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# The True



# Witness

Vol. LIV., No. 15

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## CARDINAL GIBBONS ON PRAYER.

### The Sovereign Remedy for Clouded and Dejected Spirits.

Cardinal Gibbons resumed his monthly sermons at the Cathedral in Montreal on October 2nd. He preached to the large congregation and spoke on the Feast of the Guardian Angels. The text was taken from the first to the tenth verses of the eighteenth chapter of St. Matthew. He said in part:

We are told in the Book of Genesis that the patriarch Jacob in a dream had a vision in which he beheld a ladder extending from earth to heaven and the angels of God ascending and descending. This vision reveals to us the dignity of prayer and the ministry of the angels of God, who bear our prayers to the throne of grace and return bringing us benedictions from our Heavenly Father.

The same ministry of the angels is referred to in the Book of Tobit. We are told there that the angel Raphael, in human shape, accompanied the young Tobias on a long journey and on his return revealed himself to the elder Tobias and said to him: "Prayer with fasting is good. When thou didst pray with tears and bury the dead, when thou didst leave thy dinner and bury the dead, I offered thy prayers to the Lord."

Humble and earnest prayer—for this is the only sort of prayer worth considering—is the source of light to the mind, of comfort to the heart and of strength to the will. By prayer we ascend, like Moses, to the holy mountain. There He removes the scales from our eyes. He dispels the clouds of passion, of prejudice and of ignorance which envelops us. He sheds a flood of light upon us which enables us to see things as they really are.

## MAN'S LITTLENESS REVEALED.

Standing on that mountain, we see the shortness of time and how it passes like a shadow, and we see the immeasurable length of eternity. We are penetrated with a sense of the greatness of God alone and the littleness of man, and if we perceive anything attractive in him it is because he is shining with borrowed light. We observe how paltry and trifling are all things earthly, since they are passing away; and, like the beloved John, we get a glimpse of the heavenly Jerusalem. It is time, indeed, that outside of prayer we acknowledge these truths.

But it is only in prayer that we fully realize them and relish them and that the words of the Apostle are brought home to us: "We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come."

It was while St. Paul was in an ecstasy of prayer that was revealed to him the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven and was given him an insight of the glory to come: "Which eye has not seen nor ear heard nor the heart of man is able to conceive."

St. Thomas Aquinas was one of the most eminent scholars which Christianity has produced in nineteen centuries. His vast mind ranged over the entire fields of theology and philosophy. His works are an inexhaustible storehouse for statesmen and divines. Being asked one day what was his favorite book, St. Thomas replied that he acquired more knowledge by meditating at the foot of the cross than from any other source.

## KNOWLEDGE OF SIN BY PRAYER.

While we need not expect that God will reveal to us in prayer, as He did to St. Paul and St. Thomas, the mysteries of the kingdom, He will enlighten us on a subject far more useful and profitable to us. He will send His searchlight into the hidden recesses of our souls and disclose to us our hidden sins and transgressions, our imperfections and shortcomings, our vanities and illusions. He will search Jerusalem with lamps," as He said by His prophet. He will make His lamp shine within the temple of our hearts and lay bare before us the dust of smaller vices which had accumulated there unobserved for months—aye, for years. There are pages that seem to need the changing and heightening effect of string and wind combinations to show them to the best advantage. Everybody's Magazine.

dejection of spirits. Is any one sad among you? Let him pray. Prayer is a source of comfort to our hearts. How can we as children approach our Heavenly Father, the Father of mercies and the God of all consolation, without feeling a sense of security and confidence!

You are not obliged to have a friend to present you at court, for no one knows you better than your Creator. He who fashioned you knows the clay of which you are made.

You are not compelled to wait for an audience. Your Heavenly Father never nods nor sleeps. He is never preoccupied or engaged. He is always at home and ready to receive you. The eyes of the Lord are upon the just, and His ears are open to their prayers. You can speak to Him in church and out of church, at home and abroad, by day and by night.

## ELOQUENCE UNNECESSARY.

And when you enter into the presence of the Most High you are not required to present your petition in choice language and well-sounding periods. Those so-called eloquent prayers of which we sometimes read in the papers I fear do not go farther than their authors intended them to reach. They tickle the ears of men, but do not pierce the clouds. The prayer that moves our Heavenly Father is that which spontaneously flows from the heart, such as the prayer of the publican when he exclaimed: "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" or the prayer of David: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to Thy great mercy."

To sum up, prayer is the noblest and most sublime act in which man can be engaged, because it exercises the highest faculties of the soul, the intellect and the will. It brings us in communication with the greatest of beings—God Himself. It is the channel of heaven's choicest blessings. It is the mystical ladder which Jacob saw reaching from earth to heaven, angels ascending with our petitions and descending with heavenly gifts. It gives all access to our Heavenly Father at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances. In a word, prayer renders us co-operative with our Creator in the moral government of the world, since many of the events of life are shaped by our entreaties. The affairs of mankind are decreed from all eternity, and the eternal decrees themselves are determined by the prayers of His servants. "Prayer moves the hand that rules the universe."

## A Tone-Poem After Poe.

Mr. Henry F. Gilbert, who has been associated with Mr. Farwell in the promotion of the movement looking to the recognition of the younger school of American composers, is, like his fellow-musician, a thorough-going independent in his ideas and practices. For him, too, the stereotyped and the usual have no artistic usefulness whatsoever. His imagination is most keenly aroused by the modern and the contemporary in poetry and thought; so that one finds him resorting continually, for inspiration and stimulus, to such masters of the present as Maeterlinck, Flaubert, Verlaine. One of his most vivid and effective works is an aria, highly colored and of intense dramatic expression, based upon a passage from Flaubert's "Salambo." In the latest issue of the Wa-Wan publications Mr. Gilbert is represented by an extended paraphrase, for piano, of Poe's prose fantasy, "The Island of Fay." Mr. Gilbert has found a congenial and quickening theme for musical elaboration in the poet's conception of a magical episode of enchanted forest depths and mysterious fairy presences, and he has woven about it a musical fabric as fine and delicate as gossamer. He has caught admirably the mood of dream and remote elusiveness conveyed by the words, and has composed a tone-paraphrase of unquestionable beauty and vividness. There are many passages of lingering tenderness, of rare imaginative force, and the writing has an invariable distinction and individuality. It is to be hoped that Mr. Gilbert will some day, if he has not already done so, score this work for orchestra. There are pages that seem to need the changing and heightening effect of string and wind combinations to show them to the best advantage. Everybody's Magazine.

## COMBES' LATEST PLANS.

### He Hopes to Mule and Cripple the Church in France.

According to the latest cable advices from Paris, it is not considered likely now that Premier Combes will draft a scheme of his own for the separation of Church and State, but will submit a scheme drawn by Aristide Briant and thus secure a double advantage. If the bill is defeated the government need not resign, while if it is adopted it can find plenty of excuses for delaying its execution. M. Briant, in giving the broad outlines of his scheme, says: "The budget of worship will be suppressed, but the unconsolidated part will be devoted to paying the pensions of actual ministers of worship and the balance will go for the lessening of taxation of small farmers, who form the chief support of the Church."

"If the Church has inspired these farmers with a lively faith she can recover the money as individual, but no longer as collective, contributions. If the farmer is not sufficiently fervent to make a personal sacrifice it is not the duty of the State to supply him with faith."

"In regard to the church buildings, they will be leased to actual holders for ten years, but the tenants will have to keep them in complete repair at their own expense for that time. The transitional period of ten years should be enough to enable the churches to make other definite arrangements for the future."

"Considerable license will be allowed the clergy for the purpose of grouping themselves into associations. There may be parish and diocesan associations, why not national ones? This would enable the rich parishes to help support poor ones, and form a solidarity not much practised in the Church in France at present."

"In regard to the supervision of worship, the State will forbid all ministers from turning religious services into political meetings. In their sermons they must not attack the President, the Ministers or the Chambers, nor foment a rising against the execution of law. In their private capacity, however, they will enjoy the same liberty as other citizens for the expression of political views."

"The question of dealing with external signs, religious emblems and processions is left to municipalities. The usage in regard to clerical costume is left free, but loses its privileges in regard to the legal oath which each may take according to his conscience."

## THE PRIESTHOOD.

(By PERE EYMARD.)

The priesthood is the most sublime dignity on earth. It is far above that of kings. Its empire is over souls, its arms are spiritual, its goods are divine, its glory is that of Jesus Christ Himself. Its power is divine. The priesthood engenders souls to grace and for eternal life. It has the keys of Heaven and Hell. It possesses all power over Jesus Christ Himself, whom it daily brings down from Heaven upon the altar.

It has, in the name of Jesus Christ, every gracious power. It can pardon all sins, and Almighty God has promised to always ratify its sentence in Heaven. O formidable power, divine power, which commands even God Himself! The angel is the servant of the priest. The demon trembles before him. Earth looks upon him as its savior, and Heaven as the prince that acquires for it the elect.

Jesus Christ has made him His second self. He is a God by participation. He is Jesus Christ in action. The priesthood is the holiest of states. The life of the priest ought to be in accord with its dignity. How pure ought to be the priest's life! "Purer," says St. Chrysostom, "than the rays of the sun," nay, it ought to be the sun itself.

The humility of the priest ought to be as great as his dignity, for all that elevates him is from God, all that lowers him is from himself. He

is of himself only misery, sin and nothingness. The charity of the priest ought to be great as God Himself, Who has appointed him His minister of charity and mercy on earth. His gentleness ought to be that of his good Master, Whom the people called Sweetness, Whom the children loved as goodness itself.

He raises up the ruins of this magnificent edifice, and makes of it the masterpiece of grace, the object of God's complacency. Man baptized becomes again a child of God. Man sanctified becomes an honorable member of Jesus Christ, the spiritual King of the world. The priest continues the Savior's mission on earth. At the altar, he continues and perfects the Sacrifice of Calvary, and applies to souls its divine fruits of salvation. In the confessional, he purifies the soul in the Blood of Jesus Christ, and engenders them to the holiness of His love. In the pulpit he proclaims His truth, His Gospel of love. He reflects upon the rays of that Divine Sun, which enlightens the man of good will, and renders him fruitful in good works.

At the foot of the tabernacle the priest adores his God, hidden through love, as the angels adore Him in glory. There he prays for his people. He is the powerful mediator between God and the poor sinner. In the world the priest is the friend of the poor, and like his Divine Master, the consoler of the afflicted, the sick. He is the father of all. He is the man of God. How charming, how lovely is the mission of the priest! It consists in establishing on earth the reign of truth, of holiness, of the love of God. It is to do good to man. But how holy the priest ought to be worthy to serve the God of sanctity, and not, like the angels, to lose himself through pride in his own dignity.

How can the priest acquire that supereminent sanctity?—By Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ loves His priest. He is prodigal toward him of all His graces, all His favors. The eagle flies with more ease and power than does the tiny bird. Its strength lies in its wings. The strength of the priest is in the royal love of its Master, Jesus Christ.—Michigan Catholic.

## OBITUARY.

On Monday, Oct. 10th, there passed away Mrs. Gilligan, wife of John Gilligan, at the age of 72 years. The funeral took place from the family residence, 22 Sanguinet street, on Wednesday morning, to St. Patrick's Church, where a Requiem Mass was chanted. Interment took place at Cote des Neiges Cemetery. R.I.P.

The death of a well-known resident of the East End, in the person of Mr. John Geehan, took place on Sunday, October 9th. The deceased was a native of the County Monaghan, and had spent many years in Montreal. The funeral, which took place on Tuesday morning to St. Mary's Church, was largely attended. Interment took place at Cote des Neiges. R.I.P.

On October 4th, there passed away one of the oldest residents of St. John's, Newfoundland, in the person of Denis Dooley. Mr. Dooley was of the good old Irish stock, and emigrated to St. John's some 52 years ago, from the County Waterford, Ireland. He was a prominent business man at the Capital, and was respected for his integrity, and sterling qualities of head and heart. He was a model citizen, and a man that the community will greatly miss.

Mr. Dooley leaves a widow and five children—two sons, Mr. Michael J. Dooley, and four daughters, one of whom is Sister Bernard, of the Mercy Convent. Shortly before he died Rev. Father MacNamara and Rev. Father O'Connor administered the rites of the church, while Sister Bernard was also present. Interment took place at Belvedere Cemetery. R.I.P.

On September 14th, a well known and esteemed resident of St. Brigid, Co. Iverville, passed to her reward quite unexpectedly, in the person of Miss Lizzie McCormick, daughter of the late Mr. Patrick McCormick, of that place. Deceased made her studies in Montreal, amongst other institutions which she attended being

that of St. Agnes' Academy, conducted by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. After having completed her education, she entered the profession of a teacher, which she followed until the day before her death. The funeral service was held in the parish church of St. Brigid, Rev. Father St. Pierre, P.P., officiating, assisted by Rev. Father Langelier, of Farnham, and Rev. Father Polan, of St. Patrick's Church, this city. Miss McCormick was a sister-in-law of Mr. Daniel Maloney, of this city, and leaves a large circle of friends and acquaintances, by whom she is most sincerely regretted. R.I.P.

## Ireland's Attitude to Canada.

### Tribute to Hon. Edw. Blake

In view of the splendid success of Mr. John Redmond's meeting in Toronto, Ottawa, and Montreal, The Dublin Freeman's Journal gives expression to the gratitude of Ireland to Canada in a long article from which we make some extracts.

