

ER 24, 1903  
Co. LIMITED  
S IN  
S  
Coats.  
's you are protected  
ur purchase on the  
y Carsley are sold  
c.

trimmed \$11.50  
and only \$12.70  
smart hip \$17.00  
th, fitted \$27.20

Stripes  
Offerings.  
ly to Housekeepers  
office use as well as  
with the utmost  
their Oriental beauty  
these Rugs, in the  
t wins for the East-  
hints for reference:  
\$ 6.75  
ft. 7.85  
in 9.00  
10.50  
12.00  
ft. 11.85  
13.15  
15.00  
18.00

TRIPS,  
landings, etc.—  
\$2.25  
\$3.75

FURNITURE.  
pping with the Carsley  
hen it is most wanted

back is nicely hand  
cutlery drawers (one  
\$25.00  
\$20.00  
TABLES \$11.40  
for \$2.35  
ING TABLES, golden  
d and turned legs, and  
specially worth \$14.00  
price. \$11.40

Co. LIMITED  
Street Montreal

Business  
ve Taken  
ale  
Homes,  
se stock of OTY  
E FURNISHINGS, BEAR  
are many will ex-  
al

HOUSE  
t House was  
E BUILDING,  
6 St. Catherine St.

now look here  
ay shirt that is  
hing, and clean and  
reason of all the  
that's gone through  
rop of water or soap  
ed in it, d'ye see?  
e way with me and  
all run through me  
at all the same, like  
I'm better and  
Catholic Standard

MAN FAILURE.  
of the Wagman  
hed Wednesday when  
e Marshal at Wash-  
red to seize \$1,200,  
the possession of the  
Since the claimer  
er treasurer of the  
ity amount to be  
it would seem that  
are more scared than  
ople fail in business  
sufficient assets to  
on the dollar.

# The True Witness



Vol. LIV., No. 13

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## CANADA'S GREATEST LAWYER

Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick has Stamped His Personality upon the Office of Canadian Minister of Justice.

An interesting sketch of the career of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, appears in the law journal of Boston, The Green Bag. The writer, Charles Morse, says:  
In undertaking to write the Lives of the Chancellors, Lord Campbell said that above all things his ambition was that a recital of the struggles and triumphs of many of the great lawyers of his race "should excite the young student of the law to emulation and industry, and confirm in his mind the liberal and honorable maxims which ought to govern the conduct of an English barrister." Despite the cynicism of a recent observation that every man is his own example in the twentieth century, it is somewhat of Lord Campbell's sentiment, as applicable to the profession in the New World, that influences the writer to set down briefly such of the more important facts as have come to his notice in the career of the Honorable Charles Fitzpatrick, K.C., at this time Minister of Justice for the Dominion of Canada.

While only in the prime of life, the subject of this sketch has achieved so large and withal so genuine a measure of success that his present biographer feels that while it might be well to apologize for forestalling to some extent any posthumous record of the distinguished lawyer's career, no extension will be demanded by the readers of the Green Bag in respect to their interest in this brief story of his public life.  
Charles Fitzpatrick was born in the city of Quebec, Dec. 19, 1853. After a preparatory training in the well-known Quebec Seminary, he entered Laval University, where he received the degree of B.A. He then followed the law course in his alma mater, carrying off the Governor-General's medal in his final examination for B.C.L. in 1876. In the same year he was called to the Bar of his native province. Three years later he was appointed by the Provincial Government Crown Prosecutor for the City and District of Quebec. Speaking the English and French tongues with equal facility, possessing great industry and with a natural gift of rhetoric enriched by literary studies, to which he has always been a devotee, the young advocate soon attained an assured place at nisi prius, especially in criminal cases. Speaking of him in this connection, a professional journal recently said: "To enumerate the criminal cases wherein Mr. Fitzpatrick has been engaged, whether for the prosecution or defence, would be to mention nearly every one of importance before the courts of the Province of Quebec for the last twenty years."

One of the earliest cases in which he was engaged was, in re Eno (1884, 7 L.N. 360), in which he acted for the United States Government in certain extradition proceedings taken against John C. Eno, the defaulting president of the Second National Bank of New York. In the following year he led for the defence in the cause celebre of Queen v. Louis Reil, his client being the consular agent, and indicted as the fans et origo malorum in two armed rebellions (1870-1885) of the Metis in the Canadian Northwest. His fine, though unsuccessful defence of this unhappy zealot may be regarded as the corner stone of Mr. Fitzpatrick's professional fame, for there he was not only pitted against two of the greatest advocates in the annals of the Bar, Christopher Robinson, K.C., and the late B. B. Osler, K.C., but was hampered throughout in his theory of the defence, namely, insanity, by the indignant and clever repudiation of it by the prisoner, whose amour propre was thereby wounded. Addressing the jury by permission of the court after Mr. Fitzpatrick's brilliant and forcible appeal for a verdict of acquittal, Reil said: "It would be easy for me to-day to play innuendo, because the circumstances are such as to excite any man. . . . I have this satisfaction that if I die, I will not be

repudiated by men as insane, as a lunatic. . . . My condition is helpless, so helpless that my lawyers try to prove insanity in order to save me that way. Mr. Fitzpatrick, in his beautiful speech, has proved that he believed I was insane. If I am insane, of course I don't know it."

Other defence than insanity, however, there was none; and, rejecting the theory of moral irresponsibility, the jury found the prisoner guilty of the crime of treason, for which he was subsequently executed.

Mr. Fitzpatrick was retained as counsel in some celebrated cases of a political nature which have occurred in recent years. In 1892 he successfully defended the Honorable Honore Mercier and Mr. Ernest Pacaud (both since deceased) in the prosecutions which ensued upon the fall of the Mercier Administration in the Province of Quebec. The year previous he had appeared before the Standing Committee of the House of Commons, Ottawa, as counsel for the Honorable Thomas McGreevy, who was there charged with complicity in certain frauds connected with government contracts. The proceedings before the committee in this case, resulting as they did in the resignation of a Minister of the Crown and the retirement of the former member, were in many respects the most remarkable in the history of the Dominion Parliament. In 1897 Mr. Fitzpatrick represented the Dominion Government before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in an appeal from the Supreme Court of Canada in a special case touching the property, rights and legislative jurisdiction of the Dominion of Canada and the provinces, respectively in relation to rivers, lakes, harbors and fisheries in Canada. (See 1898, A.C. 700.)

Mr. Fitzpatrick has always taken a keen interest in public life, and has proved himself a staunch supporter of the Canadian Liberal party. He entered the Quebec Legislative Assembly in 1890 as the representative of Quebec County. In 1891 he was offered the office of Attorney-General of the province, which he declined. On the formation of the Laurier Administration, following upon the defeat of the Conservative government in 1896, Mr. Fitzpatrick entered Dominion politics as Solicitor-General, and was at once assigned a foremost place in his new sphere of usefulness by members on both sides of the House of Commons, as well as by the frequenters of the galleries. The important duties of Solicitor-General, both in and out of court, were administered by him with great tact and ability; and beyond doubt the traditions of the office will bear the stamp of his personality for a long time to come. On the resignation of the Honorable David Mills, K.C., in February, 1902, Mr. Fitzpatrick was called to the Cabinet as Minister of Justice.

(Continued on Page 8.)

### SOME IRISH NOTES.

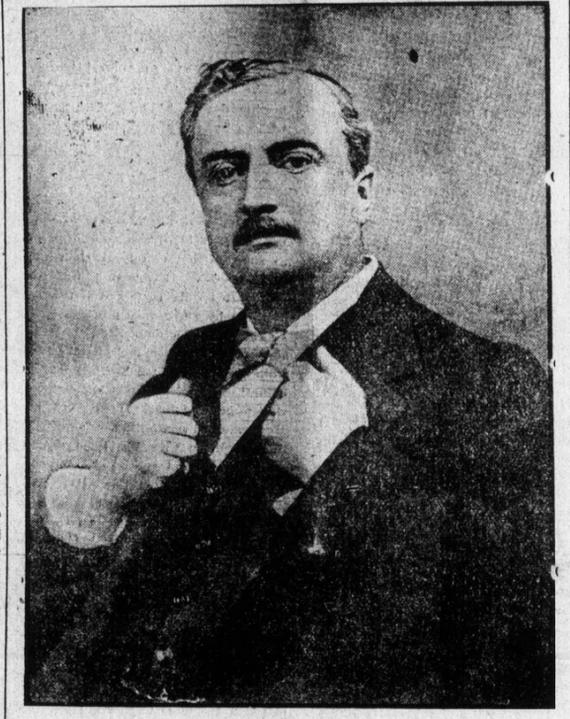
CARDINAL VANNUTELLI AND IRELAND.—The Rome correspondent of the Catholic Weekly, the newest and brightest addition to the ranks of religious journalism, says that in speaking to him on his recent visit to Ireland, Cardinal Vannutelli said: "Not one here in Italy can imagine with what utmost respect and enthusiasm I was received in all parts of Ireland. The veneration of the people of Ireland for the Holy See is so great and so deeply rooted that there is no country where the representatives of the Holy See are received with more genuine warm-hearted affection. This applies to both the clergy and the laity, from the highest to the lowest. The Irish Catholic is a true Catholic in every sense of the word."

ORANGE RUFFIANISM.—On Tuesday night, a young man named Pat-

rick Trimble, when on his way home from Coalisland, was attacked by a mob of Orangemen, who congregated every night at a place known as Doherty's Corner, and was savagely beaten. The young man was conveyed to the doctor in a weak state, and bleeding profusely from wounds on the head, believed to have been inflicted by a butt. Several attacks have been made on Catholics at this corner when on legitimate business. As the dark nights are approaching the attention of the authorities should be directed towards these mobs.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—A highly demonstrative instance of the interest taken by the people of Skreen and Dromard in the Irish language movement was shown lately, when children from the schools of the two

posed. The spectators, many of them of a sympathetic turn of mind, listen in breathless silence to the charges and the sentences. On Wednesday of this week one of the saddest sights ever witnessed in the Recorder's Court was seen. A man and wife were up on a charge of drunkenness. The family of the couple, consisting of a child in arms, and a boy and girl of two and six years respectively, were in court. Recorder Weir said it was out of the saddest cases that had come before his notice for some time. The man pleaded not guilty to the charge of drunkenness, but the woman pleaded guilty. The man and woman had been before His Honor on a similar charge, and both were remanded until later, the children in the meantime, with the exception of the infant in arms, being taken care of in



JOHN E. REDMOND.

parishes assembled to compete for prizes offered by Dr. Henry, London, for the best knowledge of the first and second books of O'Growney, repetition of prayers and elementary conversation in Irish. The examination was conducted by P. Healy, Templeloy. Twenty-one competitors put in an appearance, divided into groups—a junior and senior. During the examination were present Rev. W. Healy, Skreen, and Dromard; E. Mulligan and E. Kelly, Miss Kelly; Miss Mulligan and Miss Gilhool. In the junior division the first prize was awarded to Master Dominick Marley. The second prize was divided between Master John Marley and Miss Ceila L. Leonard. The third prize was won by Miss Mary J. Leonard. In the senior division Miss Sarah Cusack was awarded first prize. The second prize was divided between Master John Morley and Miss Ceila L. Leonard. The third prize was won by Miss Mary J. Leonard. In the senior division Miss Sarah Cusack was awarded first prize. The second prize was divided between Miss Kate R. Mulligan and Miss Kate Fitzpatrick. The third prize was won by Miss Lizzie McMunn.

### SAD SCENES IN THE COURT HOUSE

The many piteous of human life, with its tales of woe, strife and bitterness may be seen daily in the Recorder's or in the Magistrate's Court. But when the long line of unfortunate drunkards stand before the Bar, the sight is appalling. Young women of tender years, old ones whose hairs have grown white with time, the young just budding into womanhood, middle aged men, old men—all tell the same sad tale of their downfall and shame, as they stand to hear their charges read to them, and the different sentences im-

posed. Liquor, the great destroyer of social and domestic happiness, was the cause of all their trouble. And yet another case. A husband who had steady employment was before the court in connection with the arrest of his wife for drunkenness, and after a pitiful and tearful tale by the woman, it was finally agreed that she should go home and commence a new leaf. Her promises apparently were very strong and convincing, but alas! they lasted only a few hours. When the husband returned home after his hard day's work, he found the woman in conjunction with the old enemy again, and wreck, ruin and noise had taken possession of what was once a happy and prosperous home. That terrible passion for strong drink, which was productive of crime, was commented on by the Judge before sentencing to be hanged, a man found guilty of murdering his wife. And persons still drink that poison, which steals their brains away.

### Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division No. 5.

At a recent meeting of the above Branch, a resolution of condolence was ordered to be sent to the afflicted family of our most worthy Brother P. Hanley, on the death of his mother-in-law, Mrs. John Bell.

### Wedding at Quebec.

In the presence of a very large number of friends, Miss Florence Kerr was on Wednesday married in St. Patrick's Church by Rev. Father Delargy, to Mr. David Kennedy, engineer at the Examining Warehouse. A despatch from Worcester, Mass., on Thursday reported Senator Hoar in a dying condition.

## JOHN REDMOND'S MONTREAL MEETING.

English Members of Parliament Support Him. Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux Speaks on Behalf of the Premier of Canada.

Mr. John Redmond's Montreal meeting in the Windsor Hall last evening was in many respects the most striking and important of the series of successful receptions tendered the Irish leader and his fellow-envoys, Capt. Donelan, and Mr. Patrick O'Brien, M.P.'s, since their arrival in America. Not only was Mr. Redmond's address marked by passages of exceptional eloquence and interest, but the meeting itself, both in its representative character and by reason of the very distinguished gathering of British and Canadian public men who sat beside Mr. Redmond on the platform, cannot fail to prove of very great value to the cause of the Irish people.

Mayor Laporte, by presiding over the meeting and welcoming the visitors in behalf of the citizens at large, paid a graceful compliment to the Irish people of the city. And in his admirable address he struck the keynote of the meeting when he spoke of the Irish leader as a "great reformer," saying, "your generous and glorious efforts for the cause of your country, your eloquence and your ability have made your name popular not only amongst your own countrymen but amongst all those who love liberty."

Mr. Redmond, in his magnificent deliverance, caught up the lofty note Mayor Laporte had expressed, and stirred the highest enthusiasm of his hearers by his powerful tribute to democracy. "It is my experience," he said, "that the democracy of one civilized country is like the democracy of every other civilized state, composed of the whole of fair-minded, even generous-minded men"; and in the democracy of England the Irish cause has always found sympathetic support. It is not from the democracy of England we have encountered opposition, but from the aristocratic and privileged classes, who are, in the practical issue, as much opposed to the democracy of England as they are to the democracy of Ireland."

