

# The True Witness

Vol. LV., No. 18

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENT

## THE CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The following letter appears in The London Tablet:

Sir,—In the Tablet of the 14th inst., under the heading "News from Ireland," reference is made to the quarterly meeting of the above Society which had been held during the previous week. Since then the annual conference of this body has been held. At the opening meeting on Wednesday, the 11th inst., presided over by Cardinal Logue, a letter was read from His Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State, conveying the Papal Benediction to those who joined in the conference. It was resumed on Thursday, the 12th inst., under the presidency of the Archbishop of Tuam, who was supported on the platform by Cardinal Logue and several Bishops, a large number of clergymen, both secular and regular, and a very representative body of Catholic laymen of all political shades.

Amongst the papers read was an interesting and perfectly innoxious one on "tree planting." When commenting on this paper a Mr. John Sweetman, who for some years represented the Co. of Wicklow in Parliament as a Nationalist member, made the following observations as reported in the Freeman's Journal of the 14th inst. He said:

"The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland is one for self-help. We did not call on the English Government to publish and distribute cheap Catholic books, but we did the work for ourselves (applause). It is not for this Society to call on our greatest enemy, the English Government, to plant forests. The English Government hates the Irish nation, as that of Egypt did hate the Jewish nation, and we must fight that Government with all the weapons that the great God has given us, just as Moses fought the Egyptians (applause). We have no power to call the ten plagues of Egypt on the English. Would to God that we had that power (applause and laughter). We can, however, boycott her manufactured goods and boycott her army and navy. Why do we not do so? If we do not use the weapons God has put in our hands we cannot blame the Almighty for leaving us as slaves of the Egyptians. England does not trouble at our calling on her to do anything, but she does trouble when we boycott her manufactures, her army and her navy (applause). In the Old Testament God personally came to the aid of the enslaved nationality. He is not less merciful in the New Testament. In Christian times God inspired Joan of Arc to free France from the hated English, and although she was burned at the stake as a heretic owing to the judgment passed by the Catholic Bishop of Beauvais, within twenty-five years this judgment was reversed by the Archbishop of Rheims, whom Pope Calixtus had appointed to reverse it, and at the present time her canonization is going on in Rome. And with reference to us here in Ireland, Christ's Vicar on Earth has on several occasions granted all the indulgences formerly granted to the Crusaders to all Irishmen who fought against England. Such indulgences were granted by Gregory XIII. in the year 1580, and by Clement VIII. in the year 1600 (applause). Who can say that the Catholic Church forbids an enslaved nation from struggling for its liberty? I believe the practical way for us to do so now is to boycott England's manufactures, England's army and England's navy" (applause).

Whether I regard the open disloyalty of his utterances or his gross misrepresentation of the teaching and acts of the Catholic Church, of which he is a member, I regret to find that while his speech is stated to have been received with frequent "applause," there was no word of censure or objection from any of the speakers who subsequently took part in the deliberations of the meeting. This Society was established in Ireland for "the dissemination of devotional works and for the diffusion of sound Catholic literature in a popular form, and to carry out the moral and political duties of the Irish people."

## THE POPE AND ENGLISH CATHOLICS.

A Rome telegram describes, how the Pope received in audience the pilgrims of the British Catholic Association. The audience was attended by more than the usual pomp. The pilgrims, who numbered 360, gathered at the Vatican somewhat before the appointed hour. Entering the Pauline Hall, they unfurled a Royal Standard. The Pontiff, as is his custom, was punctual, and entered the Hall quietly. He was dressed entirely in white, and was accompanied by Mgr. Bisleti, Master of Ceremonies; Mgr. Stoner, Mgr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster; Mgr. Casartelli, Bishop of Salford; Mgr. Whiteside, Bishop of Liverpool, and the Lord Abbot of Down; while he was surrounded by the Noble and Swiss Guards. The Pilgrims had ranged themselves on two sides of the Hall, down which the Holy Father passed, going from each to each. As he advanced, those near him fell on their knees, kissing his hand devoutly and holding out various religious objects which they desired him to bless. To some he spoke a few kind words, while to all his reception was so benevolent that tears rose in many eyes.

After the ceremony, which occupied about half an hour, His Holiness was presented with a richly bound book, containing an address signed by 6500 British Catholics, including Lord Denbigh and the leaders of the pilgrimage, and expressing the loyalty of the British Catholics to the Holy See and to the Pope personally.

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The Pope replied to the address in a few appreciative words. He spoke in Italian, his address being translated by Archbishop Bourne. He thanked the pilgrims for their splendid demonstration of loyalty, and congratulated them on the faith which animated them. "It is," said His Holiness, "the more meritorious because you are dwelling among a people which does not practice the Catholic Faith." Continuing, the Pope said that even non-Catholics when Christians, were redeemed by the blood of Christ, and he urged the pilgrims to exercise their great apostolate, having seen with their own eyes what others had heard only with their ears. "We are convinced," he concluded, "that you will work with the religious charity which has caused many conversions, and has brought us consolation in our affliction." After His Holiness had pronounced the Apostolic Blessing on the pilgrims and their families, a photograph was taken of the pilgrims, with the Pope in their midst.

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The Archbishop, in his reply, said he was extremely glad to be among the pilgrims, especially in the Eternal City, and was most pleased to see that they belonged to the three countries, England, Scotland and Ireland. He hoped that there would always be a bond of union between the Catholics of those three countries, and he congratulated the Catholic Association on the success of its pilgrimages.

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Mr. Hamilton Harty's Irish Symphony, which was performed with great success at the Fels Ceoil in Dublin, has had an instant success in London. The more distinguished critic the more enthusiastic is the eulogy bestowed upon its performance at the Queen's Hall. The Westminster Gazette says: "A work more remarkable by a young composer—Mr. Harty is not yet twenty—has not been heard in London for many a long day. In every respect the symphony merits the highest praise. It is a masterpiece of music."

The smallest bird cannot light upon the greatest tree without sending a shock to its inner fibre; every mind is at times no less sensitive to the most trifling words.—Lew Wallace.

The fallings of good men are commonly more published by the world than their good deeds, and new faith is often more easily won than old.

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The following are the terms of the petition:

That an humble Address be presented to His Majesty as follows: May it Please Your Majesty:

We, your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the members of the House of Representatives, in Parliament assembled, desire most earnestly in our name and on behalf of the people whom we represent, to express our unswerving loyalty and devotion to Your Majesty's person and Government.

We have observed with feelings of profound satisfaction the evidence afforded by recent legislation and recent debates in the Houses of Parliament of the United Kingdom of a sincere desire now to deal justly with Ireland, and, in particular, we congratulate the people of the United Kingdom on the remarkable Act directed towards the settlement of the Land Question, and on the concession, to the people of Ireland of a measure of Local Government for municipal purposes. But the sad history of Ireland since the Act of Union shows that no British Parliament can understand or effectively deal with the economic and social conditions of Ireland.

Enjoying and appreciating as we do the blessings of Home Rule here, we would humbly express the hope that a just measure of Home Rule may be granted to the people of Ireland. They ask for it through their representatives—never has request more clear, consistent, and continuous been made by any nation. As subjects of Your Majesty, we are interested in the peace and contentment of all parts of the Empire, and we desire to see this long-standing grievance at the very heart of the Empire removed. It is our desire for the solidarity and permanence of the Empire, as a power making for peace and civilization, that must be our excuse for submitting to Your Majesty this respectful petition.

Irish Patriots in the French Army.

The fact that the gallant Myles Byrne, whose Memoirs, edited by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, himself a guardian of Smith O'Brien, on the eve of publication, rose to be Chief de Brigade in the French Army, will recall the fact that several of the leaders of the United Irishmen attained high military rank in the French Army. Wolfe Tone was appointed Chief de Brigade, and subsequently Adjutant-General. Napper Tandy was made a General by Bonaparte, who appointed Arthur O'Connor a General of Division in the French service. Corbet, who was expelled from Trinity College after the Visitation by Lord Clare in 1798, was also a General in the French Army. William Lawless, who was Professor of Physiology in the College of Surgeons, on finding that a warrant was out for his arrest in 1798, got safely to France, where he rose to the rank of General, and lost a leg at Leipzig. These names do not at all exhaust the list of United Irishmen who attained distinction in the French army.

The Catholic Church is Christianity.

Writing of the difficulties which beset the people who are trying to bring about some sort of unity among the Protestant bodies of this country, the Morning Oregonian, of Portland, Oregon, said on Oct. 16: "No man can make a definition of Christianity to suit another man. The Roman Catholic Church alone can make an authoritative definition of Christianity. For the Roman Catholic Church is Christianity, in its historical development; and the one Church alone, therefore, is entitled to speak on Christian doctrine with Christian authority. Everything else, in the name of Christianity, is individual opinion or sectarian dissent. The Roman Catholic Church has kept Christianity alive in the world, and keeps it alive now. For Christianity is a body of dogma and doctrine, which is weak at every point of departure from acknowledged ecclesiastical and his-

torical authority. The Protestantism of the last four hundred years is only a feature of the decadence of historical Christianity, which, though it may modify the Roman Catholic conception, yet will wear itself out. The historical Roman Catholic Church is Christianity. Withdrawing that, as a dogmatic system of theology, and a doctrinal system of religion, would disappear from the world."

THE JOLLY MONK.

It is time to say a word about the merry, bibulous monk who is always indulging in good cheer, tipping the bottle, tapping casks, or engaged in sports with his equally merry brother monks. The art decorator with execrable taste invented him, and turn where you will he confronts you with broad smirk, decanter and glass. He looks out of store windows and holds up his glass with the air of the critical toper, he lolls back in his chair, the bottle firm in his grasp; he is an ornamental detail of mission furniture; and his tanned head has been scooped out to serve as a tobacco jar, a pipe bowl, a drinking cup, a parlor vase, and a bon bon box. He appears on placage and postal card, in five cent frames and elegant frames, and he is always rotund, always epistoring, never the monk we were taught to revere in our childhood, whom we associated with holy deeds and noble living. Stories of Fra Angelico and his angels, of Thomas a Kempis, of the heroes who colonized California had ill-prepared us to accept the grossly vulgar art conception of the monastic presence. Alas for modern taste and for the little children who acquire their early ideas of pictorial art from the indecent poster, the stretches of lurid bill boards, and colored supplements of the Sunday paper! Some weeks ago an enterprising publisher offered a premium picture with the Sunday edition, and Catholic children coming from Sunday School were pressed into service to introduce the picture into Catholic homes. "Don't you want to buy this paper?" asked a six-year-old. "Jack will give me a picture if I sell it." The picture was the monk. To be just, it was not the monk in his most objectionable guise, but still the monk as a votary of pleasure, with a band of his brethren gaily casting their lines for fish. There was little of the man of God stamped on any face in the group, nothing to increase reverence for the calling the brown habit stood for. "Aren't monks funny?" said the six-year-old.—Gerald Farrell, in Donahoe's.

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Hope

HOME INTERESTS

Conducted by HELENE.

It has been wisely suggested that the women who succeed are those who go to their work with a determination...

danger of the half-dozen crosses which the action of the foot is bound to form on the front vamp.

It is well to have two or three pairs of shoes at least on hand and to change them as often as possible.

VALUE OF OLIVE OIL.

Sufferers from nerve disorders should try the olive oil cure, which is highly recommended. The very best and purest olive oil must be obtained...

A MEDICAL ESTIMATE OF PRAYER.

At the recent annual meeting of the British Medical Association, a specialist in neurology and in the treatment of mental diseases, said: "As an alienist and one whose whole life has been concerned with the sufferings of the mind, I would state that of all hygienic measures to counteract disturbed sleep, depressed spirits and all the miserable sequelae of a distressed mind, I would undoubtedly give the first place to the simple habit of prayer."

A SMOOTH YOUNG SKIN.

