

CO. LIMITED
IN
TSI

delight for
not follow
of artistic style
present some of
READY ON

style, broad
est
\$27.50
black silk braid,
med to elbow,
\$45.25

ON
ODS.

es, all are con-
are planning a

erial, 54 inches
Costume
29c
n, navy,
40c
wide, in
57c

CIALS
ES.

prices. It is
s, then at the

ry stripes, pret-
..... 18c
ide; hand-
..... 59c
onal and
..... 79c

CE \$1.50

ly finished as
ed tweed storm
\$1.50

CS.

ir house for the

..... 88c

..... 95c

CO. LIMITED

St. Montreal

urphy Co.,

ED

and

ables!

showing of fine

tables, made to

and with such lit-
tle Blankets,
..... \$2.25

Blankets, fine
pair \$4.50

ts, light or
a pair \$1.50

BLANKETS.

s, from a
..... \$2.69

in Comforters,
each, \$1.00

rters, in Silk,
hinz Coverings,
..... 50 to 850 each.

SBS HIMSELF

one week to in-
ollet Goods.

RY OFFER:

amed Witch Hazel
made, at ... 10c.

Instead of 15c
azel Face Cream,
and destroyer
ual 25c, at ... 18c

ual Talcum Pow-
erred, and su-
made; regular
..... 18c

omers not to miss

of MUXON'S
Best stomach
rth, will be given
chase of Witch
or Powder.

Y COMPANY

Guthrie St
otcalife.

Tel. Up 2740

The True Witness



Vol. LIV., No. 19

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1904.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WILL STRIKE THE GOVERNMENT.

Mr. John Redmond Outlines the Irish Policy Under Particular Circumstances.

Speaking in Dublin last week upon the policy of the Irish Parliamentary Party in view of the approaching general elections in Great Britain, Mr. John Redmond said:

"We are at this moment on the very eve of a general election (hear, hear), and we would, indeed, be criminal and unworthy of any success in our national endeavor if we lost a single moment in preparing ourselves so as to be ready to take full advantage of the opportunity that lies before us (applause). Now, I can say on this question of preparation nothing new. I can say nothing that I have not been saying for years—that all of us have not been saying for years. My confirmed conviction is that all that is necessary to ensure success for us in the comparatively short period of time in the future is a united Party (applause). Gentlemen, I put a united organization first. Father Monahan correctly gave expression to the view I and my colleagues have always held—that without a united organization in Ireland no Irish Party can be powerful, and no Irish Party can long remain united (applause). I am glad to think that, speaking of the Irish people generally, the Nationalist organization is strong, widespread and united (applause). This meeting here to-night is an assurance to me that in the immediate future Dublin will take steps to put herself once more in her rightful position—in the van of that movement (hear, hear). As the organization is united, so also is the Party (applause). Without a united and disciplined Party the Irish representation would be absolutely powerless (hear, hear). By unity and discipline I do not mean anything in the nature of a cast-iron uniformity of views and opinions (hear, hear). Such a thing as that is, in my opinion, impossible amongst the representatives of intelligent people like the people of Ireland, and even if it were attempted to be enforced it would be an unnatural state of things and, in my belief, would not last (hear, hear). And there must be full liberty of expression of those opinions (hear, hear). But, gentlemen, there is

AN IMPORTANT LIMITATION.

On essentials the decision of the majority of the Party, arrived at after full deliberation and free discussion, must be held to bind the minority (applause). That is the meaning of a united pledge-bound Party (hear, hear), and surely at this time of day it is unnecessary to emphasize the fact that unless an Irish Party is a united and pledge-bound Party in that sense, that Party would deteriorate in the House of Commons and be deprived of all influence for good in the future of Ireland (applause). I desire to say, in thanking this meeting for the generous expression of confidence in the Party, one or two words on that subject (hear, hear). Gentlemen, the action and policy of the Irish Party in this last session has been criticized. I would like to remind the public that the Irish party commenced its work in the last session in Westminster under very great disadvantages. We were deprived then of the counsel and assistance of some of these men who had been the most trusted and responsible leaders of public opinion in Ireland for many years, and whose views and opinions always had the most enormous weight with the Party as well as with Ireland (applause). When we went to Westminster Mr. Dillon (applause) was unfortunately absent owing to ill-health, and when we held the meetings of the Party to consider the action and policy of the session we were deprived also unfortunately of the counsel and advice at these meetings of Mr. William O'Brien (applause). Under these circumstances it is true, in a sense, and it would not be true if I did not say it, that, owing to the ab-

sence of some colleagues, for the policy and action of the Party last session I was more personally responsible than I would otherwise have been. Yet I say here to-night that the decisions that we came to in our Party meetings, after full deliberations and the unanimous action to be taken as to policy to be pursued, were right (hear, hear). The policy we adopted was a proper and inevitable policy (applause). In the session of last year we gave a general support to the Government, and why? Because it was engaged in passing a great measure of reform for Ireland which we believed would have a most beneficial effect, not only on the future of the land question, but upon the general political conditions of the country (applause). When we met at the commencement of this year the question we had to decide was this—Should we or should we not continue during the year the general support which we gave the government last year? Now, just before Parliament assembled I addressed my constituents in the city of Waterford, and I then took it upon myself plainly to indicate to the Party and to the country what my view, what my individual view, was as to the policy we ought to adopt. I there expressed my perfect willingness to go on during the session SUPPORTING THE GOVERNMENT upon one condition, and that condition was that the Government should go on introducing useful legislation for Ireland (cheers). I clearly indicated that that was the only condition upon which the Irish Party would be justified in supporting the Government, and I declared that if the Government was false to their pledges on the University question and on the Laborers' question, then it would be our duty to withdraw our support from them and, as a necessary consequence, strike them as hard as we could (loud applause). That is the policy I ventured to put before the country and the Party, and it was unanimously adopted by the Party, and the result was that we went into the House of Commons perfectly free in this matter. We wanted to know what the Government was going to do, and on the second night of the session I submitted certain questions to the Government, first in reference to the question of Home Rule, because I put that first and in the front of every question. I submitted a question on the University question, and in reference to their pledges on the Laborers' Bill. What was the reply I got? Within twenty-four hours after the assembly of Parliament, Mr. Wyndham rose in his place and stated that, whatever his individual opinion on the university question might be, the Government would not, and in his view ought not, introduce a measure dealing with the matter until they had perfect unanimity upon it in Ireland (laughter). The Laborers' Bill, as we know, which was introduced by the Government, was a defective, and indeed, I might almost say, an insulting Bill, a Bill in open violation of the pledges repeatedly given by them (hear, hear). Am I to be told of the decision of our demand for Home Rule, in face of their deliberately falsifying their pledges on the University question and on the laborers' question—am I to be told in face of those facts that the proper policy was to support the Government through thick and thin, as we did the year before when they were passing the Land Act (applause). No; I believe we took the right decision (loud applause). We did not take it until we heard the statement of the policy of the Government, but the moment we heard that statement we made up our minds to attack them with all our might, and if we had received from the Liberal party anything like a whole-hearted support the Government would be out of office several months ago (applause). I am convinced that in adopting this policy the Party acted in conformity with the opinion and views of the vast majority of the people of Ireland (applause).

It is a good thing to get an education, or to gain a fortune, if honestly done, or to get honorable fame; but the triumph of nobility and the victory which inheres in a spotless character are greater than all else.

REPUDIATES ORANGEISM.

Lord Rossmore Resigns His Office and Membership for Patriotic Purposes.

The letter below has been sent to Doctor Campbell Hall, Deputy County Grand Master of the Orange Society of Monaghan, Ireland:

Rossmore, Monaghan,
25th October, 1904.

Dear Brother Campbell Hall—For some time I have felt that my position as County Grand Master in the Orange Society is not in strict conformity with what I conceive to be absolute impartiality, considering that I hold the office of his Majesty's County Lieutenant at the same time. You may remember that I told you and others some three years ago that it was my intention to resign even then, as I was anxious not even to appear a partizan while acting as his Majesty's Lieutenant. At that time I allowed myself to be persuaded by you and some others not to sever my connection with the Grand Mastership. Recent events, however, leave me no option but to give up this position and membership of the Society as well. I need not state that the wicked and singularly bigoted attack made on you by some Orangemen, by reason of your having shown a just and broad-minded interest in a matter which vitally concerns Protestants of all classes as well as Roman Catholics, urged me to the conclusion that local Orangeism was coming to mean an organization seeking to establish the worst kind of mental slavery, and this on the part of men who profess a belief in constructive relation to our country and our fellow Irishmen; their policy is solely negative—ever in opposition—ever seeking to sow dissension—a state of things I fancy to be directly at variance with the rules and constitution of the Society, as every intelligent member must clearly recognize.

It is a source of deep regret that individual moderate Orangemen do not think out such matters for themselves. To me they appear to be following blindly the lead of some few professional politicians and office-holders, whose advice seems invariably to be the result of a contemplation of their personal interests, and hardly ever the outcome of a desire for peace and prosperity of us Irishmen. Guides such as these feel that their positions and salaries depend in a great measure for their continuity on the divisions and antipathies of those who would work together to bring more prosperity to their homes and greater happiness to a common country.

Recently it was a subject of disappointment to me to learn of the utter inability of my brother Orangemen to grasp my motive in attending Lord Dunraven's Association, the wisdom, from the point of view of a Unionist, of seeking a solution of the present isolated and stagnant condition of those in the country who cannot fall in with the Nationalist demand, as we understand it, but who are desirous of doing in concert with moderate Nationalists what would be likely to contribute to our common prosperity, and leave the principles of each untouched.

Surely Orangeism cannot necessarily mistrust our fellowmen in all that appertains to the concerns of our common country. What can be wrong in moderate Unionists meeting moderate Nationalists and discussing with them a possible plan by which all sections of our present divided community may have a voice in the decision of those matters which concern the country's finance, and, if considered wise, in the creation of a centre board or council, or call it what you will, which would have to do with subjects purely Irish, and in no sense of an Imperial character. Notwithstanding what may be urged to the contrary mostly by interested or thoughtless persons, such a disposition is fully in accord with true Unionism in policy and in truth.

I venture to suggest that extremists of both sides who mean the best for themselves and their country are standing in their own light and in the way of genuine, necessary progress. We should not wish to root

out Roman Catholics and if we could not do so. Roman Catholics—certainly the vast majority of them—do not wish to get rid of us. Why then may we not at least confer and strive for a common ground of brotherhood and of wise and Christian toleration? Why insane and endless suspicion?

In now severing my connection with the Society, which has lasted for so many years, I wish to thank the brethren for very many past kindnesses and for having year after year elected me to the position of Grand Master. My parting word would be to invite the Orange Society to think for themselves, and to consider well and carefully their present position in their native land, and not to be blind to what must be the inevitable result of always opposing what wise and moderate people devise for the general good.—Yours very truly.

ROSSMORE.

Ancient Order of Hibernians.

The regular fortnightly meeting of No. 4 Div., A.O.H., took place in their hall, corner of Maisonneuve and St. Catherine streets, on the evening of October 27, the President, Bro. Jas. Doolan, in the chair. After routine business had been disposed of, three new members were initiated and four others proposed. The business of the meeting being ended, a friendly game of euchre took place between the members of the Division and Hibernian Knights.

We take this occasion as a favorable one to state that on Sunday, Nov. 20th, the entire Hibernians of the city intend holding a church parade to St. Gabriel's Church, to celebrate the anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs, where High Mass will be celebrated at 10 o'clock, and where Rev. Father O'Meara, now County Chaplain of the Order, informed our representative nothing would be left undone to bring the celebration to a successful issue. The Hibernian Knights will head the parade, in uniform, on this occasion, under the command of their Captain, Bro. P. Doyle.

Celebrated His 38th Anniversary as Organist.

Prof. J. A. Fowler, organist of St. Patrick's Church, celebrated his 38th anniversary as organist and choir-master on Friday evening last. He was not forgotten by the members of his choir. A grand concert was arranged and was carried out with great precision and skill, under the leadership of Mr. George Carpenter. Several ladies and gentlemen took part in the programme. Prof. Fowler was made the recipient of many handsome gifts. Rev. Fathers Martin Callaghan, P.P., Peter Heffernan, and James Killoran assisted. Prof. Fowler, in a neat speech, thanked one and all for their thoughtfulness in remembering him on the occasion.

THE MAYOR TOOK THE PLEDGE.

Hon. Augustine J. Daly, Mayor of Cambridge, Mass., was the principal speaker at the commemoration by the Hibernian Total Abstinence Association of that city of the one hundred and first anniversary of the execution in Dublin of Ireland's young patriot, Robert Emmet. Mr. Daly's address was brief, but pointed and eminently practical. He exhorted all those present to keep the total abstinence flag flying. He said that formerly, as judge of the district court in Cambridge, he had come into personal touch with a great deal of crime arising from drunkenness, and he declared that, were it not for drunkenness, the district court would not have business enough to keep open two days in the week. Mayor Daly was not satisfied with attending the meeting, but when the time came for the election and initiation of candidates, gave in his name, took the total abstinence pledge, and became a full-fledged and full-pledged member of the association.

INAUGURATION OF COLUMBIAN CLUB.

A very pleasing event took place on Tuesday evening last, when the members of the above club entertained their friends at the club rooms, in the Inglis building, St. Catherine street. Some three hundred guests attended. Lady Hingston, Mrs. Doherty, Mrs. Dr. McCarthy and Mrs. Whitney did the honors in the club parlor. The first item was the inspection of the club rooms. An abundance of plants and cut flowers, arranged in most tasteful style, with the club colors predominating, lent gaiety and charm. In the reception hall a conversation was held under the direction of Mrs. Monk and Mrs. P. S. Doyle, during which sweet music was rendered by the orchestra. A musicale followed, the numbers of which were rendered almost entirely by the club members. The following is the splendidly arranged programme:

- Orchestra—Prince of Pilsen... Leaders
- Piano—"Anitra's Dance" . . . Grieg
- Mr. C. F. Whitton, Sci. '08.
- Quartet—The German Glee Club.
- Song—Still as the Night-Clear Bohm
- Mr. T. J. Hewitt, Med. '05
- Violin—"Eternamente" . . . Mascheroni
- Mr. F. Gruenwald.
- Sonata in F Minor . . . Heagerty
- Mr. J. J. Heagerty, Med. '05
- Mandolin—"Intermezzo" . . . Mascagni
- Mr. L. McD. Ryan, Med. '05
- Song—Oh that we two were Maying.
- Gounod.
- Mr. Mendoza Langlois.
- Quartet—The German Glee Club.
- Orchestra—"On the Wing" . . . St. John
- Accompanist, Mr. A. R. Prendergast, Med. '05.
- Director of Orchestra, Mr. Jos. St. John.

"God Save the King." The President, Mr. Hugh Chisholm, followed with some well-chosen remarks, in the course of which he bade welcome to the distinguished audience. He dwelt on the fact that the club owed a debt of gratitude to the Seminary of St. Sulpice; it had the hearty approval of the Archbishop, and had been royally dealt with by the Knights of Columbus. The board of administration being composed of five experienced business men left no doubt as to the stability of the club's affairs. This was appreciated, and surely there was abundant proof in the spontaneous manner in which the young men came forward to join the club, among whom are several professional men, recent university graduates. The home-like atmosphere of the rooms urged the students to frequent them, and if they possessed the very nicest students' quarters it was owing to the generosity of the Catholics of Montreal, the Knights of Columbus, and the magnificent gift from St. Sulpice. The usual student hit had its place on the evening's programme, entitled a Sonata in F Minor, but surely what's in a name, for the writer, who exhibited ready wit in composition as well as interpretation, can not possess a heart tuned to a minor key. The last verse was a graceful tribute to the work of the chaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, who responded with some timely remarks. He did not forget to give unstinted praise to the Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., the first to take up the work among Catholic students and among whom his memory is ever cherished. Father McShane emphasized the fact that there was no connection between the "Columbian" and the Knights of Columbus, simply that the Columbian had its inception beneath their hospitable roof; but the "Columbian" would like to impress this well on the Knights of Columbus that if they (the Knights) did not disclaim relationship, the "Columbian" would be proud to be considered their little adopted daughter. The Columbian Club appeals to the general public and Catholics for a two-fold reason: on account of its far-reaching work for young men with its educational, social and moral advantages, and because this work in extending its influence will go on so that it will make itself felt when these same young men take their places either in the church, business or social life. The club is

in every sense of the word prospering. The comfortable and inviting quarters are a just pride to the members, and more than all that they are clear of debt and possess a good bank balance. The students' fees amount to \$300, the Seminary gift, \$400, and a nice sum from the good people of Montreal.

