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The True Witness



MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE MOORE MEMORIAL FUND

The following letter appears in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record:

Rev. Dear Sir,—May I venture to ask for space in your very influential review to plead with the Irish clergy at home and abroad the cause of the "Moore Memorial." Knowing how highly the work of Moore is appreciated by Irish priests, I am satisfied that there is no class of our countrymen I could appeal to with greater confidence. In the school, on the platform, and at the social board, the Irish clergy have constantly, unflinchingly and universally paid their tribute to the genius of our national poet. Amongst them, perhaps more than amongst any other section of Irishmen, the songs, the poems and prose works of Thomas Moore have been held in honor. Now that there is question of erecting once for all a suitable monument to the poet, I am sure that the clergy will help, as far as they can, to make it worthy of Moore and worthy of the capital of Ireland.

The work of Moore appeals, I think, to all that is noblest and best in the nature of Irishmen. He drew his inspiration entirely from the soil and atmosphere of his native land. At a time when the culture of ancient Ireland was a subject of mockery to so many even of her own sons, Moore turned to it, admired it, defended it, and by the magic of his touch revealed to the world a glimpse of its grandeur and loveliness. It is scarcely fair to judge him by the standards of our day; but even so judged, did he not make the national spirit of his country the lifelong theme of his songs?

In the ancient civilization of the Gael and in the legends and myths that grew up around it, he found a source of inspiration for some of his noblest lyrics. He brings us back in spirit to the halls of Tara and the palace of Fingal. He calls up the vision of a predestined race which had turned its gaze, even in far-off times, towards

That Eden where the immortal brave Dwell in a land serene Whose bowers above the shining wave At sunset oft are seen.

He celebrates the achievements of the Red Branch Knights. He sends on to posterity the most tuneful echo ever yet heard of the great tragedy of the North, the "Lament of Deirdre for the Children of Uisnach." He has caught up and transmitted to us the strain of that wonderful "Song of Fiannauala"—"Lir's lonely daughter"—which in its weird, melancholy pathos has not its equal in the world. He has made us listen to the croon of the Banshee, and shown us the track of "the Mountain Sprite," and the spectre of "Donohue's White Horse."

In dealing with religious subjects, Moore rose to the full height of his genius. In his Biblical poems he is truly sublime; and in such short lyrics as

This world is all a fleeting show For man's illusion given,

and Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see, he is on a level in that branch of verse with the best poets of his age.

It is, however, where religion and nationality meet and combine that he is most at home. The sacred places of our religious history have for him a charm that is almost beyond expression. Glendalough, Kildare's holy shrine, sweet Inisfallen, Aranmore, have an additional halo, a romantic sweetness shed around them by the songs of Moore. And as for Irish history, there is scarcely any of its great heroes and heroines, or of its epoch-marking episodes that have not inspired the poet. He has sung the glories of Brian the Brave. He has sounded the defiant battle-cry of the Prince of Brehni. He has recalled the fate and sacrifices of the "Wild Geese."

The Blakes and O'Donnells whose fathers resigned

The green hills of their youth among strangers to find

The repose which at home they had looked for in vain.

And nearer still to us he has left the mark of his genius on the great

upheaval of '98, not only in his "Biography of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," but in that captivating song "She is Far From the Land," in which the destiny of Sarah Curran and Robert Emmet is enshrined in a form worthy of the ill-fated love it has immortalized. Washington Irving has paid his tribute to the genius of Moore, by quoting this poem in his "Sketch Book," and writing a beautiful essay on the subject that inspired it.

I am informed that even in the theological schools Moore's "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion" is quoted with interest and with pleasure; and we have it on the authority of the Rev. Mr. Edgill, Protestant Rector of the parish in which he died, that our national bard was faithful to the last to the creed of his childhood.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the sweet expression of sentiment in all the melodies which touch the heart and turn even sorrow into pleasure. How many a careworn brow has been smoothed over by the poet's wand? How many an Irish home has been enlivened by the strains of the bard? How many a bosom has been swayed by the noblest emotions of patriotism and love at the call of this national minstrel? The tears of the exile freely respond to the double charm of the music of his native land which Moore did so much to rescue from oblivion and of the refinement and tenderness of the words with which it is allied. Wherever the Irishman wanders over the world the songs of Moore accompany him and help to blind him, as if by invisible threads, to the land of his birth. Let the critics say what they will, Moore has exercised and still exercises a subtle influence over the Irish race which comforts them in their sorrows, cheers them in their trials, and adds an element of refinement and distinction to their joys. His name, too, has travelled far beyond the confines even of Greater Ireland. His fame is universal. His songs are sung by the greatest artists of the greatest cities in the world. He has found an entrance into the castles and mansions of nobles as he has established a home in the cabins of the humblest peasants; and everywhere he has brought with him an echo of Ireland's history, of her struggles, her sufferings, and her hopes.

It is only right, I think, that the man who has bequeathed to his country such a priceless treasure should have in the city of his birth and in Ireland's capital a monument worthy of his genius. I therefore humbly appeal to the Irish clergy at home and abroad, and wherever these lines may find them, to help us in the work we have undertaken. We have secured the co-operation of a very powerful committee—men of all shades of opinion and of all ranks and classes.

I trust it may be found possible to organize a little concert during the winter in every town and village in the country and give the people at large an opportunity of contributing a trifle to the work. Perhaps the students of Maynooth, All Hallows, Thurles, Waterford, Carlow, and of all our Colleges and Convents could see their way to give us a little help. All contributions will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged by the Dublin Committee, by the Hon. Treasurers, Mr. Thomas Sexton and Dr. Percival Wright, or by yours faithfully.

EDWARD H. ENNIS, B.L., 41 Fitzwilliam Place, Dublin.

PRAYING FOR THE DEAD.

Speaking recently at St. Margaret's Church Hall, Anfield, Liverpool, on "Why does the Church pray for the departed?" the Rev. H. N. Thompson, Vicar of Haven street, Isle of Wight, stated that in the course of a four hours' conversation on prayers for the dead with the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate, who was then Bishop of Winchester, admitted in private that he himself said prayers for the dead with the late Queen. His only wish was that the Archbishop would make such a declaration in public because it would be the means of clearing away many of the difficulties with which the members of the English Church Union had to contend.

Sulpicians in France Share in the Unhappy State of Affairs.

Apropos of the state of affairs in France at the present moment, the following extract from a letter handed to us by a Sulpician in this city to whom it was sent recently by a fellow Sulpician in Orleans, France, will be of interest to our readers, especially those who have lived and are presently living in parishes under the direction of the priests of St. Sulpice. The writer is eighty-four years old, an eminent historian, rhetorician and man of letters, and though the snows of years are piled on his head, his mind is clear and his heart is strong. It had been hoped that grand old St. Sulpice would have been spared by the ruthless hand of the deprecator, but Combes et al believe in "doing their work thoroughly," their diabolical thirst to level everything savoring of religion to the dust has not been satiated, hence the fiat has gone forth, and for St. Sulpice it is only a question of time when she must submit to be driven from her universities and seminaries. The letter is eloquent in its perfect submission, not a word of censure, but simply trust in the mercy of a long-suffering God who in His own good time will avenge the outrages perpetrated on those working so faithfully in His vineyard.

"What is to become of us? In a few months we will be obliged to leave our seminaries, where we expected to pass the end of our days. We will have to abandon the great work to which we have consecrated our lives, and begin, we might say, our existence. It is hard; but God permits it. We must adore Him and accept with submission His divine will. God needs no one to perform His work. If He wishes no longer to use us, He will find others to replace us. That He may shower on them abundant blessings. But we must not lose confidence. St. Sulpice has suffered other trials and survived them; we can only hope that the present one may be dissipated. * * * Driven from our seminaries, we cannot tell what will become of us, and the future is anything but bright * * * America always had a great attraction for me * * * but I am eighty-four years of age. To undertake at this age such a journey would be a sort of madness. I can only dream of it and resign myself, notwithstanding the sad spectacle which "la chere France" presents, to here end my days. I had hoped to rest when death had called me beside my dear conferees who sleep their last sleep in our little chapel in the Pomme-de-Pin (the name of the beautiful garden, at one end of which is built the above-named mortuary chapel and a favorite spot of the writer) but will not have that consolation."

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

At the Gloucester street Convent, Ottawa, on Monday, the golden jubilee of Mother St. Cecilia, provincial of the Congregation of Notre Dame for Ontario and the United States, was fittingly observed. The pupils enjoyed a holiday on the occasion, and took part in a musical programme. An address was presented the Mother Superior, and afterwards a reception was held, at which many friends of the jubilarian extended their congratulations. The celebration has a double significance, as it was also the feast day of St. Cecilia, patroness of the venerable nun. The next morning, in observance of the eventful occasion, Mgr. Sbarretti, Papal Delegate, officiated at Mass at the convent. In the afternoon, Rev. Dr. Emery, rector of the University, officiated at Benediction. Mother St. Cecilia took the veil in Montreal fifty years ago, and is one of the best known and best beloved nuns of the order in America.

Religion in Irreligious Paris

The days of All Saints and All Souls were remarkably well observed by people in Paris, writes a correspondent. On the Toussaint, a general holiday, the churches were

crowded, many men as well as women attending Mass and Vespers. There was less pleasure-seeking than usual, and the attendance at theatres and even those revellers were some of the very worst people in the city who tried to make an ordinary roistering holiday of the Toussaint, and even these revellers were somewhat subdued. The largest number of visitors to the cemeteries was recorded at Pere Lachaise, where on All Saints' Day 100,000 people entered. The crowd was less on the Jour des Morts, which is a working day. In many tombs in the cemeteries candles were lighted, and presented a weird appearance, especially on the Jour des Morts, when the skies were sombre. It has been estimated that there are over three millions of people now buried in Pere Lachaise alone. It is an enormous place of magnificent and costly monuments, which increase annually.

An Irish Tribute to King Edward.

The Freeman's Journal, organ of the Irish National Party, says: There is undoubtedly something more than the conventional sincerity in the congratulations that are showered upon King Edward from all quarters on his 63rd birthday. He has not only come to be the most important influence, apart from party politics, in the life of the country, but he has done it by services of a kind which no one can cavil at. But the greatest service King Edward has rendered to this country is in counterbalancing the illicit capacity of the present government for costly and criminal blundering. His ability, tact, and acute powers of perceiving what is beneficial have undoubtedly proved a most valuable counterpoise to the incompetence, inexperience, and stupidity of the scratch lot whom family predilections and Mr. Balfour's supine negligence have let loose to exercise their incapacity in muddling and mismanaging the affairs of this country. It was undoubtedly a very fortunate circumstance for the taxpayer, to put it on no higher ground, that King Edward ascended the throne at the time he did, and snuffed out the crude and dangerous Jingoism which had already cost them so dear.

SAINT AND BUSINESS MAN.

Archbishop Chapelle, after his first interview with Pope Pius X., described him as a "business man and a saint." He likes above all men those that are hard workers, and he wants all those who have been chosen to help him in the government of the Church to be as interested in their work as he is himself. Whenever he discovers a dignitary who is merely a dignitary, he plans the abolition of the "dignity" at the earliest possible moment—especially if there are emoluments connected with it. It is probable that His Holiness is more concerned with money matters now than he ever was before. Every morning he notes carefully the expenses of the Vatican for the previous day, and he balances the accounts, receipts and expenditures at the end of every month. But the Holy See does not get any richer, for where the Holy Father saves in one direction he spends in another, the only difference being that he makes one dollar do the work of two, and poor churches and foreign missions are the gainers. And there never was a time when the Vicar of Christ had such need of the generous support of the faithful all over the world. He has reduced the working expenses of the Holy See to a minimum, and has multiplied its efficacy to an extent which will be realized later on, but he is prevented from carrying out many great enterprises by lack of resources.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE NOTES.

The annual Thanksgiving dinner of the American students is being held to-day.

On Wednesday evening the American students held a private entertainment, at which solos, recitations and selections by the orchestra were given.

Prof. Drouin, leader of the orchestra at Riverside Park, has been appointed professor of violin at the College, succeeding Prof. Arthur Rousseau.

An addition is being built to the community of the Holy Family Sisters. The Sisters have charge of the washing, cooking, etc., of the College.

Many letters of condolence were sent to the College authorities on the death of Rev. Father Carriere. His familiar figure is greatly missed around the place. A large number of different works to which he devoted his spare time were found after his death. Some of them will be published, and will make interesting

Little Mabel asked her teacher what was meant by "Mrs. Grundy." She was told that it meant "the world."

Some days after the teacher of the class to which Mabel belonged asked: "What is the equator?" After some hesitation Mabel said: "I know; it's the belt around Mrs. Grundy's waist."

LAST CONCERT OF CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Long before the appointed hour the Sailors' Concert Hall was filled to overflowing by friends anxious to be present at the last entertainment to be given in favor of the Club for this season. The hall was tastefully arranged, and from the offset everything plainly showed that the evening's entertainment was to be a grand one; and fully up to the standard of the old saying: "Last, but not least." The first item was a piano solo by Miss Lynch, who presided as accompanist for the balance of the evening. The President of the Club, Mr. F. B. McNamee, then made his appearance, and after formally opening the concert in a few well-chosen words, introduced the president of the evening, Mr. Chas. Smith, of the Jas. McCready Co., under whose auspices the concert was given. Mr. Smith made an ideal chairman, proceeding with things in an off-hand and business-like manner that showed him to be a trained all-around worker. There was a decided contrast between this and previous concerts in the fact that the sailors were not present in their usual numbers, owing to the fact that only one or two ships are in port.