A professional model whose complexion is of the classic type has this to say about her smooth skin and its treatment:

"I suppose I ought to say that I owe my complexion to soap and water; but, to tell the actual truth, neither soap nor water agrees with my skin very well. I seldom wash my face, vulgar as this may sound.

"I am accustomed to taking a cold bath every day, which is a matter of habit. It is good for some people and bad for others, but it agrees perfectly with me. I feel invigorated by it.

"In the natural course of events my face gets its dash of cold water, but otherwise I do not wash it except for a light steaming which it gets once in awhile, say once in ten days or so.

"At night I cover my face thickly with cold cream, putting it on in great layers. I let it remain on for a few minutes and then remove it with a soft cloth. I then apply another thick coating of cold cream, and this I leave on all night.

It seems to sink into the pores and to supply the moisture which has been taken out of it during the day.

"You cannot expect to have a smooth young skin unless you use lots of cold cream on your face. You must experiment until you find the right kind of cold cream to use. If glycerin hurts your skin, do not use it. If you cannot stand rose water and alcohol, why, it is best to omit them. Discover the kind of cream you can use and stick to it. That is the way I did."—Brooklyn Eagle.

YOUR SHOES.

If women knew how a rundown heel or a dirty shoestring spoils an entire toilet they would be more particular.

"When a woman is particular about her shoes, gloves and handkerchiefs," said a man, "you may be sure that she is a good housekeeper."

If you buy a well made, well fitting shoe in the beginning it may cost you more than you felt you ought to pay.

But if you take good care of these shoes, cleaning them, keeping them in shape and soeing to their wants, you will find that they will endure three times as long as a cheap shoe and still always look shapely.

Shoes are not to be taken off at night and tossed anywhere. As each one is removed it should be stretched and pulled while still retaining the warmth of the foot. It should be rubbed with the palm of the hand and then allowed to stand until the wearer is ready to retire. At this point the adjustable foot tree should be inserted. The tree shoelaces all

A bread toaster for a gas stove is another new device. Four slices of bread can be toasted at once, and clever arrangement prevents any part of the bread from coming in contact with the flame.

Odds and ends of soap can be put to a good use if, when a number of them have been accumulated, they are almost covered with alcohol. This forms a thick jelly, which is readily dissolved in water, and will be found useful in shampooing, in manicuring the hands, and in the bath.

RECIPES.

Snowflake Pudding—Soak a package of gelatine in one cup of cold water until thoroughly dissolved then turn into it two half cups of boiling water, the juice of two small lemons, one and one half cupful of sugar and the well-beaten whites of three eggs. Whip up until very stiff. Bake a custard by scalding one and a half pint of milk, adding to it one cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour and the yolks of three eggs. When cold flavor with vanilla.

Spiced Grapes.—Take the pulp of the grapes, boil, and rub through a sieve so as to get rid of the seeds. Add the skins to the strained pulp and boil with sugar, vinegar and spices, using for seven pounds of grapes four and a half pounds of sugar and one pint of good vinegar. Spice quite highly with ground cloves allspice and a little cinnamon.

To candy violets, get some fine double blossoms, break off the heads, dip them in water into which previously dissolve a little isinglass, and put them afterwards into a little cooled spun sugar. Sprinkle the violets with the finest powdered sugar, and lay them on sheets of white paper in the sun or some warm place, but on no account put them in an oven. Spun sugar is made by taking a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar to half a pint of water. Boil it until it forms strings on a spoon when dipped in it—hence the name. The violets may be gathered on a dry, sunny day, otherwise there is danger of their not keeping.

Brown Betty—The very mention of brown Betty brings with it all the flavor of old-fashioned days. The following recipe is one of the best of its kind: Spread the bottom of an earthen pudding dish with a layer of quartered apples dotted with bits of butter and seasoned with nutmeg. Then cover with a layer of bread crumbs soaked in milk. Do not have too much milk, as the tartness of the apples and the sweetness of the milk do not combine well, but the crumbs should be thoroughly moistened to prevent their becoming too dry in baking. Bread freshly grated from a stale loaf is excellent for this purpose. Sprinkle the top with nutmeg, a little sugar and large bits of butter. Bake until a rich brown. Serve with thick, sweetened cream, or, better yet, with a hard sauce, made with powdered sugar, butter and a little flavoring. It is good either hot or cold.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A FAREWELL PRAYER.

Great preparations were being made in a Dublin household for a visit to Belfast. The tiny daughter of the house was greatly interested, as she was to make the trip with her parents.

The night before they were to start little Gladys knelt to say her prayers as usual. After her accustomed petitions had been made, the mother, who was listening rather absent-mindedly, was startled to hear the little girl conclude her prayer with the exclamation, "Good-bye, God! We're goin' to Belfast."—The Shamrock.

An absent-minded professor was one day observed walking down the street with one foot continually in the gutter, and the other on the pavement. A pupil, meeting him, saluted him with "Good morning, professor, how are you?"

"I was very well, I thought," announced the professor, "but now I don't know what is the matter with me. For the last ten minutes I've been limping."

THE ANIMAL HE RESEMBLED.

John R. Davis, Jr., tells a good story of a Welshman and an Irishman who had a fight, in which the ignorance of natural history played an important part. The Welshman had taken boxing lessons until he thought he could lick anything of his weight. He thereupon challenged an Irishman to fight him to a finish and the challenge was promptly accepted. The Welshman selected a fellow-countryman named Davvy for a second. After the first round the

Welshman went to his corner and asked Davvy how he looked.

"Look like a lion!" said Davvy. In the second round the Welshman had an eye closed, but Davvy still declared his champion looked like a lion. At the end of the third round the Welshman was out. When he came to he looked through his swollen eyes at his second and said:

"Ow do I look now, Davvy?"

"Like a lion," said Davvy.

"I don't feel like 'an. Did you ever see a lion?"

"Yes, indeed. Bill Jones 'as 'un!"

"Hit hain't a lion, man. Hit's a jackass!"

"Well, that's 'ow you look!"—Youngstown Telegram.

BEING PREPARED.

"In driving across the country from one town to another in New Hampshire last winter," said the Boston traveller, "I had an accident and was laid up at a farmhouse for a month. I was there when Port Arthur surrendered. I read the news in my Boston daily, which came to me every day, and just as I had finished the dispatches the good woman of the house came in to see if I wanted anything. I told her the news, but she looked at me in a puzzled way and made no reply. When she withdrew I heard her say to her husband in the next room:

"Silas, Mr. Blank says Port Arthur has surrendered."

"What's that?" he asked.

"I dunno, but that's what he says."

"Go back and ask him what it is."

"I hate to. Silas. He'll think we don't know anything."

"Well, what you goin' to do about it?"

"I'll get around to ask him tomorrow. Meanwhile, you'd better prepare yourself."

"How can I?"

"Why, you can go to work and bag up thirty bushels of 'aters, and if it's any news that's goin' to lower the price you get them into town as fast as them old horses can gallop."—Philadelphia Press.

DYING BY INCHES.

Bloodless Girls Saved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dying by inches—that is the only way to describe hundreds of bloodless girls who are slipping slowly but surely from simple anaemia into a decline. They drag themselves along with one foot in the grave through those years of youth that should be the happiest in their lives. And the whole trouble lies in the blood. Bad blood is the fountain head of all the trouble that afflicts woman from maturity to middle life. Bad blood causes all the backaches and sideaches, all the paleness, breathlessness and despondency; all the heart palpitation, sickly dizzy turns and deathly fainting spells. From fainting spells to consumption is only a step. In nine cases out of ten consumption starts from bloodlessness—and the only cure for bloodlessness is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new, rich, red blood, that brings the rosy glow of health to sallow cheeks, and strength to every part of the body. This has been proved in thousands of cases. Miss Frances Peach, Welland, Ont., says:—"A couple of years ago my condition of health was very serious. Doctors said that I had no blood—that it had turned to water. I was unfit to do anything for months, and was little more than a living skeleton. I had no appetite; the least exertion would leave me breathless, and I had frequent severe headaches. I was treated by several doctors, but they failed to help me, and I was completely discouraged. Then I was urged to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in a few weeks found my health improving. I used eight boxes in all, and was by that time again well and strong. I gained twenty-two pounds in weight, and never felt better in my life."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for Miss Peach they can do for every other weak and ailing girl. They make new blood, and new blood brings health, strength and happiness. But you must be sure you have the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper around each box. All dealers sell these pills, or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sorrows may take from life its delight, but, thank God, they can never take its duties. At the lowest ebb of dejection we still have much to do.

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" A pleasant liver laxative made from fruit with tonics added. Nature's remedy for constipation, headaches, biliousness, kidney and skin diseases.

The Poet's Corner.

MY HEART AND I.

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I, We sit beside the headstone thus, And wish that name were carved for us.

The moss reprints more tenderly The hard types of the mason's knife, As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life With which we're tired, my heart and I.

You see we're tired, my heart and I, We dealt with books and trusted me, And in our own blood drenched the pen.

As if such colors could not fly, We walked too straight for fortune's end, We loved too true to keep a friend; At last we're tired, my heart and I.

How tired we feel, my heart and I: We seem of no use in the world, Our fancies hang gray and uncurled About men's eyes indifferently; Our voice, which thrilled you so, will let

You sleep; our tears are only wet, What do we here, my heart and I? So tired, so tired, my heart and I, It was not thus in that old time, When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime

To watch the sunset from the sky, "Dear love, you're looking tired," he said; I, smiling at him, shook my head: "Tis now we're tired, my heart and I."

So tired, so tired, my heart and I; Though now none takes me on his arm To fold me close and kiss me warm Till each quick breath end in a sigh Of happy languor. Now, alone, We lean upon this graveyard stone, Uncheered, unloved, my heart and I.

Tired out we are, my heart and I, Suppose the world brought diadems To tempt us, crusted with loose gems

Of powers and pleasures? Let it try, We scarcely care to look at even A pretty child, or God's blue heaven, We feel so tired, my heart and I.

Yet who complains? My heart and I? In this abundant earth, no doubt, Is little room for things worn out; Disdain them, break them, throw them by!

And if, before the days grew rough, We once were loved, used—well enough I think we've faded, my heart and I.—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

YOUTH.

"Oh, dear, dear days, good-by," she said, "No tears or prayers or sighs of pain Can wake ye into life again."

Away she turned with drooping head, Not marked how in the distance lay Her future like a crescent moon. Waiting to burst in golden bloom

When some few nights had waned away, "Oh, dear, dear days, good-by," she said.—Theodosia Pickering Garrison.

CRADLE SONG.

Sing it, Mother! sing it low; Deem it not an idle lay, In the heart 'twill ebb and flow All the life-long way.

Sing it, Mother! softly sing, While he slumbers on your knee, All that after years may bring Shall flow back to thee.

Sing it, Mother! Love is strong! When the tears of manhood fall, Echoes of thy cradle song Shall its peace recall.

Sing it, Mother! when his eye Catcheth from the Yellow Divan, Bring, he may smile to see, When he remembereth—Dorothy Weston.

THE CONVERT.

The river's rose and gold—on other days At sunrise, too, it shone, but now its glow Seems golden-patterned as the streams that flow

From that great heart set in the Godhead's rays; There is no change in all the daily ways

Of this, his life; the friends that come and go Are nearer, yet apart; they cannot know

The rapture in his soul where new peace stays. He is the same to hurrying men that pass

In haste to daily work; they cannot see The splendid bloom upon a barren rod; They cannot know—he goes from his first Mass—

The fullness of his hidden ecstasy— He bears like Simeon, heart to heart, his God. —Maurice Francis Egan.

A PRAYER.

