  
tion and national character of Can-  
ada. In the United States, each  
time that the subject was brought  
up, there appeared to be no lack of  
enthusiasm. The only memorial that  
has ever existed, to recall to the  
stranger Montgomery's daring and  
death, was a placard upon the face  
of the rock, midway between Cham-  
plain street and the base of the Cit-  
adel, bearing the inscription "Here  
fell Montgomery." To a certain ex-  
tent the little house on St. Louis  
street, near the corner of Ste. Ur-  
sule street, known as the "Mont-  
gomery House" has been preserved  
and through all the changes of its  
occupants has always borne on its  
front the story of Montgomery's  
body having been therein placed af-  
ter his fatal attack. But apart from  
all question of monuments and of  
national feelings in regard to the en-  
terprise in which he had embarked,  
the life of Richard Montgomery is  
one full of grand lessons, and is a  
source of pride for every Irishman  
who loves to know of the heroism  
and glory of the men of his race.

A few years ago I had occasion to  
read a volume, containing all the let-  
ters sent by Montgomery to his  
young wife, during the course of that  
expedition. In them you read the  
true character of the man. And I  
gleaned from them that he was an-  
imated with most noble sentiments,  
he was an enthusiastic patriot, a  
heroic soldier, a slave almost to  
duty, and above all a lover of his  
home. He was so attached to his  
wife and home, that one could al-  
most see the tears of love and lone-  
liness fall on the page as he traced  
those letters, from various camps,  
and in them you could see his long-  
ing to be back, his pining after the  
peace and tranquility of home, and  
the light of duty, of patriotic devo-  
tion, falling upon the cloud of lone-  
someness and illumining it with a  
tinge of glory. He must take Que-  
bec, and then he would go home to  
enjoy all the peaceful scenes, the love  
of dear ones, in comfort and in hap-  
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idea of the brief, but grand career of  
this young Irish soldier; and equally  
instructive might be a brief sketch of  
the memorable events in which he  
had taken such a conspicuous part  
in the days of that mighty struggle  
which ended in the independence of  
the United States, and in the preser-  
vation of Canada to Great Britain.

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cember 2, 1738, at Conway House,  
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The account of that storm I take  
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"The advance guard approached a  
two-gun battery defending a barrier  
across the road, without being dis-  
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scarcely reached the Palace Gate,  
when a horrid roar of cannon and a  
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locks of their guns with their coats,  
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rock upon which the Upper Town  
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conflict took place, the enemy having  
dry and superior arms; in front, a  
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nearly four hundred of whom were  
captured. At the same time that Ar-  
nold's division began its march  
Montgomery descended from the  
Plains of Abraham, at the head of  
three hundred men, to the cove, and  
then, in Indian file, cautiously lead  
his forlorn hope along the margin of  
the St. Lawrence toward the very  
narrow pass of Pres de Ville, having  
a precipice toward the river on one  
side and the scarped rock extending  
up to Cape Diamond on the other.

"Here all further approach to the  
Lower Town was intercepted by the  
barrier, and the defile, only wide  
enough for two or three abreast, was  
swept by a battery of three-pounders  
loaded with grape, placed in a block  
house. At daybreak Montgomery's  
approach was discovered by the  
guard, and the gunners, who had  
been kept under arms awaiting the  
attack, allowed the Americans to ap-  
proach unmolested to within fifty  
yards.

"Montgomery, while the rear of  
the column was coming up with the  
ladders, halted to reconnoitre in the  
dim dawn, darkened with the driving  
northeast storm. Deceived by the  
silence of the enemy, who, with port  
fires lighted, were eagerly watching  
for his approach, Montgomery cried  
out to his little band, as soon as  
about sixty were assembled: 'Men  
of New York! You will not fear to fol-  
low where your general leads! March  
on, brave boys! Quebec is ours!'  
And then rushed boldly to charge the  
battery over the drifting snow and  
blocks of ice, some of which he clear-  
ed away with his own hands to make  
room for his troops. The enemy  
waiting for this critical moment dis-  
charged a shower of grape and mus-  
ketry with deadly precision into the  
very faces of the Americans. Mont-  
gomery, pierced with three balls, fell  
with others."

Already I have occupied more space  
than my usual contributions would  
warrant, but I think the subject is  
worth it. I cannot close without re-  
calling the words of Headley, in re-  
gard to the character of Montgom-  
ery. He writes: "Of chivalric cour-  
age and that magnanimity of heart  
which ever wins the affections of a  
soldier, he was beloved by his men  
and honored by his foes. His per-  
sonal appearance was striking in the  
extreme. Superbly formed, hand-  
some and full of enthusiasm and dar-  
ing, he was a perfect specimen of a  
military leader. Not a stain sullied  
his character, and his heart was true  
to every sentiment of virtue and the  
very seat of honor. He was but  
thirty-nine years of age when he fell  
on this disastrous field. Had he lived  
he would have stood first among Am-  
erica's military leaders, and first as  
a true patriot and statesman. He  
failed, not through lack of courage,  
or skill, or perseverance, but for  
want of sufficient force. He did all  
that a brave man and noble officer  
could do, and fell in the effort. His  
bright and promising career suddenly  
closed in darkness and freedom  
mourned another of her champions  
fallen."

It is true that we in Canada, espe-  
cially looking back from this hour  
over the events of that day, can have  
but slight sympathy with any who  
took part in that invasion. But we  
cannot fail to recognize in Montgom-  
ery one of the most noble types of  
the Irish soldier that ever stood up  
on the soil of this continent, or ever  
led a charge against odds. And if  
there is aught to enhance his great  
merit it is the gentle spirit with  
which he loved his home and family.

Catholic  
Orphans  
In  
St. John.

What is being done in the diocese  
of St. John, N.B., for the Catholic  
orphans, may be gleaned from the  
following sketch, which we take from  
our esteemed contemporary, "The  
New Freeman," of that city. It is  
well worthy of a careful perusal as  
it may furnish a few hints to those  
in charge of orphans in other cities:

At Silver Falls, about three miles  
from St. John, is situated a charita-  
ble institution, where for the past  
22 years a band of holy women have  
been doing God's work almost un-  
known to the world. The scene of  
these noble labors is the Industrial  
Home for boys conducted by ten  
Sisters of Charity under the guid-  
ance of the saintly Mother Patrick.

In the year 1880 the late Patrick  
McCourt bequeathed to him of sor-  
rowful memory, the venerable Bishop  
Sweeney, a legacy to be employed for  
the establishment of a separate home  
for orphan boys. His Lordship ever  
ready to provide for the wants of  
the needy, and especially attentive  
to work, and in a very short time  
had sufficient funds to commence the  
erection of what is now the Indus-  
trial Home. Under the mothership of  
Sister Cleophas the institution was  
opened in the latter part of the same  
year in which its construction was  
begun. Sixteen boys were taken  
from St. Vincent's Convent, where  
they had previously been cared for,  
and were settled in their new home  
at Silver Falls.

All went well, the boys were de-  
lighted with their changed and beau-  
tiful surroundings, and the sisters  
were happy in their good work, till  
the next year, 1881, when the chil-  
dren lost the mother whom they had  
learned dearly to love. Sister Cleo-  
phas was not equal to the charge  
laid upon her, and her health fail-  
ing, she was removed.

If the children grieved at the loss  
of an affectionate mother and the sis-  
ters of a kind superior, their sorrow  
was alleviated by the news that Mo-  
ther Patrick was to be made head  
of the happy family. Mother Patrick  
has been superior from that day to  
this. She has seen the death of  
many benefactors and the passing of  
the institution grow, till the original  
building would now hardly be recog-  
nized, so many modern improvements  
have been installed, and so many ad-  
ditions have been made; she has seen  
hundreds of boys come and go, en-  
tering we untaught children and de-  
parting well-trained youths, to take  
their place among the makers of a  
nation's greatness. The earnest  
prayer of the many who have known  
her goodness and piety is that she  
may be long spared to prosecute her  
noble life work.

The building, as it now stands, is  
three stories high, and is built en-  
tirely of brick. It is situated on the  
side of a gently sloping hill, which  
runs down into a beautiful valley  
now overgrown with long waving  
grasses. Through the valley courses  
a little stream that gurgles along  
till it reaches a slight break in the  
rock which forms its bed. Down this  
decline the water falls in a silvery  
white spray, giving the surrounding  
country its name from the fertile  
valley is studded with spruces and  
maples, and now when the maple  
leaves are tinged with the lovely  
hues that autumn gives them, the  
whole scene is one of great beauty.  
On all this magnificence of nature  
the Industrial Home looks down  
from its lofty eminence. A more  
picturesque location it would be dif-  
ficult to find in God's delightful uni-  
verse.

The interior of the structure is ad-  
mirably suited to the purpose for  
which it is intended. The plumbing  
in the basement is eminently satis-  
factory. Two large furnaces, one  
hot water and the other steam, are  
situated here, each heating a differ-  
ent section of the building.

The storerooms and the bakery are  
also in the basement, and in his con-  
nection it might be remarked that  
one of the boys bakes all the bread,  
the splendid quality of which would  
do credit to any professional baker.

From the basement, the visitor is  
led up to the ground floor, where  
there is a handsome parlor, a recep-  
tion room, two splendidly equipped  
class rooms, the kitchen, dining  
room, and a spacious recreation hall.  
As the Mother ushered the writer  
and friend who accompanied him, in-  
to this noisy apartment every boy in  
the room stood, as at attention. A  
more manly looking lot of little fel-

The  
Cause  
Of  
Temperance.

Temperance lectures are countless;  
they have been delivered in every  
key and every strain; but they can  
all be reduced to that one phrase:  
"Do not drink." It is easier to re-  
frain from drink, before the habit is  
ever contracted than to break off the  
habit once it has taken root. You  
have never taken intoxicating liquor  
—then you are free, and you know  
nothing of its powers. Keep away  
from it. You never wrestled with a  
giant—you have no idea how you  
would feel or act when in his  
clutches, then keep away from him,  
do not wrestle. We have before us a  
good, solid, common sense article on  
the drink question. It is too good  
to allow to pass unnoticed; it is too  
clear to need comment; it is too com-  
plete to permit of curtailing. We give  
it as it is—from the Kansas City  
"World":—

"The young man who drinks strong  
liquor is like the commander of a  
fortified city who deliberately admits  
a known enemy within the walls.  
Drink is more hostile and more dead-  
ly than any army. It has sent more  
men to destruction and death than  
have all the armies of the world.  
There is nothing in it. You cannot  
gain by it; you may lose everything  
—health, position, reputation, self-  
respect, manhood, soul. The first  
drink admits a demon that every  
successive drink strengthens, until  
some day it may be strong enough  
to dominate and glut its ravenous ap-  
petite with your brain and blood.

"Don't deceive yourself about your  
strength. You know nothing about  
that until the test comes, and then  
it often is too late. You may never  
be sure you have the strength to re-  
sist until you have asserted that  
strength by resistance. To resist  
once, or twice, or a dozen times,  
does not prove strength to resist al-  
ways. It can be proved only by con-  
stant and unflinching resistance. Any  
man can resist sometimes. The only  
man who can have absolute confi-  
dence in his power to resist is he  
who never drinks at all. If you have  
the strength use it. Assert it now.  
One drink more is too much. Be  
strong right now. It is your best  
chance.

"Strong young man! If you can  
to-day mock at the assertion that  
one drink is too much, some day  
you may think the same of ten  
drinks, and later of twenty. And  
when that day comes the strength  
that could resist one drink, be-  
fore appetite was formed, will be but  
as a straw in a whirlwind. If you  
have not the strength and sense to  
quit drinking right now, when will  
you have it? Will continued yielding  
give you added sense, or better  
sense? When the raveled nerves of a  
disordered stomach and the flaccid  
tissues of a softening brain demand  
whiskey, will you, who could not re-  
sist when strength and sense were  
whole and craving were unknown—  
will you be better able to resist  
then?"

"It is not an abstruse question of  
piety, or ethics, or morality; it is a  
simple question of common sense and  
health. One does not become a  
drunkard in the gutter to be injured  
by whiskey. It is a poison even in  
small quantities.

"When impure, as most of the com-  
mercial whiskey is, it is full of un-  
known dangers. When pure it is  
more dangerous still. It is some-  
times given to pups to stunt their  
growth and turn them into 'freaks.'  
The young man hoping for the high-  
est possible mental and physical de-  
velopment should think seriously of  
this when tempted to put himself in  
the place of the pup.

"Young man, don't drink! Refuse  
the first drink, or, if you have taken  
that or more, assert your strength  
now and refuse to take another, and  
the spirits of all dearest to you on  
earth or in heaven will lean and lis-  
ten and smile. Take it, and devils  
will laugh and leer and mock."

We said that this needs no com-  
ment; no more it does. It goes home  
to every one, it applies to every  
young man, it is an advice that none  
are so strong that they can afford  
to ignore it. We can only add that  
in order to follow such advice you  
must pray for the grace—do so and  
you are safe.

A HINT TO OUR SCHOOLS.

308 Aqueduct street, Sept. 15.  
To the Editor of the True Witness.

Dear Sir,—As the season is starting  
for evening classes for education, I  
have been on the look out to see if  
any Catholic schools are advertising.  
But I regret to find there is none. It  
seems strange that in a Catholic city  
with so many colleges and schools,  
that a Catholic should attend a Pro-  
testant school. Surely something  
should be done to remedy this, as it  
is essential for all young men to have  
as sound an education as possible,  
and those employed during the day,  
the evening classes are the only  
means to obtain this. Hoping you  
will find room for this in your valu-  
able paper and thanking you in an-  
ticipation,

I remain, yours truly,  
J. J. DOLTON.  
(A convert.)

NEW ARCHBISHOP OF WEST-  
MINSTER.

"New Ireland" says:—The elevation  
to the Archbishopric of Westminster  
of the Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Bishop  
of Southwark, will be the subject of  
lively satisfaction to the Irish Catho-  
lics of the archdiocese. The new  
Archbishop cannot be described as an  
Irishman, but he is of Irish descent  
on his mother's side, and he has  
Irish sympathies.

Richard Montgomery was born De-  
cember 2, 1738, at Conway House,  
near Raphoe, County Donegal, Ire-  
land. At eighteen he received a com-  
mission in the English army, and  
was promoted to a captaincy. He sold  
this commission to obtain money to  
emigrate to America. At the out-  
break of the Revolution he was ap-  
pointed by Washington one of the  
eight brigadier generals. This high  
distinction conferred on Montgomery  
by the supreme authority, without  
his solicitation or privy, was ac-  
cepted with his characteristic mod-  
esty, a patriotic sense of duty and  
a strong presentiment of his swift-  
coming fate—a presentiment to be  
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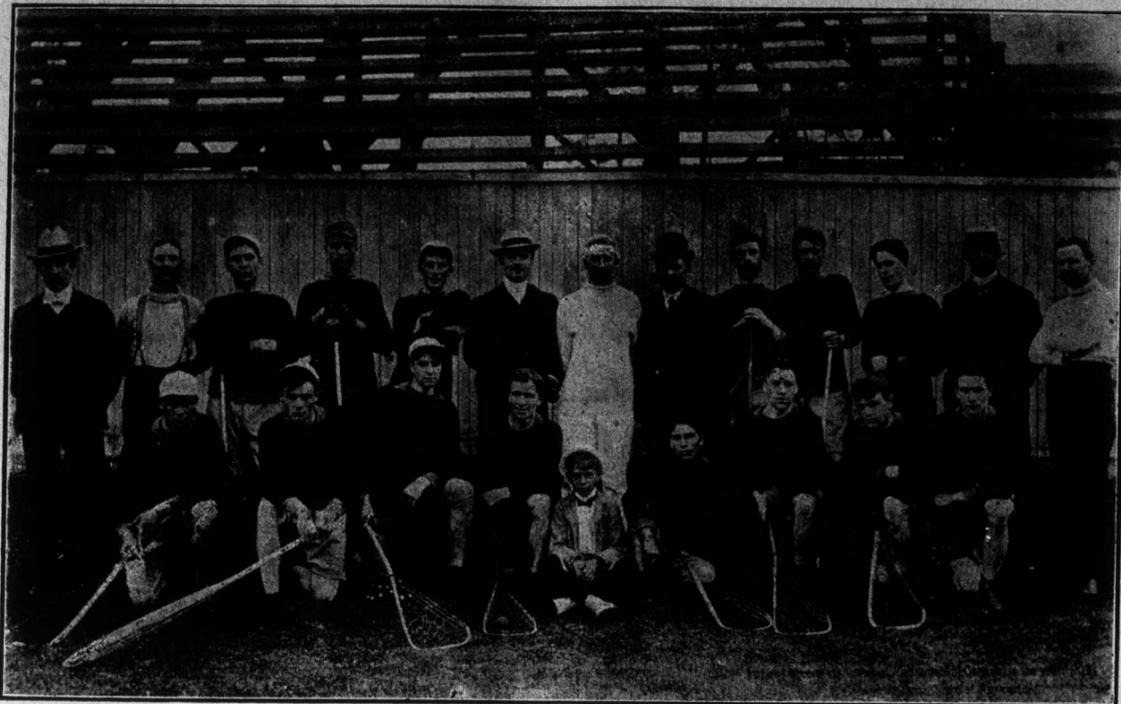
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Plains of Abraham, at the head of  
three hundred men, to the cove, and  
then, in Indian file, cautiously lead  
his forlorn hope along the margin of  
the St. Lawrence toward the very  
narrow pass of Pres de Ville, having  
a precipice toward the river on one  
side and the scarped rock extending  
up to Cape Diamond on the other.

"Here all further approach to the  
Lower Town was intercepted by the  
barrier, and the defile, only wide  
enough for two or three abreast, was  
swept by a battery of three-pounders  
loaded with grape, placed in a block  
house. At daybreak Montgomery's  
approach was discovered by the  
guard, and the gunners, who had  
been kept under arms awaiting the  
attack, allowed the Americans to ap-  
proach unmolested to within fifty  
yards.

"Montgomery, while the rear of  
the column was coming up with the  
ladders, halted to reconnoitre in the  
dim dawn, darkened with the driving  
northeast storm. Deceived by the  
silence of the enemy, who, with port  
fires lighted, were eagerly watching  
for his approach, Montgomery cried  
out to his little band, as soon as  
about sixty were assembled: 'Men  
of New York! You will not fear to fol-  
low where your general leads!

# THE SHAMROCKS ARE CHAMPIONS AGAIN.



THE SHAMROCK A.A.A. CHAMPION LACROSSE TEAM, SOME MEMBERS OF THE EXECUTIVE, TRAINERS AND THEIR "MASCOT."

The above illustration which we present to readers of the "True Witness," is from a recent photograph, taken by Mr. P. J. Gordon, the well known Irish Catholic artist of St. Catherine street, Montreal, whose productions have now placed him at the head of his profession in this city.

All Irish Catholics, and we may add French-Canadian Catholics in this metropolis, are sincerely proud

of the glorious manner in which the wearers of the green closed the lacrosse season and won the championship. Never since the organization of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club some forty odd years ago, or since the formation of the now flourishing S.A.A.A. has such a complete and decisive victory been won as that achieved by the "wearers of the green" on Saturday last when they, for the first time, "whitewashed" the redoubtable Senators of Ottawa.

Captain O'Connell, the members of the team, the executive, and the "old fox" Tom Moore, are to be congratulated on the magnificent triumphs won this year, and in an especial manner for the victory of last week.

The achievements of the Shamrock team on the field have been supplemented by the able administration of the directors and secretary-treasurer in conducting the business of the association. The debt

which amounted to \$30,000 some ten years ago, has been reduced to \$12,500.

When it is considered that the organization is the owner of a tract of land covering an area of 290,000 feet, located on the very rim of the limits of a city, the boundaries of which are being constantly extended, and that upon that site are erected buildings and other equipment which cost about \$25,000, some idea may be had of the patriotic endeavors of

the past and present administration of the young Irish Catholics who have so courageously and so ably directed the affairs of the S.A.A.A. All honor to the Executive, Captain and team of the association. May they continue in their noble task until the last dollar of debt has been liquidated, and leave to their successors in office a memorial of the patriotism athletic skill, tact and administrative ability of the young Irish Catholics of the present.

## Happenings In Ireland.

There are rumors that another conference, for the purpose of considering the improvement of conditions in Ireland is likely to take place. It is said that Captain Shaw E. Taylor, who was secretary to the recent landlord and tenant conference, in Dublin, and who was the one who originated the idea of such meetings, is at the head of the new movement. We are all aware of the unequalled success of that conference, how it was instrumental in securing the passage of the Land Bill, how it was a surprise to all familiar with the history of Irish difficulties, and how the bringing together of two such antagonistic elements, as landlords and tenants, was a feat that no person ever imagined could be successfully carried out. Now, Mr. Taylor proposes to invite the representatives of the Orangemen, the Catholics, and the general Protestants who are not Orangemen to meet; also he will invite the heads of the educational institutions in Ireland to join in the conference, which will be held in Dublin. The purpose is to find a common ground on which all may stand, thus ending the religious differences which have raged for centuries and which have caused much of Ireland's difficulties and misfortunes. Will he succeed is the question? A short time ago we would have no hesitation in saying that such an attempt was outside the pale of all possible success. But since we have witnessed the result of the Dublin conference of last year, where-in landlords and tenants came to an understanding that resulted in the Land Bill of this session; and since

we have found the Ulster Orangemen ready to take advantage of that bill for their own benefit, much as they previously opposed it, we cannot be too pessimistic in the matter. It would be unfair, under the circumstances, to predict anything impossible that my conduct to a better understanding between the conflicting elements. Certainly we trust that this is no mere vision; we hope that it may have results as solid and as far reaching as those that flowed from the Dublin conference of last year. It is quite clear that the Hand of Providence is carving out the future of Ireland and the Irish race; and that future must be brighter, if it is to differ at all from the past.