The guests then adjourned to the banquet hall, where refreshments were served.

There was an atmosphere of cordial mirth and sociability throughout the whole evening, and the young Columbians have reason to feel proud of their sumptuous quarters and the manner in which they did the honors to their hosts of distinguished friends on their opening night.

The following is a list of the officers and members of the Club:

- President—Hugh Chisholm, Medicine, '05.
- Vice-President—Wolfe Costello, Medicine, '05.
- Secretary—P. Jos. Downes, Law, '06.
- Treasurer—Harry L. Forbes, Sci., '05.
- Chaplain—Rev. Gerald J. McShane, S.S., D.D.
- Executive Board—Hon. Judge Curran, Charles F. Smith, Martin Eagan, Hugh Chisholm, F. J. Hackett, M.D., E. J. Mullally, M.D., P. Jos. Downes, Rev. Gerald J. McShane, S.S., D.D.
- House Committee—W. Styles, Medicine, '05; J. Hackett, Medicine, '06; J. S. Dohan, Medicine, '05; J. P. Howe, Science, '07; Martin Eagan.
- Entertainment Committee—A. Prendergast, Medicine, '05; J. J. Mullin, Medicine, '06; F. E. McKenna, Law, '06; H. Sims, Medicine, '06; E. J. Mullally, M.D.
- Members, 1904-05.—Barry, J. L., Med. '08; Chisholm, H. A., Med. '05; Clark, J. C., Med. '05; Connor, E. L., Med. '05; Costello, W. J., Med. '05; Daly, W. J., Sci. '07; Dickenson, J. E., Sci. '06; Dixon, J. A., Med. '07; Dohan, J. S., Den. Sc., '06; Doherty, J. J., Sci. '06; Doyle, P. E., Sci., '08; Donahue, R. A., Med. '08; Downes, P. J., Law, '06; Finnigan, J. F. A., Med. '05; Forbes, H. L., Sci. '05; Fraser, G. A., Arts, '05; Hackett, Jno., Med. '06; Heagerty, J. J., Med. '05; Healy, J. J., Med. '07; Hewitt, T. J., Med. '05; Howe, J. P., Sci. '07; Kane, W. J., Med. '08; Landry, A. R., Med. '07; Lynch, J. G. B., Med. '08; McBride, W. P., Med. '08; McCabe, A. W., Med. '06; McCann, J. H., Med. '07; McDonald, R. H., Med. '08; McDonald, J. C., Med. '07; McGrath, J. P., Med. '08; McKenna, F. E., Law, '06; McKenty, F., M.D.; McMillan, W. P., Med. '08; McNab, J. J., Sci. '06; Michaud, J. N., Med. '06; Monahan, R. J., Med. '06; Mulgrew, T. B., Med. '07; Mullen, J. J., Med. '06; Mulligan, W. H., Sci. '07; Nagle, F. W., Med. '08; Prendergast, A. R., Med. '05; Quinn, F. P., Med. '07; Redden, E. O. M., Sci. '08; Redden, L. Y., Sci. '08; Richards, W. A., Sci. '06; Ryan, L. McD., Med. '05; Sheahan, J. J., Med. '06; Sims, H. L., Med. '06; Slaven, R. G., Sci. '06; Styles, W. A. L., Med. '05; Sullivan, J. A., Med. '05; Sweeney, J. A., Med. '05; Turley, E. J., Sci. '06; Valin, R. E., Med. '05; Valhillee, J. R., Sci. '08; Walsh, J. P., Med. '08; Whitton, C. F., Sci. '08; Young, C. A., Med. '05.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

On Oct. 12th the death of Dr. T. O'Reilly took place at Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, Ont., where he had been sojourning, in hope of recovering from the effects of a severe cold contracted two years ago while engaged in the practice of his profession in his native town of Placentia. He had to leave there and visit Canada to recuperate, and had been only a week at Muskoka when the end came. He was only 24 years of age, a brother of the present Magistrate and the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, P.P., Salmonier. The late Doctor was a graduate of Laval University, Quebec. To his brother, the popular pastor of Salmonier, who was at one time a correspondent of the True Witness, we tender our sympathy.

There are four hundred and twenty-one native Chinese priests and more than two thousand native nuns laboring among their own people.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT

Conducted by HELENE.

A touching incident was told the writer not long since, which adds another proof of the power of prayer. A little girl, some eight years of age, had fallen when she was three years old, injuring her spine, which resulted in paralysis. Her mother was dead; her father was a man of more than liberal ideas where religion was concerned. The care of this small child devolved on a grandmother, a woman well advanced in years and to whom the charge of the little one proved no easy task. However, this was her daughter's only child, and how natural it was that she should sacrifice herself through fear of the influence of the unbeliever. With no thought of the weight of years and consequent infirmities, she journeyed to Ste. Anne de Beaupre with her little grandchild, who had to be taken in a wheeling chair. Many times during the five days was the little one brought to the foot of the shrine, fervent were the prayers of the dear old grandmother. She was supposed to return on the sixth day, and that morning, never doubting, she assisted at Mass as usual, accompanied by the little cripple. As the holy sacrifice was being offered the old lady seemed as one transported; she knelt with her arms about the child, interceding for her, and offering her, as it were, to the Almighty Father. It was as a glorified saint she received holy Communion; and amongst those around who knew her story there were not many eyes that were dry. There she was, her silvery hair and tottering steps proclaiming she had passed the allotted span, unconscious, in her earnestness, of anything but the presence of her God, a living witness to the glorious faith—our common heritage. And God, through the intercession of good St. Ann, was pleased to manifest his omnipotence and grant to the dear small child the grace that she was too young to ask for herself, and now with her strong young limbs she will be able to guide the faltering steps of the dear grandmother who has, in all probability, only a short way to go.

A gown worn at a recent dinner was a white silk grenadine nearly covered with large red flowers woven in and raised above the white, the whole forming a broche effect. The gown was cut princess, and from the round neck depended a deep round cape to match, but having silvery white spangles outlining many of the flowers. This cape extended over the close sleeves half way to between the elbows and wrists in white lace flounces.

TIMELY HINTS.

Badly tarnished silver will brighten quickly if immersed for a time in a poisonous preparation of one ounce of cyanide of potassium to one quart of soft water. Rub dry with a soft woolen cloth.

The proper way to clean a rug is to turn it upside down on the grass or snow, if possible, and if not then on a clean floor, and gently beat it. Then turn it right-side up, spread it out flat, and with a not too stiff broom, sweep it from side to side, across the nap. After the dust is well out, dampen a clean white cloth in water, to which a little alcohol has been added, and wipe over the entire rug in the direction in which the nap lies.

When furs are made over, insist upon having all pieces, no matter how small, returned, since even the tiny pieces are available for use on hats and fancy waists.

Equal parts of skimmed milk and water warmed will remove fly specks from varnished woodwork or furniture.

Nails driven first into a bar of soap will not split furniture or delicate woodwork.

Just before a heavy frost gather the leaves of the rose geranium and scatter them in linen shelves and drawers.

Bed ticking, not too heavy, makes excellent dish towels, as it has no lint—wash thoroughly before hemming.

Small bags of heavy unbleached muslin made to fit the size of the steps and filled with pieces of an old comfortable laid in smoothly make admirable stair pads.

A ham is greatly improved if, after being boiled, it is wrapped in buttered paper and baked for an hour.

A fine remedy for insomnia is to take a sunbath once a day—sit in the sunshine and toast the spine until you feel as if the vertebra would rattle.

To make cut glass sparkle it should be sprinkled with sawdust and then rubbed with chamois.

An easy way to prepare toast is to use end pieces of bread loaves. Over them pour quickly boiling water, allowing it to run off, or use pure milk over the pieces, not severing the crust, and put butter in between the cuts, also on top. Then set all in the oven in a deep plate. By the time coffee, chocolate or tea is made the "easy toast" is done.

Perspiration stains may be removed from the sleeves of white woollen or silk dresses by sponging them with warm water into which ammonia has been poured, and then with clear water. Press the place before it becomes quite dry.

The following is a good remedy for making shoes waterproof and also keeping them from cracking: Mix together on the fire two parts of tallow in one of rosin, and having warmed the shoes, apply it, melted, with a painter's brush, until they will not absorb any more.

A bag of canton flannel fitted securely to the brush of an old broom and equipped with tapes to fasten it firmly to the handle makes a good polisher for hardwood or painted floors.

To remove paper from a cake, when the cake has partly cooled, turn it bottom upward and brush the paper with water until it is thoroughly dampened. It can then be easily removed.

TREATMENT OF WOUNDS.

The old remedy, where the wound is not too severe, is to simply tie it up in its own blood, and not disturb it until healed.

In the country if a wound has been made by any poisonous, rusty iron or steel, inflammation may be allayed, and lockjaw, mortification, etc., often prevented, by holding the wound over the smoke of burning

wood previously saturated with sweet oil or lard.

Flour bound upon a moderate cut will stop the bleeding. Bound upon a scald or burn, it excludes the air and thus alleviates the pain.

When a large artery or vein has been severed a bandage should immediately be tied, between the wound and the heart in the former case, and on the other side from the heart in the latter. A knowledge of simple remedies in case of accidents should form a part of every boy's and girl's education.

A HOMEMADE FILTER.

How to Make a Cheap but Reliable One—To Mend China.

"In our business we come to acquire a knowledge of how to do many a little thing that the housekeeper would gladly welcome as additions to her store of information," said a man in the house furnishing trade to a representative of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat recently.

"Here is a piece of information that may be valuable, and that is how to make an inexpensive but entirely reliable filter. For this purpose one had better take a stone jar, though for that matter most any receptacle will do. A hole sufficiently large for the stream of water one desires to enter the filter should be bored in the bottom, and after this is accomplished the receptacle must be filled, first with a layer of sand several inches deep, then a layer of bits of sponge, and on this, to a level with the top of the jar, plenty of small gravel or pebbles.

"When the receptacle has been so filled, a piece of wire screen is to be fastened over the top, made secure with bands of wire. The homemade filter must then be inverted over another receptacle, into which the filtered water is to drop, the orifice attached to the hydrant by means of a small hose, and it is ready for business—ready to purify the water and render it as clear as the original crystal. Except for the original cost of the jar and the hose, which may be used indefinitely, the entire cost of the thing will not be more than a couple of cents, and the filtering ingredients may be cleaned each day with hot water without very much trouble, or new sand and gravel used frequently, just as one may elect.

"There is another thing that occurs to me which housekeepers might like to know, and that is how to mend china so that it will not be marred and will stay mended. Take some quicklime and powder it, then pour on this the white of an egg. A pour of vinegar and milk in equal parts must then be made and added to the lime and egg, after which the whole must be beaten well and slightly warmed. The broken edges of whatever is to be mended must then be exposed to the heat for a few seconds, after which the cement may be applied in only a very thin coat, the broken edges pressed firmly together, and when the cement has dried it will be more enduring than the plate or cup itself."

HOW TO CLEAN SILK GLOVES.

To clean silk and thread gloves put them on the hands and wash them in borax water or if very much soiled with white castile soap. Rinse by pouring water over the hands and dry with a towel. Keep the gloves on the hands until nearly dry, then take off, fold carefully and lay between clean cloths under a weight.

HOW TO GLAZE COLLARS.

To glaze collars and cuffs you need a proper polishing iron, one with a rounded surface faced with steel. Iron each collar till quite dry, lay on a board covered with one thickness of calico only, rub quickly over with a clean rag squeezed out of cold water and iron with your polishing iron, pressing hard. The iron should be moderately warm.

HOW TO CLEAN STATUES.

Nothing takes the dust more freely than plaster objects, more or less artistic, which are the modest ornaments of our dwellings. They rapidly contract a yellow gray color of unpleasant appearance. Here is a practical way of restoring the whiteness: Take finely powdered starch, quite white, and make a thick paste with hot water. Apply while still

hot with a flexible spatula or a brush on the plaster object. The layer should be quite thick. Let it dry slowly. On drying the starch will split and scale off. All the soiled parts of the plaster will adhere and be drawn off with the scales.

HOW TO MAKE A WORK SCREEN.

A work screen is much more useful than a workbasket. Make the screen out of denim, canvas, or any heavy material. Make pockets for stockings to be darned, pockets for thread smaller ones for needles and thimbles. Into the pockets for thread set cords or ribbons, run on to them the spools of thread and through eyelets let the ends of the thread hang from the side of the pocket. Over each pocket set a flap to protect the pockets and contents from the dust. Stretch the screen over a frame. Give the frame a solid foundation that will make it hard to tip over, and a most convenient work screen is completed.

HOW TO PICKLE HERRINGS.

Procure a dozen small imported herrings. Cut off their heads and tails and soak in cold water for two days, changing the water several times during that period. Drain, wipe dry, and lay in a stone jar. Put one quart of white wine vinegar in a saucepan over the fire, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, half a cupful of water, two onions sliced, two bay leaves and two blades of mace. Cover and simmer gently for an hour. Set to one side to cool. When quite cold strain into the jar over the herring, adding one tablespoonful of mustard seed, six whole cloves, a tablespoonful each of whole peppers and allspice and the bay leaves already used. Cover the jar and in three days the herring will be ready for use.

RECIPES.

Cheese Custard.—Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of bread cut in pieces one inch square, with crust removed, sprinkle thin-sliced cheese over the bread, dust with salt and paprika, or a few grains of cayenne. Add other layers of bread and cheese, seasoning as before, using in all half a small loaf of bread, one cup of cheese and a half teaspoonful of salt. Beat two eggs slightly, add one pint of milk, and pour the mixture over the bread and cheese. Bake about half an hour in a moderate oven.

Spiced Plums.—For seven pounds of plums take 3½ pounds of brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, one ounce each of cloves, allspice and mace, and two ounces of cinnamon, putting the spice in a thin muslin bag; cook slowly until the juice is a thick syrup.

Salad Dressing.—A delicious salad dressing is made with the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs rubbed fine one tablespoonful of oil, tarragon vinegar to taste, and one cup of whipped cream. This is easier to make than mayonnaise.

Grape Preserves.—Pulp and boil the grapes until the seeds loosen; run through a sieve, boil half of the skins in a very little water, put pulp and the boiled skins together, and for every pint of grape add a pound of sugar; boil the whole for fifteen minutes.

Oranges Filled With Jelly.—Take half a dozen oranges that are perfect; make a hole at the stem end about half an inch in diameter; take a teaspoon and remove the pulp, and then soak the orange in cold water for an hour; then scrape with the spoon until they are smooth inside; rinse with cold water and drain on a cloth and put them in ice-box. Prepare pink and clear orange jelly, with the juice of two lemons added. Fill half of them with the pink, the other half with clear jelly, and when they are set wipe clean and cut each orange in four quarters. Heap them in a pretty glass dish for the table.

Fried Egg Plant.—Slice the vegetable thin and dip either into flour or beaten egg, followed by crumbs, and either fry or saute. Another delicious way of preparing egg plant is to drop the unpared vegetable into a kettle of boiling salted water and cook rapidly for twenty minutes. When slightly cooked it is cut into halves, the centre scooped from each piece, chopped fine, and mixed with an equal quantity of fine stale bread crumbs and chopped meat. To

this add a high seasoning of salt and pepper, onion juice, and chopped parsley. Two beaten eggs are stirred in, the mixture is heaped in the halved shells, and returned to the oven for half an hour or more, until cooked and browned.

THE LAST TRYST.

An old woman was walking up and down the long acacia avenue in the garden of the Home for the Aged—under the supervision of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

She had her beads in her hand, and presently, kissing the silver crucifix, depending from the rosary, she made the sign of the cross. A sister was sitting darning stockings in a little summer-house near by.

"Good morning, Catharine," she said, as the old woman reached the door.

"Good morning, Sister," was the reply. "I wish my eyes weren't so bad till I'd give you a hand at the mending. 'Twas I was fine at the needle once, but that's a long ago. I'm good for nothing now but peeling the vegetables and sayin' my prayers."

"And giving every one a cheery word," said Sister Beatrice, with a smile. "That counts for a great deal, Catharine. Sit there on the step and rest yourself."

The old woman sat down. She wore a coarse black gown, but her long gingham apron and the white silk handkerchief about her neck were scrupulously clean. Softly waving silver locks framed a sweet, restful face, that must once have been very beautiful.

"That is a curious crucifix you have there, Catharine," remarked the nun. "Perhaps it belonged to your mother?"

"No, Sister, but to his."