O Thou before whom storms are silent, And oceans vast from tumult cease, Take this wild heart unto Thy keeping,

And lead it to Thy perfect peace. This heart, storm-tossed, enflamed by lime

Soon tempted from the narrow way Its very love too often leading itself and others far astray

Wrench it, Lord, from the senses' thralldom, From pleasure which it loudly claims,

From wishes, vaguely interwoven, And give it everlasting aims, That from the tyranny of moments, From doubt, regret, and pain set free,

It may for once be without burden, And rest, at last, at last, in Thee. —F. W. F. FOR THE DEAD.

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made, The souls to Thee so dear, In prison for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here.

Those holy souls, they suffer on, Resign'd in heart and will, Until Thy high behest is done, And justice has its fill

For daily falls, for pardon'd crime, They joy to undergo The shadow of Thy cross sublime, The remnant of Thy wo.

Help, Lord, the souls which Thou hast made, The souls to Thee so dear, In prison for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here.

Oh, by their patience of delay, Their hope amid their pain, Their sacred zeal to burn away Disfigurement and stain;

Oh, by their fire of love, not less In keeness than the flame, Oh, by their very helplessness, Oh, by Thy own great Name.

Good Jesu, help! sweet Jesu, aid The souls to Thee most dear, In prison for the debt unpaid Of sins committed here. —J. H. Newman.

O, for a tongue to utter The words that should be said— Of his worth that was silver, living, That is gold and Jasper, dead!

Dead—but the death was fitting: First in the ranks he lay, And he marks the height of his nation's gain, As he lies in the harness—dead! —John Boyle O'Reilly.

It is a hard world. It is a cruel world, and the more that men and women live in it the more like it do they become from the primal instinct of self-preservation, unless they keep unspattered their youthful faith in their joy and their hope. To give these up is the first step toward playing the gutter, so joining the ranks of the bowed and hope—Dorothy Weston.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys: I am glad to see the fog. I cannot get too tired. I evidently had a Hallow'een. May E. n like more pieces. Why, have room for ever and I hope to hear again. D. Amy McC is a very welcome she would all like to see drinking dog. M. Edna enjoys the corner. How little folks are becoming Real little cousins, too together through reading in the corner, I understand cannot send too many write as often as you like. Your loving AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: I have received the T and was glad to see such of letters in the corner. ing pretty cold weather snowing to-day. Winnifd in her last letter that he to know how many brothers I have two brothers, Ray nia. Ray is seventeen December, and Johnnie is most thank Winnifd ver her kind invitation. I very much to go to Fram her, and would also like and Harold could come to cousins in Kensington, fo be glad to see them and spend a few weeks with u now finish by sending my the little cousins. I remain Your loving niec M.

Dear Aunt Becky: As Edna is writing I also. I was very much to see the letter from my Frampton, also send her hope she will write again very much to see Winnifd in the corner. Last night low'en and we made toffee games. The Hallow'eer in and they looked very of their false faces. We have to-day, as this is All Sat but will go to-morrow. I finish by sending my love little cousins, not forgetting I remain, Your loving niec WINNIFD Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: We receive the True Wit like it very much. I like to little letters in the True W live on a farm, and my p twenty-two cows, four hor sine calves. I read in the der and learn geography, spelling, writing and arithm ter's name in Winnifred D. have a cousin Harold. So we must be cousins to the who write to the True Wit they write to us we will an letters. Aunt Becky, would to have two more nieces? M. Warden, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have read letters from D. That is my name too, brother Wilfrid, twelve y and a sister, eight years of name is Mary Evelyn. I a years old. Wilfrid is going college in Marquette at New Mary and I are going to the next September. We are g 446 music lessons next wee have twenty-six scholars school. It is about a mile quarter from our house. W every day. If I see my let print I will write again, G from WARDEN, QUE. WINNIFRED

My Dear Aunt Becky: Every time I read the True I notice that there are letters from the children in so I thought I would write o go to St. Joseph's school and the second reader. I learn writing, catechism and draw am ten years old. I've got t ters and three brothers. I've dear little dog named Tiny, I will think it funny to know the drink tea every day. I

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am glad to see the letters growing. I cannot get too many. Winnifred M. evidently had a jolly time on Hallow'en. May E. asks if I would like more nieces. Why, yes, dear, I have room for ever and ever so many. I hope to hear again from Winnifred D. Amy McO is a new-comer, and very welcome she is. I am sure we would all like to see the little tea-drinking dog, M. Edna M. says she enjoys the corner. How funny my dear little folks are becoming acquainted. Real little cousins, too, have come together through reading the letters in the corner, I understand. You cannot send too many letters, so write as often as you like.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have received the True Witness and was glad to see such a nice lot of letters in the corner. We are having pretty cold weather here; it is snowing to-day. Winnifred D. said in her last letter that Harold wished to know how many brothers I have, I have two brothers, Ray and Johnnie. Ray is seventeen the 13th of December, and Johnnie is seven. I must thank Winnifred very much for her kind invitation. I would like very much to go to Frampton to see her, and would also like if Winnifred and Harold could come to see their cousins in Kensington, for we would be glad to see them and have them spend a few weeks with us. I will now finish by sending my love to all the little cousins. I remain,

Your loving niece, M. EDNA M. Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As Edna is writing I will write also. I was very much pleased to see the letter from my cousin in Frampton, also send her my love and hope she will write again. I like very much to see Winnifred's letters in the corner. Last night was Hallow'en and we made toffee and played games. The Hallow'en boys were in and they looked very comical with their false faces. We have no school to-day, as this is All Saints' day, but will go to-morrow. I will now finish by sending my love to all the little cousins, not forgetting yourself. I remain,

Your loving niece, WINNIFRED M. Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We receive the True Witness and like it very much. I like to read the little letters in the True Witness. I live on a farm, and my papa has twenty-two cows, four horses and nine calves. I read in the fourth reader and learn geography, history, spelling, writing and arithmetic. Sister's name in Winnifred D., and we have a cousin Harold. Some think we must be cousins to the little girls who write to the True Witness. If they write to us we will answer their letters. Aunt Becky, would you like to have two more nieces?

Warden, Que. MARY E.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have read letters from Winnifred D. That is my name too. I have a brother Wilfrid, twelve years old, and a sister, eight years old. Her name is Mary Evelina. I am eleven years old. Wilfrid is going to the college in Marquette at New Year's. Mary and I are going to the convent next September. We are going to take music lessons next week. We have twenty-six scholars in our school. It is about a mile and a quarter from our house. We drove every day. If I see my letter in print I will write again. Good-bye, from

Warden, Que. WINNIFRED D.

My Dear Aunt Becky:

Every time I read the True Witness I notice that there are not any letters from the children in Ottawa, so I thought I would write one. I go to St. Joseph's school and am in the second reader. I learn reading, writing, catechism and drawing. I am ten years old. I've got two sisters and three brothers. I've got a dear little dog named Tiny, and you will think it funny to know that he drinks tea every day. I am the

youngest of the family. I was at Montreal and Quebec this year, but I find Ottawa is the nicest. I think I will close now. Good-bye.

Your loving niece, AMY McO.

BOBBY'S NEST.

"Mother," said Bobby Boy, when she kissed him good-night, "I wish I was a little bird and lived in a little nest?"

"Isn't this bed a nice little nest?" asked Bobby Boy's mother. She knelt on the floor beside him, and put her head on his white pillow. "Isn't this nice soft little bed and pretty blue comfort, and plump white pillows nicer than sticks and straws and leaves and paper, woven together as the robin in the little lilac bush, makes its little house?"

"Not quite, mother," said Bobby Boy. "I want to sleep just one night in a nest."

Bobby Boy's mother laughed and kissed him good-night again and cuddled the blue comfort about him and smoothed the white pillows and patted the yellow curls and told him to go to sleep. He lay thinking about how nice it was for little birds who didn't go to kindergarten, and had nothing to do but build nests in lilac bushes. When he did go asleep at last, he dreamed about nests with little blue comforts in them and little brass knobs all round the edge of them and funny pillows made of moss.

Next day Bobby Boy was very busy. His mother found him building a bird's nest in the closet. It was bigger than the nest in the lilac bush, for Bobby Boy was five years old. It was made of pine branches he had brought in from the woods, and the feathers he had picked from an old duster, and bits of moss and paper and string.

Night came again, and Bobby Boy's mother tucked him in the blue comfort and patted the white pillow and smoothed the yellow hair and kissed Bobby Boy good-night after she had sung a little "go-to-sleep" song for him.

Bobby Boy did not go to sleep. He lay very wide awake, watching a big white moon shining through the apple tree. Bobby Boy was waiting till the house grew still, then he meant to go out and build a nest in the apple tree. When the house grew still Bobby crawled out of bed. He put on his little trousers and stockings, then he pulled the blue comfort off the little bed and tied it into a bundle. There were sticks in the bundle, lank moss and paper, and the feathers from the feather duster. Bobby Boy opened the window and crept out on a little piazza.

"Cheep weep, cheep weep," went a frightened little bird in the tree; then it flew away and screamed, for it had never before seen a little boy looking down into its tree when the moon was shining. The apple tree threw one big branch up on the piazza.

There was the nicest place where the five big limbs branched out. It was just big enough to hold a little boy's nest, and Bobby Boy had been thinking about it for a long time. He climbed out on the branch and put his legs around it, exactly as he did when he slid down the banisters. He held the rope that was tied to his bundle, then he slid down the big branch into the heart of the apple tree. Once or twice the little twig creaked and groaned, and the blue bundle stuck among the branches. At last he was down in the little nest, and he stood there for a minute, breathing very hard. He pulled the bundle over him, and it came with a whack that almost knocked him down. It was a good thing there were nice, firm branches like a wall all around him, or Bobby Boy would have tumbled to the ground. He waited for a minute to get his breath back, then he began to build his nest. It was not so easy to build a nest as in the closet, because things tumbled to the ground. All the sticks fell, and a puff of wind carried the paper and feathers away. The moss wouldn't stay put, and nothing seemed to want to be made into a nest but the blue comfort. Bobby Boy began to feel cold, so he spread it around him and crouched down in his nest. It was very lonely and quiet. The little bird came back and flew into the top of the tree and said, "Cheep weep, cheep weep," as if it were sleepy and tired.

The moon grew bigger and whiter and brighter, and stared boldly at

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Bobby Boy through the branches. Bobby Boy didn't feel comfortable in his nest; a scraggy old branch kept pushing his head out of the way, so he turned around and tried to curl up in a new way, but another branch wouldn't let him. It poked into his back. It began to grow very cold, and the wind whistled through the branches, and the moon stared at him and said: "Bobby Boy, you're a little goose, climb up the tree and go to bed."

"I don't believe I like sleeping in the tree to-night," said Bobby Boy to the moon. "It is too cold. It will be lovely, though, when it grows warmer and I can eat apples all night."

"You're a goose," said the moon again. "Go to bed."

"All right, sir, I will," said Bobby Boy. He began to crawl up the branch that led to his room. When he was half way up he slipped right back, and slid away down into the heart of the tree. He would have fallen to the ground if it had not been for his shirt catching in a sharp branch. Bobby Boy was frightened. The blue comfort had fallen to the ground, and his hands were so cold he could hardly hold on to the old tree.

"Father, mother!" he screamed. "Come and get me! Come and get me!"

He could see the lamp lit in his little room, and he heard his mother give such a cry it nearly made him fall from the tree.

"Bobby Boy!" cried his father. "Bobby Boy, where are you?"

"Here in my nest," called Bobby Boy. Then father and mother climbed out on the piazza. His mother was crying, and his father was bending down into the apple tree, but he could not reach Bobby Boy. Then everybody in the house waked up, and a long ladder went up to the very heart of the old apple tree, and Bobby Boy crept into his father's arms. He went to sleep in his own little bed, with a hot water bottle at his feet and a hot woolly blanket wrapped about him and soft white pillows under his head; and the last thing he remembered was the big moon looking at him through the apple tree and saying: "Bobby Boy, you're a goose. Isn't that lovely bed better than a nest in the apple tree?"