**MGR. GARGAN DEAD.**—One of the most distinguished and venerable members of the Irish clergy died on the 27th of August. An exchange in making the sad announcement, says: By the death of Mgr. Gargan the Irish Church has lost one of the most amiable and the most saintly of her sons. She has lost, too, a man who served her faithfully during a long span of years, and by his simple and edifying life exercised an influence which is felt wherever the alumni of Maynooth for many generations have been engaged in the active duties of their ministry. The Right Rev. Monsignor Denis Gargan, D.D., V.G. (Meath), was born in June, 1819. The second son of Patrick Gargan and Jane Branagan, he first saw the light at Cromwell's Bush, Duleek, Co. Meath; the place is still in possession of the family, the present proprietor being his nephew, Patrick Gargan, Esq. His family gave more than one priest to the Irish Church, his uncle, Rev. Edward Gargan, details of whose life may be found in Cogan's History of the diocese of Meath, having been for many years pastor of Castlepollard.

When his school-days had ended feeling himself called to the priesthood, he was sent to the old Sem-

inary at Navan to begin his classical education. Thence, on August 25, 1836, he passed to St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, where he matriculated for Logic. Having completed the ordinary college course with much distinction, he had not yet reached the canonical age for priesthood; and so his ordination was deferred till the following year, when, on June 10, 1843, he was ordained by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin. But a few months after his ordination he was present, as he used to tell, at the famous Tara monster meeting. A year before his ordination he had passed to the Dunboync establishment, where for three years he pursued an advanced course of professional studies.

On leaving Maynooth, he proceeded to the Irish College, Paris, in which he had been appointed to a professorship. His severance from his Alma Mater was, however, but of short duration. On September 13, 1845, he was appointed, after concursus, Professor of Humanity in Maynooth, and thenceforward until the end came he remained a member of the college staff. On the death of the Rev. Dr. Kelly he was, on June 21, 1859, appointed Professor of Ecclesiastical History. On October 7, 1855, he was made vice-president, and when the Most Rev. Dr. Browne resigned the presidency, on his appointment to the See of Cloyne, he was, on October 9, 1894, appointed to succeed him as president.

Shortly after he became president the college celebrated the centenary of its foundation. During the centenary celebrations it was decided that, as a centenary memorial, the college chapel should be completed by the erection, according to the original plans of J. J. McCarthy, of the tower and spire. To see this work completed became thenceforward the dream of the president's life. It absorbed all his thoughts and activities, and few now need to be told that, though nearly fourscore, he devoted to the work an amount of labor and energy of which

many a man not much more than half his age would have been incapable. It was a source of great satisfaction and pride to him that he was spared to see the work finished.

**A NEW BISHOP.**—On Sunday, two weeks ago, the Most Rev. Thos. O'Dea, late vice-president of Maynooth College and Bishop-elect of Clonfert in succession to the Archbishop of Tuam, was solemnly consecrated in his high office in the Cathedral of the diocese at Loughrea. The ceremony was not only a great religious function, but was almost a national testimony to the great popularity of the new Bishop. There were not only 21 members of the Episcopacy present, including His Eminence Cardinal Logue, the Archbishops of Cashel and Tuam, and three Australian Bishops, but there was an enormous gathering of clergy from all parts of the country, and of the people of the County of Galway and of his native county, Clara.

The town itself was magnificently decorated, and arches spanned the streets, bearing appropriate mottoes in Gaelic, the houses were decorated with evergreens and flags, whole trees were planted at the street corners, and streamers were stretched along the thoroughfares, so that Loughrea presented a most picturesque and beautiful appearance.

The ceremonies in the Cathedral concluded about two o'clock, and the Cardinal and the Archbishops, Bishops, and clergy, headed by the local brass band, and accompanied by a great crowd of people, walked in procession from the Cathedral to the Convent of Mercy, where addresses were presented. The addresses came from the priests and people of Clonfert, the Galway County Council, the local boards and public bodies, the priests and people of the united dioceses of Galway, Kilmacduagh, and Killenora; the people of his native parish in the County of Clara, and from the Gaelic League. His Lordship had previously been the recipient of a very valuable presentation from the priests in the

united dioceses in which he was born. The presentation consisted of a pectoral cross and an episcopal chain and ring, which were splendidly manufactured.

In the afternoon His Eminence Cardinal Logue, the Archbishops, Bishops, clergy, and lay visitors were entertained at dinner in the Town Hall. The menu was printed in Irish and English. The large hall in which the banquet was held was simply but very beautifully decorated.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Dea presided, and on his right sat Cardinal Logue, and on his left the Archbishop of Tuam. There were two hundred guests present.

**A NEW HALL.**—On the 18th of August, a new hall was formally opened in Portaferry, by His Lordship Bishop Henry, of Down and Connor.

**A MEMORIAL.**—On August 30, the foundation stone of a beautiful memorial to the Manchester Martyrs was laid at Kilrush.

**LOOKING FOR NOVICES.**—Mother Angela and Sister Redempta, of the Order of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, arrived in Dublin on Friday with letters of introduction to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, Archbishop Fennelly, of Cashel, and several other Irish Catholic dignitaries. The letters of introduction, says an exchange, bear the signature of an American—Prelate whose name is very dear to the Irish people at home and abroad, the Most Rev. Dr. Conaty, Bishop of Los Angeles, California. Bishop Conaty will be better remembered as Father Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., who was treasurer of the Irish National Land League in America in "the good days of old." Mother Angela and Sister Redempta come to Ireland for "subjects" young girls with a vocation, and they hope to receive many.

**A SUCCESSFUL BAZAAR.**—\$90,000 is the figure at which one of our exchanges puts the financial returns of the Juverna Bazaar, in aid of the new Novitiate and Training College of the Christian Brothers, now in course of erection at Marino, near Dublin.

**A MEMORIAL.**—The parishioners of Toomevara have justly decided to erect a memorial to their late pastor Rev. Father Fogarty. Already the sum subscribed has reached nearly \$600.

The opinion of the parishioners evidently is that it is a poor parish that cannot fittingly honor the memory of one who has discharged the honored and important duties of a spiritual father.

### City & District Savings Bank.

At a meeting of the Directors of the City and District Savings Bank, held on Monday last, Mr. Robert Archer was elected as a director to fill the vacancy created by the death of the late Hon. James O'Brien.

### SITUATIONS VACANT

**WANTED—A good cook, and also a nurse for two children, ages 6 and 3½ years. No washing or ironing. Must both have good references. Apply in the evenings to**

**MRS. J. G. McCARTHY,**  
61 Drummond Street

**WANTED.**—Wanted for family of three, good general servant, must understand cooking and have references. Washing given out. Wages, \$12.00. 85 Durocher street, Montreal.

**WANTED.**—Young woman as nurse, must be well recommended. Apply 87 Durocher street, Montreal.

## September Anniversary

(By An Occasional)

As several of our readers have thought well to touch lightly on the anniversary of the burning of the Fenian Republic, we thought we would do so. Commencing with the 13th September, we have a presence of several into that took place on the years that are 14th September, 407 tom, the great preacher of the Church died. (date, in 1321, the great Dante, departed this life and him some of the pieces of epic poetry of the world's literature on the same date, Chatterton, the wonder of Bristol, died—young, despair. A lesson to a the means of encouraging who prefer to allow it then to raise monuments or. In 1778, Franklin was the first United States France. This was an importance in the history neighboring Republic, for first act of international relationship between the and the powers of Europe on the 14th September, Napoleon entered Moscow the culminating point in The first terrible disaster him in the burning of Moscow in the subsequent returned forces through the Russia. In 1851, on the Fenimore Cooper, the Arlist, died, after having e his "Red stocking" series stories the ground work of dime novels that, ty years ago, deluged th and played havoc with the time. On the 14th Se 1882, the Duke of Wellington. The history of that great and statesman is too fami any repetition, besides it portant in all its details ations to enter into such this. Finally, we find the September being the anni Harper's Ferry to the Un in 1862. At the time this posed to mean the closing ities between the North South; but, as all know it the beginning of that con lasted till 1865.

The 15th September has its important anniversary orations. In 1388, on the Henry V. King of England born. In 1647, Richard B Dominican preacher, was In 1776 the British took of New York city. In 1797 Hoche, the French leader, v Wolfe Tone attempted the of Ireland for the purpose of the people in the coming ins died.

On the 15th September, 18 place the arrest of the Fenians and the seizure of the "People" newspaper in Dub 1866, on the same date, die Dillon, father of the present of the Irish Parliamentary Mr. Dillon was one of the founded the Dublin "Natio 1842. In company of Davi Duffy he started that most enterprise, and to him was great degree, the revival of the educating of the people "coming of a spirit into the He was a great patriot, a man, an untiring worker, a transmitted to his son the of many of his fine qualities. It was also on the 15th Sep 1881, that the great Land convention was held in Dubli the twenty-two years that ha elapsed it is wonderful to c the fruits that have been ero in as a result of the sow the seed in that day. Little men of the Land League ima 1881, that the day would within the lifetime of most of when Ireland and her cause wou occupy the favorable position th come to them during the past. What will the coming twen years bring?

The 16th September is very able as the anniversary of a memorable deaths, and in very least periods of the world's hi In the first place we have the os Greek orator, the father of tory, the unsurpassed and imm Demosthenes, who died on the September, in the year 322. B. Then in 645 A.D. we have

# September Anniversaries

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

As several of our readers have missed this simple feature in our paper, we thought well to again give them some of the interesting anniversaries of the past week. Some of these bring to mind a moment we will touch lightly on the minor ones.

Commencing with Monday last, the 18th September, we are at once in presence of several interesting events that took place on that date, in the years that are gone. On the 14th September, 407, St. Chrysostom, the great preacher and doctor of the Church died. On the same date, in 1321, the great Italian poet Dante, departed this life, leaving behind him some of the finest masterpieces of epic poetry in the history of the world's literature. In 1770, on the same date, the boy poet Chatterton, the wonderful boy of Bristol, died—youthful, neglected, in despair. A lesson to all who have the means of encouraging genius, but who prefer to allow it to perish, and then to raise monuments to its honor. In 1778, Franklin was appointed the first United States Minister to France. This was an event of great importance in the history of the neighboring Republic, for it was the first act of international diplomatic relationship between the new power and the powers of Europe. It was on the 14th September, 1812, that Napoleon entered Moscow. That was the culminating point in his career. The first terrible disaster came upon him in the burning of Moscow and in the subsequent return of his shattered forces through the snows of Russia. In 1851, on the same date, Fenimore Cooper, the American novelist, died, after having established in his "Red Stocking" series of Indian stories the ground work for the flood of dime novels that, some twenty years ago, deluged the country and played havoc with the youth of the time. On the 14th September, in 1852, the Duke of Wellington died. The history of that great general and statesman is too familiar to need any repetition, besides it is too important in all its details and associations to enter into such a sketch as this. Finally, we find the 14th of September being the anniversary of Harper's Ferry to the Union Army in 1862. At the time this was supposed to mean the closing of hostilities between the North and the South; but, as all know it was only the beginning of that conflict which lasted till 1865.

The 15th September has likewise its important anniversary commemorations. In 1388, on that date, Henry V. King of England, was born. In 1647, Richard Barry, the Dominican preacher, was martyred. In 1776 the British took possession of New York city. In 1797, General Hoche, the French leader, who, with Wolfe Tone attempted the invasion of Ireland for the purpose of aiding the people in the coming insurrection died.

On the 15th September, 1865, took place the arrest of the Fenian leaders and the seizure of the "Irish People" newspaper in Dublin. In 1866, on the same date, died John Dillon, father of the present member of the Irish Parliamentary party. Mr. Dillon was one of the trio who founded the Dublin "Nation" in 1842. In company of Davis and Duffy he started that most patriotic enterprise, and to him was due, in a great degree, the revival of letters, the educating of the people, the "coming of a spirit into the Nation." He was a great patriot, a gifted man, an untiring worker, and he transmitted to his son the heritage of many of his fine qualities.

It was also on the 15th September, 1881, that the great Land League convention was held in Dublin. In the twenty-two years that have since elapsed it is wonderful to contemplate the fruits that have been gathered in as a result of the sowing of the seed in that day. Little did the men of the Land League imagine, in 1881, that the day would come, within the lifetime of most of them, when Ireland and her cause would occupy the favorable position that has come to them during the past year. What will the coming twenty-two years bring?

The 16th September is very remarkable as the anniversary of several memorable deaths, and in very different periods of the world's history. In the first place we have the famous Greek orator, the father of oratory, the unsurpassed and immortal Demosthenes, who died on the 16th September, in the year 322, B.C. Then in 845 A.D. we have the

death of Pope Martin I., one of the greatest of the Popes of the earlier ages. In 1701, James II., of England, he for whom the Irish fought and lost at the memorable Boyne. He died in a monastery, in France, and to their fidelity to his cause do the Irish owe much of the misery that came to them ever since the day that William of Orange drove his shabby father-in-law out of the Kingdom. It was on the 16th September, 1812, that the burning of Moscow, which happened the day after Napoleon took possession of the Kremlin Palace, occurred. It was also on that date, in 1873, that the German army evacuated Paris, at the close of the treaty subsequent to the Franco-Prussian war.

And of all the anniversaries, one of the most mournful for the Irish people, and the most unfortunate for their cause at the time, was the death of Thomas Osborne Davis— which event took place at his residence in Bagot street, Dublin, on the 16th September, 1845. It is needless to here attempt any sketch of the brief life, wonderful achievements, and splendid talents of that Irish journalist, politician, poet, patriot and constructive statesman. The columns of the "True Witness" have been long and often filled with his works and appreciations of his career. Suffice to repeat the words of the late Gavan Duffy, who, when suddenly summoned to the home of the editor of the "Nation," said: "I was called to a scene for which I was totally unprepared, and I must say that I gazed that September afternoon upon the most tragic sight that my eyes had ever witnessed—the dead body of Thomas Davis. Tragic for the friend to gaze upon, tragic for the cause that seemed centred in him."

The 17th September recalled the death of that detestable tyrant Caius Cgesar Caligula, who went out of existence in the 30th year of our era. It was also the anniversary of the departure, in 1607, of O'Neill and O'Donnell for Spain. In 1871 the Mount Ceniz Tunnel was opened on the 17th September—one of the greatest pieces of engineering of the nineteenth century. In 1862, the famous battle of Antietam, in which the American Irish Brigade took such an important part was fought on the 17th September.

The 18th September recalls the birth of Trajan, the persecutor of the early Christians—one of the almighty dozen of Caesars whose reigns marked the first decline of the great Roman Empire. On the 18th September, 1759, the English captured Quebec. This was five days after the memorable battle of the Plains of Abraham, in which both Wolfe and Montcalm were killed. The first dismemberment of Poland took place also on the 17th September, in the year 1772. On that date, in 1790, just while the Reign of Terror was raging in France, Washington laid the corner stone of the Capital in the city that was to carry his name down to posterity. In 1800, on the 17th September, the world was freed, by death, from the presence of the infamous Herpenstall, the noted informer of the '98 period in Ireland. And lastly, Kelly and Deasy, the Irish patriots, were rescued at Manchester. That was in 1867.

We now come to the present day— Saturday, the 19th September. Many memorable and many sad events took place on this date. In 1356 the battle of Poitiers was fought between the French and the English. In 1665 the great plague of London commenced. Many plagues have since taken place, but probably none of them ever equally in its death-dealing terror that of 1665. On the 19th September, 1694, took place the awful massacres at Drogheda and Wexford. So terrible are the memories of that day that they send a shudder to the heart, even at this distance of time. In 1829, on the 19th September, died Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, the sweet Munster poet. He will always live in the annals of Irish song, through this "Gougane Barra," and his "Curse on Scully." He was destined for the priesthood, but consumption's icy hand touched him, and he was swept to an early grave. Never can we think of him without finding our lips repeating that wish embodied in his last lines:—

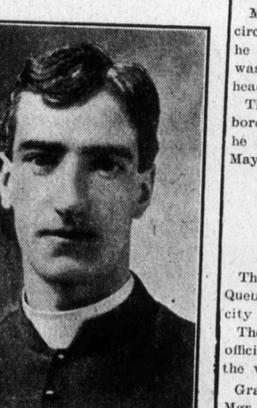
"I, too, shall be gone, but my name shall be spoken,  
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken,  
Some poet will come in the summer's eve gleaming,  
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,  
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,  
Where calm Avon Bine seeks the kisses of ocean,  
And pluck a wild wreath from the banks of the river,  
For the harp and the heart that are sleeping forever."

was fought the battle of Chicamuga—one of the most decisive in that year of the American conflict. In 1864, on the very same date, General Sheridan won the battle, the great victory at Winchester, after his memorable ride through the night. In 1881, on the 17th September, President Garfield died—the second of America's Presidents to fall a victim to the bullet of a mad assassin. Lincoln was the first; McKinley the third.

## LOCAL NOTES.

**EMMET CENTENAL.**— Tomorrow, the 20th September, will be the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Robert Emmet. The life of Emmet, short as it was, stands out as most conspicuous and imperishable chapter in the history of Ireland. His career was brief, he died young; but in that short span of years he did much to awaken in the hearts of his countrymen the fire of patriotism. The commemoration of this notable event, in Montreal, will be held under the auspices of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association, in the Monument National, on Monday evening next, when the dramatic section of that patriotic organization will present the stirring drama bearing the name of the great Irish patriot. In addition to the drama Hon. H. J. Cloran, recently appointed to the Senate of Canada, will deliver an address. No effort has been spared by the executive of the association to make the celebration in this city one worthy of the occasion.

**ST. PATRICK'S CHOIR.**— Ever since his association with the parent Irish parish, the present pastor, Rev. M. Callaghan, has always manifested a deep interest in the choir. It was not surprising therefore to learn that during the past week Mr. Lamoureux, one of the best interpreters of sacred music, in this city, had been engaged, and will enter upon his duties on the first Sunday of next month. Prof. Fowler is very much pleased with the new arrangement, which completes his staff of soloists, and enables him to uphold the high standard of excellence which he has during his long career, maintained at St. Patrick's.



REV. J. P. KILLORAN.

**SODALITY OF HOLY ROSARY.**— This well known parish organization of St. Patrick's will resume its regular meetings on Sunday next at 4 o'clock p.m. Rev. J. P. Killoran, recently appointed spiritual director, will be introduced to the members on the occasion. The officers of the Sodality are:— President, Miss A. Cassidy; 1st vice-president, Miss E. Hannebury; 2nd vice-president, Miss S. Kerr.

**ECCLIASTICAL NOTES.**— Rev. Dr. Gerald McShane, late of St. Patrick's, will in future be associated with Notre Dame parish this city.

**SAILORS AT MASS.**— On Sunday last a most delightful and edifying scene took place in St. Patrick's Church, The Catholic sailors, or marines, on board H. M. S. Retribution, attended High Mass in a body. They numbered thirty-five, and though the contingent was small still their fine appearance, splendid discipline, and remarkable devotion made their march through the city and presence in the Church something to be remembered with pleasure by all who witnessed the parade. As the marines entered the sacred edifice, the organ welcomed them with strains familiar to Irish ears, such as "Come Back to Erin" and "Garry Owen." Special seats were reserved for the visiting blue-jackets. They

were met at the door by Hon. Mr. Justice Doherty, president of St. Patrick's Society, and Mr. Frank J. Curran, advocate, vice-president. After being introduced to the commanding officer, Sub-Lieutenant Hallett, was, in turn, introduced to Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, they were conducted to the seats reserved for them. A band, under the leadership of Mr. Edmund Hardy, was engaged by St. Patrick's Society for the occasion. In fact, the Society did all the honors of the occasion, which was certainly unique of its kind in Montreal. Previous to the sermon, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, P.P. of St. Patrick's, delivered an address of welcome to the marines. It was appropriate to the occasion. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. P. Killoran, and it made a marked impression upon the large congregation present.

**LATE MISS CONNOLLY.**— The death of Miss Mary Connolly, for nearly thirty years an assistant to the Grey Nuns in charge of the altar decorations of St. Patrick's Church, occurred this week. Miss Connolly was well known to all the parishioners and was highly esteemed by them.—R.I.P.

## OUTSIDE PARISH NOTES

(From a Subscriber.)

Rawdon, September 14. On Tuesday, September 8th, a large number of citizens of Rawdon, P.Q., gathered at the depot at Montcalm Station, to escort the remains of the late Mr. James A. Cahill of that parish, who died at St. Columban, among those who were present were: Rev. J. Forget, P.P., St. Columban; Mrs. Bernard Cahill, mother of the deceased; Mr. L. Dugas, Messrs. Peter Skelly, Mayor of Rawdon; John Cahill, Edward Ryan and James Kelly.

Previous to the remains being transferred to the train at St. Columban, a solemn Requiem Mass was chanted at the parish Church. On the arrival of the remains at Rawdon the "Libera" was chanted in the parish Church, after which the interment took place in the family plot in the cemetery.

Mr. Cahill was known to a large circle of friends in Montreal, where he was employed for many years. He was a young man of fine qualities of head and heart.

The large attendance at the funeral bore evidence of the esteem in which he was held in his native parish. May his soul rest in peace.

## C. M. B. A.

The 5th triennial convention of the Quebec Grand Council, held in the city of Quebec, in August last.

The following just received is the official list of officers elected from the various branches:—

Grand Spiritual Adviser, His Grace Mgr. L. N. Begin, Archbishop of Quebec; Chancellor, P. F. McCaffrey, Montreal; President, Lt.-Col. A. A. Evanturel, Quebec; first vice-president, Henry Butler, Montreal; second vice-president, Dr. A. Ricard, Montreal; secretary, P. E. E. Belanger, Quebec; treasurer, A. R. Archambault, Montreal; marshal, A. Dugan, Montreal; guard, John Gallery, Montreal; trustees, J. D. Quinn, Granby; A. Grenier, Quebec; T. F. Maco, Montreal; L. E. Choquette, Farnham; N. J. E. Beaudry, Montreal.

Representatives to the Supreme Council, in Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.: Patrick Flannery, Montreal; P. F. McCaffrey, Montreal; Dr. Ed. Morin, Quebec. Alternates, J. D. Quinn, Granby; F. C. Lawlor, Montreal; Joseph Beauchamp, Quebec. Medical Examiner, Dr. P. A. D'Artois, Farnham. Committee on Laws, G. A. Paradis, Quebec; T. E. Walsh, Montreal; M. Shea, Montreal.