"It is plain," says our contemporary, "from the reports which we elsewhere publish, that the mission of Mr. Redmond and his colleagues to America has proved as brilliantly successful in Canada as in the United States. It is an omen, not without significance and encouragement, that the chair at the Ottawa meeting was taken by the Hon. J. Costigan, who was the first to move and carry in the Canadian Dominion a resolution in favor of Home Rule, which has proved the prelude of a long procession of similar resolutions. Never once, or for a moment, has Canada wavered or faltered in her determination to fight the battle of Irish Home Rule to the end. In the days of bitter depression Canada was full of sympathy and encouragement. Even dissension in Ireland could not depress or alienate Canadian supporters. It was in those dismal days that Canada sent her most distinguished son, the Hon. Edward Blake, to represent Canadian sympathy in the Irish Nationalist Party. Never did a more valuable boon pass from one nation to another. Mr. Blake has indeed been a tower of strength in the party and out of it. He came to the House of Commons with the prestige of a brilliant reputation as orator and statesman in his own country. The value of such an alliance to the Irish Party is not to be denied. His moderation and statesmanlike expositions secured a multitude of valuable disciples. His very presence and character were the most effective contradiction to the absurd suggestion current in the Unionist newspapers, that Irish Home Rule would mean an orgie of irresponsible violence, an unintelligent and incompetent Parliament, unable to check or guide a turbulent people.

The spirit of sympathy is still fresh and untiring in Canada. The brilliant receptions accorded to the Irish delegates, the enthusiasm of the meetings, and the largeness of the subscriptions are conclusive proof that the sympathy of Canada has not cooled as years went by. All classes in the political and social life of the city of Montreal were represented at the meeting or on the platform. There were members and ministers, and only a previous engagement, as he wrote, prevented the Premier from being in attendance. Such devotion and such fidelity to the Irish movement in Canada cannot fail to gradually react on British opinion. This is no case of foreign State, but of a British dependency. The excuse is not here available that a Presidential election evokes a fictitious display of sympathy with the sole purpose of catching the Irish vote. Great Britain boasts, not without reason, of the good-will and loyalty of Canada; and Canada knows that to the British Government a Unionist manifesto would be far more welcome than a Nationalist. But on this subject it is plain that Canada feels too strongly to disguise her feelings. "Hand ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco." Every one of the British colonies strongly favors Home Rule. But there is none truer or more constant than Canada, and none whose sympathy so constantly and so plainly conveyed evokes more gratitude or more encouragement in the heart of Nationalist Ireland.

## POPE TO FRENCH PILGRIMS.

### Text of the Holy Father's Speech to the Pilgrimage on September 8.

The Holy Father's speech to the French pilgrims on Sept. 8 deserves publication in full. It is a sample of the sweet dignity and love with which the Holy Father receives his children, and makes one think of the days we read of in the country about Jerusalem when the people flocked around our Divine Lord to be taught and fed and comforted, to feast their eyes on his adorable countenance and their ears with the magic of His gentle voice.

The thousands who come to the feet of Pius X. leave their hearts there. But here is his address to the French pilgrims as fatherly as mortal man ever uttered, full of authority as it is of peace and good will:

"Welcome, beloved ones, who come for the thirty-fourth time to venerate the tombs of the Apostles, and to bring comfort by your presence to the successor of St. Peter.

"We thank you, Monseigneur, for having placed yourself at the head of the pilgrimage, and for having expressed to us in so noble terms the sentiments which animate the Catholics of France.

"We cannot tell you, dear pilgrims, how acceptable to us is the homage of your fidelity and devotion. This fidelity and devotion you manifest not by words only, but by acts; even at the price of heavy sacrifices, you take count of the recommendations of our venerated predecessor, who wished to see every year at the Vatican the representatives of working-class France.

"We are pleased that you put into practice the Christian popular action the teachings of the Holy Apostolic See, which are those of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. Our satisfaction increases further, inasmuch as you take for the base of all your works the holy fear of God, the observation of His Divine Law, the practice of Christian virtues, and the frequentation of the Sacraments. Be assured, beloved sons, that if the Lord build not the house, in vain those labor who put stone on stone to erect it; if the Lord keep not the city, in vain the soldiers watch to defend it from the threats of the enemy; and all work is fruitless without the blessing of God.

"Descendants of those sons of France who were faithful to the Church, devoted without reserve to the Chair of Peter, ever ready to defend and propagate the true and the good, be not degenerate heirs. Notwithstanding the difficulties and sacrifices which to-day, above all, you must face, be ever generous in the certainty that in that manner you work not only for your own happiness, but for the prosperity of your country.

"History, in truth, proves it; the epochs at which France attained the splendor of glory, in which she poured upon her children, with the joys so pure of peace, the advantages of the most solid prosperity, have been those in which she listened to the salutary counsels of the Church. In the shadow of the banner which led her to victory she merited the glorious title of Eldest Daughter of the Church, and exercised throughout the entire world the benefits of her influence. The Church was always happy to applaud lovingly this glory. Is it necessary to repeat it, beloved sons?—this love of the Holy See for your country, despite everything, is always living in our hearts; and were it necessary we would accept suffering to assure the well-being and greatness of your country.

"Taught by the lessons of the past, enlightened as to the dangers of the present, inspiring yourselves, above all, by the precepts of your Faith, hold yourselves always most closely attached to the Church and the Holy See, sure of thus arriving at true prosperity. It is by that means you will bring down on yourselves and your country the blessings of Heaven, and will hasten the coming of days less sad and agitated.

"In this hope, and as pledge of our affection, we accord with all our heart to your venerable Bishops, your clergy, yourselves, your families, your works, and to all France, the Apostolic Benediction."

REX CORDIUM.

(By R. P. P., in Rosary Magazine.)

(Continued from Page 3.)

From Mr. Ellis I learned that ours was a new section and my duties comparatively light. Some little time, he said, must elapse before things were in working order. In the meantime I must make myself thoroughly at home and get acquainted with the good people of the locality. "These little ladies," he added, "will give you the entire history of the section in no time. They're very anxious to get to school, but I tell them when they've had a few whippin's from the teacher they'll be glad enough to run home and play with the pussy."

Muriel and Bessie in unison protested that pussy should come to school too, and Muriel went on very confidentially: "She's good, Miss Morris. She's just as quiet as a mouse."

Even Mrs. Ellis could not refrain from laughing, although the next moment she shrugged her shoulders and said: "That's their papa's teaching for you! You young-uns ought to be seen and not heard."

Strange to say, her every word to Mr. Ellis was a barb of bitterness. He took no further notice of her than merely to reply to her direct questions, and, supper over, withdrew at once in company with Johnny, who whistled on his way to the barn, the keen air proving no obstacle to his enjoyment of a tune.

As I assisted Mrs. Ellis to clear the table, I was struck by the look of settled melancholy on her face. From time to time she wiped away a furtive tear and her manner grew quite gentle.

"We're few Catholics here," she said. "The church's ten miles away an' we get Mass only every fourth Sunday. I generally drive the team myself. The babies can't go in winter, an' Johnny's home Sundays."

She did not mention Mr. Ellis by name, but went on after a little: "It's a great pity we can't practice our religion better. Men are so careless, you know."

I sympathized, saying, as I kissed my Promoter's cross:

"The Sacred Heart has done wonders for me, dear Mrs. Ellis. Who can tell what favors are in store for you!"

II.

The afternoon sun was adding its lustre to the already shining kitchen, and I was prepared to enjoy a pleasant hour with my Longfellow, when there was a light tapping at the door.

A slight girl of about fourteen years stood without. She wore a cloak of coarse but pretty plaid and a hood of the same material. Her eyes, dark and deeply expressive, told of a strong soul and a generous heart. In a glance I saw she was not an ordinary girl, but one of God's child heroines whom He decks with special graces which are at once a pledge of His love and a protection from the scorn of the worldly-minded.

The girl dropped me a curtsy and said, "Please, are you Miss Morris? My father sent me over to make arrangements with the teacher about some lessons. I can't go to school."

I invited her in and soon we were chatting together with the ardor of old acquaintances. Her name was Lizzie Lloyd. A new St. Elizabeth, I thought, as I glanced from the toll-woman's hands to the delicate face. Her father had been blind for some years; and Lizzie, his only child, remained his only solace. She looked after the house, did the marketing, kept the accounts, and was withal his careful nurse and affectionate companion. It was her father's wish that she should take lessons in history and grammar, and advance a little in arithmetic, for which she had a great fancy.

"You must study French and German, Lizzie. I know you'll like that," I said, "but, my dear, when can you begin?"

"O, Miss Morris, I love books and I can begin to-morrow, but I fear you'll find me stupid enough. I'll beg our Blessed Mother to help me that I may learn real fast and then I can do something for papa. I know if he could get good treatment he would not suffer so much. Oh, if you knew what it is to see your father always in pain!"

Her beautiful eyes filled in a moment, and I could hear her heart throbbing in nervous excitement. "He's all I have," she went on after a pause, "and day by day I fear the suffering may affect his brain. Dear papa! I think the end must be very near."

Just then the door of the inner room was thrown open and Muriel and Bessie came running in.

"Lizzie Oyd, 'at you? I's so glad. Here's gum drops and c'eam candy!" and Bessie climbed into Lizzie's lap while Muriel, after a hasty hug, darted away in search of Mrs. Ellis. A few minutes later Mr. Ellis and Johnny came in for a handwarming. Johnny's mouth opened in amaze at sight of our visitor and the temporary lock-jaw might have prolonged indefinitely had not Lizzie obligingly come to his relief with a supply of gum drops and cream candy.

Mr. Ellis seemed entirely changed. It was touching to see the strange, taciturn, yet genial man allow his softer nature to expand in the company of this young girl still almost a child. To her he behaved with a mixture of respect, tenderness and admiration. While she remained, he was indeed a charming host, and his pleasant answers to Mrs. Ellis' sallies quite bewildered me.

At length Lizzie rose to go and Mrs. Ellis prepared to take her in the sleigh. The children greatly delighted at the prospect of a "cutter ride," pocketed the remaining sweetmeats, and permitted me to wrap them in some warm shawls, hanging ready for such hasty expeditions behind the kitchen stove.

III.

Three weeks passed rapidly away. Lizzie came to me regularly every day for an hour's lesson. I did not know what it was that created the bond of sympathy between us, but I felt we were no longer strangers. After all, acquaintanceship does not wait on time, and Lizzie's was a clear, strong nature that, once known, ever repeats itself in the very simplicity of its strength. She gave me her confidence with the fearless candor of a child.

One Saturday morning we sat together over the books. Out-of-doors the snow was falling and Lizzie's glance wandered often from the printed page before her to the ever-whitening landscape beyond the pane. I knew that some thought was exerting powerful influence over her mind, and I was not surprised to see her presently cast aside the books and burst into tears.

"It's no use, Miss Morris, I can't study to-day. Oh, why should all this be! I cannot bear it!" I soothed her as best I could, and waited for the confidence sure to follow.

After a few minutes she dried her eyes and spoke quite composedly.

"It's strange it happens just at the very time I want to be good. Indeed, my only intention is to do just what is best; but at times, try as I may to think only of papa and of caring for him, I feel something here," pointing to her heart, "which draws me away from him and makes me long for a life different from this. It must be my own selfishness, I suppose. Yet, in spite of all I do, it's there and remains. And sometimes it gets too strong for me and I can do nothing but cry."

"Lizzie," I said, after a moment's thought, "I know what you must do just now. We'll let the future take care of itself, or, rather, we'll leave it to the care of our Blessed Mother. I've been thinking of this ever since I've been here. You must be a Promoter. I know you wish to work for the Sacred Heart, and I am confident you can accomplish a great deal in this very house."

I told her then of the effort she must make to win back Mr. Ellis to the duties of our holy faith. Did she not know that he was fond of her and would do more for her than any one else?

"It's all because I'm like his little niece, Eva," she said after a pause. "She lived here when Muriel and Bessie were babies. She died about four years ago. I've heard that Mrs. Ellis did not care for Eva, and, since then, there's been this coolness."

"But, Lizzie, Mrs. Ellis is fond of you; that is why I am sure you could help this unhappy household and make it a truly Catholic home."

"Yes, it is like her to be motherly to everyone and I fancy she tries to make up through me to little Eva. She is so kindhearted, you know."

"Well, Lizzie, Mrs. Ellis has promised to take us to Mass to-morrow and we can see Father Courts and make arrangements for your band. There are five members right here for you, and I know you'll have little trouble in getting the full fifteen."

"Miss Morris, can I be a Promoter? What can a poor little thing like me do?"

"Much, darling," I said, drawing the quivering little hand in mine. "Dear to our Lord are His little ones whom He makes use of in the designs of His Sacred Heart."

IV.

As time went on, Lizzie fully realized my expectations, and proved herself a most successful Promoter.

Advertisement for Snowy White Linen and Surprise Hard Soap. Includes an illustration of a woman in a dress and apron.

Her hand grew fast. Men, women and children of the neighborhood responded readily to her earnest pleading. Her influence was magnetic. Sometimes I could not refrain from teasing her a little.

"Lizzie," I would say, "you are a first-rate beggar. Just wait till old age settles down upon me. Doubtless I'll come knocking at your door and you shall plead my cause with the rich ones of the land. Perhaps yourself, my dear."

She would laugh and shake her head, but the serious light in her eye only deepened and I knew her thoughts were busy with the future.

Mrs. Ellis entered gladly into our design. She talked so much about the League that I thought it wise to warn her to moderate her zeal. Too much solicitude might prejudice rather than help our cause. We must bide our time.

Johnny accepted his League slip with some hesitation. However, on hearing that only one little prayer was required of him, he brightened visibly and with open-mouthed curiosity inspected the picture at the head of the page. The following evening when I chanced to assist Mrs. Ellis to gather eggs at the barn I saw him draw out the "slip" and carefully cover the printed words. Then, making a telescope of his hands, he took a one-eye view of the picture, concluding the ceremony with a few bars of "From your ranks," which Lizzie had taught him.

Of course Mr. Ellis accepted membership at our Promoter's hands. It was in answer to her pleading that he consented to teach Muriel and Bessie the meaning of the "Morning Offering," making it aloud with them daily, just before breakfast. Still he gave no sign of return to his religious duties, nor had the chasm between himself and Mrs. Ellis yet been bridged over.

Weeks and months glided by and leafy June was with us. The small statue of the Sacred Heart, my dearest memorial of home, became the altar-stone of Lizzie's fervent novenas. The children gathered wild flowers and placed them with the ruby light, a perpetual petition for the grace we yearned for.