"I believe it is, sir," said Bobby Boy, sleepily.

ISABEL'S ENVELOPE.

"Good-bye," said Isabel, at the end of her visit. "Please don't write to me."

"Don't write!" echoed Lois, blankly.

"I mean it. Ever since I came I've been realizing what it means for you to sit down to letter-writing after using a pen in your work all day. It makes me think of what Adela Wilbur told her mother one evening. She's a professional concert pianist, you know, and she said, 'Mamma, I want to be agreeable, but when you

Suffered Terrible Agony FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McInnis, Marion Bridge, N.B., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble." Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

ask me to play for people at night after I've practiced all day, it's just like inviting a man who saws wood for a living to saw a little extra in the evening for the amusement of his friends. Adela isn't very soulful about her music, you know, but there was point in what she said nevertheless, and I'm never going to urge you to write again."

"So that's it," laughed Lois. "Well if I don't do any better than I have the last year, you needn't worry. I'm the worst correspondent in the world. I shall think of a hundred things to tell you and to ask you before the week is gone, but the trouble with me is I always have so much to say that I keep putting off the letter until there's time to write a long one, and when I do get at it, I've forgotten most of the remarks I wanted to make."

"Lois, here's a plan!" proposed Isabel, suddenly. "It has just come to me. Will you take a good-sized envelope and address it to me, and keep it lying on your desk? Then, whenever you think of something that belongs especially to me, scribble it on any scrap of paper that happens to be handy, and slip it into Isabel's envelope."

"It needn't have any beginning or ending. You don't say 'My dear Isabel,' and 'Your loving Lois,' every time you speak when I'm here. But if a play, for instance, suggests a thought you'd like to whisper to me, write it on the margin of your programme during the waits. Do you get the idea?"

"You may see something funny on the car, or think something serious while you're at luncheon down-town, and you can tell it to me on the back of an old envelope. You might date the messages, but no other formality will be allowed. Then, when the envelope is full, seal it up and send it off. I'll do the same, and we'll just see if we can't keep in touch this year without feeling that we have spent more time and strength than we could afford in letter-writing."

This was two years ago, and the result is that the girl who was "the worst correspondent in the world" at that time has formed the habit of keeping half a dozen envelopes, each addressed to one of her friends, according to Isabel's suggestion; and not the least interesting point about it is that every one of these friends declares that the mail never brings a letter which compares in delight with these packages of fresh every-day bits from the life of busy every-day Youth's Companion.

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Sweet Angel, let me cling to thee; Keep me from sin and danger free. O be thou near me all the day, Whether I work or rest or play, And when the night falls, dark and still,

With gentle thoughts my bosom fill. When I my evening prayers have said, Stay close beside my little bed; Entold me in thy spotless wings, Driving away all evil things, Benish all strange and fearful dreams Until again the morning beams.— Until night's nameless terrors o'er, I wake within thy arms once more.— Hope Willis, in Ave Maria.

A WISE BLACKSMITH.

"Set your pride in its proper place and never be ashamed Of any honest calling."

Where do you suppose I saw these words for the first time? I saw them in a place that gave them a special significance, and that place was the shop of a blacksmith. The words were crudely painted in black letters on a bit of pine board nailed above the door of his shop. I was visiting in the neighborhood, and I said to the farmer friend with whom I was staying:

"That man is a good blacksmith, isn't he?"

"The best we ever had in this town. When he sets a shoe or a wagon tire it stays. I know farmers who go right by two or three blacksmith

shops and pay a little higher price here, because they know that Simon Taft does the very best work. He takes pride in his work."

"I am sure of that."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because of that fine sentiment over his door. If he has that same sentiment in his heart, his work will always be the best. He honors his occupation."

"Well, he certainly does, if being thorough and honest count for anything."

"It counts for everything. And the man or boy who is ashamed of an honest calling, dishonors that calling and will never do good work in it."

All pride is out of place when it makes one ashamed of an honest occupation. It is a far worse form of pride to vaunt one's self because of success in a calling that is not honorable.

"Set your pride in its proper place and never be ashamed Of any honest calling."

—The Angelus.

HELP FOR LITTLE ONES.

It is a recognized fact that babies—and indeed all children—need a medicine of their own. Medical men know, too, that most baby medicines do more harm than good—that most of them contain poisonous opiates, that drug children into quietness without curing their little ills. Baby's Own Tablets is a modern medicine for babies and young children, and is sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. It cures stomach, bowel and teething troubles, and by its natural, healthy action promotes sleep and repose. It makes little ones well and keeps them well. Mrs. W. E. Ansell, Ayer's Flat, Que., says: "I would advise every mother with sick or fretful children to use Baby's Own Tablets. They are the most satisfactory medicine I have ever tried, and almost magical in their effects." You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DONAHOE'S FOR NOVEMBER.

"President Roosevelt's Third Term" is the title of an interesting article by Herbert Young in Donahoe's Magazine, in which he discusses many vital issues in national government.

Susan Gavan Duffy has a charming paper on the celebration "The Fete Des Vignerons" in Vevey; and Beatrice Oulton writes of Thanksgiving Day in New England.

"The Autumn Drama" is the subject of the monthly dramatic review by the Rev. John Talbot Smith. Philip J. McKenna tells of the organization of the Catholic Order of Foresters; and J. Angus MacDonald describes the recent celebration of the Golden Jubilee of St. Francis Xavier's College.

Other notable contributions are "The Ninth in the Civil War," and "The Jolly Monk"—the latter a timely and forceful protest against the grossly insulting pictures exhibited in show windows.

"The Glamour of a Queen," by Frances Matland, is concluded, and "Not a Judgment" is reaching the final chapters. Anne Elizabeth O'Hare, in "The Interpreter," has produced one of the best stories of the year. "To Avoid the Curse," by Ben Hurst, and "Four Kinds of a Wretch," by Marion Brunow, are other short stories that add much to the interest of the November number.

SOME TITLED IRISHMEN.

The death of Count O'Byrne, whose devotion to the Irish National cause endeared him to the hearts of the people of Tipperary, where he resided at his seat, Corville, till health compelled him to live abroad, will remind us that titles of the Papal court are borne by several residents in Ireland, of whom the majority are Irishmen. We have a duke of the Papal states, Duc de Staapole of Mount Hazel, Glentworth, Counts de Dasterot, de Salis, Magawli-Cerati of the Holy Roman Empire; Count de la Poer of the Papal states, a claimant to the barony of Le Power and Curraghmore, created so far back as 1535, and Counts Moore and Plunkett of Rome.

The Knights of Glin of Kerry are holders of Irish hereditary titles, while many ancient Irish chieftains are claimed by the representatives of their holders, such as The MacDermot. The MacDermott Roe, The O'Connor Don, The MacGillcuddy of the Reeks. Under the ancient Irish law of Tanistry the Irish chieftains were elective, and required formal investiture by their clan, and the titles did not descend hereditarily. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries these chieftainries were surrendered to the crown by their holders and ceased to exist. About the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, some of the representatives of the last holders of the chieftainries assumed the titles, and these titles became recognized by courtesy by the Freeman.

ITS CURED LEIBIG'S FITCURE

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you.

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, partially cut off.

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All Communications should be addressed to the TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., P. O. Box 1136.

NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.



THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1905.

POLAND AND IRELAND.

The manifesto of Emperor Nicholas grants full measure of constitutional rights to the Poles and convokes their diet within the present year. There is little doubt that the right of the Poles to govern themselves will also be restored by Russia. In this connection it is interesting to quote the following words from a recent editorial in the London Times:

"The demand for Polish autonomy is denounced as being tantamount to a dismemberment of the Empire, and it is sought to show that the reformers thereby proclaim themselves unpatriotic, if not downright traitors. Needless to say the charge is utterly baseless. The Empire has all to gain and nothing to lose from a stimulation of national aspirations among the Poles or other civilized races inhabiting the confines of the Empire."

The Times' editorial might really be mistaken, for a Nationalist comment upon the attitude of Tory England towards Ireland. The Australian Commonwealth resolution in favor of Home Rule, if the word Poland were substituted for Ireland, might answer for the subject of the Times' commentary.

MR. HAULTAIN UNMASKED.

Mr. Haultain has at last thrown off the cloak of hypocrisy and has made an exhibition of temper and prejudice that stamps him unfit to represent the electors of a Canadian community. In a speech delivered at Carnuff on the 3rd, the former Territorial Premier stated that if Catholics opposed him in the election they must be prepared to stand the consequences, if he should be returned.

A more impudent threat was never made by a public man in Canada. It is a threat that only a weak and ill-tempered politician could blurt out. But the news despatch goes on to say that Mr. Haultain positively declared for "national" schools. There is no question that he means public and Protestant as opposed to Catholic schools. Why, then, in the name of common sense, does he threaten Catholics with his vengeance, if they refuse him their votes? He is committed to work for the abolition of Catholic educational rights in any event. In other directions Catholics have no fear of him and have no favors to ask. In a word they have reason to fear him only in case he should triumph at the polls. If defeated, as we hope he will be, he will be harmless. So that his threat is merely a spiteful and vindictive utterance of passion and prejudice. It

must cost him whatever reputation he ever held for self-control and impartiality in the use of public trust and power.

Whom the godswish to destroy they first make mad. Mr. Haultain may not be mad. But he is certainly unmasked. His declaration to work for the abolition of Catholic educational rights disclosed him in his true colors amply. But he was not satisfied. He had to go the further and wholly unnecessary length of threatening Catholic electors who oppose him on principle. The threats of a weak man may be despised. The threats of a vindictive man may, however, be noted to some salutary purpose. Mr. Haultain's threats can have but one effect. They give a timely warning to all fair-minded electors of that new province, that Mr. Haultain by personal temperament and prejudice is unsuited for the responsibilities devolving upon a public administrator. A man who asks that he be put in power blinded to every real and tangible interest of his province, and saturated wholly with an angry and uncontrollable impulse, to wreak vengeance upon a religious minority, is a political lunatic. He deserves neither sympathy nor consideration. The popular approval of his dismissal from office cannot be too emphatically emphasized.

THE SAME OLD SPIRIT.

The North York, Ontario, bye-election in which Postmaster-General Aylesworth is the Government candidate has developed already into a fight along religious lines. The Toronto Globe declares that the real attack is made upon the Government policy of Catholic educational rights, which Hon. Mr. Aylesworth in his speech at Aurora, approved not only in the letter and spirit, but once and for all declared in the hearing of friend and foe that he gloried in, as perpetuating the traditional policy of the Liberal party. This speech has had a remarkable effect. The school question has practically been retired from the Conservative platform whereon Mr. W. F. Maclean, of the Toronto World, is boss for the time being. Mr. Borden is not seen, indeed is not heard of, save to be ridiculed and repudiated by Mr. Maclean and his disciples. But as the Globe shows, the Telegram and the Orange press are using the school question for all it is worth to defeat the Postmaster-General. These are the extremists, who are incapable of learning any lesson either of expediency or wisdom in the school of experience. The more intellectual opponents of Catholic education have, however, donned a disguise that is neither novel nor effective. Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his paper, the Weekly Sun, says the attack is not upon Catholics or upon the Catholic faith. It is upon the Hierarchy and the Church. Mark the subtle distinction. Mr. Smith makes it in this style:

"Once more we must protest that in upholding public right against wrong, we are not actuated by any ill-feeling against the Catholic faith. The Catholic faith is one thing; Papal and hierarchal aggression is another. The Prime Minister of this country has conspired against its liberties with the emissary of a foreign power, and a hierarchy under that influence. He has carried through Parliament, by means subversive of the integrity of the legislature, an unconstitutional measure subversive of the liberties of two Provinces and of the principles of our commonwealth. He is now, through his creatures in the North-West, trying to shut the gate of law against an appeal for justice. Such is the charge. This is the issue upon which battle is joined. There is no attack on any article of the Catholic faith. Nor is there the slightest desire of withholding from our Catholic fellow-citizens any right or privilege which the rest of us enjoy. To a claim for special religious privileges we demur."