Committee on Finance and Mileage, Jos. Picard, Quebec; J. P. Nugent, Montreal; Jos. Beauchamp, Quebec. The Quebec brethren entertained their delegate friends by a grand banquet at the Kent House, Montmorency.

F. C. L., Rep. Branch 1, Montreal.

## IRISH SAINTS.

During the Pontificate of the late Holy Father eighteen saints were canonized, and one hundred and ten were beatified. Amongst the latter were at least two Irish saints. Blessed Thaddeus McCarthy and Blessed Alice O'Sullivan.

## Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association Grand Celebration of EMMET'S CENTENARY,

Monument National, St. Lawrence Street, Monday Even in September 21st, 1903.

Address by SENATOR H. J. CLORAN on "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ROBERT EMMET."

The Dramatic Section will also produce the sterling drama entitled— "THE IRISH CAPTAIN" or "THE WEARING OF THE GREEN."

Competent Cast, Special Scenery and Stage Settings. IRISH MELODIES, MUSIC and WIT to be contributed by specially engaged talent.

Fancy Marching by No. 1 Company, St. Patrick's Cadets, Under Command of Captain J. J. Ryan. First Class Orchestra of Selected Musicians, under leadership of Prof. P. J. Shea.

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## Truthfulness Of Children.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

We often remark the innocence of childhood. In our courts we have frequent examples of the evidence of children being taken rather than that of older people, because the child is supposed to be too young to know the evil ways of falsehood. And as a rule, childhood is frank, open and truthful. Yet there is a great danger in children, and it is that of acquiring the habit of telling falsehoods, or of coloring their statements so as to make them mean very differently from what is exact. But the engendering and developing of this evil in a child depends a great deal upon circumstances, and parents have much to be responsible for in this direction. A child endowed with a vivid imagination is very liable to drop into the habit of exaggeration. The telling of stories, fairy tales, small fictions to children tend greatly to increase this habit. It does not mean that the child wants to deceive you, nor to do any harm; it is simply that its young mind delights in flights of fancy, and it loves to dwell in the realms of the ideal.

The Chicago "Interior" had a delightful study some time ago on this very subject, and in the course of his remarks the author said:— "That there is a time in the life of almost every child when it shows a tendency to deceive, or to tell stories, is the experience of many parents. This age varies from four to seven years, when a boy or girl hitherto considered truthful begins to prevaricate or 'romance.' Sometimes the fault arises from a too vivid imagination, together with a desire to astonish; again it comes from a fear of falling in the estimation of those it loves, but most frequently the dread of punishment accurately the little sinner."

It seems to us that this is the great and all-important task—the distinguishing between the different causes for this falsehood propensity in the child. It stands to reason that the same treatment will not suit in all cases; the parent must learn the real character of the child before attempting to deal with him according to disposition. In the vast majority of cases severity is a mistaken rule. It is liable to engender fear, and fear will bring on prevarication and even absolute falsehood. In the article to which we have just referred the writer gives a couple of good examples regarding the treatment of the imaginative child, and that of the imaginative one. He says:—

"The first theory—that the imagination is too highly colored—is apt to be the case where the child is of an excitable or visionary nature. I have noticed that practical and commonplace minds are more accurate. A little girl once confessed that when she looked back upon her babyhood days, she was astonished at the marvellous tales she used to tell with little or no truth in them, and yet she said she never intentionally de-

ceived. She described things as she saw them in her mind's eye. For instance, if she were telling about a beautiful horse, she saw in imagination such a steed as never trod this earth. Her more practical brother never soared into these realms of fancy—he described horses as they were made, and exaggeration was no temptation to him. This power of vision, if we may so call it, should not be altogether suppressed; properly directed may it not develop into genius, for is it not of this material that artists and poets are made?"

Leaving aside entirely the consideration of the question of children who misstate on account of fear, we have a sufficiently interesting and difficult problem in this imaginative child-character. The question is, how far should the parent encourage the child whose mind is of an imaginative turn? It is a serious question. On the one hand if you allow that young mind full and unbridled swing it may develop an entirely unreliable person, one whose habit of false coloring may become so firmly rooted that it can scarcely ever be eradicated. Then, in the other hand, if you check it too much, you may clip entirely the wings of the mind, and bring down to the level of common and plodding humanity a being destined, by nature to soar amongst the stars, to build castles of fancy, to enrich a country's literature, and to bequeath to all who come after him a heritage of lofty ideas, of noble conceptions, of great and commanding thoughts. It is, therefore, at this particular juncture that the exercise of judgment comes into play. And the parent who is lacking in that keen sense should make it a duty, as soon as possible, to transfer the care of training that child to those who have the necessary experience, and whose life-long occupation is better suited for the performance of the task. Hence the incalculable benefit to humanity, to society, to the individual of our religious orders of teachers, whose profession it is to cultivate properly the young mind and to mould the young heart into acceptable form.

SULPICIAN INSTITUTIONS IN UNITED STATES.

The announcement was made on Sept. 10, from St. Mary's Seminary Baltimore, says an exchange, that the Sulpician seminaries and colleges in the United States have been organized into a province, with Very Rev. Dr. E. R. Dyer, Superior of St. Mary's Seminary, at the head. Aiding him in conducting the colleges there Dr. Dyer will have a council, consisting chiefly of all the rectors or superiors of Sulpician institutions in this province of Sulpician institutions in the United States.

The business affairs of the American branch of the Society of St. Sulpice have heretofore been under the direct supervision of the superior-general, who resides in Paris. Within the last few years, however, the increase of the work of the order and its great distance from Paris have caused the present Superior, Very Rev. Dr. J. J. Lebas, to turn over the administration of the American affairs to a vicar.

OUR OTTAWA LETTER

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Ottawa, Sept. 14.

THE SESSION.—Ottawa has other attractions now than the Parliament and the apparently endless session. Yet we must take a rapid glance at that great central political maelstrom. They say that it draws to an end; but we cannot yet see that end. One thing, however, may hurry up the legislators. There is no more pay for them, and will be none until after the Senate meets on the 22nd and passes the extra supply Bill that circumstances demanded. A deadlock has existed for some time between the Auditor-General and the Finance Department and the former refused to grant any more letters of credit until such time as certain errors that he deemed to be the fault of the existing statute were rectified. On Monday Hon. Mr. Fielding introduced a bill to rectify the same, but it cannot become law until the Senate passes it, and the Governor has signed it. And the Senate will not meet till the 22nd September. As long as it was only the employees who suffered the inconvenience the affair might have gone on for a long time to come; but the moment the members found their own indemnities had ceased they at once had the matter brought before Parliament.

It may take all this week to complete the Grand Trunk Pacific Bill, and probably the Redistribution Bill will take up the greater part of next week. Then we have to see the end of the main estimates, about 40 per cent. of which remain unpassed, and fully 20,000,000 of supplementaries, including further subsidies for railways and steamship lines. Consequently if they can end the session for Thanksgiving Day, (15th October), they will have done well.

THE EXHIBITION.—The main attraction in Ottawa this week is the great Central Exhibition. It is a drawing card for all the country around, but it cannot be well said that it goes much beyond the proportions of a local autumn Exhibition or Fair. There have already been several disappointments.

In the first place, the programme of engagements for the Coldstream Guards' band will not permit of that grand body of musicians being in Ottawa for the Exhibition. Then, at the last moment, it was found impossible to have the Queen's Jubilee Presents brought here from Toronto. Permission had been obtained, but the person who has these exhibits in charge and who is responsible for them, finds that being due at the St. Louis Exposition on the 30th September, he would not have time to pack them over again after taking them to Ottawa. Finally, it was arranged that Lord Strathcona should open the Exhibition, but, at the last moment, His Lordship wired the Mayor that it would not be possible for him to be present.

Despite all these drawbacks the opening took place on Monday and a very fine showing was made. But an unfortunate accident took place. While unloading a lot of cattle, the staff of Senator Edwards' Rockland farm lost a valuable heifer. The animal was of a very valuable herd of Durhams, one of which won the championship at the Toronto fair last week—she is said to have been worth \$500. Despite so many discouraging events, at the very outset, the Exhibition is destined to be a success, for certainly it is one of the best attended that Ottawa has ever had.

THE RELIGIOUS NEWS of the past week is not of a very important character, although very many interesting events have taken place. Of course, Ottawa being the home of the Apostolic Delegate there are sometimes very important matters affecting the religious world, which take place here and of which those at a distance are not always made aware; often news only comes late and through round about channels to the other sections of the Dominion.

On Sunday afternoon His Grace Archbishop Duhamel assisted at the annual ceremony of praying for the dead, in Notre Dame Cemetery. The "Liberator" was chanted by the full choir of the Basilica and the impressive service was attended by a large gathering, mostly friends and relatives of those who are interred in the cemetery. His Grace preached a beautiful sermon in Eng-

lish, and Rev. Father Beduneau, Superior of the missionaries of the Order of Marists, delivered the French sermon. Mgr. Routhier, Very Rev. Canon Campeau and Rev. Father L. Archambault attended the Archbishop, and a number of other priests and religious were present.

The home savings bank which have been in the hands of the parishioners of St. Patrick's parish were called in on Sunday last, and Rev. Father Whelan announced at all the Masses that the new marble altar of the Blessed Virgin, for which a considerable sum was realized through these home banks, will be unveiled with solemn ceremonies next Sunday. He said that the new altar would be all that the builder and designer promised it would be. The sermon, at High Mass, was preached by Rev. Father Leyden, of St. Francis Church, Columbus, Ohio. He was a former Ottawa boy, who after a course of education in the University here, went to the United States to perform the duties of his sacred calling, and he returns on a visit to relatives and former friends.

In the Sacred Heart Church they have commenced the elaborate work of decoration, which, when completed will make the Church one of the finest in the whole Dominion.

On Sunday next the Archbishop will visit the parish of St. Francis of Assisi's, which is under the care of the Capuchin Fathers.

One of Ottawa's most promising young men, Mr. Leo Lapointe, son of ex-Ald-Lapointe, left here during the course of last week for Montreal, where he will enter the novitiate of the Christian Brothers. Henceforth his name will disappear from the knowledge of the world, but the grand duties that he purposes undertaking, and the eminent talents which he possesses for the same, will render him one more of the able and valiant soldiers in the ranks of the Church Militant.

Sunday Boating Disaster

Not long since we heard the remark passed that we were prone to exaggerate the dangers of Sunday excursions on the water, and that it was in a spirit of over-wrought zeal that we told of how each Sunday this summer had its victim, and sometimes more than one. Still we were right, and still young people, on pleasure-bent cannot see that they are courting danger in a most foolish manner. Last Sunday was no exception; four young men went out for a day of boating. Near Varennes a sudden squall seized and capsized their skiff; one was drowned, and the three survivors were rescued barely in time by a fisherman from a neighboring island. The victim was Louis Parent, a young man of some twenty-two summers, full of promise and full of health. Yet his useful career was thus prematurely cut short by the accident which took place on Sunday. It is quite possible that our voice never will reach those who are determined to thus occupy their Sundays; but we would have thought that heed might be paid to the voice of our good Archbishop—for he has warned sufficiently, and such warnings cannot be ignored with impunity.

GOOD MANNERS ARE HOME MADE.

Children must be taught what the parents wish them to know. Teach them truthful, gentle ways, and they will be true and gentle. If a boy hears bad language from his father, he will repeat it, just as certainly as he has a tongue in his mouth; and if a little girl hears her mother gossip, she will gossip the moment she meets a playmate. People who devour their food like cattle must not expect their children to have nice table manners. Gentlemen and good women are home made. There is nothing on earth for which one ought to be more thankful, than for having been brought up in the atmosphere of a pure home. Such a home may be narrow and even hard it may be deficient in material comforts. A man as sturdy as an oak once said: "I was the son of poor parents, and from my youth up, was inured to self denial and hardships; but I do not remember ever to have heard a word from the lips of either my father or my mother that was not as should be." Better such a recollection than a greater inheritance.—The Augustinian.

Notes From the Ancient Capital.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Much regret was expressed by our co-religionists in learning of the dangerous illness of both the Rev. Abbe Roussel and the Rev. Abbe Rheume of the Quebec Seminary.

For long years Abbe P. Roussel was the secretary of Laval University, and had charge of the boarding house, attached to the University, wherein law and medical students had rooms. Almost all the prominent men of Quebec, and many from other parts of the province, who belong to the present generation of public men, passed under the rule of good Abbe Roussel. He was a man of fine talents, high spirit, and great learning. He was beloved by all with whom he ever came in contact. As an evidence of his generosity of heart, he contributed over \$10,000 out of his private funds for the reconstruction of the gem-like chapel of the Little Seminary of Quebec. His charities, of a private character, are untold and unrecorded—save in heaven. We trust that the news may be exaggerated, for the world needs such men.

Echoes From Scotland

A PATRIOTIC MAN DEAD.—When reading the announcement of the demise of a public-spirited Irish Catholic resident of Glasgow, Mr. Hugh Murphy, which appeared in the Liverpool "Catholic Times," the career of our own late Senator Murphy, in this city, was recalled.

In referring to Mr. Hugh Murphy, our contemporary says:—

It is with very sincere and most heartfelt regret that we announce the death of Mr. Hugh Murphy, which took place at his residence in Glasgow on Thursday morning of last week. As an able, useful and noble citizen; as an Irish patriot of incomparable devotion to his beloved country's cause, and as a loyal son of the Catholic Church.

Mr. Murphy won a high place in the esteem and in the affections of his countless friends and followers during the twenty-five years of his public life in the West of Scotland, while his foes, who were not a few in the political, but happily not personal sense of the word, were the first to bear generous and manly testimony of their respect and regard for him, and to the disinterested earnestness of his public and private life.

"For Faith and Fatherland" may be truly said to have been the last touching thought and noble sentiment of his unselfish life; for, on the Sunday morning that the first fatal blow of his illness deprived him of consciousness, he was hurrying after hearing Holy Mass to catch a conveyance which was to take him to Airdrie, where he was announced to address a meeting of his fellow-countrymen.

The funeral, which took place from St. Mary's Church, Abercromby street, last Saturday morning, after a solemn Mass of Requiem was attended by a vast concourse of mourners from all parts, including Scotland, England, and Ireland. May he rest in peace.

EMMET CENTENARY.—On Saturday afternoon, which was the Trades' Holiday in Glasgow, a demonstration took place in remembrance of the Emmet Centenary. The bodies taking part in the demonstration were some branches of the Irish National Foresters, United Irish League and members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a contingent of the latter body coming over all the way from Belfast. About 2,000 took part in the walk. Arriving at the Green, speeches were made from three platforms. Mr. John O'Donnell, M. P., for South Mayo, was the principal speaker.

RECENT CONVERTS.—The London "Universe" in touching upon the recent conversion of Rev. Mr. Graham, says:—He has been received into the Church and made his First Communion at the Benedictine Abbey, Fort Augustus. The Hamilton Presbytery, of which he was a member, have acted very meanly by "deposing" him after he had resigned. This is a form of punishment generally meted out to ministers who have

transgressed so much against the moral law that their action has become a public scandal. Yet it is acknowledged on all hands that Mr. Graham was a zealous minister, and the only fault which can be laid against him is that he has gone over to Rome.

If he had even become an atheist, there is a probability that he would not have been deposed. But a Catholic is worse than an atheist to the divines of the Hamilton Presbytery, who Mrs. Partington like are going to stem the tide of Catholicity with a mop brush.

This week it is announced that the Hon. James Eric Drummond, half-brother and heir presumptive to Viscount Strathallan, and heir to the Earldom of Perth, has been received into the Church at the Benedictine Abbey of Downside, Bath. But we are awaiting another one yet.

A NEW CHURCH.—The increase in the Catholic population of Blantyre has made it necessary to enter upon the construction of a new Church. Its cost will be somewhere about £8,000, and it will have sitting accommodation for 1,000. The present building dates from 1878, its seating accommodation being returned at 620.

Notes From England

SILVER JUBILEES.—Three priests of the diocese of Liverpool recently celebrated their silver jubilee of their ordination to the priesthood, says "The Universe," of London. The jubiliarians were the Very Rev. Dean Billington (rector of St. Peter's Church, Lancaster), the Rev. Father Byrne (of Thurnham), and the Rev. Father Rigby (of St. Joseph's, Liverpool). All three were ordained 25 years ago by the late Bishop of Liverpool (the Right Rev. Dr. O'Reilly), and received their ecclesiastical education at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, near Durham. Alderman Preston, J.P., who is a brother of Bishop Preston, and was thrice Mayor of Lancaster, received his education at Ushaw, and on the evening of the 24th ult., he gave a dinner in honor of the jubiliarians, which was largely attended. Pontifical High Mass was sung on the following morning by Bishop Preston in St. Peter's, Lancaster. The Rev. Father Rigby was deacon, and the Rev. Father Byrne sub-deacon, whilst the Rev. F. Cosgrave officiated as master of ceremonies. The Right Rev. Dr. Hedley (Bishop of Newport) was present in the sanctuary. The Very Rev. Dean Billington was also present, and a large gathering of clergy contemporary students with the jubiliarians—attended from various parts of Lancashire and the neighboring counties. The Bishops and clergy afterwards breakfasted in the rectory, and then went on a visit to Furness Abbey and Barrow.

A NEW CHURCH has been opened at Benwell. It will accommodate 500 worshippers. The dedication services attracted a large number of the faithful.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.—Sister Fulgentia, of Satanbrook Abbey, the other day, celebrated the 50th anniversary of her entry into religious life. The occasion was one of great rejoicing.

NEW SCHOOLS.—An evidence of enthusiasm for the cause of education was strikingly noticeable when the new Catholic school at Whitwick was recently opened. The building had been erected at a cost of \$25,000, and was furnished by the County Council at an additional outlay of \$2,500. The donor of the splendid schools is Mrs. Haydock, of Whitwick.

Father O'Reilly, opening the proceedings, briefly introduced Mr. Cope, whom he said was well known as an authority on educational matters in the county, and whom they welcomed that day. He (Father O'Reilly) would ask the architect to deliver the key to Mr. Cope to open the door to let them in.

Mr. Cope, receiving the gold key, said he was greatly obliged for the invitation, and it was a very great privilege for him, representing the Education Committee of the County Council, to be able to take part in the opening of the magnificent Whitwick and the neighborhood on their possession, and had no doubt that for many generations the schools would give an education which would conduce to the happiness and welfare of the neighborhood, the prosperity of the country, and to the glory of God.

The key, which was of pretty design, bore the inscription: "Opening ceremony of Holy Cross Schools, Whitwick, August 25, 1903. Presented to Thomas Cope, Esq., J. P., C.C., Osbaston Hall, Nuneaton."

JUBILEE CATHOLIC CONVENTION OF COLOGNE.

We have had several articles of late on the progress of Catholicity in Germany, and the wonderful changes that have taken place in connection with the prospects and status of our co-religionists in that land, especially within the last few years, may be considered as really Providential. One of the most noteworthy events in relation to Catholicity in Germany was the Jubilee Catholic Congress at Cologne, which ended on the 27th August last. It would not be possible for us to give any adequate account of that important event. For forty-nine years this Catholic Congress had been holding its sessions, and to it may be traced much of the firm spirit which resisted the persecutions of the Bismarckian period, and much of the perseverance that carried the compact Catholic party through so many difficulties, to a final triumph. However, we cannot avoid reproducing the brief reports given of the addresses by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Cologne, the Most Rev. Dr. Fischer, and that read on behalf of the various Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and members of clergy and laity present. In these two do we find an eloquent summary of the work of the Congress and a graphic account of all that has been done by Catholics in Germany for the advancement of their cause and the glory of God.

Cardinal Fischer read the letter sent by the Holy Father, and which had a most stimulating effect, which was greatly increased when Cardinal Fischer, addressing them said he had received from the Holy Father a commission which he wished to discharge. At the audience which His Holiness had granted on the third day after his election to the German Cardinals and Austrian members of the Sacred College, he spoke to His Holiness of the approach of their Jubilee Congress and asked his blessing for it. His Holiness, who was well acquainted with German affairs, most readily acceded to the petition, and requested him to give the Apostolic blessing to all present. Cardinal Fischer stated that he had also spoken about the Congress with Leo XIII. before his death, and the great Pontiff, who was a true friend of Germany and a personal friend of the Emperor, listened with much satisfaction to the information he gave and sent his blessing to the gathering (applause). Though Leo was no longer in the flesh, his spirit was with them, and they would for ever reverence his memory and feel grateful for all that he had done on their behalf. Continuing, the Cardinal said the Prussian Bishops who had recently met at the grave of St. Boniface in Fulda sent best wishes to the Congress, and he, the least in a long succession of local Bishops and Archbishops from the days of St. Maternus to the present time, heartily bade them welcome. The ground at Cologne was holy. Like the Eternal City, it had been watered by the blood of martyrs. At St. Gerons' and St. Ursula's were to be seen innumerable relics of their witness of blood. The shrine of the Three Kings in their incomparable Cathedral was, so to speak, the centre of priceless treasures in the shape of relics of the saints. He need scarcely remind them of the saints who had been born or had labored in Cologne—of St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusians, of the Blessed Hermann Joseph, of St. Irmingardis, of the Blessed Henry Suso, of the Blessed Peter Canisius, of Albertus Magnus, who had for years taught in the Dominican Convent, and of St. Thomas Aquinas, who had studied at his feet, and had here been ordained to the priesthood, occupied a chair as teacher, and composed an important work. The Cardinal briefly reviewed the history of Cologne, and referred to the time when the German Emperors received their crowns at the hands of the Archbishops of Cologne in the ancient Kaiserstadt of Ays-la-Chapelle. Times were changed and new conditions had arisen, but they Rhinelanders yielded to no others in love for the Fatherland and the ancient Faith. The address then written and presented by the Archbishop and clergy read thus:—

"The Catholics of Germany assemble for the fiftieth time in order to hold their annual review and to enter upon the discussion of the great questions of the day in the venerable episcopal city of Cologne. Started in stormy days which saw even the firmest thrones totter, the General Congress of German Catholics unrolled their banner and summoned beneath it all Catholics who recognized that in the full development of the Church's freedom lay the best safeguard of the welfare of the people and the surest support of civil order. The project then conceived by the distinguished men who formed the idea of assembling the Catholic associations annually for common discussions succeeded even more brilliantly than they expected. They have passed away, and may God's peace be their precious reward. Others took over the inheritance, powerfully protected it, added to it from year to year, and made it more and more thriving. With just pride, then, may the Jubilee Congress look back on the forty-nine Congresses that preceded it. Each of them bears witness to the complete understanding of the Church's interests as well as of the religious and social requirements of a new period, and also attests constant progress in the faithful work of the Catholic associations for the religious and social well-being of the people."