The Irish leader then went on to speak of the future of labor in Great Britain. Instead of sending a dozen labor members to the House of Commons, the labor vote of Britain, if properly organized, could control parliament. The labor representation in the House of Commons is solidly in favor of Home Rule, and there never has been a measure introduced into parliament for the improvement of the condition of the working people that has not received the united and earnest assistance of the Irish Parliamentary Party. It had been his great satisfaction, Mr. Redmond said, to receive after the last session, letters of acknowledgment of thanks from every labor organization in England.

Mr. Redmond's message to the Irish people of Montreal was confident and full of hope. Famine suffering can never visit Ireland again, coercion is dead and will never be revived, peasant proprietorship of the soil is established by law, implemented by the Imperial credit to the sum of \$560,000,000, and in ten or fifteen years landlordism will be a tradition in Ireland. The assistance of sympathizers in the United States and Canada even for the maintenance of the popular organization, the United Irish League, will not be asked again. The call to-day is for a campaign fund to fight the battle in 80 or 90 Irish constituencies and organize the Irish vote in a hundred English constituencies where it is in the position to place the balance on either side according as the candidate is disposed to promise support to Home Rule. Mr. Redmond stated his personal belief, amounting almost to a conviction, that in the immediate future an extension of self-government to Ireland will be made by the Imperial Parliament, which if not sufficient to satisfy the natural aspirations of the Irish people, will be a long stride in that direction. Be glad, he said to his hearers, that you are living in a time when the aspirations of your nation are on

the threshold of fulfilment. Montreal's response to this appeal was a subscription of \$2000, which the President of the United Irish League, Mr. M. Fitzgibbon, announced from the platform before the close of the meeting.

Two spirited addresses were made, one by Hon. Philip Stanhope, Mr. Gladstone's lieutenant in the days of the Liberal struggle for Home Rule, and Mr. Samuel Evans, both members of the British House of Commons. Mr. Stanhope said that never had he allowed a vote in favor of Ireland, whether for Home Rule or land reform, to pass, that he had not voted with the Irish party; and he expected to enjoy the privilege of voting with them before long for the Home Rule bill that parliament must concede. Mr. Evans, who represents a Welsh constituency, went further than Mr. Stanhope when he said that no vote he could be called upon to give in the House of Commons would be given with greater satisfaction than that for Home Rule to Ireland. In saying this he voiced the sympathy of the people of Wales, who are more solidly on the side of Home Rule than is Ireland herself, for whereas the representation of Ireland in Westminster is but five to one, the representatives of Wales are ten to one ardent supporters of the policy of Home Rule for Ireland. Home Rule would place Ireland in the rank of the prosperous nations of the world.

It needed but the eloquent address of Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Solicitor-General for Canada, to raise the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch, when he said he was present by request of his honored leader, the Premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to express again his sympathy, and the sympathy of his colleagues with the Irish cause, and their admiration for the Irish people in Canada and the old land. Mr. Lemieux recalled the admiration he himself had formed for Mr. Parnell, and the friendship that it was his privilege more recently to establish with Mr. Redmond and his colleagues of the Irish party; but as a Canadian Liberal he could not stand upon a public platform to raise his voice for Ireland and the Irish people, without paying tribute from his heart to Hon. Edward Blake, that giant in intellect and patriotism who, vast and valued though his services had been for Canadian Liberalism, had freely sacrificed their fruits to labor for Ireland in the ranks of her representative sons.

No wonder that Mr. Redmond, taking advantage of the opportunity to move a vote of thanks to Mayor Laporte, delivered a few passionately eloquent sentences of thanks to the representatives of the French-Canadian people who never failed to range themselves upon the side of Ireland. But he did not wonder at this, as the French and Irish come of Celtic stock, and the name and honor of France are dear to Irishmen to-day as they have ever been.

Some of those present on the platform in addition to President Fitzgibbon were: Hon. H. J. Cloran, Hon. Dr. Guerin, Hon. R. Lemieux, Hon. Dr. Sullivan, Kingston; Mr. R. Bickerdike, M.P.; Hon. N. Perreault, Rev. M. Callaghan, St. Patrick's; Rev. Father Kavanaugh, Rev. Father Donovan, Pembroke; Rev. Father Kavanaugh, Rev. Father O'Leary, Hamilton; Dr. E. J. Kennedy, Rev. J. McDonnell, Rev. J. P. Connolly, Rev. F. Cox, Rev. Father Turgeon, Rev. Father O'Reilly, Rev. J. P. Kloran, Rev. J. Rudon, Dr. Devlin, St. Patrick's Society; Rev. Brother Jerome Rev. Father Strubbe, Ald. T. J. Gorman, Ville St. Louis; W. P. Doyle, St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society; W. E. Doran, Jas. J. Costigan, Geo. Murray, J. Kenehan, James McShane, B. Tansley, John Mallon, J. Bermingham, J. Kane, N. Connolly, M. J. Morrison, H. Sullivan, F. J. Greene, P. O'Brien, W. L. Ryan, Ottawa; F. J. Curran, H. J. Trishey, J. M. McMahon, Ald. Reynolds, Quebec; D. Furlong and many others.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

A masterly sermon on "Catholic Education" was preached by Archbishop Ireland at the celebration of the golden jubilee of St. Charles Academy, Sinsinawa, Wis., the mother house of the Dominican Sisters, which took place recently.

Education! How noble is the work, how supreme its value! The child is remitted to the teacher to be formed and fashioned into the fulness of God's design—image and likeness of God.

The work of education is the complement of the work of creation: the teacher is a co-worker with Almighty God. The vocation of teacher is divine. To enter upon the work of the teacher without the intention of working with God, in obedience to the laws of God, imbedded in the primordial elements of the life of the child, is profanation and sacrilege.

The life of the soul consists of intelligence and will; the more it has of life, the more God-like it is. God is supreme intelligence and will, inasmuch as He grasps in their entirety truth and goodness; the more of truth and goodness the soul in its turn takes into its embrace, the higher it is to God—the more vividly does it reflect the image of God.

Teacher, open the mind of your pupil to truth; draw it nearer to truth; awaken in it the passion of truth; and as truth, particle after particle, enters into it, each one glowing with light, each one bearing life and power, see it taking upon itself the brilliancy of the Divine, and raising by its own impulse toward the throne of the Infinite—the home of truth, the home of the mind.

Truth is reality, and every reality is divine; for there is no other reality except God's essence and the things that God's laws have brought into existence. Wherever, then, there is reality, wherever there is truth, turn thither the mind of the child. Teach it the things of earth and the things of the skies; teach it the things of its personal life and the things of its collective life of the great humanity of which it is part. Hold back no knowledge which the mind of your pupil is able to grasp. Above all hold not back from it the knowledge of Him who is the plenitude of truth, God Himself.

How incomplete, how insufficient is the knowledge of the creature without that of the Creator—of the finite without that of the Infinite? Why limit the range of the eye to the mere ray without bidding it contemplate the planet of light? Why confine the mind to the transient and accidental without leading it to the permanent and eternal? Since the soul is to be made, through the possession of truth, the image and likeness of God, why not show to it God, that it may directly draw into itself the light and beauty of His countenance, the power of His infinite and eternal being?

Yes, teacher, open to the truth the mind of your pupil; and then train her will to love goodness to embrace it, to cling to it so steadfastly that no violence of passion can ever turn her from it. Goodness is taught else than sweetness, the attractiveness of truth, in whatever order of being truth exhibits itself. Evil is the negation of truth—physical evil, the negation of truth in the moral order; moral evil, the negation of truth in the moral order.

Constantly hold before the eyes of your pupil the mirror of goodness, that her thoughts, her affections, her acts be modeled upon the divine ideal. Constantly tell her of the loveliness of virtue, of the happiness that comes from it. Spare no effort to awaken within her soul the echo of God's voice—conscience. Strengthen her conscience by argument, strengthen it by persuasion and example. It is religion, the appeal to the Lord of righteousness, that tells what righteousness means, and what are the supreme reasons inducing us to tread its pathway. Let religion so dominate the classroom that its precepts and practices permeate the child's soul, as the air she breathes permeates her body, and become in her a very nature, throbbing with every throbbing of her heart, thinking with every thought of her mind. Only religion engrained into her very being, will enable your pupil to hold herself through life firm in the pathway of duty, however fierce the storm she may encounter.

Schools and colleges where the mind solely is cared for cannot suffice for the education of the children of the land. For the masses of those children, the home and the Sunday School do not supply the moral training refused to them in the schools and colleges. The problem facing the country is awful in its portents—what is to happen as the result of the lack of moral training in the schools and colleges frequented by the multitude of its children? They who give thought to the problem are affrighted; and well they may be. Remedies are proposed; but the sole remedy that is effective is feared and shunned—the inculcation of religion in schools and colleges. Moral training, it is admitted, should be sought; but it must be such that religion be not evoked to define and enforce its teachings. But morality without God is void of force, as it is void of sanction.

The peril of the age, the peril of America, is secularism in schools and colleges. I signalize the peril; how it is to be removed the people of the land will some day declare when the harsh lesson of facts will have forced them to realize the gravity of the situation.

To Catholics I can speak with special insistence of the necessity of religion in education. With Catholics all hopes for weal and happiness, in time and eternity are wrapped up in religion—in religion as expounded and practiced by the Catholic Church. The religious faith is the treasure, precious above all others, which they covet for themselves; the legacy, precious above all others, which they wish to dower their children.

For this reason, they should bend all their energies to give to their children a thorough Catholic education. There is no room for argument—experience teaches too clearly the lesson—nothing but the daily drill in the teachings of faith, and the assiduous breathing of an atmosphere permeated with the spirit of faith, will sink religion so deeply into the soul of the child that it must remain there through life, unaltered and unwavering.

To be a firm and uncompromising Catholic in the midst of prevailing unbelief and indifference, to retain the warmth and ardor of Catholic faith in the trying atmosphere of the irreligious world in which we live, requires the heroism of the martyr, and ardor and enthusiasm of the saint; and it is folly to think that the martyr and the saint are born of the profane and superficial religious instruction which is usually vouchsafed by parent or priest outside the Catholic school.

We can not but look with alarm to the future of religion in America, when we recall what a large fraction of children are excluded from Catholic schools, and how little is done for the religious instruction of such children. The losses to the faith will be immense unless much more is done for our little ones than is being actually done. Heretofore we have not been made to feel, as we feel to-day, how vitally important it is to attend to the religious instruction of childhood. Heretofore Catholics lived very largely of a strong inherited faith nor were they heretofore exposed to the perils which now confront them. Conditions and circumstances are altered; our plans and methods of work must be altered accordingly. If in the past we labored for children and youth, we must in the future labor for them with zeal and energy increased a hundred fold. As never before we must exhort parents to send their children to Catholic schools and colleges. The hope of the Catholic Church in America is in Catholic schools and colleges.

JAMES LOWTHER AND COL. KING-HARMAN

The Isle of Thanet, the constituency which has now become vacant by the death of Mr. James Lowther, was represented by another public man as Mr. Lowther's immediate predecessor, who was equally obnoxious to the Irish people. Mr. Lowther was returned for the Isle of Thanet on the death of the Right Hon. Col. King-Harman in 1888. Colonel King-Harman entered public life as an Irish Protestant landlord, an exponent of the policy of reconciliation of all creeds and classes, and an advocate of Home Rule for Ireland. In 1870 he actually contested the representation of the city of Dublin as "a Conservative Home Ruler."

Colonel King-Harman was returned at the general election of 1874 for Sligo in the Home Rule interest. His subsequent history can be briefly told. He was returned for the Isle of Thanet, became a subsequent drudge of the Tory party, was made a Privy Councillor, advised the Ulster Orangemen in their raids on Nationalist meetings to "keep the cartridge in the rifle."

We have reluctantly bidden good-bye to summer, summer with its beauty of bird and flower, and the emerald green of tree and leaf has given place to brilliant autumnal tints. How different are our feelings to those we had when spring was breaking into summer. Then we entertained happy expectations of what was to be when the days, so brimful of every pleasure, would be with us. Those days have come and gone, leaving nothing but a memory of delightful hours spent at seaside and mountain. Still, autumn has its compensations, for it serves as a halting place between the summer season and the braising days of our glorious Canadian winter, with the joys of snowshoeing, tobogganing, etc. As with the advent of the other seasons, fashion seems to be the leading thought, and always of the utmost importance to women. One hears on all sides: "Are you getting a new fall suit?" "How do you like the new coats?" "What way would you remodel your costume if you were me?" Apropos of all this are a few hints.

There is a great increase, this year, in the quantity of material necessary for a gown, for to make one in the latest fashion, nine or ten yards of double width material is necessary, the old-time fullness in the sleeves, skirts and bodices accounting for this.

The coats are of the bolero, the short, or about twenty-seven inches, and the long three-quarter style. The materials are smooth jerseys, finely-twilled meltons, Scotch and Irish rough-faced goods, covert cloth, and the double faced materials.

There seem to be but two distinct styles of blouse this season, the fancy ones growing more fanciful and elaborate, and the simple ones becoming more simple and useful. These latter are made with straight, plaited backs, the plaits being of the small size and arranged in clusters which hide the fastening down the centre back. It is really almost impossible to make one of the new shape blouses to look well fastening down the centre front, as the general shape and arrangement of the trimmings needs all the length and breadth possible—which, if the material were cut in the centre for the fastening, would be greatly interfered with. The sleeves of the new blouses are put in very low on the shoulder and are made with the effect of a deep cuff. On the simple blouses the cuffs are not cut in a separate portion, but the deep cuff effect is given by oversewing or taking in, in a close-fitting shape, the entire forearm portion of the sleeve. The tops of the sleeves, even below the long shoulder seams, are usually finished with clusters of tucks and runnings, these clusters being arranged in the immediate centre of the sleeves and gradually tapering off at the sides.

Very elaborate trimming is noticed on the skirts. There is no limit to ruffles and flounces. The modish skirt is much shorter even for dressy gowns. The short round walking length is very generally noticed. This style will be found exceedingly pretty in a kilted skirt.

A word about the hats. One dainty toque seen was made of ruchings of tulle and velvet, bound with double cording of black velvet. A stunning dress hat was of satin-finished felt in white, with innumerable rows of black ruchings round the crown and black ostrich tips bewitchingly placed underneath the brim. There is no predominating style. This year is a record-breaker for variety.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

The close, high cuff is an autumn feature.

Pinked ruchings are one of the trimming items.

The surprise waist is in great favor for misses' dresses.

Toes of shoes are more pointed and heels a little higher.

The high turnover collar of embroidery pleases the women with long necks.

Clever women make very pretty kimonos from their last season's lawn dresses by the addition of white or contrasting bands.

Pretty Hamburg eyelet insertions made especially for the running of ribbons through their openings are used effectively in collars.