We need only answer that the disguise of Mr. Goldwin Smith and his satellites is as old as Martin Luther. Students of history even in the Protestant pages of Augustine Birrell, Dr. Arnold, and a score of others, know that every movement undertaken to overthrow the Catholic faith concealed in its first stages its direct purpose and put forth the pretext of

reform against clerical power and the privileges of the hierarchy. At this time of day the distinction is ridiculous, and Goldwin Smith cannot dress it in any literary phraseology that will tempt honest men, whether Catholic or Protestant, to swallow it. The attack now is the same exactly as we have seen it during the close of the discussion in the late Parliament; it is the same which the so-called Equal Rights banner bore as an inscription. It is the same which was attempted in secrecy by the P.P.A. It is a lie wherever it appears. The only honest party operating under this banner is the Orange party, that has never disguised its principles. And it is the Orange cry after all that is being used to-day to defeat the Liberals in North York and in the new Provinces of the West.

In another column we give an account of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. James McMenamin, highly esteemed members of St. Gabriel's Parish. A golden wedding in itself is not unusual, but this one was particularly unique, inasmuch as the jubilarians' son celebrated the nuptial Mass and received his parents' vows. While we feel certain that none but feelings of happiness filled their hearts on that morning when they made anew the vows which bound them, when but boy and girl, a half century ago, still there was an added joy, because it was the consecrated hands of their son, whom they had so gladly given to the service of God, which were extended over them in priestly blessing. And could they have had better reward? Mr. McMenamin, by hard work and perseverance, has made himself an indispensable member of the prominent firm in whose employ he has seen fifty years' service. We do heartily congratulate the jubilarians and hope they may be spared many more happy and blessed years.

THINGS WE LIKE TO HEAR

Gentlemen:  
Enclosed please find \$2. We appreciate your paper very much for the gentle influence it has on our children.  
(Mrs.) E. FLYNN.

Dear Sir:  
I have taken the pleasure to write you about becoming a subscriber to your paper, which I saw at Mr. Cashin's, Crisler, Ont. I found it first class, and as I am an Irishman myself and came from the Old Country about fourteen years ago, I would like to receive it.  
D. O'CALLAGHAN.

Dear Sir:  
Please find enclosed one dollar for your valuable paper. Please excuse tardiness in not remitting earlier.  
W. J. CRILLY.

Dear Sir:  
Please find enclosed one dollar for renewal. Wishing you every success.  
P. FORAN.

Dear Sir:  
As my uncle, Mr. P. Hogan, is dead, I wish his paper to be added to me, so that I will be a new reader to your very valuable paper.  
J. J. HOGAN.

PERSONAL.

The Pope on Tuesday received in private audience Archbishop J. T. Duhamel, of Ottawa.

WEDDING BELLS.

PHILAN-O'BRIEN.  
The marriage of Miss Grace O'Brien to Mr. Francis H. Phelan took place last week at St. Patrick's Church. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride. Mr. and Mrs. Phelan will reside at the home of the bride's parents, Laval Avenue. The wedding presents were numerous.

ROSSITER-BUSWELL.  
The marriage of Miss M. Rossiter, daughter of Mr. Lawrence Rossiter, to Mr. J. E. Buswell took place at St. Anthony's Church on Monday, Oct. 30th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.E., of St. Ann's Church. During the ceremony Prof. P. J. Shea played several selections, and the choir of St. Ann's Church rendered a choice programme.

LIBERALISM WITH THE RIGHT BING.

Speech of Hon. A. B. Aylesworth at Aurora.

A most cordial reception was given Hon. Mr. Aylesworth when he rose to deliver the second address of his North York campaign at Aurora on Friday last. He said he had hoped to enter public life, if ever, as an ally and supporter of Sir Wm. Mullock, and the latter's withdrawal was a great source of regret to him. It was some little time since the first suggestion had come to him to enter public life. It had appeared to him a matter of public duty, and it was his duty to answer the call. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's great aim in life had been to unite the various races and creeds of Canada. In him there lived and breathed a pure-minded, whole-souled patriot. In our sister Province there lived a French-speaking race, who had been here before the English and whom the conquerors wisely permitted to retain their language and institutions. Now a grave condition faced this country owing to recent racial agitations, and when Sir Wilfrid had asked him to join and help him, he had believed it was literally his public duty to do what he could (applause). Mr. Aylesworth did not appeal for support on any merit of his own, but on the record of the Government. Twelve months ago North York had elected a supporter of the Government. What had occurred since then to make them wish to alter that decision? The only important subject of public debate since the G.T.P. had been the school clauses of the autonomy bills. Within his memory no subject had been so unfairly debated or misrepresented. The Roman Catholics comprise two-fifths of the population of Canada.

A PLEA FOR TOLERATION.  
"What would you do," asked Mr. Aylesworth, "in a township Council where there were three Protestants and two Catholics? Do you think it would tend to peaceful and harmonious relations between man and man if the three were to say to the two: 'You shall have no rights; you shall be put down with an iron heel, and you shall be treated as you might expect men to be treated if the despotism of Russia?' Why, surely there is but one gospel to be preached in such matters. Surely these are circumstances which call for toleration and for liberality, and, appealing to members of the great Liberal party of Canada, I can appeal with confidence to that spirit of British fair play and toleration which will say 'Give to two-fifths of the people equal rights with the three-fifths who are in the majority.' (Loud cheers.)

SEPARATE SCHOOLS IN CANADA.  
Mr. Aylesworth reviewed the history of separate schools in Canada, and in passing observed that, speaking personally, as a Protestant of Ontario, he would prefer to see all the children going to the public school, as in the village of his birth, where they marched along bare-foot, hand-in-hand, Catholics and Protestants together. Still, separate schools had been established in Quebec for the protection of the Protestant minority, and afterwards were established elsewhere for the benefit of the Catholic minority. The very people who now said the Northwest was being coerced were those who on the other side of the Atlantic cried out that there must be no home rule for Ireland because the Roman Catholic majority might impose their rule on the Protestant minority. Mr. Aylesworth reviewed the different views held respecting religious instruction in schools, and said that the people of the Northwest had settled that question for themselves fifteen years ago, so far as they were concerned. Their system had been voluntarily enacted, and that was the system which it was now said to be coercion to perpetuate (cheers). "No more ridiculous, no more utterly false political cry has ever been put before the people."

GOVERNMENT'S RECORD CLEAR.  
"How with any regard for truthfulness any politician or newspaper can dare to apply to the Government of Canada or to Sir Wilfrid Laurier the epithet of coercion, I pass upon my comprehension (cheers). I come upon the record of that Gov-

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The concert held last evening was under the direction of St. Ann's choir, and proved a musical treat, the programme being enjoyed by all. The audience was a very large one, the spacious hall and galleries being filled. The choir was occupied by Mr. J. McCaffrey. The solos, duets, quartettes and choruses rendered by St. Ann's choir were well executed, and reflected great credit on their musical director, Prof. P. J. Shea. The opening number, entitled "Facing Face to the foe," by the junior choir, with Master Edward Ryan as soloist, was a pretty musical composition, and was admirably rendered, the voices of the boys showing careful training. Miss Kenchan's songs and Miss Loneragan's recitations won great applause from the audience. The comic songs of Mr. John Cameron, steward of the St. Protetian, brought down the house, the sailors as well as the public, being amused and pleased with his fine character sketches. Mr. Cameron ranks with the best of the genre as a vocalist, and his descriptive songs are given with much vim and spirit. Mr. Geo. Holland, the comedian, was another favorite during the evening. Mr. J. Biler, of Virginia, gave a fine selection of

concertina. Mr. Ed. Quinn's fine bass voice was heard to good advantage in "The Farwell at Sea," the different parts being well sustained by the full choir. The others who contributed to the programme were the Misses Henshaw and McKeown, Messrs. E. Jackson, J. Slattery, C. Mallon, C. Killoran, Masters Percy Dunphy, W. Murphy, M. Conroy, R. Fernald, the Lyric Quartette, composed of Messrs. Murphy, Hamilton, McCrory and Norris, and seaman McDermott and Wilson, as Pretorian; W. Crummie, ss Canada.

Next week's concert will be given by Messrs. T. P. Murphy and Thos. Ireland, assisted by some of the leading talent of the city.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.

Next Saturday morning the twenty-ninth anniversary service for the late Rev. Father Simon Loneragan will take place at St. Mary's Church.

MANUFACTURING JEWELERS.

Buying from the manufacturer is certainly a saving to those who avail themselves of the opportunity. We offer that opportunity to our patrons. We have our factory at our back thus enabling us to sell our goods direct to users at a saving to our patrons.

Royal Household Flour is in a class by itself. Flour that gives half nourishment and double work to digest is not good flour. Cheap and inferior flour gives the digestive organs double work and half pay—inferior flours contain indigestible waste—this waste must first be overcome by nature,—that means extra digestive work. Indigestibles destroy the nutriment of flour, therefore poor flour gives more work and less nutriment to the system. Royal Household Flour is in a class by itself—it is the only really pure flour—and it is pure because it is purified and sterilized by electricity.—it is the most easily digested and most nourishing because it is absolutely pure. The moment a woman puts her hands into "Royal Household" she knows it is a finer flour than she ever used before.

ment, not apologizing for it, not on my defence in this matter. I come here and glory in it. It is a proud thing for the statesmen of Canada that they should have courage and boldness in the face of that agitation to stand nobly and firmly to their position and say: 'We will give to them exactly the constitution which Britain gave to us, and we stand to protect the minority there.' To-day we stand for Provincial rights as the Liberal party has always stood. We say now simply what we said in 1896—the Provinces of the Northwest have declared their own laws. Whether we of the Dominion agree or not, we perpetuate them, we support them, we will not override them. Just as one Province of Manitoba eight years ago decided something against the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, just as we, the Reform party, led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, then said that the law should be maintained, so to-day we stand for the law of the Provinces, as they themselves have enacted it, to be maintained and to remain their law, and we are to-day, as we have always been, true champions of Provincial rights in Canada." (Loud cheers.)

the concertina. Mr. Ed. Quinn's fine bass voice was heard to good advantage in "The Farwell at Sea," the different parts being well sustained by the full choir. The others who contributed to the programme were the Misses Henshaw and McKeown, Messrs. E. Jackson, J. Slattery, C. Mallon, C. Killoran, Masters Percy Dunphy, W. Murphy, M. Conroy, R. Fernald, the Lyric Quartette, composed of Messrs. Murphy, Hamilton, McCrory and Norris, and seaman McDermott and Wilson, as Pretorian; W. Crummie, ss Canada.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

WORK OF THE BONA FIDE SOCIETY.  
No more appropriate than the suggestion this month of the League of Heart than that of death month of the Holy Spirit, which our devotion is directed into the channel of affection, by prompt procure for them the rich which the Church loves particularly at this point while she desires us to share for the departed, she wants to exercise our wisdom in behalf, and so calls attention work of this pious association purpose is to prepare us for when we are to be numbered the dead. The Society, putting frequently before its members by means of exhortations and various exercises, considerations call make that moment which the end of our earthly career not of terror and of confidence and hope. title of the Society is "Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Cross and of the Most Virgin Mary, His Sorrows" a title which is descriptively manner in which we shall namely: with Jesus and trusting in the blood of the Saviour and the intercession of His Mother that when we His Presence He will receive us, and grant us, the deserving, eternal life.

St. Anthony's parish is to hold a nonster eucharist proceeds of which will be used for the purchasing of a carpet sanctuary.

Next Sunday afternoon Patrick's T. A. & B. Society hold its monthly meeting, the nomination of officers for coming year takes place.

