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BUILDING, St. Catherine St.

The True Witness

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1904. PRICE FIVE CENTS

IRELAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

(By Miles J. Murphy.) For some years past the observer of things Irish has noted the evidences of an awakening of commercial activity in Ireland.

In the concession known as the Irish village there is a large hall covering a couple of acres of space, in which is an exhibition of the varied industries and arts of the Emerald Isle that opens the eyes of the astonished visitor.

This display of the Irish Village has the greatest significance for Ireland in the fact that it is being exploited in an entirely independent manner.

The Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland assumed the task of properly placing the exhibits in the Industrial Hall, and to this end sent over several of the cleverest men in Ireland.

Facsimiles of prehistoric Celtic ornaments in gold are astonishing looking objects. The originals of these facsimiles are in the Dublin Museum.

The most interesting piece of ancient metal work shown here is undoubtedly the beautiful Cross of Cong. This glorious piece of antique Irish workmanship was wrought in the town of Roscommon in the year 1123.

The relic was placed under the large crystal in the centre, where no doubt it still remains. It was transferred ultimately to the Augustinian Abbey of Cong, County Mayo, where it was used as a professional cross.

Irish industrial effort of modern times began with the silversmith work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Most notable examples of such work at the Exposition is the silver dish ring. These rings were first made to save the fine mahogany dining tables of the Irish nobility.

The marvels of the present industrial movement are in the lower portion of the great hall. Here the cases present a bewildering array of bog oak carvings, jewellery, woollens, the largest linen exhibit ever brought together.

The display of the Belfast Rope Works gives the record of the most extensive hemp and flax twisting industry in the world. In these various exhibits the one of great historical and economic interest is the wool weaving of the west coast of County Donegal.

The modern Irish artists are constantly turning to the Celtic motives for their inspiration and of this circumstance a very favorable illustration is to be seen in the hand woven carpets, made in Donegal also.

The Irish linen and lace exhibit is naturally extensive and contains all those forms of work for which the Celt has so long been famous. Amusement is not forgotten in the Irish Village.

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

- 89,258-Arthur M. Bauckham, Wellington, N.Z. Means for retaining and locking window sashes at any desired height. 89,270-Dalus W. Judson, Barrie, Ont. Bicycle frame. 89,285-Auguste Gamache, Bartlett, N.H. Telephone transmitter. 89,286-Raymond Rouge, Paris, France. Windings of electrical machines and appliances. 89,299-Alex. Parker, Hawke's Bay, N.Z. Means for preventing the entry of draughts and dust between window sashes. 89,300-August Dumont-Desgoffe, Brussels, Belgium. Crushing or grinding machines. 89,301-Wm. J. Mundy, Petrolia, Ont. Down draft-base burning stove. 89,302-Hermas LaRose, Vercheres, Que. Baling Press. 89,303-Hugh T. Hughes, Frankfort, N.Y. Nut-lock. 89,304-Eugene Gareau, Montreal, Que. Spring heel for shoes.

A FAMOUS IRISHMAN.

Wherever they go, Irish Catholics are pretty certain to distinguish themselves. A Johannesburg, South Africa, correspondent records the death, at that city, of Chevalier O'Donoghue, whose loss, it is said, is a distinct loss to the Transvaal.

Gilbert Parker's "Tenderfoot"

Gilbert Parker, the Canadian novelist, is fond of telling a story which shows that the "tenderfoot" is to be found in Australia as well as "out West."

"Once in Australia on my way through the bush with my friend Cabbage Tree Bill," he says, "we were accompanied by an intelligent young fellow who had just come out from England. As we travelled along we saw on the road--it might be called a road--a young kangaroo."

A SOUTHERN CATHOLIC WRITER.

Mrs. Kate Chopin, who died at St. Louis last month, was well known among the Catholic writers of the South. She was a daughter of Captain Thomas O'Flaherty, and after her marriage to Oscar Chopin moved to Natchitoches.

EUROPE'S AGED MONARCHS.

In spite of the plots of Anarchists and the cares of State, most of the sovereigns of Europe live to a green old age. At present more than half of them are over sixty years old.

over seventy and seven over sixty. Only six are under thirty, and only two--the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and the King of Spain--are under age.

A CATHOLIC SLUM MISSION.