"His? I thought you were never married?"

"Nor was I, Sister. Catharine Blake I was born, and Catharine Blake I'll die. But there was a boy I liked once, and he gave it to me when he left home. 'Twas on account of him I came to America."

"And why didn't you marry him, Catharine?"

"Sure, I never found him. My people wouldn't have me speak to him, if they could help it. He was shiftless, they said—and maybe he was. But he had a kind heart, and he was fond of me. He was a great singer, and he played the fiddle fine, and a better lookin' boy there was not in the whole barony."

"And you came to America looking for him? That was not very wise, Catharine."

"He sent me the address of the place where he lived. I waited seven months till I earned enough money. I was at service with a farmer. When I had the money in hand I came."

"Without telling your people?"

"Without telling my people. My mother was dead long since, my brothers and sisters all married. And when I came to New York he was gone—And I never found him."

"That was some time ago, Catharine?" said the Sister, glancing at the withered hands closed about the silver crucifix in the old woman's lap.

"Nearly fifty years—no less. But there's never a day since he gave me the cross that I did not say my beads for him. I worked an' I worked, I went here an' I went there, but I never found him. There was a great tale of gold in California in early days, and I came out, thinking maybe I'd meet him. But I never did, Sister dear, I never did. Blessed be the holy will of God!"

It was a strange little procession—inaugurating the Forty Hours. Four of the least decrepit among the old men carried the canopy, while such of their companions as were able followed. Behind came the old women, then the Sisters, chanting the Pange Lingua.

Suddenly from among the group of men a voice chimed in—feeble at first but swelling in volume as it gained courage. A flutter ran through the whole length of the procession.

Some of the men looked at one another with a surprised and disappearing shake of the head; many of the women pressed their lips together, hardly able to restrain a smile. Catharine Blake walked at the end with her friend and comrade, Bridget Miles.

"God bless me!" whispered Bridget. "What old man is that? 'Twas a fine voice once, though, Catharine."

Catharine put her fingers to her lips, and made no sound. But there were tears in the faded blue eyes, and the hands that wrapped themselves about the silver crucifix trembled as with palsy.

Beatrice, for whom she had been watching. At last she saw her coming out of the chapel, where she herself had spent the greater part of the day.

"Sister, dear," she asked, "can you tell me the name of that man in 't? Is he here a long time?"

"His name is Arthur Donahue," said Sister Beatrice. "He is a newcomer—very feeble, but begged to be allowed to walk in the procession today. He meant no harm, poor man, and his voice is remarkably good for a man of his age."

"That is so, Sister," Catharine replied, in a low tone. "But years ago it couldn't be beat in all Ireland. That's the boy I told ye of, Sister dear."

"Are you sure, Catharine?"

"Am I sure of my own name? Yes, Sister; that's the boy, I seen him. His hair is white now, and his face old, but it would take more changes than them-for me not to know Arthur when I cast my eyes on him. Would you ask the good Mother could I see him, Sister? If he knew, he'd be just as glad as me, I'm sure."

"I will, I will, Catharine," answered Sister Beatrice cheerily. "Tomorrow morning we'll arrange it—and I'm certain, as you say, he will be as glad as yourself. What a strange, strange happening that you should find each other here, after all these years!"

The old women were leaving the refectory next morning when Sister Beatrice again sought Catharine Blake. Taking her by the hand, she led her into the garden.

"Catharine," she said, "I have something to tell you."

"Yes, Sister," replied the old woman, with trembling lips.

"You were right. He is the man you knew. Last night he was suddenly stricken and is now dying. It is paralysis. At first his mind wandered, and he called your name. Later he came to his senses and has already received the Sacraments. I will take you to him."

Catharine did not speak. Side by side the two women entered the infirmary, where the old man lay dying. In a moment Catharine was leaning over him.

"Do you know me, Arthur?" she asked, wiping the tears from her cheeks with one old shirved hand, while the other rested on his outside coverlet.

"Sure I do, Cathie," he said, quite calmly. "But where are your brown locks?"

"Gone with yours, Arthur," she answered, smiling through her tears.

"And where were you all the time?"

"Looking for you mostly till I came to this good place."

"And I thought you went back on me! I thought it—God forgive me, Cathie, I—I was very bitter once—but I never married."

"You were not in New York at the place you told me, and no one knew where you'd gone, Arthur."

"I waited nigh seven months without tale or tidings."

"'Twas my fault, Arthur. I should have come when you told me."

"No, but mine. I was too hot-headed, and a rover always—from the day I was born."

"I knew your voice in the chapel yesterday."

"An' did you? Well, well, 'Twas a crazy thing to do, Cathie, but I couldn't help it. I had to sing out as I used to at home."

"'Twas God did it, Arthur. Praise and thanks be to His holy name. After all our wanderin's we're together at last."

"Will you let her stay near me, Sister?" asked the old man, with a wan smile, as he softly patted Catharine's hand.

"As long as she likes," said the Sister. "All day if she wishes."

"Then I'll never leave him, Sister dear," said Catharine, drawing a chair to the bedside.

Sister Beatrice went away. "Do you mind this, Arthur?" asked Catharine, after a moment. He lifted his eyes, and feebly extended his hand, chill with the touch of death. The fingers closed about the crucifix—he pressed it to his lips.

OUR BOY

Dear Boys and Girls:

I am sure the letters last children's page. B. D., from little girl of seven. It was her soon again. Henry S. and girls) must have rollicking rable Aunt Becky ever made. done so, but I do believe I nices and nephews in a "gob ask her brother, who seems to for the "Corner." We wou fifty cents he expected. I hope Billy T.'s sore fin how he managed to break a copy right? No one thoug by the good old customs hav when I was a little girl, hall Good-bye, dear little always welcome in the corner

Dear Aunt Becky:

I thought I would try and you a little letter. I am a girl of nine. I do not go to but I study my catechism at I have two sisters and a b older and one brother younge me. My sister Rose is writin you also. Good-bye. LIZZ

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was pleased at seeing my letter in the paper this week. try and write every week. I learning my catechism at home hopes to make my first Comm in the spring. We live about miles from the Church. In some times it is very cold to so far. This is all for this Good-bye. RO

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am just eight years old and not write very good, but I like to see my letter in your so won't you put it in. I ha big dog. Rover is his name, loves to swim in the river, throw out sticks and he goes them and when he comes in run away, because he likes to up on us and it is not very when he is soaking wet. ISAB

Dear Aunt Becky:

I live in the country and can't go school regularly. I fee chickens, turkeys and ducks, ar the eggs. We had visitors ly all summer. My aunties cousins were with us and w great times boating and picn in the woods. They are build school-house about a mile from so then papa will drive me to every day. Your friend, MIRIA

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have three white mice. My gave them to me for my scri. They have lots of fun scam over the house and cuddle a my neck. I have six dolls an make all their clothes. My b ter cuts them out and I sew I have two brothers and a older than myself and a baby I am ten years old and go to regularly. Papa thinks I am very well for a little girl. Your little friend, KIT

Dear Aunt Becky:

Can you find room for a from a little girl who lives do the sea? I wanted to write tell you how much I enjoy r the children's page. Seeing little boys and girls' letters me want to write too. I h see this next week. Your friend, MOI

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is from far away Winn wonder how you would like t out this way. We have very waters but have lots of fun d down home-made toboggan sli making snowballs and havin ball fights. I am longing for though sometimes I have to indoors for days at a time. I mer I have no very specia time, as we live outside the and it is very quiet. I had last year with my uncle t York. I rode in the elevate and thought it was just lovely stayed down at Manhattan for

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

I am sure the letters last week were enjoyed by all readers of the children's page. B. D., from Sudbury, writes a very nice letter for a little girl of seven. It was neatly written, and we hope to hear from her soon again. Henry S. and Billy Thomas (chums as they call themselves) must have rollicking times. Henry wants to know if poor venerable Aunt Becky ever made "gobolinks." Well, no, Henry, I have never done so, but I do believe I will renew my youth and join my little nieces and nephews in a "gobolink" contest. I think Minnie T. should ask her brother, who seems to be an adept at puzzles, to contribute some for the "Corner." We would all like to know if Johnnie B. got the fifty cents he expected. I hope Billy T.'s sore finger is better. I think he should explain how he managed to break a finger "playing football." Did I read his copy right? No one thought of writing about hallowe'en fun. Surely the good old customs have not been forgotten. Long, long ago when I was a little girl, hallowe'en was a red letter day. Good-bye, dear little friends. Write as often as you like, you are always welcome in the corner.

Your friend,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I thought I would try and write you a little letter. I am a little girl of nine. I do not go to school but I study my catechism at home. I have two sisters and a brother older and one brother younger than me. My sister Rose is writing to me also. Good-bye.

LIZZIE.

Granby.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was pleased at seeing my little letter in the paper this week. I will try and write every week. I am learning my catechism at home in hopes to make my first Communion in the spring. We live about four miles from the Church. In winter some times it is very cold to drive so far. This is all for this week. Good-bye.

ROSE.

Granby.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am just eight years old and cannot write very good, but I would like to see my letter in your paper, so won't you put it in. I have a big dog. Rover is his name. He loves to swim in the river. We throw out sticks and he goes after them and when he comes in we all run away, because he likes to jump up on us and it is not very nice when he is soaking wet.

ISABEL.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I live in the country and cannot go to school regularly. I feed the chickens, turkeys and ducks, and gather the eggs. We had visitors nearly all summer. My aunts and cousins were with us and we had great times boating and picnicking in the woods. They are building a school-house about a mile from here, so then papa will drive me to school every day.

Your friend,

MIRIAM.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have three white mice. My auntie gave them to me for my birthday. They have lots of fun scampering over the house and cuddle around my neck. I have six dolls and I make all their clothes. My big sister cuts them out and I sew them. I have two brothers and a sister older than myself and a baby sister. I am ten years old and go to school regularly. Papa thinks I am doing very well for a little girl.

Your little friend,

KITTIE.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Can you find room for a letter from a little girl who lives down by the sea? I wanted to write and tell you how much I enjoy reading the children's page. Seeing other little boys and girls' letters made me want to write too. I hope to see this next week.

Your friend,

MOLLY.

Isaac's Harbor, N.S.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is from far away Winnipeg. I wonder how you would like to live out this way. We have very cold winters but have lots of fun sliding down home-made toboggan slides and making snowballs and having snow-ball fights. I am longing for it, although sometimes I have to stay indoors for days at a time. In summer I have no very special good time, as we live outside the city and it is very quiet. I had a trip last year with my uncle to New York. I rode in the elevated cars and thought it was just lovely. We stayed down at Manhattan for a few

No wonder folks found it hard to believe that he was just a tramp kitten, or that they paid no heed to the wistful look in his round eyes or to the piteous little cries that came from his funny red mouth. Sad indeed would have been his fate only for the mother-heart in the loft tenant. She had three babies of her own, great rollicking fellows with big heads and ugly yellow jackets, but she loved them dearly, and every day went forth to forage for them. Just as the waif cuddled down under the maple she devoted mother came by softly, a fat juicy mouse held carefully between her sharp teeth. No doubt she was thinking what a jolly scramble her darlings would have for this delicious morsel. Perhaps that was why she scurried along more quickly as she heard a pleading "Meow, me-ow" from the orphan under the tree, and four little white socks twinkled through the grass and came out on the path in front of her.

Would she give it to him? She stopped for a moment, shook her mouse temptingly, bent her head till it almost touched the path, and then, with a gentle little purr, dropped her babies' dinner to the motherless bairn.—Cecelia Martin, in Donahoe's.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

The following story is told of how the office boy got the better of former Secretary Root: Said Mr. Root, "Who carried off my paper-basket?"

"It was Mr. Reilly," said the boy. "Who is Mr. Reilly?" asked Mr. Root.

"The janitor, sir." An hour later Mr. Root asked, "Jimmie, who opened the window?"

"Mr. Lantz, sir." "And who is Mr. Lantz?"

"The window-cleaner, sir." Mr. Root wheeled about and looked at the boy. "See here, James," he said, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them in this office. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." In ten minutes the door opened, and a small, shrill voice said, "There is a man here as wants to see you, Elihu."

A piano-tuner employed by a city firm was sent to a certain suburb to tune a piano. He found the instrument in good condition and not in the least need of attention.

A few days later the firm received a letter from the owner of the piano, a lady of musical intention, stating that the piano had not been properly tuned. It was no better than before.

After receiving a reprimand from his employer, the hapless tuner made another trip to the suburbs and again tested every note, only to find, as before, no fault with the instrument. This time he told the lady so.

"Yes," she said, "it does seem all right, doesn't it, when you play on it, but as soon as I begin to sing it gets all out of tune again."

"MON DIEU, zees languazhe," said the earnest Parisian, who was visiting the Fair. "It makes me cent mille troubles. Mon ami, Brown tells me Monsieur Smit' has one level head. I inquire of ze dictionnaire what it is that level means. Ze dictionnaire say level is flat. Next day I see Monsieur Smit' an' I compliment heem. 'Ah, Monsieur Smit', vous avez ze grand flat head.' Monsieur Smit' is not compliment. He knock me down."

STORIES OF CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Gentleness, benevolence, hospitality were among his (Cardinal Wiseman's) notable characteristics. None could tell a story better than he. One day when the Cardinal had had some choice plants on the table, someone ventured to ask their names. "I'm afraid I can't tell you," said the Cardinal. "I am sometimes as much puzzled by botanical nomenclature as the old lady who said she could not be bothered to remember all the long Latin names; the only two she had ever been able to retain were Aurora Borealis and delirium tremens."

He used to relate with amusement and satisfaction how, on his last visit to Ireland, he had been characteristically welcomed by a ragged native. As soon as he set foot on Irish ground this warm-hearted fellow pushed his way through the crowd, and, falling on his knees before him, seized his hand, at the same time exclaiming: "Now thin, by holy St. Patrick! Heaven bless your Imminisity!"

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

A writer in a recent issue of the Bardstown (Ky.) Record gives some highly fanciful details of the writing of "My Old Kentucky Home." The author of the song was Stephen Collins Foster. He was born of Irish Catholic parents in Allegheny, Pa., and early in life developed a marked talent for poetry and music. In that day, however, a living could not be made by following these arts, so Foster became a printer. As such he spent several years in Kentucky and the South, and came to love that land of song and many singers. While at Bardstown he was a frequent visitor at the home of Judge John Rowan, who owned a large farm about two miles out from Bardstown. The Rowan home is a large, rambling, two-story structure, with verandas around it, after the Southern style, and a number of shade trees in front. Even to-day the place is a beautiful one, set back a couple of hundred yards from the stone pike. The song was written while Foster and his sister were on a week's visit to the homestead, and this is how the Record says it was first produced, although the first draft of it was undoubtedly written during the previous days of the visit.

One beautiful morning, while the slaves were at work in the corn field, and the sun was shining with a mighty splendor on the waving grass—first giving it the color of a light red, then changing it to a golden hue—there were seated upon a bench in front of the Rowan homestead two young people—a brother and a sister. High up in the top of a tree was a mocking bird warbling its sweetest notes. Over in the hidden recess of a small brush the thrush's mellow song could be heard. A number of small negro children were playing not far away. When Foster had finished the first verse of the song, his sister took it from his hand, and sang in a sweet, mellow voice:

"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home; 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in bloom, While the birds make music all the day."

"The young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All merry, all happy, all bright; By-'n-by hard times comes a-knock-in' at the door— Then, my old Kentucky home, good night."

On her finishing the first verse the mocking bird descended to a lower branch. The feathery songster drew his head to one side, and appeared to be completely enraptured at the wonderful voice of the young singer. When the last sweet note died away upon the air, her fond brother sang in a deep bass voice:

"Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day; We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For our old Kentucky home far away."

"A few more days for to tote the weary load, No matter, 'twill never be light, A few more days till we totter on the road— Then, my old Kentucky home, good-night."

The negroes had laid down their hoes and rakes; the little tots had placed themselves behind the large sheltering trees, while the old black women were peeping around the corner of the house. The faithful old house-dog never took his eyes off the young singers; everything was still; not even the stirring of the leaves seemed to break the wonderful silence. Again the brother and sister took hold of the remaining notes, and sang in sweet accents:

"They hunt no more for the possum and the coon On the meadow, the hill and the shore, They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cabin door, The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was delight; The time has come when the darkies have to part— Then, my old Kentucky home, good night."

The head must bow and the back will have to bend Wherever the darky may go; A few more days and trouble all will end, In the fields where the sugar-canes grow."