On the morning of the feast of the Sacred Heart, Mrs. Ellis came to me with a troubled countenance.

"Miss Morris, I don't know what to do. I've just put Muriel to bed. She's that hot and feverish, I never saw her so before. We'll have to send over to Dr. Stone. He's always tender to the family."

I was about to express my surprise when Mr. Ellis called from below stairs:

"A telegram, Miss Morris. It's come this minute from the village." Hurriedly I broke the seal. It was from Mabel and informed me that Mamma had an attack of congestion and requested my speedy return.

Mr. Ellis kindly offered to make full explanation to the trustees. He was evidently much alarmed on hearing of Muriel's condition, and my fears coincided with his. The child's temperature was rising, and there was an odd, unnatural tinge on her peachy complexion.

I found mamma very ill indeed, and the ensuing days were those of unspeakable anxiety. At length she was out of danger and I could allow my thoughts to revert to Linteu. Had the Angel of Death who had passed reluctantly from the threshold of my home carried a child-soul in his heavenward flight?

A few days more and suspense was at an end. A long letter from Lizzie gave me the details of Muriel's last moments on earth. With a courage in advance of her tender years, the little darling had expressed her willingness to die that she might "better pray for papa in heaven," and then, for the first and last time, she received our Lord in the Sacrament of His love.

"Oh, Miss Morris," Lizzie went on to say, "the Sacred Heart has heard our prayers. Since Muriel died Mr. and Mrs. Ellis have been inseparable. Together they watched by poor Bessie, who had taken the fever just when Muriel was at the worst. You should have heard Mr. Ellis praying to the Sacred Heart to spare him his one little lamb, now doubly dear. Since she is past danger, he is a changed man, and is now about to erect a church. Oh, Miss Morris, it is all the Sacred Heart!"

"But now, my dear teacher, my more than friend, I have kept my own great surprise for the last. You were only gone a few days when a letter came from that Mrs. Carroll, who was my mother's dearest friend. She said she had only lately traced me out, that she had wealth and no children of her own, and would like to call me hers. Of course, I told her about papa, that I could not leave him, and that he would not consent to move out of his dear old home. So she has come to see us and says she intends to board with us, taking full charge of the house; and I am to do nothing but go to school and take extra lessons. Oh, Miss Morris, can it be true! I can scarcely believe it. Do you know what she said when she saw me? 'I think, dear child, you will one day be a nun like my sister, Mother Mary of the Annunciation. You'll wear a white habit and make a vow to save souls.' Oh, Miss Morris, will that ever be?"

"Vivat Cor Jesu, Rex cordium!" The words gleam in glorious colors from Muriel's memorial window in the church at Linteu.

Hearts that Hunger For Appreciation.

We want appreciation and the expression of it in our intercourse with friends and acquaintances. When a man has done us a kindness, let us not be ashamed of speaking of it. If a man does us a wrong, we talk of it fast enough. Why should we not be equally ready to speak of benefits received? Hearts hunger for appreciation, and there are men and women in the world for whom the whole aspect of things would change, whose sky, from being dull and gray, would blaze out into crimson and gold if we would but tell them what we feel.

In her "Life and Letters of Browning," Mrs. Sutherland Orr writes: "Carlyle had never rendered him (i. e., Browning) that service, easy as it appears, which one man of letters most justly values from another—that of proclaiming the admiration which he privately expresses for his work. The fact was incomprehensible to Browning—it was so foreign to his nature, and he commented on it with a touch, though merely a touch, of bitterness when repeating to a friend some almost extravagant eulogium which in their early days had been uttered tete-a-tete. 'If only,' he said, 'these words had been repeated in public, what good they might have done me!'"

Carlyle has multitudes of imitators. It is not that we do not feel; it is that we do not say what we feel. And so thousands of people—writers, preachers, friends—go through life discouraged and depressed, thinking they are unappreciated, when they might go on their way singing if we only told them what was in our hearts. Appreciation and the expression of it will change the world's climate for many who are living in the cold to-day, and will make perpetual summer in their souls.—Rev. J. D. Jones.

Who Was the Builder?

There is a tale about a church that a good old king of the good old times undertook to build in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Now, as he wished to keep all the honor and merit of it to himself, he had it published throughout his dominions that none of his subjects should contribute to the church. So it was built entirely at the

Business Cards, THE Smith Bros.' Granite Co.

The following was clipped from the "Granite," Boston, Mass.:

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king's expense, and when it was finished he had an inscription in letters of gold placed over the door telling that he alone had provided the funds. But lo! the following night an invisible hand effaced the name of the king, and in its stead put that of an old woman whose poverty was notorious.

In the morning when the king was told of this, he hastened to have his name replaced, but at night the name of the old woman was again substituted. And this happened three times running. The king then flew into a great rage and ordered the old woman to be brought before him.

"I had forbidden all my subjects," he said, "to contribute even the smallest sum towards the erection of this church. I am convinced that you have disobeyed my orders."

"Sire," replied the good old creature, trembling, "although it was very hard not to be allowed to contribute my mite in honor of the holy virgin, I respected your orders. At least, I did not think I was disobeying your majesty when I saved a trifle from my meals to buy a little hay, which I secretly gave to the horses that were drawing the stones for the building."

"Thy name is more worthy than mine," replied the king, "to be inscribed in letters of gold over the church door."

The following night, however, an invisible hand replaced the king's name on the tablet, where it remained ever after.

RED HAIR AND SUNSTROKE.

Nobody ever heard of a red headed man being sunstruck. Why a red head should afford any protection

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856 incorporated 1866, revised 1847. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of each month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, 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, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran; President, W. P. Doyle; Recording Secy., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. P. 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 8.30 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. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, P. Keschau; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Rec.-Sec., Robt. J. Hart.

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, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. G. McDonagh, 139 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Dr. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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from the rays of the sun, or give its owner immunity from one of the most singular affections that humanity is heir to, is one of those mysteries that even the doctors cannot fathom, but the fact remains that men with red hair can stand almost any amount of exertion in or out of doors during the hottest weather and never feel any serious results from it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 2 Bushy street, Montreal, Canada, by The True Witness P. & P. Co., Patrick J. Cronin, of Toronto, proprietor.

A SOUTH AI (Agnes Ma)

In spite of the strong light upon warfare during the South can war, there are still people met with firmly convinced the Army Nursing Sister (in a evidently amongst the rocks of hard by while the engagement progress) steps on to the batt as soon as the guns have ceased, and proceeds to apply d to administer drinks to the ed by the light of the sun, or ferably the rays of a lantern. ies, which harks back to other has been fostered by descriptive ers and artists in black and who have drawn largely upon imagination. But the idea, ever admirably it serves as a for a picture or romance, is n accordance with facts, for the nurse may find no rest for the of her foot within a certain radius from the scene of action.

Her place is in the hospital the lines of communication, a occasionally she happens to be faint boom of cannon in the stance she considers herself blessed being one of the few fortunate to have reached a point near front." Of course the siege n exempted from this assertion. siege nurses, pre-eminently in experiences, form only a small ority.

An Army Nursing Sister on service is simply an hospital working under some trying tions and at a higher rate of than would probably fall to h in an ordinary civilian institut the outside world she is a herc second Florence Nightingale; to own world a burdened woman troubled by difficulties in the of obtaining a requisite numb dressing-trays and lotion-c clean towels, etc., for the prop performance of her work in an porized hospital. When the of fresh milk gives out an hou vious to the admission of a c of serious enteric cases, or wh can of beef-tea refuses to W after the fashion of the wiv cruse, it is difficult indeed for Army Nursing Sister to rem that in the eyes of the public is placed on the level of a he And the Sister must be pa if, as the sick and wounded con the wards, she fails to recogni Private Crump of the Glouca badly wounded, a hero over head floats the vision of the V Cross, and sees in him only a neglected man, very dirty thirsty, and badly in need of wash and generous "feeding u lowances too must be made f should she chance to let fall a mark (on removing a blood-s badge from a shattered leg shattered as to be of no furth vice to its owner, a reservist w delicate wife and seven little ch awaiting his return in Scot according to popular opinion a story-book, she should be eulo the glory of being permitted to a leg in defence of the Empire the Army Sister is called upon witness the grey side of a camp to stand face to face with the results of a battle, whether th suit is a victory or a defeat.

At the beginning of the war was naturally some slight con in the arrangements of the Medical Department. The sup Sisters was inadequate, and corps of orderlies of the R.A. however willing, could not p overtake the rush and pressu work entailed by the hard, hot ing in Natal before the relief of smyth. Then the army, perfor back on the civilian element, o villian doctors, nurses, orderl "all sorts and conditions." It be admitted that the army sto shock of the introduction of blood remarkably well, althou effects of that shock may still within the precincts of the War. The incursion of civilians mig likened to a raid by a crowd of laughing school-boys on the p of a neat, precise, prim old The laughing school-boys mea harm, but they had small resp the antique furniture, the ancie ver, and jars of pot pourri, wickily made mock of the ven parrot which, half asleep o perch, called out from time to "All's well, all's well." But the progress of the war the gradually, as a whole, fell int with the army, or the army fel line with the civilians, and the cal Department, recovering it ance, issued stringent red-tap tations, so that it again beca matter of infinite importanc "lick Tommy's" slippers to be ed individually to the right an of his heavy boots on a give

Directory

SOCIETY - Estab... 1846... 92 St. Alex... Monday of... Rev. Director... P.P.; President... C. J. Doherty... Devlin, M.D.; Sec... B.C.L.; Treas... Green; correspond... J. Kahala; Res... T. F. Tansey.

A SOUTH AFRICAN MEMORY.

(Agnes Macready, in Leisure Hour.) In spite of the strong light thrown upon warfare during the South African war, there are still people to be met with firmly convinced that the Army Nursing Sister (in ambulance evidently amongst the rocks or trees) while the engagement is in progress) steps on to the battlefield as soon as the guns have ceased firing, and proceeds to apply dressings, and administers drinks to the wounded by the light of the sun, or preferably the rays of a lantern. This idea, which harks back to other days, has been fostered by descriptive writers and artists in black and white who have drawn largely upon their imagination. But the idea, however admirably it serves as a basis for a picture or romance, is not in accordance with facts, for the modern nurse may find no rest for the sole of her foot within a certain radius of miles from the scene of action. Her place is in the hospital along the lines of communication, and if occasionally she happens to hear the faint boom of cannon in the distance she considers herself blest as being one of the fortunate enough to have reached a point near "the front." Of course the siege nurse is exempted from this assertion. But siege nurses, pre-eminent in warlike experiences, form only a small minority. An Army Nursing Sister on active service is simply an hospital nurse working under some trying conditions and at a higher rate of speed than would probably fall to her lot in an ordinary civilian institute. To the outside world she is a heroine, a second Florence Nightingale; to her own world a burdened woman much troubled by difficulties in the way of obtaining a requisite number of dressing-trays and lotion-basins, clean towels, etc., for the proper performance of her work in an extemporized hospital. When the supply of fresh milk gives out an hour previous to the admission of a convoy of serious enteric cases, or when the can of beef-tea refuses to behave after the fashion of the widow's cruse, it is difficult indeed for the Army Nursing Sister to remember that in the eyes of the public she is placed on the level of a heroine. And the Sister must be pardoned if, as the sick and wounded come into the wards, she fails to recognize in Private Crump of the Gloucesters, head bandaged, a hero over whose head floats the vision of the Victoria Cross, and sees in him only a poor, neglected man, very dirty, very thirsty, and badly in need of a good wash and generous "feeding up." Allowances too must be made for her should she chance to let fall a remark on removing a blood-stained bandage from a shattered leg, so shattered as to be of no further service to its owner, a reservist with a delicate wife and seven little children awaiting his return in Scotland) that "War is just hateful," when, according to popular opinion and the story-book, she should be eulogizing the glory of being permitted to lose a leg in defence of the Empire. For the Army Sister is called upon to witness the grey side of a campaign, to stand face to face with the after results of a battle, whether the result is a victory or a defeat. At the beginning of the war there was naturally some slight confusion in the arrangements of the Army Medical Department. The supply of Sisters was inadequate, and the corps of orderlies of the R.A.M.C., however willing, could not possibly overtake the rush and pressure of work entailed by the hard, hot fighting in Natal before the relief of Ladysmith. Then the army, perforce, fell back on the civilian element, on civilian doctors, nurses, orderlies of "all sorts and conditions." It must be admitted that the army stood the shock of the introduction of new blood remarkably well, although the effects of that shock may still be felt within the precincts of the War Office. The incursion of civilians might be likened to a raid by a crowd of gay, laughing school-boys on the premises of a neat, precise, prim old maid. The laughing school-boys meant no harm, but they had small respect for the antique furniture, the ancient silver, and jars of pot pourri, and wickedly made mock of the venerable parrot which, half asleep on its perch, called out from time to time, "All's well, all's well." But with the progress of the war the civilians gradually, as a whole, fell into line with the army, or the army fell into line with the civilians, and the Medical Department, recovering its balance, issued stringent red-tape regulations, so that it again became a matter of infinite importance for "sick Tommy's" slippers to be placed individually to the right and left of his heavy boots on a given line