"Why will women persist in wearing those horrid sweeping dresses on the street?" This question was asked me the other day by a man friend who had been doing some observing. Well, really it is amusing to watch the struggle of a woman who would just as soon part with her long-tailed garment as a Chinaman with his queue. Long-suffering is very often stamped on her countenance as one sees her returning from a shopping expedition laden with parcels, umbrella, and the ever-present shopping bag, trying to control that unpendant, which proves infrequently fractious. I was an eye-witness, recently, to an incident that might have had a tragic ending. A woman heavily burdened with bundles and a very long skirt attempted to board a car. Although the public grumbles if the street railway does not run on schedule time, this woman intended to be as dainty as possible mounting the awkward car steps, if she delayed the service ten minutes. She struggled with her encumbrances, and as she reached the top step wearing an intensely satisfied smile, the car started. Ye powers that be, look kindly down, for the conductor was gazed upon with all the hypnotism of the evil eye, but this only after a more or less graceful scramble under the car seat for the load of things that might never have suffered an ignominious downfall but for the long skirt which, by the way, through it all, was firmly held in a vise-like grip.

I wonder if parents realize how necessary it is to teach children just as soon as they can speak their name and address. It was only the other day that I fully appreciated this rule adopted by some wise mothers, when I came across a dear little fellow of about five years crying pitifully. Not from the information he gave me, but from his dejected appearance, I concluded he was lost. I asked him his name. He would not speak. I then enquired where he lived. After a long time, and amidst choking sobs he blurted out: "At home." Now, this was vague and the case seemed hopeless. Passers by began to take an interest in the poor little mite, each one trying (and failing) to learn his name and where he lived. I hated to leave him crying and decided to bring him to a police station. On hearing me mention the address I placed his sobs started with renewed vigor, still he confidently walked off by my side, thinking in his little heart, I suppose, that I must be his friend as I was the first to notice his distress. After walking a distance a good fortune brought me to the right street, for on coming up to a crowd of urchins one yelled out: "Baby, your mother is looking for you, and you're going to catch it." In an instant only a pair of heels was visible, for "Baby" evidently knew what "going to catch it" meant. Imagine a mother punishing a child for the consequences of her own laxity in proper training, and, further, how ridiculous are those so-called pet names. H.

Persons to be served. Put into each shell about five oysters, previously dipped in melted butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Divide the reserved juice, among the shells, place on a tin baking sheet and put in a moderately heated oven until the oysters are plump and "ruffled." Serve on dolly-covered plates, with thin brown bread and unsalted butter sandwiches.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Put a pint of cold mashed potatoes in a saucepan; add four tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a dash of pepper, a grating of nutmeg, and stir and beat until smooth and hot. Take from the fire, add the yolks of two eggs, and form into cylinder-shaped croquettes. Beat the white of one egg and add to it a tablespoonful of water; roll the croquettes in this, then in bread-crumbs, and fry in hot fat. The remaining white of egg may be used for some other dish.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Put a layer of dried bread-blocks in the bottom of a baking-dish, then a layer of stewed tomatoes, or bits of leftover raw tomatoes that are not sufficiently sightly for salads; dust over them a little chopped onion, chopped parsley, salt and pepper, another layer of bread-blocks, tomatoes, seasoning, and another layer of bread-blocks; put here and there a bit of butter, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

PUMPKIN FRITTERS.—Take a pint of cooled and mashed pumpkin, add about one cupful of cream or milk, two eggs beaten separately, a little flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop from a spoon into boiling fat.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.—Mix well one pound of pulverized sugar with the whites of six eggs beaten stiff; add half a pound of sweet chocolate, grated fine, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Drop in buttered tins and bake in a slow oven.

QUINCE CHIPS.—Pare, quarter and core nine ripe quinces; cut each quarter into thin slices; weigh, and to each pound allow a pound of sugar. Put the quince chips in a porcelain-lined kettle, cover with boiling water, boil rapidly for ten minutes and drain. This water may be saved for flavoring apple sauce or other dishes. Put the quince-chips back in the porcelain-lined kettle with the sugar, add half a cupful of water, cover the kettle, and stand it on the back part of the stove where the sugar will slowly melt, and then cook the quinces until they are dark red and transparent. Lift each piece with a skimmer and place on a sieve to dry. When dry roll in granulated sugar and put aside to use as a sweet-meat.

GRABAPPLE JELLY.—Wash and core sufficient crabapples to make four pounds; put them in a porcelain-lined kettle with two quarts of cold water; bring to boiling point, cook for twenty minutes; drain in the jelly-bag for two or three hours. Measure the liquid; to each pint allow half a pound of sugar. Put the syrup in a porcelain-lined kettle, put the sugar in a pan in the oven; boil the syrup for ten minutes, add the sugar, boil for about two minutes, and it will then be ready to put in jelly-tumblers.

CHICKEN A LA CREME.—Boil a four-pound chicken until tender; when cold remove the skin and cut the flesh into blocks. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour in the chafing dish; mix with one pint of milk; stir until the sauce thickens; add the chicken, a level teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and, if you have it, a teaspoonful of soy; stir until the chicken is thoroughly covered with the sauce. Heat, and serve from the dish.

POACHED OYSTERS IN SHELLS.—For this delectable dish select large, juicy oysters, drain them, reserving the juice, and dry in a napkin. Butter as many table shells as there are

persons to be served. Put into each shell about five oysters, previously dipped in melted butter, sprinkle with salt, pepper, lemon juice and Worcestershire sauce. Divide the reserved juice, among the shells, place on a tin baking sheet and put in a moderately heated oven until the oysters are plump and "ruffled." Serve on dolly-covered plates, with thin brown bread and unsalted butter sandwiches.

POTATO CROQUETTES.—Put a pint of cold mashed potatoes in a saucepan; add four tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, half a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a dash of pepper, a grating of nutmeg, and stir and beat until smooth and hot. Take from the fire, add the yolks of two eggs, and form into cylinder-shaped croquettes. Beat the white of one egg and add to it a tablespoonful of water; roll the croquettes in this, then in bread-crumbs, and fry in hot fat. The remaining white of egg may be used for some other dish.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Put a layer of dried bread-blocks in the bottom of a baking-dish, then a layer of stewed tomatoes, or bits of leftover raw tomatoes that are not sufficiently sightly for salads; dust over them a little chopped onion, chopped parsley, salt and pepper, another layer of bread-blocks, tomatoes, seasoning, and another layer of bread-blocks; put here and there a bit of butter, and bake in a quick oven for twenty minutes.

PUMPKIN FRITTERS.—Take a pint of cooled and mashed pumpkin, add about one cupful of cream or milk, two eggs beaten separately, a little flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop from a spoon into boiling fat.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.—Mix well one pound of pulverized sugar with the whites of six eggs beaten stiff; add half a pound of sweet chocolate, grated fine, and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Drop in buttered tins and bake in a slow oven.

QUINCE CHIPS.—Pare, quarter and core nine ripe quinces; cut each quarter into thin slices; weigh, and to each pound allow a pound of sugar. Put the quince chips in a porcelain-lined kettle, cover with boiling water, boil rapidly for ten minutes and drain. This water may be saved for flavoring apple sauce or other dishes. Put the quince-chips back in the porcelain-lined kettle with the sugar, add half a cupful of water, cover the kettle, and stand it on the back part of the stove where the sugar will slowly melt, and then cook the quinces until they are dark red and transparent. Lift each piece with a skimmer and place on a sieve to dry. When dry roll in granulated sugar and put aside to use as a sweet-meat.

GRABAPPLE JELLY.—Wash and core sufficient crabapples to make four pounds; put them in a porcelain-lined kettle with two quarts of cold water; bring to boiling point, cook for twenty minutes; drain in the jelly-bag for two or three hours. Measure the liquid; to each pint allow half a pound of sugar. Put the syrup in a porcelain-lined kettle, put the sugar in a pan in the oven; boil the syrup for ten minutes, add the sugar, boil for about two minutes, and it will then be ready to put in jelly-tumblers.

CHICKEN A LA CREME.—Boil a four-pound chicken until tender; when cold remove the skin and cut the flesh into blocks. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour in the chafing dish; mix with one pint of milk; stir until the sauce thickens; add the chicken, a level teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and, if you have it, a teaspoonful of soy; stir until the chicken is thoroughly covered with the sauce. Heat, and serve from the dish.

GRABAPPLE JELLY.—Wash and core sufficient crabapples to make four pounds; put them in a porcelain-lined kettle with two quarts of cold water; bring to boiling point, cook for twenty minutes; drain in the jelly-bag for two or three hours. Measure the liquid; to each pint allow half a pound of sugar. Put the syrup in a porcelain-lined kettle, put the sugar in a pan in the oven; boil the syrup for ten minutes, add the sugar, boil for about two minutes, and it will then be ready to put in jelly-tumblers.

CHICKEN A LA CREME.—Boil a four-pound chicken until tender; when cold remove the skin and cut the flesh into blocks. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour in the chafing dish; mix with one pint of milk; stir until the sauce thickens; add the chicken, a level teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, and, if you have it, a teaspoonful of soy; stir until the chicken is thoroughly covered with the sauce. Heat, and serve from the dish.

POACHED OYSTERS IN SHELLS.—For this delectable dish select large, juicy oysters, drain them, reserving the juice, and dry in a napkin. Butter as many table shells as there are

CREAMED HASHED POTATOES.—Chop cold boiled potatoes rather fine; season them with salt and pepper; fill them in a baking-dish, pour over sufficient good milk or cream to just cover, and put in a quick oven until nicely browned.

TIMELY HINTS.

It is an easy matter to wash a white sweater if economical reasons prevent the garment from being sent to the cleaners. Make a warm suds with caustic soap shaved fine, or made into a jelly with boiling water and a little borax. Plunge the sweater in and allow it to soak for a few minutes. Squeeze it with the hands under water, but do not rub unless there is an obstinate spot, and, of course, rub no soap directly on the wool. If the sweater is much soiled two soapy waters will be necessary. Have both waters and the rinsing waters exactly the same temperature, using a bath thermometer if there is doubt. Shape the sweater and dry in warm, airy room.

Ever-tidy housekeepers, who insist upon a daily airing of their rooms, seldom extend this attention to their closets. Clothes-presses, especially those containing garments but seldom worn, should be visited with light and air daily, if only for five minutes. Instead of inviting the nimble moth to take up its abode therein, it will really aid in the detection and expulsion of such as have already established themselves.

To clean windows and mirrors, tie up some finely-powdered whiting in a small piece of muslin. Dab it over the glass thoroughly. Next smear it evenly with a damp rag, and let it remain until perfectly dry, then rub it off with a lather. This is an easy clean and thorough plan. If alcohol is used instead of water, it will dry in much less time and polishes the glass better. The corners of the window-panes should receive particular attention; they are too often left dirty, and spoil the appearance of the window.

Squares of heavy white cotton fitted to windows where plants are kept, made long enough to come well above the middle of the sash and extend below the sill, and of sufficient width to cover the side mouldings, are of inestimable service in keeping out the cold of winter nights and the sun of summer days.

Before putting plants in a wooden box whitewash the inside of the box. This prevents the box from rotting, keeps the earth sweet, and decreases the probability of insects injuring the plants.

Do not use all of your old organdy or Swiss gown for a new set of bureau trimmings, but use the largest pieces of the skirt for a silk-waist protector. These covers or protectors are made like a blouse, several sizes larger than your dress waist, and are splendid to slip over a light-colored waist when you hang it away in your closet.

AUTUMN.

(John B. Tabb in SS. Times.)

Now that the birds are gone That sang the summer through, And now that, one by one, The leaves are going too, Is all their beauty but a show To fade forever when they go?

Nay, what is heard and seen, In time must pass away. But beauty, born within— The blossom of a day, Unto its hiding-place again Retires, forever to remain.

When thou wish to give thyself delight, think of the excellence of those who live with thee; for instance, of the energy of one, the modesty of another, the liberal kindness of a third.—Marcus Aurelius

DO NOT BUY TRASHY GOODS AT ANY PRICE.

Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate Are the Best. Notice the Name on them

At a moment when the civilized world is contending with the struggle going on in the East, it is a glorious privilege to recall that the country was closely connected with the Order of the

The Japanese mission is sent, in the care of the "Missions strangers," in Paris, but in the century it was a glorious blood-stained battle-field, and Augustinians, and Dominicans, labored side by side, with equal

There are, in the whole of the Catholic Church, few inspiring than those who related the sufferings of the Christians and their past these glorious records of the St. Dominic are worthily Seventeen religious of twelve of whom were priestly-brothers; twenty-two men and women, and six of the Confraternity sary, were beatified by IX, on July 7, 1867, to fifty-five other martyrs, of different Order

The mission of Japan founded by St. Francis though, according to certain, the Christian when and by whom it is say, to have penetrated country before the sixteenth century. However, only vague traces remained of these pioneers of Christianity, Francis Xavier's mission extraordinarily successful, short space of two years, two months, he established settlements in the petty kingdoms of Bungo, Coxogonia, Fir Amanguchi; among his many nobles and statesmen thousands of the lower classes the subsequent history of the Church in Japan proves on what solid basis the work that seemed to be accomplished in an increment

As our readers know, of Japan is made up of number of islands; the missionaries first landed on it was divided into six states, governed by rule the title of King. These tentates possessed a certain independence but they were the Emperor whose power gradually increased by the many of the smaller states over his tributaries. The Emperor generally inclined to persecute the Christians, the vicereigns followed their against their better instincts. The religion of the Japanese, idolatry, and their bonzes enjoyed considerable influence. The character of the to be, in many ways, Pere Charlevoix, whose Christianity in Japan, work on the subject, intelligence, energy and courage of the natives, fessed the utmost content and suffering; nowhere of more refined barbarity force the Christians to a where, also, did men, even little children meet more joyful enthusiasm.

One of the last acts of Xavier was to send a suit missionaries to Japan rapidly did Christianity that, in 1576, not thirty the visit of St. Francis church was opened at allowed in quick succession a university, a novitiate, a seminary. In 1582, the princes of Japan sent the Pope, and their envoys whom were of royal birth, received with due honor, Gregory XIII., then by Sixtus V. This flourishing state could not last forever; it all the received tradition Catholic Church that the ment of the true faith place without exciting the of the powers of evil, as last nineteen years the martyrs has been the throughout the world, foundations of every new strong and secure.

The Emperor, Talco-Su annexing a large number of states, had considered his power, was at her

# SOME DOMINICAN MARTYRS.

At a moment when the attention of the civilized world is centered on the struggle going on in the Far East, between Russia and Japan, it seems fitting to recall that the latter country was closely connected in the past with the Order of Preachers.

The Japanese mission is, at present, in the care of the priests of the "Missions étrangères," a congregation of missionaries whose seminary is in Paris, but in the seventeenth century it was a glorious and often blood-stained battle-field, where Jesuits and Augustinians, Franciscans and Dominicans, labored and died, side by side, with equal heroism.