The programme was opened by Mr. Kennedy, who possesses a splendid tenor voice, and who sang with good effect a ballad entitled "An Irishman's Heart," evoking rounds of applause. The recitation, "Angels' Whispers," given by Miss Rupert, was applauded to the echo. Miss O'Brien gave the old song "Kilbarney" in finished style, which called for an encore, to which she responded by singing very sweetly "Sargent Kitty." Mr. Fox gave the audience the "Three-leafed Shamrock," and was recalled three times in appreciation of his efforts. Miss Catherine Fitzgerald then favored the audience with a song entitled "The Country School-house, or Ragtime Joe," and "Wedding Bells" as an encore. The recitation, "Kelly and Burke and Shea," given by Mr. Mooney, was enthusiastically applauded, to which the gentleman was obliged to respond. "The Telephone Song," by Miss Mary McKay, "Good-bye My Lady-love, Good-bye," by Mr. Frank O'Neill, were well rendered. "The Banks of the Wash-bash," by Miss M. Walker, brought out for an encore the grand old ballad "Annie Laurie." There was also a recitation, "The Dandy Fifth," by Mr. Murphy, and Miss Eva Rupert very acceptably sang "Little Black Me." "Kathleen Mavourneen" was splendidly and pathetically rendered by Miss B. Ferguson, who gave the "Slave Song" as an encore. Then came a fancy dance from Mr. Kennedy. The remarks of Rev. Father Malone, S. J., brought to a close for the present season a series of concerts long to be remembered by the Catholic sailors and their friends in the city of Montreal.

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reading and give general information to those with literary tastes.

The French drama, "Renegade and Martyr," which was staged by the pupils on Monday evening last, was very successful. A large audience assisted, among those present being a number of city folks, parents and friends of the scholars. The college theatre was beautifully illuminated for the occasion. The college orchestra and the band rendered several selections during the evening.

C. O. F. SOCIAL.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, Catholic Order of Foresters, will give their first euchre and social this season in Stanley Hall on Friday, November 25th. This Court has always been noted for the success of its entertainments and the committee in charge of the arrangements are confident that this one will be the best ever held by old St. Patrick's Court.

Death of Eugene O'Curry's Daughter.

At Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, the interment took place last week of Mother M. Brigid O'Curry, last surviving daughter of Eugene O'Curry, the great Gaelic scholar and antiquarian. The deceased religious spent nearly her whole life in Loreto. In her childhood she had the privilege of knowing the foundress of the Institute of the B. V. Mary in Ireland, and to the last revered and cherished Rev. Mother Teresa Ball's memory. Mother M. Brigid filled many offices in her Order. She loved the poor, and devoted her early years in religious life in the National school attached to the Abbey. Then she taught in Kilkenny, Loreto and Rathmines. She was Superior in Wexford, and Balbriggan. Her remaining years were spent at the Alma Mater, Loreto Abbey, where many will miss her genial welcome. Universal regret is felt for her by a large circle of friends.

NEARLY SIX MILLIONS OF DOLLARS TO SPEND FOR PATENTS.

The past year has been a busy one for inventors, and, unless all signs fail, manufacturers in the United States intend placing upon the market many new products not heretofore known. During the last year, 31,699 patents were issued by the United States Patent Office. The number of patents which expired in the United States in 1903 was 21,797. The number of allowed applications awaiting the payment of final fees was 10,545, and there are \$5,682,540.61 to the credit of the Patent Office in the Treasury of the United States. Messrs. Marion & Marion, of Montreal, secured twenty-five per cent of all U.S. patents issued to Canadians in 1903. Altogether the volume of business done by the U. S. Patent Office last year was the largest in its history.

Germany has purchased land, and plans have been prepared for a new Patent Office building in Berlin to provide accommodation for two thousand employees. Commencing Jan. 1, 1905, the British authorities will follow the method of examination now practised in Canada, the United States and Germany.

Our readers may obtain any information about patents and trade marks by applying to Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, who have sent us the above article.

An Englishman walking through a certain part of Scotland with rod and reel, came upon a tiny lough, which he thought held out promise of a good day's sport. Patiently he fished for three hours, moving steadily from spot to spot along the borders of the little pond, but no success came to him. At last he accosted a little boy, who had stood for ten minutes watching him with mingled surprise and curiosity.

"My little lad," said the Englishman, "can you tell me whether there are any fish in this pond?" "If there be any, they must be vera wee ones, sir," returned the boy, "for there was nae water there until it rained yesterday."

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by HELENE.

With the advent of the winter season and its consequent miseries and hardships for so many, would it not be well for those who are planning numberless things to be accomplished to make the Christmas time as happy as it can be, to lay aside a portion of their means to give a little comfort and pleasure to those less fortunate than themselves. Indiscriminate charity-giving has not much to recommend it, 'tis true, but there are ways and means of finding out the deserving ones and helping to make their way less hard. People hesitate very often to give for reasons justifiable in themselves; but the little children must not be let suffer for their parents' sins, so let those who can, spread bright Christmas cheer among the little ones and make for them a truly season of peace and goodwill.

FASHIONS.

Green in all its shades is much in vogue, but never is handsomer than in the deep rich one favored of hunters, and combined with leather color. A very handsome effect is in broadcloth with trimming of broad-tail velvet, the little vest being of the leather color, but chevrons and all other suitings are equally well adapted to the design. The color combination is a most satisfactory one, but nevertheless, there are many others equally correct. Mahogany color with vest of cream is essentially smart, browns are eminently fashionable, and the list might be continued almost indefinitely.

Cashmere is one of the fashionable materials of the season, and is peculiarly attractive in the shirt waist gowns that are so deservedly popular. Hunter's green is stylish, with trimmings of velvet held by gold buttons, but there are innumerable colors which are equally correct. Vest effect and shaped collar make specially noteworthy features of the waist, while the skirt may be box plaited and stitched well below the hips. Sleeves large and full at the shoulder, and narrowing at the wrists are finished with deep cuffs.

The woman is lucky who is the possessor of a large coat. They promise to be worn the coming winter. Those lined with squirrel are handsome and moderately costly. In buying one of these latter, see that the fur does not "shed," as, if it does, life is scarcely worth living. There is nothing much more exasperating than to doff one's cloak and find the gown covered with hairs from the lining.

Waists are broad and designed to make the wearer rather square across the shoulders and front. The waist line is small, that is, the shoulders and hips are built out and the waistline looks small. Truth to tell, no woman's waist measure falls much short of twenty-six inches, for the waist line has gone down and the days of drawing in the bands have passed.

Skirts are ample. The tailor excuses his advance in price by telling of the increased quantity of material required. Even if skirts are pleated close at the top, they must hide away enough cloth to give a handsome fulness at the foot. Tucked broadcloth and tucked velveteen are some of the season's styles. The shirts so common in the summer have given way a little to vertical tucks. Sleeves are big and bigger, but strange to say, a stylish cut for a plain service coat sleeve is a straight coat shape. One feels a little doubtful about the fate of the full draped waist sleeves after they are crushed into these narrow quarters.

Pretty waists will be useful, as always, this winter. So long as the two-piece suit remains in vogue, separate waists will be a necessity. A handsome lace waist is a good investment. If a woman is clever, she can fashion a waist at a good deal less expense than might be expected. A taffeta lining is a necessity. Cut and fit it. Then rip the seams and fashion the outside. The lining is cut on shirt-waist lines, as the old-fashioned boned lining is a forgotten thing. A shirred point d'esprit will be pretty, but will require a good deal of cleverness to make it successfully. Still with the lining for a guide, it will not be impossible of attainment. If, in the treasure box, there should be bits of heavy lace, possibly an applique waist may be evolved. Two or three kinds of lace appear on the same waist, so do not hesitate to be daring. Everything

goes. No one considers, nowadays, whether a waist will wash or not. When it is soiled, if a visit to the cleaner's is too costly, buy a gallon of gasoline, put it in an air-tight vessel, and immerse the waist in it. Soak it a week, then rinse in clean gasoline and it will be all right. Never forget that gasoline must be handled with care. Do not use it in a room where there is an open flame, and I have heard that friction, that is steady rubbing, will produce an explosion.

Little girls are always charming when wearing pretty, dainty aprons that serve the double purpose of protecting the frock and rendering their young wearers attractive. One that is serviceable as well as pretty is made of white dimity trimmed with embroidery and includes a shaped bertha which is eminently becoming, but when a plainer garment is desired, the bertha can be omitted, the apron being finished with the little yoke only.

Hats are to all appearances about what they were all summer. They set up and out, they poke out in front, they are a little higher of crown and a little gayer. Still the all black hat retains its popularity and well that it does, for a hat that can be worn "to mill and to meeting" is too valuable to give up for any new one. The "ready-to-wear" hats, as they are called, are a boon to women. To be sure, they are made by the dozen, but they are moderate in price, they are stylish, and they are so well put together that a whole season's hard wear does not utterly ruin them. Go where we may, a large proportion of hats seen are of this type.

TIMELY HINTS.

When going travelling or visiting, a number of large manila envelopes in which to slip gloves, veils, neckties, handkerchiefs, etc., will keep them from musing, and they will be easily found if each is marked on the outside.

Apple sauce need not always have the same flavor. A handful of either fresh or canned blackberries make a tasty combination. Lemon or orange peel, whole cloves or a few raisins will make a fine variety of sauces whose sickly insipidity will not pall on the appetite.

Light fur may be cleaned by rubbing with bran moistened with warm water. Rub until dry; then rub with dry bran. After using the dry bran rub with magnesia.

A small piece of borax dissolved in the mouth relieves hoarseness, and often allays a cough induced by throat irritation. Used often as gargle, it is healing for a cankered mouth or throat.

Baked quinces are delicious. Wipe, pare, quarter and core them, and put in an earthen baking dish. Sprinkle well with sugar, put water in the bottom, cover and bake in a slow oven till soft, basting often with the juice. Serve hot with cream.

When velvet has been wet and becomes spotted, hold the wrong side over steam, and while damp draw the wrong side quickly over a warm iron. It takes two to do this well—one to hold the bottom of the iron upward, and the second to draw the velvet across it.

If your plants are troubled with bugs, dip a feather in kerosene and brush them with it. After a few minutes, wash them thoroughly in good warm soap-suds and rinse in warm water and the bugs will disappear. For delicate plants omit the kerosene.

A strong solution of vinegar and water is efficacious in restoring the color to black lace that has grown rusty. Rinse in coffee, then while damp, with a piece of flannel laid over it.

Drop a little lump of sugar among the turnips while cooking; it improves them wonderfully. Very good substitutes for the "boughten" dish mops may be easily made by fastening to wooden handles some of the fringe with which home-made counterpanes were formerly bordered. Such a quantity of this may be found in some old homes that it is well to utilize it in some way.

The following recipe is invaluable for keeping the clothes pure and white: One ball of potash. Five cents' worth of salts of tartar. Five cents' worth lump ammonia. Dissolve this in six gallons of water. One cup of this mixture in your boiler is sufficient.

If you have a soiled white felt hat, clean it by mixing magnesia and naphtha, and rubbing this mixture well into the hat with a brush. When it is dry brush it off and your hat will be clean. If it is not thoroughly clean repeat the process.

Here is a good way to clean a soiled white chiffon hat: Take equal parts of magnesia, powdered chalk and pulverized Castile soap; cover your hat well with this mixture, leaving it on for twenty-four hours, and then brush it out thoroughly. A white chiffon hat is a good investment, as it can be worn all summer, and all winter in the evenings to concerts, theatre, etc.

To wash white silk garments put them to soak in cold water for an hour or two; then wash them in tepid water, soaping them as they are washed. If the stains have not then disappeared wash the garments through tepid water a second time; then rinse in cold, soft water in which a handful of common salt has been dissolved, and again in water containing a little bluing.

HER TEST.

An Oregon newspaper man says he was once travelling in the back country of Oregon, and going to a little inn for lodging, was surprised to see a large picture of Dr. Edward Everett Hale on the wall. The woman of the house explained it thus: "Well, you see, a good many strangers come here and want me to keep them, and I don't know anything about 'em, but if they know Edward Everett Hale's picture I know they are good for something, and I let 'em stay."

HOW TO WASH THIN CURTAINS.

Very thin curtains or those whose days of service is very nearly over will stand the ordeal of washing much better if care be taken to baste them upon sheets of cheesecloth first. This relieves them of much of the strain of wringing and prevents them from being whipped to pieces by the wind in winter.

HOW TO CARE FOR THE CANARY.

Vary the bill of fare for the canary. Add lettuce, sweet apples, cress and occasionally a bit of ripe pepper, seeds included, to his menu. Like Polly, he is fond of a cracker, and occasionally a little bread boiled with his milk. This should be reduced to a paste and given him cold. If he becomes asthmatic give him lime and rape seed with something from the above list every week or two. If he is rough and sheds his feathers look carefully for the almost microscopic red parasites with which he often becomes covered, when he must either have a bath of water and insect powder or one in a weak lotion of white precipitate and water. Afterwards wash with warm soap and water, wrap in flannel and put near the fire to dry. When the feet become sore—if the cage is kept scrupulously clean—bathe the feet ten minutes at a time two or three times a day.

EASIER WASH DAYS.

Washing need not be the laborious task it is usually considered if one knows how to do it to the best advantage. System is needed for this as much as for any other branch of house work.

All clothes should be sorted, the cleanest white garments and bed linen in one pile, the remainder of the white clothes in another, and the colored clothes in a third. Plenty of water is an important item, for if used sparingly you need not be surprised if the clothes do not look white. If the water is not clear, a tablespoonful of alum dissolved and added to it the night before it is wanted will cause the dirt to settle to the bottom and the clear water can be dipped off.