fore the eyes of the men. Notwithstanding the sad aspect generally of lines of men sick and wounded, mirth and gaiety managed to find seats beside some of the patients. Impossible to forget a Dublin Fusilier, with a superficial shell-wound in the right leg, who danced jigs at intervals for the purpose (as he said) of keeping up a friend's spirits, until the doctor, dissatisfied with the healing progress of the wound, gave him the option of abandoning the step-dances or visiting the guard-room; nor a "comic" from a London music-hall, who with his arm in a sling was only too willing to do a turn at any moment for the benefit of his comrades. And humor was frequently at hand in the red-tape arrangements of the army. On one occasion, visiting a ward, I was confronted with the spectacle of a strong, able-bodied soldier, who had been helping in the ward for about six weeks previously, whilst waiting for a ship, lying prone on a stretcher, with two orderlies standing in readiness as bearers. In consternation, I asked if Brown had broken his leg? "It is all right, Sister," a sergeant replied, "the men have to start at once for England, and as Brown is down on the papers as a stretcher case, as a 'stretcher' he must go to the railway station." It was useless to explain, useless to give evidence that Brown, fit and strong after a very slight attack of malaria, was able to walk and carry his kit, too, for Brown was entered in a certain form in the blue papers, and who dare gainsay the fact? So along the tree bordered, shady road I watched my strong, healthy friend being carried slowly to the station, where he was carefully lifted from the canvas and placed in a recumbent position among the sick men, "according to regulations." And never a smile was seen on the face of sergeant or bearer. But mirth and gaiety are seldom found abroad when the shadows of night fall upon the camp, for in the dreary watches of the night the evils that follow in the wake of our army take form and shape. Then Pain unveils her face, and Suffering stretches forth her hand, while Death boldly opens doors and throws wide the window. Outside the moonlight falls soft but cold upon Wagon Hill with its big graves, like flower-beds, of the 18th Devons, the 17th Imperial Light Horse, the rows of the King's Royal Rifle, and the solitary grave of the 5th Lancer, but so softly does it lie on the hill that the disfiguring outlines of the trenches and sangers have lost half their harshness. The air is the still air of the small hours, so still that the murmur of the Klip River, unheard in the day, becomes distinctly audible. It is an enviable night in which to keep watch. As I go my rounds I have frequently found No. 10 in Hut 39 awake, and a night passed under these circumstances is inexpressibly dreary. Having a few minutes to spare (for since midnight Trooper Dare has turned the corner of pneumonia), I wait to hear the story I know No. 10 longs to tell. He was a clerk in a big warehouse in London when "called up." In spite of being under fire in several engagements, big engagements too, like Pieter's Hill, he had escaped without a scratch, but when the winter set in, lying out on the open veldt in forced marches, he had caught a chill, which resulted in an attack of jaundice. Afterwards, for some reason or other, paralysis set in, and he seems to get no better, cannot now use his legs or arms. Half shyly he asks me if I cared to look at the portrait of his wife and child. From the locker, swathed in the soldier's red handkerchief, I take the photo of a sweet-faced woman and a laughing child. At his request I raise high the lantern to let him look again on the picture, for the helpless hands are unable to grasp the frail pieces of cardboard, and big tears, which he fails to keep back, roll down his cheek. Wife and child and home are very far off indeed, and we are in the hours when the soul feels lonely. What answer can I give to the question, "Do you think I will be able to go home in the next boat, Sister?" And what can I do but offer to write a letter at the first opportunity to the wife for the helpless fingers which cannot use a pen as of yore? Such a "little incident," an everyday occurrence in a military hospital, just the picture of a woman and a child wrapped in a red cotton handkerchief lying on a locker beside a sick soldier, yet a "little incident" strong enough to set the tide of revulsion flowing against the iniquity of war in a commonplace woman's heart, who somehow has not succeeded in catching a glimpse of the glory that overshadows the battlefield.

AN AMIABLE PRELATE.

Attractive Glimpses of Cardinal Vannutelli, Papal Envoy to Ireland.

The recent visit of Cardinal Vannutelli to Ireland has inspired the following interesting sketch in "M. A. P.": Cardinal Vannutelli, who, as Papal Envoy to Ireland for the opening of the celebrated Armagh Cathedral made an all but royal progress through the country, is a very notable man. Cardinal Bishop of the Roman Church (one of six of that dignity in the whole world), Chancellor of the Treasury of the Congregation of Propaganda, Prefect of the Council, Archbishop of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, Bishop of Palestrina, accredited Protector of the Carmelites, the Sulpicians, the Augustinians of the Assumption, and other orders, with a crowd of other titles to honor and offices of responsibility in the diplomatic and ecclesiastical service of the Holy See, he remains through all and in spite of all just Vincenzo Vannutelli, the tallest ecclesiastic in Rome, and the younger brother of the most distinguished Cardinal Serafina. Devoid of the commanding intellect and personal ambition which often make men in the front rank of power both feared and scrutinized, Cardinal Vincenzo is fortunate in his friends, but still more happy in the possession, in common with his brother, of inexhaustible amiability. He is endowed with Nature's patent of nobility—a frank and simple kindness of heart, and a knowledge of human nature and sympathy with it, from which springs a royal gift of unfeigned tactfulness. The clever indirectness of astute diplomacy is outwitted and outmanoeuvred by the refinement and truth of his cultivated good nature. What unerring instinct was that which prompted the Cardinal to drive to the Protestant Primates, through the squalid rioters whom odium theologium and whisky had aroused to fury, as both are apt to do in the North of Ireland! The incident was characteristic. The venerable primate was deeply touched by the kindly act, and the yells and curses of fighting sectaries were exchanged for a burst of friendly cheers. At the simple touch of human brotherhood hatred was dissolved. The Cardinal was the despair of officials, and especially of the Royal Irish Constabulary. As the stalwart men of the finest gendarmierie in the world kept the ways through the crowds, the Cardinal, a head over the tallest of them, would catch sight of some old man or woman struggling to get near him, and would break the ranks to let them touch his hand and kiss his ring. "What a fine policeman he would make," said an admiring R. I. C. The same kindness of good feeling was shown in the eloquent and graceful speeches he delivered, in which the varied turn of phrase in his beautiful Italian enabled him to shower compliments without repetition, a feat beyond the power of the bald translations of newspapers to repeat in their report. It is easy to understand how he comes to be so popular with the Romans. When he comes into Rome from his diocese of Palestrina, a few miles outside the city, as he frequently does for the functions at Santa Maria Maggiore, he is always surrounded by crowds of people who love to exchange with him smiles for smiles. But he delights to retire to his diocese, where he was born, for the greater freedom and simpler life which he can there enjoy. Neither an anchorite or a world-

ling, neither a sour and immature ascetic nor a man from whom the spiritual world has receded, Cardinal Vannutelli is a kindly, courtly gentleman, and a spiritual-minded priest, one to whom holiness is not incompatible with humanity, and who preserves the harmony of life in bright and cheerful godliness. Notwithstanding the pomp and circumstance of an exalted position, he lives a really simple life; and in this, as in other ways (in some respects even in outward semblance), he is a kindred spirit to Pius X. It is said that it was to the influence of Cardinal Vannutelli more than to any other that the Pope yielded in his passionate resistance to election.

AN INTERVIEW WITH CARDINAL NEWMAN.

In a charming book of travels, recently published by Mother Austin Carroll, the gifted Sister of Mercy, she describes an interview with Cardinal Newman which is especially interesting from the fact that it occurred only a few weeks before the death of the great oratorian, Mother Austin was the bearer of a message to the Cardinal from Bishop O'Connor, of Omaha, then lately deceased, and she had not dared to ask for a personal interview. The Cardinal, however, insisted that she be brought into his presence. "The interview took place in St. Philip's Chapel, the Cardinal standing at the window of his tribune, supported by Father Neville and another priest. The message being delivered, His Eminence spoke most lovingly of his departed friend: 'He was a great, a good, and a holy man—younger than I by many years. Naturally, I had hoped that he would survive me, but God saw fit to take him and leave me. I know he prays for me, for we loved each other in life, and I had thought he would live to pray for my departed soul.' "The Cardinal eulogized Bishop O'Connor's zeal and labors, and asked many questions about the Church on the other side. He expressed much love for America, and blessed his favored visitors several times, with many demonstrations of affection. "The Cardinal, framed in the raised window of the tribune, looked like an apparition from the other world. Almost tottering; his abundant hair whiter than cotton; nose large and prominent, eyes nearly closed, his wondrous voice clear and resonant, and his intonation perfect. When he recalled his obligations to Bishop O'Connor—who had been his tutor in Rome—and spoke of their happy times at the Propaganda, and his keen sense of sorrow for his death, his beautiful voice trembled with emotion, and his eyes were suffused with tears. Many years before, the writer had met the Cardinal as Dr. Newman, and was pleased and edified at the humility of the distinguished convert. But the last solemn interview is something never to be forgotten." Cardinal Newman died on the 11th of August, 1890, as old as the century.

A Picture Which Saved The Lives of Two Men

The beautiful picture of "The Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, which now hangs in the Louvre, is remarkable from the fact that it was at one time the means of saving the lives of two men who were about to be shot. It formerly belonged to Marshal Soult, and was acquired by him while following the retreating army of Sir John Moore. Two monks were taken prisoners by a party of his soldiers, and instead of ordering them to be shot forthwith (the usual method of dealing with this class of prisoners, who were particularly hostile to the French) he commanded them to show the way to their monastery. Here he saw this picture, and wanted to purchase it, but the prior refused, informing him that one hundred thousand francs had been offered for it. This sum the Marshal said he would double, and the prior, thinking he saw a way of rescuing his unfortunate brethren by the transaction, agreed to accept it, providing the Marshal would hand over his prisoners as part of the bargain. Soult, not to be outdone, replied that their lives were valued at two hundred thousand francs, and for this sum he would be pleased to release them. To this the prior was compelled to agree, and the Marshal accordingly gained the painting without parting with a penny. At the Soult sale at Christie's in 1852 this picture was competed for by all the crowned heads in Europe, and was finally knocked down to the French Government for five hundred and eighty-six thousand francs.

A New Cure for Drunkenness.

A European medical journal says: "The Norwegian authorities, who do not make light of the subject of alcoholism, have conceived an original method of curing drunkards of their vice. The 'patient' is placed in a room, which he is forbidden to leave, and all outside communication is cut off. When he is once under lock and key, his nourishment consists in great part of bread soaked in port wine. The first day, the drunkard eats his food with pleasure, and even on the second day he enjoys it. On the third day he finds that it is always about the same thing, and on the fourth day he becomes impatient, and at the end of eight days he receives the wine with horror. It seems that this homeopathic cure gives unexpected results."

The Tomb of Leo XIII.

Pope Leo XIII.'s permanent resting place in his favorite Church of St. John Lateran has been completed. The monument is the work of Lucchetti, a Perugian sculptor, the cost being \$35,000, the sum being contributed by the Cardinals created by him, including the present Pope. It is erected over the entrance to the sacristy on the left of the main altar. The tomb proper, which is surmounted by a full sized statue of the late Pope in a recumbent position, will rest just above the door. An arch ornamented with mosaic figures surmounts the tomb, under which are statues of St. Thomas Aquinas and of St. Francis d'Assisi, at each side of the sacristy door. Leo XIII.'s body will soon be transferred from its temporary resting place in St. Peter's to the new one. The transfer will be made at night, but the date is kept secret for fear of disorders such as happened when the body of Pius IX. was transferred to the Church of St. Lorenzo in 1885.

AT NIGHT.

Sometimes when Dark has spread for me her robe of rest, And Silence guarded by: The night bird, Sleep, would startle from her nest, Stirred by the baby's cry. When night is deepest now, again and yet again, I lie with wide eyes wet, It was his little cry which waked me then; His silence wakes me yet. —Edmund Vance Cook, in Lippincott's Magazine.

GENTLEMEN, See Our Fur-Lined Overcoats. We offer you a unique choice of these Overcoats, very suitable and which are cut after the latest styles. We have hundreds and hundreds of them. We have the largest stock of Fur-Lined Overcoats that you can see. A visit of a few minutes to our stores will convince you that our advertisements are RIGHT AND TRUE, and that we are not endeavoring to deceive the public. We always have in stock what WE ADVERTISE. Buy a Fur-Lined Overcoat, it's the winter garment which is most becoming for city wear. We Guarantee you entire and complete satisfaction. CHAS. DESJARDINS & CIE., 1533-1543 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

BELLS. In China in Peas McShane's, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. ALL COMPANY. NEW YORK CITY. CHURCH BELLS. LIQUORISTS. PATENTS SECURED. MANUFACTURERS. RAISING FLOUR. and the Best. Montreal.



# News from the Catholic Parishes of the City.

## ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

A very edifying sight was witnessed on Sunday last at the eight o'clock Mass, when the members of the Holy Name Society received Communion in a body. Over 150 members were present. This Society is doing noble work, not only in the parish, but its influence extends to the city in general. Many of the leading parishioners are now members of this Society, which has such a grand object in view—to honor the Holy Name of Jesus. In the afternoon a meeting was held, and several new members were admitted. Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan gave the instruction.

At the nine o'clock Mass the immense edifice was crowded to the doors with children and adults. The singing of the girls' choir was very devotional.

At the High Mass the solemnity of the feast of St. Michael the Archangel was celebrated. Rev. Father Peter Heffernan was the celebrant. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan. The preacher handled his subject, which was "The Labor Question," in an able manner, and laid particular stress on Catholics joining societies which are condemned by the Church.

The collection taken up on the second Sunday of each month is for the benefit of the new school fund. The parish will be visited next week. The euchre and social held on Friday evening by the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, in honor of the anniversary of Father Matthew, was a great success. Over 200 people participated. Refreshments were served during the evening.

From all parishes of the city the children are asking for admission to St. Patrick's school. But with sixty over the required number in the school, and two hundred and fifty waiting, something will have to be done.

St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held a largely attended meeting on Sunday afternoon. A series of euchre parties was arranged for the winter months, and commenced on Tuesday evening. Valuable prizes will be presented at the end of the series. Twenty-five dollars was donated to the Redmond fund for the Irish cause.

## ST. ANN'S PARISH.

The annual pilgrimage of the parish, which was held on Sunday afternoon to Cote des Neiges Cemetery was the most successful in the history of the parish. Glorious weather favored the large crowd of 5000. Special cars were sent by the Montreal Street Railway Company. Rev. Father Riedveldt, C.S.S.R., presided, assisted by Rev. Fathers Strubbe, C.S.S.R., and McPhail, C.S.S.R.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society will hold a grand euchre party and social on Tuesday, the 18th. Great preparations are now going on in order to make a big success. Beautiful prizes will be presented by friends of the society, and the affair promises to eclipse any previous gathering of its kind.