After this delightful picture, drawn in master strokes, we have the series of resolutions drawn up, and passed unanimously. These embody the entire work of the Congress and stand forth as a monument to the reviving strength of the Church in Germany, and to the zeal and ability of those who enticed in her ranks and fought so bravely her battles. The first of these resolutions was a tribute to "the brave fighters" who had struggled for the Church's rights, especially during the Kulturkampf, and a demand for the complete freedom of the Church the admission of the religious orders amongst the people, and the annulment of the law against the Jesuits. The second resolution referred to the social labors of Von Ketteler and Adolf Kolping, and recommended the thorough study of social questions and a hearty interest in free organizations and public institutions. Another resolution appealed to the Catholics of Germany to support scientific research by all the means in their power. The duty of supporting Catholic journals and Catholic literature was also urgently impressed upon them. The importance of the education of the people and of attending to it in its higher stages was pointed out in another resolution. A unanimous resolution was passed in favor of the independence of the Holy See, and generosity on the occasion of the Peter Pence collections was strongly recommended. The German Emperor was cordially thanked for the protection of the German Catholic societies in the Holy Land. A resolution urging Catholics to help forward the anti-duelling movement, and another calling for increased zeal in the struggle against the circulation of immoral literature and pictures were adopted. Lastly, a large number of resolutions were passed providing for further legislative and other measures in the interests of the workers.

NOTRE DAME DE GRACE. As announced in our last issue the grand celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the canonical erection of the parish of Notre Dame de Grace, took place on last Sunday. It was on the 13th September, 1853, that the late lamented Mgr. Bourget consecrated the first church of the parish. Needless to say that the ceremonies of Sunday were of the most elaborated. Rev. Abbe Lecoq, Superior of St. Sulpice, officiated at High Mass, assisted by Rev. Antoine Lamarche, chaplain of Villa Maria, and Rev. Father Dion, O.P., pastor of the parish. A large concourse of clergy was to be seen in the sanctuary and the musical programme was in every sense most worthy of the occasion. The organist was Mr. Archambault. Towards the close of the Mass, Rev. P. Gauvreau, Superior of Notre Dame de Grace ascended the pulpit and thanked most heartily all who took part in the celebration. It is to the gentlemen of the Seminary that belongs the honor of having founded the parish. The sermon of the occasion was preached by Rev. Alphonse Brosseau, vicar of St. Louis de France. In the assembly present were noticed Messrs. F. D. Monk, M.P., Jerome Decarie, M.P., Mayor of the parish, and warden of the County of Hochelaga, Leon Decarie, Leon Prud'homme, Telesphore Senecal, Pierre Lemieux, and a large number of other prominent citizens. At one o'clock a grand banquet was given in the country villa of the Seminary. At five a solemn Vespers, followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, was given. On the following day the children attending the country schools of the parish had their festival and banquet, and thus, the second half century was commenced under the blessing of God.

THE FUTURE OF CH...

The future of Christianity is discussed from many points of view by statesmen, travelers, journalists, but all speak from public knowledge. They speak from the acquaintance with the situation in either oblation, or is derived from the experiences of the more free countries. Even those who spent a greater length of time have lived in it as they are isolated from native conditions, knowing the inhabitants of the outside as foreigners in their midst. Much interesting they have seen within the limit of their travels, but much is also omitted. A partial field of vision marks the difference between the human spirit and West is what strikes the human spirit, while the human spirit unites mankind even in opposite and widely different conditions. For this element we see the teaching of the mission, the Catholic missionary to the man who spends in an Europeanized great town assimilated to western civilization, some remote rural districts may pass years with white face, and where man's life must be his own, at least, as its external concerns. He alone Chinaman, not as an curiosity, an oddity for ethnology, but as a fellow with faculties and identical with his own. series of articles on "Catholic Faith," which Father V. is contributing to Illustrations of Catholicity, have a forecasting the future of the world to be looked for in any of the lay travelers subject. To these the Chinese presents itself as a venturing to its fall, whose opposite view is taken in a changeless past is rather of continued length than of dissolution. A States are upstarts of a pared to an empire "which its history back to the Assyrian was stamping its conquests on the clay Egyptian making mummies dead." The mere fact that lions of men, somewhere fifth of the inhabitants of are here living in the conditions as they did three years ago, is one that in faces to place China outside of the category of ordinary history. "A thousand year Christ (asks Father V.) were the European nation? Where were the French, or even the Impresarios? They were not; they were unknown; yet even Chinese lived and flourished. East, not as savages running in the woods and living on the chase, but as a cultured people, with their merchants, students, their strates, the books, and quiete they boast of to-day should Egypt disappear, Br Nineveh pass away, the Empire crumble into a while China remains greater than all its people more than at any former time cannot believe they have led out for nothing. They destiny yet to be accomplished. The knowledge of truth must be a part of it. I may state my full belief of the Chinese race a conversion to Christ, and least try to show that such summation is not impossible. That there is nowhere in a better or more fruitful field planting of Catholic truth, ancient society is the thesis that sets himself to prove. In of this argument he points remarkable success which teaded the preaching of the such remote regions as see for it the best opportunity the Chinese make admirable tians when once converted sufficiently shown by the persecution accompanying their rising in which untold numbers of martyrdom with the role courage. Nor is their for Christianity disproved prevalence among them of inherited from centuries of heresim. But it is rather the objections to missionary prias based on the inherent of the race that Father V.

THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

The future of China has been discussed from many points of view by statesmen, travelers, merchants and journalists, but all these contributors to public knowledge of the subject speak from the most superficial acquaintance with it. Their information is either obtained at second hand, or is derived from the casual experiences of a rapid journey through the more frequented parts of the country. Even those who have spent a greater length of time there, have lived in it as Europeans lived, isolated from native society, and knowing the inhabitants only from the outside as foreigners sojourning in their midst. Much that is strange and interesting they have to tell even within the limit of these restrictions, but much is also omitted from so partial a field of view. All that marks the difference between East and West is what strikes them most, while the human sympathy that unites mankind even from those most opposite and widely contrasted regions is missing from their picture. For this element we must look to the teaching of the missionary, and the Catholic missionary above all; to the man who spends his life not in an Europeanized quarter of a great town assimilated as far as possible to western civilization, but in some remote rural district where he may pass years without seeing a white face, and where the yellow man's life must be his life, as far at least, as its external conditions are concerned. He alone regards the Chinaman, not as an anthropological curiosity, an oddity for a museum of ethnology, but as a fellow human being with faculties and capabilities identical with his own. Hence the series of articles on "China and the Faith," which Father Watson, O.P., is contributing to Illustrated Catholic Missions, have an authority in forecasting the future of China not to be looked for in any of the speculations of lay travelers on the same subject. To these the Chinese Empire presents itself as a venerable ruin tottering to its fall, while here the opposite view is taken that its long and changeless past is an argument rather of continued length of years than of dissolution. All modern States are upstarts of a day compared to an empire "which can trace its history back to the time when the Assyrian was stamping the record of his conquests on the clay, and the Egyptian making mummies of his dead." The mere fact that 400 millions of men, somewhere about a fifth of the inhabitants of the globe, are here living in the same conditions as they did three thousand years ago, is one that in itself suffices to place China outside the category of ordinary historical precedent. "A thousand years before Christ (asks Father Watson) where were the European nations of today? Where were the English, the French, or even the Imperial Romans? They were not; their names were unknown; yet even then the Chinese lived and flourished in the East, not as savages running wild in the woods and living on the spoils of the chase, but as a cultivated orderly people, with their farmers, merchants, students, their civil magistrates, the books, and the etiquette they boast of to-day. Why should Egypt disappear, Babylon and Nineveh pass away, the old Roman Empire crumble into fragments, while China remains greater than them all and its people more numerous than at any former time? We cannot believe they have been singled out for nothing. They have a destiny yet to be accomplished, and so, the knowledge of Christian truth must be a part of it. So without any pretence of being a prophet, I may state my full belief in the future of the Chinese race and their conversion to Christ, and may at least try to show that such a consummation is not impossible."

That there is nowhere in the world a better or more fruitful field for the planting of Catholic truth than this ancient society is the thesis the writer sets himself to prove. In support of this argument he points to the remarkable success which has attended the preaching of the faith in such remote regions as seem to afford it the best opportunity. That the Chinese make admirable Christians when once converted has been sufficiently shown by the sanguinary persecution accompanying the Boxer rising in which untold numbers suffered martyrdom with the most heroic courage. Nor is their aptitude for Christianity disproved by the prevalence among them of vices inherited from centuries of heathen baseness. But it is rather to refuting objections to missionary enterprise based on the inherent qualities of the race that Father Watson ad-

force officered and led by her, one of the most formidable in the world. Among evidences of the stirring of the dry bones under the breath of the new life is the prominent part taken by women in the "Young China" movement. They assist at public meetings, and are in increasing numbers receiving a European education, a significant symptom indeed of the change which is slowly permeating the great political organism of the Far East.—London Tablet.

dress himself. That many of these are such as to place serious obstacles in the way of Christian teaching he does not deny, but that they are not such as to render the task impossible he maintains with all the strength of earnest conviction. The pride of the Chinaman he acknowledges, for instance, to be so colossal and overweening, that he never knew what the word meant until he lived among them. Based on the rock of secular ignorance, it is indestructible by argument and impervious to reason. From the highest to the lowest the race is permeated with it, "from the great mandarin ambassador, who complained that there was no room to move in the small cramped city of Berlin, to the farm laborer who works from sunrise to sunset for 20s. a year, and who will tell you that the ships come to China from the West, to get such luxuries in the way of foods as bean curd and pea jelly." Facts are powerless to penetrate this armor or arrogance, and the occupation of Peking by European troops, the annexation of Chinese territory by Europeans, or other national humiliations, are either disbelieved or explained away. Thus they admit no superiority in anything that comes from abroad, and this national or racial self-sufficiency is undoubtedly a formidable obstacle to the adoption of a religion which reaches them as a foreign importation. The Catholic missionary seeks to conciliate it as much as possible by adopting the dress and external aspect of the people, a concession which, no doubt, largely helps to the success of Catholic preaching among them.

But if Father Watson allows this count in the indictment of the Chinese to be by default, he vigorously combats that which disparages them as an effete race. Hardy, patient, industrious tillers of the soil, the bulk of the population of China may compare favorably in point of physique with any other type of nationality in the world. The urban population is so small in proportion to the rural that it is here set down as perhaps no more than one per cent. In the first district in North China evangelized by the writer there were, in an area of 40 miles by 30, 800 villages to one city, and in his second station 999 of the smaller units were grouped round one of the larger. The movement that urges our own rural population into the great urban centres has no counterpart in China, and the physical degeneracy that results from it affects but a very small fraction of her inhabitants. Some astonishing instances are quoted by the missionary writer of the vitality of the temperate and abstemious Chinese peasant in recovering from terrible injuries and enduring shocks and accidents almost with indifference. "These are signs of bodily vigor or only, it is true, he says, but such things show that a nation composed of individuals of this hardy type is not physically decaying, though it may be as old as the hills. It is not the antiquity of a nation that makes its people effete, it is the want of sobriety, industry and self-restraint. Self-indulgence, disobedience to elementary moral laws, a soft and luxurious life, these make a people effete whether they be an old or a youthful race." It is notorious, too, that the Chinese type prevails over that of every other race with which it is mixed, so as completely to efface alien characteristics in a generation or two. But if all these facts prove that the individual Chinaman shows no symptoms of effeteness, the same cannot be said of the institutions of the country. Here it is that antiquated tradition breaks down in contact with a newer civilization with which it is reluctantly brought face to face. How the oldest society in the world is to be brought into intimate relations with the youngest save by a total break-up of its rigid structure, is the problem confronting those who speculate on the future of China. The present trend of events fosters the belief that it will be solved by the Japanese factor in the far East, and that the hoary Middle Kingdom will enter on the path of modernization under the tutelage of a kindred people rather than under that of the alien white man. The great and growing influence of the Japanese in China is one of the most striking features of its present condition, and in numbers alone they preponderate over every other nationality settled there. As merchants they have established themselves in northern China since the date of the war, and each exercises a leverage over Chinese ideals and modes of thought which no European can hope to rival. Even in the adamant soil of Chinese officialdom, the agents of the Island Empire are busily sowing the seed of reform, and many of the higher class mandarins have been induced to visit Japan, return allied with the desire of seeing its progress initiated at home. The reorganization of the Chinese army is one of the tasks Japan is preparing to take in hand, and the excellence of the raw material moulded make such a

force officered and led by her, one of the most formidable in the world. Among evidences of the stirring of the dry bones under the breath of the new life is the prominent part taken by women in the "Young China" movement. They assist at public meetings, and are in increasing numbers receiving a European education, a significant symptom indeed of the change which is slowly permeating the great political organism of the Far East.—London Tablet.

THE ANGELUS BELL.

Sometimes persons who are strangers to our holy religion wonder at the triple ringing each day—morning, noon and evening—of the Angelus Bell. They do not seem to understand the real sublimity of the prayer that accompanies that ringing. In his delightful work, "Parfums de Rome," Louis Veulliot, one of France's most Catholic writers, has a beautiful passage in which he tells of the Angelus. He was on his way to Rome, and a halt in a desert spot permitted him to hear the noonday Angelus. A woman and child who were watching the train pass made the Sign of the Cross, and recited the Angelical Salutation. "Why," asked Coquet, "do they make the Sign of the Cross? Is it the train or ourselves they take for the devil?"

"Neither the train, nor me, nor you are. This woman and child are not thinking of the devil, they are thinking of God." And he added, then, the following beautiful description and explanation of the Angelus: "They have heard the Angelus; they are praying. Listen to those sweet and noble sounds—that is the telegraphic language of the Church, invented long ago and now understood by all the people. 'What does it say?' asked Coquet. It says something which is infinitely above you and your learned kind, but which is still within the comprehension of these little ones.

"It says that the Angel of the Lord announced to Mary that she was to become the Mother of the Saviour of the world; that Mary answered the angel: Be it done unto me according to the will of the Lord, I am His handmaiden; that Mary conceived by the Holy Ghost; that the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us.

"To this divine account, to this profession of faith, the bell adds the prayer of the Church: 'O Mary, Mother of God, pray for us poor sinners; pray for us now and at the hour of our death.' And this is what these poor people are saying in unison with the bell—The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us!

"Long ago, over the territories of St. Louis, King of France and Suzerain of England, fifteen hundred bell-fries used to point to the sky, with the Cross of Christ for a crown upon them. In those days a man could hardly raise his eyes without beholding the sign of our redemption—The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and died for us!

"This harmonious voice of prayer flooded the fields, climbed the mountain heights, descended into the hidden valleys, penetrated into the depths of the forest, dominated all human sounds. A voice of consolation, of hope, of love, of salvation! He loved us, He has pardoned us, He has died to win us, He has reigned over us!

"It spoke without ceasing. It reminded men that they were kings, the sons of God, co-heirs of Heaven, and that Heaven is the reward of faith, hope and charity.

"The great voice did not disdain to speak of men after having spoken of God. It announced baptism, marriage, death; it asked the prayers of men for those who were just entering into life, and for those who were about to appear before the judgment; it asked prayers for those who were to be united in life. The human family in those days knew no pariahs.

"I do not know where bells were invented, but it is certain that the widespread use of them is to be attributed to a Pope. It is Rome who has given us this harmonious voice with its divine language. It is she who baptized bells conferring a sacrament on them that prayer might fall from Heaven upon our souls like a sea of benedictions!

"O Rome, Mother of divine, Mother of light and of hope, Mother, too, of all sweetness, all joy and all poetry! O Rome, inspired of God to fill with strengthening delights the poor heart of man!"

Surely there exists no other faith on earth that could inspire such a sublime passage. There seems to be something, specially associated with Rome, with her magnificent and holy doctrines that is calculated to raise the soul above the littleness of earth and to lend it wings, far more powerful than those of mere poetry, to soar into the atmosphere of the pure and the spiritual.

Benefits of Longevity.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

The Brooklyn "Eagle" contains a lengthy article on longevity and how advancing years should be no bar to a man's success. We have no intention of analyzing the entire article, but a few sentences in it seem to us to furnish a fair text for serious reflection. The writer says, in closing: "It must be understood, in all this, that the statesman of experience whose case we are considering is no fossil. To the old man who has lost his vigor or who is out of touch with young life—its ideals, its points of view, its manner of speech—there is no salvation in the mere lengthening out of years. A collection of diaries is not in itself equivalent to a treasury of wisdom, and in changing world familiarity with precedents may sometimes be dangerous lore. But in every country there is, and always will be, a career for the man to whom the years have brought maturity and knowledge, without taking from his freshness of spirit and quickness of adaptation."

In these last words do we find the real point. It is generally the case with people who are advanced in years that they see the present through the spectacles of the past. Their very memories appear to wait them away into the years that are dead. They forget what took place last week, or yesterday, or an hour ago; but they recall with vividness and accuracy the most minute events of fifty and sixty years ago. In other words, they live in the past. Thus it is that they fail to keep pace with the times, and they naturally feel the coming on of that period of rest that is theirs by every right, for:

"If youth has its duty of labor, 'If youth has its duty of labor,

It would be wrong to rob the aged person of this consolation, this quiet so providentially predisposes the whole being for that end which is rapidly approaching, and which detaches the heart, the desires, the will, the ambition from all those things without which, in younger days, it could not live nor enjoy living. A contentment to go seems to fall upon them, and the transition is made easy by nature and by God.

But all the same, the man is an exception who carries into the seventies and the eighties the same watchfulness, the same ambitions, the same interest in the passing events of the day, that he had when he was forty, fifty, or even sixty. Hence it is that the statesman-like Gladstone, or Leo XIII.—who keeps up to the very end the intellectual vigor of mid-life, is an exception, and, as the article says, his utility depends greatly upon the manner in which he has been able to keep in touch with the times, with the men of younger generations, with the spirit of newer circumstances. And when he is able to do this, ah! then his great experience, his long years of gathered information, his wisdom, his acquired knowledge, all have a powerful bearing that no young man, no matter how talented or how learned he may be, could ever expect to possess. When, then, we meet with one of those rare examples we should cherish him, for he is a favored gift of God to humanity.

me long ago by one of the holy priests who was a saint—Father Furniss was his name. During the mission of Ann's street he told us we need not go on our knees to pray, but we should from time to time raise our hearts to God during our work and say: "My Jesus, I do this for love of Thee." I can never forget the impression the sermon of that holy Father made upon me, and very often during my work I say the little prayer he taught us.

"This simple avowal explained something which had often surprised us—we noticed that this carpenter often touched his cap without apparent reason, but we were far from suspecting that he was breathing the little aspiration he had learned so many years ago from the zealous Redeemer."

It is, therefore, the intention we have in doing the work that constitutes the perpetual prayer.

THE OGILVY STORE New Goods For Fall 1903

Daily arrivals of new goods enable us to show a variety of exclusiveness of design in every line, which you will not see in every Fall stock.

The styles and patterns are all the very newest.

**NEW DRESS GOODS**

Our stock of Dress Goods is now complete, in every detail, both Fall and Winter weight. All the newest shades and materials, quiet, yet rich in colorings and textures.

Some of the newest are Sedan, Mikado, Basket Cloth, Fancy French Knappe, Ripple, Perle Canvas and Zibeline Cloths.

**NEW TRIMMINGS TO HAND**

Our New Dress Trimmings are to hand this week, in Persian and colored designs. The New Point Edge for Trimmings are here. Also, a large variety in black, white and black and white.

**LACES AND ALL-OVERS**

We have just received our first shipment of Lace Trimmings and All-overs. A special feature is the new "Tenerife Wheel" All-over, with insertion to match in white, butter, champagne shades and cream.

Other pretty designs are shown in scroll, or flower patterns, in different widths and all the newest colorings.

**CARPETS FOR FALL 1903**

Our Carpet Department receives daily something new in Carpets, Rugs and Squares. The designs are all of the newest and most up-to-date patterns.

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A complete assortment of the Latest Novel ties now in stock for Fall wear.

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The New Spot Camel's Hair Cloth, beautiful new colorings, 75c, 85c, \$1.00.

New Plain All-Wool Costume Cloth, in all the new Fall colors, 60c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.35, \$1.50.

New All-Wool and Silk and Wool Voile, in all colors, plain and flaked, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.

New All-Wool Irish Homespun, assort 3 colors, 58 inches wide, \$1.00 per yard.

New Navy Blue Costume Canvas Cloth, fast dye, 65c, 75c, 85c, \$1.00.

SPECIAL All-Wool Costume Zibeline, 54 inches wide, colors black, brown, green, light and dark navy blue, 65c.