In the morning heat a boiler of water, and add enough white soap to it to make a good suds. The white clothes, which have been put in water to soak the night before, are passed through the wringers, placed in the tub and then hot suds poured over them. They will wash very easily. Rub the dirtiest places, put them in the boiler and let them scold twenty minutes. Rinse twice, starch the articles that need it, and hang on the line. Calico cloths are washed through two suds, rinsed and starched. Thorough rinsing is the secret of keeping clothes free from streaks. Starch for large articles may be prepared according to the directions

on the package for boiled starch, and there will be no trouble about its sticking to the irons. Shirts, collars, cuffs and all articles that need to be very stiff should be dried and starched with cold starch.—Kansas Housekeeper.

RECIPES.

Almond Custard—Pare and slice two large peaches, put them in the bottom of a serving-dish. Put a pint of milk in a double boiler; separate two eggs, beat the yolks with half a cupful of sugar, add a little hot milk, turn the boiler, cook for a moment, take from the fire, and stir in half a cupful of stale, fine breadcrumbs, ten drops of bitter almond, and twenty-four almonds, blanching and chopped fine. Cool and pour over the peaches in the serving dish. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar, and beat again. Drop by spoonful on a saucapan of hot water; cook for an instant; lift with a skimmer, drain and slide them at once on top of the pudding. Dust with a table-spoonful of fine breadcrumbs and stand aside to cool. Serve only when quite cold.

Stale pieces of cake or rusk may be used in the place of bread. Cherry Heartlets—These delicious little tarts are made by cutting with a cutter, dipped in hot water, puff-paste trimmings into small heart shaped pieces; prick these with a fork, and with a round cutter score each piece in the centre to half its thickness. When baked remove the centres and fill with the following: Stem and pit a quart of Morello or red cherries and put them in a small earthenware crock; set this in a pot of boiling water and cook until the cherries are soft, stirring and mashing them with a wooden spoon. When the juice flows freely, add a cupful of sugar and a few drops of bitter almond extract; allow it to simmer for thirty minutes and fill while hot into the patty shells, decorating each with a star of meringue pressed through a pastry tube.

Iced Ginger Pear Pudding.—Pare and slice six Bartlett pears, sprinkle thickly with granulated sugar and add half a lemon thinly sliced; allow them to stand until a syrup is formed and then stir in half a cupful of finely chopped preserved ginger. Pour into a granite saucapan, cook slowly for one hour, and when cold place in the ice-box to chill. Cook in the double-boiler a rich boiled custard, using one pint of milk, two well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and two table-spoonfuls of sugar; when well thickened remove from the fire and allow it to cool; then stir in a pint of whipped cream, flavored with vanilla and turn into the freezer. Freeze to the consistency of mush and then add the ginger pear, turning the crank for five minutes after the fruit is in. Repack in an ornamental mold and serve with a sauce made from the ginger syrup.

DRUGS AND THE EYES.

Certain Poisons that Have a Most Injurious Effect.

Certain poisons possess the property of acting in a decided manner on the eye. Atropine enlarges the pupil and for this purpose has become indispensable in ophthalmology. Santonin causes one to see yellow. Disturbances of vision have furthermore been observed as secondary effects of certain medicines; for instance, after the use of quinine, iodoform and naphthalin, which, in a case of intestinal catarrh, caused a cataract. The worm disease in the district of the Ruhr in Germany has furnished an opportunity for the observation that the popular fern root, much employed as a remedy, may give rise to serious ocular injury. The use of this remedy in the case of two miners led to incurable blindness.

In the trades there are also poisons which act especially upon the eye. Very dangerous, above all, is lead, which produces inflammation and atrophy of the optic nerve. "Workmen in mustard factories," says a German medical journal, "often suffer from inflammation of the cornea in consequence of the action of the mustard vapors upon the eye." Latterly serious visual disturbances have been produced by chloric oxide and chloric dioxide, poisonous vapors generated by the use of magnesium flashlight powders for photographic purposes.—Jewellers' Circular Weekly.

IF TRUE, A PITY.

Much rejoicing among the enemies of the Catholic faith has been caused by a report concerning the Marquise des Monstiers-Meriville, formerly Miss Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, who has been so munificent a patroness of the Catholic University. The report is to the effect that the lady has renounced the Catholic Church. This rejoicing may be premature. No confirmation of the report had been received at Washington down to Thursday morning last. There is, in the language of the report itself, strong reason to doubt its genuineness. For instance, the words put into the mouth of the lady by an anonymous interviewer, wherein she is represented as declaring that since she has been living in Europe her eyes have been opened to what the Catholic Church really is, "and to its anything but sanctity." The lady, from her birth and training, ought certainly, especially since she has been "living in Europe," to know the proper forms of the English speech. The words we have quoted do not agree with such forms.

It is well to suspend judgment on this unfortunate report until we hear further. The Catholic University has enemies in several quarters, and it is hard to follow the course of subterranean streams. This report may have its origin in their malevolence. There are hidden agencies in Rome whose incessant endeavor seems to be to distort what is going on all over the world, as well as what happens in Rome, for the purpose of inflicting some temporary injury on the Catholic cause. This is nothing new in the experience of the Church. She is quite inured to the wiles of the eternal enemy of man's salvation.

Meanwhile, in the absence of such evidence as may decide the question of the authenticity or apocryphal character of this particular report, it is permissible to note what is being published relative to it by creditable newspapers. The Sun (New York) for instance, in commenting on the absence of opinion on the subject in official quarters, remarked:

"Before her marriage Miss Caldwell's name was a household word in the Catholic homes of America. When she came into the fortune which her father had left her she gave \$300,000 with which to found the University. For this the late Pope Leo XIII. conferred upon her the order of the Rose, a distinction never before attained by any woman. He also bestowed upon her a diamond studded medal, which she struck especially for her. Miss Caldwell gave to the University eighty-eight acres of land on the edge of the Capital City, erected three of the largest buildings, including Caldwell Hall, and provided for the maintenance of the institution for three years. Her sister, the Baroness Von Zedwitz, gave Caldwell Chapel to the University.

"The Marquise returned to this country in January last without her husband and put up at the Buckingham Hotel. She was said to be suffering from a complication of diseases, and her life was despaired of. Her illness was brought on by nervous derangement. As a result, she lost her hearing for the time and was almost totally blind. When she had recovered sufficiently to travel she was taken abroad again. Since then she has been reported to be more or less of an invalid."

Should the unpleasant report be confirmed, and should these statements of the Sun be accepted as the truth, then there is justification for an inference that ought to modify the delight of the enemies of the Church.—Catholic Standard and Times.

FATHER HENRY'S PLAN.

(Catholic Citizen.)

Said Father Henry: "One fine morning in May, I took a ramble through the suburbs of the southern town of X—, accompanied by the zealous young pastor of the church in which I was then preaching a mission. We were walking through what might be called the garden district of the town, with its quaint wooden cottages, whose gateways and pillared verandas are trellised with tropical vines and its dormer windows framed in with roses, when a strange sight attracted my attention. At the entrance of a grotto which was situated at the end of a long, shady avenue of magnolia trees, stood a venerable looking old man. He was tall, thin and straight as an arrow. He might be ninety years of age, and his long flowing beard was as white as the snow on Mont Blanc. The grotto, which was wholly artificial, was set off with all charming rudi-

ness of grave and rugged stones, imitating in miniature the craggy cliffs and deep ridges and yawning chasm of the Pyrenees. "Who's that old man?" I asked my companion. "Oh, that old sinner," he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders. "The old sinner!" I exclaimed. "Yes, that's what my parishioners call him. He is an eccentric old Frenchman who came here about sixty years ago. He built that grotto to himself, and has lived there the life of a hermit ever since he came here. He spends his whole time in gardening, and goes nowhere except to market early in the morning to get his daily provisions."

"Is he a Catholic?" "Well, he was baptized once, but he has not set foot in church once since he came here. His religion consists of a kind of pantheistic worship of the beauties of nature. He is especially fond of violets."

"Have you ever tried to get around him?" "Only once. I did all I could to inspire him with the fear of the Lord. I spoke to him of judgment, of death, and of hell; but all to no purpose. Not only would he not listen to me, but he went so far as to insult me in a most shameless manner."

"Why did you not try kindness?" "Kindness with an old sinner like that? I do not believe in kindness in such cases. Just think—"

"My dear friend, you do not believe in kindness, and old sinners, as a rule, do not believe in severity. Why, it is just because a man is a great sinner that you should be kind towards him. And tell me who was kinder to sinners than our Lord Himself! Believe me, sermons on the mercy of God have converted more people than the most vivid and terrifying discourses on hell. Such, at least, has been my experience during my thirty years of missionary life. To-morrow I must have an interview with the old man."

"Take care what you do. I am sure he will insult you and perhaps do physical harm. He has already threatened to give a sound thrashing to any priest who should dare invade his premises."

"Never mind, we shall see." "The next day I said Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, asking Him in return to help me and give me the grace to touch the heart of the old sinner." At 4 p.m. I set out on my difficult mission.

"Where are you going?" asked the parish priest, as he met me at the door of the presbytery.

"Fishing," I replied, smiling. "I'm tired of catching minnows in your church; I am going now to fish for a whale."

"Ah, going to see the old sinner. Take care the whale does not swallow you up. What kind of bait are you going to use?"

"Kindness."

"Well, I wish you luck."

"Thank you. Pray for success."

"When I reached the old man's place he was in his garden, watering his flowers. I stood at the gate and watched him intently. He had his back turned to me. After three or four minutes, he turned round and saw me. He gave a start as if he had seen a rattlesnake at his feet. His eyes flashed and his lips quivered.

"Whom are you staring at?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"At you," I replied calmly.

"Well, you had better go about your business. I don't want to see priests here, you understand?"

"Well, if you don't want to see priests, for my part I want and like to see men like you."

"Am I such a curiosity, then? What do you find in me that should make you stop and stare at me in that way?"

"Your beard, my good man. I have travelled a great deal, and have seen many beautiful beards before, but never have I seen one to compare with yours."

"This compliment seemed to please the old man and dispense the dark cloud of anger that had fallen upon him the very instant he had caught sight of my soutane."

"Well, now," he said, as his voice softened and assumed a tone of playfulness, "I know you are poking fun at me."

"Not at all, my dear friend. I mean what I say. Please excuse my candor and sincerity."

"Well, now, I rather like your frankness," he said, as he came up to the gate and gave me his hand cordially. "Hitherto my idea of priests was always associated with deceit, coldness and severity. The mere sight of a cassock used to stir up my bile. I see I was mistaken. Won't you please step into my garden and look at my flowers?"

"Most willingly."

(Continued on Page 7.)

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Dear Boys and Girls: We are fast coming boy is already counting stockings. Now, dear fortunate in having kind, affectionate hearts suggest, who have never understood never known the joy of diffuse amongst the suffer, appeal in their behalf who have superfluous ones, I can assure them any that has been.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have been reading since they first came out. I would like to write you an nine years old and school for two years. I lessons along with my of and like it so much. I little brothers and a mamma is dead and grandma's. We have an aunt living here, too, so does not have all the boy after us. Grandpa bou pony and we have great it. Grandpa says perit Claus will bring us a po we are good.

Your friend.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I live away out in the guess you would not like we have to drive eight nearest town for anything want, and it is four miles and school. I was in Mo year, and I would have longer, but mamma was I suit a doctor about her eye only stayed a week. I r times in the electric cars it was lovely. The friend with took us to the We went up by the elevat afraid at first, for I the would fall down, but by got to the top I was could see all over Montr the mountain. Papa pro take me back some other Your little friend

Dear Aunt Becky:

I guess you never got a twins. Well, my sister are ten years old. Uncle us sometimes the "heaven but papa says that does always. We go to school the same class. My s piano lessons and I t Papa gave me such a lo for my birthday, so I am learn. We take drawing ing lessons as well, but lot too. We have lots and books and games, and wh the friends come in to pla lots of fun.

Your twin friends

MARGARET AND

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am dying for Christmas because Santa Claus alw me lovely things. I waring sleigh and a pair of His brought me skates. Good-bye.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have just had given n papa a lovely collie puppy night I had him he cry was lonesome, I think. I up to my room and med bed for him and he did n more. We call him Dan he hears his name he r he knocks everything over. is outdoors he watches the wonders what they are. fly near him, he opens wide, puts his head on on looks so cute. This is al think to write about.

Your friend,

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little boy of ni thought I would write you I go to school regularly, Junior second class. I am second book both in French ish. I study catechism a it very well. I expect to first Communion next sum sprained my ankle Saturd could not go to school to have a collie dog, his nam We are going to train him

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

We are fast coming to the glad Christmas time,—the small girl and boy is already counting the days until Santa Claus comes to fill the stockings. Now, dear little ones, do not forget that while you are fortunate in having kind friends who lavish on you everything their affectionate hearts suggest, that there will be many little girls and boys who have never understood the real meaning of Christmas, who have never known the joy of possession. Now, cannot something be done to diffuse amongst the suffering poor a little Christmas cheer? I know this appeal in their behalf will not go unheeded; and if the boys and girls who have superfluous clothing and toys will only remember the needy ones, I can assure them that their own Christmas will be happier than any that has been.

Your friend,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have been reading the letters since they first came out and thought I would like to write one myself. I am nine years old and have gone to school for two years. I take music lessons along with my other studies, and like it so much. I have two little brothers and a sister. Our mamma is dead and we live at grandma's. We have an uncle and aunt living here, too, so grandma does not have all the bother looking after us. Grandpa bought us a pony and we have great fun riding it. Grandpa says perhaps Santa Claus will bring us a pony cart if we are good.