There are, in the whole history of the Catholic Church, few pages more inspiring than those where are related the sufferings of the Japanese Christians and their pastors; and in these glorious records the children of St. Dominic are worthily represented. Seventeen religious of the Order, twelve of whom were priests and five lay-brothers; twenty-two tertiaries, men and women, and sixty-four members of the Confraternity of the Rosary, were beatified by Pope Pius IX, on July 7, 1867, together with ninety-five other martyrs, priests, religious of different Orders, and laymen.

The mission of Japan was really founded by St. Francis Xavier, although, according to certain traditions, the Christian faith seems, when and by whom it is difficult to say, to have penetrated into the country before the sixteenth century. However, only vague and shadowy traces remained of these unknown pioneers of Christianity, but St. Francis Xavier's mission was extraordinarily successful. In the short space of two years and two months, he established Christian settlements in the petty kingdoms of Bungo, Coxogonia, Firando and Amanguchi; among his converts were many nobles and statesmen, besides thousands of the lower classes, and the subsequent history of the Catholic Church in Japan sufficiently proves on what solid basis was built the work that seemed to have been accomplished in an incredibly short time.

As our readers know, the Empire of Japan is made up of a large number of islands; when the missionaries first landed on its shores, it was divided into sixty-six small states, governed by rulers who bore the title of King. These local potentates possessed a certain independence but they were the vassals of an Emperor whose power was gradually increased by the absorption of many of the smaller states. His influence over his tributaries was considerable, and the Emperors, being generally inclined to suspect and persecute the Christians, the unwise sovereigns followed their lead, often against their better instincts.

The religion of the Japanese was idolatry, and their bonzes, or priests, enjoyed considerable influence. The character of the people seems to be, in many ways, attractive. Pere Charlevoix, whose "History of Christianity in Japan," is a standard work on the subject, praises the intelligence, energy and dauntless courage of the natives. They professed the utmost contempt for death and suffering; nowhere were tortures of more refined barbarity invented to force the Christians to apostasy; nowhere, also, did men, women and even little children meet death with more joyful enthusiasm.

One of the last acts of St. Francis Xavier was to send a body of Jesuit missionaries to Japan, and so rapidly did Christianity increase that, in 1578, not thirty years after the visit of St. Francis, a large church was opened at Meaco, followed in quick succession by a college, a university, a novitiate and a seminary. In 1582, the Christian princes of Japan sent an embassy to the Pope, and their envoys, two of whom were of royal birth, were received with due honor, first by Gregory XIII., then by Sixtus V.

This flourishing state of things could not last forever; it is against all the received traditions of the Catholic Church that the establishment of the true faith should take place without exciting the opposition of the powers of evil, and for the last nineteen years the blood of martyrs has been the cement that, throughout the world, makes the foundations of every new-born Church strong and secure.

The Emperor, Taico-Sama, who, by annexing a large number of the minor states, had considerably increased his power, was at heart an athe-

ist and looked upon the bonzes and their empty forms of religion with contempt. From motives of policy he strove at first to conciliate the Christians, but his toleration quickly turned into hatred whenever Christianity interfered with his despotic authority or opposed his evil passions.

Thus the rash speech of a Spanish sailor, who represented the missionaries as political emissaries sent to Japan by the sovereigns of Europe, was, in great measure, the cause of the persecution during which six Franciscans, three Japanese Jesuits, and seventeen laymen gained the martyr's crown, on February 5, 1597. These glorious confessors—among whom were tiny children whose baby voices sang the "Laudate pueri" with an enthusiasm above their years—were beatified in 1627 and canonized in 1862. A full then took place in the persecution. Taico-Sama died in 1598, leaving an infant son under the guardianship of a tributary prince, Daifusama, who, ere long, usurped the imperial dignity. The missionaries, taking advantage of the comparative peace and freedom that they then enjoyed, were indefatigable in their efforts to spread the faith; in the space of one year, 1604, 5500 natives were baptized, and there were, at that period, throughout the country 750,000 Christians.

The sons of St. Dominic had, by this time, taken their place in this noble band of workers. In 1602, five religious of the Order sailed from the Philippine Islands and landed in Japan. They were under the direction of a future martyr, Father Francis Morales, who had the title of Vicar Provincial. The King of Satsuma, in whose dominions they landed, seemed favorably impressed by their holy lives, and, although he was evidently held back by fear of displeasing the native priests, he ended by allowing them to build a chapel in the little island of Kosigi.

From thence some of the Fathers carried the Faith into the neighboring states, and in 1609, one of them—Joseph of St. Hyacinth—built in the imperial city of Meaco, a chapel dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary; but another persecution, far more violent than the first, was close at hand. Its severity was such that the once flourishing Church of Japan was literally drowned in blood, and, to all appearances, the Christian religion that had taken so firm a hold of the people, was stamped out of the country.

In 1612, an English Protestant captain, named William Adams, who enjoyed the confidence of the Emperor Daifusama, prompted by his hatred for Catholic priests and by his national animosity towards Spain, persuaded the sovereign that the Spanish and Portuguese religious were sent to Japan to prepare the way for the fleets of their respective navies. The result of these mischievous insinuations was speedily felt; an edict was issued ordering the missionaries to be expelled and their churches destroyed; as for the native Christians, they were to be given their choice between death and apostasy. Daifusama did not long survive this measure; he died in 1615, leaving his throne and his persecuting spirit to his son Xogun. Many causes combined just then to render the position of the Japanese Christians and their teachers extremely precarious; hitherto, the commerce between Portugal and Japan had been a source of considerable profit to the latter country, and the Emperor feared that any excess of cruelty towards the priests, many of whom were Portuguese, might irritate their sovereign; but under the reign of Daifusama the merchants of England and Holland came to Japan, and by rendering the country independent of the Portuguese, in a commercial point of view, they deprived the missionaries of the moral support that had hitherto been their safeguard in a certain measure. Moreover, these English and Dutch traders were, as a rule, fanatical heretics whose influence over the Emperor was most detrimental to Catholic interests.

Many of the minor potentates were sincerely attached to the missionaries—some of them were Christians at heart—but the Emperor's example proved stronger than their convictions and, from policy or fear, they often lent their support to the persecutors of the Church.

The Japanese Christians met persecution and death with extraordinary courage. They were not merely

resigned to suffer and to die; their enthusiasm was unbounded; even little children shouted with joy when they heard the fatal sentence! Their pastors encouraged them in the path of self-sacrifice by their example even more than by their teaching, and it is touching to notice how Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans and Augustinians vied with one another in heroic deeds!

Among the first victims of the persecution, the Order of Preachers has a worthy representative in Blessed Alphonso Navarrette, who stands at the head of the two hundred confessors, beatified by Pius IX in 1867. He was by birth a Spaniard; in 1598, at the age of twenty-seven, he was sent to the Philippine Islands and, in 1611, at his earnest desire, he was allowed to join his brethren in Japan.

During six years he labored day and night in the service of his beloved converts; one of his favorite occupations was to rescue the deserted children, who, according to the barbarous customs of the country, were laid on the roadside by their parents when the latter were poor, or unwilling to support their offspring. Father Navarrette, the "St. Vincent de Paul of Japan," was filled with compassion for these poor little waifs and strays; he spent much time and care in seeking for them and in providing for their moral and material welfare. After baptizing them, he generally gave them in charge of some Christian family where they were kindly and religiously brought up.

Only a few hours before his martyrdom, he wrote to beg his brethren to continue the work; the last earthly thought of the servant of God was for the little creatures, so many of whom owed their lives and their salvation to his charity.

When the Emperor Xogun began to persecute the Christians, Father Navarrette expressed his wish to hasten to Omura, where unusually severe measures had been taken against the faithful. A Jesuit, Father Tavora, and a Franciscan, Father Peter of the Assumption, had just been put to death, and our hero felt an irresistible longing to fill their vacant places and to comfort, by his presence, the stricken Christians. Before yielding to this generous impulse he prayed long and earnestly to know God's will, and, at last, with his superior's permission he started for the post of danger. An Augustinian, Ferdinand of St. Joseph, and a Japanese interpreter, named Paul, accompanied him, being fully aware of the risk they ran.

The three left Nagasaki in May, 1617; at the last moment a Japanese, named Gregory, in whose house Father Navarrette was living, insisted upon being of the party; after four days' journey the missionaries arrived at Nangoia, a small port, where they were to embark for Omura. The Christians of the place surrounded the priests, both of whom wore their religious habit, and insisted on receiving the Sacraments at their hands. It was evening and the missionaries were busily employed in hearing confessions, when a party of soldiers landed and informed them that they were to be immediately arrested and conveyed by sea to Omura. The two religious cheerfully followed their captors, and their companions, Paul and Gregory, refused to be parted from their pastors. They protested that by the help they had tendered to the missionaries they had disobeyed the laws of the country, and deserved punishment. The other Christians of the place were no less eager to follow, and the soldiers had to repulse, by main force, these ardent candidates for martyrdom. Finally, the Christians, being forbidden to enter the same boat as prisoners, insisted on following them to the little island of Usuxinea, where the execution was to take place, but so great was the number of boats, all bearing the principal Christians of the country, that the soldiers, unwilling to put the prisoners to death in the presence of a large crowd of sympathizers, sought a more solitary spot. Three times they removed their captives from one island to another, but their escort, far from diminishing, became more numerous. At last, Blessed Alphonso Navarrette having remonstrated with his guards upon their reluctance to execute their orders, they determined to put an end to this curious and pathetic procession: the two religious and a young Japanese Christian named Leo were told to prepare for death. Ferdinand of St. Joseph was the first to fall, then came the turn of our brave Dominican. In his hands he held his Rosary and a rough cross that one of the bystanders had made for him with two pieces of wood. Three times the sword struck him before he was beheaded, but, at last, he fell, his white robe stained

with the crimson glory of martyrdom.

It was the first of June, 1617. Curiously enough, the four martyrs of Omura, who were executed in the same district within a few weeks of each other, represented the four religious orders whose members were then evangelizing Japan: John Baptist Tavora was a Jesuit; Peter of the Assumption, a Franciscan; Ferdinand of St. Joseph, an Augustinian and Alphonso Navarrette, a Dominican.

The martyrdom of their leaders, far from discouraging the native Christians, seemed, on the contrary, to fire them with enthusiasm. A Protestant historian, Engelbert Kaempfer, states that, although in 1590, during the first persecution, 20,570 Christians suffered for the faith, yet, during the following year, when the churches were closed and persecution was raging, the Jesuits alone made 12,000 converts. The same contempt for death and fidelity to the religion they had embraced were displayed by the faithful of Japan during the second and still more barbarous persecution under the Emperor Xogun.

The Christians of Nagasaki founded among themselves an association, the object of which was to prepare for martyrdom. Its members were bound by a written promise to suffer any torture and death itself rather than abandon the Christian faith, and also procure, if possible, an honorable burial to those who were put to death for the sake of their religion. A similar association was established among the women and another among the children. The leading spirit of this new crusade was Andrew Tocuan, a noble Japanese, the son of the Governor of Nagasaki, who, with his wife, Mary, is a splendid specimen of heroic Christianity.

It was in the house of Andrew Tocuan at Nagasaki, that during five years, Father Francis Morales, Vicar Provincial of the Dominican missionaries, found an asylum. The long services, noble character, great holiness and glorious death of this illustrious son of St. Dominic give him a prominent position among his brethren.

He was born at Madrid in 1567, and in 1598 sailed for the Philippine Islands, together with a band of other missionaries. He was made Prior of the Convent of Manila, and, in 1602, to his intense joy, was appointed to accompany, as Provincial, the first Dominican missionaries who were sent to Japan. During several years he labored for Christ in the kingdom of Satsuma, where he made many converts; in 1609, he removed to Nagasaki, where a large number of his neophytes accompanied him; the presence of the Portuguese merchants who lived in the town seemed, at one time, to insure to the native Christians more freedom in the practice of their religion and, for this reason, many of them were induced to settle there. In the end, however, the persecution raged as fiercely at Nagasaki as elsewhere, and the hills that surrounded the city became a glorious arena where many martyrs gained their crown.

In 1619, when the persecution started by the Emperor Xogun was at its height, Father Alphonso de Mena, a Dominican, was arrested at Nagasaki, on the 14th of March, and only a few days afterwards it became known to the authorities that Father Morales was concealed under the roof of Andrew Tocuan.

On account of the high rank of his hosts, the Father's arrest was surrounded by much ceremony, and the elaborate politeness of his captors reads strangely enough, when we compare it to the atrocious cruelties practiced by the Japanese on their prisoners.

We are told that the soldiers who were commissioned to take the Father seemed full of regret and confusion, and begged their prisoner's forgiveness: "My friends, you are welcome," replied the religious, "you could give me no greater pleasure than to make me a prisoner for the sake of Jesus Christ." He requested leave to put on the white habit of his Order, which, from motives of prudence, he had not worn since the persecution began, and, dressed in the livery of St. Dominic, with a sweet and smiling countenance, he followed his guards. Andrew Tocuan and several neophytes were commanded to accompany their pastor. Father Morales and Father de Mena remained some days only in the prison of Nagasaki; they were subsequently transferred to another prison some miles distant, and, at the end of five months, they were removed to Omura; here, in a narrow space, closely huddled together and treated with the utmost cruelty, they found a goodly number of confessors and future martyrs. Among the Dominicans were, in addition to the two newcomers, Father Thomas of the Holy Ghost, Father Angelo Or-

succi, Father Thomas of the Rosary, a Japanese, who on approaching the prison sang the psalm "Laudate Dominum," the joyful canticle of praise being taken up by the captives within; Father John Martinez, Father Orland, Father Angelo Mangariki; two tertiaries, Brothers Manccio and Paul Mangaxi. All these spent either two, three, four or even five years in confinement. With them were many tertiaries and associates of the Rosary, nine Franciscans and two Jesuits, with seven novices of the Society.

One of the two Jesuit prisoners was Father Charles Spinola, of an illustrious Italian family, and as remarkable for his holiness and charity as for his unusual gifts of intellect.

The prison, where the confessors spent many weary months and even years, was truly a place of horror. Pere Charlevoix tells us that it was formed of thick wooden bars, placed close together; it had no roof, so the captives were exposed alternately to the scorching rays of the sun, and torrents of rain and whirl gusts. It was surrounded by a strong palisade guarded by soldiers, but the prisoners were seldom, if ever, permitted to leave the wooden building, where as many as thirty-three human beings were so closely packed that it was impossible for them to lie down. It is easier to imagine than to describe the filth and misery of this horrible place; its inmates were scantily fed and clothed, and many of them during the space of four years never changed their clothes and linen.