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**PERPETUAL PRAYER**

The command given by Our Lord to "pray always" seems to the unreflecting very hard. How are we to constantly be in the presence of God? How can a person continually pray? Each one has his duties, his daily work, his serious occupations of life to engage his time and attention. It is a duty also to work, and if we neglect we are to expect punishment. The two commands seem to be incompatible. If you are at prayer or all the time you must neglect work; and if at work all the time you must neglect prayer. The following little anecdote, related by a good nun of one of our religious orders, is an illustration of how we can pray unceasingly:—

"A carpenter was fixing some presses in our sacristy and the Sister who overlooked the work asked him if he was attentive to his religious duties. He replied, I have not time to do much, but I have never forgotten one little practice taught



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SEPT. 19, 1903.

which saw even the German Catholics unbanner and summoned Catholics who recognized the full development of freedom lay the best welfare of the poorest support of civil object then conceived by men who formed assembling the Catholic annually for common exceeded even more brilliant they expected. They way, and may God's their precious reward, over the inheritance, tected it, added to it ear, and made it more ving. With just pride, Jubilee Congress look forty-nine Congresses it. Each of them to the complete under Church's interests as religious and social f a new period, and nstant progress in the of the Catholic associ-religious and social he people."

ghtful picture, drawn es, we have the series drawn up, and passed These embody the en- e Congress and stand ument to the reviving Church in Germany, l and ability of those her ranks and fought battles. The first of us was a tribute to ters" who had strug- urch's rights, especial Kulturkampf, and a complete freedom of admission of the reli- gionst the people, and of the law against the second resolution social labors of Von dolf Kolping, and re- thorough study of so- and a hearty interest ions and public in- other resolution ap- Catholics of Germany nific research by all their power. The duty Catholic journals and ure was also urgent- ion them. The im- education of the peo- ending to it in its as pointed out in an- . A unanimous res- sed in favor of the the Holy See, and the occasion of the ections was strongly

The German Em- ally thanked for the he German Catholic Holy Land. A reso- atholics to help for- ing movement, and for increased zeal in ainst the circulation rature and pictures

Lastly, a large num- bers were passed pro- ther legislative and in the interests of

**ME DE GRACE.**

in our last issue the on of the fiftieth an- canonical erection of tre Dame de Grace, st Sunday. It was ptember, 1853, that d Mgr. Bourget con- t church of the par- say that the cere- y of the most . Albe Lecoq, Super- e, officiated at La- y Rev. Antoine La- of Villa Maria, and .O.P., pastor of the concourse of clergy in the sanctuary and gramme was in every of the occasion. as Mr. Archambault, Superior of Notre ascended the pupil est heartily all who a celebration. It is n of the Seminary the honor of having ish. The sermon of a preached by Rev. eau, vicar of St. . In the assembly ed Messrs. F. D. eremie Decarie, M.P. parish, and warden of Hochelaga, Leon Prud'homme, Teles- ierre Lemieux, and a other prominent citi- clock a grand ban- in the country villa . At five a solemn y by the Benedictin sacrament, was given, day the children at- festival and ban- the second half con- ceeded under the bless-

LAY CO-OPERATION WITH CLERGY.

On July 6th Mr. John T. Nicholson delivered an address at the Champlain Summer School on the very important subject of "Lay Co-operation."

"For convenience in treatment I have conceived 'Lay Co-operation' to exist in three phases, namely, mental, moral and physical.

"We may define mental co-operation as affirmative; a sort of faith without works.

"The moral includes the mental; is normally the sympathetic; frequently the apathetic.

"The physical comprehends all three; it is occasionally the active; generally the lethargic. Presumably we need not here discuss the Divine origin either of the Church or of the priesthood, for He who said, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock shall I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,' and again, 'Whose sins ye shall forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins ye shall retain they are retained,' determined these two points for the mind of faith.

"We have, then, God's work as the work of the Church; we have the work of the Church Militant in the hands of the priesthood—comprehended, concreted and personalized in these ministers of grace—the 'Lord's Anointed'—a very complete organization thus far, but lacking in one very essential detail—that of lay co-operation.

"We are now abreast of the very personal element in the discussion before us, and that is the priest.

"The term priest doubtless brings to the mind of each of you a different image, but to most will come the thought of the pastor—the shepherd of souls in your home locality—the administrator of the saving waters of baptism to your children; their mentor in matters of faith long gone past your active ken; dispenser of Divine absolution in health, of extreme unction in sickness—all for the magnificent, munificent sum of sixty odd dollars per month.

"His duties, never ending; his day, from sun to sun, in all weathers, at all times; his labors, infinite in scope; his sorrows, heartrending as they are universal; the least criticized citizen in the parish.

"Judge him in the day of health and bright success and happiness; criticize him and sum him up in the overpowering conclusions of your wisdom as a money grabber, and saunter home from your one single hour in God's temple on the Sabbath and cast at him the mental and perhaps the spoken sentiment that 'he may be a good man, but he cannot preach a sermon!'

"But when the night comes, when the chill of death is on you, send for this man of defects and find in him, alas! perhaps too late, the God-given qualities that your robust health could never discover; find in him no fear of the death that dangerously taints your breath, your very hand as he anoints you; find in him as he ministers to your needs Christ-like meekness, the humility of his Master, the chastity of the saint, the sanctity of the Divine!

"I am annoyed when I consider how small a meed latter-day human nature is prone to give to this worthy man of God—patient, long-suffering, bereft of kith and kin through his very devotion to his avocation, of all the creature comforts that men know—of home, of joy, of our manifold and innocent devices for worldly happiness; truly is his avocation divine; and if we must needs go from home to bring this conviction to some doubting Thomas, need we travel far?

"Who is there among non-Catholics that does not perforce admit the marvelous evidences of Divine foresight and favor in our priesthood?

"Name the foremost figure in the world to-day, the man whose coun-

sel nations court, the man in whose personality and in whose deeds is crystallized the acme of Christianity—of Catholicity—who represents the long, unbroken line of disciples—whose utterances have made the world to pause, whose solicitude for souls is unbounded, whose very life is evidence that the age of miracles is not yet past, whose zeal and whose piety bring the thrill of faith even to the unbeliever, the contemplation of whose grandeur surges with emotion the soul of the truly faithful, and have we not the name of that great priest, that head of the Church, Leo the XIII.?"

"And if it comes that you and I must in these latter days of that gentle life be saddened at its taking off, may we not bless the fate that has led our lives into times blessed and chastened by a soul like Leo's?"

"What a heritage for faith was he! What an impulse to holy things! Irresistible to the great ones of the earth, we find the monarch of the seas, the defender of the faith, forsooth, hastening to do homage to this magnificent disciple of Peter, as though in apology for his scarcely cold oath of investiture and blasphemy.

"The contemplation of these facts, then, be our mental warrant for the faith that is in us, that mind and heart and soul may correspond with the priesthood in every thought and word and deed put forth for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. If the mental in lay co-operation is subjective or personal to us, then we shall have its more important objective corollary in the moral co-operation, for though there may still be some mental reservation, there can be no shadow of change in that outward demonstration of pure regard for the worker in God's vineyard—there shall be obedience to the behests made in the cause of righteousness there shall be an ever ready respect for the authority of him who has his authority from on high; there must be that appreciation and tangible endorsement of the official act that emanates from the unquestioned and unquestionable prerogative of the pastor of souls—that wholesale and estimable feature of the faith of our fathers and our mothers that gives to us in our perhaps unworthy lives the legacy of many of the blessings that not our devoted faith has brought upon us, but that is ours through the loving devotedness of our forbears.

"This moral support shall be characterized by an absence of criticism, lest perhaps we scandalize those about us; taking all in simple faith, leaving judgment to Him whose eye seeth all things.

"And now, in due process, we come to that form of lay co-operation that is without doubt the most important, as it is the most essential and comprehensive, of all—the physical.

"For six days in the week we pursue our avocations and the world judges us in the crucible of the Christianity we profess. We are Catholics—we know we are because we say so—the world knows it because the world hears us say so; we are Christians—vigorous, not to say blatant, Christians.

"Have you ever watched the little urchins dive off the city's docks? They are our own—we know it because we see the scapular around their necks. Have you ever witnessed the advent of the policeman upon their revels and noticed the agility with which these children perform in one breath the triple feat of diving, blessing themselves and calling the policeman by a title not set down in the litany of the saints?"

"Are we not little children sometimes in our Christianity?"

"It was a by-word with an Ingersoll; I fear it has come to be, in our linguistic economy, as indefinite, as unsuggestive, as confined in our marginal-consciousness as 'business,' as 'politics.'

"And yet it is the most potent word that can appeal to our apprehension; etymologically its base is that name upon the mention of which 'every head shall bow, every knee shall bend.'

"What physical effort have you put forth in the direction of the St. Vincent de Paul work, of Godlike charity, in your parish? You are not on that committee, you say? How large was the bundle of discarded clothing you sent to the pastor last time, or your donation—you surely co-operate to that extent? You don't think he asked for the money for himself, or that he would wear the clothing? Did you spend twenty-five

cents for the entertainment he organized for the poor of the parish, or did it go for ribbon or cigars? "Sounds like going to confession, doesn't it? Well, all the sins are not noted down in the prayer-book yet—perhaps this school will appoint a committee on revisions and additions to the category?"

"You co-operate in the work of the Holy Name Society in your parish, of course? The old fellows attend to that, you say? Ah, but surely a man is never too young to revere the sacred name? And it is such a manly devotion, and your presence would gladden the priests so, not to speak of the spiritual advantage to yourself. I sometimes think the Saviour must store up a great love for the man who thus gives evidence that he revere that holy name.

"I pray that you bear with me while I protest I am neither a pedant, a prude nor a purist; I predicted that my effect would be a sermon, but I hold myself not aloof from my strictures and admit my own partnership in much of this remissness.

"Your body represents an amalgamation of the Catholic people of the State; but do you believe it is at all relatively indicative, either in size or influence, of the power of the Catholics in this commonwealth? I do not mean political power or mere temporal advantage, for I am a Catholic who condemns segregation of interests for selfish purposes, else could I not, with my good Protestant friends, enjoy my conscientious laugh at the 'erotic, exotic, selerotic, damrotic' A. P. A.

"But I refer to our power as a body or organized people for the furtherance of the sentiment 'God and Our Neighbor'—are we abreast of our capabilities or even of our propensities?"

"What is the trouble? I will tell you. Perhaps from my position among people of other creeds I may express a judgment that is accurate:

"We are not sincere with one another; we live in an age of cheap wit, of airy persiflage, of criticism, of tongue chastisement, of rivalry in dress, in homes, in outfits generally—of Christian charity, of the unspoken slander—very little.

"We must get back to simpler lives, to simpler faiths, to homelier ideals; we are wandering far afield; we would be a tremendous jar to the nerves of our grandfathers if they could journey back for a day to see us.

"They would probably spend the day laughing at us.

"What are you doing in your church yceums and associations beyond conserving your own mere comforts there and getting ready for the annual squabble as to the disposition of the entertainment fund?"

"Do you meet at your rooms on Sunday for a quiet discussion of the Gospel of the day before proceeding to the Sunday School, that you may give your pastors a helping hand in executing the divine command that he 'Suffer little children to come unto Me?'"

"If I had my way I would excuse the young women from Sunday School service temporarily and impress the young parish Thespians and orators and the young republicans who split hairs on the political situation into catechism work for a time, only I fear that that would be an excellent method of exterminating the faith; and certainly a tribute is due to our women for the devotion with which they teach the little ones and do willingly whatever they can for their church; surely lay co-operation reaches its highest point in the fidelity of the daughters of the faith. I lift my hat to the women of our parishes; their work in the Sunday schools alone shall truly shine for all eternity.

"The only time our average young man ventures near a Sunday School is when he is in search of a wife; he is selfish enough to seek every noble trait in his life partner, and he knows that Sunday School teaching was omitted from the list of cardinal virtues only through an error on the part of the printer.

"Seriously, the great bulk of our children must depend upon their lit-Church is bound to give them, and I tie hour on Sunday for that technical knowledge of their faith that the could wish that some of our young manhood's keen intelligence were bent in the direction of the expounding of religious truths more generally than it is.

"Educators are agreed that there can be no true system of culture without religious instruction, but religious instruction is out of the question in our public schools; what grander field of action, then, what higher contribution to the work of God than the devotion of one hour

RAILROADS. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY ANNUAL WESTERN EXCURSIONS TO DETROIT, CHICAGO, And Points West. SEPT. 24, 25, 26, 1903. Valid to Return until October 12, '03. PORT HURON, Mich... \$14.85 DETROIT, Mich... 15.00 CLEVELAND, Ohio... 16.50 BAY CITY, Mich... 17.25 SAGINAW, Mich... 17.13 COLUMBUS, Ohio... 20.00 GRAND RAPIDS, Mich... 19.03 CHICAGO, ILL... 18.00 CINCINNATI, Ohio... 22.30 ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS, Minn... 34.00 DAYTON, Ohio... 22.00 INDIANAPOLIS, Ind... 22.20 Proportionate rates from all Stations in Canada. CITY TICKET OFFICES, 187 St. James Street. Telephone Main 460 & 461, and Bonaventure Station.

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on Sunday to these little ones and their religious training?

"Once, twice or perhaps a dozen times a year you go to the theatre, or it may be to a reception or entertainment, for which extraordinary and elaborate preparations are made in the home circle. If you are a young man whose hat is as often on a certain young woman's hat rack as it is on your head, an outlay of ten dollars for carriage and suppers and flowers is not unusual. If you are settled in life, the recurrence of some social function is an event when outlay is somewhat lavish for yourself and wife—you hesitate at no expense because it is an occasion.

"We pay three dollars at the play-house for two seats ungrudgingly.

"The time comes for the performance of our religious duty; that indeed is an occasion of sincerest and most sacred moment.

"Do we contribute at such times in ratio to the benefit of grace we hope to bring upon us? Is a ten-cent bit a commensurate offering on a morning that shall stand on the judgment day as a white mark in our credit?"

"I would not offensively superimpose the temporal upon the spiritual, but are we as generous with our goods as we hope God will be with His? Does not our approach to the altar typify our hope for all that the Creator can give us here and hereafter, and is there any percentage of reciprocity in our scant tributes?"

"Should we be content that the resting places of the Divine presence be in houses of worship that have not been paid for? And how long would mortgages stand if we offered in any ratio as we hope to receive? I believe that the man who would drop pennies in the basket would take pennies out if he got the chance.

"It is unfortunate that our Masses are so crowded; it gives the parsimoniously inclined the impression of a large collection and of a divided or scattered interest in debt paying; it would be a good scheme to make stingy people wear blinders in church; they would not then see so many people, and their own relationship to the new marble altar would become more intimate and more clearly defined financially, and a decent tribute toward the support of the house of God might supervene.

"Believe me, there is no more vital element in lay co-operation than a

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED FASHIONS IN DRESS FABRICS That Are Coming to the Front. Direct buying from manufacturers clips quite a slice off the price—enables the Big Store to give its patrons quite an additional quantity of value for all money expended. Fine effects in Homespuns, flaked with white, 54 inches wide, in various colorings. Per yard... 95c Nice range of Mixed Colour Tweeds, in all the newest shades and effects, 54 inches wide. Per yard... \$1.10 A choice variety in Dress Lengths, representing all the new colorings and weaves that will be the vogue this season for Ladies' costumes. Price per length, from... \$7.30 to \$14.50

ALL THAT IS NEW IN VEILS AND VEILINGS AND VEILINGS Better values never aspired for your patronage. Ready-made Chiffon Veils, in various colours, with fancy stitch edge. Each... 75c Fine quality Chiffon Veiling, in various colorings, with dotted or fancy figured designs, some with embroidered scalloped edges, 18 inches wide. In all white, white with black, black with white, all blue. Per yard 61c

CHILDREN'S REEFERS AND COATS IN BECOMING STYLES Values that command confidence and create reputation. Children's Navy Blue Beaver Cloth Reefers, made with large shoulder cape, trimmed with fancy blue and white braid, sizes from 4 to 12 years. Price, according to size, from... \$2.95 Children's Overcoats, made of Navy Cheviot, in the latest styles, from... \$3.30

A RECENT AND EXTENSIVE PURCHASE OF BED COMFORTERS AWAIT YOUR INSPECTION. Cretonne and Saten Coverings in colors of blue and white, green and white, red and white, and pink and green. These are imported goods, bought direct from the manufacturers, otherwise such little prices would prove unequal to the task of purchasing such big values. Sizes and prices as follows:— 40 x 68 inch... 70c 72 x 78 inch... \$2.30 54 x 72 inch... 90c 72 x 84 inch... \$2.60 60 x 72 inch... \$1.10 72 x 84 inch... \$2.80 72 x 72 inch... \$1.20 72 x 84 inch... \$3.10 72 x 72 inch... \$1.75 72 x 84 inch... \$3.25 80 x 90 inch... \$2.15 72 x 84 inch... \$4.90

SOME OF THE MOST Favoured Modes in Golf Capes Fashion journals cover the ground fairly well, but there is more satisfactory information to be acquired about modes from an inspection of 'The Big Store's' stocks. Ladies' New Steamer Capes, in Stone Blue Zibeline Cloth, trimmed with satin. Quite an attractive garment at a very reasonable price... \$8.50 Ladies' Golf Capes, in Gray Camel's Hair, every feature suggesting the newest modes, with collarette, trimmed and stitched, stole effect, which was a characteristic of the summer modes, proves a popular feature in the Fall Styles. The Cape is handsomely trimmed with satin and plain cloth applique, in colours of Blue, Brown and Gray... \$14.50

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED. 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James Street Montreal. CARPETS. See our immense variety of Fall effects in Medium and High Class Carpets, Curtains, Rugs, Mattings, Beds and Bedding, and special inducements in every department for Fall Business. MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY AND CAREFULLY FILLED. THOMAS LIGGETT, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 and 2476 ST. CATHERINE STREET

Newfoundland Notes. (By an Occasional Correspondent.) At Bay de Verde, on Wednesday 2nd inst., Father Donnelly's beautiful new Church of the Assumption was dedicated. The clergymen assembled for the occasion were: Right Rev. Monsignor Walsh of Brigus, Very Rev. Wm. Veitch, P.P., Conception; Rev. Wm. Jackman, of St. John's; Rev. P. W. Browne, P.P., Bonavista; Rev. John Roe, P.P., Northern Bay; Rev. F. D. McCarthy, of Carbonear; Rev. John March, of Harbor Grace, and Rev. Stephen Whelan, P.P., Whitebourne. The Right Rev. Monsignor, with his usual dignity and grace, conducted the ceremony, after which he celebrated Mass. After the close of the last Gospel, the Rev. F. D. McCarthy ascended the altar, and delivered one of those grand orations for which he is famous. The rev. gentleman was listened to with wrapt attention, as he described the beauty of God's house here on earth, and the glory that awaits us in the mansions of bliss. It was a noble effort on a great occasion.

NATIONALITIES OF POPES. Pius X. is the 264th successor of St. Peter. Fifteen Popes were Frenchmen, thirteen Greeks, eight Syrians, six Germans, three Spaniards, two Africans, two Savoyards, two Dalmatians, one was an Englishman, one a Portuguese, one a Hollander, one a Swiss, and one a Scandinavian. All the others were Italians. Seventy of the number have been canonized.

The beloved pastor must have felt delighted to witness the crowning success of his years of patient toil, and his devoted people, who well might challenge the broad earth for generosity, are to be felicitated upon having built A. M. D. G. such a beautiful Church, which, for ages to come, will remain a standing memorial of their faith and fervor.

SATURDAY, SEPT. 19, 1903. Our Curbst Obs

ON LOST CH. O frequently do startling headlines "Child" in the d I have almost point that I feel thing were wanting if past without some such found again, at other the one is found in the ways there is that sad goes home to the heart and waken up sentiment akin to agony. But I is rarely surprised when events are announced; I more astonished at it them. Do you know the flies out of ten, among any class of citizens, run of having children "lost stolen," and I may add electric cars, drowned or destroyed in some other when the young children young to run on the street the risk of being scalded or burned to death at h in the careless absence of ents, or of those placed them.

MANY EXPERIENCES rounds on the curbstone many an experience, at them have been very tough quite humorous, but as found them to be of the ous character. One event early summer, it was no for the days in June ar the twilight lingers so I was sauntering along, n of Roy and St. Hube when I was attracted urchin playing, with a st heap of dust or dirt nee. I had not special be attracted by the child cied that he must be nea door-way, and that his p some place hard by. Howe that children have a cer ness, or cunning, or intuiti stinct, or whatever else it that enables them to dete in a stranger either frien the contrary. I suppose endows them with this feeling. The little lad no dently, that I noticed him looked up and smiled. I him, and replied very fran ed him what he was doin said he was playing and good time. I asked him if nearby, and he said, that l that his home was on Mo Avenue, not far from street. Now what on ear boy of six, or thereabouts, at that hour, and so far a his home, and all alone, puzzle to me. I grew curio solved to find out. I ha better to occupy my time, ed into a regular conversat him. I asked him why he go home, as it was gettin late; he made answer that afraid to go home. I learn his fear was due to the fa there had been over-sufficie in his home that day, his fe mother had quarrelled, an taken to the street for safe then, this lad was safer, he the street, at night, a half most from his home, and ar tire strangers, than under t of his parents. And he was ed; he felt happy to play the heap of dust. I resolved t more about this case, as it serve me as a good lesson h asked him if he would care home if I went with him. "yes," so off we went. We long Roy street to St. Deni went up that street to Mour Avenue. He stopped to look in the windows on the way. N corner of Roy and St. Denis fancy toy store, and the lit enjoyed beyond measure look the sheep and the elephant window. I thought how w young mind was shielded b some Providence from the b effects of adversity's blasts. incalculable awaiting him at and possibly lurking along th way of the coming ten of ev ty years of his life, yet he l not and be cared not, for I happy in the contemplation of unattainable toys. But what of responsibility rested on the of the man and woman who w seawable for his coming into

Y. SEPT. 19, 1908.

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**Our Curbstone Observer**

**ON LOST CHILDREN.**

O frequently do I read the startling heading "A Lost Child" in the daily press that I have almost come to a point that I feel as if something were wanting if a day goes past without some such announcement. Some times the child is found again, at other times the little one is found in the river; but always there is that sad news which goes home to the hearts of parents and waken up sentiments that are akin to agony. But I am one who is rarely surprised when such painful events are announced; in fact, I am more astonished at the rarity of them. Do you know that nine families out of ten, amongst the ordinary class of citizens, run daily risk of having children "lost, strayed, or stolen," and I may add, killed by electric cars, drowned in the canal, or destroyed in some other way. And when the young children are too young to run on the streets they run the risk of being scalded to death, or burned to death at home—that is in the careless absence of their parents, or of those placed in charge of them.