Your friend,

JEANETTE.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I live away out in the country. I guess you would not like to live here. We have to drive eight miles to the nearest town for anything special we want, and it is four miles to church and school. I was in Montreal last year, and I would have liked to stay longer, but mamma was in to consult a doctor about her eyes and we only stayed a week. I rode a few times in the electric cars and thought it was lovely. The friends we stayed with took us to the mountain. We went up by the elevator. I was afraid at first, for I thought we would fall down, but by the time we got to the top I was accustomed. I could see all over Montreal from the mountain. Papa promised to take me back some other time.

Your little friend,

CARRIE.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I guess you never got a letter from twins. Well, my sister and myself are ten years old. Uncle Jack calls us sometimes the "heavenly twins," but papa says that does not suit us always. We go to school and are in the same class. My sister takes piano lessons and I take violin. Papa gave me such a lovely violin for my birthday, so I am anxious to learn. We take drawing and dancing lessons as well, but we play a lot too. We have lots and lots of books and games, and when our little friends come in to play we have lots of fun.

Your twin friends,

MARGARET AND HELEN.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am dying for Christmas to come, because Santa Claus always brings me lovely things. I want a coasting sledge and a pair of snowshoes. He brought me skates last year. Good-bye.

CHARLIE.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have just had given me by my papa a lovely collie puppy. The first night I had him he cried so. He was lonesome, I think. I took him up to my room and made a nice bed for him and he did not cry any more. We call him Dandy. When he hears his name he runs so fast he knocks everything over. When he is outdoors he watches the birds. He wonders what they are. When they fly near him, he opens his mouth wide, puts his head on one side, and looks so cute. This is all I can think to write about.

Your friend,

PERCIVAL.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little boy of nine and I thought I would write you a letter. I go to school regularly. I am in junior second class. I am in the second book both in French and English. I study catechism and I know it very well. I expect to make my first Communion next summer. I sprained my ankle Saturday and I could not go to school to-day. We have a collie dog, his name is Toby. We are going to train him to drive a

even his little ones the light of His truth simultaneously with the light of His grace. Never, though we live to four score years, shall we have brighter dreams, higher aspirations, nobler ambitions, than those which came to us in the days of our youth, and it was in just such a home of Christian education as this that such ideals were sure to unfold themselves to your own youthful minds."

THE HEART OF A CHINAMAN

(By Olive Green.)

It was a beautiful new sign, swaying in the March gale that swept down the main street of a little inland city one afternoon, as the children came trooping home from school. Shining gilt letters on a blue ground—"Sam Ling Lee—Laundry."

It caught their eyes at once "Oh, I say!" cried one. "Here's a 'heathen Chinese' come to town. Let's have a look at him!"

And they crowded around to peep in at the windows of the little shop. Very rude of them, wasn't it? For windows are made to look out of, not to look in at. These children knew it, too, for they had been well brought up. However, I may mention in passing that curiosity has been known to lead older people astray at times.

Now none of these children had ever seen a "real, live" Chinaman, and they were all agog to know if he were a "pig-tail," and wooden shoes turned up at the toes, and a funny dress, like pictures in their geographies, or the Sunday School papers; and if he was yellow, as a true Mongolian should be, with slanting eyes, and—oh, they must see him! So they peeped in the window of his shop.

If you remember your first morning at school, when you had to face the half curious glances of the many pupils already in their places, as you entered—or sometime when you were late at church, and your shoes squeaked dreadfully as you walked up the aisle, and every one, it seemed, turned to look at you, you know that to feel yourself an object of curiosity is not a pleasant sensation.

But the children didn't stop to think about Sam's feelings in the matter, and when they saw a funny little man, who looked exactly like the pictures, pig-tail, slanting eyes, dress, and all, they were so enchanted that they shouted and danced with glee.

He was busy arranging something on the shelves, but as he heard the shout he looked up quickly. With a broad grin of welcome on his yellow, wrinkled face, he came forward and opened the door, saying, "How do? how do?"

The children promptly disappeared down a side street, vouchsafing no reply; but they were frightened half out of their wits, poor things, so perhaps their rudeness was pardonable.

Sam must have thought so, for he was still smiling as he closed the door, and went back to his work.

Customers came, found his work satisfactory, and came again. Business prospered, he was able to send much money to his people in far-away China. As that was his object in coming to America, perhaps he should have been content. But he was a stranger in a strange land, and his heart was lonely.

To be sure, he spoke and understood English imperfectly, but friendly smiles and tones, are the same the world over.

The people who came to his shop seemed to regard him as little more than a machine that did good work. They were always hurried, always absorbed in their own affairs. His smiles and bows were attributed to Oriental politeness, and business policy, if they took time to think about them at all, and not one of them dreamed that he wanted any return but their money.

For a time the children gazed at him curiously, as they passed, but as the novelty wore off, he ceased to attract the notice of any, save some five or six boys who determined to "get some fun out of him."

Why boys—even fairly good boys—are born with a love of teasing, is a question I have never been able to solve. Of course it isn't necessary, but it would be a satisfaction to know. And there comes in that element of curiosity again, you see, which, after all, is not wholly evil, for where would progress, or discovery, or invention be without it? It is good or bad, according to the use we make of it, like nearly everything else in the world.

I don't know that the faculty of teasing can be put to a good use. It seems to me it is an art that has come straight from the Evil One.

However, boys seem to think it great fun sometimes, and these six were sure it would afford them amusement to annoy Sam a little. They had no wish to harm him, they were not bad boys, or unkind, in general. They were thoughtless lovers of fun and mischief, merely.

Sometimes they would open his door and shout "Rats!" Being ignorant of the meaning of the word, and therefore of any implied reference to Chinese diet, he would reply, "How do? How do?" with his broadest smile and a warm glow at his heart over the supposed friendliness of the children. Even when they danced in front of his window, shouting in sing-song tones original rhymes such as

"Oh, Sam Ling Lee,
The heathen Chinese,
Eats rats and tea,
And does washy washee!"

he took it all in good part, thinking that they were trying to amuse him in American fashion.

His heart was full of gratitude, and he began to plan some way to give them pleasure in return.

You see he was not at all like the Chinaman Bret Harte tells about, full of "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain." Perhaps the reason was because he learned of the Christian religion in his native land, and had become a faithful follower of the Lord Jesus.

So he was not a heathen "Chinee" after all, but the boys did not know it.

Many things in the strange country puzzled him. It was quite different from the mental picture he had drawn of a Christian land. He had thought the people would be like those in the "compound" at home, where the missionaries lived, but as yet he had found none to stretch forth a friendly, helping hand as they had done.

But there were boys—he could be friends with them at least, he would make them each a gift. What should it be?

As he was thinking about this one day, folding and sorting piles of freshly ironed clothes meanwhile, and laying them away in neat little labeled packages on the shelves, the door was suddenly flung open, and a large dead rat was thrown directly in his face, scattering mud and blood on the linen still lying before him. He understood the accompanying cry of "rats!" then!

He was too sorrowful to be angry. His heart sank down, down, and hid itself quite away in the toes of the soft slippers he was wearing. Silently he began to gather the garments together to be washed over.

It hadn't been funny at all, as the boys had thought it would be. They had expected him to rush out upon them in furious anger, and perhaps chase them up the street, hurling a storm of Chinese invectives after them.

The spoiling of the clothes had been unintentional, and they were half sorry, but lacked the courage to go in and tell him so.

"Oh, he's no good," said one of them finally. "Let's let him alone." So Sam was left in peace for a week or more.

Strange to say, he hoped and watched for their coming again. He would still make his gift: Not now in return for their kindness, but to win their love if possible.

He had brought with him a box of pretty and curious things from China land, thinking in time to put them in his little shop for sale. They were not yet unpacked. He would look them over and select something for the boys.

There were beautifully embroidered handkerchiefs, painted fans, and cups and plates, carved ivory whistles;—maybe those would do—no, there were not enough—paper cutters, kites—ah! Those were the things! Every boy likes a kite, and a Chinese kite is a marvel of color and design. They were all sorts of shapes, birds, fishes, flowers, beasts, all brilliant, all beautiful, in his eyes at least. And, indeed, they would be sure to delight the eyes and heart of anybody.

Selecting six that seemed to him most attractive, he laid them in a row on the counter, and went to the door to see if the boys were in sight. Meanwhile they had concluded to try one more to get him "real hopping mad."

Just how it was to be done they left to chance, and so it happened that as Sam reached the door they came whooping around the corner of the street.

ed back into the shop, while the water went beyond him, and drenched the pretty kites till they were hopelessly ruined, though the boys turned it off in less than half a minute.

If Sam had stormed at them it would have seemed funny, and very likely they would have drenched him again. But he simply closed the door in their faces and set about removing his demolished goods.

He was less angry than heart-sick. How could he make friends with any of these strange people?

Oh, he was lonely, lonely. But he could earn much money here. He could keep his parents in comfort, and that he could not do at home. He must stay.

The love and care of parents is inbred in the heart of every Chinaman and Sam was a loyal son.

Outside the boys were chagrined and amazed.

"Well, he beats the Dutch!" exclaimed the one who had used the hose. "I'll give him up as a bad job! Come on, fellows, I was a little rough on the old chap. Let's leave him to recover."

It was some days after this that they saw him standing in the doorway. As they came near he beckoned to them.

"Come—see!" he said. They hesitated, fearing some trap, for "conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Divining their reason, he said, "Wait—minute." Full of curiosity they waited, while he disappeared behind the curtain at the back of the shop.

He came back carrying a large dish of queer looking cakes. The odor was very appetizing.

"Come, eat!" he said. Ah, wise Sam! You, too have learned the way to the masculine heart!

The boys entered the shop, a little shame-facedly, it is true, but they entered and began to eat. In less time than it takes to tell it there was nothing left in the dish but a few crumbs. How good they tasted!

Unless you have eaten some just like them, I am sure you can't begin to know how delicately dainty and delicious those queer looking cakes were.

Sam smiled as he saw them disappear. Then he brought out Chinese nuts and dried fruits.

To use the boys' own words: "They were great!" They grew more ashamed of themselves every minute, and did some pretty hard thinking as they ate.

At length, one of them said: "Sam, why didn't you get mad when we were so mean to you?" Sam looked puzzled and shook his head.

"When we threw a rat, why didn't you get angry—fightee, fightee?" he asked again, doubling his fists, and hitting out, as in fighting.

Sam thought a minute, then he said: "Missionally, my country, he say, no fightee men, fightee had heart." There was not much conversation as they walked home. But one of them said: "It seems to me, fellows, that we are the 'heathen' in this case!" "And we live in Christian America!" said another.—Our Young People.

A GROSS EXAGGERATION.

No Truth in the Report that Cardinal Gibbons was Jostled From Church Steps.

Grossly exaggerated versions of an incident of Cardinal Gibbons' visit to St. Stanislaus Church, Baltimore, have been published in the daily papers of Baltimore and other cities.

According to one account the people of the parish, incensed by the acceptance by the Cardinal of their pastor's resignation, "jostled His Eminence from the church steps," and "priests who came to his aid were similarly treated."

The facts of the matter are that while the Cardinal and other guests were in the rectory the door bell rang and about seventy-five women, fifteen or twenty boys and girls, and perhaps a dozen men pushed into the vestibule and proceeded up the steps leading to the second story, and when asked what their mission was they proclaimed their intention of beseeching His Eminence to reappoint the former pastor.

Reasoning and entreaties failed to induce the petitioners to disperse, and in order to clear the vestibule it was necessary to summon the police. Later in the evening services were held in the church and a large congregation attended. There was no disorder.

Those who wish the return of the former pastor are greatly in the minority, and the major part of the congregation are pleased with the new pastor.

MASONIC ESPIONAGE IN FRANCE

Spies of the Grand Orient Spy Upon the Practice of Religion in Military Families.

France is in an uproar over another military scandal. A Nationalist deputy has unearthed the correspondence between the Grand Orient Executive of Freemasons and the War Office under General Andre, the Dreyfusard War Minister. The correspondence was concerned with the Masonic system of espionage on the Catholic officers of the army. Every officer who himself or whose wife or children took part in a religious service was reported to the War Minister, and was marked down for proscription at the Ministry. The Paris Figaro has been publishing the correspondence, and an interpellation took place in the Chamber, when General Andre escaped by only four votes. The publications have been continued since, and are a scandalous exhibition of the ways of French Freemasonry. Some of the reports were anonymous, others were officially Masonic. Here is one of the former: "Monsieur Minister—I have the honor to send you the enclosed letter. The person who made the collection was the daughter of Colonel Du Cor de Duprat, of the 4th Hussars at Meaux. Without desiring to enter into the private life of a superior officer, or to appreciate the ultra-clerical character of this exhibition, you will understand that the despatch of such a letter has a moral character which it is impossible to ignore."

The letter enclosed is a letter of invitation to the festival of Perpetual Adoration celebrated on St. John's Day, 1902, in the chapel of the Carmelites. At the foot is the note, "The collection for the completion of the chapel will be made by Mlle. du Cor de Duprat." On this communication there was added in the archives of the Minister of War: "Letter anonymous—Result: Colonel du Cor de Duprat, proposed for the rank of General in 1902, has been struck off the list. He remains permanently Colonel of the 4th Hussars at Meaux." This is a specimen. Another officer, Captain de Cadoudal, is reported by the Prefect of Vienne as a "hater of Freemasonry who does not conceal his hate." He is described as "intelligent, skilful, and courageous" in the spy's report; and is recommended for transportation "into Africa as soon as possible."

THE TRIBUTE OF A "HOBBO." An unacknowledged tribute to the Catholic clergy, and inferentially to the Church, is contained in the following clipping from Josiah Flint's latest exposition of the tramp problem, quoted in the Sacred Heart Review:

"Here you and I are," a young mechanic remarked to me, as we sat in the cold at a railroad watering tank; "and what does any church in this town care about us? Ten chances to one that, excepting the Catholic priest, every clergyman we might go to would turn us down. Is that Christianity? Is that the way religion is going to make you and me any better? Not on your life!"