As the song finished tears flowed down the old people's cheeks; the

children crept from their hiding place behind the trees, their faces wreathed in smiles; the mocking-bird and the thrush sought their homes in the thicket, while the old dog still lay basking in the sun.

Foster died in Allegheny and is buried in St. Francis cemetery there. His grave is overgrown with briars. His songs have gone round the English-speaking world and there is a splendid bronze statue of him in Highland Park, Pittsburg, but no one has thought enough of him to care for his last resting place, more's the pity.

THE STAGE IRISHMAN.

Vigorous Protest from the Old Land Against the Creature.

There is no Irish wrong that demands more prompt redress than that embodiment of slanderous national insult known as the "stage" Irishman, writes "Juverna" in the London Universe. The hideous creature was originally called into existence by England, for the purpose of defaming a people whom she envied and hated, and as the years sped the poisonous charm worked with results which Irishmen—true Irishmen—only too well know. Bitter indeed is the thought which reminds us that amongst the greatest caricaturists of their own country and race are to be found natives themselves, who, dulled by ignorance or something worse, batten upon a putrid superstition which they insist upon preserving for the reason that it brings a sordid living. In America our people have taken up the matter very seriously, determining to scotch this stage reptile at all hazards, and ere long the conventional "stage" Irishman will be found as scarce in Old Columbia as is patriotic sentiment in a British regiment of the line. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, that powerful organization of Irishmen in exile, is dealing with the intolerable grievance in an unmistakable way, having passed a resolution ordaining that no member of the order shall attend any theatre in which the ridiculous caricature embodied in the "stage" Irishman is allowed to figure in the programme. A most praiseworthy effort this to stamp the creature out of existence. We trust that this spirited protest may find prompt imitation here at home, as many of our social "noddies" who aspire to social distinction as comic vocalists made "native" ideals—raised specially in the atmosphere of low-class English music halls—their choice delineation when "performing" in drawing room or on local amateur stage. There is no more loathsome character to be met in any social circle than this "fella" who, being an Irishman born, considers it his bounden duty to formally apologize to mankind for the "unfortunate" by libelling his race and country on every available opportunity. This Irish ranting is quite too common, and should be made a rara avis by systematized hunting whenever he appears in evidence. Prompt, resolute, and constant action is what is wanted in dealing with him. Let him be socially squelched and his efforts mocked universally. Such course must inevitably accomplish wonders. It is needed.

PRaise FOR A POET.

The late Richard Henry Stoddard received many little books of poems from would-be poets who hoped to be given a word of praise. Once while Stoddard was acting as literary editor of a certain publication, there was sent to him a book of poems published at the author's expense, the edition of which was limited to one hundred copies.

One hardly can imagine the shock the author must have received when he opened Stoddard's review of the book and read the following: "The best thing that we can say of this volume of poems is that the edition is limited to one hundred copies."

THE LITTLE RUSSIAN'S PARENTAGE.

A Russian immigrant of tender age was being registered in a downtown Philadelphia school. The teacher questioned: "What is your name?" "Katinka," replied the child. "And your father's name?" "I never hat one," came the quick response. "Then tell me your mother's name," said the teacher kindly. "I never hat no mudder neither," answered the little child seriously. "I was born off my gran-mudder," Lippincott's.

Mrs. Newlywed—Have you any nice slumps this morning? Butcher—Slumps? What are they? Mrs. Newlywed—Indeed, I don't know; but my husband is always talking about a slump in the market, and I thought I would like to try some.

PELICAN PINCY.

(By Anne Cobb, in S. S. Times.)

Ned was out in the pineapple-acres trying to find some ripe fruit for supper. It was a very interesting place to explore, especially for a Northern boy on his first visit to Florida. The "pines," as Uncle Will called them, were all sorts and sizes,—little plants just set out, and full grown ones—several feet high, with stiff, sharp-pointed leaves protecting the fruit tucked away in their midst. Most of them had only little crimson bunches yet, but off in one corner Ned found two ripe ones, and was just going to carry them off when he saw a huge feathered thing lying all huddled up in one of the alleys between the rows of pineapples.

"Uncle, oh, Uncle!" he called; "please come here a minute?" Uncle came and looked.

"Why, it's a pelican," he said. And then, as he stooped and examined it, "Wounded, too, poor thing!" he said, pityingly.

"Perhaps we could cure it if we took it home," suggested Ned.

"I'm afraid not," said uncle, doubtfully. "Still, it wouldn't do any harm to try. We'll let Moses bring it along in the cart; it's too heavy to carry."

When they got home they found Mr. Pelican wasn't hurt so badly after all, and Auntie May's nursing agreed with him so well that in a week he was walking around. Ned thought he was the queerest mixture of pretty and ugly he had ever seen.

His feathers were beautiful, especially the rich reddish ones on the neck. But such clumsy, sprawling feet, with the toes joined together in a sort of web! And, queerest of all, a tough, skinny pouch underneath his long, flat bill. Ned wondered what it was for, till "Piney" (as he called him), from the place where he was found) began to fish for his dinner. He perched out on the end of the long dock, and watched till a fish came along. Then down he plunged, grabbed the fish, stored it away in his pouch, and so on till he had enough. Whenever he got hungry, all he had to do was to take a fish or two out of his convenient lunch-basket.

Ned was afraid that Piney would go away when he got well. Perhaps he was a wee bit grateful, and perhaps he thought Uncle Will's dock had as nice fish near it as any other place on the lake; anyway he stayed, and soon got so tame that he would waddle round the grounds after Ned just like a dog.

The one member of the family who disapproved of Piney was old Cook Lily.

"Seems lak he jes' know when ah got mah po'ch swoop' up," she said. "Den he 'low he'll trail dose feet along an' spile it. Ole Mars' Debbil in dat bird; you-all better watch out." So whenever she heard a certain shuffle on the porch, Lily would peek round the corner, and if no one was with Piney, he was likely to be "shooed" off the porch in a hurry.

One afternoon every one had gone sailing, and, queerly enough, Piney had not appeared. Lily was rocking away, singing "De year ob Jubilee" in the best of spirits, when she heard a step outside. Up she jumped, and round the porch she ran, slashing frantically with the broom, and crying, "G'way, now, yo' penickety old—"

And that's as far as Lily got, for her broom hit—not Piney, but the young minister from down the lake. Over the edge of the porch he went—just like Piney—and actually rolled in the sand! Poor Lily. All she could say at first was, "Mas' Preachah, O Mas' Preachah!"

But the sand was soft, and "Mas' Preachah" wasn't hurt; so he sat on the edge of the piazza and listened, with great bursts of laughter, to Lily's explanations. As he went away, smoothing his crushed hat, whom should he meet but Piney, Waddling up the trail with Ned!

"So this is your pelican, is it, Ned?" he asked, with a twinkle in his eye. "Better teach him to wear hats if you don't want his head cracked."

After her mistake Lily did a little extra scrubbing, but put the entire blame of the happening on Piney.

"Huh-uh," she would say, shaking her head wisely. "What ah tell you 'bout dat biggetty bird?"

The True Witness
AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.,
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.



THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1904.

LEADERSHIP.

When Sir John A. Macdonald died some of the political wisecracks of the day feared the deluge might come before the inheritance of leadership could be settled securely among his followers. Immediate efforts were made to arrange the entail, and when Sir John Thompson appeared it looked as if the rightful heir had at length been found. After his passing the deluge looked probable again; but the change in public opinion which dispossessed the Conservative party allowed no doubt to prevail among Liberals as to who was entitled to the sceptre of leadership on their side.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier has since swayed the destinies of Canada with constantly increasing popular approval. When, four years ago, he was returned to power with a greatly increased majority, his opponents could only say of him that he owed it to a "solid Quebec." His administration since has been so clean and satisfactory that his party was able to appeal to the voters on the 3rd inst. without the necessity of having to hear or answer any charge of maladministration or even semblance of such thing. The customary cries of corruption were not heard in the campaign, which in a few weeks had shaken every issue down to a mere difference of view upon the transportation question. It was, however, a difference that meant much to the credit and prosperity of the country, and the popular decision has been a decisive endorsement of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's railway policy. The cry cannot now be raised of a "solid Quebec," because a solid Canada has lined up behind the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Ontario alone recording a Conservative majority, but hardly more than an even break.

The victory is due in equal measure to Canadian confidence in Sir Wilfrid Laurier and in his policy. The overwhelming popular victory he has won stands unparalleled in the annals of the Dominion, and this great benefit must accrue from it, that such emphatic evidence of support from every province of the Dominion will put an end for the future to all factionist cries all too frequent in the political record of other days.

CATHOLICS IN PUBLIC LIFE.

Catholic associations in England and Germany, and Catholic leaders in America have in recent years been encouraging Catholic men to interest themselves in public affairs, to qualify themselves for public life and emulate others in zeal for the general welfare. Here in Canada the returns of the recent election show that English-speaking Catholics have been making progress along this line without the same amount of urging that we read of elsewhere. Sixteen English-speaking Catholics are among the members-elect of the new parliament, twelve on the Liberal side and four on the Conservative.

The constituencies represented by these English-speaking Catholics are spread from one end of the Dominion to the other, and it is a notable fact that the candidates were not confronted with creed prejudices in any of the provinces.

From Quebec province the represen-

tation includes, along with Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, the names of Mr. Power, of West Quebec, and Gallery, of St. Ann's, Montreal. The following Ontario constituencies have elected Catholics: Kingston, Harty; Nipissing, McCool; West Northumberland, McColl; Thunder Bay, Conmee. Nova Scotia counts Antigonish, McIsaac; and South Cape Breton, Johnston, whilst Hon. John Costigan has been returned once more for Victoria, N. B., and Mr. G. Reilly has renewed his record in Victoria, B.C. Kings, P.E.I., has, of course, re-elected Mr. Hughes. On the Conservative side are Mr. F. D. Monk (Jacques Cartier), Walsh (Huntingdon), Macdonell (South Toronto), and Daniel (St. John, N.B.)

The True Witness may be pardoned for expressing particular pleasure that this substantial increase in the representation of English-speaking Catholics in the House of Commons synchronizes with a marked absence of creed and factionist spirit in our federal politics.

PARTIES IN QUEBEC.

Dissolution of the Provincial Legislature has been followed by quite an extraordinary proceeding on the part of the leader of the Opposition. In a manifesto to the electorate he makes the plea that the Liberal victory in the recent federal contest, the immediate dissolution of the legislature, and the near date fixed for nominations form a combination of circumstances against which it is futile for the recognized Opposition to contend. This may be all true as far as it goes; but to say that it constitutes a menace to provincial autonomy is neither logical nor plausible. Still more unreasonable is the view of Hon. Mr. Flynn that "the interests of the province will be best served and the dignity of our institutions more successfully safeguarded by protesting against this act of administration and in abstaining from taking part in the fight."

Provincial autonomy is something that is not concerned in any way with the issue thus raised. Party government only is at stake, and for this Mr. Flynn is more responsible than Mr. Parent. Party government must not be mistaken as the corollary of provincial autonomy. In federal affairs we have adopted the plan of party government from the British system and find it well suited to the work of government in this Dominion, just as it has been found in the Australian Commonwealth. Of course we had the party system in Canada before representative institutions were conceded; but we have adhered to it because it has continued to fit itself to our large questions of public policy, such as the tariff, national development and the like. Still, even in Dominion matters it would be possible to slip the party cables without incurring any immediate danger of representative government drifting upon the rocks.

In provincial affairs the party system is far less a desideratum. Mr. Flynn must feel this to be so because he protests that provincial Liberals should not seek to identify their cause with that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He, however, does not appear to perceive the inevitable effect of this very protest, which is that if provincial Liberalism has no identity with federal Liberalism, neither can a Conservative opposition have any party standing on the floor of the Legislature. Furthermore, Mr. Flynn, as the leader of that opposition, can have no call to issue his manifesto to the electorate.

"The Parent Government," he says, "is working with the evident desire to suppress the opposition which is so essential to the proper working of constitutional government. It wishes to stifle the free voices which have up to the present time censured its measures and its acts of maladministration and prevented a hitherto unheard of precipitation from being brought to the knowledge of the people. And the Government has taken this means to obtain its object. Very well. Let it be done. Let the Provincial Cabinet govern as it sees fit. The Conservative party will continue to watch from without with

all possible diligence and to be in a position at the proper time to place the Government in accusation before the electorate if its future policy should be so unfortunately inspired as has been that of the past.

"The Conservative party in the province of Quebec abstains at the present time, but it does not abdicate its functions. We will await with our arms in our hands a favorable moment to recommence the battle in the interests of the province and its institutions. Let our friends remain firm in their conviction and faithful to the old flag. Let all good citizens, irrespective of their party affiliations, support our protest. The hour of our vindication will come, and perhaps sooner than the victors of to-day realize."

These declarations are, to say the least, inconclusive, if not contradictory. The main fact to consider is whether there is or is not a Conservative opposition in the legislature. We have already said that if this be so its preservation is really non-essential to the proper working of constitutional government in the province. Mr. Flynn says there is an opposition. He speaks again and again of the Conservative party. Well, then, he as leader of that party cannot abdicate, even temporarily, the functions of his leadership without secession from the party system. His manifesto is a confession pure and simple that the Conservative party is too exhausted after the federal fight to enter upon a provincial contest; and being without hope of success, chooses to let public judgment go against it by default. This necessity means neither reflection nor danger to the public interest. It implies nothing more or less than this paltry fact, that an exhausted party organization, unable to fight against overwhelming odds, will play the baby act to show a grievance. The grievance is one with which the electorates cannot be expected to sympathize.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The re-election of Theodore Roosevelt to the lofty position of President of the United States has been carried by a mighty wave of public approval. The overturn of the old-time vote of New York State is an indication of the general condition of Democracy, which, to compare great things with small, appears to do something like that of the Conservative opposition in Quebec. Perhaps for the first time in the history of the Republic, the Irish vote went overwhelmingly Republican. This was a tribute to the manly patriotism of Theodore Roosevelt himself, who, in his tenure of office, has placed himself above all race and creed prejudices. He has come into contact with Irish-Catholic leaders and societies, has expressed his admiration for their sympathies and activities, and in fact upon all occasions by word and act has encouraged the cultivation of national sentiment without seeking to diminish the wholly beneficial influence of race tradition and faith, rightly regarded from the point of view of true statesmanship. What a contrast this to the personality of Mr. John Hay, one of the leaders of Mr. Roosevelt's administration, who is notoriously prejudiced against the Celt and his religion, and has ostentatiously displayed both malice and bigotry in his literary work. It must have been a bitter pill for the Irish-Catholic voters who went to the polls for Roosevelt to swallow Mr. Hay; but it is creditable to their sense of patriotism and independence of opinion that they put such personal obstacles out of the way through high motives. Mr. Roosevelt says he will not seek re-election; and if the Presidential term upon which he now enters proves nothing more than a continuation of his record up to the present, no section of the American people will be likely to regret the remarkable endorsement received by him on Tuesday from the electors of the Republic.

The great need of to-day is old-fashioned love, old-fashioned engagements, and sacred home marriages.

THE NEUTRAL SCHOOL IN FRANCE.

A writer in The Tablet, London, throws a flood of light upon the influence and purpose of the neutral school in France. That influence and purpose is to empty the places of religion in the educational system of the state, to make a place for Socialism and Atheism, and to cast Christian morality aside as an unscientific and useless doctrine. At the congress of the Education League recently assembled at Amiens, a resolution was adopted defining the new system, or rather deriding the old. It was couched in these terms: "Morality is a product of human evolution; in its methodical progress it will become more and more scientific; it is therefore absolutely independent of any religious or metaphysical doctrine."

So that, though we overlook the slur thrown at religion by these words, we find in the terms of the resolution itself a straight contradiction of the facts of the existing situation, because it is not to methodical progress that the neutral school owes its rise and existence, but to the support of the State, aided by violence and hypocrisy. There is neither method nor morality discernible in the establishment of the French neutral school, and the system can last no longer than the tyranny that upholds it may endure, be the period long or short.

A ST. FRANCIS OF ART.

Artists nowadays—when they have the chance—are luxurious folk, but Hungary can boast of a very remarkable exception. This is Baron Laszlo Mednyanszky, who comes of a very old aristocratic family. He gave up as a young man all the privileges of his class to become a sort of St. Francis in art. He dresses and lives in the very humblest way; fruit and vegetables are his food; all his good clothes and his money he gives to the poor. He has four or five studios—at Budapest, Vienna, Paris and elsewhere—but he keeps them not so much for his own use as to lend them to friends poorer than himself. Whilst he allows himself only the barest necessities of life, he makes an allowance to many an unfortunate man or woman out of work, on the pretence that they are his models. His masterpieces, of which many have been bought in Italy, France and Germany, are all sold for the benefit of the poor. When the few coppers he keeps for himself are exhausted, the Baron does not hesitate to work as a porter to earn enough to keep him for a while, and then back he goes to his art.