The Forty Hours' devotion at St. Bridget's Church on In the evening the Nocturnal Society of Notre Dame visited the church and held a social service.

On last Saturday morning necessary requiem service was held at the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart for the deceased benefactor of the University, Rev. Abbot secretary of Laval University, M. Mass. The students assisted in a body.

The Union Sts. Cecile will hold the Feast of St. Cecilia on Nov. 19th. Soloman high mass sung at the Church of St. Anne. In the afternoon a reception held in the hall of the Assumption at 397 Dorchester street. In the evening there will be a banquet at Queen's Hotel.

REQUIEM FOR FATHER STREBBE.  
On Monday morning the parish of St. Ann's School had a requiem offered for the repose of the Rev. Father Strebbe. St. boys' choir rendered the music impressively.

BLESSING OF A NEW CEMETERY.  
On Sunday afternoon last cemetery of St. Clement at Laval was solemnly blessed. The sermon was preached by Father Jean Marie, of the St. Ann's Monastery, Dorchester. Over two thousand persons were present.

LECTURE ON FRENCH LITERATURE.  
The opening address in the series of lectures on French literature place on Wednesday evening at the University, Monsieur Louis Gauthier, who is the lecturer for the evening, delivered his inaugural address. A number of invited guests were present, as well as the students of the University.

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And Catholic Chronicle

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## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### WORK OF THE BONA MORS SOCIETY.

No more appropriate thought could be suggested this month to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart than that of death. It is the month of the Holy Souls, during which our devotion is directed largely into the channel of affection for the departed, by prompting us to procure for them the rich indulgences which the Church loves to bestow, particularly at this period. But while she desires us to show our love for the departed, she wants us also to exercise our wisdom in our own behalf, and so calls attention to the work of this pious association, whose purpose is to prepare us for the time when we are to be numbered among the dead. The Society does so by putting frequently before the minds of its members by means of prayers, exhortations and various pious exercises, considerations calculated to make that moment which must be the end of our earthly career, an occasion not of terror and alarm, but of confidence and hope. The subtitle of the Society is "Confraternity of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Dying on the Cross and of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, His Sorrows Mother," a title which is descriptive of the manner in which we should die, namely: with Jesus and Mary, and trusting in the blood of Our Divine Savior and the intercession of His Mother that when we come into His Presence He will receive us benignly, and grant us, though undeserving, eternal life.

St. Anthony's parish is preparing to hold a monster euchar party, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the purchasing of a carpet for the sanctuary.

Next Sunday afternoon the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society will hold its monthly meeting, at which the nomination of officers for the coming year takes place.

The Forty Hours' devotion opened at St. Bridget's Church on Sunday. In the evening the Nocturnal Adoration Society of Notre Dame Church visited the church and held a special service.

On last Saturday morning an anniversary requiem service was held at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes for the deceased benefactors of Laval University. Rev. Abbe Curotte, secretary of Laval University, celebrated Mass. The students of Laval assisted in a body.

The Union Ste. Cecile will celebrate the Feast of St. Cecilia on Sunday, Nov. 19th. Solemn high Mass will be sung at the Church of the Gesù. In the afternoon a reception will be held in the hall of the Association, 397 Dorchester street. In the evening there will be a banquet at the Queen's Hotel.

### REQUIEM FOR FATHER STRUBBE.

On Monday morning the pupils of St. Ann's School had a requiem Mass offered for the repose of the soul of Rev. Father Strubbe. St. Ann's boys' choir rendered the music impressively.

### BLESSING OF A NEW CEMETERY.

On Sunday afternoon last the new cemetery of St. Clement at Beauport was solemnly blessed by Rev. Abbe Lusier, former parish priest. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Jean Marie, of the Franciscan Monastery, Dorchester street. Over two thousand persons assisted.

### LECTURE ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

The opening address in the course of lectures on French literature took place on Wednesday evening of Laval University. Monsieur Louis Arnold, who is the lecturer for the year, delivered his inaugural address. A large number of invited guests and friends were present, as well as the faculty and students of the University.

### ECCLIASTICAL CHANGES.

His Grace the Archbishop has named Abbe J. A. S. Perrin, cure of St. Basile le Grand. Rev. Abbe H. Bellefleur, assistant almoner at the Mother House of the Grey Nuns, Guy street. Rev. Abbe J. A. D'Amour, assistant almoner at the Assile St. John of God. Rev. Abbe H. J. B. Latour, vicar at St. John of the Cross.

### LAW LECTURES FOR LADIES.

On Saturday afternoon, Judge Mathieu, dean of the Faculty of Law at Laval, gave the second lecture of the series on law for sisters, teachers and advanced pupils of the French schools. The learned lecturer held the attention of his audience for an hour while he explained the scope of civil law, and indicated the great divisions of law in general, giving a history in brief of the origin of our laws, going back to Roman law and customs. Next Saturday the subject will be law as it affects the individual and the definition of persons. Ladies are invited to assist at this course, which is gratuitous, and which takes place at the Ecole Bourgeois, 490 Plessis street, on Saturdays, from 2 to 3 p.m.

### ST. GABRIEL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting of St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Beneficence Society took place last Sunday immediately after high Mass. The date of the religious celebration was changed from January 8th to the third Tunday in Advent, the new date being fixed by the pastor, Rev. Wm. O'Meara. The nomination of officers for the ensuing year will take place at the next monthly meeting.

### CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY DAMAGED BY FIRE.

The interior of the sanctuary of the Church of the Nativity, corner of Ontario and Desery streets, was damaged by fire on Monday night to the extent of \$600. The blaze is believed to have originated from an altar lamp, which was placed in a closet without having been extinguished. The altar decorations which were in the closet were badly scorched. Captain Carson and the firemen of No. 13 station extinguished the fire without difficulty.

### VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

Rev. Father O'Leary, of the Dominion Archives Department, Quebec, who is engaged in making researches for the establishment of a branch institution in that city, has communicated by letter with Ottawa reporting that he has discovered a solid silver ostensorium which was presented to a parish by Intendant Francois Bigot. This intendant was in Canada from 1748 to 1759. The gift was to the parish of St. Pierre, in the Island of Orleans, and bears an inscription describing its origin. Father O'Leary made the discovery in an old cupboard. He had the article photographed and sent pictures of it to the capital. The Archbishop of Quebec has issued a circular to all the priests of his diocese instructing them to admit Father O'Leary to all the records relating to early Canada for the purposes of research for the Dominion Archives. This act of the Archbishop is much appreciated by the chief of the archives branch, as it affords an opportunity to procure information otherwise unobtainable. A French work containing a store of interesting information about early fortifications at Quebec was procured for the Archives last week. The work was written by a French engineer, de Levy, in 1716, for the French Government, but was never published. The original manuscript, therefore, remained in Canada. It comprises eight books, illustrated by 132 plates, and is a valuable acquisition to the collection in the archives.—Daily Telegraph, Quebec.

### Y. I. L. & B. SOCIETY CONCERT.

The farwell concert in the old hall of the Young Irishmen's L. and B. Association took place on Tuesday evening and was largely attended. Even before the appointed time every available corner of the hall was filled. About 8.30 the proceedings were opened by the President, Mr. Jas. McMahon, who, in a well-chosen address, welcomed those present. He reviewed in brief the life work of the society, and referred, although not without regret, to the fact of their leaving what had proven to each and all to possess the charms of a dearly cherished home for more commodious premises. A choice programme of vocal and instrumental selections was then splendidly rendered. The speaker of the evening was Hon. W. A. War, who handled his subject "Quebec, Past, Present and Future" in such a masterly manner as not only to attract home people to

remain at home and cultivate their many and powerful resources, but also to encourage thrift and intelligence, come from where it may, to seek a home in this, our large, luxuriant and beautiful country.

A vote of thanks to the lecturer having been proposed by Mr. E. Hally, one of the founders of the association, seconded by Mr. Jas. McMahon, President of the Society, and unanimously carried, the second part of the programme was proceeded with.

On the whole, this association is to be congratulated upon its great national spirit and numerous good works; and we sincerely wish those who have labored so manfully and well in the past, many years yet to enjoy the fruits of their generous and noble efforts.

### Annual Pilgrimage to Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

The annual pilgrimage of all the parishes of the city took place last Sunday. Notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, thousands assisted at the solemn service for the dead. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi presided at the ceremony, assisted by His Lordship Bishop Racicot, Rev. Canon Roy, Chancellor; Rev. Fathers Perrier, Vice-Chancellor; Luche, S.S., Lelandais, S.S., Duchesne, S.S., Casey, P.P., St. Agnes, and a large number of the different religious orders. At 3 o'clock the sermons were preached, one in French by Rev. Abbe Auclair, P.P., St. Jean Baptiste and that in English by Rev. William O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's Church. Rev. Father O'Meara took for his text: "Remember those that are in bonds, as though thou wert in bonds with them." (Proverbs ix, verse 8).

My dear friends, how fitly may we apply these beautiful words of Holy Writ to that practical Catholic devotion of praying for the holy souls in purgatory. The belief of a third and middle state of souls is an article of faith grounded not only upon Scripture, but also upon the perpetual tradition and constant practice of all ages and nations since the earliest years of Christianity as appears from the unanimous testimonies of the Holy Fathers, the most ancient liturgies, and the most venerable monuments of antiquity both in the Greek and Latin Church.

The Old Testament proves the existence of Purgatory. It is true, indeed, the last sentence in the General Judgment only mentions Heaven and Hell because those are the only two great receptacles of all men both good and bad for all eternity, as there will be no Purgatory after the last judgment.

It is also an article of our Holy Faith, that the souls who have gone before us, and who have not departed from this world sufficiently pure to enter Heaven direct, are detained in an intermediate state until they are purified and rendered fit to stand in the presence of God; and that these holy souls may and can be assisted by the prayers and suffrages of the faithful on earth. The practice of this Catholic devotion of prayers for the Holy Souls in purgatory is an act of Divine Charity, and act of the most sublime charity that man can perform on earth after the love of God Himself. This Catholic doctrine glorifies and pleases God, assists the holy souls, and helps us when we cannot help ourselves. By it God is pleased and glorified. To all men He has said: "I have loved you with an everlasting love." Then great indeed must be the love of God for just souls. We know that Christ died for these souls, and His Sacred Heart is yearning for them because He has already paid the price of their salvation. When we, therefore, by our prayers and suffrages, alleviate their sufferings and help them to obtain their eternal happiness, God is greatly pleased thereby. When we, therefore, by our prayers and suffrages, hasten their entrance into heaven, God is glorified.

We should practice this devotion for the sake of the souls themselves. What souls are in Purgatory? If we except the souls of children who die in their baptismal innocence, if we except the souls of the martyrs who seal their faith with the effusion of their blood, if we except the renowned Saints and illustrious penitents who by their extraordinary rigor and penitential austerities fully expiate all their faults and the temporal punishment due to them, there is not one in ten thousand adults depart this life so pure, so spotless, so perfectly purged from all the dross of sin as to be fit to go straight to heaven.

What souls are in Purgatory? The souls of the just who have departed

## GOLDEN WEDDING.



MR. AND MRS. J. AMES McMENAMIN, Who Celebrated their Golden Wedding.

On Monday morning, 6th instant, the grand ceremony of the golden jubilee of Mr. and Mrs. James McMenamin took place at St. Gabriel's Church, where Mass was celebrated by their son, Rev. D. P. McMenamin, P.P. of St. Patrick's Church, Bid-dulph, Ont.

Rev. Fathers O'Meara and Fahey, of St. Gabriel's, and Rev. Bro. Prudent, of St. Patrick's High School, and others, assisted in the sanctuary.