A PRETTY CUSTOM.

In the village of Minori, Italy, a quaint and touching custom has existed from time immemorial. On Thursday evening every one places a light in his window for a few minutes in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. A traveller says: "It was pretty to see the little tremulous sparks appearing one after another in the windows of the humble dwellings, resting there for a short time, and then disappearing again."

LEND A HAND.

Lend a hand to the tempted.
Lend a hand to souls in the shadow.
Lend a hand to the student at school.
Lend a hand to those who are often misjudged.
Lend a hand to the soul crushed with unpeppable loss.
Lend a hand to the poor fighting the wolf from the door.
Lend a hand to those whose lives are narrow and cramped.
Lend a hand to the boy struggling bravely to culture his mind.
Lend a hand to the young people whose homes are so cold and repellent.

Lend a hand to the prodigal sister—her life is as precious as that of the prodigal brother.
Lend a hand to the girl who works, works, works and knows nothing of recreation and rest.
Lend a hand—an open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand, an uplifting hand, a hand filled with mercy and help.

The True Witness

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All Communications should be addressed to the TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., P. O. Box, 1138.



THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1904

CABINET REPRESENTATION.

The reconstruction of the Ross government in Ontario, and the retention therein of the Hon. F. R. Latchford, as Attorney-General, together with the inclusion of ex-Speaker Ewart without portfolio, must set at rest all rumors about the Irish-Catholic electors of the neighboring province being unable to take a reasonable and practical course as far as their representation in the provincial government was concerned.

It is impossible for a public man to please everybody, and it is likely enough that Mr. Latchford has not succeeded in doing it; but whatever he may have done or neglected in the past, he has without doubt strengthened his position immensely now by deciding to stand by his leader and party either for defeat or victory.

The portfolio conferred upon Mr. Latchford in the reconstructed government is the most important next to the Premiership. Sir Oliver Mowat held it, after whom Mr. Gibson, ex-Attorney-General, was the strongest man in the province either for the federal or provincial field.

In Quebec provincial politics cause has also been given the public to say that the fate of faction trends upon the heels of Irishmen in public life. It is self-interest—if we put the higher consideration of duty out of the way—for a minority to preserve its unity.

positions in the gift of such a minority as the Irish-Catholics form in Ontario as well as in Quebec, it is not hard to see with whom the fault rests. Mr. Latchford's course may be referred to in this regard as an example worthy to be followed.

The importance of Cabinet representation cannot be too strongly impressed upon all Catholics who take part or interest in politics. Without it hostile influences will constantly operate against the chances of Catholics securing positions on public boards, corporations and the like in every part of the country.

SENSATIONAL REPORTS FROM IRELAND.

The stories cabled from London of an imminent split in the Irish National Party must not be swallowed with too much credulity. There are all sorts of wild rumors passing over the present political situation in Ireland. Some of them, made as they are upon the public authority of the Irish Attorney-General, are declared to be bold lies begotten of malice.

"I can speak on all the matters involved in the charges made against us, not only for myself, but to a great extent for all others interested, and I give the most distinct and unequivocal denial to the allegations that negotiations for obtaining self-government were carried on and were carefully concealed; that anything in the nature of a bargain was arrived at—spoken of or hinted at in connection with the Land Conference report; or that the report brought up to the committee of the Irish Reform Association was drafted with the view of giving a quid pro quo of any kind for any concession or advantage of any sort derived from the Land Conference Report.

On Friday last Lord and Lady Minto left Quebec for the home land. They received an enthusiastic send-off at the Ancient Capital. The Premier, Lady Laurier, members of Parliament and many prominent citizens accompanied the vice-regal party to the dock, where midst booming of cannon and hearty cheering their Excellencies, on board the Tunisian, bade farewell to the people of Canada.

appears to hold, had distinctly stated these things were so, a very curt reply would have sufficed.

"DUNRAVEN." It may be that the latest attempt to represent a sensational connection between Home Rule and betrayal of the Union having fallen flat, the brilliant minds of Dublin Castle have had to fall back upon the old plan of promoting Nationalist dissension until they can think of something better.

ONTARIO'S LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

The Liberal convention that met in Toronto yesterday is expected to clear the way of the Ontario government for the introduction of a measure of public control of the liquor traffic. Whatever may be thought of the general policy of government controlled sale of intoxicants, this much may be said as regards Ontario, that the distillers and manufacturers there need stricter regulations than they have known in the past.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN IRISH LAND AGENT.

Perhaps the most notorious land agent in Ireland, Mr. Samuel Murray Hussey, of Tralee, has been endeavoring to enrich modern biographical literature. He is the man whom Lord James once described as "the most abused man in Ireland"; and speaking for himself he says he has been examined "before more royal commissions than any other living being."

"It would be cruel to specify the individual of whom I can truthfully say that he was the biggest fool that ever disgraced the Irish Bench. He had been tutor to the children of a great peer, and his patron subsequently pressed the Prime Minister to do something for him. 'I can't make him a County Court Judge,' said the Prime Minister, 'for he would never decide rightly.' 'Well,' said another Minister, 'we are going out and have not the ghost of a chance of ever getting in again in our time. Let him be Solicitor-General of Ireland during the last few weeks we hold office.' So this was done out of sheer good nature, but after the election the Government found themselves saddled with him, for in those days holders of high office were not shelved at the caprice of Premiers, whilst the country had unexpectedly returned the old gang to power."

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For the next month Canada will be under a native-born Governor-General. In the interval of Lord Minto's departure and Earl Grey's arrival Sir Elzear Taschereau will act as chief executive.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Lady Laurier and party are en route for California.

Archbishop Langevin has addressed a circular letter to his clergy dealing with school and franchise matters.

Mr. M. K. Cowan, K.C., M.P., has been appointed solicitor to the Grand Trunk Pacific, with headquarters in this city.

Mr. William McNally was elected a life governor on Tuesday, of the Montreal General Hospital, at the quarterly meeting of the board of governors.

Mr. H. S. Harwood, ex-M.P. for Vaudreuil, was appointed on Monday to the vacant postmastership in place of the late Mr. Cleophas Beau-soleil.

Sees in Partibus Infidelium.

In the Near East there are a number of ancient cities which in the old days were seats of Catholic Bishops, but which are now in the hands of the Mahomedans or Greek Churchmen. These Sees in partibus infidelium in the land of infidels are conferred on assistants, coadjutors, and other prelates, who have no actual Sees at home. A good story is told of a distinguished Irish Bishop, who has a See in partibus infidelium. He was passing his vacation in a large pleasure steamer on a cruise in the Levant. The Bishop was on deck as the vessel steamed by the Cretan coast, and the captain pointed out to him places of interest.

Women haven't found it out yet, but the qualities men like best in them are tenderness, sympathy, affection and goodness, and a man never admires a woman so much as when she is just—a woman.—Dorothy Dix.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

MANTLE DEPT. Ladies' Walking Skirts.

Balance of these Skirts, which formed such a prominent feature of Saturday's sale, will be offered this week at same prices.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

Just received, a case of Ladies' Riding Hats (Napoleon shape), by Phipps & Atcheson, 5th Avenue, New York.

We would also direct special attention to this week's exhibit of

Ladies' Fine Furs

principally in Mink and Hudson Bay Sable; Stoles and Muffs.

Also a range of FUR JACKETS, in Electric Seal, trimmed Mink, Alaska and Sable, dyed Squirrel; in Persian trimmed Mink and Alaska Sable; in Bocharan, plain and trimmed Alaska Sable.

Toy Department.

Dolls, Games, Rocking Horses, Mechanical Toys, Steam Toys, etc., in great variety.

Stationery Dept.

Christmas Cards, Calendars, Books, Fans, Leather Goods and Stationery.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTREAL.



Fur-Lined Overcoats for Gentlemen

It is for gentlemen the garment indispensable, elegant, comfortable, of extra good quality, fine cut and good workmanship, they are made to last, made out of the best English cloth, trimmed and lined with extra choice furs. We guarantee them to be first-class articles, lined with the best Muskrat skins and the best Canadian Mink skins, Japanese Mink skins, etc., etc., trimmed with the finest and best Persian Lamb skins, the choicest Canadian Otter skins, and also with the best Seal, selected in the best English market—London. All these fur-lined coats are made out of whole prime skins, manufactured in our own establishment by expert artists, under our own supervision and with the greatest care. It is the most commendable article and also the most suitable. OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS MODERATE.

RACCOON COATS.

ALWAYS IN FASHION, ALWAYS SUITABLE.

Worn by everybody in the city and country, it is the garment that you want for the extreme cold weather, for the stormy days, for the long trips. With a good Raccoon Coat, we don't mind the cold, the wind, the snow, the storm, and a very severe cold does not reach the body, which keeps all its warmth; nothing is more comfortable. We buy our Raccoon skins at the largest markets on the American continent in lots of 5,000 to 10,000 skins, selected by ourselves, we have nothing that we can call second quality. We only have the best choice and the best quality. All our Raccoon Coats are made in our establishment; we give to that department our best attention, and we do not spare anything in order to make a first-class and durable article.

OUR PRICES ARE ALWAYS MODERATE.

Chas. Desjardins & Cie. 1531-1539 Rue Ste Catherine Montreal.

A SLAUGHTER OF INNOCENTS.

Impulsive small James, somewhat out of breath and with his blue eyes fairly bulging, rushed home after the temperance lecture and threw himself upon his mother.

"Oh, mother," he cried, "and a safe place, quick, and hide the baby!"

"Why, James!" demanded astonished Mrs. Bell, "what in the world is the matter?"

"Hide her quick," panted James. "That man that talked to-day is coming right after her. He heard next door, and just as soon as I heard him say: 'I intend to devote my life to eradicating the crying evil,' I knew he meant our baby."

NOTES FROM THE PARISHES OF THE C...

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH. Right Rev. Neil McNeil, Bishop of St. George, West Coast of Newfoundland, celebrated the ninth anniversary of his episcopacy in Mass on Sunday. His Lordship preached a very instructive sermon to the younger portion of the parish's flock.

Next Sunday evening at St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Benefit Society will hold its religious celebration. Rev. Fitzhenry, C.S.C., St. Laurent, will preach the sermon. Sister temperance societies will assist in a body. The choir will render a special musical program. The Holy Rosary Sodality largely attended meeting on afternoon, at which Rev. J. Moran presided.

The concert given on Thanksgiving for the benefit of the school had a nice sum. ST. ANN'S PARISH. Last Sunday afternoon the young ladies of the parish opened. Rev. Father Strubbs, S.R., is the preacher. In the evening at 7 o'clock the men's society was brought to a successful Sunday afternoon and close Tuesday.

Next Sunday evening the men of the parish will begin their retreat. ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH. Rev. Father O'Meara announced Sunday that a meeting of the boys and men of St. Gabriel's will be held at three o'clock next day in the hall for the purpose of forming a juvenile branch of the temperance society. "St. Patrick's" St. Ann's have their cadet corps. St. Gabriel's have theirs. They intend to see a large number attend.

On Wednesday morning the Auxiliary of the Hibernians held a solemn Requiem Mass offered for the deceased members of their parish.

On Thursday morning the pupils of Sarsfield School had a Requiem Mass offered up for the repose of the souls of deceased pupils of the school. Principal Ahern, with his staff of professors and the six hundred of the school assisted. Rev. O'Meara officiated.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH. Rev. Father Shea preached a High Mass, his subject being "The language, dwelt at length on evils of giving scandal. He laid particular stress on tale bearing, and after it had taken years to build up a good character. He such persons engaged in injuring neighbor's good name "mission of the devil." He exhorted the congregation to refrain from such and to do penance if they had done in this manner.

The third of the series of parties held at the hall on Wednesday evening was fully up to expectations. About 700 attended, a very enjoyable time was spent. Members of St. Anthony's Couvent, No. 126, under whose auspices the euchre was held, are congratulated on their success.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Hibernians, Division No. 1, had a Requiem High Mass celebration on Wednesday morning for the deceased members of the Order. Father Donnelly, P.P., officiated. The addition to St. Agnes' Mass is being pushed forward, and Christmas will be nearly complete.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH. The Stations of the Cross solemnly blessed last Sunday. Rev. Father Christopher, O.P., who also preached an instructive course on the Way of the Cross. The Forty Hours' devotion open on Saturday, Dec. 3rd. At the next session of the Legislature a bill will be introduced for a special school commission for the parish. The pastor, Rev. J. Kiernan, asks all who can lend assistance to do so.

ST. AGNES PARISH. At High Mass, Rev. Father C. read a letter from the Archbishop approving of a site for the church. He exhorted the congregation to be united, and work hand in hand. After High Mass about fifty par...

NOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC PARISHES OF THE CITY.

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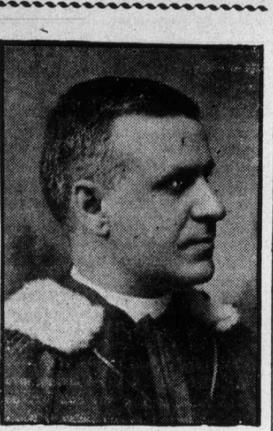
ST. AGNES PARISH.

At High Mass, Rev. Father Casey read a letter from the Archbishop approving of a site for the new church. He exhorted the congregation to be united, and work hand in hand.

Members met to discuss the proposed site for the new church, but no agreement could be reached, and the meeting adjourned sine die.

Sudden Death of Abbe Bourassa.