Next Sunday morning at ten o'clock, Rev. Father Dufresne, C.S.S.R., will sing his first High Mass. The newly ordained priest is a native of the city, being an east ender. He has been in Belgium for the past eight years studying with the Redemptorist Fathers, and arrived home on Tuesday. The parents and friends of the young priest will occupy special seats in the front of the church. The altar was very tastefully decorated with flowers and lights, and the fine choir, under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, will render a special musical programme.

The postponed meeting of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society will be held next Sunday afternoon at 8.30.

## ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.

High Mass was sung by the pastor, Rev. Wm. O'Meara, and an eloquent sermon on the Gospel of the day preached by Rev. Father Fahy.

The different divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians will parade next Sunday to St. Gabriel's Church, where solemn High Mass will be sung and a special sermon preached.

The St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society received the following resolution from the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, St. John's, Newfoundland: "BE SOBER AND WATCH."

At a special meeting of the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "Whereas the St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society,

Montreal, delegated Mr. R. J. Louis Cuddihy to tender to the St. John's T. A. & B. Society their congratulations and good wishes upon the attainment of their 46th anniversary.

Resolved.—That this Society tenders its most hearty thanks for the good wishes and sentiments contained in the resolution passed by the St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society and presented to the St. John's T. A. & B. Society by Mr. Cuddihy.

Resolved further.—That this Society—officers and members—trust that many years of usefulness in the noble cause of temperance are yet before the St. Gabriel's Society, and that from out of their forty-six years' experience in promoting total abstinence by moral suasion they shall always be ready, willing and eager to give a helping hand to their sister Societies in Montreal.

Resolved further.—That this Society is very grateful for the kind sentiments expressed towards the Catholic Cadet Corps, and hope in the near future to see similar bodies at work in connection with our sister total abstinence societies in Montreal.

## ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

Since the foundation of St. Anthony's parish, it has made wonderful progress, until to-day it stands out a noble example of courage, good will, unity and perseverance. At present it numbers 1300 families, over 5000 souls. The church is becoming too small for the large congregations who assist at the Sunday Masses. The parish has a Young Men's Society who possess a property of their own. It has a first-class school for girls, and the pastor hopes by next September to have the same for the boys. The people of St. Anthony's are justly proud of their pastor, Rev. J. E. Donnelly, who has done so much for their spiritual and temporal welfare since the foundation of the parish. To his two assistants, Rev. Fathers M. L. Shea and Thos. Heffernan, a large share of the work has fallen during the past three years, and by their tireless energy and unflinching devotion to duty, they have helped in no small manner to make St. Anthony's parish a model one.

The addition to the girls' school will be up to date in every respect. Ventilation, such a necessary adjunct in class-rooms, will receive proper attention. Blackboards and single desks will also be of the best, and St. Agnes Academy, under the charge of the devoted Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, will have a school second to none in the city.

The fine choir of the church, under the direction of Mr. E. H. Casey, enhances the beauty of the services each Sunday by their devotional singing.

The attendance at the week day Masses is an edifying sight. On the first Fridays the Church is crowded, the majority approaching the Holy Table. The League of the Sacred Heart is doing great work in this parish.

The second of the series of euchres will be held on Oct. 26th, and will be given by the Knights of Columbus. The first of the series was an unqualified success, and the second no doubt will be the same. The proceeds go towards the Church fund.

## ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH.

The feast of the parish was fittingly celebrated on Sunday, Rev. Father Hayes, of Annapolis, N.S., sang High Mass. The altar was very tastefully decorated with flowers and lights. The singing of the choir was of the highest order.

In the evening special devotions were held in honor of the Immaculate Conception, at which Rev. Father Hays preached an eloquent sermon on the Blessed Virgin.

The pastor, Rev. Father Kiernan, feels the situation as regards proper education for the children of the parish more keenly than ever, now that St. Patrick's school cannot provide accommodation. Under pressure of the erection of the new Church, which was absolutely necessary for the parish, he finds himself in need of substantial encouragement, in order to supply the parish with such school facilities as would meet the needs of the children.

The gentlemen of the parish are vying with the ladies in order to make the social, which is to be held for the benefit of the Church, a successful affair. The following circular explains in detail: "The conversation in behalf of the new Church will open on Monday evening, the 17th of October, and will be continued on the two following evenings, the 18th and the 19th.

The social will be held in the new Church, which is nearing completion, and which will be comfortable "rain or shine."

The various tables will be under the presidency of the ladies as named below:

Presidents' Table.—Ice cream and oysters, Miss Gorman, Mrs. Dillon, Mrs. M. R. McKenzie; flowers, Miss Harrigan; tea and sandwiches, Miss M. Donnelly; fruits and candy, Mrs. Quish; soda and ginger ale, Miss Peart; cigars, Mrs. M. A. Cloran. The euchre contest will be in charge of Mrs. John Keegan, and will be held on the third evening (Wednesday evening, the 19th).

Refreshments for the competitors, prizes for the fortunate and the unsuccessful.

Committee of Finance.—Rev. J. P. Kiernan, P.P.; Mr. Timothy Gorman, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. D. F. Foley, Mr. Cornelius McGee.

Committee of Amusements.—Rev. Father R. E. Callahan, Mr. John Keegan, Mr. Edward Barry, Mr. Thomas Flood, Mr. Stephen Traynor. Admission to the performances, 10 cents; euchre party, 35 cents.

Children's afternoon will be on the third day. No children will be allowed in the evenings, unless accompanied by their parents.

JOHN P. KIERNAN, P.P.

## ST. AGNES PARISH.

Rev. Father William H. Condon, C.S.C., St. Laurent College, sang High Mass on Sunday last. Rev. Father Casey, speaking of the new parish, said that it contained 483 families, or nearly two thousand souls. Nothing will be done as regards the building of a new Church before next spring.

## RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At the last regular meeting of Loyola Court, No. 1461, of the Catholic Order of Foresters, the following resolution was passed:

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death Mrs. P. J. King, sister of Bro. J. J. McGrath; Resolved.—That we, the members of Loyola Court, No. 1461, C.O.F., hereby express our heartfelt sorrow for the loss sustained by Bro. McGrath, and extend to him our most sincere sympathy;

Resolved.—That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Bro. McGrath, also to the True Witness for publication, and entered in our minutes.



MR. PATRICK FITZPATRICK.

Patrick Fitzpatrick, who was for 50 years an employee on the Lachine Canal, passed away at his residence, 26 Prince street, Saturday evening, Sept. 17th.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was 73 years of age. He came from Ireland with his parents at the age of ten years, and has since been a resident of Montreal. He succeeded his father, Mr. Matthew Fitzpatrick, as Lock Master, a position he has held with honor for the last 25 years. A wife, three sons and two daughters survive to mourn his loss.

## DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS.

There passed away on the 7th of October, at the Convent of the Sisters of Charity at St. Boniface, a saintly religious in the person of Rev. Sister Margaret Caroline Connolly, a native of Montreal. She had reached the advanced age of 74 years, 2 months and 11 days, and had spent 58 years, 3 months and 20 days in the sweet balm of prayer and in the observance of monastic discipline. She had seen her golden jubilee celebrated, she had witnessed many changes in the Order to which she was attached, but the years of her long life spent in works of charity unknown to the world, and communing with God, had been as a preparation to her heavenly home. Her funeral took place on Monday of this week. She sleeps her last peaceful sleep in the little cemetery of the Sisters, where, after life's fitful fever, she awaits the Angel of the Resurrection.

## GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST AROUND THE CITY.

Prof. Francis D. Daly has been very ill for some time past, and but poor hopes are entertained for his recovery.

The solemnity of the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel was fittingly celebrated in all the Catholic churches of the city on last Sunday.

The Catholic Emigration Society of Canada, of which Mr. Cecil Arden is manager, and Miss Brennan is matron, is receiving a large number of emigrant children from England every boat.

The English-speaking Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis held their devotions on Sunday last. One of the English Fathers who lately arrived from England preached a beautiful sermon on the Blessed Virgin.

The members of the Third Order of St. Francis (Men's Branch) will hold a pilgrimage to Cap de la Madeleine on Sunday next. The train leaves Place Viger station at seven o'clock. Several of the Franciscan Fathers will accompany the pilgrimage.

In many of the Catholic schools of the city last week the monthly concert and distribution of cards or testimonials of merit took place. A little more publicity in the way of inviting the parents and friends would greatly encourage the teachers and pupils in their arduous work.

A stag euchre party was held on Monday evening at Raby Hall by the members of Loyola Court, No. 1461, Catholic Order of Foresters. The games were keenly contested and at the end Messrs. W. A. McCallan and E. A. Burns were declared the successful ones. Rev. Father Thomas Heffernan, chaplain of the Court, presented the prizes to the winners.

New fire escapes are being put in position at Notre Dame Church. Two massive doors are being placed on both sides of the Church leading to St. Sulpice street on one side, and the Sulpician gardens on the other. The cost will be about \$15,000. Rev. Abbe Troie says that the Church can be emptied in two minutes even when taxed to its utmost capacity.

## A. O. H.

The biennial convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Hochelaga County brought their labors to a close on the 3rd inst. A large amount of work was done, and many amendments to the County Laws were enacted. The reports from the various divisions were very gratifying, showing a largely increased membership and a substantial amount in bank to their credit.

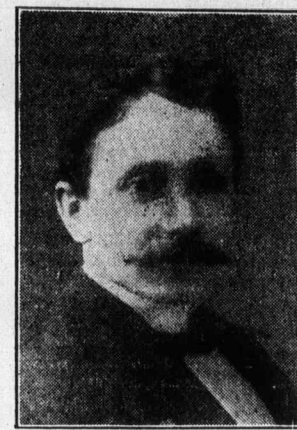
The annual church parade will be held to St. Gabriel's Church on Sunday, the 20th November, from the County Board Hall, No. 5 Place d'Armes Square.

The following delegates were elected to fill the various offices for the coming term: County President—P. Keane. County Vice-President—Ald. D. Galery, M.P. County Treasurer—Jas. Brophy. County Marshal—Hugh Tracey. County Chaplain—Rev. W. O'Meara. County Secretary—Jas. McIver.

## THE FAMILY.

The family is the educator of the race. Here men and women were made. What they are in the world, that they are in the family as children. The family is the place where the first lessons of law are received, and where the whole character in view of law has a direction given it. The Christian family should be a figure of the House of Nazareth. "In those evil days, when faith and morals are exposed to so many and such violent temptations," says the Catechism, "it behooves the good father and the good mother to exercise a special care for their children, and bring them up in the fear and love of God." "Keep the poison, that poison which has ruined thousands of promising young men and women,—the busy devils,—the novel, and immoral literature, away from them. When Napoleon said, in answer to Madame de Staël's question about France's greatest need, "Mothers," he asserted the all-potent influence of a true family life. Yes,

mothers, real ones, knowing their duty and performing it, not paper ones whose authority is of no avail in the family circle, but mothers with zeal, courage and a sense of duty, and even in our own city we will see better children, aye, better families. Alas! too many of the fathers of families also are weak and vacillating with their children, and the children take advantage of such weakness, and go on the road to wickedness. The street and company furnish them with sufficient material to make them slip down the ladder, and the family influence is lost, or its power is lessened. What is wanted? Good Christian families where the development of character becomes strong, and a perpetual power is created which holds and moves evermore each individual of the circle; love pure and fervent, sincere in its sympathies and warm in its affection. The parental love evoked every hour is providing, watching, guiding the flock entrusted to them in a higher and better place. Let the homes, the Christian homes, be a figure of that joy which will await the members of that Christian family in the Heavenly home.



PROF. P. J. SHEA. Organist, St. Ann's Church.

Prof. P. J. Shea, organist of St. Ann's Church, is one of our leading musicians. Prof. Shea is a pupil of old St. Ann's Christian Brothers' School, and has grown up with the parish. He takes a great interest in the young men of the parish, and has to-day a leading choir. But there is another element in the parish, the boys, and he has a special class at St. Ann's School. His work in the musical line last year was phenomenal. The Orpheus Quartette of St. Ann's Young Men's Society was another of his great successes. St. Ann's choir under his direction, has handled with skill and precision some of the most difficult Masses written for male voices. Prof. Shea gives a thorough musical course in several of the city schools. The True Witness congratulates our young Irish Catholic organist on his successful work in the musical line.

## CURSING AED SWEARING.

Many of our Catholic boys and young men have the habit of cursing and swearing. It would shock you to hear the youngest lot on our streets curse and swear like troopers. No doubt children of such tender years have been taught by older persons, and the awful habit is on the increase. From the mouths of our young men come forth the Holy Name, the name of our Redeemer, taken in vain, and yet they style themselves Catholics. Listen to them as they stand at street corners, in front of stores, or walking in the streets, and almost every other word is a curse. Some will tell you that they cannot help it, it is a habit. If they were in presence of ladies, or in select company, they would be careful of their language. They can correct themselves of that habit if they wish. St. Paul says that we have our tongues to bless God and not to curse any one. It is ignorance and forgetfulness to a great extent, for if the good Catholic young man were to reflect he would find that the second Commandment forbids him the use of such language. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain." Reflect and be wise. Do not be a stumbling block nor a disgrace to the Catholic faith, but an honor and an example.

## A GREAT DANGER FOR THE YOUNG.

A very great evil stands in the way of our Catholic young boys who are obliged to work in factories and workshops, namely—immoral conversation. In those working places, all classes of beings are found. Employers, as a rule, are not over particular about the social standing of their men. As long as they can get the work from them they are satisfied. No matter how low their conversation may be, no matter how many of the young boys hear and

learn such conversations, all the employer looks for is profit from his work. In factories men and boys are crowded together, the good and the bad. The immoral scoundrel who glories in his shame, and boasts of his crimes in presence of good moral boys and innocent youths is a figure that is met with in nearly every factory or workshop. Such low, filthy creatures delight in nothing better than in such wickedness, and in trying to lead others into destruction. Many persons listen and laugh at such conversations, thereby encouraging the evil doers. Does the employer pay such characters to lead good and promising youths astray? If not, the employer should see that a man ought to respect himself or have some respect for others. Many of our Catholic young boys in such factories or workshops are held up to ridicule because they are innocent, and many more rather than suffer persecution take part in such conversations, and fall a victim to the devil's special agent.