They were able, however, in an almost miraculous manner, and with the help of the Christians who visited them, to have Mass frequently, and Father Spinola writes to his brethren, that, since he is able to offer the Holy Sacrifice, his prison has become a paradise. The letters of Father Morales breathe the same spirit; "I beg one thing of God, that I may leave this prison only to shed my blood for His Name. \* \* \* I would not change my present abode, which seems to me a magnificent palace, for the most splendid dwelling." Father de Mena dates his letter thus: "From my blessed prison, which is my paradise," and Father Angelo Orsucci writes: "All is well; I am in prison for Jesus my Love, and I hope to give my life for Him." Father Joseph of St. Hyacinth, also a Dominican, who had succeeded Father Morales as Provincial, was the last to join this heroic band: "The aspect of this prison is repulsive," he writes, "but I would not exchange it for the finest palace. I have chosen this prison for my paradise in this world, and I beg the Mother of God and the Saints to offer my thanks to the Divine Goodness for placing me here."

The prisoners had drawn out a rule of life; each one of the priests assumed in turn for a week the office of Superior, and the day was divided between prayer, meditation and spiritual conferences. But, although heavenly peace and a perfect union of mind and heart reigned among the captives, the hardships of their prolonged imprisonment proved fatal to several: A Franciscan, a Jesuit lay brother, and a Dominican, Father John Martinez, died of want and misery.

The body of the latter was burnt by the pagans, but Father Morales was able to rescue his bones and to send them to the Dominicans of Manila with the following beautiful letter: "I am sending to the Father Provincial the bones of our good companion, Father John of St. Dominic. \* \* \* Here, we are all jealous of him for having gone before us and having already died for Jesus Christ. But we trust that, ere long, we shall have the same fate. It is said that they will not let us leave this place alive, and that they are going to kill us; we live as if the sword were hanging over our heads." The sword alluded to was about to fall, and the martyr's crown, so earnestly prayed for by the brave confessors, was to be theirs at last.

The 10th of September, 1622, is a memorable day in the history of the Christian Church in Japan; fifty-two martyrs of every rank and age, religious and laymen, women and children, laid down their lives for Christ with an enthusiasm that has seldom been equalled and never surpassed in the annals of the Church; this wholesale execution is known as the "great martyrdom." It took place on a hill outside Nagasaki, close to the spot that, twenty-five years before, had been sanctified by the sacrifice of the first martyrs of Japan.

The prisoners of Omura were informed that the Emperor had decided to put several of them to death at the same time as a certain number of Christian prisoners, who were at that time detained in the prisons of Nagasaki. The chosen few

received the news with exceeding joy, and on September 9th, they were released from their lonesome prison and taken by sea to a small port, whence they proceeded on horseback to the place of sacrifice. Over forty thousand persons, the majority of whom were Christians, waited by the roadside to see them pass. Many of these were on their knees, and, heedless of the risk they ran, they begged the blessing of the future martyrs.

On reaching the isolated mount, where, close to the sea, rose their Calvary, our confessors were told that they must wait for the arrival of their fellow-sufferers, the prisoners from Nagasaki. At the end of about an hour, the sound of singing was heard, and a solemn procession was seen winding up the hillside: at its head, carrying a banner, was a Dominican tertiary, Mary de Fingo; behind her walked a group of men and women belonging to the noblest families in Japan. The women came first; many of them were tertiaries. Agnes was a martyr's widow; Catherine de Fingo was Prioress of the Confraternity of the Rosary; Tecla led by the hand her son, aged seven; Isabel Fernandez was with her little boy, Ignatius; Mary Tocuan, the former hostess of Father Morales, was carried to martyrdom in a litter. The men came next; many of them were tertiaries of St. Dominic or St. Francis and associates of the Rosary; one carried his baby boy, aged two years; all wore singing the psalm, "Laudate," and the heavenly enthusiasm that shone in their earnest countenances and in their eyes raised to heaven, moved even the soldiers to tears.

Full of emotion was the meeting between the two companies of martyrs: Mary Tocuan knelt to receive the blessing of Father Morales, whom she had not seen for three years: "Where is my little Paul?" asked the venerable religious, remembering the baby whom he had baptized when he was a guest in the Tocuan's house at Nagasaki. "He is where you and I will soon be," was the mother's reply. "God took him from me and placed him in heaven."

Father Spinola was greeted by one of his penitents, Isabel Fernandez, whose husband had died for the faith, and whose baby boy, born on the feast of St. Ignatius, had been called after the founder of the Society of Jesus: "What has become of Ignatius?" inquired the religious. "Here he is, Father," replied Isabel, raising the boy in her arms. "I would not deprive him of the only happiness I was able to procure him. \* \* \* My son," she added, turning to the child, "this is the Father who baptized thee; ask his blessing." —The Countess de Courson in Rosary Magazine.

## FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE

At the Vatican the feeling of confidence that the conflict which has arisen between France and the Holy See will have an issue favorable to the latter has considerably increased. The complete submission of the Bishops of Dijon and Laval has much reassured the Pope, not only from the point of view of his personal influence, but particularly from the point of view of the discipline and unity of the Church in France. M. Combes' last speech is interpreted at the Vatican as a proof of the difficulty in which the Combes ministry would find itself if it attempted to push matters to extremes. The Pope certainly prefers a cordial and equitable separation of Church and State in France to the tyrannical application of the Concordat. Moreover, the latter could scarcely survive the present conflict even if a new Ministry were to replace that of M. Combes.

## THE IRISH LANGUAGE IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

According to a London paper, a sermon in the Irish language will be delivered at the Westminster Cathedral on St. Patrick's day. This will be in connection with a special religious celebration of the Irish National Festival on an unusual large scale, for which arrangements are already being made. Archbishop Bourne has signified his intention to preside at a grand Pontifical High Mass in the Westminster Cathedral, and the celebrant of the Mass, it is expected, will be the Right Rev. Patrick Fenton, D.D., Bishop of Armagh. So far as the rubric will permit, the hymns will be in Irish, as well as the sermon. The Irish Parliamentary Party will attend in full strength, and a number of Irish gentlemen, headed by the Hon. William Gibson, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, will wear ancient Irish costume. Notable Irishmen from abroad have already signified their intention to be present.

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle, IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. COMPANY, 2 Busby Street, Montreal, Canada, P. O. Box 1138.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—City of Montreal (delivered) \$1.50; other parts of Canada, \$1.00; United States, \$1.00; Newfoundland, \$1.00; Great Britain, Ireland and France, \$1.50; Belgium, Italy, Germany and Australia, \$2.00. Terms, payable in advance.

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



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1.

To the public:

Beyond acknowledging many expressions of encouragement on the part of friends in Montreal and elsewhere, the True Witness, under a new management, has no special announcement to make. The merit and usefulness of this paper in reflecting the opinion of the English-speaking Catholics of the Province of Quebec shall be its sole public claim.

An experienced staff of Montreal writers has been engaged to turn out a good weekly newspaper, and a review of the topics of the day from a Canadian and Catholic standpoint.

In addition we intend to give generous space every week to the discussion of matters concerning home life and the interests of our children. These departments will be specially conducted.

Our policy is stated in a word—the duty of the Catholic journalist to faith and country. The proper discharge of this duty, without ascription towards those who differ from us, but with fearlessness on all occasions, is, we hope, a mission well worthy of the support of the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and Quebec Province.

HOME RULE AT HAND.

It is not alone the confident ring of Mr. John Redmond's speech on Wednesday evening that gives assurance to the friends of Home Rule. All the signs of the times are of success in the near future. One amazing indication that achievement is almost at hand is seen in the scheme fathered by the Irish landlords who alone are represented in the Irish Reform Association. Mr. Redmond has not analyzed the report just published by this body, nor is it necessary that he should, seeing that the landlords are obviously at pains only to retain some bulwarks of the old ascendancy. But, as Mr. Redmond well says, the significant thing is that the landlords are taking a hand in the actual construction of a Home Rule bill.

Another indication comes from that sleepless enemy of Ireland and the Irish people, The Times. The organ of Pigott, which has for years been congratulating itself that Home Rule is dead, has suddenly waked up to find it a live issue. Not as the landlords, however, does The Times face the facts. The landlords, after all, are Irish, and beyond their desire to maintain as much as they can of their former sway, can have no natural or logical objection to Home Rule. But The Times is not Irish. It is anti-Irish and blindly opposed to national self-government for the sister island. It turns to Englishmen now to arouse them, if possible. This is the appeal it makes:

"Yet it may be possible, if we are to judge from utterances and appeals in some unexpected quarters, to find Unionist electors, on the next dissolution, pressed to vote for candidates identified with a Home Rule policy. There is ample warning, at the same time, that, if public opinion is not on its guard, it may find unpleasant surprises in store for it. We have a strong conviction that the nation is not more inclined now than it was ten years ago to 'cantonalise' the Monarchy—as Sir William Petty aptly put it, near the close of the seventeenth century—in the vain hope of satisfying sectional and separatist aspirations. But the lessons which were mastered in the long contro-

sy over Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bills seem to have been somewhat blunted by time." Rabid language this, hostile to all parties, and candidates, English and Irish, Liberal and Unionist, who may incline to satisfy the demands of the Irish Party and people. But the more rabid the language and ferocious the attitude of The Times, the more certain are the aspirations of Ireland of immediate fulfilment.

CANADIAN PATRIOTISM.

The keynote of every other address we read, whether delivered by public men, business men, or leaders in the field of education, is Canadian patriotism. Some may color it with Imperialism, others bring it within the light of Canadian nationality, and others still hold it entwined with the heritage of French, Irish, Scotch or English blood. And though to those who do not know Canada, or only partially understand the currents of our popular opinion, it may seem strange that "Canada First" men, Imperialists and adopted Canadians, have a common ground upon which all meet, it is nevertheless true that the meeting point can be defined as Canadian patriotism. This is the spirit that is leavening the whole body of the Canadian people, and that will lead them more safely and directly to their true destiny. Intelligently defined, this spirit comprehends in the first place both racial and religious good will. No man who lives in Canada and works in any of the various paths of her development is a foreigner or an inferior to his fellow-citizens. Canada by her history and her laws is a land of two languages, and the young Canadian who has the facility for receiving competent instruction in both languages is very fortunately situated, and has all the advantage on his side not only in his own land but in any other where he may go. Intolerance has ever been allied with ignorance, and in the past men of transient notoriety have said that there should be but one tongue in this Dominion, and that tongue English, it was because they did not know any better. Those who thought so and said so were, unconsciously perhaps, allied to the reckless group of disturbers who considered, in their own wisdom, that one religion was only less desirable than no religion whatever. It is no misuse of words to speak of the racial and religious tolerance that has spread among Canadians of all shades of opinion in this generation as Canadian patriotism. For this is the soil in which staunch and enduring love of country is developed.

We can practically discuss the issues of the hour as they are thrust upon us from without or present themselves to domestic eyes. We can decide whether Mr. Chamberlain has not drifted from his Brummagem moorings when he seeks to drag Canadians under the strain of British political parties. We can judge statesmen and parties whose task it is to give Canada good government and progressive administration. It is because we have risen above prejudice and division in our citizenship that we are able to avail of our opportunities as a people. And what is true of the people as a whole is equally true of the individual and the class. Our best citizen of whatever extraction is he who holds to the doctrine of racial and religious toleration and good will as the basis of Canadian patriotism.

ORANGEISM AND POLITICS.

The question of the survival of race prejudice between the English and French-speaking elements of the Canadian people has again come somewhat sharply to the front. The Daily Witness, of this city, a journal that stands in the public estimation as a warder of Protestantism in Quebec Province, has published the following admission in its editorial columns: "It is asserted that the Orange lodges, which contro' the balance of power in so many counties, are being operated as so many committee rooms against Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a Roman Catholic." To this statement The Orange Sentinel, of Toronto, a paper owned and conducted by Mr. E. F. Clarke, M.P., who is one of the leaders of the Tory party and of the Orange Association in Ontario, takes peculiar exception. The Sentinel says to reply:

"The Orange Order has suffered in the estimation of that large body of staunch Protestants who attend the Presbyterian Church—and vote the Liberal ticket—by misrepresentations just like that of which we now complain. For forty years the Orange lodges have been called Tory com-

mittees. A persistent propaganda has been maintained by the Liberal press to create and maintain that impression. Unfortunately it has been on the whole successful. That was the mission of the political press. But surely we have a right to look for something different from the Montreal Witness. It is not an organ. Its sympathies must run towards the maintenance of a powerful Protestant Association to combat the machinations of the Church of Rome. Where will it find one in Canada with the militant aim and aggressive spirit of the Orange Association?"

It cannot be said that The Sentinel's response is really a denial of the assertion of The Witness. Mr. Clarke's paper rather begs the question and appeals to the Protestantism of The Witness not to prejudice a "powerful Protestant association," of "militant aim" and "aggressive spirit," operated to "combat the machinations of the Church of Rome." The Witness is frank enough to identify the operators of this powerful, militant and aggressive machine, as the leaders of the Tory party in Ontario. The power houses of the machine are the Tory committee rooms, and the militant aim and the aggressive spirit of the whole outfit, the Sentinel included, are practically comprehended in the few words used by The Witness, to run down Sir Wilfrid Laurier because he is a Catholic.

If the soundness of the deduction drawn by The Witness needed any test, that test and proof appear in the very words of the appeal which The Sentinel makes to the Protestant sympathies of The Witness, an appeal that cannot be otherwise than vain because it is made in Quebec, where The Witness knows full well that Protestantism can find no use for the power, the militant aim, and the aggression of Ontario Orangeism, the intelligence of the people of Quebec being all-sufficient to guarantee the most perfect freedom of all Protestant citizens.

So that The Witness is not putting any strain whatever upon its impartiality when it defines the purpose of the lodges in Ontario to be simply partisan. Who can doubt it? Practically the Conservative representation on the floor of the House of Commons from Ontario is wholly the output of the Orange lodges. Let any one who wishes to take the trouble to go over the list. Ontario owes it to herself to protect her reputation for intelligence against the perpetuation of so palpable and unfortunate a union of partizanship and prejudice.

THE PARENT CELTIC RACE.

Mr. John Redmond has sounded no new alarm by indicating the increasing signs of Celtic decay in Ireland. In spite of the magnificent vitality of the remnant of the race left upon the mother soil, notwithstanding the marvellous fire and zeal distinguishing the language revival, the sad destiny of the Celt at home looms nearer in this generation than at any former period. So much is this the case, indeed, that the immediate victory of Home Rule is needed to turn the scale.

It must not be forgotten when we speak of the vitality of the home population, that they could never have won the land and law reforms from Parnell's day to John Redmond's without the practical aid and moral support of the sea-divided Gael, in America and the various possessions of Great Britain. The Gaelic language, too, would have slumbered longer had it not been for the inspiration of enthusiasts in Wales, Brittany, Scotland and America. And whilst the visitor to Ireland to-day may see many of the evidences of returning or improving life in the industrial and social condition of the people, he cannot confine his observations to these things alone, for the new green of this renaissance covers the lurking seeds of the disease that has wasted the land under an alien rule. Home Rule is the only remedy, Home Rule in fact not in phrase, from which no new school of reformers can succeed in diverting the attention of the leaders of the Irish people, without involving the destiny of the Celt in ultimate gloom.