It was with painful suddenness that the summons came to the Rev. Gustave Bourassa last Sunday night. The deceased met with an accident about a month ago, as already noted in these columns.



REV. G. BOURASSA. Late Pastor of St. Louis de France.

in his father, who was a writer of note as well as a painter and architect. In recognition of his work as a litterateur, Father Bourassa was honored by the Royal Society, who made him a Fellow of their renowned body.

Gustave Bourassa was born at Papineauville in 1860, his father being Mr. Napoleon Bourassa, a member of the Royal Society, and his youngest daughter, the late Hon. L. J. Papineau, the famous leader of the rebellion of 1837.

Abbe Bourassa was a brother of Mr. Henri Bourassa, M.P. for L'Abelle. Father Bourassa has been less than a year in charge, but his perfect devotion to duty and his zeal in his priestly work made him admired and respected of all, and the people of St. Louis de France have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

A little orange or lemon juice put on the blacking brush after it has been dipped in the blacking or polishing cream will give a brilliant shine to the boots or shoes.

THE HIBERNIANS CELEBRATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS.

The anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs was celebrated on Sunday by the different divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Montreal. At 8.30 the members assembled at Place d'Armes square.

The hats with the green and white cords worn by some of the divisions were much admired. At Chaboillez Square, the Hibernian Knights stood with drawn swords and allowed the members of the County Board to pass.

GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST AROUND THE CITY.

The addition to the Seminary Chapel, Sherbrooke street, is rapidly nearing completion.

On last Sunday evening Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R., opened a mission for the English-speaking Catholics of Hochelaga.

A retreat for the young men of Notre Dame parish opened on Sunday last. The preacher is Rev. Father Bryand, of the Dominican Order.

The question of building a new morgue for the city has been talked of for some time, but as yet no definite action has been taken by the city fathers.

Next Sunday afternoon, the English members of the men's branch of the Third Order of St. Francis will hold their regular monthly meeting at the Franciscan Church.

To-day is Thanksgiving Day in the land of the Stars and Stripes. The American students in our city colleges are celebrating the event by holding concerts and dinners.

On Saturday last McGill's football team lost the University Rugby championship by being defeated by Queen's University of Kingston. The game was played at Lansdowne Park, Ottawa. The score was six to none.

The Jesuits, Redemptorists, Franciscans and Oblats of the city are busily engaged in various churches of the city and province preaching retreats in preparation for the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.

Navigation will soon be closed, and our busy wharves will be deserted. The scene of activity will be stopped until next spring. The season has been a very successful one for the shipping men and the laboring class.

The eighth annual celebration of the Union Ste. Cecile took place on Sunday at St. Peter's Church, corner of Visitation and Dorchester streets. Solemn High Mass was sung. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Gavary, O.M.I. The choir, under the direction of Prof. W. A. Wayland, rendered "Messe de Noel." In the afternoon the society held a reception for their friends, which was largely attended. In the evening a banquet was held.

The "At Home" in the King's Hall, by which Branch 26, Grand Council C.M.B.A., celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of its institution last week, was the most successful gathering which this branch has yet held. Over four hundred were present, and shortly after nine o'clock, President W. F. Wall, cordially welcomed the guests.

Referring personally to the character of the Irish people, he said when they had a chance to show their worth they were, not equal to others, but superior.

In conclusion, he exhorted the congregation to love peace and strive earnestly after it so that God would bless them here and hereafter.

The fine choir of the Church rendered "Messe de Ste. Therese" by De La Hache, in a very creditable manner. The boys of the school lent valuable assistance, their youthful voices being heard to good advantage.

After Mass the procession reformed and marched along Chaboillez Street to Chaboillez Square, where it disbanded.

NOTES OF THE PARADE.

The St. Ann's brass band played patriotic airs to and from St. Gabriel's Church, which were greatly admired. The new uniforms worn for the first time by the band, are very neat. They are of dark green, with white braid trimmings. The cap has on it a gold harp surrounded with shamrocks.

The Knights, with their pretty uniforms, swords, and plumes, executed a series of artistic and fancy drills on the return route, which won encomiums from them from the many spectators. The marching in the form of a cross was also much admired. Under the command of Captain P. Doyle, the Hibernian Knights have attained a rank which would do honor to any body of men the world over.

The parade numbered in all about 500.

The past and people of St. Gabriel's gave the Hibernians a "Caed Mille a Failthee."

President McMorrow, of the County Board, marched in the procession, and several other officers.

THE VERY BEST! EUCHRE AND SOCIAL

GIVEN BY ST. PATRICK'S COURT, No. 95, C. O. F., Stanley Hall, 127 Stanley Street, FRIDAY, November 25th, 1904, at 8.30 Sharp CASEY'S ORCHESTRA. REFRESHMENTS. VALUABLE PRIZES TICKETS—Single, 40c. Double, 75c. T. ROGERS, Chairman. H. GATMAN, Sec. Com.

FROST NOW! . . . SNOW VERY SOON! GET READY! . . . WE'LL HELP YOU!

OUR STOCK is most complete in SEASONABLE FOOTWEAR of all kinds:— Leather and Felt Boots and Shoes, with leather and felt soles. Felt Slippers with thick felt soles, from England, France, and Germany. Rubbers, Overshoes and Rubber Boots, all of the best make. Quality with us is paramount. Our prices are low for the quality.

RONAYNE BROS., 207 Notre Dame St., Chaboillez Square.

and then a progressive euchre contest took place, under the direction of Bro. Jos. H. Maiden, assisted by Bros. J. J. Costigan, J. B. McCabe, J. E. Conway, W. Palmer and W. W. Armour. Eighty-five tables were used for the euchre, and twelve games were played, the winners being, for the ladies' prizes, Mrs. R. J. M. Dolan, Mrs. McLaughlin and Mrs. Henry Sears, and for the gentlemen, Chancellor W. A. Hodgson, Mr. Riley and Mr. John Malcolm. An adjournment was then made to the supper room, and afterwards the prizes were presented by Chancellors F. J. Curran, G. R. Cowan, E. Ireland, F. I. Sears and T. P. Kennedy. Dancing was then indulged in under the direction of Chancellor Hodgson, the floor committee being: Bros. J. A. Blanchfield, J. T. Stevens, A. D. McGillis and M. L. Morrissey. The opening dance was a cotillion and was participated in by all the senior members of the branch and their ladies.

ST. PATRICK'S CONCERT.

The boys of St. Patrick's school and the girls of St. Patrick's Academy held a very successful entertainment at the Armory Hall, Cathcart street, on Thanksgiving afternoon. The hall was filled with parents and children of all ages. Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, the children's special friend, presided. Among those present were His Lordship Bishop McNeil, of the West Coast, Newfoundland, who was welcomed by Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan; Rev. Father Killoran, Rev. Bros. Prudent, Alfred, Anselm, Jerome, Bernard, Anthony, Elias. The girls from the convent school acquitted themselves well in their many specialties, the choruses and the Little Fairy Dance calling for special mention. The piccolo solo of Master E. A. Ryan, Irish Airs, accompanied by Prof. P. J. Shea on the piano, was exceedingly well executed for a boy of such tender years. The opera, "The Border School Inspection," by the boys of St. Patrick's school, was well given. The singing, under the leadership of Prof. P. J. Shea, reflected great credit on that able director. The work speaks volumes for our young Irish Catholic organist, for after only two months he has brought the boys of St. Patrick's school to a high degree of efficiency. The singing of "God Save Ireland" in a spirited manner brought the proceedings to a close.

The following is the cast of characters in the opera: Inspector—Col. Fig. Master J. O'Shaughnessy Inspector's Valet . . . E. J. Harney Teacher . . . Mr. Pointer . . . E. A. Ryan Truant Officer . . . Mr. Fetcham . . . J. A. Ryan Lazy Boy . . . Johnny Stout . . . R. Lynch

Rev. Bro. Prudent and his able assistants are to be congratulated on the success attending their first efforts, since taking charge of the school.

Shamrock Football Smoker

The champion Shamrock football team held their first smoking concert last Monday evening at St. Ann's Hall, and it was a great success. The large audience present testified to the interest they take in the young Shamrock athletes. Among those present were: Messrs. Harry Trihey, Harry McLaughlin, Capt. T. O'Connell, F. J. Curran,

W. J. McGeo, T. E. Slattery, F. McGuire, P. Kenahan, J. Tucker, J. Hogan, Jas. Pigott, C. Lawrence Hall, Bert Paxton, W. P. Lunny, J. Brennan, F. Brennan, J. White, P. Rooney, Dr. Scanlan, F. J. Cahill, and the members of the lacrosse, hockey and junior and intermediate football teams. At 9 o'clock the chairman, Dr. E. J. Mullaney, opened the proceedings with a short speech in which he said he was glad to bear testimony to the great victories of the Shamrocks in the lacrosse and hockey arenas. He was proud also that they had captured the intermediate football championship. He hoped they would capture on some future day the senior football championship. He was glad to see so many of the Shamrock sympathizers present, men who had remained true and loyal to the Association. In defeat as well as in victory they were still Shamrocks to the core. After the remarks of the chairman, St. Ann's choir gave a concert which would have done credit to any parish. The fine solo singing and magnificent chorus work won rounds of applause from the audience. The work of the choir speaks volumes for the energetic and painstaking musical director, Prof. P. J. Shea. Prof. Shea has worked in season and out of season, and has labored long and well for the advancement of St. Ann's young men who are musically inclined. His efforts have not been in vain, and his work is deeply appreciated by his devoted choir. The singing of Messrs. W. Murphy, C. Killoran, Ed. Jackson, Frank McCrory, Dr. Scanlan, calls for special mention. Mr. John E. Slattery, greatly amused his audience by his fine comic songs. The club swinging of Mr. Geo. E. Smith was exceedingly well done, and the many intricate and fancy movements elicited rounds of applause. The recitations by Mr. James S. McCarrey, Canada's foremost interpreter of Dr. Drummond's poems, were much admired. The dancing of Mr. T. Lyons, champion of Canada, was another feature of the programme which was enjoyed. Mr. H. T. Trihey was called to the stage at the close of the first part of the programme to perform a very pleasant duty. He said that he took exception to the remarks of "Dr. Mullaney, who specially praised Messrs McLean and Donahoe, for the assistance given the Shamrock football team this year, but it was not to be forgotten that there were two others, Messrs. Slattery and Kenahan, who helped the Shamrock Football team for the past six years, and now added new laurels to their fame by saving the life of a woman a few night they rescued the woman, for Lachine canal. He thought that such valor and heroism should not go unrewarded, and amid loud applause and roars of laughter Mr. Trihey presented the heroes with two immense tin medals bearing suitable inscriptions. Messrs. Slattery and Kenahan gave short speeches, "and said it was fortunate they had not been wearing those medals on the night they rescued the woman, for they would most assuredly have found a watery grave. Smoking materials were supplied during the evening, and at 10.30 the affair closed, after being voted by all an immense success.

"Now, Harry," asked the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is the meal we eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," was the little fellow's prompt reply.

MASONRY IN FRANCE AND ITALY

Promises of Material Gain Attract the Many—Leaders Marshal Them Against Religion.

The correspondent of the Standard and Times, of Philadelphia, writing from Rome, says:

The descent of the majority in the French Parliament from eighty-four to four votes, and this within less than four days, may or may not ruin the Combes Cabinet; remove the gangrene of France it will not. A few days previously the Parliament had accorded the Ministry the most splendid majority which the latter had yet received; the question in hand was that of ecclesiastical policy. On October 29 barely four votes saved the Cabinet from falling over the denunciation of the system of Masonic espionage and blackmail in the army, or rather in the Ministry of War. Yesterday's and today's news from Paris is bad for the Cabinet. But whatever happens, everything about the affair is disgraceful—it is disgraceful that the Department of War should have become a branch office of the Grand Lodge; it is disgraceful that courage and capacity and long service should have been discounted by system in the French army, and Masonry, made the only means of promotion; but it is more disgraceful that a majority even of four should have been found on October 29 to pass two servile motions practically condoning the abuse and giving the Cabinet a free hand to hush the matter up.

Every one knew more or less how things had gone in the noblest army of the Continent during the four fateful years of General Andre, but the details now come to light are startling. Here is one which I heard yesterday from a visitor in Rome. A colonel, an intimate friend of his, had got full votes, twenty-four in twenty-four, on the board of promotions, but he was not advanced. Why? Because he was not a Freemason, and because, worse, he was known to be on good terms with the clergy. Case after case of the sort might be mentioned, and many such are being mentioned.

THE SECT IN ITALY.

I have repeated in these columns that Masonry had now become so strong and secure of victory that it could remove its mask a little. But since I last wrote of the sect in Italy a 'vert has violently torn off the mask. He had been a member of a lodge, and this, I think, the central one, or Grand Orient, of Rome. He had been the favorite of Deputy and Minister Nasi, who is now wanted by the police, but who then aspired with good reason to become Grand Master. He had been promoted and variously aided in consequence, and he was thus appointed irregularly to a good and quite idle job in a public library, so that he had leisure to make researches and prepare books on "The Papacy as the Cause of Slavery and Serfdom in Europe" and "The Martyrs of Free Thought in Rome from 1600 to 1870".