OBITUARY.

The funeral of Mrs. McNerny, wife of John McNerny, took place on Tuesday morning from her late residence on Hermine street, to St. Patrick's Church, where there was a solemn Requiem. The celebrant was the Rev. Thomas McNerny, son of deceased, assisted by Father Heffernan as deacon and Father Polan as sub-deacon. At the Cote des Neiges Cemetery there was a Libera in which Fathers Kiernan, Cullinan, Heffernan and Holland took part.

The funeral took place yesterday morning of Mrs. Casey, wife of Mr. Felix Casey, contractor, to St. Patrick's Church. A harmonized Requiem Mass was rendered by the full choir, assisted by Messrs. Sheridan, McCaffrey and Pellerin. At the Offertory Mr. Lamoureux rendered Pie Jesu. The solos of the Dies Irae were given by Mr. P. McCaffrey, and those of the Libera by Mr. James Mansfield. There were no pall-bearers. After the service the remains were taken for interment to Cote des Neiges.

MRS. MARTIN RYAN.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Martin Ryan, nee Joan McDonald, will come as a surprise to many readers of the True Witness, of which Mrs. Ryan was a subscriber, and a large circle of friends in Montreal, where she deceased was for many years a resident. Senile exhaustion, the result of an attack of pneumonia, was the cause of her death, which occurred in Boston on the 28th of October. In compliance with her dying request, the remains were conveyed to her ancestral home, the residence of her brother, Mr. John McDonald, to be interred by the side of her late husband and family at L'Acadie. Her sweet, amiable disposition and blameless life endeared her to all who knew her. A large circle of sorrowing friends and relatives accompanied her to her last resting place. R. I. P.

MRS. McQUILLEN.

On Oct. 21, Mrs. Elizabeth McQuillen died of appendicitis at her home, 442 Beauport St., Manchester, N.H., aged 63 years. She was born in St. Bridget, P.Q., and for the last thirteen years had been a resident of Manchester, where a host of neighbors and friends mourn her death. The survivors are a husband, James McQuillen, four sons, James R., John H., Peter E., of Manchester, and Thomas J., of Cleveland, O., five daughters, Sr. M. Lucille, of the Sisters of Mercy of Nashua, N. H., Elizabeth, Catherine, Mary J., and Susie B., of Manchester, and two grandchildren. She was a member of the Maternity and Sacred Heart societies, and a parishioner of St. Patrick's Church.

Mrs. McQuillen was the second daughter of Capt. James McGuire

and Mary McNulty. Mrs. McQuillen's life had been beautiful. She was a devoted wife, and her home and children were always the centre of her interest. Her late illness was of but short duration, and she died peacefully. Her funeral took place from St. Patrick's Church at 9 o'clock on Monday, Oct. 24th. A solemn High Mass of Requiem was sung. The Rev. Matthew Creamer was celebrant, with the Rev. Thomas O'Leary, chancellor of the diocese, as deacon, and the Rev. John Brophy as sub-deacon. The services at the grave were conducted by the Rev. Father Creamer. Interment was made in St. Joseph's Cemetery. She received many spiritual bouquets.

THE ORIGINAL CHARLIE O'MALLEY.

In one of the cemeteries of Toronto, is the grave of the original Charlie O'Malley. The tomb is a coffin-shaped stone of Irish granite, decorated at the corners with shamrocks beautifully worked in flagstone. It bears the following inscription, now beginning to be undecipherable: "Francis Gethings Keogh Cohortis XXIX. Dux. Obit. Jan IX. MDCCCLIV. Aetatis suae lx."

Keogh, as an officer in an Irish regiment, is said to have had such a remarkable series of experiences that Lever utilized them in his famous and rollicking story in which, according to a Saturday Reviewer, "pistol shots circulated as freely as claret, the one being generally a consequence of the other." Keogh retired from the army and came to America after the book appeared, living with friends in Buffalo. A resident of Toronto, Matthew Codd, took a great interest in the man, either from a personal knowledge of the family or knowing of his having been the original of the O'Malley character, and when Keogh fell ill in Buffalo, Codd had the sick man removed to Toronto, where he died and was buried in the plot adjoining Codd's.

CANCER A RESULT OF DRINKING BEER.

An inquiry by Dr. Alfred Wolf into the mysterious causes of cancer has yielded an unexpected conclusion which promises temperance advocates a new and powerful argument. Dr. Wolf discovers that all the districts of high cancer mortality are districts in which beer or cider is largely drunk. Bavaria, for instance, heads the list in Germany, and Salzburg in Austria, both great beer drinking provinces. In France the statistics are still more striking. There is the most marked contrast between the high cancer mortality in beer drinking departments and the low death rate from cancer elsewhere.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1904.

NOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC PARISHES OF THE CITY.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.
A special meeting of the committee in connection with social to take place towards the end of November, will be held at Patrick's Hall to-morrow evening 7.30. Mrs. F. B. McNamee, president, and it is hoped all members will be concluded for the benefit of the social in the Armour. Rev. Luke Callaghan spent the week in visiting certain parts of Ontario. Last Sunday he officiated in one of the Toronto churches. Rev. James Killoran was last in the Diocese of Pembroke, where he attended the funeral of his mother.

ST. ANN'S PARISH.
The women's retreat in connection with the jubilee exercises was on Sunday evening, when Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., preached the first sermon. The church was open to the doors. Instruction given at the morning Masses every evening during the week. Closing takes place on Sunday noon.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.
The concert held on Monday in aid of the poor of the parish, by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, proved to be a most enjoyable affair. The hall, which is a gem in its utmost capacity, was filled with the most excellent programme, though long, was well attended, and consisted of solos, choruses, recitations, drills, jigs and dances. St. Mary's choir, Gabriel's Quartette, the pupils of the Convent, assisted by well-known ladies and gentlemen of the parish, all delighted the audience in their different specialties. Father McDonald and his committee are to be congratulated on the success attending their efforts.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.
The third of the series of parties will be held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 23rd, and will be under the auspices of St. Anthony's, C.O.F., No. 126. The promises to be as successful as the former ones.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH.
On Monday morning, Nov. 7.30, the last Mass was said temporary chapel over the St. street fire station. A large number of the parishioners assisted, they brought away with them memories of the little chapel which has served them so well for so long. A solemn High Mass will be sung, Thursday, Nov. 10th. Thanksgiving Day, to thank God for all the favors granted during the construction of the new church, new pews were put in during the week, and will be occupied for the first time on Sunday.

In a few days a private school for the children of the parish will be opened. The pastor is leaving stone turned to provide means to build up a lasting model parish.

ST. AGNES PARISH.
The mission which was given last week by Rev. Fathers Connoy, J., and Meloche, S.J., of the Conception Church, was successful. At the High Mass Sunday Rev. Father Meloche, preached, and in the evening he led the mission with an appropriate sermon and the Papal Benediction. The temporary chapel, at the Hall, was crowded. Rev. J. Casey, the pastor, is greatly pleased with the good results of the mission.

The euchre party held on Wednesday evening at the Town Hall in aid of the church fund was a success.

MORE ENGLISH WANTED FOR OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.
Give the child a thorough grounding in his own language before learning a foreign one, seems to be the link in the chain of educational system in Montreal. It is also necessary, but not at the sacrifice of the mother tongue, can little children do with a foreign tongue, when they can neither write their own properly? child should be compelled to acquire a good knowledge of the essential language, either English or French. A spattering of both

NOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC PARISHES OF THE CITY.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

A special meeting of the ladies' committee in connection with the social to take place towards the end of November, will be held at St. Patrick's Hall to-morrow evening at 7.30. Mrs. F. B. McNamee will preside, and it is hoped all arrangements will be concluded for the holding of the social in the Armory Hall. Rev. Luke Callaghan spent last week in visiting certain parts of Ontario. Last Sunday he officiated in one of the Toronto churches. Rev. James Killoran was last week in the Diocese of Pembroke, replacing Rev. Father McInerney, who came here to attend the funeral of his mother.

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

The women's retreat in connection with the jubilee exercises was opened on Sunday evening, when Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., preached the first sermon. The church was crowded to the doors. Instructions are given at the morning Masses, and the evening during the week. The closing takes place on Sunday afternoon.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

The concert held on Monday evening in aid of the poor of the parish by the St. Vincent de Paul Society proved to be a most enjoyable affair. The hall, which is a gem, was filled to its utmost capacity. The programme, though long, was varied, and consisted of solos, choruses, recitations, drills, jigs and pantomimed hymns. St. Mary's choir, St. Gabriel's Quartette, the pupils of St. Mary's Convent, assisted by several well-known ladies and gentlemen of the parish, all delighted the audience in their different specialties. Rev. Father McDonald and his energetic committee are to be congratulated on the success attending their efforts.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

The third of the series of eucharist parties will be held on Wednesday evening, Nov. 23rd, and will be under the auspices of St. Anthony's Court, C.O.F., No. 126. The event promises to be as successful as the former ones.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH.

On Monday morning, Nov. 7th, at 7.30, the last Mass was said in the temporary chapel over the St. Denis street fire station. A large number of the parishioners assisted, and they brought away with them pleasant memories of the little place which has served them so well in time of need. A solemn High Mass will be sung, Thursday, Nov. 17th, Thanksgiving Day, to thank God for all the favors granted during the construction of the new church. The new pews were put in during the week, and will be occupied for the first time on Sunday.

ST. AGNES PARISH.

The mission which was given last week by Rev. Fathers Connolly, S. J., and Meloche, S. J., of the Immaculate Conception Church, was very successful. At the High Mass on Sunday Rev. Father Meloche, S. J., preached, and in the evening he closed the mission with an appropriate sermon and the Papal Benediction. The temporary chapel, at the Olier Hall, was crowded. Rev. Father Casey, the pastor, is greatly pleased with the good results of the mission. The eucharist party held on Wednesday evening at the Town Hall in aid of the church fund was a great success.

MORE ENGLISH WANTED IN OUR CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Give the child a thorough grounding in his own language before beginning a foreign one, seems to be a missing link in the chain of our educational system in Montreal. No one will dispute the fact that French is also necessary, but not at the sacrifice of the mother tongue. What can little children do with a foreign tongue, when they can neither read nor write their own properly? No child should be compelled to study a foreign language until he or she acquires a good knowledge of the essential language, either English or French. A spattering of both, for

it is nothing else, as taught to-day, cannot accomplish any good results. The cry that the present system works good results is erroneous in the extreme, and more especially when applied to children from six to twelve years. The English boy suffers more from the system than the French boy, as the latter is more anxious to learn English than the English boy is to learn French. A half hour of a foreign language in the junior departments is quite sufficient, and they would receive in that time as much as their young minds could grapple with. The business of Montreal is chiefly transacted in English, and why hinder our English boys from being taught their own language properly or the French theirs. The English pupils seem to suffer more than the French pupils, in another respect, that is, English boys leave school earlier than the French. It is with shame and sorrow that often we have to listen to English boys saying de, dis, dat, mudder, fadder, brudder. This pronunciation is caused by the mixing of the two languages. In the Protestant schools great attention is given to the English language with splendid results. We have the same facilities and yet we do not use them. In an address lately given by Archbishop Messmer, of Milwaukee, he laid particular stress on the teaching of English in parochial schools. The words of the Archbishop apply with equal force to some of our Montreal Catholic schools, as Canada is an English speaking country.

"Yes, I believe that English should be taught in every parochial school. It is absolutely necessary, and I regret to say that there have been schools in this diocese outside of Milwaukee where foreign languages alone are taught." This was the statement of Archbishop Sebastian Messmer in response to an inquiry concerning the report that at a recent retreat of priests at St. Francis Seminary he made such a statement. "You see, it was this way," continued the Archbishop. "We have two retreats a year, one an English retreat and the other a German retreat. The German retreat was in July, and I addressed the priests in English. This action caused a little comment, and I took occasion to explain my position. I called attention to the fact that some schools were neglecting English. You see, we are in America, an English-speaking country, and English is our language. It should be the prevailing language in all schools, for if English is neglected, the children are handicapped in life in not being familiar with their own language. Of course it is well to teach foreign languages for the more languages the child can learn, the better position he can take in the world. It is a good thing to broaden education, but at all times the English language should be supreme."

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

Technical education is making rapid strides in Montreal. The Monument National presents a lively scene each evening, some 1500 pupils being at work. The technical school was founded in 1872, and has made wonderful strides since. The subjects taught are freehand drawing, architecture, sign painting, modelling, lithography, mechanical drawing, boot and shoe pattern making, plumbing, steam and hot water fitting, stair building and building construction, ladies' dress cutting and solleggio. The classes are free, the deposit of one dollar required at the beginning of the term is returned when the course is finished if the pupil does not miss more than four lessons. This is an excellent incentive to good attendance. There are schools also at Three Rivers, Levis, Valleyfield, Sherbrooke, St. Hyacinthe, Hull, Fraserville and Quebec. When the delegates of the Catholic School Commissioners' Board visited the World's Fair at St. Louis they were particularly struck with the exhibit of technical education, and an effort was to have been made to introduce some branches of it in the school, but so far there has been nothing done. We hope the matter has not been entirely dropped, as the foundation of such an education in the schools would result in great good to hundreds of the pupils.

A farmer's man took the village doctor a note the other day, and with some difficulty he spelt out: "Please send me a bottle of fizic." "Holloa," exclaimed the doctor, "F-i-z-i-c, don't spell physic." "Don't it," said the rustic, "what do it spell, then?" The doctor gave it up.

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE TO COTE DES NEIGES

The annual pilgrimage of all the Catholic parishes of the city took place on Sunday last and was attended by thousands. From ten o'clock in the morning until late in the afternoon crowds wended their way to the city of the dead. The street cars, carriages, automobiles, and vans brought thousands, while nearly 100,000 people paid a visit to the graves of their deceased, or took part in the ceremony at Calvary. Notwithstanding the cold and chilly air, people made a sacrifice and performed their devotions. The Stations of the Cross were read by Right Rev. Mgr. Racicot, Administrator of the Archdiocese. The French sermon was given by Rev. Canon Martin of the Cathedral, and the English one by Rev. Father Brady, P.P., St. Mary's.

He took as his text: Heb. vi., 10: For God is not unjust that He should forget your work, and the love you have shown in His name, etc. As I gaze upon this immense gathering of the faithful, I cannot refrain from thanking God with you that I belong to a Church which in proclaiming the existence of purgatory and the dogma of the communion of Saints brings such comfort and consolation to the living and inspires such love and such merciful charity for the dead; for where we now stand others in the near future will come in their turn to breathe forth a fervent prayer for our own suffering souls. God will even then repay us the hundred fold which He has promised. "For God is not unjust that He should forget your work and the love that you have shown in His name."

Dear brethren, we should pray for the souls in purgatory because they are God's. We should pray for the dead because their sufferings are great, and that we can so easily allay these; our tears over the earthly remains of our departed friends must not divert our attention from the pressing needs of their souls; we should succor them, for many appeal to us as friends.

They were God's friends on earth, they lived a life of justice and virtue, and even when the world frowned upon them, when they were classed among the poor and disinherited of the earth, God said of them: "Amen, I say unto you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me." Are they not now still as then the suffering members of Jesus Christ? Oh! yes, dear brethren, they now more than ever are his friends! they cannot now commit even one of these slight imperfections which detain in the purifying flames, nor would they if they could.

Standing on this improvised Calvary, with our eyes on this emblem of salvation, on this symbol and summary of the sufferings of their Saviour, can we doubt God's love for these souls? or rather can the human intelligence fathom the greatness of that love, or the greatness of His divine gratitude towards their benefactors?

They suffer, and the most intolerable of their sufferings, says the Council of Florence, is their separation from God. St. Augustine speaks of the impressions of a mysterious fire which fills their imagination with ineffable terror and pervades them with unspeakable tortures a thousand times greater than the martyrs endured at the hands of their unmerciful executioners. And St. Thomas compares them to the sufferings of Christ during his Passion and his death on the cross. O then let us help them!