An immense black cross, entwined with a white winding sheet, and reaching to the low ceiling of the room; to the right of the cross a by no means artistic statue of the Blessed Virgin; to the left a representation of the Sacred Heart which is by no means a De Prato; in front of the ominous black sign a white and gracefully draped statue of Our Lady of Victory.

The store which has been converted into a slum mission chapel, and for which \$20 a month rent is exacted, is squalid and unkempt. The paper on the wall and ceiling is peeling off. The Welsbach mantles are mostly broken, or the glass gas globes cracked.

One day recently an occasional correspondent of the New World, who herewith records his impressions, was induced to visit this Catholic slum mission chapel by having a "dodger" put into his hand while waiting for a car at the corner of State and Van Buren streets.

OMNIA PRO JESU ET MARIA All are Welcome. A Free Lecture and Entertainment will be given at THE MISSION OF OUR LADY OF VICTORY, 458 South Clark Street, A Few Doors South of Polk Street, on West Side of Street, THIS EVENING at 7.30 o'clock.

Then followed a programme of about twelve numbers, consisting of readings, songs, duets and instrumental music, and containing the announcement that there would be a lecture by a well known Chicago priest.

While walking along South Clark street on my way to the mission, I chanced to look into the Baptist slum mission and saw there was an audience of not more than a baker's dozen. In the Salvation Army room there were about half that number, to whom a Salvation lassie seemed to be expounding the Scriptures from a rather high rostrum.

Not wishing to be influenced, but desiring to be unmolested in forming my own impressions of the work, I let it be understood that I was one of the ten-cent rooming house inmates, and wanted to hear the concert. I secured a seat where I could

conveniently study the faces of many of the men present. It was a pathetic sight. Men of almost all ages were represented. Youths of eighteen or less were there, on whose faces a life of hostility to the laws of God, or the ravages of intemperance had not yet had time to leave indelible traces.

Other faces showed marks of years of dissipation, while many had the scared, hunted, weary look of those who, if not actual pariahs of society, live a hand-to-mouth precarious life. Here and there could be distinguished a reputable mechanic who had met with the misfortune of being unable to find work.

Mr. M. F. D. Collins, the real head and animating spirit of this Catholic slum mission, began the entertainment by the recitation of the Rosary, at which he insisted that all the men should kneel down and not merely sit forward. Then a popular hymn was sung, at the beginning of which all were told to "please arise."

Before the concert began Mr. Collins spoke for about five minutes, giving a strong and earnest exhortation to temperance. This gentleman has been engaged in slum work for some years and he gives it as his opinion that drink is the chief cause of the degradation and misery of most of those who are habitués of rooming houses.

He was a short, thick-set, rather stout father, with a pleasant smiling face. The slum element seemed to take to him immensely. He had evidently often paid them a visit. The secret of his popularity with these men became evident, when he addressed them. In a magnetic, earnest way he spoke and appealed to the men, and in their own idiom, making an appeal for better and cleaner lives.

At the close of the instruction a hymn was sung, and then the Father invested several in the scapular. He then made an unconventional act of contrition aloud to which everyone responded with a hearty "Amen."

A portable confessional was immediately set up, and the priest began hearing confessions at once, while Mr. Collins and his zealous corps of assistants at the other end of the room were busy urging as many men as possible to go to the father and "straighten up."

"Father, here is a young man who is very nervous. Will you help him? He seems afraid and yet wants to go to confession." The priest beckoned the young man and smiled. For a moment he put both hands on his shoulders, and then whispering a word or two, he

took his arm and walked him around to the penitent's side of the confessional. In ten or twelve minutes the young fellow came out and said to Mr. Collins:

"My goodness! I made my confession almost before I knew it. I never felt so fine in all my life as I do now. I'm going to keep straight now, Mr. Collins, sure," and then turning to me he said: "Say, neighbor, you needn't be afraid to go to that father."

The slum chapel is open every night and on Sunday afternoons. In connection therewith there exists a club, the essentials for membership being that the men shall take the pledge for six months and promise to go to confession and Holy Communion once a month for that period.

This gentleman, who seems entirely devoted to the men of the slums, does not confine his work to the slum chapel. He is well known in the big rooming houses, where he seeks out and encourages Catholics and distributes Catholic literature.

The Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul pays the rent of the store used as a chapel. Difficulty is sometimes experienced in securing a priest to give the instruction. Sometimes a Jesuit, sometimes a Paulist, or a Carmelite, and frequently a diocesan priest performs this charitable work.--Edward C. St. Cyr, in the New World, Chicago.

POPE TO FRENCH YOUTHS.

Pope Pius last Sunday morning received one thousand members of the Catholic Association of French Youths, whose president delivered an address protesting against attacks on Catholicism and its head.

The Pope replied in a long speech, which, however, contained no allusion to the conflict between the French Government and the Vatican. "Vain would be our steering, our nightly watch, our chart, and our compass if our Heavenly Guide were not leading us over the dark waters, except, perhaps, when he said the protest of the president of the Catholic Association was truly consoling, as it assured the Pontiff that amid present difficulties the Pope would have these dear young sons of France on his side in the struggle for good."

WEDDING BELLS.

At the Sacred Heart Chapel of Notre Dame Church on Tuesday morning, Miss Annie Marie Gleason was united to Dr. William Huguenin, in the bonds of holy matrimony. Miss Blanche Almeras presided at the organ. Rev. Louis Lalonde, S.J., said the nuptial Mass, and performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Huguenin left for Toronto, Niagara and Buffalo, and on their return will reside at 145 St. Denis street.

PERSONAL.

Mgr. Archambault, Bishop of Joliette, will visit his native town, L'Assomption, next week.

Miss Catherine O'Byrne, the young and talented organist of St. Gabriel's Church, who has been in the Adirondack Mountains for some time, has returned again in robust health, and presided at the organ last Sunday.

Rev. Father Goggins, of London, England, sailed yesterday morning for home.

"Here's a motto just your fit, Laugh a little bit. When trouble you have hit. Just laugh a little bit."



FATHER JOSEPH.

It was the day after the storm which wrought such destruction in Ireland, that plain and poverty stricken Maurice Maloney found a tiny boy wedged beside the haggard, sleeping lady.

beautiful in their expressions of gratitude to the devoted couple, to whom, he said, he owed his great happiness. With proud hearts, Maurice and his good wife, would pass the letters to the neighbors, and those who were able to read did so, and told the contents to their friends.

returning from a tour of the missions further up, he came to a convent, and there met a saintly nun, Sister Marie. Something drew his attention to her (for he seldom spoke to strangers), and a resemblance to some one, somewhere, whom he felt he knew, seemed to strike him.

A MONTH OF FAVORS. (Arthur Barry, in Ave Maria.) Another new month,—grave October's here, With its flaming leaves that will soon grow sore

of the first Motu Proprio. The Commission has been reinforced by the addition of several new consultants, four of whom are habitually resident in England.

IN MEMORIAM. Death of Miss Alice Morris, of St. John's, Newfoundland. "In the midst of life we are in death" is being verified every day, year, every moment of the day.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Rev. L. V. Broughall, formerly attached to the staff of St. Laurent College, has been received into the congregation of the Holy Cross, in the Chapel of St. Joseph's University.

JEANISTS HONORED AT ST. LOUIS.

Two Jesuit Fathers, the Revs. John F. Quirk, S.J., President of Loyola College, Baltimore, Md., and the Rev. Terence C. Shealey, S.J., of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, have had the distinction of being included among the Jurors of Education, at the World's Fair, St. Louis.

CHAMBERLAIN'S POLICY NOT NEEDED.

E. H. Holden, managing director of one of the largest financial institutions in England, The City and Midland Bank of London, is at present on a visit to Canada.

THE PONTIFICAL COMMISSION ON GREGORIAN CHANT.

The London Tablet of September 10, notes that Appuldurcombe Abbey, Isle of Wight, scene of the recent Summer School of Gregorian Music, was during the week ending at that date, the assembling place of the Commission appointed to prepare the Vatican edition of the Gregorian Chant.

CLOG-NA-MARR.

(WEXFORD BALLAD OF '98, Air, "The Croppy Boy.") As I was walking Slieve-Coiltha's slope,

VERY SLOW.

"Do you drink coffee?" asked the doctor of an aged patient. "Yes," was the reply. "Coffee," continued the M.D., "is a slow poison."







OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear boys and girls: So many of our little friends have been asking if we could not give them space "for their own selves" to publish their contributions...

do. Who can tell but that there is wonderful literary genius lying dormant and needing only the slightest encouragement to bring it to the surface. Here's a chance now, boys and girls, for competition. Let us see who will take the palm.

Your friend,

AUNT BECKY.

youngest son. "How is it, Josiah; is your father going to B—?" "Well," answered the youngster judicially, "paw is still prayin' for light, but most of the things is packed."

HER OPINION OF BOYS—A little girl wrote the following essay on boys: "Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by and by."

Her Father's Guardian.

(By Mary J. Lupton, in Rosary Magazine.)

Mr. Baxton Miller was the wealthy owner of a steel plant in Northern Illinois. It appeared to be no trouble to him to accumulate dollars; but it did appear to the outside world that Mr. Miller's ever-increasing wealth was accompanied by an equal increase of avarice and an unbearable tyranny over his employees.

CLAUDE.

Dear Editor:—I was so glad to see a page for boys and girls. I would like a story besides the letters. I am taking music lessons this year for the first time and like it very much.

NANCY.

Dear Editor:—This is my first year in Montreal, and I feel very lonesome for my little friends I left behind me in Moncton. My papa is dead and mamma has come to live with grandma. We find everything so strange. Papa always subscribed to the True Witness, and we are continuing. I saw the children's page in last week's paper and like to read the letters.

MYRTLE.

Dear Editor:—I am a little boy seven years old. I like to read the children's letters. I cannot write very well, but perhaps I will do better. I started school and don't like it. I'd rather play.

FRANK.

Dear Editor:—There was a fire near us the other day, and we were afraid we were going to be burnt, too, but the firemen worked hard and we were only damaged by water. It was a very cold day, and mamma brought some of the men in and gave them nice hot coffee.

ALICE.

CHILDREN'S WITTICISMS.

PROOF POSITIVE.

Sunday-school Superintendent:—"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"

Superintendent (somewhat sternly):—"Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?" Little Boy (badly frightened):—"It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week f'm Mizoury."

WILLIE'S DREAM OF PAPA.

Willie (very seriously):—"Papa, I had a strange dream this morning." Papa:—"Indeed! What was it?" Willie:—"I dreamed, papa, that I died and went to heaven; and when St. Peter met me at the gate, instead of showing me the way to the golden street, as I expected, he took me out into a large field, and in the middle of the field there was a ladder reaching away up into the sky and out of sight. Then St. Peter told me that Heaven was at the top, and that in order to get there I must take the big piece of chalk he gave me and slowly climb the ladder, writing on each rung some sin I had committed."

Papa (laying down his newspaper):—"And did you finally reach Heaven, my son?" Willie:—"No, papa, for just as I was trying to think of something to write on the second rung I looked up and saw you coming down."

Papa:—"And what was I coming down for?" Willie:—"That's what I asked you, and you told me you were coming for more chalk!"

THE PARSON AND THE "LIGHT."

A parson had had a call from a little country parish to a large and wealthy one in a big city. He asked time for prayer and consideration. He did not feel sure of his light. A month passed. Some one met his

When God looked at Adam He said to Himself, 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and he made Eve. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy. Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Woman was then made, and she has never rested since.

maddened desperation to seek redress of grievance at the master's house. In an instant Dwyer was up, his blood boiling with anger as the old rebellious feelings were awakened on hearing the shouts of his comrades. But one glance at the little form outstretched in sleeping beauty, and all rebellious thoughts were stilled within his breast.

On came the noisy band of strikers from their cottages. They were now in the meadow, and close upon the spot where lay Hetty asleep and Dwyer concealed.

"Hello! what's this?" shouted the foremost, as he caught sight of the child. "I'll be blown if it isn't the boss's young 'un. What d'ye say, boys, if we make short work of her to begin with," and he advanced to the now awakened and terrified Hetty.

"Stand back, you infernal murderers," yelled Dwyer, springing at them like a tiger. "Stand back, I say! Touch not a hair of her head or it is with me you will have to deal," and he took the weeping baby in his arms.

"Now stand aside, and tell me what brought you here." His comrades looked at him and at one another, unable for the instant to give an explanation. Then one stepped out.