Mr. Redmond is not the only man who realizes what this means. Col. Carroll D. Wright, in a recent address upon the industry of different elements of the American population, said: "Anyone who has made a study of conditions in Ireland must know that the Irish character, when operating in freedom from industrial coercion, would be among the most potent of industrial forces." So it was in Ireland before the union. So it is in America to-day. Alien rule and industrial coercion,

present the same thing to the Irish and sent them flying to other lands for two-fold freedom. Mr. Redmond tells us that from no other land in the world has so great a stream of the able-bodied gone forth leaving the aged and the children behind. But he also tells us that before the oldest among the present generation pass away, Home Rule will have been won.

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

Parliament was dissolved by proclamation on Thursday. The writs for the general elections will be sent out at once. Nominations will take place Oct. 27, and the elections on November 3, the writs being returnable on December 15, for which last mentioned date the tenth Parliament of Canada is, pro forma, called.

Both parties have their preparations for the fight made. There are no surprises. The campaign will be short and should be decisive. Whilst Imperialism with its ill-defined, but palpable, danger to the representative institutions of this Dominion is in the air, and the Conservative leaders are avowedly favorable to all and every experiment for which Joseph Chamberlain stands sponsor, or which bears the label, "Made in Birmingham," there can be little room for misgiving as to how the electors of Canada will declare themselves.

The calculated strength of the Conservative party in Ontario itself, is likely to mislead. The Orange vote would not be altered one way or the other. It will be as it has been. But the fluctuation is quite likely to affect the over-sanguine Conservatives in more or less close ridings where Imperialism and Dundonald conscription have been exploited not wisely but too well. On the whole it is as probable as not that the Government majority of 54 in the Parliament just dissolved will be somewhat increased.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking at Sorel on Wednesday, intimated that an announcement in regard to the general elections might be expected within a few days. Sir Wilfrid showed every appearance of vigorous health.

The programme of the Catholic Truth Society for their meeting, which opened at Birmingham on the 26th, and continued on the 27th and 28th, gave to the question of education in Catholic primary schools conspicuous attention. The inaugural address by Archbishop Bourne dealt with the question, and Father Herbert Lucas, S.J., spoke on the "Education Peril." Professor Windle, F.R.S., Dean of Birmingham University, took for his subject "Catholic Aspect of the Education Question," and Rev. Dr. Barry, the well-known writer, read a paper—"Secularism, the Common Enemy."

TIMELY WARNING.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchet officiated at the marriage of Miss Maria Laporte, daughter of His Worship the Mayor, to Dr. D. E. La Cavalier, in the private chapel of St. James' Cathedral on Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock. The bride was given away by her father, Dr. and Mrs. La Cavalier left on an extended tour through Canada and the United States, and on their return will reside at 473 Sherbrooke street.

TIMELY WARNING.

Elsewhere we publish the timely E. Callahan, of St. Michael's Church, in reference to literature, and the apathy and indifference of the English-speaking Catholics of the Dominion in not having their fair share of representatives in the Municipal, Provincial and Federal Parliaments of their country. He pleaded for a strong and generously supported Catholic journal, and success would follow their movements. He hoped that the people would do all in their power to place the True Witness upon a sound and reliable basis. The pastor, Rev. Father Kiernan, seconded the efforts of his worthy curate, and told the congregation to put in practice the substantial remarks of the preacher. The True Witness feels grateful to the rev. gentlemen for their kind words.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Secretaries of Catholic societies sending reports of meetings, socials, concerts, etc., are requested to have the matter at the office not later than Tuesday of each week. Address: City News Department, True Witness Office.

Furs! Furs!

DO YOU WISH TO BUY A SEAL JACKET?

You shall always find in our Stores the finest and best choice which can be seen. Our importation of seal skins is of the choicest, and you shall find nowhere else a quality of seal such as we offer. Our House has a world fame for the superiority and elegance of its seal jacket, and we guarantee you entire satisfaction.

FURS. FURS.

Have You the Intention of Getting A Persian Lamb Jacket?

We offer you a unique choice. We can say that we have the cream of Persian Lamb skins—we have no second grade quality—you shall select your own skins from the largest assortment of high grade quality Persian Lamb skins. Our Persian Lamb skins are selected one year ahead, specially for us, at the largest markets in Russia by our own experienced buyer. We are the only House in America that has this advantage, and you may benefit by it if you come and buy your Persian Lamb from us.

FURS. FURS.

You want to get a good and A1 quality of fur article. We have no cheap, common fur, everybody is looking for fine and good furs, and we import nothing but the very finest and choicest skins. We get them from our own trappers in Canada, the choicest of all the National and Canadian furs. Therefore, by coming to us you shall always be sure to be well served.

CHAS. DESJARDINS & CIE, 1533-1541 St. Catherine Street.

Catholic School Commissioners.

The Catholic Commissioners' Board, which met during the week received notification from the Provincial Government that a sum of \$5000 had been set aside for night schools, and that J. H. Bergeron, of Montreal, has been appointed general director of night classes. The classes will open on Monday next, October 3, and will continue till March 1. Classes will be held on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings at Olier, Montcalm, Champlain, Edward Murphy, Belmont, Sarsfield and the Italian schools. Another meeting will be held to name the staffs of professors. There was a sharp discussion on the question whether professors in the different schools should be allowed to give lessons. Messrs. Vallieres and Martineau maintained that they should not do any outside work, as in most cases it would detract from their work in the schools. Mr. Semple considered that professors should be allowed to do as they pleased out of hours. Ald. Vallieres will propose at the next meeting to prevent professors doing outside work. Messrs. Semple and Piche contended that many of the professors were obliged to work after school hours and on holidays in order to make a decent living, and the only way to stop such work was to give them decent salaries. The remarks of Messrs. Semple and Piche are much to the point, and the only way to have good teachers and good results is to pay them good salaries.

THE NIGHT SCHOOLS.

Monday evening, October 3rd, the different Catholic night schools will open. These schools have been very beneficial, and it is hoped that those boys who have been obliged by force of circumstances to leave school will take advantage of these schools, and improve themselves in the three R's. French classes for English pupils, and English classes for French boys desirous of learning the language are in every school. Penmanship, arithmetic and book-keeping and dictation are also taught, and there is no excuse why fall who need to brush themselves up in such subjects would not attend. We hope that this year will see the largest number of pupils ever enrolled in the Catholic night schools of Montreal.

OBITUARY.

MR. E. J. O'REILLY.

A despatch from Winnipeg says: On Monday, the 19th inst., occurred the death of Mr. Edward J. O'Reilly, the well-known member of the Grain Exchange, in this city. He was 56 years old, and a native of Wolfe Island, Ont., in which place his early days were spent. As a young man he served on the county council of Frontenac. Deciding, in the early eighties, to come West, he first of all engaged in the cattle trade, but soon drifted into the grain business. He was first connected with the James Richardson Co., of Kingston, Ont., with headquarters at Neepawa, from which place he removed to Portage la Prairie. Eight or nine years ago the business under his successful management having so increased in volume, he took an office in the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, with which institution he has been definitely connected ever since. While serving as a member of the Grain Exchange council, he was ever the foremost for the good of the institution and the welfare of trade in general. His never failing geniality so endeared him to his business associates that it will be a long time before anyone will occupy his place in the affections of the members of the Exchange.

Mr. O'Reilly's illness lasted only five or six days, during which Rev. Father McCarthy, who visited the patient frequently, administered the last rites of the Church. Complications set in, and death resulted at six o'clock on Monday morning. Mr. J. O'Reilly, of Portage la Prairie, Patrick O'Reilly and Thomas O'Reilly, both of Wolfe Island, are brothers of deceased; his sisters are Mrs. Joseph Carey, Mrs. John O'Day, this city, and Mrs. John Boyle, of Gananogue, Ont. A large number of friends throughout the country will mourn his death, deceased being very widely known throughout the province. The funeral will be held at the residence, 490 Smith street, Monday evening at 7 o'clock, for the C.P.R. depot, whence the remains were sent east for interment at Wolfe Island, Ont. A short service was held at the house just prior to the departure of the cortege. Rev. Mary's officiating. The remains of Father Cahill, parish priest of St. Mary's, were accompanied east by Mrs. O'Reilly, and her two sons, and Mr. J. O'Reilly, the well known Portage la Prairie merchant.

News from Paris

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

It is with much pleasure we present a photo of the venerable pastor of the parish, Rev. Martin Patrick, who has been connected with the parish since his ordination, a period of thirty years. Martin has endeared himself to the parish by his just and friendly spirit. "The child's friend," he feels proud to be called. He has seen the young generation of St. Patrick's, and they of him. Heart goes out to them in manner on Sundays at the children's Mass, when he holds one thousand of them with the greatest piety and raising their voices in hymns to God during the of the Holy Sacrifice. Following the footsteps of our Divine Lord, who sent little children to come and forbid them not, for such Kingdom of Heaven," Father is never so happy as when surrounded by the lambs of his flock. He feels elated over his parish's school, which, though only on trial, has succeeded first year above his most expectations. From all parts of the city, the children are admitted, and the able Director, Rev. Broth, has now on the waiting list. Nor is this all; to find a home for all that he is causing anxious moment. Brother Director, the Rev. John Baptist de la Salle, St. Patrick's School are highly in their new school. It will move on Father Martin's procure such a suitable school purposes, where of the best and latest. Rev. Father Callaghan in his element when the pupils of the school the direction of the assisted by some gentlemen parish, enjoy themselves heart's delight on the St. Croix Club's green swam. End. It will be a day of merit. We will publish a of the day's sports in issue.

St. Patrick's Cadets distinguished themselves last, by taking first place in the handsome trophy by Lt.-Col. Burland for successful of the rifle team. cadet corps of this district weather was simply awfully cended in torrents at Tremblay. Over thirty coming from the Mount St. I the Highland Cadets, an Patrick's Cadets. St. P. Mount St. Louis teams the honors in individual showing of St. Patrick's all the more creditable o being the latest addition corps, and their first pu ance at the ranges. The the full prize list: Team prizes—1st prize Trophy and \$5—St. Pat 167. 2nd prize, engraving of Major W. Goodie Brown Mount St. Louis Cadets 126. 3rd—Mount St. Louis 2nd team, 98. Individual prize winners: E. Morrison, St. Patrick; Cadet J. C. Jefferson, \$49.33; Cadet E. Belle St. Louis, 45, \$2; Cadet Mount St. Louis, 33, \$1; Brais, Mount St. Louis, 2; Westover, Highland, 25; E. Poitevin, Mount St. \$1; Cadet Kinnon, High Cadet Bregent, Mount \$1; Cadet Chartier, High Corp. G. Leitch, St. \$1; Cadet McMahon, \$24. \$1; Cadet G. Gellinas, Louis, 23, \$1; Cadet Mount St. Louis, 22, Banks, Highland, 22, \$1; Mount St. Louis, 17, \$1; laney, Mount St. Louis, Fitzgerald, St. Patrick The members of the were: St. Patrick's—Sergeant, Corp. G. Leitch, Corporal, Cadet McMahon, Jefferson, Mount St. Louis, 1st





BOYS' AND GIRLS' CORNER.

WHOSE LITTLE BABY?

THE ANARCHIST?

riches had not the power to buy courage or friends. We say no man is rich or poor in the brightness of death, and so we say: 'Here is Alex. Birchhoff—a poor man, an ignorant man—and he will go down in the mine and face death for you—alone—all alone! You shall not go; you are too old. Have I spoken well, my people?'

There was a cheer from the crowd, and the orator's eyes glistened with pleasure. The mine-owner, forgetful of all save that his son was to be rescued, tried to grasp Birchhoff's hand. 'I will pay you well!' he repeated over and over again. Birchhoff seemed not to notice him. 'Don't bother me now,' he said. 'We will talk if I come back. Good-bye, friends!' he cried, and he stepped on the 'carriage' ready to be lowered five hundred feet into the earth. His clothes were wetted and a damp sponge was placed over his nose. Then the bell clanked, and the carriage sank down, suddenly, and noiselessly, into the tomb-like darkness.

Then ensued tense moments of waiting that seemed hours. Suddenly the bell again clanked, the signal to hoist. The cable became taut, and there was a buzz of conversation, followed by a strange silence. Somewhere in the crowd a woman sobbed hysterically, and now all eyes were strained to see the uprising 'carriage.'

When at last it came to view a dozen volunteers rushed forward to help the returned man. Birchhoff, as erect as a soldier, stood on the platform supporting in his arms the unconscious form of Henry Coughlan. Those who would assist him he waved back with a stern brusqueness. Blackened and burnt with the subterranean flames, his hair and beard singed to a crisp, there was yet a certain nobility in his mien as he walked erect with his burden and laid it at Coughlan's feet.

Mrs. Coughlan took her son's head in her lap and kissed his pale and smoke-grimed face with rapture. 'Thank God! Thank God!' she exclaimed, 'he is not dead! Heaven will bless you for this noble act!' And then, bending over her son, she smoothed his hair, matted with the singeing blaze, and wept with mingled joy and sympathy.

'My man—' began the mine owner, but Birchhoff interrupted him with an imperious gesture. 'It is a present,' he said—'a holiday present, to you and her—from the people. We have given you the life of your son; we only ask that you give to us a little work—a little bread—a little—we ask—'

AN IRISH VISIT TO FONTENOY Mr. Barry O'Brien's recent proposal to have an Irish pilgrimage to Fontenoy has been much discussed in Nationalist circles, and has already evoked numerous promises of support. A definite programme will be drawn up in October. In the early part of the month Mr. Barry O'Brien has arranged to bring the matter before a meeting of Irishmen in London for their approval and support.

HARD WORDS. Hard words said in haste have a way of sinking in and in despite of everything, and as you go about your daily work you turn them over and over in your mind, enlarging upon them until you are utterly miserable.

IRISH EMIGRATION. The Dublin correspondent of the New York Evening World says: The war of rates has played havoc with the efforts of those who are working hard in Ireland to check emigration. The first months of the year showed a considerable decrease in the number of emigrants, but the cheerful prospects has been destroyed by the enormous reductions offered in passenger fares by the competing companies. For \$6 the Irish emigrant can now travel from the Cove of Cork to New York, and the result is that within the last two months the number of emigrants has hugely increased. Between Jan. 1 this year and the end of August 18,512 persons emigrated from Ireland, being 1100 more than the number for the corresponding period of 1903. The increase is solely due to the cutting of rates, and the only consolation we have here is that the rate-cutters cannot much longer continue the war.