The tough standing at our street corners has more respect for himself than this emissary of hell. But the human brute, the educated barbarian, with the instinct of a beast and the tongue of a demon, is not alone in his diabolical work, for there are men, Christian men, more, Catholic men who encourage him on by laughing and listening to him. Cowards that they are, they have not the courage of their convictions, by telling those who use such language to stop it. Catholics who work in those places should protect the young, and not jeer at their innocence, nor try to hasten their ruin by allowing immoral cowards to lead them astray, for in so doing they join with the devil to hasten their ruin. Young boys be brave, be courageous, live up to the teachings of your Church. Do not listen to such conversations, and in the end you will be the conqueror.

## PILGRIMAGE TO COTE DES NEIGES CEMETERY.

Sunday last was a busy day at the city of the dead. From early morning until late in the afternoon crowds walked up the hills leading thereto, others drove there either by street cars or private vehicles. They were all going to spend a few hours with those who are dead and gone, numbered with the majority, but whose memories are not forgotten. Their relatives and friends knelt in silent prayer at the graves of the dear departed and poured forth pious supplications to God to grant them eternal rest. What a consolation to those who are left to mourn to know that they can still speak in behalf of those they once loved and cherished. How grand and how sublime are the doctrines of the Catholic Church on the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body. At ten o'clock the English-speaking members of the Third Order of St. Francis went in pilgrimage, which was presided over by Rev. Father Christopher, O.F.M. At one o'clock the French members of the Third Order visited the cemetery and performed the way of the Cross. In the afternoon St. Ann's parish held their pilgrimage, while hundreds performed their devotions privately, and when evening stole over the scene, and the sun was beginning to sink to rest, the crowd turned homeward, after performing a spiritual work of charity—to pray for the dead.

As we were leaving the cemetery I cast a glance around the beautiful city of the dead, God's own acre, and my thoughts dwelt on that time when we shall take our place with the mighty throng, and be sleeping our last sleep on the hill at Cote des Neiges, while that charity we showed to others by praying for them will be given to us. "May they rest, O Lord! forever In a peace that, unexpressed, Shall bestow upon the pilgrims Dual crowns of light and rest."

## THE BENEVOLENT PIZATTIS.

The Italians in New Orleans form a most exemplary colony. There are a few bad ones, as in all nationalities, and they had a terrible lesson, some years ago, but the overwhelming majority, I understand, are all that could be desired as Catholics and good citizens. Many of them have prospered, in all kinds of ways, and one of them, Captain Salvatore Pizatti, in conjunction with his pious wife, is distributing his large fortune during his life time. He has already given \$115,000 to Catholic schools and missions. His next projected charity will be a home for aged and needy Italians, in New Orleans. When these noble and generous Pizattis come to die they will probably be relatively poor, because they were true stewards of the Lord. Meanwhile they retain enough to support them decently. They are evidently determined that lawyers and pretended claimants shall not quarrel over and fatten on their estate.—Northwest Review.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by HELENE.

Walking through the wards of any of our hospitals, one cannot but be struck by the immense amount of suffering within their walls...

AS TO WINTER FURS.

Mink is to be more used than ever the coming winter, and ermine will be used for trimming muffs and evening wraps...

SOMETHING NEW IN BELTS.

Panne velvet is the latest acquisition to the belt counter. These belts are of the wide sort fastening with broad buckles...

MILITARY EFFECTS COMING IN.

Military effects promise to appear largely in the outdoor garments of women this fall. A new English long coat for stormy weather...

LATEST IDEAS.

Very unusual and therefore correspondingly popular is a crushed belt of Turkish embroidery, bordered with leather and completed with leather straps and harness buckles.

Scalloped circular capes overlap the basque in the same way, forming sleeve caps, but leaving the lower parts of the sleeves and basque to reveal the velvet.

NEW DESIGNS IN JEWELRY.

Most new designs in jewelry are of feminine origin, and though many are copies of the antique, there are many quaint and original ones.

STENCIL DECORATION FOR CURTAINS, ETC.

A charming effect for borders of curtains, table covers, cushions, etc., may be produced by cutting out a pattern from paper, stenciling it in water color...

WHEELS OF RENAISSANCE LACE.

The great ease and rapidity with which these lace wheels are executed and their multiple uses make them a very seductive bit of fancy work.

WOMEN OF COMMON SENSE.

A learned man, once giving a toast to a company of younger friends, said: "I wish each one a good wife, but don't marry her just because she seems pious."

FOR FATHER AND MOTHER.

Do not—mother at your housework, father in your study—do not always be "too busy." The little heart wants an outlet, the upraised roebud wants a kiss...

ON A MOTHER'S HEART.

"On the morning of the day when I was going to the city to be ordained and go to my first charge," says Rev. J. H. Wilson, of Edinburgh, "my mother came to the door to bid me good-by. Holding my hand, she

said: "You are going to be ordained to-day, and you will be told your duty by those who know it far better than I do; but I wish you to remember one thing, which, perhaps, they may not tell you. Whenever you lay your hand on a child's head you are laying it on its mother's heart."

RECIPES.

Green Tomato Pickle—Cut a thin slice off both top and bottom of tomatoes, slice and sprinkle with salt, using one cup of salt to a peck of tomatoes.

AN INCIDENT.

In his uniform soaking and dragged, with the blood in his sleepless eyes, Hungry and dirty and bearded he looks at the morning skies, He feels for his pipe in the blanket, he calls to his chum for a light—

TIMELY HINTS.

To bake a pie crust without the filling, line with paraffin paper filled with uncooked rice. A nut pick kept on the kitchen table is the most convenient utensil for removing the paper cover from the milk bottles.

right length, allowing for a hem. Cut a loose band to slip under the arms of the child. Put straps across the shoulders, gather the skirt to the band, and as the apron has no front or back it will wear longer.

Take very little or no alcohol, which opens the pores of the skin, moderate exercise, moderate clothing and abundant fresh air. These are the essential requisites to prevent colds.

Besides these general rules it will be well if persons very liable to take cold will take care that no ingress is given to the malady. Thus, if a cold usually commences in the teeth, these should be attended to, and decayed or unhealthy stumps removed.

Should the chest or bronchial tubes be chiefly affected, the same precautions as to clothing must be observed, porous and not too heavy flannel or other vests should be worn, and misnamed chest "protectors" thrown aside.

Health Hints.

Apple Ice—Pare and core some fine apples, cut in pieces into a preserving pan with sufficient water for them to float; boil until reduced to a marmalade and strain; to one pint of apple water add one-half pint of syrup, juice of a lemon and a little water; when cold, freeze.

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The JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, 2341 & 2343 St. Catherine St. Corner Metcalfe. Terms Cash. Tel. Up 2740.

OGILVY'S

The Mail Order Store. Direct Importations. No matter what stock you look to, we constantly showing new styles, many of them not to be duplicated in town.

WALKING SKIRTS.

A grand Skirt for the price, made of fine soft chevot, in black only; new plated style, with triangle tab strapping inserted between pleats, and button trimmed; five rows of stitching around bottom; tailored in very best style, and guaranteed. Special at \$4.50.

UMBRELLA SPECIAL.

Special lot bought direct from an overstocked manufacturer, and comprising a splendid selection of high-class designs in handles. These Umbrellas are fully guaranteed and well worth \$1.50. Special at 98c.

ON SUNDAY DRINK-SELLING.

A priest in one of our Middle West dioceses preached a forcible sermon on a recent Sunday in which he attacked those men who made a practice of Sunday drink-selling. He said: "The man who goes to Mass on Sunday, and afterwards, in violation of the laws of God and of the State, admits others to a saloon and dispenses intoxicants to them, not only gives hideous scandal, but strikes at the Church for which Christ died."

Catholic Sailors' Club.

ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening.

All Local Talent Invited: the Bank in the City, pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday Evening.

ST. PETER and COMMON St.

The John Murphy Co., LIMITED

There's Warmth in Wool

There's why it's on the Sheep's back! There's also genuine warmth and comfort in the blankets we sell, because they are manufactured from the best of Wool.

New Blankets.

"THE DOMINION" White Wool Blankets, size 50 x 76, made expressly for this firm, price \$2.69—unexcelled value.

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OUR BO

Dear Boys and Girls: I was so pleased to be anxious to know how you would like, with the letter a continued story. Let your children must have. I hope you will remember that to remember the rights of the Write often, little fr

Dear Aunt Becky: I am a little boy of ten age. Mamma told me it nice to write you a short spent a very pleasant vacation, Maine. Mamma little brother Georgie were me. I am now at school, sing hard. Next week I'll longer letter.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am attending school at vent of St. John the Baptist of the Sisters of the Holy I like school very much. the third class, and study spelling, grammar, Bible geography, drawing, Catechism and French. Good-by present. Will send you another week.

Dear Aunt Becky: I liked the boys and girl last week. I have just started and don't like it. Good-by

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I am the youngest of seven only little girl, so I'm let own way a good deal. I h pet rabbits, a bird, a kitt, guinea pig. We play mena, bring in all the children in and have such fun.

What a lucky little girl Flossie. I know you are all to those pets of yours.—Ann

My grandma has got rhe and I'm so sorry 'cos she c me out for a walk. I hope soon be better. Good-night

(Aunt Becky sincerely hope ma will soon be better.) I go to school every day. bought me a dear little por I drive him every day. H applies out of my hand and biscuits and candy, too.

My papa is very across th and I'll be glad when he co he'll bring me a doll, and he would bring a gramophone to My mamma teaches me at ho

I'm a little boy of seven, my first year in school, and I'll like it, but I like rec

We have a dear old aunt. lovely golden hair. She wa in Dublin, and is awfully ni children. When we're naug says she'll go home. We h uncle Tom. He is away in Kong now, and when I am a I will travel too.

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE "Guess who was the happ

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I was so pleased to hear from such a number of little ones. I am anxious to know how you all like this new department. Now, who would like, with the letters, just short stories, or one long one, or, again, a continued story. Let us put it to a vote. What a lot of pets you children must have. I hope you all treat them kindly, and that you will remember that to grow up noble men and women you must always remember the rights of the weaker.

Write often, little friends. I find your letters very interesting.  
 AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I am a little boy of ten years of age. Mamma told me it would be nice to write you a short letter. I spent a very pleasant vacation at Portland, Maine. Mamma and my little brother George were also with me. I am now at school, and studying hard. Next week I'll send a longer letter.

HENRY.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I am a little girl of eleven years. I am attending school at the Convent of St. John the Evangelist, Point St. Charles, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. I like school very much. I am in the third class, and study reading, spelling, grammar, Bible History, geography, drawing, Catechism, writing and French. Good-bye for the present. Will send you another letter next week.

MARY GERALDINE.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I liked the boys and girls' letters last week. I have just started school and don't like it. Good-bye.

WILFRED.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I saw in one of the letters by Nettie that she had a collic that followed her everywhere. I wish I had one, too, but we had one and it bit the baby, so mamma sent it away and will not get us another.

MAY.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I have not gone back to school yet 'cos we had measles. I'd rather go to school, 'cos when I'm in the house I have to amuse the baby.

LOTTIE.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I am the youngest of seven and the only little girl, so I'm let have my own way a good deal. I have some pet rabbits, a bird, a kitty, and a guinea pig. We play menagerie and bring in all the children in the street and have such fun.

FLOSSIE.

(What a lucky little girl you are, Flossie. I know you are always kind to those pets of yours.—Aunt Becky.)

Dear Aunt Becky:-

My grandma has got rheumatism, and I'm so sorry 'cos she can't take me out for a walk. I hope she will soon be better. Good-night.

MAY.

(Aunt Becky sincerely hopes grand-  
 ma will soon be better.)

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I go to school every day. Papa thought me a dear little pony, and I drive him every day. He eats apples out of my hand and he likes biscuits and candy, too.

BILLY.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

My papa is way across the ocean, and I'll be glad when he comes for he'll bring me a doll, and he said he would bring a gramophone to Harry. My mamma teaches me at home.

ETHEL.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

I'm a little boy of seven. This is my first year in school, and I guess I will like it, but I like recess best.

ARTHUR.

Dear Aunt Becky:-

We have a dear old aunt. She has lovely golden hair. She was born in Dublin, and is awfully nice to us children. When we're naughty she says she'll go home. We have an uncle Tom. He is away in Hong-Kong now, and when I am a big man I'll travel too.

FREDDIE.

THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"Guess who was the happiest child

awoke. He was sober but his head ached woefully. Stumbling to his feet, he went straightway to the kitchen. There a cup of hot, steaming coffee awaited him.

"I would like two cups," he said in a shamefaced way to his wife. "Have you enough?"

His wife, however, only stared at him.

"What's the matter?" he said gently—the children's father was always gentle when he was himself—"I need brushing, don't I?"

"Did you tie it on?" breathlessly asked his wife.

"Tie it on,—tie what on, my dear, my head? I'm afraid it needs tying on sometimes," he said, jestingly.

"There on your coat. Look," replied his wife. There it was—a tiny temperance messenger securely fastened to his coat.

Her husband looked down at the garment. Then he sprang to his feet.

"Who put it there?" he demanded.

"Did you? Of course you knew I didn't and—"

At this juncture Denny and Minta, who were just outside the door, thought it was time to make their appearance.

"We did," said Denny timidly. Minta threw herself at her father's feet. "Don't be angry, papa," she pleaded. "It's only a little bow."

"Yes, but it stands for temperance," muttered her father, "and I have no right to wear it."

"He can earn the right, can't he, mamma?" queried Denny. "Aunt Mary said you weren't a bad man at heart, papa, only—"

"Don't say any more, child," interrupted Denny's father. "Let this little bow, pure and white, do the rest."