"We want what we have always wanted and what you want yourself—fair treatment. You told us this morning you were going to free us, and an hour after you had made your escape no one knew where, while the boss extorts more unbearable regulations. We won't stand it. We want justice."

"And you will get it if you let me have my own way," replied Dwyer, cooling down. "Return to your homes, and if in the morning you are not satisfied with the outlook of things, you can follow your own course. Can't you trust me, boys? When I say a thing I'll do it if it is in the power of man at all. But I must have my own time and way. Now go, and don't stand scaring this little one to death."

They turned without a word, for when Anthony Dwyer spoke it was law. "Please, sir, what is it all about," timidly asked Hetty, when the retreating figures had disappeared.

"It is, dear, that your papa won't pay his men enough money for the work they do for him, and they are angry with him."

"Angry with my papa? Oh, they mustn't get angry with my papa. He has lots of money and he will give some to these men. I know he will."

"But he won't. That's just what makes them angry. They have asked him more than once."

"Well, p'raps my papa didn't understand. Sometimes he don't understand me either when he is thinking about 'portant business, you know. But if I talk to him about mamma, then he always understands me and gives me whatever I ask."

"It makes papa cry when I talk about mamma. But he says he loves his little Hetty and would do anything for her, so, s'pose I ask him to give money to those angry men."

Dwyer could not have asked a better arrangement. In fact, it was just what he had in mind.

"That's what you must do, Miss Hetty, so be sure you tell your papa that the angry men want money."

"Yes, yes, I know. Papa has plenty of money. It is 'portant business, but I don't like it, 'cause it makes men angry. Guess I'm hungry now," she broke off abruptly, looking at Dwyer. "Is it dinner time yet?"

"No, miss, not yet. But we can get a bite to eat at my cottage over there, and then I will take you home. You will see my little daughter Mabe, she is just about your size, but not so nicely dressed, for she is poor."

"I'm sorry she is poor. But take me to her, won't you?" she asked coaxingly. And hand in hand they went to the cottage.

"You will find her in the meadow, Mary; I told her she might hunt butterflies there. But you had better bring her in, for I'm afraid there is a storm threatening. Go quickly, Mary."

The meadow was searched and researched in vain. Hetty was not there. Large drops of rain fell, fore-runners of a mighty storm. Mr. Miller paced the ground in front of his house, trusting to see the familiar little figure run to him from behind some tree. When, however, his servants returned from a fruitless search he was like one deranged.

"Keep on hunting, storm or no storm," he commanded, "my child must be found. Go now, don't waste the precious minutes. It may mean life or death to her. My God! what rain! And my Hetty can't be found. Oh, hurry, my brave men, for her sake, for God's sake, hurry. Five hundred dollars to the man who will bring her back to me."

They obeyed, despite the raging storm, and left him alone.

"She was all I had to live for," he cried, in real, heart-felt sorrow, as he paced his room during the long, weary hours that followed. "All I had and she has been taken from me? My poor little Hetty! Merciful heaven! have they stolen her from me?" he gasped, as threats he had heard flashed suddenly across his mind. "Great God! why are such deeds allowed? My child! my flesh and blood! The image of her dead mother. Is she to be thus taken from me? Oh, no! It cannot be. It cannot be. God is good after all. He knows how I love her, and what I have suffered for her sake. He will not allow harm to reach her."

These and many such thoughts filled his now feverish brain. The hours sped on. The storm increased with the approach of night, and still no news reached him. He threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

Pictures of his enraged workmen came up before him. Their homes, wives and children lay exposed before his troubled gaze, deprived of work, food and money, and for the first time thoughts of how they were suffering caused him some uneasiness.

"And all because of my stubbornness," he reasoned. "My God! You are punishing me. I know it! I feel it! But I am sorry, Just God! I repent! I will make amends; only give me back my child. I cannot live without her."

The long hours of the night dragged slowly on. From one room to another, out into the grounds where the storm seemed to mock at his grief, anywhere and everywhere went the stricken father like a restless spirit.

Daybreak brought him no consolation—no hope. He passed out to the garden once more where the air was pure and refreshing after the night's storm. He turned to the old rustic seat where he had last seen and talked to her.