At the end of Mass Rev. Father McMenamin received the renewal of the marriage vows of his parents, and announced that through the kindness of his own Bishop, of London Diocese, and of the Archbishop of Montreal, the Holy Father had

sent the Papal blessing to the jubilarians and to their family. The Archbishop also sent his blessing, and the gift of a large and beautiful medal bearing the likeness of the Pope.

During the Mass very fine selections were rendered by St. Gabriel's choir, accompanied with organ. A large congregation was present, testifying to their feelings of good wishes and congratulations towards the ones who were celebrating the first golden wedding that ever took place in St. Gabriel's Church.

James McMenamin was born of Irish parents in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, in 1837, and his much esteemed wife was born in the town of Letterkenry, Donegal Co., Ireland, in the same year. Both arrived in Montreal in 1854, and were married by the late Rev. Father Dowd in 1855 in the Church of Notre Dame. At the age of sixteen James McMenamin was engaged in Scotland by the present Sir George A. Drummond to come to the Redpath Sugar Refinery, which was then about to start. He has worked for the same company ever since, celebrating last year his fiftieth anniversary, and is at present the popular and efficient manager of the establishment he entered a boy.

They had seven children, three of whom are living to-day, namely, Rev. Daniel P. McMenamin, Ellen, wife of Joseph A. Cartier, of the Canada Sugar Refinery, and Susan, wife of John S. Shea, of the Merchants Bank of Canada, and twenty-one grand-children, who all assembled at the old home to offer their good wishes. In the presence of a host of relatives they presented their parental jubilarians with an illuminated address and a purse of gold.

The numerous and valuable wedding presents received indicate the high esteem in which Mr. and Mrs. McMenamin are held.



REV. D. P. McMENAMIN, Who Officiated at the Golden Wedding Ceremony of His Parents.

this life either in venial sin or who have yet to make some satisfaction to the justice of God for those sins which have been forgiven by the Sacrament of Penance or by an act of perfect contrition. "Nothing defiled can enter into heaven." He who dies in venial sins which have not been forgiven, goes to Purgatory, and must suffer there till he has atoned for them. Those souls also go to Purgatory which have obtained the remission of their sins, but have not yet completely cancelled the temporal punishment due to them.

Who are those souls who suffer in Purgatory? They are those whom we have known and loved on earth. Many of them are our relatives, benefactors and friends. How many of you may have the beloved father, or a dear mother in eternity. Consider what they have done and endured for you, and for the love of you. Can you have the heart to shut your ears to their entreaties in their great need? How many of you may have a wife, a husband, a brother, a sister, a son, a daughter, a near relative or a dear friend numbered among the dead? A short time ago they were still in your midst, sat at table with

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### The Things that Ought to be Known Told as they Ought to be Told.

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Descriptive Pamphlets sent on application.  
WILLIAM BRIGGS  
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TORONTO.

cannot help themselves. In Purgatory there is no confession to which they can go for forgiveness; no Mass of which they can avail themselves. Hence they look to us, they cry to us: "Have pity on me, have pity on me at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord hath touched me." We benefit ourselves when we help the holy souls. They will be our champions, our intercessors before the throne of the Most High.

Charish, then, a great love for this beautiful Catholic devotion. But stop not at desires. Be earnest in practice. Continually pray for these poor souls, have holy Mass said for them, gain indulgences for them, ask Mary to help them, and place all your good works for them in her hands. Remember that by doing so you glorify God, help the holy souls themselves, and make friends who will pray for you. "Remember those that are in bonds, as though thou wert in bonds with them."

The singing of the Libera by the students of the Montreal College brought the service to a close.

Rev. Abbe Corbell, P.P., presided at the monthly concert of the pupils of the Belmont school, which was held on Wednesday afternoon. The singing of several selections was a feature of the proceedings.

ST. MICHAEL'S RUCHEE.  
The euchar party held on Wednesday evening at the Town Hall, St. Denis street, by the parishioners of St. Michael's was very successful, both socially and financially.

THE LOVELIEST SPOT ON EARTH

You leave," says Julian Hawthorne, "the steamer at Queenstown, take a train in a southerly direction, from Cork, and in an hour you have arrived at Old Kinsale on the Irish coast, twenty miles west of Cork. The winter climate is mild but exhilarating, so that every day I used to sit at my open window in my shirt sleeves, and sky, earth and water are a continual mirage of magic form and color. The harbor is a circle a mile across. Round the steep slopes of hills rise. Upon the south-east slopes the little gray town is built; the streets up from the water are rude stairways; others, crossing these are arcs of concentric circles. The stone houses are ancient and crumbling to decay; archways with carved escutcheons pierce the centre of the facades and admit to an enclosed court, in the Spanish style. There are wide stone terraces, with tall old trees growing on them, delicious prospects of the old sleeping fort on the opposite side of the blue harbor, of the rolling mountains beyond, and, on the west, of the level lines of the modern resort, where the garrison sojourns. Down below, along the wharves, lie the fishing-boats of the people, or they come and go, with sunned or shadowed sails, up and down the long straits which admit to this still retreat the strong Atlantic tides.

Women walk these streets bare-foot, with the eyes, and black Spanish hair and graceful figures; there are no women in the world more beautiful. Over their heads they draw black cloaks that fall to their waists, after the fashion of the Spanish mantilla. They are as chaste as they are beautiful. The men—fishermen, almost all of them—are athletic and bold, deep-chested, clean-limbed, skilled mariners. True sons of Erin, and yet their swarthy skins and the compact vigor of their frames recall the Spanish type. And, indeed, there is historic reason for this Spanish touch in the old South-of-Ireland town.

Hundreds of years ago, when there was trouble in Spain, hundreds of refugees came to Ireland for safety; they built these gray old houses, they laid out these strange streets and alleys, and their blood still flows in the veins of many of these Irish folk. The old fort, however, of which are related many legends, is not, I believe, their handiwork; it dates still further back into the obscurity of time. There was fighting here, when the Spaniards came; and later, James II. landed, fleeing from his foes. But all is peace and beauty now; and as we look down, in the early morning, from the stone parapet of the ancient terrace, the hollow of the hills swim in colors of marvelous softness and depth; yonder fisherman, in a blue flannel shirt, at the tiller of his sloop, looks as if clad in amethyst; the dancing azure ripples are fretted with diamonds; the mists that linger in the courts and streets are like the steam of melting jewels; the dew on the turf of the bare hillsides infuses a fairy fridescence into the green; and now, as the level sun-rays define the contours of the garrison stronghold, a line of scarlet figures, faint in the distance, deploys along the parade-ground, and the clear notes of the bugle call out and swell and die away. Earth hath not anything to show more fair!

The climate is bewitching. The keen tingle of the nights, which sometimes fringes the eaves with icicles, yields during the day to a fresh tenderness like spring. Always it is raining in one quarter of the sky, while from another falls the sunshine. The white foam of the sea dashes against the rocks and steep cliffs black as coal. Long roads lead away from the town to the hills and downs, tempting the pedestrian; after journeying for miles, he sees far off the roofless gables of a peasant's cabin. Or he may hire a jaunty car, and ride for hours on its arduous back, conversing with a native of delectable humor and manners.

THE KIND THAT END IN CONSUMPTION

Do not give a cold the chance to settle on your lungs, but on the first sign of it go to your druggist and get a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. Mrs. Goss, 42 Clarence Street, Toronto, writes: "I wish to thank you for the wonderful good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for my husband and two children. It is a wonderful medicine, it is so healing and soothing to a distressing cough. We are never without a bottle of it in the house."

Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cents, at all dealers.

Mr. Anthony Comstock, the Strenuous Opponent of Immoral Literature.

(From the Ave Maria.) One of the best abused men in the United States is Mr. Anthony Comstock, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. He has endured more than is publicly known for the cause which he has so much at heart. But nothing daunts or discourages him—misrepresentation, ridicule, opposition, insults, threats, personal injury. He has uncomplainingly endured this for long years, sustained by the co-operation of men who appreciate his services, and encouraged to continue his laborious work by its far-reaching beneficial results. It is always gratifying to hear of an advantage gained by this strenuous, ever-alert opponent of immoral literature. The following paragraph is from a New York newspaper which at times has manifested a decidedly unsympathetic attitude toward Mr. Comstock:

"The picture post card craze has inspired some of the publishers of Continental Europe, with a business instinct uncurbed by moral considerations, to make a strong effort to flood the United States with cards that are popular with a certain class abroad. Anthony Comstock, of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, said yesterday that he had put a stop to much of this sort of traffic by working against the foreign publisher in his own city. Recently a publisher in Amsterdam was suspected of supplying dealers here. Mr. Comstock, using another name, and pretending to be a dealer, wrote to the publisher for a lot of cards, and got them. Then he put the case before the State Department, which notified the American Minister to Holland, who informed the Dutch authorities that the publisher was violating the American postal and other laws. The publisher was invited to leave Holland. He did so, but he took his business with him, and continued it at Budapest. From there he sent word of his change of base to Comstock, supposing him to be a dealer in improper pictures, and not knowing that it was Mr. Comstock that had got him into trouble. The American Minister to Austria-Hungary was notified, and the publisher was forced out of Budapest."

It seems hardly credible that not more than thirty minutes from all the noise and bustle of Paris, there lies a village that is so quiet, so peaceful and so old-fashioned that one would imagine oneself at least a hundred miles away from the gay capital. Here at this village, La Frette by name, and about 16 minutes' walk from Cormelles, preparations for midday and evening repasts have to be made very early in the morning, for no such thing as a good shop is anywhere near, and the walk to Cormelles is one which one considers twice before taking, for it is up steep and rough roads. So daily butcher, baker and grocer pass this quaint little place and the villagers gather round the various tradesmen and make their purchases for the day. They also buy their clothes in this way and may often be seen trying on bonnets, dresses and boots in the middle of the street. From a scenic point of view all artists have agreed that there is no place equal to La Frette between Paris and Havre. To the left of the village is the park of Maisons LaFlette and facing the park is Sartrouville, while opposite lies the forest of St. Germain in all its green splendor. To the right is Herblay, quite an important place, whose church is visible for miles along the Seine. La Frette itself has the quaintest villages possible. Many of them speak worse French than those of the Midi, and it is an event indeed when one takes a journey up to the capital. They are thriftest of the thrifty. Only a short time ago one of the peasants gave his daughter no less a sum than a quarter of a million of francs on her wedding day, and another is to receive the same amount on her approaching marriage. And yet this man, who must be worth 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 francs at least, lives in a patched up old house and digs in the fields from early morning till late at night.

FATE OF THE TOUGH YOUNG MAN. A boy stands on the street corners smoking cigarettes, using slang, becoming an adept in the finesses of polite swearing, making remarks about all the women that go by, and telling exactly where old Smith misses it in the management of his business affairs. He does on the appellations "June sweeter," "tough," and "peacherino," applied to him throughout the community. His conduct is connived at by the witless girls of the town on the road to God knows where; he is dubbed the "proper stuff" by his associates, while the youngest prodigals look upon his reputation as a consummation devoutly to be wished. After a little there is an opening in the firm of Stoddard & Stoddard for a promising boy, offering a good salary to start on. But our young "peacherino" doesn't get it. No sir; he doesn't get it; and he cannot understand why he, of all the young men roundabout, should not have been approached with that proposition at least three days before anybody else was thought of.

EXPONENT OF PLAIN CHANT

In securing the services of Professor Harold Becket Gibbs to introduce the Gregorian chant into St. Mary's Cathedral, Covington, La., Rev. Bishop Maes has conferred a favor not alone on his own congregation, but on all the other cities which Professor Gibbs expects to visit while in America. Professor Gibbs has already arrived in Covington, and has taken up his work with the Cathedral choir. Mgr. Brassart was fortunate enough to hear of Mr. Gibbs through the Very Rev. Dom Moquequer, probably the greatest living authority on Gregorian music, and who is now exiled with the Solomes Benedictines in the Isle of Wight.