Dear boys and girls: So many of our little friends have been asking if we could not give them space "for their own selves" to which they might contribute letters, puzzles, games, etc., that we concluded to meet them and gladly give them a "Corner." Now, dear children, write and tell us how you spent your summer vacation, what amusements you like best, what books you read, what studies you have, and anything you think will be interesting. We want to make this department attractive, so let us see what you can do.

Dear Editor:—I am so glad I met you in the summer, not only because you saved my dolly from a watery grave, but because you told me that a lot of little folks had asked you to let them write for your paper. I had such a good time in the country. I lived out doors most of the time. I like to go to grandma's because she lets me do just what I like. My cousins have a pony of their own and I was let drive it sometimes. They have lots of chickens and a pet lamb. I am sorry holidays are over for I would rather play than go to school. I hope you will give us some puzzles.

Dear Editor:—I am a little boy eight years old, and cannot write a very nice letter, but I just want to say I am glad you have got a corner for the boys and girls. Perhaps some time I will write again.

Dear Editor:—My little friend Carrie J. is visiting with me to-day and said she was going to write a letter for the Children's Corner, so I thought I would like to write, too. I am a little invalid so cannot have the same amusements as other little girls of my age. I pass most of my time reading and I have quite a few friends who come to see me and help me to forget I am a prisoner. Perhaps some of the boys and girls who will read this would like to write to me, and if they do I will surely answer. I have ever so many toys and a dear collie dog, who feels obliged to guard me. He is a dear faithful old fellow. I would like to hear about the other little boys' and girls' pets and how they treat them. My collie was never beaten in his life, and he is as obedient as any dog could be.

Dear Editor:—I am a little boy six years old. We had a dear little dog called 'Ducky.' It died I think of old age, for it just seemed to grow thinner and thinner every day till it died. We felt very sorry it died. It was such a playful little dog. Our house seems so lonely without it. You would almost think it was a brother or sister that died. Ma thinks she had better not get another dog, for we all cried so hard about 'Ducky' dying.

Dear Editor:—I will just try to tell you of how I spent my holiday. Mamma and my little brothers and sisters went to the seaside as soon as school closed. We had a lovely time. In the day time when the weather was fine, we boated. At night time all the children and grown-up people, too, would gather on the beach and light a big fire with brushwood and roast potatoes. Part of the fun was to tell ghost stories, which made the blood creep in one's veins, especially on a very dark night, while the potatoes roasted. We ate them with butter, pepper and salt.

Dear Editor:—I have never written a letter before. I am a little girl eight years old and have just started back to school. My aunt came for me in June just when school closed and took me away with her to spend the whole summer. When I came home mamma said she would never know me, I was so brown. I

do. Who can tell but that there is wonderful literary genius lying dormant and needing only the slightest encouragement to bring it to the surface. Here's a chance now, boys and girls, for competition. Let us see who will take the palm. Write on one side of paper, and address all correspondence (which must be in by Saturday in each week) to 'Editor Children's Corner, True Witness, Busby street, Montreal.

Your friend, ESTELLE.

Dear Editor:—I have just returned to school, and found my teacher changed, still I think I will like my new one. Mama says if I am very good I can take music lessons this year. We have a dear dog called Lorne, and he keeps all the cats out of our back yard. He got lost once but a ragman brought him home.

Dear Editor:—My little sister Estelle wrote to you and told you about her dog. Well, I have some white mice in a cage, but I let them out sometimes when we are sure the cat is out. My baby sister loves to play with them. We have also a pet canary and a parrot, so don't you think we are lucky children.

There's a queer old road called the Drowsy Road, A road that is dim and still; It leads from the plain of Little White Bed Up over the Pillow Hill. It winds by a river whose ripples breathe Thro' the Slumber City where children see Strange things with their fast closed eyes.

Now this is the way to Drowsy Road— You tire of the Place of Toys— Your pleasure ebbs from that dear delight, The merry rumble of noise. Thecuris fall heavy across your face, You lashes come sweeping down, And Mother-hands lift you to change your dress For a little white travelling gown. You feel a kiss on your small red mouth Before you have slipped away, And there at the end of the Drowsy Road Is smiling a bright new day.

OUR BOYS SHOULD LEARN To laugh, to run, to swim, to carve, to be neat, to make a fire, to be punctual, to do errands, to cut kindlings, to sing if they can, to help their mothers, to hang up their hats to respect their teachers, to hold their heads erect, to sew on their own buttons, to wipe their boots on the mat, to speak pleasantly to older persons, to put every garment in its proper place, to remove their hats upon entering a house, to attend strictly to their own business, to be as kind and helpful to their sisters as to other boys' sisters.—F.S., in June "Designer."

MODERN TEACHING. We teach the children Danish, Trigonometry and Spanish, Fill their heads with old-time notions. And the secrets of the oceans, And the cuneiform inscriptions From the land of the Egyptians, Learn the date of every battle, Know the habits of the cattle, Know the date of every crowning, Read the poetry of Browning, Make them show a preference For each misty branch of science, Tell the acreage of Sweden, And the serpent's wiles in Eden; And the other things we teach 'em Make a mountain so immense That we're not a moment left To teach them common sense. —London "Standard."

Whose little baby is tossed so high? "Sweetest little one under the sky!" His father declares, and the reason why? "He's papa's little own baby."

Whose little baby is held so tight? "Sweetest baby that ever saw light!" His mother says, and she means it quite; "He's mother's little own baby."

Whose little baby that can't be matched? "Sweetest little one ever hatched!" And then the reason appears attached "He's grandpa's little own baby."

Whose little baby is viewed with pride? "Sweetest baby that ever cried!" And the reason can hardly be denied; "He's grandpa's little own baby."

Whose little baby? Little he recks; Knowing them slaves to his nods and beck; And his little pink soles are on their necks! For they all belong to the baby.

Do the Holy Scriptures utter any warning against the abuse of strong drink? Yes. Name one or two. "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and stout men at drunkenness."—Isaiah v. 22. "Drunkards shall not possess the Kingdom of God."—I Cor. 6-10.

The liquor traffic is growing at an awful rate, yet the cause of total abstinence is moving at a very slow rate. How many homes are made unhappy through one member being addicted to this vice? Yet the heads of households so afflicted, as a rule, will not make an effort outside their own surroundings to find a remedy for the evil in associating themselves with some undertaking in their parish or strive under the most strenuous opposition to inaugurate some institution that would ultimately crush out the vice, if not for the benefit of the present grown up generation, at least for the rising generation. But the spirit of abnegation is not strong in the hearts of the average Catholic man or woman of to-day.

"The poor drunkard is now dying to-day. With traces of sin in his face; He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play. Wanted—a boy for his place. The foolish gambler was killed in a fight, He died without pardon or grace; Some one must train for his burden and blight. Wanted—a boy for his place. "I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied: "That's right; you drink and it will make you work! Hearken to me a moment. I will tell you something that may do you good. I was once a prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife, and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkard's graves. My wife died broken hearted and now she lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had I not been for drink, I might have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, I am obliged to work now. At seventy-two years of age it makes me work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work."

Read the last paragraph of this article carefully, meditate seriously upon it, and if the vice of intemperance is in the home, strive by word and example to have the monster killed and forever.

Three sharp, piercing blasts came from the whistle of the shaft-house and reverberated through the silent, snow-covered valley. It was an inky-dark night, cold with a biting keenness, and few of the miners had left their cabins and their comparatively comfortless firesides. But even while the whistle was still sounding its hoarse warning, lights glimmered in the neighborhood of the black building, that covered the shaft, excited men with lanterns moved here and there, shouting to each other, and out in the village the light from many an open door made ruddy patches on the snow. A few minutes later, and black groups of people, some bearing blazing mine lamps on their hats, swarmed up the steep hill toward the scene of the disturbance. In a little while after the warning had sounded a crowd of several hundred men and women had gathered outside of the shaft-house, curious, excited, all asking questions, and no one being able to reply.

The one man who knew the cause of the warning was Jifkins, the mine foreman. He stood in the little office building near the fan-house, with his ear glued to the telephone receiver, pale as a ghost, his hair dishevelled, and his black eyes gleaming with suppressed excitement. "Hello!" he said, "Give me J. C. Coughlan, of the Coughlan Coal Company. For God's sake hurry! Hello! Is that Mr. Coughlan? This is Jifkins! There has been an accident at the mine. Fans were running only half speed on account of strike. Harry, your son, came over this afternoon and went down this evening without my knowledge. Some of the chambers had gas in them, and—well, there was an explosion and the inside of the shaft is on fire. Hello! Yes, sir! We will do our best; have courage! Good-bye!" He almost threw the receiver into its receptacle and dashed from the room. There was work for him to do. Meanwhile the crowd outside had grown to a mob of several hundred people. At intervals vast volumes of pungent smoke shot up from the mouth of the pit, acrid and irritating with the odor of oil-soaked wood. Willing hands manned the huge hose which was brought out to flush the shaft, and a dozen sturdy arms pointed it down the black cavity. There was a babel of shouted suggestions as to what should be done; the crowd packed closer and closer around the shaft-building, and all seemed confusion. Suddenly out of the tumult rose a clear, shrill voice: "Men, we must have order here! Push the crowd back, you in front; we must have room to work, and we must have silence. Let me give the orders. Now, everybody: bring around that other hose! There, that's it! Now, down with it! Good!"

It was Jifkins, the superintendent. His pale, steadfast face and commanding voice seemed to exercise a remarkable influence over the crowd. The men worked with a new energy; out of confusion came order. Gradually the smoke became less dense, and Jifkins, noting every change, at last gave the signal to have the water shut off. The fire had been extinguished.

At almost the same moment a commotion arose in the rear of the crowd. A carriage drawn by a team of steaming horses drove up, and a man and a woman alighted. Instinctively the people pressed back and made way for them. "It's Coughlan and his wife!" whispered from mouth to mouth. Formerly they had been accustomed to mention Coughlan's name only with execration—Coughlan, the man who had forced them time and again to remain idle in order that coal prices might not fall from over-production; Coughlan, the man whose strap bosses had practically made slaves of them. His wife—they knew little concerning her; that she was Coughlan's wife was sufficient.

Jifkins met the mine owner and his wife in front of the shaft-house, a hurried colloquy ensued. "There is hope," said the superintendent; "but some one must go down the shaft immediately. The smoke renders the attempt very dangerous, but we may get volunteers. My lungs won't stand it, or I'd go myself. We need a strong man, and a true man."

The flabby face of the mine-owner was crimson with excitement and nervous tension. His wife was softly weeping on his shoulder, and looked up as the superintendent ceased speaking.

"Thank you, Jifkins," she said. "We need—O God how we need a friend now—strong and true. James, can we ask these people to make such a sacrifice for us?"

Coughlan bowed his head. "Don't!" he whispered. "Don't talk that way now! Be brave! I'll offer a reward; we'll find a way!" The woman began to sob aloud, and clung to him more closely. In the meantime somebody had lighted a bundle of oil-soaked cotton waste, placed in the fork of a near-by tree. As it blazed up the red glare, reflected by the snow, threw into relief the eager faces of the crowd, pressing now in increased numbers around the shaft house, and the anxious little group in the centre of the circle. Behind showed the mountain, bleak and desolate, covered with blackened tree-stumps, with here and there a scraggy pine standing in dismal misery all alone. Around the radius of the circle the powdery snow glittered like a shower of diamond dust.

Coughlan, as if nerved with a new determination, released his wife's hands from his neck, placed an arm around her waist, and facing the assemblage, raised his hand to command silence. "Men," he said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "my son is down in that burning shaft, and some one must brave danger to find him, and to rescue him. We hope that he is alive; but alive or dead, I am determined to help him. He is my only son, and he is dear to me. So listen now. I am an old man, and I call on you to do, not an act of justice but an act of heroism. I myself will go down the shaft to find my son; I ask for only one volunteer to accompany me. Who will be my companion? He will be rewarded!"

The crowd was silent for a moment. Then several men attempted to go forward. There were many brave hearts there; but their wives or their sweethearts pulled them back. Why should they give their lives to this man? They were as dear to their kindred as his son was to him. They were sorry indeed, but they had given him everything else; why should he now demand their lives?

"Is there no one to volunteer?" cried Jifkins, searching the faces of the crowd. Then, men— He paused. A burly, bearded giant, wearing a red flannel shirt, open at the collar to display his brawny, hairy chest, was pressing to the front. His slouch hat was pulled far over his forehead, and his eyes glared from under his bushy brows with a gleam like a mad bear's. He reached the centre of the group, and for a moment confronted the mine-owner in silence.

"The Anarchist!" the crowd exclaimed in wonder. During the past two weeks of idleness the man had been given this title, however unmerited, on account of his fiery speeches against capital. He was counted one of the most desperate men, and the hardest drinker in town. Whether his nationality was German, Polish, or Slavonic no one could tell—he spoke all these languages indifferently well; but that he was a fanatic, with all the fanatic's love of admiration, was admitted by all.

His burly frame towered over the stooped figure of the mine-owner, and there was an exultant ring in his voice when he began to speak. "Master Coughlan," he said, "you haf coom to beg of the boggars; you haf asked us to go to maybe death to save your son. One little week ago we come to you; we ask you for work. You say to us when we come, that you cannot afford to let us work. You tell us that, remember! You say you cannot afford—and you heard him, my people,—you cannot afford to keep the starve away from us. Huh!" There was biting sarcasm in the man's tones, and the mine owner was infuriated. He glared at his accuser, and attempted to step forward; but the "Anarchist" made a warning gesture with one hand, and with the other pointed toward the shaft. "You can talk later; now it is our time! Master Coughlan, you haf asked us to keep your son from death—you who would not risk the price of a loaf of bread to keep us alive! And what do we answer? Listen, then!" He paused for a brief instant. What do we say to you, the heartless man? We say 'Yes!' We say we will help you; not because you are rich, or because of money, but to show you that

CANADA'S GREATEST LAWYER.

(Continued from Page 1.)

Early in 1897 he undertook a political mission to Rome in behalf of a settlement of the Manitoba school question, which affected the rights of the Catholics to separate schools in that Province, and, whatever the effect of Mr. Fitzpatrick's mission was, this much is certain, that the difficulty was thereafter solved by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government to the extent of its consenting to be a present factor in practical politics.