He sat there for some time when approaching voices met his ears. His heart gave one bound. He listened and looked. It was her voice chattering gaily. There she was, the darling, coming towards him, but at the head of his rebellious workmen. What can it mean?

He knows very soon what it all means, for in less than it takes to tell it, Hetty is in his arms and between kisses and hugs is pouring out her little story.

Anthony Dwyer is there, too, and in a rougher but perhaps more satisfactory manner added that had it not been for the storm, he would have brought the child home the night before. As it was she passed the night in his cottage.

"Yes, papa, only for him, p'raps your Hetty would really and truly have been lost, or maybe killed."

"Hush, dear," said her father with a shudder, as he held her to him. "But 'deed, papa, I know it," and she drew her ear close to her baby lips, to whisper the rest of her story. "Won't you now, papa?" she asked aloud with a knowing little glance at Dwyer.

"Yes, pet, I will." "Dwyer, you can tell your comrades that they can go to work as soon as they like. I agree to their terms. You, yourself, may come to my office in the afternoon to receive the five hundred dollars reward, which I offered to the finder of my little Hetty."

DO NOT BUY TRASHY GOODS AT ANY PRICE.

Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate

Directory. SOCIETY—Established 1856 incorporated 1894. Meets in 92 St. Alexander street. Rev. Director, F.P.; President, C. J. Doherty; Vice, M.D.; Secretary, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Kahala; Correspondent, T. P. Tansy. A. AND E. SO. the second St. in St. Patrick's under street, at the hall on the Rev. month at 8 P. Doyle; Rev. Kelly, 13 Vallee. B. SOCIETY. Rev. Director, J. F. Quinn, street; M. J. St. Augustin the second St. in St. Ann's and Ottawa. MEN'S SOCIETY. Meets in its street, on the Rev. month, at the St. Adviser, R. R.; President, Thomas, Thomas, Robt. J. Hart. DA. BRANCH 8th November, meets at St. St. Alexander street, on the day of each business are and 4th Monday 3 p.m. Spiritual Callaghan; Secretary, P. G. Visitation street; J. J. Coe, street; Medical Adviser, E. J. O'Connell. BELLS. S BELLS. L COMPANY. Y., and. NEW YORK CITY. CHURCH BELLS. LIOTORS. INTS SECURED. OF Manufacturers, to the advice of the State of New York, D.C., U.S.A. EBATED RAISING FLOUR and the Best. Montreal. NCE BETWEEN. Hampshire gamekeeper, one of the birds, fence between the churches. "Give reference in a simple requested, after a gamekeeper. John, "if you is this, we'll all be damned."

THE CHURCH AND FREE MASONRY.

A cable despatch states that Pius X. has ordered that at the christening of the Prince of Piedmont, the title by which the recently born son of the King of Italy will be known, no Free Mason, even though he be of the royal blood, shall be accepted as godfather.

Such is the radical revolution Free Masonry would bring about. But the Catholic Church stands in the way. As guardian of divine truths she will not yield an inch.

In the Masonic programme here outlined, we see what is the ultimate aim of the organization that is responsible for the bitter anti-Catholic war so actively waged in a country which was once known as "the eldest daughter of the Church."

These are but samples to show how natural and simple and unaffected Catholics are in practicing their religion. I am not copying this from a guidebook, but writing what I know and have seen myself.

As I said just now, I come back to the point because I deem it essential, we must have with us within our temple all educators and instructors of youth.

With a Free Mason schoolmaster established in every French village the work of sapping the spirit of religion will be greatly facilitated.

Oh, that little nickel watch, Which the Roman Pontiff owns! With its leather shoestring catch And its lack of precious stones;

be vanquished. Not believing in the divinity of her founder, they hold in contempt His promise to be with His spouse to the end of time.

A CONVERT'S IMPRESSION.

The readers of the Glasgow Observer are being favored nowadays with a noteworthy series of articles bearing the general title "A Convert's First Impressions."

"Go to Ireland (and a more Catholic nation does not exist on the face of the earth), and there you see how simply and naturally the people practice their religion. There is an easy, unconventional style about the whole thing which is truly edifying.

"At the corner of almost every street a little shrine is fixed, from which some holy face looks down upon you as you pass.