But Professor Orano became a Socialist and began to publish a series of biographies of Parliamentarians in the organ of that party, the Avanti. Many of these sketches were revelations of Freemason secrets. Murder is out of date. Orano got into trouble, he was hooted and mobbed; hunted out of this and that; silenced with hissing when he went to give a public lecture; expelled from the Teachers' Union and refused a hearing in their September congress; denounced, of course, in the press, and so forth; but, as this man with an African and Semitic name himself observed, he was of tough race, and undaunted he goes on. Day after day the Avanti issues its study-portraits of the Deputies. Let me quote from that of October 2, which is a sketch of the Hon. Giovanni Camera, Deputy for Sala Consilina and "Grand Inquisitor" of Freemasonry in Italy:

"The profane (i. e., low-grade Masons) first heard his name in connection with the recent Masonic commemoration of Giovanni Bovis. Prior to this most Masons did not know even that there existed a barrister, Deputy Camera, big-wig of Freemasonry. Yet he occupied in the Giustiniani Palace, where Freemasonry abides, no less a post than that of Grand Inquisitor. Yes, full in the twentieth century there is a secret society—this one unceremonious in the times when right of meeting and association did not exist—which preserves this grotesque and medieval formalism, which goes from the terrible initiation of new 'brethren' on to their final judgment * * * when

this last pass is imposed by scandalized public opinion, and the brother cannot be hidden in the obscurity of the confraternity.

"Yet there are people who wonder why at the Congress of Secondary Teachers in Rome the anti-Masonic declarations of President Kirner were hailed with a cyclone of applause. "Yes, the modern world is tired of this confraternity closed to the 'profane' and open only to favor, protect and promote Tom and Bill, surprising the public (who only exceptionally knows who is a Mason) by means of all the regularly ordered and subsidized Masonic press and of confidential talks—without touches of the finger in handshaking—which pass on to the simple public the praises or defences of the brother who is to be advanced or defended." Thus the Supreme Order of Pushfulness works in secret and in public.

The biographer proceeds at once: "Masonry in some countries, like Belgium, still has a spirit of social progress in it; but in Italy it has degenerated into a veritable closed confraternity of utilitarian pushfulness and has not even the courage to declare itself openly.

The writer then tells of the way in which the Minister (his friend Nasi), accused on documented evidence of the most fearful plundering of the treasury, was gently dealt with by the sect when he had been hounded to that pass by public opinion, and of that other way in which the Hon. Camera exercises his spy-duties equal to, and worse than, those of the legendary Spanish Inquisition. Such revelations about the nature of Freemasonry stand unchallenged, and they are many in these months, but they are supplemented from various sources. They must do the sect more harm than good. For the preservative essence of the practically iniquitous association is secrecy. Masonry in Italy has no purpose except to band together the ambitious and by promoting them (as far as possible, independently of merits) to exploit this situation in the lodges and the conditions of the country to the damage of religion. The aspirant to Masonic orders is generally an indifferentist in religion. He aspires in order to get places or money. His aspirations first and his ambitions afterwards are turned against religion by the Satanically-spirited big-wigs. But the merits which are passed over in promotion, whether in the bureaucracy, the army and navy, or in other walks of life, will take a different view of the matter. There is not room for everyone in Freemasonry. When it will be overcrowded it will be undone. When it will be dragged into the daylight it will be doomed. And, happily, it is being dragged into the daylight.

SKILL IN NUTTING.

Not a few are the devices of skilled nutting. How often shall we see the novice crushing the green burr with a stone and the chestnut by the same blow, or with many pains from the sharp spines trying to open the burr by hand, says Outing.

The nutter who is better versed has the trick not mastered until some practice of a peculiar quick tap of the heel, something between a blow and a cut, which at one deft side stroke lays open the nuts for the hand. The old device of jarring by a heavy stone the tree hole, especially the slim secondary trees of the deeper woods, may be trite, but not its refinement of taking a somewhat smaller stone and by a series of quick taps on the trunk "snapping" the upper branches.

Less known and more effective is another plan. Its elements are a good arm, a ball of strong cord, and attached, a half pound stone, more or less, according to the weight of the string. The theory involves the casting of a weight over a bough of the nut tree and shaking it briskly when looped by the cord. The practice is that many a youngster who deems himself a crack thrower on the ball field will find some lessons to be learned in the precision of "looping" a chestnut branch and in the retarding power of an ascending cord tied to a projectile.

Again, with usage comes the art of so releasing the cord from an upper bough as to loop the bough below and with acquired dexterity strip half a dozen branches after a single cast.

Little Alphonso, Jr., had been carefully tucked into bed, had asked for his last drink of water, and was about to dream material for new questions when his mother heard, as she was carefully and quietly folding the little garments in the dim light: "Mother, how was it I first met you?"



FABER AND HIS WRITINGS.

The noblest example of all the great body of men who followed the enlightened intellectual Newman into the Catholic Church was Frederick William Faber, Newman entered the Church in 1845, and this was to be the turning point in the life of Faber. Indeed, he attributes his conversion to Newman, for in dedicating one of his works to Newman he wrote, "to whom I owe the faith of the Church, and the grace of the sacraments, with much more than love knows and feeds upon, though it cannot tell in words, but which the last day will reveal." Perhaps whilst searching for the truth Faber often repeated in the silent longings of his own heart Newman's sweet prayer, which has since found a corresponding echo in many a human heart:

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark and I am far from home."

The first of Father Faber's series of books, "All for Jesus," appeared in 1858, and then followed "The Creator and the Creature," "The Foot of the Cross," "Growth in Holiness," and "Bethlehem."

In reviewing these literary creations of Faber's uplifting, delightful imagination it is impossible to give an adequate tribute of praise. Suffice it to say that Father Faber's writings are replete with deep spirituality, simplicity of language, beauty of style, and tenderness of imagination. Every line breathes forth a gentle, loving confidence in the Master, a sincere submission to the will of the Creator, a loyal love of the cross, and a faithful devotion to the Real Presence. In his writings Father Faber chose the simplest words of every day life, and for this reason they go right to the heart, bearing all his charm of style. Father Faber had a singular power of realizing the beauties of the outward world, which was the chief source of his poetic inspiration. He has painted nature in word pictures as few other writers have done. His wonderful imagination continually feasted on creation. With his pen the mountains the lakes, the rivers, the seas, the birds, the flowers, the stars, the heavens, and the sunshine all sing of the Creator; and for this reason Father Faber gives them the most exquisite beauty of touch. He also sought for perfection and loveliness in the inward world of the human heart, with him, all men are good, he makes the best out of the worst, and failure to end in triumph. He has hope for the abandoned, and consolation for every aching heart, and he holds aloft the cross as the balm for a restless world. The following extract from "The Creator and the Creature" will give some idea of his style: "It is sweet to think of the web of love which the Creator is hourly weaving 'round every soul he has created on the earth. If we bring the world before us with all its picturesque geography, the many indentations of its coasts, the long course of its fertile rivers, its outspread plains, its wide forests, its blue mountain chains, its aromatic islands, and its verdant archipelagos it enlarges the heart to think how 'round every soul of man God is weaving that web of love. The busy European, the silent oriental, the venturesome American, the gross Hotentot, the bewildered Australian, the dark-souled Malay—He comes to all."

SUDDEN DEATH OF A FORMER QUEBECER.

There are still a few old residents of Quebec, especially among the St. Patrick's congregation, who will remember Mr. Andrew Doyle, for a number of years in the latter "fifties" or the early "sixties" professor of English and mathematics in the Laval Normal School when it was under the rectorship of the late Bishop Horan, who will regret to hear that he has just passed away very suddenly at Ottawa. An Ottawa paper notes the sad event as follows:

"While taking a walk for exercise as was his usual custom, Andrew Doyle, one of the city's oldest residents, dropped dead yesterday afternoon on King Edward Avenue, near Bessier street. He was 88 years of age, and the father of Andrew J. Doyle, of the Post Office Department, with whom he resided. Deceased had left his son's home only a few minutes previously, and before leaving said to the members of the family present: 'I am going for a little stroll, I won't be long, and I think the walk will do me good.' Shortly after five o'clock Mr. Doyle dropped to the sidewalk and expired within a few minutes. A priest having been summoned in haste, Rev. Father Fortier, of the University responded and administered absolution. The body was removed in the ambulance to Gauthier's morgue, and Dr. Baptie having been notified of the circumstances, decided an inquest unnecessary. The late Mr. Doyle was born in Ireland and emigrated to Canada when quite young. He was a resident of Ottawa for many years, was prominently known and was highly esteemed by all with whom he came in contact. About twenty-eight years ago he was a teacher in St. Joseph's Separate school on Bessier street. He was an able mathematician, and maintained to the last that he had solved the problem of the trisection of an angle—by elementary geometry—something that had hitherto been considered impossible by mathematicians. In spite of his age he appeared to be in good health and

bined with masterful knowledge of the spiritual life.

In the correspondence of Father Faber we get more of the personality of the man. In one of his letters he refers to the poet Wordsworth, who had been for years his intimate friend. "Well or sick," he says, "cheerful or sad, I can almost get happiness and quiet and good resolve out of the old poet; God bless him. One may hang on one sonnet of his by the hour like a bee on a fox-glove and still get sweetness." But he abhorred Milton and Byron for their blasphemous verse. In a letter written shortly before his death we catch a final glimpse of Faber's magnanimous heart and character. He says of himself, "Increased sweetness to others, increased thoughtfulness for the bodily comfort of others."

Father Faber died on the 26th of September, 1863. He passed "o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night was gone," and he found himself at rest from the "weariness of well doing."

Father Faber's beautiful writings are not known and read by our Catholic reading public as they should be. Many educated Catholics affirm that they have never heard of Faber. But most of his books are held in high regard by devout reading Protestants, and many of his beautiful hymns have found much favor in Protestant churches.

In conclusion perhaps the best final appreciation of Father Faber's literary work is his own tribute to the power of kind language: "Kind words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural source, as if they were some angel's soul which had lost its way and come to earth."—Victor T. Noonan, in New World.

Business Cards.

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

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his death was unexpected. He had no near relatives in Ottawa with the exception of his son and son's family." During his residence in Quebec Mr. Doyle was also well and favorably known both as a teacher and a citizen. He took a prominent part in the affairs of the Irish Catholic colony in the Ancient Capital, among other positions which he filled being that of Secretary of the "Irish Catholic Society," which was founded by the late Father Meagher, S.J., but which had only a short existence.

A little boy came home very proud because he had taken part in organizing a small club. His mother asked: "Are you the president?" "No." "The Secretary?" "No." "The Treasurer?" "No." "What are you, then?" "I'm the boss of the whole thing; I'm the majority."

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 9th, 1866 incorporated 1868, revised 1904. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty 1st Vice, F. M. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; Corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran; President, W. F. Doyle; Rec. Secy., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallee street.

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

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

O.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCHE 26.—(Organized 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. G. McDonagh, 189 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Dr. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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AGRICULTURE

PROTECTING FRUIT TREES FROM MICE.

The Fruit Division, Ottawa, has the following warning: Last thousands of fruit trees were killed by mice, and the thing will doubtless happen again coming winter unless orchardists take precautions to prevent it. It is not usually very troublesome in orchards where clean cultivated and rubbish is not accumulated as a shelter for the orchardist will find necessary to provide some sort of protection if he wishes to be sure of bringing his young safely through the winter.

The mice burrow along the under the snow in search of food and as soon as they come to the surface they begin to gnaw it. Woodpecker is probably the most common enemy against the tree. It has the additional merit of a good preventive of sunscald. A vine wrapped loosely around trunk and tied; and an air left between it and the tree. Veneers cost from \$3.75 to \$4.00 per thousand. Ordinary building which costs a mere trifle, is first rate protection, but it is of much value as a preventive of sunscald. Tar paper is also used, but as trees have been injured by its use, it is better to use a safe side and use something any case the lower end of the trunk should be banked with earth that the mice cannot readily reach to the tree. A mouse about a foot high above the tree will often trap them, and even snow tramped on the tree has proved effective. These are not so trustworthy veneers or the building paper.

The Fruit Division also points out that this plague of mice is due to the common practice of trying every owl and hawk that possibly be shot or trapped. A great mistake to do this. A few owls and hawks are chousers, indeed mice constitute chief item in the bill-of-fare of most species. At least ten per cent of owls are classed as residence Canada, and of these only the horned owl is a menace to the farmer's poultry yard. Of a dozen of hawks commonly found in Canada, only three are classed as chicken hawks, viz., the sharp-shinned hawk, the goshawk and the Cooper's hawk. The four varieties known as "hen hawks" scarce visit poultry yards, and an owl's depredation is far more counterbalanced by their destruction of mice, rats, and other enemies of the farmer.

FROZEN EGGS.

The Poultry World says: In winter season quantities of eggs are frozen, and it is generally known that such eggs are worth but little, or to say the least, are much inferior for cooking purposes. They are not strictly true, but properly treated they are but little injured. Instead of (as was formerly) putting them into cold water to take out the frost and then for several hours for the thawing to take place, and then find the yolks in such a solid state that they can be used with no satisfaction. Place them in boiling water, leave them there from five to ten minutes, according to the amount of frost in them, when their being opened, the yolks be found soft and in such a condition that they can be used for all culinary purpose.

TURNIPS FOR DUCKS.

Grow a crop of turnips for your ducks. In the large estates where hundreds of ducks are raised, the principal food for the birds is turnips, with a small portion of ground grain. They can be grown to better advantage than turnips, and in no way turnips be grown so profitably. They are fed to ducks. Ducks turnips are adjuncts to each other on the duck farm, for without the ducks could not be raised so well.

FOR SHIPPING APPLES.

We have been sending our apples to market this year in bushel boxes with covers. These make a very neat package to handle, and are most desirable for the merchant because the retail trade can be assured to use the full package. Our best customers entered an agreement to empty the boxes on arrival and return them to us.

LIFE IN THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

(It is often claimed nowadays that the people of France have become irreligious—that not only have they deserted the Catholic Faith but all religion. The current issue of the Congregationalist contains an article on actual conditions which shows that a great awakening is taking place. The writer is a Protestant minister who spent months in France last summer, as he says "trudging leisurely through her cities and villages, sleeping in the homes of her peasants, conversing with her soldiers, sailors, farmers, mechanics and students." Since he knew France in other years, and, as a Protestant minister, cannot be accused of partiality to the church, it must be admitted that his words bring hope that a better day is dawning.)