MANY EXPERIENCES. — In my rounds on the curbstone I have had many an experience, and some of them have been very touching, others quite humorous, but as a rule, I found them to be of the more serious character. One evening in the early summer, it was not yet dark, for the days in June are long and the twilight lingers so delightfully, I was sauntering along, near the corner of Roy and St. Hubert streets, when I was attracted by a little urchin playing, with a stick, in a heap of dust or dirt near my curbstone. I had no special reason to be attracted by the child, for I fancied that he must be near his own door-way, and that his parents were some place hard by. However, I found that children have a certain cuteness, or cunning, or intuition, or instinct, or whatever else it may be, that enables them to detect at once in a stranger either friendliness or the contrary. I suppose Providence endows them with this protecting feeling. The little lad noticed, evidently, that I noticed him, and he looked up and smiled. I spoke to him, and replied very frankly. I asked him what he was doing, and he said he was playing and having a good time. I asked him if he lived nearby, and he said, that he did not that his home was on Mount Royal Avenue, not far from Sanguinet street. Now what on earth could a boy of six, or thereabouts, be doing at that hour, and so far away from his home, and all alone, was the puzzle to me. I grew curious and resolved to find out. I had nothing better to occupy my time, so entered into a regular conversation with him. I asked him why he did not go home, as it was getting quite late; he made answer that he was afraid to go home. I learned that his fear was due to the fact that there had been over-sufficient liquor in his home that day, his father and mother had quarrelled, and he had taken to the street for safety. So, then, this lad was safer, he felt, on the street, at night, a half mile almost from his home, and amidst entire strangers, than under the roof of his parents. And he was contented; he felt happy to play there in the heap of dust. I resolved to learn more about this case, as it might serve me as a good lesson in life. I asked him if he would care to go home if I went with him. He said "yes," so off we went. We came along Roy street to St. Denis and went up that street to Mount Royal Avenue. He stopped to look in at all the windows on the way. Near the corner of Roy and St. Denis is a fancy toy store, and the little lad enjoyed beyond measure looking at the sheep and the elephants in the window. I thought how well that young mind was shielded by the same Providence from the bitterest shafts of adversity's blasts. Misery incalculable awaiting him at home, and possibly lurking along the pathway of the coming ten or even twenty years of his life, yet he knew it not and he cared not, for he was happy in the contemplation of those unattainable toys. But what a load of responsibility rested on the heads of the man and woman who were answerable for his coming into the

world and then being reduced to the rugged pathway ahead of him. We reached his home at last. He would not go in unless I went with him. I did not like the experience, but I feared now to leave the little fellow alone. I will not stop to describe what took place in the hallway of that house. I told his parents that I had found the lad far away from home, and as he might have been lost or injured I brought him along to a place of safety. They seemed to be anything but grateful for my trouble, and appeared to wish that I had kept the boy, or else had let him get lost for good. The father was abusive, the mother was stupid, and between the two I had no easy task to conjecture how the child would fare. At last I made bold to remonstrate with them, and then they both turned on me and gave me about as good a tongue-thrashing as ever a man got, for not minding his own business. When I saw the lad safely into a kind of bed that was his usual habitation for the night I left. I made up my mind to follow up the adventure. Bright and early next morning I was back there, and I met the father at the door as he sauntered forth, presumably to his work. In a few words I recalled to him what had occurred the night before. He seemed in humor to listen, so I took advantage of it and told him all, from my first meeting with the boy to the moment that he and his wife abused me and practically put me out. He listened as to a romance and seemed deeply interested, but absolutely unaffected. Finally he confessed to me that they had a delightful and happy home except when they got in drink, and then he and his wife generally took too much of it, and the result was what I had seen. All care for that bright child vanished when the demon of drink came in. Had he been the child of richer parents there would have been a mention in the papers of his being lost the moment he was missed, but they did not miss him. It was on a Sunday in the end of last August, I was sauntering through the cemetery near the north-east end of section "P." I came upon two persons who were occupied with a small lot where a child had been recently buried. They were the man and woman in question. I could not resist the curiosity, and I went over to them and asked them if they had any one buried there; they told me that their little boy had died ten days before and was in that little grave. He had taken cold from exposure at night on the street during the damp and rainy season of mid-summer, had contracted a fever, and, probably from neglect as well as from sickness had died. And they said that when he used to rave he talked about sheep and elephants. The poor little soul; he had visions of that night when I brought him home and when he saw the toys in the window. Possibly the only half hour of pleasure that his young life had ever known. I did not upbraid them, for I saw how keenly they felt their loss. But I could not sympathize with them, for I knew that they would go down from the mountain to their home and drink themselves into forgetfulness of the child—and the same would go on until, each of them in turn, would be laid under the sods of that lot. Need I say what a phantom of terror the thought of that drink has ever since conjured up in my soul.

**A Catholic Actor Dead**

Mr. Joseph Haworth, the well known Catholic actor who, during many years, presented his plays in Montreal, died quite unexpectedly at Willoughby, Ohio, September 3rd. An exchange in referring to the sad occurrence, says:—

There was perhaps, no American actor who had more power than Mr. Haworth, certainly none who had so complete an equipment for the highest dramatic success. He was the best interpreter of Shakespeare on our stage and an artist whose force was no greater than his versatility. Besides being a great actor, Mr. Haworth was a most lovable man. He was generous to the highest degree—generous of his means, of his time, of his talents. A large-hearted and high-minded gentleman, he made friends everywhere and kept them. He was a loyal and practical Catholic. No church benefit ever appealed to him in vain, and he gave himself no less wholly to a small audience in a church hall than to the thousands who hung upon his words in the great play houses of the metropolis. Only a week before his death he had appeared at an entertainment given by the Catholic church at Crestline, Ohio. His death, therefore, means a double loss—a loss to art and a loss to the great many who had reason to love and admire the artist.

Mr. Haworth was taken off in his prime. He had been ill for several

days, but nothing serious had been apprehended, and the end was as great a shock to his relatives as to the public.

Joseph Haworth was in his forty-seventh year. Born in Providence, R.I., in 1856, he was brought to Cleveland, O., in his early boyhood, and soon gave indications of splendid dramatic talent. He was fortunate in receiving his early stage education in the famous stock company of John Ellsler at the old Academy of Music in that city. Here he was cast in a hundred roles and acquired that well-rounded art which distinguished all his later work. Before he was twenty he scored a signal success in "Hamlet." This was in the days of Edwin Booth and McCullough, with both of whom he played leading parts. Mary Anderson still recalls, as one of the most remarkable successes of her career, the benefit in Boston in which Joseph Haworth played Romeo to her Juliet. He played so long and won such favor at the Boston Museum that he came to be known as "Boston's favorite actor."

In later years Mr. Haworth's successes have been no less notable. He has starred in many roles, one of his most popular impersonations being in "Paul Kaurav," in which he played for three successive seasons to crowded houses after five other first-class actors had failed to make it acceptable to the public. His production of "The Leavenworth Case," was also a dramatic triumph. He originated the characterization of "John Storm" in "The Christian." But his great strength lay in Shakespearean roles, and was manifested last year when he joined Richard Mansfield in "Julius Caesar" and completely overshadowed his principal. It is doubtful if any actor ever received the significant and universal praise which was accorded to Mr. Haworth's "Cassius" by the dramatic critics of New York. It was recognized that he was head and shoulders above any Shakespearean actor in this country. He had the genius to rise to the heights of tragedy without falling short of the heroic requirements of the great figures of the classic drama by so much as a single false note. Mr. Haworth's latest performances—alas, that they should be his last!—were in Tolstoy's "Resurrection" and a Mormon play which was received with acclamation in the west. What greater successes might have been his had he lived could be prophesied only from the consideration of his remarkable gifts.

The funeral took place from the residence of his sister, Mrs. J. E. O'Connor, Cleveland. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated at St. Patrick's Church, by Rev. K. P. Banks, of Willoughby. Rev. F. X. English was deacon and Rev. E. M. O'Hare, subdeacon. Present in the sanctuary were the pastor, Rev. Francis T. Moran, Revs. Gilbert P. Jennings, P. Farrell, D.D., and T. F. Fahey. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. P. O'Connor, of St. Bridget's Church. Father O'Connor had known Mr. Haworth ever since the actor had played at the Boston Museum. He spoke with the knowledge of intimate friendship and paid a tribute to the memory of Mr. Haworth that was notable for its feeling and eloquence. His hearers were profoundly touched by the beauty and sincerity of his eulogy. The generosity of Mr. Haworth was recalled in terms of highest appreciation. "He was noted for his charity," said the priest, "in a profession where charity is proverbial." Father O'Connor concluded his tribute in the touching words from Hamlet—"Good night, sweet prince, we shall not look upon your like again."

**RITUALISM.**

The petitioner in the Brighton ritual case, says the Liverpool "Catholic Times," who had been empowered by the Chancellor of the diocese, if certain ornaments were not removed by the defendants from the Anglican Church of the Annunciation, to remove them forcibly, entered the church on Tuesday with forty men and broke down and removed several crucifixes and statues, three confessional boxes, and the fourteen Stations of the Cross. They also removed lamps burning before the altar. The vicar, the Rev. H. F. Hinde, entered his protest against the manner in which the ornaments had been removed.

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makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble  
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**Lessons And Examples.**

THE HOME.—Some practical advice was offered to a large gathering at Portaferry, Ireland, the other day, when Very Rev. Father Malachy delivered an address upon life in the Catholic home. He said in part:—

To young people about to be married now-a-days the great ambition was to meet a rich heir and heiress, and the question was, "How long were the purse strings?" Old age became young, vice became virtue, hideousness, beauty when touched by that philosopher's stone of the nineteenth century—£ s. d. He would point out for their consideration some of the virtues and obligations of married people, the observance of which would secure a bright and happy home. The one he would attach most importance to was the virtue of family love—that mysterious magnetism that united all good families. There was nothing more beautiful than a family united by the bonds of love. However rich a family might be in this world's goods, if the demon of discord had lodgings under that roof, there was no happiness. Banish love from the home, and they had nothing but disunion, jealousy, and the most disgusting forms of uncharitableness all day long. A home such as this was nothing but a disagreeable boarding-house, and it would be better to take lodgings in the workhouse than to be a daily witness of such disgraceful scenes. It was not an uncommon thing to see people all smiles and geniality towards strangers, while perhaps they had left a mother or a sister crying at home because of their rudeness. Speaking of the respective duties of the wife and the husband in the home, he said there was nothing so disgusting to a woman as a house-keeping husband—one that had a talent for going into the minutiae of the pantry and the kitchen. (Laughter.) It was seldom a husband would gain anything by this, and where the wife was a sensible and prudent manager, she should be left the entire management of the house. At the same time one of the most important duties was that as to the submission of the wife to the husband and the children to the parents. He knew when he spoke of submission of women to their husbands he was touching upon a nice point in the progress of modern thought. He trusted there were Catholic and Irish women who did not allow their minds to be influenced by the oratorical habbings that rose from the platforms of women's rights. It was the Catholic Church that elevated woman to the purest and highest; and even now, if the Church were listened to she would save woman from herself.

PRELATE AND PEOPLE. — Last week 30,000 people assisted at the celebration of the golden jubilee of Archbishop Ryan. Of these 10,000 came for the morning ceremonies and 20,000 came in the evening to receive his blessing. The crowd, both morning and evening, was so great that thousands were turned away disappointed.

As a jubilee testimonial, from the clergy and laity of the archdiocese a purse of more than \$175,000 was raised. This, at the direction of the Archbishop, was used to pay all the outstanding indebtedness of St. Vincent's Orphanage, Twentieth and Race streets, so that the orphanage was really the jubilee gift.

From all parts of the land came men high in the Church to do him honor. Hundreds of telegrams and letters were received expressing congratulations and regrets that the senders could not tender their congratulations in person. From Pope Pius X., through Archbishop Hartley, of Manila, there came the Papal blessing and a prayer for long life and happiness.

Monsignor Falconio, the personal representative of the Pope, headed the long list of distinguished visitors.

Rain dimmed but could not seriously mar the brilliancy of the morning celebration.

Because of the downpour the out of doors procession was abandoned. It was to have passed from the chapel along the Summer and Eighteenth streets sides of the Cathedral property and thence into the church. In stead of this route the long line of prelates and priests passed directly from the sacristy into the north aisle of the Cathedral and through the main aisle into the sanctuary.

Exalting was the scene as the solemn Pontifical Mass was begun. The raucous from a thousand electrical

lamps and from hundreds of tapers shone upon the cloth of gold vestments of those who celebrated and assisted at the Mass and over the purple, black and lace garments of those who sat in the sanctuary. Banks and tracteries of foliage were varied with great masses of beautiful blooms. The principal designs of illumination were Archbishop Ryan's coat of arms and the adjuration: "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus"—Behold a great priest.

Admittance to the Cathedral was to have been only by ticket, but a few words from the Archbishop changed that arrangement. As he passed the doorway in the van of the procession he looked out and saw a ticketless throng standing in the rain. Leaving the line suddenly, he said to Reserve Policeman Patrick Garrity, who guarded the northern entrance: "Let them in."

In reply to the address and presentation of the jubilee gift, Archbishop Ryan, after having referred to the sublime dignity of the priesthood and thanking the clergy of the archdiocese for their wise counsel and co-operation, addressed the following remarks to the laity:—

"But, my dear people of the laity, what can general and superior officers do without the body of the army? In the union of bishop, priests and laity is found the triple cord that cannot be broken. No one of these, and no two of these, can effect good but in conjunction with the third.

"You received me over nineteen years ago with cordiality that surprised me and at once won my heart. I had heard much of your great generosity, especially in supporting our splendid seminary. Since my advent I have not spared you, but have done nothing which I did not believe necessary for your own good. Besides building many churches and parish schools you erected the Catholic Protectors for boys, which up to this time has cost \$400,000, and is, thank God, without debt. There is accommodation there for 200 boys, and by adding a dormitory wing 300 more can be received, as provision is made for them in all other departments of the building.

"When, a short time ago, I found it necessary, because of the growing population of the city, to provide for more poor and abandoned very young children, I saw that the large property and building at Twentieth and Race streets was for sale. I undertook an indebtedness of \$150,000 to procure it. The present jubilee offering of the priests and people will meet this large indebtedness and, I trust, leave a sum to aid in paying for the alterations and furnishing of the building. Four hundred little ones can be received within its walls and protected by the gentle care and love of these devoted women, who bear mother hearts in virgin bosoms—the Sisters of Charity.

"May God bless you and yours for generations to come for this jubilee offering, which I accept as more than personal."

**With Our Subscribers.**

"Enclosed please find one dollar my subscription to your paper until 1904. Your paper teems with interesting matter in every issue, and its circulation should be largely increased in this country. Wishing you and the "True Witness" every success."

Yours truly,  
E. F. C.

"Enclosed please find my subscription to 1904. Now, please permit me to say that your paper is too cheap, consequently, I suggest that the subscription to the "True Witness" be put at one dollar and fifty cents a year. It is well worth that sum, and as an humble Irishman, I thank you for giving us so bright and faithful a champion. I wish you health, happiness and prosperity."

Faithfully yours,  
W. S.

"I am a delinquent in sending in my subscription, and wishing to atone for my negligence, I have decided to make a present of the "True Witness" for a year to an only brother. Enclosed find two dollars, one to pay my subscription, and one to pay a year's subscription to the new address. I cannot tell you how much I admire the "True Witness." I was much pleased at a remark of my son, a boy of 19. He said "other papers you have to look over to find something good to read, but everything is good in the "True Witness." Wishing you and your valuable paper every success, I remain,

Sincerely yours,  
MRS. C. F.

**Society Needs The Church.**

(By a Regular Contributor.)

It was only last week that we pointed out, when referring to the comments of a contemporary on the crank who wanted to kill the President of the United States, how very important it is for the State to adhere to the Catholic Church, to adopt her grand principles and to rely upon the wisdom of her direction. Other churches, other institutions may have their merits, their perfections, their good qualities; but these are so interwoven with the demerits, the imperfections and the erroneous qualities inseparable from all purely human organizations that they cannot be relied upon in a positive, or infallible manner. It is otherwise with the Catholic Church. In the first place she can be absolutely depended upon. Even the one who will not admit the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, is forced to acknowledge the infallible unchangeableness and immutability of the Church. They find her now as she was in all ages, and they know that in the future they can rely upon finding her exactly the same.

Surely there is not a publication in America that has a deeper anti-Catholic spirit than "Harper's." It has become proverbial for its bitterness against the Church, yet it has been forced, by the very circumstances to which we have referred, to acknowledge all that we have claimed for the Church in regard to society and to the State. In a recent issue of "Harper's Weekly," we find the following:—

"The Catholic Church is now regarded by statesmen and political economists in Protestant countries as a useful if not indispensable coadjutor in the work of upholding the existing order. The inevitableness of such an alliance was so clearly recognized by Karl Marx that he made the repudiation of Catholicism a cardinal tenet of the Socialist creed. His injunction has been heeded in both Germany and France; and, by a natural counter-movement, all the conservative forces of society are beginning to occupy a friendly position toward the Catholic Church. In view of this new alignment of forces, the Papacy is justified in looking forward with equanimity, if not with confidence, to the possible vicissitudes of the twentieth century."

This editorial expression, in such a publication as that, is surely one of the most striking evidences that could be furnished of the potent headway that the Church is ever making, despite opposition of every class. It is absolutely in vain that governments persecute, exile, disband religious orders, in vain that heresies arise by the score and by hundreds to confront the Church, in vain that secret societies seek, by every imaginable means, to undermine her, in vain that lies are spread broadcast, that calumnies are multiplied, that doctrines are misrepresented, in vain all these—"the gates of Hell shall not prevail against her"—for the hand at the helm is guided by the mind in the Head, and that mind is illumined by the Holy Ghost. The fact is that the late Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., inaugurated and carried into practice a policy that astounded the world, disarmed all hostility, and restored the Papacy to its pristine influence, its mighty power amongst earth's potentates—even as in the days when all potentates were Catholic. The present Pontiff has succeeded to a heritage that he is well calculated to develop, to expand, and strengthen. He has duty of gathering in the harvest, the crop of which was sown, by his predecessor, during the past twenty-five years. As "Harper's" says: "The Papacy is justified in looking forward with equanimity," and with confidence, "to the possible vicissitudes of the twentieth century."

**AMONG THE MASSES.**

Father Bernard Vaughan is conducting a mission to East End, London, costers. He lives in a single room in a street off Commercial Road inhabited by people of the working class. One of his neighbors is an old woman of seventy, who still works for her living, earning 6s. a week. Father Vaughan, who cooks his own meals, takes up to the old woman an appetizing dinner cooked by himself.

# Old Letters.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

**AGRICULTURE.**—This week I bid adieu to Mr. William Evans and his writings of 1837. I wish to reproduce some remarks of his that appear in the very last letter, or chapter that he wrote for publication; they are of general interest, especially in as far as they touch upon a spirit of inter-racial harmony which should prevail in a country like this. As the works are out of print long years since I have no hesitation in claiming for these contributions, at least, the merit of rarity. The following are merely extracts from that last contribution:—

"We know that wealth consists in having abundance of what we desire or want; and much is attainable by those who will have due energy, and know how to apply it. Surrounding, or rather connected, as we are with nations that are advancing rapidly in improvement, we must go with them in the same race, or else we must be inevitably retrograding. It is not sufficient for a country to maintain the same degree of industry from generation to generation, without making some effort to advance or improve it. There is a sort of energy in attempting to obtain, that is not to be found in those who are only exerting themselves to keep, of which it is difficult to explain the cause, but of which the existence is very certain. The intelligence and industry of every people ought to go on constantly increasing, or it will be impossible to prevent them from retrograding if they are connected with, or in the neighborhood of countries that are advancing in industry and intelligence. It is this conviction that has urged me to offer these letters, and I hope they will not give offence in any quarter, as in truth none is intended. As to my entering in this subject, I do so, as an agriculturalist permanently settled with my family in this country, interested in its prosperity, and anxious to see the class to which I belong fitted to assume that station in society from which they can only be debarred through want of a useful education. If I have failed to prove to them that judicious instruction is necessary for them, and calculated to enable them to increase vastly their means of enjoyment and happiness in this life, I will regret it extremely, and hope sincerely that some person more competent may take up the subject.

"I am neither employed to write or paid for it, or am I interested in recommending to agriculturalists what would not benefit them. Though I owe my birth to another country, and have all the attachment that I ought to have to the land of my fathers, yet I am in heart and feeling so much a true Canadian as to prefer the interests of the country of my adoption, if I am capable to comprehend what they argue, to that of all others. And this, I think, should be the feeling of all whose home is fixed permanently in Canada, and all may entertain them without disgrace to themselves, or prejudice to the countries of their origins.

"And as union and good feeling are most essential to our prosperity, it may not be amiss to enquire what is it that should create jealousy or ill-feeling between the agricultural class in Canada? That some should be French, and others English, and still others Irish, or Scotch in origin, is not a justifiable cause that unwisely distinctions, jealousies, and national prejudices should continually be kept up between the inhabitants of the same country. I do not attribute blame to any one, but I will say that the existence of jealousies and prejudices must be against the interest of every farmer in the country? Do they exist in the United States? A country we admire, and that is entitled to our admiration, and where the population are of as mixed origin as in Canada? No; and in any country where they are permitted to exist there is no hope of improvement of prosperity. Were we all properly instructed, both morally and intellectually, I will say nothing of the most essential, that is religiously, national prejudices would be no longer felt. No part of the population would assume a superiority over another part, or wish to obtain unjust or exclusive privileges, on account of origin, or any other cause, but what they might be entitled to by their superior intelligence and good conduct in every station of life. I deny that the well-instructed, who are permanently settled in Canada, can entertain national

origins, because they must be aware how extremely detrimental they would be to the best interests of the country and, therefore, it would be inconsistent with reason to suppose that they could entertain them. No portion of the class I address should allow themselves to believe that they can have interests separate from other portions of the same class. It is by union, a useful education, and a perfect knowledge of their profession, and all matters directly or indirectly connected with it, that they can be prosperous and happy and able to assume their proper station in this community and then hold it respectably and firmly against all opposition. This is, indeed, my candid opinion, and I offer it in all sincerity."