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CARDINAL LAVIGERIE TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

Timely Publication of the Last Recommendations of the Great French Prelate

Mgr. Lacroix, Bishop of Tarentaise, who was the friend and at one time the secretary of the late Cardinal Lavigerie, has rendered a great service by the publication in the present circumstances in France of a document containing the last recommendations of the distinguished Cardinal to his countrymen.

"I declare," he writes, "in presence of eternity which faces me, that I desire, to die in the sentiments in which I have lived, viz., sentiments of unquestioning obedience and devotion to the Holy Apostolic See, and to our Holy Father the Pope, Vicar of Christ upon earth. I believe, and have always believed what he teaches. I believe and have always believed that away from the Pope or against the Pope there is and can be in the Church nothing but trouble, confusion, error and eternal loss.

The same devotion which I have for the Holy See I have also for Christian France and the African missions, over which I have been appointed. The peace, glory and even life of France are closely bound up with her Catholic faith, and consequently with her devotion to the Holy See. I have done all in my power to maintain harmony between France and the Holy See, and I can say with truth that I die of my efforts, for the illness which is opening the grave before me is the consequence of the almost superhuman fatigues which I underwent last year in Paris and in Rome to prevent a sensational rupture which was considered inevitable.

Maud—Did you hear about that fright George got on his wedding day? Mabel—Yes, I was there. I saw her.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Royal Victoria Museum, Ottawa," will be received at this office until Monday, October 24, 1904, inclusively, for the construction of the Royal Victoria Museum.

By order, FRED GELINAS, Secretary and acting Deputy Minister, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, September 23, 1904.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC TIME TABLE CHANGES.

In Effect Oct. 9th, 1904. Eastern time. St. John, N.B., 7.45 p.m. St. John, N.B., 7.35 p.m. ex. Saturdays. Plattsburgh, 8.45 a.m.; 10.15 a.m.; 1.40 p.m. Montreal, 8.15 p.m. Discontinued beyond.

Ticket Office, 129 St. James street (Next Post Office.)

GRAND TRUNK FALL AND WINTER TRAIN SERVICE.

Effective October 2, 1904. 6.40 a.m.—St. Lambert, Chambly, 6.45 a.m.—St. Lambert, Farmham, Granby, 7.00 a.m.—Toronto, Buffalo, St. Catharines, 7.00 a.m.—Hemlockford, Huntingdon, Massena Springs, 8.00 a.m.—St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Quebec, Portland, 8.40 a.m.—Coteau, Alexandria, Ottawa, via C.A. Ry., 8.45 a.m.—St. Johns, Rouse's Point, New York, via D. & H., 9.00 a.m.—Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Mo., 9.01 a.m.—St. Johns, Boston, Springfield, New York, via C. V. R., 9.30 a.m.—Cornwall, Brockville (daily), Toronto (daily except Sunday), 11.10 a.m.—St. Johns, Rouse's Point, New York, via D. & H., 1.36 p.m.—St. Johns, St. Albans, Burlington, 2.25 p.m.—St. Johns, St. Albans, Burlington (daily except Sat. and Sun.), 4.10 p.m.—Coteau, Alexandria, Ottawa, via C.A. Ry., 4.15 p.m.—Cornwall, Brockville, 4.16 p.m.—St. Hyacinthe, Richmond, Quebec, Island Pond, 4.20 p.m.—Hemlockford, Huntingdon, Fort Ontario, 4.45 p.m.—St. Johns, Rouse's Point, also Ilerville, 5.01 p.m.—Paris, Granby, Waterloo, Marieville, St. Catharines, 5.16 p.m.—St. Hyacinthe, 5.45 p.m.—St. Johns, St. Albans, 6.30 p.m.—St. Johns, Rouse's Point, New York, via D. & H., 7.40 p.m.—Coteau, Alexandria, Richmond, Quebec, Portland, 8.40 p.m.—St. Johns, Boston, Springfield, New York, via C. V. R., 10.30 p.m.—Toronto, Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Mo. News—Daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

CITY TICKET OFFICES: 127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

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LOT 1—5 O'Clock Tea Cloths. Tray Cloths, Sideboard Scarfs, to be sold at bargain prices as follows: TEA CLOTHS, hemstitched, 48x45, 75c. TRAY CLOTHS, hemstitched, 36x36, 60c. TRAY CLOTHS, hemstitched, 18x27, 25c. SIDEBOARD SCARFS, 18 x 54, 45c.