When the sobbing relatives and tearful friends are assembled before the altar to bid a pious farewell to the departed ones, the Church lifts her voice with St. Paul to remind the living that this farewell is not a lasting one: "We will not have you ignorant concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful even as others who have no hope." She does not forbid our tears, and indeed few are they who like St. Augustine can lay their dear ones to rest without shedding bitter tears—but the Church wishes us to temper our grief only with tears full of hope, accompanied by spiritual help for the dead. Our tears should resemble those that St. Ambrose speaks of in referring to his brother's death:—"The poor too wept, and what is far more precious and more beautiful, they washed away his sins with their tears. These are redeeming tears, these lamentations that hide the pang of death." Let them be like the ones St. Paulinus speaks of:—"Thou hast rendered what was due

to each part, giving tears to the body and alms to the soul. There were thy tears where thou knewest was death, and there thy works where thou believest was life." The petty interests of the body must not be allowed to clash with the interests of the soul. Lay this body anywhere, said St. Monica to her son, let not the care of it anyway disturb you. This only I request, that you remember me at the altar of the Lord wherever you may be.

"Other husbands strew violets and roses on the graves of their wives," says St. Jerome, "but our Pammachius bedews the hallowed dust and venerable remains of Paulina with the balsam of alms. With these pigments and sweet odors does he refresh her slumbering ashes, knowing it is written 'that as water quenches a fire, so do alms extinguish sin.'" Let, therefore, the monument that marks the resting place of your dead be of porphyry or of granite or marble, or let their graves be marked with few humble pieces of wood, it matters little so long as on either there is room for the only two cherished things that are of interest to the dead, the little cross, that sweet emblem of hope that surmounts it, and the earnest entreaty that is found at its base, "pray for me."

O, dear people, neglect not the souls of your departed friends! They appeal to you to-day and every day, and at every moment in the day, in the doleful language of Job: "Have pity on me, have pity on me, you at least my friends!" Among them are many who once were dear to you, whose place in your heart you have since refused to give to any one else; many whose places in your homes and associations will long be left unfilled, some even, perhaps, who bear the sweet name of father, or mother, or sister, or brother, or who was for many years your comforter, your solace, your counsellor, the angel of your home, your helpmate in life. Among them are some, perhaps, whose only fault while with you was that they loved you too blindly and too much. Oh! leave not this hallowed ground without taking the determination to be faithful to the promises you made at their bedside, and the pledges you renewed with the dying sound of the falling earth as the coffin disappeared from your sight, and again when wending your way homewardly, you wiped from your eyes the too willing tears. Have pity on them, you at least, their friends—make good use of the indulgences which the Church lavishes so mercifully in their behalf, think of them in your Communion, help them with your alms, have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered up for them, and never cease to pray for them, remembering that it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead; yes, holy and wholesome, and beneficial alike for both living and dead, and from Heaven these souls will show their gratitude and he who does not allow a glass of water to go unrewarded will not be less generous towards you, "For God is not unjust that He should forget your works and the love which you have shown in His name," Amen.

The city choirs, under Aid. E. N. Hebert, and assisted by a brass band, sang the Stabat Mater, Miserere, and the Libera. A large number of the city clergy, the students of the Seminary and Montreal College, with their professors, assisted. As the mighty crowd wended its way homeward, after performing a spiritual work of mercy, the thought came how many poor souls in purgatory were benefited by the sacrifices and prayers of their friends, and how many good acts were jotted down by the recording angel in our favor, for what mercy we have shown to others, the same will be meted out to us.

Prizes—Harold Kelly, Armand Savage, John J. McCloskey, Albert Legace. Medals—Matthew Lacey, John Ryan, Archie Orr, Richard Davey, A. Dupuis, A. Lafache, H. Savage, Jas. Freeland, Emile Cloutier. Medals for arithmetic, Lawrence Vaudette, Edward Kirke and Leo Renaud. The singing of "God Save the King" brought one of the most successful concerts of the school to a close.

Prizes—Harold Kelly, Armand Savage, John J. McCloskey, Albert Legace. Medals—Matthew Lacey, John Ryan, Archie Orr, Richard Davey, A. Dupuis, A. Lafache, H. Savage, Jas. Freeland, Emile Cloutier. Medals for arithmetic, Lawrence Vaudette, Edward Kirke and Leo Renaud. The singing of "God Save the King" brought one of the most successful concerts of the school to a close.

GRAND BANQUET IN MONTREAL

Another Proof of the Revival Across the Border.

We take the following letter from the C.M.B.A. Advocate, Buffalo, Editor Advocate: The grand banquet under the patronage of the C.M.B.A. Grand Council of Quebec, held last evening in aid of the charitable work under the auspices of the Sisters of Providence, was a splendid success, and in point of enthusiasm displayed and the magnificent numerical strength of the order in attendance, has never been equalled by any organization for a similar purpose in Montreal "under Irish Catholic auspices." The name of the Sisters of Providence is held in deepest veneration, respect and love. The glorious halo which clusters around the name of those devoted women brings us back to the days when the typhus scourge augmented by the horrors which attended the great artful famine of '47

GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST AROUND THE CITY.

Saturday and Sunday seem to be days in which a large number of accidents occur in our city. The list of train accidents, street car fatalities, and other mishaps on those days is appalling.

The Nazareth Institute for the Blind, St. Catherine street, are holding two banquets this week, one on Tuesday evening, November 8th, at which His Worship Mayor Laporte presided, and the other will be held this evening, when Mr. Robert Bickordike, M.P., will preside. The proceeds go for the benefit of the institution.

The obsequies of Rev. Sister Vaillant, of the Grey Nuns, a member of the community for many years, took place on Saturday morning. Rev. Canon Vaillant, a cousin of the deceased, officiated. There were present Rev. Fathers Lesage, Proulx, Foucher, Gauthier, Perrier and a large number of relations and friends. The remains were taken to Chateauguay to be interred in the Sisters' cemetery there.

Ottawa College football team captured the Dominion Rugby championship on Saturday last. This is the eighth time that the College boys have carried off championship honors on the football field. Well done, Collegians! The Shamrock intermediate football team have also added laurels to their famous name, by capturing the intermediate championship. Pluck and perseverance count every time. In every line of sport the "Boys in Green" have shown their worth, and have covered themselves with glory. We congratulate the S.A.A.A. on their new honors.

The regular monthly concert and distribution of merit cards and medals of the pupils of the Belmont school, Guy street, took place on Monday afternoon in the large hall of the institution, which was filled with 425 of the pupils. The Principal, Mr. J. V. Desaulniers, presided, assisted by the professors. The programme was a long and varied one consisting of recitations in French and English, two-part chorus singing, and awarding of honors and medals. The recitations were given with vim and spirit, those of Master John Sullivan, "The Ship on Fire," and Master John Bates, "What will People Say?" in English, and Master Joseph Monarque, "Bertha's Faults," and Master Eugene Hardy, "The Child and the Echo" in French, calling for special mention. The choir did justice to "In Old Familiar Days," the solo being sweetly rendered by Master Francis Wainwright, and "L'Americain," the parts in each being well sustained and given with power and sweetness. The choir reflects great credit on the musical instructor, Prof. J. A. Archambault. Over 300 pupils received honor cards and the following prizes and medals: Prizes—Harold Kelly, Armand Savage, John J. McCloskey, Albert Legace. Medals—Matthew Lacey, John Ryan, Archie Orr, Richard Davey, A. Dupuis, A. Lafache, H. Savage, Jas. Freeland, Emile Cloutier. Medals for arithmetic, Lawrence Vaudette, Edward Kirke and Leo Renaud. The singing of "God Save the King" brought one of the most successful concerts of the school to a close.

GRAND BANQUET IN MONTREAL

Another Proof of the Revival Across the Border.

We take the following letter from the C.M.B.A. Advocate, Buffalo, Editor Advocate: The grand banquet under the patronage of the C.M.B.A. Grand Council of Quebec, held last evening in aid of the charitable work under the auspices of the Sisters of Providence, was a splendid success, and in point of enthusiasm displayed and the magnificent numerical strength of the order in attendance, has never been equalled by any organization for a similar purpose in Montreal "under Irish Catholic auspices." The name of the Sisters of Providence is held in deepest veneration, respect and love. The glorious halo which clusters around the name of those devoted women brings us back to the days when the typhus scourge augmented by the horrors which attended the great artful famine of '47

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A VALID BOOK ON NERVOUS DISEASES AND A SAMPLE BOTTLE TO ANY ADDRESS. FREE! KENNEDY MED. CO., 100 Lake St., Chicago. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 50c for 50c.

found thousands of Irish Catholic fathers, mothers and innocent children, outcasts from their native land, struggling in the throes of desolation and death at the emigrant sheds of Point St. Charles. The first to arrive on this deplorable scene and bring aid, consolation and comfort to those unfortunate outcasts were the Sisters of Providence, who had only one house at that time in Canada. Those gentle angels of mercy ministered continuously night and day for the two years that the fever raged, and the agonizing look of many a dying Irish Catholic mother was brightened at the assurance that her loved and tender babes would be tenderly cared for and properly brought up in the religion of their parents by those devoted servants of God.

To Supreme Deputy Archambault, who was chiefly instrumental in organizing the grand banquet on this auspicious occasion, great credit is due. He labored hard and indefatigably, and success crowned his efforts. The Supreme Deputy is leaving nothing undone to advertise the aims and promulgate the principles of our grand old Catholic organization, and our social function last evening was undoubtedly a masterpiece and brought into a freer intercourse the members of the two predominant Catholic races of this city. The banquet hall was gorgeously decorated with French, Irish and Papal colors, while a profuse display of evergreen plants lent beauty to the scene.

Mr. Henry Butler presided. At his right sat Grand Chancellor C. E. Leclerc, and on his left Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty. Among those present were Mr. J. C. Lamoth, K.C., P. Grace, M. J. O'Donnell, G. A. Prevost, J. Warren, M. Bermingham, H. Cote, F. C. Lalor, H. Dunlap, C. E. Costen, Rev. Father Desnoyer, Rev. Father Richard L. Gravel, T. Nolan, Jore Nehin, A. R. Archambault, M. Kechehor, and several others too numerous to mention. It would be almost impossible to give a list of the ladies, so to avoid discrimination I must be compelled to hold over their names for a future issue. The musical programme was in charge of Prof. Archambault of Belmont school, and consisted of several well rendered numbers. The illuminated decorations were superb, and showed such names as Colton, Begin, Hynes, Cameron, Walsh, Keane, Randal, Whalen, Butler, Evanturel, Archambault, Costene, Grace, O'Donnell, Leclerc, Doherty, Warren, Prevost, Duggan, Lepailleur. About seven hundred sat down to supper, and the menu was done full justice to. One hundred and fifty young ladies, waited on the tables and reflected the highest credit on their fathers, brothers and husbands who were members of the order. The speakers were Mr. Justice Doherty, Grand Chancellor Leclerc, Supreme Deputy Archambault and First Grand Vice-President Butler. The different speakers showered the highest eulogies on the order and paid special tributes of praise to the Sisters of Providence for the charitable work among the poor and lowly. The singing of "Vive la Canadienne" brought one of the most successful social functions ever held in Montreal to a close.

The C.M.B.A. in the district of Montreal has at last awakened from the lethargy of years and is now making gigantic strides to put itself on an equal footing with the many organizations of a similar nature. Organizer Archambault is doing a heroic work for the order, and avails himself of every opportunity to extol its worth amongst our Catholic fellow-citizens. Besides the two branches organized in October, another branch in St. Gabriel's parish is in course of organizing, and Bro. Archambault expects to have it in working order by the middle of November. It is the evident intention of the genial organizer to place our organization where it rightfully belongs—at the head of Catholic societies in the province of Quebec.

Fraternally yours, MICHAEL BERMINGHAM, Sec. Br. 8, St. Lambert, Canada. Oct. 26, 1904.

Doctor—Thomas, did Mrs. O'Brien get the medicine I ordered yesterday? Thomas—I believe so, sir. I see crepe on the door this morning.

IRISH NEWS

COUNTY LIMERICK PRIZE WINNERS AT DUBLIN SHOW.

Mr. Michael Enright, Chapel Russell, Pallaskerry, has won a prize at the Dublin Fruit Show in class 55 consisting of six dishes of apples, four cooking and two dessert, and Mr. Daniel Naughton, Ballysteen, received highly commended in class 54 for twelve dishes of eight cooking and four dessert. The Hon. Miss Spring Rice obtained a prize for pears. It is interesting to be able to state that the largest apple exhibited from Munster in the amateur class was grown at Pallaskerry.

CARDINAL VANNUTELLI.

Sends a Courteous Letter to the Mayor of Cork.

The Lord Mayor of Cork has received a letter of thanks from Cardinal Vannutelli for an artistically designed basket in which to place the parchment scroll conferring citizenship presented to him by the corporation during his recent visit to the city. The Cardinal says in conclusion: "Extremely gratifying to me has been this courteous thought of yours, and I have not words to thank you. Permit me to repeat here the expression of my lively gratitude to the other gentlemen representing your illustrious city, for the many attentions shown by them to the Cardinal Legate of the Holy Father, assuring them that I shall never forget the welcome received in Cork, and I am proud to be able to call myself their fellow-citizen."

FROM LAWYER TO CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

Our Irish exchanges bring us news of a death that has closed a notably long and beneficent religious career—that of Brother Maxwell, of the Irish Christian Brothers. Away back in 1843, Richard Anthony Maxwell, a rising young solicitor of Dublin, doffed the lawyer's gown to don the habit of the simple Brother, and throughout the six intervening decades his words and works, his splendid energy and his inspiring ideals have superabundantly shown that his change of profession was willed of God. Brother Maxwell was for four years the trusted friend of many an eminent churchman in England as well as Ireland. He has left the impress of his lofty character on the community of which during twenty years he was Superior-General; and the stimulus of the example he set of unaffected humility and deep-seated piety is still animating hundreds upon hundreds of former pupils now scattered far and wide over the greater Ireland beyond the seas. In his eighty-sixth year at the time of his death, his career had been a long one, but also one filled to the brim with good works wrought all for God, R.I.P.

FRUIT OF POPE PIUS' BLESSING.

Barrister Curran, of the Irish bar, is a devout Catholic and a distinguished member of the legal profession. Mr. Curran was recently in Rome, accompanied by his family, and while in the Eternal City he had an audience with Pope Pius X. At the Mullingar Quarter Sessions the sheriff presented Judge Curran with a pair of white gloves, which indicate that the district is free from crime. Mr. Curran in receiving the gloves said: "I wish now to mention a matter, though I did not at first intend to make it public. Lately I and my family were in Rome, and we had the great privilege of a private audience with the Holy Father. On that occasion I asked His Holiness for a blessing for the four counties in my district, a favor which His Holiness most graciously gave, with good wishes for peace and prosperity to them. I am happy to think that the satisfactory state of things I find to-day is the first result in this county of that blessing."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A largely attended meeting was held at Patrick's Hall recently for the purpose of starting the Gaelic League in that district.

At a meeting of the Limerick County Council, a deputation of National School Teachers attended to request that the resolution adopting compulsory education, passed two years ago by the Council, be placed on the agenda for discussion at next meeting with a view to putting the Act into operation in the County Limerick.

There has been established in Mountbellow, Galway, Ireland, by the Franciscan Brothers, a college for the training in agriculture of

youths. The college has been equipped by the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction. The land belonging to the Brothers will be given up to the purposes of practical agricultural instruction; and a large garden laid out for experiments in horticulture. All work done on both farm and garden will be under the direction of skilled teachers.

A splendid temperance hall has been opened in Grange, County Sligo, Ireland, by Bishop Clancy. Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., the well known Presbyterian orator, delivered a vigorous speech on the occasion.

The Catholic League of South London, in a letter to Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien, M.P., recognizes the Irish party as the defender of Catholic rights in England and Scotland in educational matters, and suggests a conference between the leaders and members of the Irish party and representatives of the Catholic League.

In an article in a London weekly of ancient date, entitled "Marvellous Feats of Blind People," there is mention of a set of Irish bagpipes recently sold in London at 123 guineas, made by the late William Kennedy, blind mechanic, Tanderagee. There are some residents of the place living who remember the man. He was employed in making utensils for weavers, of whom there were many at that time. It is said that no matter what wood was given to him he was able by taste or smell to tell the name of it, and was an expert in making small musical instruments. Fifes made by him were sought after and prized by those in the musical art of processions, etc., as they were said to be very much superior to any obtainable. Kennedy lived to be an old man and was buried at Tanderagee Church burying ground over fifty years ago.