Professor Gibbs is English by birth, and up until a few years ago, when he became a Catholic, was a member of the Anglican Church. For twelve years or more he has been working with and for the Solesmes Congregation of Benedictines, in the interest of his labors and his reputation as a musician is one of the highest. At his home in England Professor Gibbs has given many pupils to the musical world, both sacred and secular, for he is also a specialist in voice production and many of the Cathedral and college choirs, both at Oxford and elsewhere, have been drawn from among his pupils. As a trainer of boys' voices, therefore, he will be especially welcome. The English press has for many years been unanimous in its praise of his achievements not

As a music collector for the past few years, Professor Gibbs has promised to devote the remainder of his life to furthering the wishes and directions of the late Pope Leo XIII. and of His Holiness Pius X. in regard to the restoration of the grand liturgical music of the Church, which has for so many years been displaced by a more worldly style. As soon as he has started the work well in the Covington Cathedral, Mr. Gibbs will visit most of the principal cities in America in furtherance of the work to which he has devoted his life. As an exponent of plain chant he will find warm welcome from all who desire a return to the simple but majestic music that lends dignity and beauty to the sacred services of which it is but an adjunct and not an integral part.

Miserable, incorrigible fool! Poor, wretched, wry-headed, incapable, with distorted conceptions of life! What hath a business house to do with thee? Or, why should a respectable institution of whatever nature covet thy presence? Boys, business men of your own town know you better than your own parents do. Their eyes are on you when you are least aware. You may slip away from your old mother, who sits busy with her knitting; you may dupe and deceive your best friends; you may elude the watchful eye of your teacher; you may trifle with the confidence of your Sunday School superintendent; but you can't fool the business men of your town when they have a position to be filled.

Make yourself fit to live, by noble resolves and holy purposes, and you will be rewarded with life, perhaps more abundantly than you ever enjoyed before.—Dr. Barnes.

EARN THIS WATCH. The easiest thing in the world to get is a watch. You can get a cheap one for \$1.00, but it will not last long. You can get a good one for \$5.00, but it will not last long. You can get a fine one for \$10.00, but it will not last long. You can get a superb one for \$20.00, but it will not last long. You can get a magnificent one for \$50.00, but it will not last long. You can get a magnificent one for \$100.00, but it will not last long. You can get a magnificent one for \$200.00, but it will not last long. You can get a magnificent one for \$500.00, but it will not last long. You can get a magnificent one for \$1000.00, but it will not last long. You can get a magnificent one for \$2000.00, but it will not last long. You can get a magnificent one for \$5000.00, but it will not last long. You can get a magnificent one for \$10000.00, but it will not last long. You can get a magnificent one for \$20000.00, but it will not last long. 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BUCKINGHAM LETTER

There has been a noticeable availing among the good folk criticized in our recent letters to the True Witness...

Well, it is pleasing to know that we are effecting something. We have a new Catholic doctor. We have nothing to say about him yet...

The Post last week had a complimentary notice of Dr. Costello's appearance in our town. This is progress again...

On Saturday, Nov. 4th, there passed away a promising young man of St. Anthony's parish in the person of Mr. Francis E. McEvilla...

On Monday, 23rd ult., to Richard Finn death came peacefully, after a long illness, borne with exemplary patience...

The Protestant Mayor of Buckingham is now boosting the new Catholic hospital, but it must not be forgotten that he has got the monopoly of supplying such goods as lie in his line of business...

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered? As Though It Would Crack Open? As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes?

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause.

or parts resting on the golden sands of the generosity of the "separated." A story is told of a priest who once captured Satan in the shape of a horse and made him draw stones to build a church...

Monopoly is still clinging to its struggling victim, and poor dear old Buckingham is bleeding to death. Oh all ye small towns and villages that still enjoy your freedom and have within your gates honest competition...

OWEN AN SAGART.

OBITUARY.

MR. F. E. McEVILLA. On Saturday, Nov. 4th, there passed away a promising young man of St. Anthony's parish in the person of Mr. Francis E. McEvilla...

MR. R. FINN. On Monday, 23rd ult., to Richard Finn death came peacefully, after a long illness, borne with exemplary patience...

VESTMENTS Chalcas Ciborium Statues, Altar Furniture, DIRECT IMPORTERS, WE BLAKE 123 Church St.

kind parent, a devoted husband, and was beloved by all who came in contact with him. His leaves a widow one son and three daughters...

His funeral service was celebrated by Rev. Father Gibeault, P.P., in the parish church of St. Joseph of Huntingdon, at the erection of which church the late Mr. Finn was chairman of the Building Committee...

OLDEST RESIDENT OF VINTON LAID TO REST.

On Oct. 16th, 1905, the oldest Irish Catholic resident of this district, Mrs. Mitchell Cunningham, aged 97 years, passed to her reward.

LIMERICK THE MOSS-GROWN.

Somebody has been trying to modernize Limerick, Ireland, says the Electrical World, but the staunch old burghers of that corporation promptly squelched the proposed vandalism.

NOTICE.

During November and December I offer very special reductions in all lines of religious goods as follows:

Colored Statues—Sacred Heart and Blessed Virgin, regular \$5.00 each for \$4.00, and St. Anthony, regular \$4.00 for \$3.00.

MISSOURI FRENCH AND INDIAN. In his book on the history of the Missouri river, Phil. E. Chappell gives information relating to the many Spanish and French names in Missouri...

Mr. Chappell says that when Lewis and Clark came up the Missouri river a hunter killed a bear at the mouth of the creek not far above St. Charles...

No entertainment is so classy as reading, nor so pleasure as laughing.

HERCA.

When we first took hold of Herca silk, it was a regularly advertised fabric at 75c a yard and no one who enjoyed its services had any quarrel with its price.

The story of how we practically introduced it to so many thousands of people in Montreal is now well known. To-day we are selling it at 55c a yard—this taffeta that cannot be torn—that has no thread in it that is not pure silk—that "Herca" once 75c, now with us only 45c.

New White Beaver Hats.

We will show a number of beautiful new white beaver hats just received from New York, finest quality, long heavy nap, newest shapes, including flops—we have reason to believe these will be scarce this season.

\$1.50 Ladies White Underskirts, \$1.19.

Made with good English cotton top, eleven inch frill of good embroidery in several pretty patterns, a cluster of fine tucks above the frill, finished with French band and dust frill.

No lady need pay \$5.00 for a shoe. "The Countess," we are selling at \$3.50 has proven that.

This store is open daily from 8.00 a.m. till 5.30 p.m.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family...

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Circuit Court of the District of Montreal. No. 14616. Thomas Spindlo, of the City of Montreal, Baker, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas A. O'Regan, formerly of the same place, and now of parts unknown, Defendant.

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

500 Ladies' Skirts AT BIG REDUCTIONS.

These skirts are the surplus stock of a prominent manufacturer and were sold to us at a fraction over cost price. We pass them over to you at proportionately low prices; all are in this season's newest styles.

Lot No. 1, \$3.00 Skirts at \$1.69. LADIES' FALL SKIRTS, in navy, green and black, made in gorge flare style, strapped with self material, bound with velvet and trimmed with fancy buttons.

Lot No. 2, \$4.50 Skirts at \$2.90. LADIES' SKIRTS of good quality Black Vicuna Cloth, cut in latest Fall style, thirteen gore model, each gore forming a full pleat.

Lot No. 3, \$5.50 Skirts at \$4.00. LADIES' FALL AND WINTER SKIRTS, in fancy dark shades of tweed. Made in yoke effect, seven gore style, each gore forming side pleat.

LATE MILLINERY STYLES.

We don't start the season here with a big splurge and then let things slide. That's not the Carsley's way.

PARIS MODEL—Of deep blue "Paon" Miroir Velvet, trimmed with clusters of flowers in four shades of blue \$16.60. Another Parisian Confection—a Toque of rosea Chiffon Velvet, crown of pale green felt; shirred; silver ornaments and clusters of deep claret roses \$11.68.

CORSETS—TWO NEW STYLES.

CORSETS—full of grace and beauty—designed to accentuate all the best lines of the figure. Exact reproductions of the latest New York and Paris styles at inconsiderable prices.

LADIES' DESIDERATUM CORSETS, special model for stout figures medium bust, long hips, made from the best white and drab coutil. Sizes 21 to 33. Special at \$2.00.

LADIES' WINTER COSTUMES.

A TAILOR-MADE COSTUME of black and blue Vicuna Cloth, three-quarter length jacket, tight-fitting back, open at waist, falling in graceful folds, single breasted front, buttoning with black silk buttons, tailored collar and revers of cloth, full sleeves; nine gore skirt, made with double pleats in front and side pleats, seams all bound. Jackets best lined throughout. Special at \$15.20.

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

1675 to 1788 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St. Montreal

Thomas Ligget,

During the month of November, will allow a Cash Discount of 15 per cent, off the foot of every purchase in all departments in order to effect a quick reduction of heavy stock of Carpets and Furniture.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

Recognizing the importance of legitimate credit to hundreds of beginners in the affairs of life, and to householders with fixed incomes to meet regular payments, yet insufficient to furnish homes in one payment, I will meet such requirements during November on an easy payment regulation which will enable all worthy persons to furnish at once for winter comforts and the approaching holidays from our immense stock of Carpets, Curtains, Furniture, Beds, Mattresses, Bedding.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

THOMAS LIGGET

EMPIRE BUILDING 1474 & 1476 St. Catherine St.

GET THE BEST

LUNN'S LAMINATED SKATE

THE ONLY LAMINATED SKATE IN THE WORLD. Manufactured by C. J. LUNN & CO., CHATHAM WORKS, 124 Chatham Street, MONTREAL, QUE.

MACHINISTS and BLACKSMITHS REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

A well known artist questioned a countryman and his wife regarding his picture, which represented a handsome man. "He was so important that he was last interposed with the painter."

Vol. LV. No. PASTORAL MOST REV. PAUL BRUCHESE, Archbishop of Montreal ON "PETER'S"

PAUL BRUCHESE, by God, and the favor of His Holiness the Pope, Archbishop of Montreal To the clergy, religious and laity of Our Diocese peace and benediction. Dearly beloved Brethren: We come to-day with a heavy heart to the feast of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, the Vicar of Christ, the true Pontiff, who has been with us for so many years past.

Rome is not the only Italy the only country constant attention of his noble title of Christ earth. Now, it might be said that the Holy Father's revenue is at his disposal. We have read, time and time again, long lists of his personal expenses. It has moved us to pity, has more to do than to honor of the pontifical are good works in and that depend upon his many misfortunes to which goes out in tenderest sympathy. Many acts of charity naturally command attention such as his.

Alms certainly come from various sources, a little a year round; what could otherwise? But these are from supplying his needs. Is this the outcome of grace or apathy on the children? We dare not give our opinion, but it is clear that Catholics do not do their duty. Still, we feel that does not lie in lack of and devotedness, but rather in a defective organization. Can we suppose that our like our own have given in by their most valiant struggle for the rights of the Supp. It could fall to-day to rescue in his great power.

Our works of benevolence, and we would overlook the least among suffering poor, the sick, and the orphans have a sympathy and it is our they should have it, deep as the ills they bear, but meet that Catholics should special thought for their whose patience and long have been so sorely put to Is it not to him that the of their liberal charity directed?

Many of the older members faithful remember the government inaugurated, the forty years ago in view of the Holy Father, the work "Peter's Pence." With a ness worthy of our desperation, a work was revived which has been sadly neglected in these latter years. That was in days of the spoliation of property. The year 1870 the Italian Government.

From the very onset, the get, of saintly memory, because of the persecuted Christ. While he was in Rome, he was to be seen in the streets, preaching and organizing his diocese a collection of "The Sacred Pence." The Letter addressed to his that occasion is one of the most beautiful and most touching that has left us. We feel as each word was pronounced, moved to its very depths. "Peter's Pence" is the