LOT 2—FINE Bleached Linen Damask Table Cloths and Napkins to match, put up in nice boxes. 1 Cloth, 3 yards long and 1 dozen Napkins, great value, \$6.00. 1 Cloth, 2 1/2 yards long and 1 dozen Napkins, great value, \$5.50. 1 Cloth, 2 yards long and 1 dozen Napkins, great value, \$5.00.

Smallwares Special. Celluloid and Horn Hair Pins. Worth 10c doz., sale price 5c doz. Worth 20c doz., sale price 10c doz. Worth 30c doz., sale price 15c doz. Worth 40c doz., sale price 20c doz. Worth 60c doz., sale price 30c doz.

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Politeness, or civility, or urbanity, or whatever we may choose to call it, is the oil which preserves the machinery of society from destruction.—Dr. J. H. Holland.

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED HANDSOME TAILORED SUITS AND FALL COATS.

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PRICES OF LADIES' TAILORED SUITS. Ladies' New Fall Suit, of fine navy cloth, tight fitting back, velvet collar, new sleeves, belt effect, with harness buckle; Skirt cut in very newest style. Price, \$22.50. Ladies' Stylish Suit, of fine homespun; jacket made hip length; tight fitting back, tailor seams, flat collar, newest sleeve, collar and cuffs trimmed Coque de Roche cloth and gold braid, newest style skirt. Price, \$25.60.

A BEAUTIFUL RANGE OF New Fall Dress Goods. The material for your New Fall Costume can best be chosen from the largest assortments in Canada. We have the season's smartest novelties, as well as the rich plain goods that produce such handsome gowns.

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Hemstitched Linen Towels, size 14 by 24 inches, 8 3/4c. Hemstitched Linen Towels, size 18 by 38 inches, 14c. Hemstitched Linen Towels, size 22 by 38 inches, 19c. Hemstitched Linen Towels, size 22 by 42 inches, 26c.

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Vol. LIV., No. 15

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON The Sovereign Remedy Cloured and Dejected Spirits.

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

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

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

Humble and earnest prayer is the only sort of prayer that is the source of life to the mind, of comfort to the heart, of strength to the will. By ascending, like Moses, to the mountain, there He removes scales from our eyes. He dispels clouds of passion, of prejudice, of ignorance which envelop us, sheds a flood of light upon us, enables us to see things as they really are.

MAN'S LITTLENESS REVEALED. Standing on that mountain, the shortness of time and life passes like a shadow, and we measure the length of eternity as if it were a mere moment. We are penetrated with a sense of greatness of God alone and the littleness of man, and if we perceive anything attractive in him it is because he is shining with holy light. We observe how paltry trifling are all things earthly; they are passing away; and the beloved John, we get a glimpse of the heavenly Jerusalem. time, indeed, that outside of us we acknowledge these truths.

But it is only in prayer that we fully realize them and relish them, and that the words of the Apostle are brought home to us: "We are not here a lasting city, but we are here to come." It was while St. Paul was in the ecstasy of prayer that was revealed to him the mysteries of the Kingdom of Heaven and was given to him the glory to which "which eye has not seen nor heard nor the heart of man is able to conceive."

St. Thomas Aquinas was one of the most eminent scholars which humanity has produced in nineteenth century. His vast mind ranged the entire fields of theology and philosophy. His works are an immense storehouse for students and divines. Being asked on what was his favorite book, Thomas replied that he acquired knowledge by meditating at the foot of the cross than from any source. While we need not expect that we will reveal to us in prayer, as St. Paul and St. Thomas, the mysteries of the kingdom, He enlightens us on a subject far more useful and profitable to us. He searches His searchlight into the recesses of our souls and discloses our hidden sins and transgressions, our imperfections and illusions, our vanities and illusions. He will "search Jerusalem lamps," as He said by His prophet. He will make His lamp shine in the temple of our hearts and lay before us the dust of smaller sins which had accumulated there for months—aye, for years. He will give us a knowledge most practical and essential, knowledge of ourselves. Prayer is a sovereign remedy.