There is at present in Ennistymon, Clare, a man named Driscoll, who has reached the age of 106 years. His health is good, and his intellect clear. He remembers many events of the dark days of Ireland's history. Though his frame is withered from time, a person would hardly imagine that he had reached 90 years. There is also in the Corofin district another native of Clare who has reached 96 years, and up to the present is able to do light manual work. He has been making hay for the past few months, and takes a pride in being able to do it.

T.F. Kiley, who won the all-round athletic championship of the world at the St. Louis exhibition, arrived at Queenstown last week and was accorded a most enthusiastic reception from the representatives of the various athletic bodies deputed to meet him.

THIRTY-FOUR YEARS AFTER.

It is just thirty-four years since Victor Emmanuel's troops marched into Rome. The head of the House of Savoy proclaimed to the world that he took possession of Peter's patrimony in virtue of his possessing greater military forces than were at the command of the Pope. It was a case of might versus right. If length of tenure confers any title, a thousand years of possession should have saved the Pope from being stripped of his temporal power. Victor Emmanuel's act of spoliation, however, was hailed by the Protestant world as a victory for "progress, civilization," etc. The Italians were congratulated as if the golden age were about to dawn upon them.

A generation has come and gone since Rome was seized by the Piedmontese troops. How do the rosy predictions of 1870 compare with the stern facts of 1904? The hundreds of thousands of Italians who yearly flee from their native land to earn a living at the hardest kind of work in foreign countries bear witness to the falsification of the prophecies which were freely indulged in when Rome was wrested from the Pope. Grinding taxes for the support of an army and a large navy have rendered it impossible for the wage workers in Italy to earn a decent living for themselves and their families. Hence the tide of emigration has set towards the United States and the Argentine Republic. Those who have joined this great

army of immigrants find the struggle to gain a livelihood a hard one. What are known as bread famines are not infrequent. Think of men and women and children threatened with starvation in what is naturally the richest land in Europe because they cannot obtain the coarsest kind of food to sustain life. Every government can be judged by the social conditions prevailing under it. The Italian government of to-day, judged by this standard, has nothing to boast of. In no country in Europe do the Socialists and the Anarchists find a more fruitful soil in which to plant the seeds of anti-social revolution than in Italy. As we write these words the rumbling of a threatened social upheaval can be heard. In Rome itself, which was to be a veritable paradise according to the predictions of 1870, there have been labor troubles which have led to a conflict with the military authorities as is announced in the following cable despatch:

"Rome.—A meeting of workmen was held to-night to protest against the intervention of troops. Fully 10,000 persons participated, well-known Anarchists taking prominent part in the proceedings. The chief speaker was the Revolutionary Socialist Deputy Ferri, who delivered a violent address. The streets in the vicinity of the meeting were occupied by soldiers, including detachments of artillery. An attempt was made by the demonstrators to invade the centre of the town, but the crowds were dispersed by cavalry charges in which about twenty civilians were wounded.

"Conflicts in which a number of officers received injuries at the hands of the mobs occurred in Turin and Bologna. At Turin a considerable amount of property was destroyed. "Disturbances also occurred at Genoa, in which Anarchists violently participated. They burned a number of street cars and destroyed a flag hoisted in honor of the birth of the Crown Prince. Lack of bread led to the outbreak at Genoa."

These outbreaks are so many indications of the prevailing unrest due to economical conditions which have gone from bad to worse since that twentieth day of September thirty-four years ago, when Victor Emmanuel's troops entered Rome. If to-day the revolutionary forces, like the Anarchists, who would madly tear down the pillars upholding the social fabric, are held in check, it is due to the influence of the Catholic Church. Everywhere throughout Italy Catholic associations of workmen have been formed for the purpose of improving the condition of the wageworkers. Co-operating with them are Catholics of eminent ability enlisted from every walk of life who are endeavoring to solve the labor question in their native land in conformity with Christian principles. These associations form a sort of moral breakwater to socialism and anarchy, which, if not held in check, would inundate the land and bring upon the country untold evils.

In this way does the Catholic Church take a noble revenge for the act of spoliation by which she was deprived of what was hers by every right on which national as well as individual claims to property are based.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE UNANSWERED PRAYER.

By L. F. Murphy, in Catholic Record.

Through long, long years a prayer arose each day
To Him who answereth each pure request;
But no bright message came, "He knoweth best!"
The heart cried out—but hopeful lips would pray,
And murmur at the strange and long delay,
Without that gift, life never would be blest!
Dreaming of it, the heart was happy!
Still, out of Heaven came no answering ray.
The years fled on—a heart at last forgot
A pleading prayer that Heaven answered not.
Diviner gifts came streaming front above
In tender token of the Father's love.
One day a soul, remembering, looked to Heaven,
And thanked its God for what He had not given!

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful but patient—efforts to get quit of them.—John Ruskin.

A VISIT TO POE'S COTTAGE.

On the dusky wings of "The Raven" Edgar Allan Poe will sail securely over the gulf of oblivion to the eternal shore. Even as a child when I read and re-read that strange and thrilling poem, its effect upon me was like that of some weird unearthly music. I have admired and loved other poets, but oh! never again will come that love which casts an unending glory over all. It may be merely a childish dream. But God grant I shall never wake.

Who can for a moment give credence to the unjust and malicious slanders circulated against his fair name and fame, after having been permitted a glance into his ideal home-life, and seen the tenderness and devotion bestowed upon his beautiful, frail young wife and her self-sacrificing mother? Wild, ardent and impetuous, caustic alike of pen and tongue, to friend and foe, goaded by poverty and injustice, shall we wonder that he faltered? Weak he may have been, but wantonly vicious, never! Poor misguided, misjudged Edgar Allan Poe.

Had he been the wanton painted by enemies, would that glorious poetess, Mrs. Whitman, have said: "Sweet mournful eyes long closed upon earth's sorrow,
Sleep, restful after life's fevered dream!
Sleep, wayward heart, till, on some bright, cool morn,
Thy soul, refreshed, shall bathe in morn's beam.
Though cloud and shadows rest upon thy story,
And rude hands lift the drapery of thy pall,
Time as a birthright, shall restore thy glory
And Heaven rekindle all the stars that fall."

On a recent trip through the east I resolved that I would not again leave New York without visiting Poe's cottage at Fordham. So on a sultry July afternoon, undaunted by the angry clouds which heralded the near advent of a thunderstorm, we betook ourselves to Fordham. Arriving there we looked eagerly about, expecting to see placarded on every corner the magic word "Poe," but in vain we looked. Entering a drug store, my inquiry regarding Poe's cottage was answered by the clerk that as he had only been in Fordham a month he was unfamiliar with the place. Ye gods! a month in Fordham and had not yet located Poe's cottage. Alas! for genius.

To an apparently old resident I next directed my inquiry, who replied in an unmistakably bored manner, as if weary of the question, that it was straight up the hill.

Somewhat crestfallen, we began the steep ascent, at the top of which, flanked on either side by modest but modern dwellings, nestled the little cot, the silent witness of so much joy and suffering.

The cottage in which was born "Ulalume," that poem in which indeed a whole world is created. Mrs. Whitman, in speaking of the strange threnody, says: "This poem, perhaps the most original and weirdly suggestive of all his poems, resembles at first sight some of Turner's landscapes, being apparently without form and void, and having darkness on the face of it."

Such was the poet's lonely midnight walk; such amid the desolate memories was the new-born hope envied within his heart at sight of the morning star, "Astarte's be-dimmed crescent."

From a chance passer we learned that the cottage, being now private property, no visitors were admitted. So after gazing sadly at the roof that sheltered one of our greatest poets and at the rose-embowered edifice her sweet young life away, we wearily retraced our steps down the hill.

For a moment Poe and his tragic fate were forgotten—as the alluring sign "Ice Cold Buttermilk" greeted our tired vision. While refreshing the inner man, or woman, I remarked casually to the proprietor, a gruff, good-natured looking man, that we had been up to visit Poe's cottage. He looked at us a moment in silent contempt, and then blurted out: "Well! what's the world comin' to ennyhow? About fifteen hundred people come up here every year to look at that little ould shanty. That fellow Poe wrote a few bits of poetry fifty years ago, and the people to-day are going mad over it. Sure I could do as good myself. What the devil is the matter wid ye, ennyhow?"

We beat a precipitate retreat, tired, weary and drenched to the skin, by the arrival of the belated thunderstorm, while the truth of the old

Business Cards

THE
Smith Bros.' Granite Co.

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

"Illustrated in the advertisement of E. L. Smith & Co., Barre, Vt., on another page, is practically their complete plant, with the exception of their derricks. This Company was the first of the quarry owners to use compressed air for operating rock drills, and also the first to take up the plug drill. We can say, without exaggeration, that this concern has the best equipped granite quarry in the country."

THE SMITH BROS. GRANITE CO.
290 Bleury street, are the sole representatives of these famous quarries in Canada. The granite is principally used for the finest class of monumental work.

T. J. O'NEILL,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
180 ST. JAMES STREET.

Loans, Insurance, Renting, and Collecting of Rents. Moderate charges, and prompt returns.

CONROY BROS.
228 Centre Street.

Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters
ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL BELLS, etc.
Tel. Main 3552. Night and Day Services

ESTABLISHED 1864
C. O'BRIEN,
House, Sign and Decorative Painter

PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGING.
Wholesale and Retail Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence 645, Office 947, Dorchester street east of Bleury street Montreal.
Bel' Telephone, Main, 1405.

LAWRENCE RILEY,
PLASTERER.
Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs on all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to. 15 Paris street, Point St. Charles.

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE.
DO NOT BUY TRASHY GOODS AT ANY PRICE.

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

adage recurred to us in dominant tones, verily, the prophet is without honor in his own country.—Mollie Flynn O'Connor, in The New World.

QUEER FEATURES OF MALARIA.

Free drinking of water will favor malarial infection. The old belief of the danger of eating watermelons has its truth nicely hidden, and the converse is also true.

Again and again I see harvest hands sleeping out, bitten by swarms of mosquitoes nightly, escaping all symptoms until they stop work and sweating, and then in less than a week they will come to me with a history of a chill. Now, after treating a few families, you will notice that the children and young adults have it, but the grandparents, old and dried up, usually escape. If you find an old, little withered man or woman they are free. This may be from their lack of juices or from acquired immunity. In many cases of old residents I am sure it is the latter, but even in newcomers the thin, dry grandparents escape. Malaria is practically a disease of childhood. So universal is it that few children escape, and their watery structure favors infection, until by years of suffering they win immunity.

Perhaps you have seen a man who has gone untreated for a long time and worn out the disease. He is weak, bloodless and yellow, but he is as dry as if he had been baked. Every possible drop of water has been excreted and he gets well.—Medical Record.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1866 incorporated 1868, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the 4th Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jan. Kiloran; President, W. P. Doyle; Rec. Secy., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustine street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCE 26—(Organized 18th November, 1873)—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, Rev. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. G. McDonagh, 139 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 825 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Dr. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

CHURCH BELLS.

Church Bells in Church or Singly. None so satisfactory as McShane's McSHANE'S BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

MENBELY BELL COMPANY
TROY, N.Y., and
177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELL

PATENT SOLICITORS.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our inventors' help, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marlon & Marlon, New York Life Bldg., Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

ROOFERS, Etc.

ARE YOUR STOVE BRICKS IN BAD ORDER? DON'T WORRY!
"Presbrey" Stove Lining
WILL FIX IT.

5 lb. will repair..... 25c
10 lb. will renew..... 40c
This is the best Stove Cement in the market to-day, and is fully guaranteed.

GEORGE W. REED & CO.,
ROOFERS, &c.
785 Craig Street.

SELF RAISING FLOUR.

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR

Is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM given for the empty bag returned to our Office.
10 BLEURY ST. Montreal.

AGRICULTURE

MOVING LARGE TREES
A French expert on tree reports great success in moving trees at night. He takes rapidly in the evening, moves to soil and branches bearing to the results were excellent. The large shade trees dyed, though a number of species considered hard to transplant, first fifteen days after transplant he advises that the boughs of the trees be abundantly supplied with water.

PLANTS IN WINDOW

The position of plants in depends altogether on whether wish a symmetrical development which will look well on all sides or whether you wish your to look most attractive from outside. In the first case turn your plants occasionally, last you will leave them in position all the time.

One ardent lover of flower long windows in her parlor to the floor. In each window plant stand filled with various specimens of different kinds, plants get no direct sunshine they have good light and the rays fall on them diagonally of the day. The plants grow, but they are never too course they grow towards the and they soon form a beautiful leaves and blossoms. From bloom abundantly and from side, particularly towards the window is a mass of beauty of course the greatest benefit the outside, but enough can from the inside to afford a great pleasure.

HOW TO MAKE A BALKY GO.

A teamster told me that I make the worst balky horse taking him out of the shaft leading him around in a circle he was giddy, says a writer Housekeeping. As a horse never entertains but one idea the object is to get him away from the cause of his Some claim this can be done by a string around the forehead below the knee, or around close to the head. But what with one horse does not allow the same with another, or horse of my acquaintance be moved by any of the above, sponding readily to a hand put into his mouth.

WHY FARMERS SHOULD POULTRY.

The following reasons why should raise poultry are given English poultry writer: Because the farmer ought to get a great deal of the waste farm into money in the shape of chickens for market. With intelligent management ought to be all-year revenue duers, with the exception of haps two months during the ing season. Because poultry yield a quicker return for the invested than any of the other partments of the farm. Because manure from the poultry-house make a vegetable compost for in either vegetable garden or chard. The birds themselves allowed to run, will destroy proportion of injurious insects. While cereals and fruit can be successfully grown in certain conditions, poultry can be raised in use or layers of eggs in all the country. Poultry-raising employment in which the wife and daughter can engage leave the farmer free to attend other departments, and it will him the best results in the a new-laid egg during the season, when he has the mo on his hands. Finally, poultry raising on the farm little or no capital.

A WHITE POTATO. Important experiments are made by the Department of Agriculture with the white potato, table which is said to rank to wheat alone in the food supply. Thus, it is said the bureau devoted to bugs is menting with the Guatemalan the pesky boll weevil, the bug plants industry is working lines looking to the improvement the potato varieties and crop of Uncle Sam's domain.

COWS THAT DO NOT P

Mr. J. C. Chapais, Assistant Commissioner, who is partially acquainted with arri- conditions, said in an a

AGRICULTURAL

MOVING LARGE TREES.

A French expert on tree planting reports great success in moving large trees at night. He takes them up late in the evening, moves them as rapidly as possible, and waters the soil and branches bearing the buds. The results were excellent, only two of the large shade trees dying, although a number of species are considered hard to transplant. For the first fifteen days after transplanting he advises that the boughs and leaves of the trees be abundantly sprinkled.

PLANTS IN WINDOWS.

The position of plants in a house depends altogether on whether you wish a symmetrically developed plant which will look well on all sides and yield pleasure from all points of view or whether you wish your windows to look most attractive from the outside. In the first case you will turn your plants occasionally. In the last you will leave them in the same position all the time.

One ardent lover of flowers has long windows in her parlor, almost to the floor. In each window is a plant stand filled with various choice specimens of different kinds. The plants get no direct sunshine, but they have good light and the sun's rays fall on them diagonally a part of the day. The plants grow vigorously, but they are never turned. Of course they grow towards the light and they soon form a beautiful wall of leaves and blossoms. The plants bloom abundantly and from the outside, particularly towards the spring, the window is a mass of blossoms. Of course the greatest beauty is from the outside, but enough can be seen from the inside to afford a great deal of pleasure.

HOW TO MAKE A BALKY HORSE GO.

A teamster told me that he could make the worst balky horse go by taking him out of the shafts and leading him around in a circle until he was giddy, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. As a horse's brain never entertains but one idea at a time the object is to get his mind away from the cause of his balking. Some claim this can be done by tying a string around the foreleg, just below the knee, or around the ear close to the head. But what works with one horse does not always do the same with another, one balky horse of my acquaintance being unmoved by any of the above, but responding readily to a handful of dirt put into his mouth.

WHY FARMERS SHOULD RAISE POULTRY.

The following reasons why farmers should raise poultry are given by an English poultry writer: Because the farmer ought to convert a great deal of the waste of his farm into money in the shape of eggs and chickens for market. Because with intelligent management, they ought to be all-year revenue producers, with the exception of perhaps two months during the moulting season. Because poultry will yield a quicker return for the capital invested than any of the other departments of the farm. Because the manure from the poultry-house will make a vegetable compost for use in either vegetable garden or orchard. The birds themselves, if allowed to run, will destroy a larger proportion of injurious insect life. While cereals and fruit can only be successfully grown in certain sections, poultry can be raised for table use or layers of eggs in all parts of the country. Poultry raising is an employment in which the farmer's wife and daughter can engage, and leave the farmer free to attend to other departments, and it will bring him the best results in the shape of a new-laid egg during the winter season, when he has the most time on his hands. Finally, to start poultry raising on the farm requires little or no capital.