It might be explained, by the way, that this stumbling block to Dominion statesmen arose in 1890, when the provincial government of Manitoba introduced and passed two bills through the Legislature, the practical effect of which was to close the Catholic separate schools in the province. The validity of this legislation was attacked by the Catholics on the ground, chiefly, that it infringed the Constitutional Act of Manitoba, 83 Vict. (Can.) c. 4, sec. 22, inasmuch as it "prejudicially affected a right or privilege with respect to denominational schools," which the Catholics enjoyed at the time Manitoba became part of Canada. A test case testing the validity of the Act found its way ultimately to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, where the Act was declared intra vires of the Manitoba Legislature. Thereupon the parties aggrieved petitioned the Governor-General-in-Council (the Dominion Executive), for relief under sub-sec. 2 of sec. 2 of the Manitoba Constitutional Act, which provides for an appeal to such body any act of the Provincial Legislature affecting any right or privilege of any religious minority in the Province in relation to education. After being advised by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council that they had power to make an order looking to the relief of the parties aggrieved, Sir Mackenzie Bowell's Administration passed what is known in political history as the "Remedial Order," granting the Catholic minority in Manitoba (a) the right to maintain separate schools as they did before the passage of the Acts of 1890, (b) the right to share proportionately in any grant made out of the public funds for the purpose of education, and (c) the right of exemption of such Catholic schools from all payment or contribution to other schools. In these facts inhered the Manitoba school question.

In June, 1898, Mr. Fitzpatrick visited England as the representative of Canada in a proposed arbitration between the Government of the United Kingdom and Russia in relation to the matter of compensation to the owners of Canadian sealing schooners seized in Behring sea. Of Irish extraction, Mr. Fitzpatrick is an ardent advocate of the interests of his race in the old country, as well as at home. He was for some time president of the Quebec Branch of the Irish National League, and was one of the delegates to the Irish National Convention in Dublin in 1896. He has the enthusiastic support of the Irish wing of the Liberal party in Canada, and by his compatriots on both sides of politics is looked upon as a thoroughly representative man.

Before leaving the active practice of his profession, Mr. Fitzpatrick enjoyed the honor of being twice elected to the position of barrister-at-law or president of the Bar of the Province of Quebec.

In these various positions of prominence held at the Bar, Mr. Fitzpatrick has sought to maintain the best ethics, as well as the material welfare of the profession. Anyone coming to him with a suggestion for reform and betterment is sure of a ready hearing. Both by the mind and his academic training he has been led to look upon the law as a science and something more than a mere business or means of money-getting—seemingly espousing the view of Bolingbroke that his chosen profession is in its "nature, the noblest and most beneficial to mankind, in its abuse and abasement the most pernicious."

As to his personal qualities, the following observations, by one who knew him intimately, appeared in the Canadian press the while Mr. Fitzpatrick held the office of Solicitor-General for Canada: "Although able to give and take severe blows in party warfare, when debate is ended all hard words are forgotten. Amisosity there never was. Warm-hearted, generous, impulsive, he has all the best characteristics of his race. His success in piloting government measures through the Commons is owing, I should say, to his temperament, which always prefers the swifter in modo, rather than the fortiter in re. In person he is about six feet high, straight as an Indian,

Surprise Soap advertisement featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'is stamped on every cake of Surprise Soap. It's there so you can't be deceived. There is only one Surprise. See to it that your soap bears that word— Surprise A pure hard soap.'

with no surplus flesh. His movements are quick and vigorous, and one can well believe that in earlier years he was distinguished for his superiority in all manly sports and exercises. He has been known to swim across the St. Lawrence at Quebec, no mean test of physical powers. His greatest delight in summer is to explore in his canoe the northern wilds back of his native city, and if a dangerous rapid can be run, his spirit exults in such an adventure. Mentally, he is noted for quickness of perception and readiness of wit. He furnishes an example of the amount of work an active, industrious man can overtake. His parliamentary and official work as Solicitor-General alone would afford scope for all the energies of most men, but when you add to this that he is the head of one of the leading law firms in Quebec City, that he has the largest counsel work in his province, and is retained at every sitting of the Supreme Court at Ottawa in most of the Quebec appeals, some faint idea can be got of his industry and application, as well as of his success in the practice of his chosen profession.

It remains for Mr. Fitzpatrick to round out his professional career in the near future by accepting a nomination to the bench; but it is conceivable that his colleagues in the administration at Ottawa would not look with complacency upon the early retirement of so useful a man from political life, and hence may prevail upon him to serve the state in his present capacity for a longer period. Nous verrons.

Success of Catholic Education. At Newfoundland.

During the past twenty years Catholic education has been revolutionized in the Island of Newfoundland. The advent of the Irish Christian Brothers to the colony was the beginning of the golden era of prosperity in the national arena. Year after year they proved their worth at old St. Patrick's Hall, St. John's. A few years ago, Holy Cross School was built in the west end of the city to try and help to educate all the Catholic children of the city. St. Bonaventure's College, which was taught by secular priests, was taken over by the Christian Brothers. At this college the Catholic teachers of the Island receive their training. When the college changed hands, the Council of Higher Education was established, which has and is doing excellent work, the examinations being a good test for the many schools of the city, and the whole island. Since the inception of the examinations of the C. H. E., the Brothers' pupils of St. Patrick's and Holy Cross schools have carried off a large share of the honors. These two schools have left the work to be done by St. Bonaventure's College and the result of the Brothers' labors tells a story of success, which is a sign that Catholic education in Terra Nova holds the proud banner of "Excelsior." The winning of the Rhodes Scholarship added new laurels to dear old St. Bonaventure's. But in the Council of Higher Examinations, the results of which are now being published in the local papers of Newfoundland, the College has won the honors, and this year, 1904, has been the banner year. Little Academy, under the charge of the noble and devoted Sisters of Mercy, have also added new laurels to their already famous work in the educational arena. St. Bonaventure's, so we understand, has beaten every previous record, securing eight scholarships out of sixteen, while another goes to Littledale. More noteworthy still is Miss Penny's (Littledale Acad.) feat in taking "first place in the Island" in the intermediate grade. Closely following her, and first among the boys, is

Canadian Pacific Colonization Excursion advertisement for the Nipissing District, Saturday, Oct. 8th, 1904. Includes details about ticket prices and travel routes.

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

The John Murphy Co., LIMITED

UNRIVALLED STOCK OF FALL NOVELTIES!

Everything new and up-to-date at popular prices! As becomes an expanding business, our Fall showing is larger and more comprehensive than ever before. It embraces the World's best from the great fashion centres in unrivalled assortment. We cordially invite inspection.

Special Inducements This Week Anniversary Sale in Basement. Reductions on Household Requisites 25 to 33-1/3 per cent.

Special Sale of Ladies' Suits Tailor-made from the best materials, Covert Cloth, Broadcloth, Tweed and Serge. Some jackets lined with Silk. Regular prices \$10.00 to \$25.00. Sale price... \$5.25

SPECIAL SALE OF YOUTHS' SUITS AND FALL OVERCOATS We are clearing out this section of our Boys' Clothing Department, hence these astonishing reductions.

Tweed Suits, long or short pants all-wool, best of workmanship, best of finish, perfect fit guaranteed, ages 14, 15, 16, 17 years, regular values \$8.50 to \$11.75, sale price for any size, \$3.95. Fall Overcoats, all in the latest Fall shades, well tailored, high grade finish, ages 10 to 17 years, regular values \$5.50 to \$7.25, sale price \$2.95.

THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY Ltd 2341 & 2343 St. Catherine St Corner Metcalfe.

OGILVY'S The Mail Order Store. TWO TIMELY ECONOMICS IN GLOVES AND IN KID GLOVES TOO.

just at the time when the weather is not cold enough for fur, yet too cold for fabric. Isn't it great luck to have such Gloves at one-third their worth, and won't it be a great economy if you come early enough to select some pairs? \$1.25 Glace or Suede Kid Gloves, 39c 156 pairs of Sample Kid Gloves, the celebrated Alexander's make; Glace and Suede, in shades mode, tan, beaver, ox-blood, grey, white, black; 2 dem. fasteners; regular price \$1.25. Special... 39c \$1.00 Slightly Soiled Kid Gloves, 25c 78 pairs of slightly damaged Sample Glace and Suede; 2 dem. fasteners; shades are mode, tan, beaver, ox-blood and black; regular price \$1.00. Special... 25c

Ribbons Underpriced!

Of course we couldn't mention one tithe of our Ribbon Stock, if we used this whole page for it. So we'll just say that "Our New Ribbons are here in profusion, and invite you to come and see them." Here's a few of our Special values: FANCY PARISIAN TRIMMINGS, in red, navy, black, white, dark green. Special value... 25c FANCY SHADED RIBBON, 6 inches wide, in red, navy blue, green, grey, black. Special... 69c LIBERTY SILK RIBBON, in pale blue, Nile green, yellow, turquoise, black and white, 6 inches wide. Special value at... 25c

JAS. A. OGILVY & SONS, St. Catherine and Mountain Sts. The True Witness is printed and published at No. 2 Busby street, Montreal, Canada, by the True Witness P. & P. Co., Patrick F. Cronin, of Toronto, proprietor.

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED THE MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF Paris Coats, Costumes and Skirts

Will be continued to-morrow. This display from the standpoint of beauty is decidedly "Picturesque" and as viewed from a price aspect it's marvellous. The wonder is how such elegant garments could be planned, created and finished for so little money. The display decidedly is high class, but in no way high priced—don't neglect the opportunity to see these lovely garments. You will be as welcome to-morrow as you are to-day.

Prices of New Autumn Coats from \$4.95 to \$61.00 Prices of New Autumn Coats from \$11.00 to \$56.00

GOOD BLANKET VALUES.

This store has always been famed for its "Good Blanket Value"—better to-day than ever before. Test the store by its Blanket values. 150 pairs White Wool Blankets, with neat fancy colored borders, size 52 by 72 in. Special price, pair... \$1.85 75 pairs Special White Wool Blankets, extra heavy wool, fancy colored border, large size, 64 by 84 inches. Special price pair... \$2.40

RECENT ARRIVALS OF NEW TAPESTRY CARPETS Immense Variety. Lowest Prices.

New Tapestry Carpets, newest designs and latest colorings, Prices, yard, 24c, 35c, 40c, and... 48c New Tapestry Carpet, with borders to match, newest designs. Prices, per yard, 63c, 75c and... 95c New Tapestry Stair Carpets, 22 1/2 inches wide. Prices, per yard, 35c and... 40c Double Width Tapestry Carpets, exactly double the width of ordinary carpets. Prices, per yard, 82c, 97c and... \$1.25

NEW TAPESTRY SQUARES.

Extraordinary value and a splendid assortment of designs: Size 3 by 3 yards. Price... \$6.25 Size 3 by 3 1/2 yds. Price... \$7.05 Size 3 by 4 yards. Price... \$8.05 Size 3 1/2 by 4 yds. Price... \$9.80 These Tapestry Squares are the best value we have ever offered, and house furnishers will appreciate their goodness.

THERE'S ANOTHER SPLENDID OFFER OF \$2.80 WHITE CHINA TEA SETS FOR \$1.95

Here's a splendid chance to replenish your China closet at small expense. Take advantage of it, as it may be months before a similar opportunity occurs. 75 Fine White and Gold China Tea Sets, the favorite clover leaf design, in gold, extra good quality. Regular value, \$2.80. The set of 40 pieces will be offered to-morrow at... \$1.95 4000 Handsomely Decorated Jugs, full quart size. Regular value 18c. Special price... 12 1/2c

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED 1765 to 1788 Notre Dame Street, 184 St. James-Street Montreal

Fall Hats.

The largest importation of Fall Hats in the very best qualities and the very newest shapes, the best and finest importation surpassing previous years, coming directly from the best manufacturers in the world. We give you 40 per cent. better value than they give you elsewhere for the same money.

We have the world renowned "CHRISTY" Hat, and also our special hat, the "CHARLES ROY." His Majesty's Hatter.

CHAS. DESJARDINS & CIE., 1533-1541 St. Catherine Street.

Retiring from Business

Has been a Boon to Thousands of Purchasers. This week will be interesting to those purchasing Tapestry. Carpets all Prices. Stairs and Borders to Match. Our unlimited stock of Wilton, Axminster and Brussels has been freely drawn upon during past week, but our large range of novelties Enables Purchasers to Purchase Quickly.

Curtains, Upholstery Goods, Rugs and Carpets, Kensington and Anglo-Indian Carpets, Rugs and Mats, ready for use, Brussels, Wilton and Axminster Carpets, various sizes. Oil Cloths and Cork Carpeting, Brass and Enamelled Beds, Mattresses and Bedding.

Everything at Our Retiring Sale Discounted. MAIL ORDERS FILLED. THOMAS LIGGET, EMPIRE BUILDING, 247 1/2 & 247 3/4 St. Catherine St.



Vol. LIV., No. 14

IRELAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

(By Miles J. Murphy.)

For some years past the things Irish has noted the success of an awakening of national activity in Ireland. It is apparently a ripple, and to people it has meant a mere ripple of industrial excitement. American onlookers have been deceived as to the importance of the movement is now demonstrated by the fine showing made by the exhibitors of Ireland at the exposition in St. Louis.

In the concession known as the Irish village there is a large covering a couple of acres of ground in which is an exhibition of various industries and arts. Emerald Isle that opens the astonished visitor. The element is uppermost. The laces from the convents and cages occupy case after case. See the latest designs in apron and femininity.

This display of the Irish has the greatest significance in the fact that it is plotted in an entirely independent manner. There are Irish under the British section, but Irish Village Ireland not only stands an independent demonstration of her activities, but she shows all together. This way of doing her ware is being backed by the Department of Agriculture, Technical Instruction for Ireland direct sponsor. Furthermore British Government is said to bring Ireland to the front in the Irish Manufacturers' Association is an organization formed to exhibit Irish goods at the exposition. The Irish Exhibit Co. of St. Louis, however, is the actually supporting the under.

The great Industrial Hall, course, the chief building in the exhibition, though of exceptional interest are the reproductions of cottages in County Antrim, walled by the ancestors of President McKim, and of the Chapel of County Tipperary, the only specimen of architecture of the time of which it is representative. While the cottage is only a reproduction, it contains the cradle and one other pieces of furniture that led to the homestead.

The Department of Agriculture, Technical Instruction for Ireland, assumed the task of properly exhibiting the exhibits in the Industrial Hall, and to this end sent over the clearest men in Ireland. These were J. Clibborn Hill, expert; T. W. Rolleston, an authority on ancient Ireland; Macarney Fligate, chief of the cultural branch, and Aubrey of the educational branch of the department.

Facsimiles of prehistoric ornaments in gold are astonishing objects. The originals of these are in the Dublin Museum, and the aggregate of the gold objects is five hundred. In all this work, wherever were used, and, in fact, in handicraft before the Christ in Ireland, the spiral was the decoration. In Christian times, however, the interlace was used.

The most interesting piece of ancient metal work shown here undoubtedly the beautiful Cong. This glorious piece of antique Irish workmanship was in the town of Roscommon year 1123, by order of King Hugh O'Conor, to enshrine of the true cross sent to the Pope. The relic was under the large crystal in the tower, where no doubt it still is. It was transferred ultimately to Augustinian Abbey of Cong, Mayo, where it was used as a processional cross.

Irish industrial effort of times began with the silk work of the seventeenth century.