It was a round dozen of years since I visited France save for a hurried day or two in her cosmopolitan capital, and yet, because Europe changes so slowly. I was not prepared for any wide or deep spiritual renewal among this in some ways conservative people. The French Church, indeed, had left a disagreeable impression on my mind. Such dry-as-dust sermons, worthy of Duns Scotus himself, in their arid scholasticism, with a spirit as hoary as the pulpits from which they came droning down! Such cold-hearted worship! I recalled it all with a touch almost of disgust.

The change leaped upon me unexpected. That the French Church is passing along the way of the cross all the world knows. Every provincial town is filled with the disconsolate forms of the teaching orders, monks and nuns. Men and women, they are cultured, scholarly, lovable, who, to borrow a phrase from Le Petit Parisien, have been "kicked out upon the pavement" and into the homes of their peasant brothers and sisters, where they find a grudging welcome and a penury to which they have long been unaccustomed. That thousands more of faithful, pure-hearted, earnest parish priests are menaced with poverty and even starvation if the government presses on its radical and ill-judged forcing of an evolutionary development towards disestablishment no one can doubt. O, the French Church is walking the way of the cross assuredly! And M. Combes is in a fair way to prove her Annas, so bent is he on execution.

But the result is—O, what it has always been! When the robe of worldly success is stripped from the shoulders of the Church, when the lash of persecution falls, she ever shows beneath that robe the ageless image of the Master. With the terror of the future and the horror of the present there is observable from one end of France to the other a deep spiritual awakening. The old sloth, the old lack of zeal, earnestness and vigor have disappeared; the glow of a new life shines on the face of the whole body religious from Normandy to Burgundy and from Burgundy back to Brittany. The way of the cross is leading to a resurrection profound, immeasurable.

It showed in the sermons; they were real. The first Sabbath I sat conscience-compelled in the cathedral at Evreux, expecting the rattle of dry bones all over again. But the Spirit of God has passed by and this was life. I know not the preacher's name or office. He was young and simply clad; his sermon was from the heart of a man—let that suffice. The subject was Confession, and if his insistence on the confessional did prove a bit unpleasant to Protestant prejudices, the whole thing soared. "What good," he cried, "is it to confess to a priest when your heart is not right towards God? What avails speaking to a man unless your soul is fully bent to serve Lord Jesus Christ? O sometimes," he added, almost bitterly, "we priests overburdened by the hideousness of your confessions, long to slip clean out of the way and leave your souls face to face with God. Then you must repent."

I sat dumfounded. The like had I never heard in a Catholic church. Yet next Sunday the Cardinal of Rheims took up the same note. A magnificent picture he made in his clear red robe, frosted over with the gleaming white of lace, set there beneath the blue glow of those huge clerestory windows in the framework of all that soaring stone, that carved and blackened oak. His regular features, halo of snowy hair, huge black eyes; his wrinkled hands, fine as parchment, gripping the pulpit edge; even the dull gleam of his great ring and huge cross made him seem

a picture by Nattier rather than a man living in this year of our Lord 1904. However, this man was of to-day. He spoke to his priests, who sat in ordered rows below the pulpit, and dealt entirely with the recent crisis. He was ennobled with the spirit of Christ. "To their reproaches oppose deeds, not words," he counselled, "show how glad you are to suffer abuse, hunger, cold and nakedness; nay, if need be, how glad you are to starve and die in the service of Him who was pierced for your sakes."

He turned to the people for a moment and his voice rang with eagerness: "You charge us with mistakes. Yes, we have made mistakes, we priests, for we are human. But have we not championed your rights, fed your poor, comforted your dying? Nay, haven't we willingly died in your lazar houses since the Church first began to preach the gospel of the Saviour she loves?"

But I have no further space to dwell on this. The main thing isn't the sermon, after all, or even the response from the people. France is responding. The services were not only well attended, but attended by all ages and both sexes. It is a common saying in Paris: "Women and children go to church; men don't." Never was a lie more transparently false. Trusting that I was doing good service in the cause of truth, I snapped a Sabbath-morning audience. If the masculinity of that audience wouldn't make glad the heart of any New England pastor, with what could he be satisfied?

There were exceptions. Along the valley of the Loire and at Laon, church-going was not so much in evidence. At the Cathedral of Rheims women predominated. On the other hand, Notre Dame at Paris was well filled, and, by actual reckoning, the men distinctly outnumbered the women. When I saw that I thanked God and took courage. Furthermore, among the daily worshippers in the churches, devout and humble in their faith, were many men. And the men were young! In France the young man wears a uniform and the flare of scarlet everywhere lit up the sombre pillars and long gray naves of churches and cathedrals alike. Even the old Huguenot congregation in the Faubourg St. Germain counted three soldiers in its scanty flock the day we worshipped there.

Moreover, the whole land to-day is giving its best into the priesthood. It has been reiterated for decades that the French clergy is gathered from the peasants, to whom even the pitiful pension of a parish priest proves an allurements. That such has been the truth is indubitable. The rough hewn faces, clumsy build and huge hands of the older fathers still bear a silent but convincing witness. On this background the younger men and the theologues stand out sharply. Persecution has raised up friends for the Church in the house of her enemies and I saw numbers of youthful pastors and students with the clear-cut profiles, and long, well-modeled hands of the gentler classes.

The French are a nation of scribblers and lampoon on every conceivable piece of blank wall their vehement convictions. After the first few days I read every one of these with care. Here and there was a "Long live Combes!" "To the guillotine with our parish priests!" But that was the socialistic sentiment of mill cities. In Paris even, and all over the larger towns and down to the tiny villages it was: "Long live our well-beloved fathers," "The Church forever," "Combes is the friend of his Sataanic Majesty," Combes is the friend of the priests, is he? — O you hypocrite!" Besides all this there was a mass of doggerel, whose weird jumble of street-slang made incomprehensible to me anything beyond the fact that the Church on the cross was shining her way into the hearts of the people.

I had grown weary of the wayside crosses, the hideous barbarisms of Brittany, the painted monstrosities of Champagne, the ridiculous dolls of Loire Valley. Coming out from La Croix, a farming village near Tours, I stopped suddenly beneath a great cross looming from the wayside. On it hung a life-size Jesus. No garish glare of paint, no clumsy cutting of an unskilled tombstone maker; it was the Christ of Hofmann. A modern Jesus, more human than that Master of men who guards the portal at Amiens, more tender and loving than the Majestic Judge, who gazes out from above the rose window at Sens, the crucified Nazarene, the Son of God who lived a man's life, the suffering Saviour of the

world was here. As I stood beneath that gentle, down-dropped face, I seemed to hear an ageless voice crying across the centuries, "I am in my Church, I lead my Church ever by the way of the cross to the resurrection, even I, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, the crucified."—(Rev.) James Church Alvord.

"FATHER PROUT."

Poet, Humorist, Scholar and Journalist—Father Russell's Tribute.

As I stood one morning, in Cork, Ireland, listening to the "Shandon Bells," made immortal by that great journalist, poet, humorist and scholar, Father Frank Mahoney, or "Father Prout," I could not help to repeat his lines:

"The Bells of Shandon, They sound so grand on The glorious waters of the River Lee.

On the 31st of next December will be the centenary of the birth of Francis Sylvester Mahoney (Father Prout). Francis Mahoney was born in Cork in 1804. His classical education was obtained at the Jesuit College at Amiens, and after reading theology in Paris, he received clerical ordination. In London he officiated for some time in the chapel of a Bavarian legation and while there he fell into a society of Bohemians of literature. About 1834, Father Prout began to contribute to an English publication, Fraser's Magazine. His contributions consisted chiefly of translations from the Latin, Greek and Italian verse which he humorously "represents as being the true originals from which the English authors had merely plagiarized them," says a magazine writer.

John Francis Mahoney, in his "Bells of Shandon," has immortalized himself. Over the waters of the River Lee the "Bells of Shandon" still echo their memory of "Father Prout," his genius and his scholarship. The Rev. Father Russell, S. J., editor of the Irish Monthly, pays the following tribute to "Father Prout":

"In deep dejection, but with affection, I often think of those pleasant times, In the days of Fraser, ere I touched a razor, How I read and revelled in thy rhymes; When in wine and wassail we to thee were vassal, Of Watergrass-Hill, O. renowned P.P. The bells of Shandon Toll blithe and bland on The pleasant waters of thy memory. The songs melodious—which a new Harmonious—"

"Young Ireland" wreathed round its rebel sword, With the deep vibrations and aspirations, Flung a glorious madness o'er a festive board; But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre Of the simple lyric that we owe to thee— Of the Bells of Shandon, That sound so grand on The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

Father Prout, born in the Munster, Ireland, that has given to Ireland and to the Irish world distinguished men, will live in the memory of all those who have read: Those Shandon Bells, that "sound so grand on the glorious waters of the River Lee."

And when those Bells of Shandon peal out over the waters of the Lee, to the glory and the universality of Catholicity and every true Irishman, who visits the "Rebel Town," and who listens to their peal, he should lift his hat first to God—next to Father Prout, who made the "Bells of Shandon" famous.

J. McG.

Catholicism and the Negro.

"The Living Age" is the name of a negro magazine, published at Langston, Oklahoma. The November issue contains a striking editorial which earnest Catholics will read with interest. Says the writer:

"For twenty-five years this writer has been a watchful observer of the relation and conduct of the various Christian bodies or denominations toward the American negro. And we say unequivocally that no great religious sect or denomination among the whites come as near as the Catholic Church, in reaching that truly exalted Christian ideal of universal brotherhood of man without regard

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ST PETER and COMMON STS.

to color or previous conditions as the Holy Catholic Church.

"Catholicism is not an emotional religion, not a sect of splitters; but for ages past has been one united, divinely commissioned organization among the children of men to promote the highest human happiness on earth, and an eternal home with God and just men made perfect through trials and tribulations.

"The Catholic Church with its noble and broad Christianity knows no communication by reason of his color; but aims of charity and love are extended to any and all of earth's fallen children, be they black or white, rich or poor in Christ they are one. The Holy Father at Rome is continually making intercessions for all his flock, and color line never enters his pure and holy mind.

"We verily believe that if all negroes were communicants at the Catholic altar, the color line would be largely wiped out in America. Think for a moment—If His Holiness, the Pope, should send forth a loving message, directing the Catholic clergy of America to lift up their voices against lynching the negroes, against unjust Jim Crow cars and other race discrimination, there would in a few years be a wonderful change in American sentiment towards the negro. Why? The church is right in principle, right in doctrine and right in union of action; hence it is a mighty power for good throughout the world. Nay! the sun never goes down upon its millions of communicants.

"In Oklahoma, much good work is writin'.

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THE POPE'S BIOGRAPHY. Pius X. has given permission to one of his old friends, Monsignore Marchesa, of Treviso, to write his biography. The work is to contain many little known details of the life of the Pope as priest and Bishop in the Venetian provinces and will prove of great interest to Catholics. Arrangements have been made for its translation and publication in other countries, including the United States. The work will be illustrated. First Little Girl—Has your sister begun taking music lessons yet? Second Little Girl—She's takin' somef'n on th' piano, but I can't tell yet whether it's music or type-writin'.

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Vol. LIV., No. TESTIMONIAL BANK TO FATHER FALLON Buffalo Council K. of Its Beloved Ch...

Very Rev. M. F. Fallon, D., Provincial, pastor of Church, Buffalo, was requested by Buffalo Council, Columbus, to signalize the occasion of the honor reception of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in the First Province of the States. Father Fallon has endeavored to his fellow-Knights on castions and in diverse ways has been a champion of the season and out of season was it fitting that Buffalo should in a special manner honor the man and priest never lost opportunity for them. Fully 300, including prominent members from city, sat down to the elaborate banquet in the hall of Ellicott Club. The Diocese, a good friend of the Council, who is now near the end of his journey to the West, was represented by his Very Rev. Nelson H. Balas, J. F. McGloin, rector of St. Joseph's church, was present most of Father Fallon's laborers at Holy Angels' College. Others from among Hon. Frank R. Latchford, General of the Province of Ontario, a member of Ottawa Council, an old-time friend of Father Fallon, M. J. Gorman, Ottawa, W. McKinnon, Kingston, Ont., J. Fallon, Cornwall, Ont., J. Fallon, Kingston, Ont.; a McDonald, Toronto, Ont. State Deputy John W. H. Berrone; Grand Deputies E. lan, Niagara Falls; M. S. rick, Olean; C. M. Harrison, Toronto.

Mr. Latchford's address is 1000 Front Street East, Toronto. Mr. Latchford's address is 1000 Front Street East, Toronto. Mr. Latchford's address is 1000 Front Street East, Toronto.

"This great gathering demonstrates the high esteem in which Father Fallon is held by the members of the Knights of Columbus in this Province. It is an honor for the Buffalo Council of Knights of Columbus to have Father Fallon as its chaplain and to have him confer upon me by allowing me to be present at a banquet in honor of a splendid man and a great priest."

Mr. Latchford also spoke growing divorce evil in this Province and said that through the efforts of the clergy of the Province of Ontario there were but 100 divorces granted in that Province in the year 1903. In the Dominion of Canada there were 69 divorces. "If you wish to stem the increasing divorce evil in this Province an evil that will in time ruin and desolation to your commonwealth—you will have the aid of the clergy of this Province, and especially the Catholic clergy, that helped King Edward VII. of England to stem the divorce evil of Canada. The governing divorces in our Province are so stringent that few receive them."