A glance at his father's face made Denny open wide his eyes with wonder. He looked at his mother and then at Minta in silence for a minute. Then impulsive Denny could stand it no longer.

"Oh, dear, if you are all going to cry, what shall I do?" he asked. "I never cry when I'm glad." But much to his amazement something which looked very like a tear trickled down his cheek and splashed upon his hand.

"I only cried one tear, anyway," said Denny one day months afterwards when it was an assured fact that his father had really reformed. Wasn't it proof enough that he no longer drank when there was plenty to eat and plenty to wear and "sunshine everywhere," as the children's mother said. She did not go out to do washing now.

"You look as happy as a bird," her husband told her.

"And to think it is all due to that little piece of printed cardboard with somebody's name attached," was her reply.

Now whose name do you little people think was signed to the card, and what kind of a card was it?—Kate Grey, in Union Signal.

CHILDREN'S WITTICISMS.

A YOUNG LOGICIAN.  
 Jennie's mother was expecting company, but just before train time, says What to Eat, a telegram arrived which read: "Missed train. Will start same time to-morrow."  
 Jennie rushed home from school expecting to see the guest, but instead was shown the message. After reading it laboriously and carefully through she exclaimed, "Why, mamma, if she starts at the same time to-morrow she will miss the train again!"

Grace, aged five, had just recovered from measles, when her small brother took the same complaint. Upon becoming convalescent he was one day sitting up in bed munching a sponge cake while his sister sat looking on.

By various means she tried to induce him to part with a bit of the dainty, but the invalid took no notice.  
 He ate steadily on until the last

IF I wriggle and squirm and howl for relief  
 She still seems to hold her mistaken belief,  
 But changes her tack—back and forth  
 I am rushed  
 Till for sheer lack of breath my  
 wailing is hushed.  
 Oftentimes my wee mouth is as dry  
 as a chip,  
 And of fresh, cooling water I long  
 for a sip,  
 Not a draft do I get, because they  
 don't think  
 A baby can ever want water to  
 drink.

Our wants are not many, but one thing is sure—  
 If grown people knew what we babies  
 endure,  
 They'd very soon learn to interpret  
 each tone,  
 And when we are good they would  
 let us alone.  
 —Francis P. Carson.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND TO BOYS.

Avoid as you advance in years the special temptations that come to young men. I am not going to mention "all of them, only one—intemperance. As you go through the world and watch your fellow-men, you find the majority of failures in life due to intemperance. This vice of intemperance attacks the weak and the strong, the educated and the ignorant. It is generous, open-hearted man that are the most exposed to this terrible curse. Determine, then, to avoid that temptation. I would advise every man to go forth armed; stop at once. Pledge total abstinence. A man is absolutely secure with it; without it there is danger. It is all very well for a young man to say: "I'll take only one glass;" but will he stop at one? Pledge total abstinence; for there is in it discipline, and discipline makes character. The underlying principal of character is self-control. If we practise this self-control on one point we almost surely shall practice it in everything.

REVERENCE TO PARENTS.

Do not forget the pains and weariness, and watching, and fatigue, which your parents have experienced for you, says the "Orphan's Friend." You think them peevish, perhaps. Did they never bear with fretfulness, never pass over your faults, and look with a tender eye on all your mistakes. You are busy, it may be, and cannot spare the time to render them any attention. Were they too busy to watch over your helplessness, to guide your unskilled feet, to sit by your sick bed weary days and more weary nights? They are old, and you can enjoy yourself better with your companions. Your young companions may be pleasant, and you may pass your time very easily among them, but who of all the number will care for you as your own tender and forsaken mother?

"Forget not thy mother when she is old." Then is the time she needs your support, your presence, your cheerful voice to comfort her heart, and guide her trembling steps during the last and most difficult part of the journey. Whatever may be the fashion, or whatever may be the opinions and practices of others, let nothing cause you to withhold the love and respect due to your parents. Do not give them a rude or impatient answer; you will be sorry for it when they are dead. Do not leave them to be cared for by others, or to take care of themselves; you will regret it when they can not more be benefited by your attention.

CHILDREN'S WITTICISMS.

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 endure,  
 They'd very soon learn to interpret  
 each tone,  
 And when we are good they would  
 let us alone.  
 —Francis P. Carson.

bits were disappearing, when Grace could stand it no longer. She exclaimed indignantly:  
 "Just look at him! He won't give me a crumb. It was me that gave him the measles!"

Little Boy—I want you to write me an excuse for being late to school yesterday.

Jeweler—Eh? You are not my son.  
 Little Boy—N-o, but mamma says I had plenty of time to get to school, so I guess the clock you sold her doesn't go right.

Alexis came home one night with his clothes full of holes.  
 "What has happened to you?" exclaimed his mother.  
 "Oh, we've been playing shop ever since school closed," Alexis replied.  
 "Shop?" echoed his mother.  
 "Yes. We opened a grocery, and everybody was something," Alexis explained. "I was the cheese."

A bright little Columbus miss, six years old, went out to dinner the other evening for the first time. When she returned home she was asked if she had been a good girl and enjoyed herself. "Oh, yes," she replied, "only I didn't pray out loud like those people." "Pray out

loud? What did they say?" "Why they said: 'O Lord, forgive us for what we are going to eat!'"

IDEAS OF LITTLE FOLK. — A writer in Little Folks tells how a small girl named Janet was one day digging in the back yard, helping her mother to get the ground ready for planting flower seeds, when suddenly she cried out:

"Oh, mamma, come and see! I've found the funniest bug! It hasn't anything 'cept a long, fat tail." It was her first angleworm.

HIS SON'S CHOICE.

"Pa," said the little boy after long silence in the crib, "when I'm a man will I be a twin?"  
 "Yes, just the same. Don't you want to be?"  
 "I don't care. I don't want to be a Chinaman."  
 "Were you afraid you would be?"  
 "No-o. And I don't want to be a soldier."

"What do you want to be?"  
 "I think I'd like to be a storekeeper and a father."  
 "Oh, you want to be a father, do you?"  
 "Yes, and a storekeeper. Then I'd have lots of money and could give it to my little boys."  
 Silence from papa.

REX CORDIUM. By R. P. P., In Rosary Magazine.

"You're the only passenger, Miss," said the station-agent as he handed me to the platform; "just step in here."

A kind of shed a few paces away, bearing overhead the notice "Linteu" told me my destination was indeed reached.

"Mr. Ellis, the school secretary, will be here in a few minutes, Miss. He had to fetch some letters and told me to get you warm. Mighty sharp weather, Miss," and my obliging guide bowed and departed.

I, Agnes Morris, university undergraduate, had lately been appointed teacher of Linteu district school. Papa's last illness had exhausted our slender capital, and, as my widowed mother had but Mabel, a girl of twelve, and myself, the hope of becoming the stay and support of my dear ones urged me to the sacrifice. Thus tremblingly, but hopefully, I accepted the position.

Mr. Ellis greeted me most kindly. He was an elderly man with a pleasant though careworn face. I noticed that he hesitated a little over his words, as if he weighed everything he said. He made many inquiries as to my comfort as he showed me my place in the sleigh.

"I've settled the wee ones down at our feet, Miss Morris. I think they'll be more cozy there. The road's bad and we're having such a cold snap. Put the buffalo around you tight."

The "wee ones" were two little girls at present undistinguishable bundles in mufflers and wraps. It was too cold for conversation, and I drew my furs around me and abandoned myself to the delight of a first sleigh-ride in the country. The road was uneven for some distance, but was finally succeeded by a smooth, shining track, and we sped along to the music of the sleigh-bells. Night was closing in as we stopped at the entrance to a long, low farmhouse. Mr. Ellis opened the gate and, after calling, "Johnny, come help with the trunk," turned to me with a smile.

"Fraid you're cold, Miss Morris. Not used to the country, are you? Never mind. You'll soon like the air. Guess supper's ready by this time."

The kitchen was neatness itself, with its polished stove, white-worn floor, immaculate cloth and dainty

tea service, it gave a pleasing sense of home comfort.

Mr. Ellis opened the door of an inner apartment and called:  
 "Jane, here's Miss Morris."  
 A tall, middle-aged woman came forward, holding out a long thin hand.

"Miss Morris, you're welcome. I hope you're not altogether froze." Then looking at her husband, "My sakes! What kept you? Did you think I'd nothing to do but sit here waitin', an' the supper spilin', an' the milk not strained yet, nor the young-uns' clothes ready for the wash. Much you care, though. Keep in 'this stranger out so long in the cold, too. It's a shame!"

I hastened to say that I had enjoyed the ride extremely. After a few minutes the irate lady grew calm and I turned to express my thanks to Mr. Ellis, but he had disappeared.

Muriel and Bessie, the little girls, had taken off their shoes and were warming their feet at the stove. Mrs. Ellis excusing herself to get some lights, I began to chat with the little ones.

"Aren't you afraid of getting chilblains?" I said to Muriel.  
 "Oh, no, Miss. I'll be warm just in a minute. Wasn't it grand, though! Did you like the cutter ride?" timidly.

"I guess you're 'omesick, Miss Mawis," chimed in Bessie. "You musn't cwy, though. I always cwy when I go away from my papa."  
 Bessie was two years younger than her sister, whom she greatly resembled. Both girls wore blue frocks and silver medals of the Immaculate Conception.

Mrs. Ellis' return cut short our talk, and soon we all sat down to supper. Mr. Ellis carved the ham, while Mrs. Ellis poured out delicious cups of tea. Muriel and Bessie were perched on high chairs near their papa. Opposite me sat Johnny, the farm boy. He had a shock of red hair and a frocked, good-natured face. Taking no part in the conversation, he every now and then would wink expressively at Mr. Ellis, and, whenever I spoke, would pause in the act of raising a morsel and gaze at me, with open, crummy mouth and twinkling eyes.

Continued on Page 6.

**THE FUR-LINED OVERCOAT.**

The most fashionable and suitable Overcoat for gentlemen is the Fur-lined Overcoat, which is the city winter garment *par excellence*. The one that answers all purposes. It is elegant and warm, and comfortable for its weight. We have a choice assortment made of the very best imported cloth and lined with the very best fur linings, such as Russian Muskrat, Canadian Muskrat, Canadian Mink, &c., &c.

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ARCHBISHOP LANGEVIN

Tells of His Visit to Rome and Repeats the Message of Pope Pius.

On Sunday, the 2nd inst., Archbishop Langevin returned home to St. Boniface after an absence of nearly six months. He received a fitting welcome, in which citizens, college students and school pupils joined, marching in procession to the Cathedral, where an address was read by Vicar-General Dugas. The address referring to the Archbishop's interview with the Holy Father quoted the words of Pope Pius in the private audience of Mgr. Langevin: "Bene laborasti bene certasti—well hast thou labored, well hast thou battled." An affectionate reference was also made to the name of Father Lacombe.

His Grace in reply thanked the Very Rev. Administrator for his beautiful address, so delicate in its allusions. He was pleased to see that the diocese had been so well taken care of in his absence. He had at first thought of returning incognito, but he was now glad that he had granted the Vicar-General's request for a popular celebration of his home-coming. This proof of the affection of his people was most touching. Then the Archbishop proceeded to describe some of the incidents of his voyage.

"We were," he said, "three hundred pilgrims on a vessel chartered exclusively by the Assumptionist Fathers. As there were ninety priests on board, we had ninety masses every morning at 25 altars on deck. We had regular hours of prayer and frequent religious processions. We had eight days of beautiful, calm navigation along the Mediterranean Sea, which has been the highway of all the great nations of Europe, on whose waters imperial Rome so long held undisputed sway after conquering the rest of the world. Later on came the Christian fleets filled with valiant crusaders going to reconquer the tomb of Christ. We were very humble crusaders, with no weapon but prayer. We shared in their happy hopes without their discomforts, their labors and their dangers.

"When we landed at Jaffa, we all knelt and kissed the thrice blessed soil of Palestine. What a joy to be there at last! Another great joy was our entrance into the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. We entered Jerusalem in solemn procession with the flag of France floating in front of our party. France still has many true descendants of the Crusaders. The Turks respected us; they always respect men who believe; the unbeliever alone is to them an unimaginable creature. They consider Christ a great prophet. Our souls were flooded with spiritual consolation when we kissed the stone on Calvary that had been bedewed with the blood of Christ. What a sweet thing is faith! What perfect satisfaction it gives! We feel that our Redeemer is the true friend of our souls.

The enemies of the Church in France counted on two bishops, and both of them escaped to the feet of Pius X., who has raised the Church higher than she ever was in the last hundred years. He has proved that schism is not popular in France. Never has the Pope been so powerful, never has he reigned over hearts as he does now. Everybody in Rome is astonished at the ease with which he understands everything and goes straight to the core of every difficulty. He is as firm as he is kind. When I was admitted to a private audience with him, in my name and yours I fell down before him. It was a consolation to me to perform this act of devotion to the Pope as the representative of Christ, to tell him how much we all love him. I spoke in French. He answered in Latin with so much kindness and geniality. He realizes fully that now more than ever Catholics must understand their duties to the Church. He said to me that the bishop, priest or layman who would not interest himself in social questions would make a great mistake. We have the experience of what is happening in France. It is because there is nothing good in France that the government expels its best children, who are welcomed by Protestant sovereigns, as in England and Germany, men of science and virtue, women of marvellous virtue. Whence this unchecked persecution of the religious orders? It is because French Catholics are asleep. They could easily conquer religious liberty. A people that has faith cannot be lost. I heard French Catholics who witnessed our pious procession through the streets of Jerusalem, say, "We are freer here than at home." This ought to make us love the Church more and more, it ought to urge us to feed on true doctrine and to spread the truth everywhere. No people has more faith than the Canadian people. Still there are dangers ahead. The devil is al-

ways going about the world. It behooves us to profit by the sad lesson of France. In many countries the masses of the Catholic people are becoming negligent. Let this be my principal recommendation to you all, zeal for God's glory. I myself feel more disposed than ever to labor for the cause of the Church. We live in a country which is, perhaps, the freest in the world. Let us take advantage of this to spread the Kingdom of Christ. O Lord, thou art the Master of the nations, reign thou over them, convert the wicked and the unbelievers, bring back the faith of the Crusaders, and in those who have preserved the faith, deign to increase it.