In closing, in fact in his very last lives, Mr. Evans tells of all the books that might be had, that are within the reach and the means of the farmer, and gives a clear-cut list of them. Then he concludes with this final paragraph:—

"Many of the books I have enumerated may, perhaps, be objected to, but I think not reasonably by those who speak the English language. I would earnestly hope, that at no distant period, the English language will be taught in all the schools, as well as the French, as it is highly necessary it should be understood by all, in consequence of our population being constituted as they are—our connection with Britain, and neighborhood with Upper Canada and the United States. I also most fervently hope that in our English schools the French may be taught. Not going beyond the subject in hand I may say that in the French language there are abundance of excellent works from which selection can be made for the use of schools and libraries. This selection I have not included in my list as I prefer to leave it to those who understand the language much better than I do. My knowledge of it is just sufficiently limited to make me feel the absolute need of it, and sufficiently extensive to make me appreciate it. I have now brought my treatise to a conclusion, and I sincerely hope it may be a means of producing good and of promoting the welfare of those for whom it was written and of the whole community."

When we consider that this work was undertaken and written by an Irish farmer's lad, a settler in Canada, and away back in 1837, and that he, personally, made a magnificent success of farming, by applying his own sage precepts in the practice, we must conclude that the country would be all the richer for the possession of more such settlers from the Old World.

### POPE HONORS PHYSICIAN.

Pius X., in order to show his appreciation of the services Prof. Lapponi rendered to the late Pontiff during his last illness, last week, conferred on him the title of Comendatore. His Holiness accompanied the announcement of the honor with a very flattering letter to the doctor, and insisted on personally bestowing the title, saying to Dr. Lapponi:

"My predecessor had many peaceful years to thank you for."

"May Your Holiness have as many," replied the doctor.

"Well, I do not know that I would echo that wish," said Pope Pius with a smile.

### TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

The latest step in the temperance war in Indiana was the organization of the Civic League of Columbus, the specified object of which is to compel the absolute enforcement of all city and state laws, with special attention at present to saloons. The organization starts with fifty representative voters from all walks of life, with a number of leading manufacturers at the head. A strong defense fund was subscribed and active work will begin at once.

### THE CONCORDAT.

The Paris "Eclair" publishes the opinions of a number of French Bishops on the subject of the Concordat. They are practically unanimous in the view that its denunciation would be a misfortune both for the Church and for the Republic.

### JOINED THE CHURCH.

English papers announce that Rev. Mr. Webb, formerly curate of Chelsfield, Kent, has been received into the Catholic Church.

# Emigration From Ireland.

Some remarks were made in our daily press this week concerning the increase in the emigration of people from Ireland. It was said that since Mr. Devlin resigned his office, in eight months, more people have emigrated from Ireland than in two years previous. Certain people have blamed Mr. Devlin for this, and said that he only sought to prevent the people from emigrating, instead of encouraging them. The truth is that Mr. Devlin played the part of a friend to Canada and a friend to Ireland. He sought to direct the current of emigration to Canada and away from Australia and the United States; but only such emigration as would in any way and in any case have taken place. This suggests to our mind an article written by Mr. Richard J. Kelly, B.L., in the "London New Ireland" newspaper, on the "Evil Effects of Emigration on Ireland." We cannot reproduce the entire letter, but a few extracts will show the trend of it, and we believe that it contains a very fair appreciation of the case. It is thus that Mr. Kelly introduces the subject:—

"One of the most serious and urgent problems in the complex Irish question is that of emigration, whether it is regarded from an Irish or from an imperial standpoint. We see going on before our eyes a steady decline of the once vigorous Celtic population of Ireland, an actual depopulation of a race, which facts should give the rulers who assume to govern them food for grave reflection. Day by day the Irish are leaving their native land until at the present moment, in consequence of the exodus, the remaining population is reduced to such a condition as to alarm and dismay most persons who give the matter any consideration. The figures illustrative of this terrible clearing out of the Celt are indeed sadly suggestive statistics. We find them given as follows: Left Ireland from 1861 to

1860 .....	1,163,418
Left Ireland from 1861 to	
1870 .....	849,836
Left Ireland from 1871 to	
1880 .....	623,938
Left Ireland from 1881 to	
1900 .....	433,526

Total in fifty years ... 3,841,419

The gradual decrease, in each decade, will be noted; and we are under the impression that the new Irish Land Bill will be greatly instrumental in reducing it still more and retaining at home thousands of Irish people who would, otherwise, be forced to leave their native land. The benefits of the measure may be seen, by way of contrast, when we contemplate the fearful effects of the governmental system heretofore in operation. To quote again from Mr. Kelly, who writes, of course, at a time prior to any idea of such legislation. He says:—

"No country in the world furnishes a similar state of things. In half a century the pick of the Irish population emigrated—as many left in that period as are to be found in Ireland to-day. It is an awful picture, and it supplies an emphatic condemnation of the system of government that permits or encourages it."

Referring to the decrease in marriage rates, on account of emigration he says:—

"We find by the latest returns that instead of Ireland having, as it once had, the largest birth and marriage rate, it is now behind most other countries in these respects. Thus in 1881 the number of married women between 15 and 45 years of age in Ireland was over 37 per cent. of the women living between those periods; in 1902 it had fallen to 32 per cent. Similarly the number of married men over 20 years of age was in 1881 52 per cent., while in 1901 it ran down to 45. The married people between 15 and 55 years of age in 1861 constituted 24 per cent. of the population. In forty years they declined to 21 per cent.—probably the lowest figure in Europe. In 1890 the marriages in Ireland were as 1 in every 223 of the estimated population; in 1900 as 1 in 209. In 1896 the number of registered births were as 1 in 42.4; in 1900 they ran down to as 1 in every 44 of the estimated population, the total being, in 1896, 107,641 (55,329 males, 52,312 females), and in four years later only 101,459 (52,234 males and 49,225 females). These are sadly suggestive, and reveal a condition of society which is not hopeful, to say the least. They

are the result and outcome of emigration."

In conclusion we will reproduce the closing portion of this interesting article, which runs thus:—

"It is a sad commentary upon the boasted progress of our sister countries that Ireland should to-day afford so melancholy a social condition, and that such should have been brought about by deliberate and systematic misgovernment in the past. It will take a great deal of good generous government to make up for all that, and when the English people see what their system of misrule has done in Ireland they should not now grudge any liberality in legislation that may compensate for the wrong done, and remedy some of its disastrous consequences and effect.

"England is at present naturally and anxiously looking out for some safe and convenient means of supplying her growing needs for food. Her own fields are practically idle so far as growing corn is concerned. Her communication with her colonies depends in time of war upon her control of the sea, which an accident or a combination may destroy, and then what are her hungry millions to do for food? England had in the once teeming agricultural population of Ireland, some near resource to fall back upon for her food supplies, but she allowed that agricultural population to be harried by bad laws deliberately imposed by the British Parliament. She permitted millions of Irishmen who would be food producers at home to emigrate and aid trade rivals abroad. The extent to which emigration in Ireland has, within the past few years, lessened the food production of the country, is best seen in a few figures.

"In 1881 the total extent of land under crops in Ireland was 5,195,375 acres; in 1900 they fell to 4,658,732; wheat falling from 154,000 to 53,821; barley, from 218,609 acres to 185,580 acres.

"In 1860, under cereal crops there were 1,766,477 acres; under green crops and meadow, 1,247 acres and 1,909,825 or, in all, 4,923,511.

"In 1900 there decreased by 312,230 acres—the area of land under cereal crops alone declining to 419,288 acres. All this was caused by the clearing out of the native population, and the substitution of grass for arable, of bullocks for men. The agricultural statistics of Ireland are melancholy reading, suggestive of legislative neglect and administrative indifference."

# Peril of Railway Tracks

The "Evening Times," of Buffalo, N.Y., prints the following despatch from Rochester, N.Y. It tells the story of hair-breadth escape of a citizen from death.

When a man is so close to death that the shock of it turns his hair gray inside of two hours, then it is fair to suppose that he had a very narrow escape indeed. Such was the experience of Frank Hanley, of Buffalo, when he jumped from the Central Railroad tracks, saving his life by a few seconds.

Frank Hanley is a dock hand and was making his way to Buffalo. He is now at St. Mary's Hospital, recovering from the shock and from injuries he received. He tells a graphic story of his escape.

He said he was walking on the tracks near Sophia street, and the railroad yards were very busy. There was noise on every hand, and he could not hear the train which was coming along behind him. He said he felt that something was coming down upon him and, turning around, he beheld a train within a few feet of him. He did not have time to think. More by instinct than anything else, he jumped aside and the wind of the engine whirled him around, throwing him forcibly beside the track. Luckily his body fell parallel with it.

He said he felt a sudden twinge of pain in his left hand and that was the last he knew until he was brought back to consciousness in the office of Dr. Reed, on Sophia street. Dr. Reed was not at home and the ambulance from St. Mary's Hospital took the man to that institution. The doctors found that the little finger of his left hand had been torn off at the first joint and the remainder of the hand was badly lacerated. There were several bad bruises on his body.

The most remarkable feature about the case is the turning of the man's hair. The doctors found that his hair was rapidly turning gray at the temples, even while he lay in the hospital, and the change was watched closely. The shock of the affair was responsible for this, and it will be some time before Hanley will be able to listen quietly to the screech of a railway whistle.

# Our Boys And Girls

**DESK MATES.**—Dave was several weeks late in starting to school, for the family had just moved to the town. There was only one empty seat on the morning when he first appeared, and that was beside a big boy by the name of Nathan Groves. The seat beside Nathan was generally empty, if the teacher could possible manage it. Everybody said that Nathan was the worst boy in town.

However, this morning there was no help for it; there was no place for Dave. The teacher looked at his small, rosy, new scholar, and his face said very plainly that he did not like to trust the little fellow to Nathan; that is, it said so very plainly to everybody in the room but Dave. Dave did not see that anything was wrong. He took his seat cheerfully, with a shy but thoroughly friendly smile at his new desk-mate. Nathan pretended not to see it; he knew that all the eyes in the room were on him.

Many times before recess the teacher looked over at their desk, but everything was quiet. This did not satisfy him. He was always afraid of Nathan's quiet times; they generally meant trouble ahead.

As soon as the bell rang, Dave held up his diminutive history to Nathan.

"What do those two words mean?" he said, pointing out first one and then the other. Nathan explained.

"They are as easy as anything to you, aren't they?" said Dave, admiringly. "It must be nice to understand all kinds of words just by looking at them. I thought you could tell me. But I couldn't ask in school, you know."

"Oh!" said Nathan, and he laughed; "couldn't you?"

He strolled away with his hands in his pockets, and it was not until he had reached the middle of the playground that he saw that Dave was at his heels, with his hands in his pockets.

"Hello!" said Nathan, aren't you going to play with the other youngsters?"

"I guess I'd rather stay with you," said Dave. "You see, I know you."

Nathan winked at some of the others who were standing by.

"All right. Birds of a feather flock together. Only I think you'll soon change your mind and prefer fellows of your own size, even if they aren't such kindred spirits just now."

"I guess so, when I get acquainted with them," agreed Dave, in good faith. "I say," he went on, "I brought four oranges in my luncheon to give away. Do you like oranges? Shall I get them?"

It was an embarrassing question. Nathan happened to know better where those oranges were than Dave did.

"You stay here," he said briefly, after a pause. "I'll bring them. I can go faster."

He winked again, over Dave's head, before he set out, a rather shamed-faced wink this time.

On the second morning Nathan was ready to find a change in the attitude of his small companion. But the same smiling good-will looked out of the blue eyes as on the day before. This was Friday. After school David said to Nathan, "Do you go to Sunday School?"

"Yes," he answered. Nathan was the scourge of the school on Sundays, even as on week days.

"May I go with you?" Dave continued. "Mother meant to take me, but she is sick. And I told her that you could do it all right. Will you?"

Nathan promised. There was nobody near to share the joke with; perhaps that was why he did not laugh now.

Two or three weeks passed. When Dave went downstairs to his classes, Nathan managed to be frankish and provoking enough to bring up his average, and distract attention very successfully from the fact that he was really well-behaved when his little desk-mate sat beside him.

There came a morning when Dave did not appear, nor did he on the second morning. The first news was that he was sick; then that he was very ill. Then followed days of great quiet at school, when the boys gathered in groups during recess and talked in low voices of the jolly little chap who made such a warm place for himself among them. Nathan wandered from one of these groups to another and listened in silence. He gave up all pretense of mischief, and sat at his desk beside the empty place, gazing out before him, or else studying with a curious industry, to ease his mind.

One morning, at the opening of

school, just before prayers, Mr. Arnold announced that Dave had had a good night, and that the danger was over. Then he said, "Let us pray," without waiting to read any Bible. Nathan was glad, for he did not wish his face to be seen just then. It was a very short prayer; I think that Mr. Arnold could not trust himself to make it longer. But it seemed to Nathan that there was "more prayer" in it than in any he had ever heard; it seemed to him that he had never thanked God before in his life, and he found it good to do.

Three or four days later a note was brought to Mr. Arnold, and a few minutes before school was out he called Nathan to the platform.

"Dave has asked to see you after school," he said. "You had better go at once, and not keep him waiting."

"Dave has asked to see you after a sea of pillows. The roses were quite gone from his face, but not any of the beaming good fellowship.

"You are my first visitor," he said; "mother let me choose. Of course, I wanted you. You are my desk-mate."

Nathan laid the thin hand, which had been held out for him to shake, gently down on the counterpane, and tried to swallow the choke that was in his throat. A shade of anxiety flashed into Dave's eyes.

"They haven't given my place to anybody else, have they?"

"Oh, no," said Nathan; "no, they couldn't; it is yours."

"It's just ours together, isn't it?" said Dave, with a gay but a weak little laugh. "I'd rather sit there than anywhere. I like the other boys, too, but I like you the best. I like you a lot! And, besides, it is safer for me to sit by you."

"Safer?" echoed Nathan.

"I mean I can remember more to behave, because you expect me to be good, don't you?"

"Yes," said Nathan. It was the very truth itself; but it made him feel like a hypocrite.

"I guess once I almost died," Dave went on. "So then I asked God if he wouldn't put our seats close to each other in heaven, if that would be all right."

"But you are getting well fast," said Nathan; and he plunged into a description of school doings, which amused Dave immensely, until his mother came back and sent Nathan away.

As Nathan walked slowly down the street homeward, he said to himself, "He thinks I'm good. Nobody else does. I wonder whether I could manage to fool the rest and—and not cheat him."

Now, six months later, when Mr. Arnold hears a disturbance in his school-room, the last seat that he looks at is Nathan's—one of the results of what Nathan calls "trying to live up to Dave."—Sally Campbell, in S. S. Visitor.

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# THE CO

CHAPTER XXXVII

"You did; ay, the son, your reproach struck thought that you would a verbal truth, and I did I wish that you should How fearfully has Heaven for that selfish and But you were all too great for me. Go—go, you you taunt me with which was only the w own shameful passion."

This painful dialogue haps would have risen to bitter tone of recrimination broken off by a renewal mous at the door. It if the applicant for admission gone away in despair, returned after a fruitless where. On opening the Cregan encountered the of Dan Dawley, who in that her presence was the ball-room; such was given to that apartment Hardress had made to the sion of his guilt. When the chamber, Hardress momentarily more weak pared himself for bed, a old steward send him on vants. This commission functionary discharged o to the servant's hall, by his master's desire to P who had entered some th

Mrs. Cregan in the me ceeded to the chamber al tioned, which she could by passing through the and winding staircase ne trance. The former presen calculated to alarm and A number of soldiers, soaped and powdered musket-barrels shining li were stuck up close to the either side, like the wax the shop of a London tail gravel before the door sh a number of country peopl collected about the door, what could have brought t to Castle Chute. From th the kitchen and servant's number of heads were th with faces indicative of a gree of astonishment and

Passing through this for ray, Mrs. Cregan ascended and was admitted at the ball-room by a figure as formidable as those below terior of the room present of still more startling int table was spread in the round which were standing mer, the magistrate, Mr. Cregan, Captain Gibson, ar At the farther end of the arm suspended in a cotton chief, stood a low, squallid shaped figure, his dress cov mud, and his face, which v with blood and marl, rathe sive of surprise and empty than of apprehension or cing.

Mrs. Cregan, who recogni figure, paused for a momen vision of the most intense and then walked calmly for that air of easy dignity w could assume even when he nature was at war within l power of veiling her inward gles, even to the extremity ance, made her resemble a fr sapped in the foundation, shows no symptom of a we to the very instant of den and is a ruin before the sen admiration has faded on th er's mind.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW THE DANGER TO THE SECRET OF HARDRESS WAS AVERTED BY THE INGENUITY OF IRISH WITNESSES.

Mr. Warner informed her th was no longer necessary tha and assistance should be

THE COLLEGIANS.

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

BY Gerald Griffin.

CHAPTER XXXVIII—Continued

"You did, ay, there, indeed my son, your reproach strikes home. I thought that you would only break a verbal truth, and most unjustly did I wish that you should break it. How fearfully has Heaven repaid me for that selfish and unfeeling act! But you were all too close and secret for me. Go—go, unhappy boy; you taunt me with the seduction which was only the work of your own shameful passion."

This painful dialogue which perhaps would have risen to a still more bitter tone of recrimination, was broken off by a renewal of the summons at the door. It appeared as if the applicant for admission had gone away in despair, and again returned after a fruitless search elsewhere. On opening the door, Mrs. Cregan encountered the surly visage of Dan Dawley, who informed her that her presence was required in the ball-room; such was the name given to that apartment in which Hardress had made to her a confession of his guilt. When she had left the chamber, Hardress who grew momentarily more weak and ill, prepared himself for bed, and bade the old steward send him one of the servants. This commission the surly functionary discharged on returning to the servant's hall, by intimating his master's desire to Pat Falvey, who had entered some time before.

Mrs. Cregan in the meantime, proceeded to the chamber above mentioned, which she could only reach by passing through the narrow hall and winding staircase near the entrance. The former presented a scene calculated to alarm and perplex her. A number of soldiers, with their soaped and powdered queues and musket-barrels shining like silver, were stuck up close to the wall on either side, like the wax figures in the shop of a London tailor. On the gravel before the door she could see a number of country people, who had collected about the door, wondering what could have brought the "army" to Castle Chute. From the door of the kitchen and servant's hall a number of heads were thrust out, with faces indicative of a similar degree of astonishment and curiosity.

Passing through this formidable array, Mrs. Cregan ascended the stairs, and was admitted at the door of the ball-room by a figure as solemn and formidable as those below. The interior of the room presented a scene of still more startling interest. A table was spread in the centre, around which were standing Mr. Warner, the magistrate, Mr. Barnaby Cregan, Captain Gibson, and a clerk. At the farther end of the table, his arm suspended in a cotton handkerchief, stood a low, squalid, and ill-shaped figure, his dress covered with mud, and his face, which was soiled with blood and marl, rather expressive of surprise and empty wonder than of apprehension or of suffering.

Mrs. Cregan, who recognized the figure, paused for a moment in a revision of the most intense anxiety, and then walked calmly forward with that air of easy dignity which she could assume even when her whole nature was at war within her. This power of veiling her inward struggles, even to the extremity of endurance, made her resemble a fair tower sapped in the foundation, which shows no symptom of a weakness up to the very instant of destruction, and is a ruin before the sentiment of admiration has faded on the beholder's mind.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW THE DANGER TO THE SECRET OF HARDRESS WAS AVERTED BY THE INGENUITY OF IRISH WITNESSES.

Mr. Warner informed her that it was no longer necessary that her son's assistance should be afforded

them, as they had had the good fortune to apprehend the object of their suspicions. They should, however, he said, be compelled to await the arrival of their witnesses for nothing had been gained by putting the fellow on his examination. His answers were all given in the true style of an Irish witness, seeming to evince the utmost frankness, yet invariably leaving the querist in still greater perplexity than before he put the question. Every hour, he said, they expected the arrival of this man's brother and sister from Killarney, and they should then have an opportunity of confronting them with him and with the previous witnesses.

"I have already sent off a messenger," continued Mr. Warner, "to my own little place to see if they have yet arrived, in order that they may be brought hither and examined on the spot: The inconvenience to Mrs. Chute, I hope she will excuse, and my principal reason for wishing to see you Mrs. Cregan, was that you might bear our explanation to that lady. On occasions of this kind all good subjects are liable to be trespassed on, perhaps more than court-eesy might warrant."

"I will answer for my sister," said Mrs. Cregan, coldly; "she will not, of course, withhold any accommodation in her power. But this man—has he been questioned, sir?"

"He has."

"Might I be allowed to see the examination?"

"By all means, Mrs. Cregan. Mr. Houlahan, will you hand that book to the lady?"

Mr. Houlahan, after sticking his pen behind his ear, rose and delivered the volume accordingly, with a smirk and bow, which he meant for a wonder of politeness. The lady, whose thoughts were busy with other matters than with Mr. Houlahan's gallantry, received it, nevertheless, with a calm dignity, and opening her reading-glass, stooped to the page which that gentleman had pointed out. She glanced with assumed indifference over the details of the examination of Danny Mann, while she devoured its meaning with an agonizing closeness of scrutiny. The passage which concerned her most was the following:—

"Questioned. If he were known to the deceased Eily O'Connor answereth. He hath met such a one in Garryowen, but knoweth nothing farther. Questioned. If he heard of her death; answereth. Nay. Questioned. If he knoweth of a certain Lowry Looby, living; answereth. Yes. Questioned. Whether Eily O'Connor did not lodge for a time in the house of Philip Naughten, Killarney; answereth. How should he be aware of his brother-in-law's lodgers? Saith, He knoweth not."