"Yes, indeed, I will bless you all. Rest assured that I never forgot you. I bear in mind especially the Very Rev. Vicar-General, who, during my absence, ruled the diocese with so much tact. He took upon himself all the anxiety, thus doubling the joy of my journey. I felt as if I were still here with you. God will reward him not only in heaven, but also on earth. Well done, thou good and faithful servant. I thank my clergy and the laity. In blessing you I impart to you the benediction of the Holy Land, taking you with me to the foot of the Cross. The Pope said to me: 'You will bless your people in my name, and I place no limit to the blessing I call down upon your people.' May this benediction give you joy, consolation and strength."

After this most consoling and thought-provoking reply, His Grace gave the solemn benediction, and returned to the palace, greeted outside the Church with renewed cheers.

Queer Conscience.

Some people seem to have a queer conscience. They may be honest on an average; they may pay their ordinary debts scrupulously; they may contribute to all worthy charities brought to their notice, but when it comes to the papers, to the magazine, that instructs, entertains and educates their family, by some strange inconsistency they draw the line. They'll pay up—some time, but while it's only a dollar or two—well, that will not bankrupt the publisher; he can wait! And he waits, and waiting—dies.—St. Anthony's Messenger.

Movement of Earth's Poles.

One of the strange phenomena of nature for which an explanation has long been sought is the fact that the earth's poles undergo a certain more or less irregular displacement. Prof. John Milne, of England, well known as an authority on earthquakes, has suggested that this displacement may be due to movements of the earth's crust, and consequently depend on the number and frequency of earthquakes. The theory attracted the attention of M. A. de Lapparent, who has studied the subject with the aid of observations made of earthquakes, as well as of astronomical observations of the movement of the poles, and his results are strongly confirmatory of the English seismologist's theory. Any movement of the earth's crust, such as the sinking of an ocean bed or the rising of a continent, apparently occasions earthquakes and earth tremors, and it is only reasonable to believe that such movements must produce some change in the distribution of the mass of the earth, which would, of course, directly affect the position of the earth's axis, which is also affected by other and exterior causes. Conversely, by studying the change in the position of the earth's axis by astronomical observations it would be possible to study the changes in the earth's crust. This new science, according to Knowledge, "might almost be called the new astrology, since we might perceive, in the apparent motions of the stars cataclysmic action, possibly of direct influence in man's destiny on the earth."—Harper's Weekly.

THE EYES OF THE SUN.

By S. F. de S., in Rosary Magazine. It was six o'clock, and already the eyes of the sun peered over the ridge looking the world in the face, gazing straight into the eyes of men. Two laborers burdened with heavy tools and dinner pails strode along with swift, ungraceful gait, towards the blinding glory in the east. Their features, clothing and language indicated the foreign land of their birth. Their strong, sad faces set with lines of gloom and anxiety bespoke the weary, ceaseless struggle of their lot. It seemed as if life had put upon them all that was hard to bear except loneliness for, as they swung along, they talked continual-

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ly. Their place of work was a river-bed which was too narrow for its swift stream. They laid their pails and coats on the grass and went to their task. As they threw up the dull, damp sand they still talked at intervals until the sun was about half way to noon, when one of them stopped work to pick up something that lay in the river bed. His face lighted up for an instant, as if at a happy thought. The thing sparkled in his hand, gathered lights from the sun, and shot them straight into the eyes of the other man, who had also stopped his work. The finder hastily put the treasure into his coat pocket and resumed his work with a smile on his face. He was alone now, for his feelings were all unshared.

It was noon; the eyes of the sun glared down on the top of the world, down on the heads of men, withering, burning, consuming the land with their hungry gaze. The two laborers left their tools by the water and ate their lunches—silent. When they finished, they lay down in some shade. The one whose face wore the least shadow of a smile, fell asleep; but the other, though his eyes were closed, could not sleep. He was fighting a battle. Now his face was feverish with anticipated bliss, as he thought of the good that small lump in his friend's coat would bring him; then it grew dark and woven with pain, as he remembered the delights of the friendship he was about to destroy. Twenty minutes and the struggle was over. With his face turned away, he felt for the treasure, took it, and placed it safely in his own pocket.

The afternoon was much like other afternoons. The heat poured down from the dull sand; the warm wind, as usual, flowed along with the water, turning the sweat on the men's faces cold; and yet, to these two it was more unlike, for a strange new had come between them.

At last it was time to go home. Their faces were too weary-worn to show the relief they felt, as they quickly swung their tools and coats over their shoulders, took up their pails and set off. They walked a long way together towards the west, then parted at a little shanty at the end of the road. One of the men went up the steps, his hand in the tiny hands of his baby boy. At the door he put down his pail to take something from his pocket. It was gone—the bit of brightness he had picked up to make his babe smile. The other man continued his way across a meadow, and came at last to his home. He, too, was met, but by a dark-eyed girl. She kissed him and ran quickly before him into the house. The man waited a minute on the stoop to look at something which he had taken from his pocket. His face was bright with the west-rays, and almost soft with dreams for his only child. The eyes of the sun were dull at last, finding nothing more to flash and dance upon. Gathering all their strength, they gleamed a moment on the lump in the father's hand. He looked down and saw but a red carnelian.

PATENT REPORT.

The following Canadian patents have been secured during last week through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

- Information regarding any of these will be cheerfully supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm. Nos. 89,304—Ernest C. Thorschmidt, Brooklyn, N.Y. Machines for applying hoops to casks or barrels. 89,320—Messrs. Thielmann & Meisenburg, Duisburg, Germany. Frame work for mine heads with movable base for wagons rising, running and stopping automatically. 89,371—Andre Blondel, Paris, France. Electrodes for arc lamps with multiple zones. 89,376—Wilber Gordon, Tweed, Ont. Head for feed trough. 89,387—Churchill H. Fox, Fredericton, N.B. Insertible saw teeth. 89,482—Bernhard A. O. Prollius, Copenhagen, Denmark. Centrifugal apparatus. The "Inventor's Adviser" is just published; any one interested in patents or inventions should order a copy.

RAILROADS. GRAND HUNKER. WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, MO. Tickets on sale daily. LIMIT 15 DAYS \$24.00! Through Service Twice Daily. Pullman Sleeping Cars on 9 a.m. and 10.30 p.m. trains. Coach on 10.30 p.m. train. Through Tourist Sleeping Car Thursdays

WONTEAL-OTTAWA Lv. Montreal 8.40 a.m. week days, 4.10 p.m. daily. Arrive Ottawa 11.40 a.m. and 7.10 p.m. CITY TICKET OFFICES: 127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 466 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC NOW IS THE BEST TIME TO VISIT THE WORLD'S FAIR. ST. LOUIS AND RETURN. \$24.00. From Montreal. Good for 15 days. Trains leave Windsor Station at 9.30 a.m., daily (except Sunday) with through sleeper, arriving St. Louis 1.45 p.m. next day, also 10.00 p.m. daily, Sundays included. THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPER. Leaves Windsor Station at 10.00 p.m. every Saturday. Price of berth, Montreal to St. Louis, only \$3.00 each way. Ticket Office, 129 St. James street (Next Post Office.)

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Wharf at Deschambault," will be received at this office until Wednesday, November 9, 1904, inclusively, for the construction of a wharf at Deschambault, County of Portneuf, Province of Quebec, according to a plan and a specification to be seen at the offices of Chas. Desjardins, Clerk of Works, Post Office Building, Montreal; Ph. Beland, Clerk of Works, Post Office Building, Quebec; the Postmaster at Deschambault, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for two thousand dollars (\$2,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, FRED GELINAS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, October 10, 1904. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. The Most Exclusive Styles in NEW FALL COATS AND SUITS. PARISIAN MODELS. MODERATE PRICE. Superb excellence of style is well set forth in the Carsley collection of Fall Coats and Suits. Among the wealth of styles shown there are many exclusive Garments of which we have no duplicate. Let us urge you to come and see them. They are moderately priced. A Handsome Half Length Coat of Fawn Beaver Cloth, self applique, deep shoulder straps, flat neck finish, full puff sleeve, tucked shoulder cape and flare cuff \$16.75

NEW FALL AND WINTER COATS FROM \$4.75 to \$61.20 An Exquisite and Fashionable Costume of Irish Tweed; the jacket is made hip length, back is fitted with side pleats, box front, fancy epaulettes and strappings, piped in silk, full puff sleeve, seven gore Tucked Skirt. Special price \$20.00 NEW FALL AND WINTER COSTUMES From \$11.65 to \$51.00

SOME SUPERB STYLES IN NEW TRIMMED HATS The Carsley Millinery appeals to every lady who desires to have new and exclusive styles, moderately priced. This splendid display of Fashionable Millinery contains every new idea in the World of Style. We have Trimmed Hats of every description, and the prices will prove to be the lowest in the city. Here's an exquisite Hat of Red Shirred Velvet, toque shape, handsomely trimmed, with two magnificent black birds. Price \$7.85

IMPORTANT VALUES IN New Dress Goods and Silks The Carsley collection of Fine Dress Goods and Silk is the best in the city. Never has there been as great a variety of beautiful rich fabrics. Never have priced them at such low figures. Here's a partial list. NEW SILKS. Black Dress Goods. New Beau de Soie, in the leading shades, all pure silk. Special price 59c. New Bengaline Silk, good range of shades, extra value. Special price 59c. New Marcelline Silk, in a beautiful range of colors. Special price 68c. New Alexandra Silk, extra fine quality, newest colors. Special price \$1.00. New Blouse Silk, in lengths for one Blouse, exclusive designs, handsome embroidery effect. Prices \$3.70 to \$10.30. Fine Black Melton Cloth, 54 in. wide. Special value 52c. Fine Black Eroona Cloth, all-wool, extra fine weave. Special price 54c. Fine Black Wool Canvas, all-wool, for handsome Fall Gowns, Special price 70c. Fine Black Armure Cloth, all-wool, beautiful weave. Special price 81c. Fine Black Basket Cloth, all-wool, drapes gracefully. Special price 84c.

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Retiring from Business means an enormous saving to parties furnishing. Our low prices and Superior Quality of Carpets and Furnishing Goods are so well and favorably known to the Purchasing Public that our large discounts on each purchase demonstrates the great saving to purchasers in every department as long as the sale will last. THOMAS LIGGET, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

FALL HATS. As in previous years, we have given the greatest care to our importations of Fall Hats. Our Buyer goes direct to the largest Hat Manufacturers in the world and picks out and also gets our own styles made, which are unique, and cannot be gotten elsewhere. 40 PER CENT. BETTER VALUE than what they offer you elsewhere for the same price. You must come and see our stock. It is your interest to do so. SPECIALTY. CHRISTY'S Famous Fall Tweed Hats.—We are the only ones in town who have them. CHAS. DESJARDINS & CIE., 1533-1543 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.

DO NOT BUY TRASHY GOODS AT ANY PRICE. Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate. Are the Best. Notice the Name on them.

ARE YOUR STOVE BRICKS IN BAD ORDER? DON'T WORRY! "Presbrey" Stove Lining WILL FIX IT. 5 lb. will repair 25c. 10 lb. will renew 40c. This is the best Stove Cement in the market to-day, and is fully guaranteed. GEORGE W. REED & CO., ROOFERS, &c., 785 Craig Street.

ST. PATRICK'S PARADE. The British Army and Nans attended High Mass at St. Patrick's Church on Sunday last, were attended by St. Patrick's, several veterans of the African war, and the Canadian Association of Veterans. The 200 in all in the parade. Der P. Matthews was in the veterans. Captain J. der the Cadets' officer, and der Watts looked after the Veterans' Association. The left the Drill Hall shortly o'clock, and headed by five band, marched to St. Church, where they were by Rev. Father Martin who preached an eloquent the occasion. The pastor extended to a most cordial welcome, he said, in such large number assist at the holy sacrifice Mass in the mother Irish Church of the city. He commended them for having served flag which of all flags is a serving of respect and the flag of this mighty Empire boast of being the most generous friend and most champion of personal, social and religious liberty. The Callaghan alluded to wrongs and woes of Ireland, praised the broad and noble of the present, and those trying to right the wrong past under the guidance who is universally loved at the speaker concluded by ing St. Patrick's Cadetling at a recent competition themselves at the head marksmanship of Canada. The musical portion of was well rendered. Presided at the organ. Luke Callaghan sang High The visitation of the commenced on Monday. R Martin Callaghan divided into four sections. It about a month to complete. The new marble altar of ed Virgin donated by Cochrane, wife of ex-Mcneaney, was put up on Monday finished on Wednesday of It is a real work of art, \$1500. It will be blessed near future. Tuesday being the feast Luke, and Rev. Luke feast day, Father Luke client of many presents wishes. The eucharist given by St. Total Abstinence and Be city are proving very enjoyed by a large number the members and their friends. ST. ANN'S PARISH. On Sunday last Rev. Fresne, C.S.S.R., of Montreal arrived from Belgium last his first High Mass at Church. The high altar fully decorated with banners streamers and flowers, which table colored and other their radiance over the altar the young Levites assisted by three college Father Trudel, C.S.S.R., a tant priest, Rev. Father S., as deacon, and Rev. Crory of the Montreal C sub-deacon. The sermon ed by Rev. E. Strubbe, C rev. gentleman gave an ex mon on the dignity of the He took for his text: "T one in the midst of you, know not." The preacher that day 25 years ago tourist Fathers came to first, and twenty years took charge of St. A They came as strangers ple, yet they were every mark of kindness and the people of St. Ann maintained faithful to their forefathers. After length on the great dign priesthood, turning to priest whom God had cal