Questioned. If he were not present in said Naughten's house, when said Eily, deceased, said Looby being then in Naughten's kitchen, did give a letter to Poll Naughten, sister to the deceased Eily O'Connor answereth. He was in the kitchen. Saith, Looby was a fool, and that his eyes were not fellows. Saith, he knoweth not who was in the said inner room. Questioned. Why he was discharged out of the employment of his master, Mr. Hardress Cregan; answereth, He knoweth not. Questioned. Where he hath been residing since he left his master's service; answereth, It is a token that examinant doth not know or he would not ask. And the like impertinent and futile answers, with sundry speeches little to the purpose, hath the prisoner responded to all subsequent inquiries."

With a feeling of relief, Mrs. Cregan returned the book to the clerk, and glancing towards the prisoner, observed that his eye was fixed on hers with a look of shrewd and anxious inquiry. To this glance she returned one equally comprehensive in the meaning. It told him she was fully in the counsels of her son, and prepared him to be guided by her eye.

At the same moment the sentinel was heard presenting arms at the door, and a corporal entered to say that Mr. Warner's messenger had returned, and that the witnesses might be expected in a few minutes. "All's right, then," said Mr. Warner, who entered a scrutiny of this kind with the same professional gout which might make Xenophon find excitement amid the difficulties and

intricacies of his famous retreat. "Remove the prisoner. We shall examine them apart, and see if their stories will bear the jangling. If they are all as much given to the negative as this fellow, I am afraid we shall find it hard to make them jar."

This was a moment of intense anxiety to Mrs. Cregan. She saw no probability of being able to communicate with the prisoners (for such were all the witnesses at present); and she comprehended all the importance of preventing, at least, the mingled of Hardress's name being placed up with the account of the unknown visitor at the cottage of the Naughtens.

A little experience, however, in the proceedings of Irish law courts would have given her more courage and comfort on this subject. The peasantry of Ireland have, for centuries been at war with the laws by which they are governed, and watch their operations in every instance with a jealous eye. Even guilt itself, however naturally atrocious, obtains a commiseration in their regard, from the more spirit of opposition to a system of government which they consider as unfriendly. There is scarcely a cottage in the south of Ireland where the very circumstance of legal denunciation would not afford, even to a murderer, a certain passport to concealment and protection. To the same cause may be traced, in all likelihood, the shrewdness of disguise, the closeness, the affected dullness, the assumed simplicity and all the inimitable subtleties of evasion and of wit which an Irish peasant can display when he is made to undergo a degree of gladiatorial dexterity which would throw the spirit of Machiavelli into ecstasies.

While Mrs. Cregan remained endeavoring to control the workings of her apprehension, a bustle was heard outside the door, in which the sound of a female voice, raised in anger and remonstrance, overtopped the rest in loudness, like a soprano voice in a chorus.

"Let me in!" she exclaimed, in a fierce tone; "do you want to thrust your scarlet jacket between the tree and the rind? Let me in, you tall ramrod, or I'll pull the soap and powder out of your wig. If I had you on the mountains, I'd cut the pig's tail from your pole, and make a show o' you. Do, do—draw your bayonet on me, you cowardly object. It's like the white blood o' the whole of ye! I know fifty lads of your size, that would think as little of tripping you up on a fair-gress, and making a high-road of your powdered carcass, as I do of snapping my fingers in your face. That for your bayonet, you woman's match!" Here she burst into the room, and confronted the magistrate, while the sentinel muttered, as he recovered his guard. "Well, you're a rum one, you are, as ever I see."

"Danny, a'ra, gal! Oh, vo, ohone, achree, asthoral! is that the way with you? What did you do to 'em?—what's the matter?"

"Dat de hands may stick to me Poll, if I know, returned the prisoner, while she moaned and wept over him with a sudden passion of grief. "Deey say 'tis to kill some one I done. Deey say one Eily O'Connor was a lodger of ours westwards, an' dat I tuk her out of a night an' murdered her. Isn't dat purty talk? Sure you know yourself we had no lodgers."

"Remove the prisoner," said Mr. Warner; "he must not be present at her examination."

"I'll engage I have no longin' for it," returned Danny. "She knows right well that it is all talks, an' 'tis well I found a friend at last dat 'll see me out o' trouble."

ther)" she said, after a smack that went off like a detonating-cap. "Is that done to your liking, sir?"

Mr. Houlahan treated this query with silence, and the examination proceeded.

"Poll Naughten is your name,—is it not?"

"Polly Mann they christened me for want of a better, an' for want of a worse I took up with Naughten."

"You live in the Gap of Dunloe?"

"Iss, when at home."

"Did you know the deceased Eily O'Connor?"

"Eily who?"

"O'Connor?"

"I never heard a girl o' that name."

"Take care of your answers. We have strong evidence."

"If you have it as strong as a cable, you may make the most of it. You have my answer."

"Do you know a person of the name of Looby?"

"I do, to be sure, for my sins, I believe."

"Do you remember his being in your house in last autumn?"

"I do, well; an' I'd give him his tay the same night if it wasn't for raisins."

"Did you give him a letter on that evening?"

"He made more free than welcome, a dale. I can tell him that."

"Answer my question. Did you give him a letter?"

"Oyeh, many's the thing I gev him, and I'm sorry I didn't give him a thing more along with 'em, an' that's a good flakin'."

"Well, I don't deny you credit for your good wishes in that respect, but still I wait to have my question answered. Did you give Looby a letter on that evening?"

"Listen to me now, please your honor. That the head may go to the grave with me—"

"Those asseverations, my good woman, are quite superfluous. You should remember you are on your oath."

"Well, I am; sure I know I am upon my oath, an' as I am upon 'em, an' by the virtue o' that oath, I swear I never sopped a word with Lowry Looby from that day to this."

"Whew!" said the magistrate, "there's an answer. Hear me, my good woman. If you won't speak out, we shall find a way to make you speak."

"No use in wasting blows upon a willing horse. I can do no more than speak to the best of my ability."

"Very well. I ask you again, therefore, whether Looby received a letter from you on that evening?"

"Does Lowry say I gev him a letter?"

"You will not answer, then?"

"To be sure I will. What am I here for?"

"To drive me mad, I believe."

"Faiks, I can't help you, said Poll, "when you won't listen to me."

"Well, well, speak on."

do not speak upon the way."

Poll was removed, a measure which she resented by shrill and passionate remonstrances, affecting to believe herself very ill-treated. Her husband was next admitted, and, from his humble, timid, and deprecating manner, at once afforded the magistrate some cause of gratulation; and Mrs. Cregan of deep and increasing anxiety.

He approached the table with a fawning smile upon his coarse features, and a helpless, conciliating glance at every individual around him.

"Now, we shall have something," said Mr. Warner; "this fellow has a more tractable eye. Your name is Philip Naughten, is it not?"

The man returned an answer in Irish, which the magistrate cut short in the middle.

"Answer me in English, friend. We speak no Irish here. Is your name Philip Naughten?"

"The wisha, yourneen—"

"Come, come—English. Swear him to know whether he does not understand English. Can you speak English, fellow?"

"Not a word, please your honor."

A roar of laughter succeeded this escapade, to which the prisoner listened with a wondering and stupid look. Addressing himself in Irish to Mr. Cregan, he appeared to make an explanatory speech, which was accompanied by a slight expression of indignation.

"What does the fellow say?" asked Mr. Warner.

"Why," said Cregan, with a smile, "he says, he will admit that he couldn't be hung in English before his face, but he does not know enough of the language to enable him to tell his story in English."

"Well, then, I suppose we must have it in Irish. Mr. Houlahan, will you act as interpreter?"

The clerk, who thought it genteel not to know Irish, bowed and declared himself unqualified.

"Wisha, then," said a gruff voice at a little distance, in a dark corner of the room, "it isn't but what you had opportunities enough of learning it. If you went to foreign parts, what would they say to you, do you think, when you'd tell 'em you didn't know the language of the country where you were born? You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, so you ought."

This speech, which proceeded from the unceremonious Dan Dawley, produced some smiling at the expense of the euphuistic secretary, after which the steward himself was sworn to discharge the duties of the office in question.

The preliminary queries having been put and answered, the interpreter proceeded to ask, at the magistrate's suggestion, whether the witness was acquainted with the deceased Eily O'Connor.

But if it had been the policy of Mrs. Naughten to admit as little as possible, it seemed to be the policy of her husband to admit nothing at all. The subterfuge of the former in denying a knowledge of Eily, under her maiden name (which she imagined, saved her from the guilt of perjury) was an idea too brilliant for her husband. He gaped upon the interpreter in silence for some moments, and then looked on the magistrate as if to gather the meaning of the question.

"Repeat it for him," said the latter.

Dawley did so.

"'Tis the answer he makes 'me, please your honor," he said, "that he's a poor man that lives by industriousness."

"That's no answer. Repeat the question once more, and tell him I shall commit him for trial if he will not answer it."

"Again the question was put, and listened to with the same plodding, meditative look, and answered with a countenance of honest grief, and an apparent anxiety to be understood, which would have baffled the penetration of any but a practised observer. So earnest was his manner, that Mr. Warner really believed he was returning a satisfactory answer. But he was disappointed.

"He says," continued the interpreter, "that when he was a young man he rented a small farm from Mr. O'Connor, of Crag-berg, near Tralee. He has as much thicks in him, please your honor, as a rabbit. I'd as lieve be brakin' stones to a paviour as putting questions to a rogue of his kind."

Threats, promises of favor, lulling queries, and moral expédients of every kind, were used to draw him out into the communicative frankness which was desired. But he remained as adamant. He could or would admit nothing more than that he was a poor man, who lived by his industry, and that he had rented a small farm from Mr. O'Connor, of Crag-berg.

The prisoners, therefore, after a short consultation, were all remanded, in order that time might be afforded for confronting them with the friends of the unhappy Eily. Mrs.

Cregan, with the feeling of one who has stood all day before a burning furnace, hurried to the room of Hardress to indulge the tumult which was gathering in her bosom; and the gentlemen, by a special invitation, (which could no more be declined without offence, in the Ireland of those days, than in a Persian cottage), adjourned to the consolations of Mrs. Chute's dining-parlor. Separate places of confinement were allotted to the prisoners; a sentinel was placed over each, and the remainder of the party, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Captain Gibson, were all entertained like princes in the servant's hall.

CHAPTER XL.

HOW HARDRESS TOOK A DECISIVE STEP FOR HIS OWN SECURITY.

The hospitalities of Castle Chute were on this evening called into active exercise. If the gravest occasion of human life, the vigil of the dead, was not in those days always capable of restraining the impetuous spirit of enjoyment so much indulged in Irish society, how could it be expected that a mere anxiety for the interests of justice could interrupt the flow of their social gaiety? Before midnight, the house rang with laughter, melody, and uproar, and in an hour after every queue in the servant's hall was brought into a horizontal position. Even the three that stalked on guard were said to oscillate on their posts with an ominous motion, as the bells in churches forebode their fall when shaken by an earthquake. Hardress continued too unwell to make his appearance, and this circumstance deprived the company of the society of Anne Chute, and indeed of all the ladies, who took a quiet and rather mournful cup of tea by the drawing-room fire. The wretched subject of their solicitude lay burning on his bed, and listening to the boisterous sounds of mirth that proceeded from the distant parlor, with the ears of a dreaming maniac.

The place in which his boatman was confined had been a stable but was now become too ruinous for use. It was small and roughly paved. The rack and manger were yet attached to the wall, and a few slates, displaced upon the roof admitted certain glimpses of moonshine which fell cold and lonely on the rough, unplastered wall and eaves, making the house illustrious, like that of Sixtus V. Below, on a heap of loose straw, sat the squalid prisoner, warming his fingers over a small fire, heaped against the wall; and listening in silence to the unsteady tread of the sentinel, as he strode back and forward before the stable door, and hummed, with an air of suppressed and timid joviality, the words:—

"We won't go home till morning, We won't go home till morning, We won't go home till morning, Until the dawn appears."

(To be continued.)

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IN THE ACCIDENT WARD

Dr. Jenkins rushed into the room where Sister Placide, head nurse of a Great Western Railway hospital, was looking over the nurses' reports. "There has been a bad wreck on the line, and three of the company's men were hurt—they will be here by 'special' in half an hour. Dr. Smyth has gone to the yards in the ambulance. Have everything ready, Sister," he cried, rushing out again towards the operating room.

Asphard Soap SURPRISE SOAP MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

own weak voice joined faintly in the singing. Sister Placide knelt beside the sick man gently stroking his hand as she sang.

Ave Maria, oh, hear when we call, Mother of Him who is Savior of all; Feeble and failing, we trust in Thy might;

In doubting and darkness, Thy love be our light, Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns, And wake in thine arms when the morning returns.

Dr. Jenkins stood at the door, an interested listener.

"He is asleep, Sister. I think he will rest now without an opiate. Send someone to watch to-night, for you must rest. He cannot last much longer and you may be needed to-morrow night."

"Did you sing to me last night, Sister, or did I dream it?"

"Yes, my child, you were delirious for a while, and I sang to quiet you."

"I thought I was a boy again, and we were having May devotions. Cecilia Norton was singing 'Fading, still fading.' I love that hymn, Sister, and I always associate it with Cecilia—little St. Cecilia we called her. She was such an angelic little creature, and she sang beautifully. Father Varight always had her sing that hymn after Benediction. Sweet little St. Cecilia! When I was fourteen and she was about twelve I carried her books to school, brought her the first violets, and first wild strawberries and May apples. I remember when I bought my first valentine, she showed it to me, wondering who could have sent it, and I was too bashful to let her guess that I had. How often I walked out to the Norton Home and turned back sometimes from the very door without going in. When I was about twenty I determined to be an engineer. I decided before going to the city to tell Celia of my love and ask her to wait for me. In fancy I rehearsed again and again what I would say to her and how I would plead my cause, but when I found myself in her presence my courage failed. How well I remember that evening. We sat on the porch—I on a rustic chair and she on the top seat, her slight figure outlined against the vine-covered pillar. Her simple muslin dress was blue as her eyes. And as she talked to me she drew her heavy braids over her shoulders, idly plaiting and unplaiting the golden strands. We discussed the weather, the chickens, the prospects for fruit and other common-place matters. At last I burst out—"Celia, I am going to the city to learn engineering."

"Are you? I am so glad, Joe, for I know you have been wanting to go. I am going away, too."

"Where to?" I asked.

"I am going to the Ursuline convent for two years, and then—it is a secret, Joe—I am going to be a Sister if our dear Lord will accept me."

"You are going to be an Ursuline?"

"I don't know yet what order I shall join. I will decide that later. At present it is happiness enough to know that I am to belong entirely to our Lord. Will you pray for me, Joe? I shall say a prayer every day for your success."

"Too dazed to think clearly I left her. I had feared a rival, but not such a one. An overpowering sense of my own unworthiness overwhelmed me. How had I dared to think such an angel could care for me! Before I finished my trade my mother died and I have never been back to the old home."

"For about five years, sister, I had a run in Texas, where there was no church. As I had grown indifferent I found that a good excuse for neglecting my religious duties. One May, having received leave of absence, I went to Dallas, intent on having a good time. In passing the cathedral one lovely evening I heard singing and went in. A chorus of children's voices was singing the sweet May hymns, 'Snow and Rain Have Vanished' and 'Daisy, Daisy, Sing to Mary.' When I was a boy I was devoted to Our Lady, and the old love blazed up anew. I fell on my knees

and promised to receive the sacraments before leaving Dallas. I realized how wicked and ungrateful I had been and I resolved to become a practical Catholic again.

"After Benediction the children sang my old favorite, 'Fading, still fading.' I felt comforted, for I knew that our Blessed Mother would intercede with her Divine Son for me. I have tried ever since to put my faith in daily practice. Do you know, Sister, I often think that my little Saint Cecilia—wherever she may be—has kept her promise to say a prayer for me every day."

Dr. Jenkins, who had come into the room when Joe was talking, imagined that he saw a faint tinge of pink creep over Sister Placide's serene face and a great joy shining in her blue eyes as she answered:

"I have no doubt of it, Joe. We must always remember in our prayers those of our old friends who are dear to us. It is certain that our Blessed Mother has always remembered you."

Just as the bells were ringing for evening service he passed away. Sister Gertrude, kneeling beside the cot, held the crucifix in his nerveless fingers as Sister Placide sang the sweet hymn to our lady:

Let us sleep on thy breast while the night taper burns, And awake in thine arms when the morning returns.

As her voice died away on the last line the soul of Joe Moylan appeared before its Maker.

The tears which Sister Placide dropped upon the upturned face of the brave engineer were a tribute to the memory of the boy who had brought the first May apple to sweet Cecilia Norton.—Belfast Irish News.

Household Notes

FRUIT STAINS.—Look over both table-cloth and napkins before they are put to soak. Place the stained portion of the linen over a deep bowl and pour boiling water through it, repeating the operation until the stain disappears. Soap will set stains made by fresh fruit, so it is necessary that they should be taken out before being laundered.

PRUNE PUDDING.—Pick over and wash one pound of prunes. Drain, cover with fresh cold water and soak over night. Put on over a slow fire and cook gently until very soft; then skim out the fruit and return the juice to the fire to boil rapidly. Run the fruit through a sieve and mix with the juice when the latter has boiled down to two-thirds of a cupful, sweetening to taste. Reheat, adding the yolks of three eggs beaten well, and stir until slightly thickened; then stand aside for five minutes. Whip the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth and mix in lightly with the prunes, adding a few drops of vanilla. Turn into a buttered dish and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. Serve cold with cream or with a cold boiled custard.

TAPIOCA CUSTARD.—Wash one-half of a cupful of fine tapioca in cold water and drain. And three cupfuls of milk and cook in a double boiler until the tapioca is clear. Beat together one-third of a cupful of sugar and the yolks of three eggs, add to the cooked milk and stir until slightly thickened. Now add the whites of the eggs whipped to a stiff dry froth, mix well with a spoon and cook for five minutes longer. Take from the fire, flavor to taste and set aside until cold. Sago can be used in the same way, and this simple dessert may be varied by beating yolks and whites together and by the use of different flavorings.

BARLEY BREAD.—Make a mush as in the preceding recipe, using one-half of a cupful of the crystals or granulated barley, cook for fifteen minutes and set aside; add two ta-

blespoonfuls of sugar, one table-spoonful of butter and one teaspoonful of salt. Set aside until lukewarm, then add one-half of a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in one-half a cupful of warm water and one cupful of flour. Beat hard, cover and set aside in a warm place until light. Add flour to make a thick dough and knead well until smooth to the touch. Return to the bowl, cover and set aside until doubled in size, then mold into loaves; place in the pans and stand in a warm place until the dough begins to rise, then bake in a moderate oven.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.—Grate one-quarter of a pound of chocolate and mix one-quarter of a pound of sifted powdered sugar and one-quarter of a pound of blanched and ground almonds. Add a pinch of cinnamon and mix to a soft paste with eggs beaten until thick. Drop in half teaspoonfuls on slightly oiled paper and bake in a moderate oven. Do not take from the paper until cold; then brush the under side with cold water, and the paper can be readily stripped off.

MYSTERIES.—Unbelievers claim that the mysteries of religion are not credible because they are absurd, and that they are absurd because they are incomprehensible. Such reasoning is illogical; for there are hundreds—yes, thousands—of facts that one sees every day and admits and believes in without difficulty, although they are not understood in the least.—Ave Maria.

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Society Directory. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. Director, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green, Corresponding Secretary, John Cahill, Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & D. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. M. J. McKenna, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Aillery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R.; President, R. J. Byrne; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meetings are held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander, on the first Sunday of each month at 2.30 p.m., on the third Thursday at 8 p.m. President, Miss Annie Donovan; vice-president, Mrs. Sarah Allen; recording-secretary, Miss Rose Ward, 51 Young street; financial-secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 776 Palace street; treasurer, Mrs. Charlotte Bermingham; chaplain, Rev. Father McGrath.

A.O.H. DIVISION NO. 6 meets on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 816 St. Lawrence Main street. Officers: W. H. Turner, President; P. McCall, Vice-President; J. Emmet Quinn, Recording-Secretary, 931 St. Denis street; James Scullion, Treasurer; Joseph Turner, Financial Secretary, 1000 St. Denis street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized, 13th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, F. J. Sears; President, P. J. Darcy; Rec.-Sec., P. J. McDonagh; Fin.-Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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NOTES OUR YOUNG MEN.—Ninth annual convention of the Catholic Young Men's Union, held in Boston, Mass., Sept. 15-17, 1903. Rev. P. J. Supple, Cambridge, delivered a most powerful sermon. So many of our young men have been privileged to see so much of the world, and to see the Pope, that they are now better equipped to give us an idea of the scope of the work of the Catholic young men, and to attain it. Not any particular individual vocation, such as the priesthood, or of marriage of a certain profession; but a general vocation of a people, presented in the young men of our country. And, above all, vocation of a Catholic people, Catholic young men of this generation. The text of the explanation is purport: "But a chosen generation, a kingdom, a holy nation, a people; that you may declare the praises of him who called you out of darkness into his marvelous light. He explained that never since the world was created, cause committed to the men, than that which the church commits to the hands of men of to-day. The cause and that of man are bound one. The vocation then of Catholic is to advance the Kingdom of God, that of faith, that of Church; to safeguard it, and to communicate its life to all who are cold, or in darkness. We take, then, the extracts which we ask our men, and especially those who are members of societies, to ponder over and into practice. Rev. Dr. Sullivan, in every community. United States the young men gather round the Church, and societies, catch enthusiasm, power of numbers and presence American world a solid earnest, active, eager Catholicism imbued with the making public profession of faith and living up to its every community in the land feel the influence, and the imagination would be so impressive minds would take study of a religion that so many days of indifference can so influence young men. Begin to study Catholicity receptive mind, the victory. This is not to be limited United States. These words in a very special manner to our own province, to our city, for that matter. We have experienced the great benefit have come from our various nations of Catholic young men some of our parishes we have Young Men's Societies, and the word of criticism we have the membership is far too small. If they could be so small as to include all the young men of each parish the result would be that our Catholic young men would present such a solid representative of good-will, that the eyes of all would be turned upon them in admiration, edification, and in

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