A WHITE POTATO.

Important experiments are being made by the Department of Agriculture with the white potato, a vegetable which is said to rank second to wheat alone in the food supply of mankind. Thus, it is said, while the bureau devoted to bugs is experimenting with the Guatemalan and the pesky boll weevil, the bureau of plants industry is working along lines looking to the improvement of the potato varieties and potato crop of Uncle Sam's domains.

COWS THAT DO NOT PAY.

Mr. J. C. Chapais, Assistant Dairy Commissioner, who is particularly well acquainted with agricultural conditions, said in an address:

"From my experience, I am led to believe that the reason why the Babcock test is not more generally adopted as a basis for payment of milk is lack of knowledge on the part of the farmers. When they are told that a cow yielding thirty pounds of milk is more valuable than one yielding forty pounds, they do not understand it. I came across an instance of this kind when I was working with the inspectors in the Lake St. John district, Quebec. One man said, 'I have the best cow in the parish, she gives sixty lbs. of milk.' I went out to his place, having with me figures as to butter fat in his milk. I got from him the facts as to the cost of feeding his cow, and figured out the cost of the milk. I found that it cost, allowing the ordinary price for the feed used, about ninety-six cents per hundred pounds. At the priest's house I got the figures about a cow owned by him whose milk only cost forty-four cents per hundred pounds. I showed the man that the percentage of butter fat in the milk of his cow was 2.85, while in that of the priest's cow it was 5.50. I was able to show him that, instead of having the best cow in the parish, he had the worst. The result was that, whereas this man generally sold a calf at \$15 at birth, the next year, though the calf was a heifer, nobody would buy it. This shows that the farmers will understand this matter if we go to them and explain it."

SILO AND THE DAIRYMAN.

The silo has opened advantages to dairymen in other countries where corn does not mature. In England, where the conditions are unfavorable for the production of matured crops of corn, the farmers sow corn for fodder, store it in the silo and then grow a crop of turnips on the land from which they took the fodder. The same system can be practiced in this country, but our farmers are content with one crop, and do not derive as much from the land as is possible to be obtained. The land in England is high and farmers pay high rents, but they do not hesitate to apply manure and fertilizers liberally, and get large crops in return.

TETHERING THE COWS.

Prof. Day, of the O.A.C., while on a trip through Europe the past summer, noted that in the dairy districts of Holland the cows were tethered while at pasture. The practice is also common throughout Normandy and Brittany.

In grazing, each cow is provided with a leather halter, to which is fastened a chain, varying in length from 20 to 30 feet, according to the quality of the land. At the end of the chain an iron stake is driven. Cattle must be of a very peaceful disposition to thrive this way; but when there are no fences as in many parts of Normandy and Brittany, the system seems to be the best that could be adopted. It gives much labor in summer, when the cows graze night and day, and water is distant. Many farms have large troughs, which are filled with water by carts. In such cases watering, milking and changing to fresh pasture is generally done three times a day during lactation.

ANIMALS WITH HANDS.

How the Kangaroos Use Their Forefeet in Eating.

Kangaroos use their hands very readily to hold food in and to put it into their mouths. As their forelegs are so short that they have to browse in a stooping position, they seem pleased when able to secure a large bunch of cabbage or other vegetable provender and to hold it in their hands to eat. Sometimes the young kangaroo, looking out of its mother's pouch, catches one or two of the leaves which the old one drops, and the pair may be seen each nibbling at the salad held in their hands, one, so to speak, "one floor" above the other. The slow, deliberate clasping and unclasping of a chameleon's feet look like the movements which the hands of a sleep walker might make were he trying to creep downstairs. The chameleon's are almost deformed hands, yet they have a superficial resemblance to the feet of parrots, which more than any other birds use their feet for many of the purposes of a hand when feeding. To see many of the smaller rodents—ground squirrels, prairie dogs and marmots—hold their food usually in both paws, is to learn a lesson in the dexterous use of hands without thumbs. Nothing more readily suggests the momentary impression that a pretty little monkey is "a man and a brother" than when he stretches out his neat little palm, fingers and thumb, and, with all the movements proper to the civilized mode of greeting, insists on shaking hands.

ROSES FOR POT-BOILERS.

(The Westminster Gazette.)

"Mr. Walter Severn," writes a correspondent, "was on occasion a delightful 'raconteur,' and could raise a laugh against himself. I had the good fortune to travel with him from the North to London a year or two ago, on a bleak winter day, and the long and dreary journey was brightened and shortened by the amusing anecdotes concerning his own interesting artistic life and that of brother artists which the President of the Dudley Art Gallery told me. At that time Mr. Severn was already in delicate health, looking frail and tired, but he bubbled over with humor, and laughed with almost boyish glee as he recalled the days of his youth.

"One charming little story concerning his own early work in Italy. He was staying with friends at a villa near the sea during 'the time of roses,' when the whole country seems to blossom out into one gigantic rosebush. 'Over the balustrade in front of the house,' Mr. Severn said, 'there fell such a shower of roses of all imaginable tints that I could not resist the temptation of painting them. It was a sentimental little sketch, the pale stone balustrade, the roses, and beyond the blue Adriatic, and I had no idea of selling it. But one day some visitors called, and the thing was sold before it was finished, and sold at a better price than I could get at that time for pictures on which I had spent no end of time and trouble. 'Even then I did not realize that I had better work the little mine that I had sprung. But as I had nothing else to do I began another sentimental rose sketch, just for the sake of the study. Again it was sold off the easel. Then I thought I might as well produce a few more articles of this very saleable kind. You may find it difficult to credit, but it is a fact that I could sell the things—and sell them well—as quickly as I could paint them, and, upon my word, I believe I could have gone on painting and selling rose-pictures for the rest of my life. But I got tired of them, and also, to be quite frank, a little ashamed of working merely for money. Remember, I was a Pre-Raphaelite. So I returned to my landscapes. But I should be a richer man than I am if I had gone on with the roses.'"

NEW SHORT STORIES.

WRONG SIDE OF THE FENCE.

Santos-Dumont tells this story: "A lunatic leaned over the fence of the asylum grounds, watching a repair job going on. Finally he took the pipe from his mouth, blew a fragrant cloud of smoke into the air, and said, with a languid interest, to the middle-aged man who was digging a hole with a spade in the hard, stony soil: 'What wages do you get, friend?' 'Six dollars a week,' said the laborer. And he unknotted the red handkerchief that encircled his neck and wiped the sweat from his face. 'Are you married?' continued the lunatic. 'I am,' said the laborer, 'and I am the father of eleven young children besides.' 'The lunatic, puffing his pipe, mused a little while. Then he said: 'I'm thinking, friend, you're on the wrong side of the fence.'—Boston Post.

A POPULAR DECISION.

George Fred Williams, of Massachusetts, tells of a politician in that state who is rather well known for his extremely conservative temperament. A year or two ago the politician was a candidate for the assessorship of a certain county in the State mentioned. Just at the height of his campaign a circus visited the county seat, and local attention was for the moment diverted from the political situation to the wonder of the arena. Among the exhibits of this show was a freak billed as "the two headed sheep," and there was much discussion as to whether the freak was two sheep with one body or one sheep with two heads. So intense became the difference of opinion among the countrymen that the matter actually got into the newspapers, giving rise to much acrimonious debate.

One day the candidate for the assessorship was approached by a number of individuals who differed with respect to the freak, and they informed the candidate that the matter was to be left to his decision in order to settle a wager. After careful consideration of the arguments made pro and con the politician smiled genially and said:

"Gentlemen, in view of the fact that I am a candidate for the assessorship of this county, I decide that both sides are correct."—New York Herald.

BROTHER ARTISTS.

On his last visit to America Paderevski, the eminent pianist and composer, was introduced somewhat against his will to a man of little apparent culture who professed great interest in music and much intimacy with its finer phases.

"We artists, you know, Mr. Paderevski," he remarked, "have our moods and tastes in common, which the ordinary man is incapable of understanding or sympathizing with. You, Mr. Paderevski, have your instrument to which your life is a devotion, and I have mine. I rejoice in you as a brother artist."

"And what," inquired the great virtuoso, with desperate politeness, "is your instrument, Mr. —?" "The mandolin, sir," was the prompt response.—Kansas City Journal.

KEPT HIS RELIGION.

Anent the case with which some politicians, both Democrats and Republicans, ignore the principles of their party, yet claim to be loyal thereto when there are spoils to be divided, Senator Bacon of Georgia recently told this story: "An old negro down my way arose at prayer meeting one night and delivered himself thus: 'Brederin an' sisterin, I's been a mighty mean nigger in my time. I's had er heap ups an' downs, specially downs, sence I jined de church. I's stole chickens an' watah millins. I's cussed. I's got drunk. I's shot craps. I's slashed udder coons wid my razah, an' I's done er sight er udder things, but thank de good Lawd, brederin an' sisterin, I's nebbber yet los' my religion.'—New York Times

HOW SHE WANDERED.

A comical sentence appeared in the programme of a concert given by M. Gounod in London. The eighth song was printed, "She Wandered Down the Mountain Side, accompanied by the composit."

PRIESTLY FOUNDER OF THE GAELIC REVIVAL.

There passed away recently at the Carmelite Abbey, Loughrea, Ireland, a venerable priest to whose patriotic labors the revival of the Gaelic language and literature may be said to have been largely due. The Rev. Elias Nolan, who belonged to the Order of Discalced Carmelites, was ordained in 1865, and passed the greater part of his sacerdotal life at the Church of St. Teresa, Clarendon street, Dublin. Soon after his ordination Father Nolan, who, as a native of Galway, spoke Gaelic fluently, founded, with the assistance of a few other Gaelic enthusiasts, the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. Over twenty years ago he brought out a prayer book in Irish which had a large sale. He was a zealous but retiring and very pious priest and worked energetically though unobtrusively for the Gaelic revival which is now daily giving evidence of strength, growth and permanence.

DEADLY NATAL INTOXICANT.

At a recent meeting of an agricultural society at Verulam, Natal, a speaker gave some interesting details regarding the deadly native intoxicant made from molasses. An analysis of this drink, which is called isishimiyana, by an eminent doctor, showed it was fifty per cent stronger than any known alcohol. Four milk tins full given to a pig produced death in half an hour. This poisonous stuff is taking the place of Kaffir beer and is exterminating the population on the coast. Whole kraals, including women and little children four years old, have been seen reeling drunk, said the speaker, and the scene of debauchery which followed cannot be described.

A COOL BLOODED BROTHER.

Mrs. Barron was one of the new "summer folk" not acquainted with the vernacular. Consequently she was somewhat surprised, upon sending an order for a roast of lamb, to the nearest butcher, to receive the following note in reply: "Dear Mam, I am sorry I have not killed myself this week, but I can get you a leg off my brother (the butcher at the farther end of the town). He's full up of what you want. I seen him last night with five legs. Yours respectful, George Gunton."—Youth's Companion.

NEWFOUNDLAND ELECTIONS AND BIGOTRY.

The results of the Newfoundland elections to hand give the Bond government (Liberal) 29 seats, and the Tories, as they are styled in the Ancient Colony, five seats. There are two more districts to be heard from, and in all probability these will return government candidates, thus making a majority of 26 for the Government out of a total of 36 seats. This is the second greatest political victory in the Island by the Sea. The greatest was in 1900, when the Bond government won 32 out of 36. This victory was nearly duplicated a few days ago. The elections this year were fought on Confederation versus anti-Confederation. This was the first time since 1869 that the question of Confederation was brought before the electors, but now, like then, the people voted hard against it. One ugly feature of the Newfoundland campaign was in certain districts the sectarian cry was raised, and strong appeals to religious prejudices made, but in this age of enlightenment, progress and civilization, the people of good old Newfoundland were too wise to follow such base and vile conduct on the part of its authors.

In one district, where His Grace Archbishop Howley and his priests were grossly insulted by the Orange Grand Master, the following resolution was passed in three of the Orange lodges, and shows that decency, common sense, and good judgment, and a desire to live in unity, peace and harmony with all creeds, still animates the members of the Orange Association of northern Newfoundland:

"We, the undersigned officers and members of the Loyal Orange Association of Newfoundland, residents of the district of Twillingate, most strongly deprecate the conduct of the Grand Master, Mr. Donald Morison, in dragging our institution into the mire of party politics. We deplore and condemn his conduct in circulating the September issue of the News-Letter throughout this district, and the country generally, as its contents are a gross libel upon His Grace Archbishop Howley and the priests of his church, and calculated not only to awaken bitter animosities, but to engender lasting ill-feelings between the subjects of our Sovereign Lord the King.

(Signed) Chas. White, D.P.M., Crosby Lodge, Twillingate; Geo. Roberts, W.C.D., P.M., Loyalty Lodge, Twillingate; J. B. Howson, Success Lodge, Pilley's Island; G. H. Roberts, N.S., and others.

Grand Master Morison was a wise but sadder man when the ballots were counted, for in Twillingate district he was beaten out of sight, literally snowed under, by Sir Robert Bond and his two colleagues. The day of the sectarian cry is passed in Newfoundland, as it is in this Canada of ours, and no greater proof was required than the results of both elections. The Orangemen of Twillingate are to be congratulated on resenting the attacks made upon the Archbishop of St. John's, and his noble staff of priests.

Sir Robert Bond's scathing denunciation of the Orange Grand Master Morison is worthy of reproduction in part. In connection with the News-Letter of September issue he said that that paper bore a lie stamped upon the face of it. Printed across the head of the editorial column was the statement that it was "a monthly journal devoted to the Loyal Orange Association," while as a matter of fact the Loyal Orange Association had nothing whatever to do with it. Once it was the organ of the Association, but long since Mr. Donald Morison had purchased their interest in it and it was now the property of Donald Morison, published solely in his political interest. The contents of that paper, which had been circulated "with the compliments of Donald Morison," in this district, was a disgrace to journalism and a disgrace to any person who professed to be a gentleman. Its vile attack upon His Grace Archbishop Howley and every Roman Catholic priest in the colony every right thinking Protestant in the land would resent. No manly man would lend his countenance to such dastardly tactics as Mr. Morison had been guilty of in this district. He had endeavored to stir up strife between man and man and to set creed against creed in the desire to win his election, but already his Orange brethren had denounced his conduct and he, Sir Robert, felt sure that the district of Notre Dame would record such a rebuke on polling day as would be felt by Mr. Morison to the end of his days. Mr. Morison's impudent al-

lusions to himself in the News-Letter he, Sir Robert, would pass by with the contempt that it merited. In concluding his great speech Sir Robert said truth and only truth can triumph, for it is eternal. It may be obscured by the clouds of falsehood, or buried in the debris of brutish ignorance, but it can never be destroyed. The only place in which it is not found is in the hearts of such craven cowards as Donald Morison. When the heavens and earth shall pass away and the universe return to cosmic dust, truth will stand unscathed amid the crash of matter and the wreck of worlds. And so it did. Truth and honor won. What Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to Canada, Sir Robert Bond is to Newfoundland, a man of honor and integrity and at whom no one can point the finger of scorn, or charge him with any double-dealing in the administration of Britain's oldest colony.

CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES AS SCIENTISTS.

An article no less timely than interesting, written by a prominent non-Catholic, M. Bonet-Maury, appears in the Revue des Deux Mondes, of Paris, on the subject of Catholic missionaries as agents of civilization. Amongst other things this fair-minded Protestant writer points out that the Jesuits, Ricci and Secchi, were eminent astronomers. In the thirteenth century a Pope, and a King of France sent civilizing educated monks among the Turks. The Franciscans and Dominicans by their great learning exerted a powerful influence over the Grand Khan. One of the Lazarists, Pere Huc, travelled extensively in Tibet and China, and his books of description are still authorities. Pere Amand David corrected the maps of China. Pere Chevalier, a French priest, did such excellent and valuable hydrographic work in Tonking that, in 1898, the French Geographical Society presented him with a medal. It was a French Catholic mission which founded and still conducts the celebrated astronomical observatory at Ki-kawei, founded by the Jesuit Fathers, Leic and Colombel, the meteorological observations of which have been used by Sir Robert Hart since 1898 to determine the approach of the typhoons throughout China.

A BETTER WAY.

Use your brains. Study your business. Find out all its details. Find out exactly how it is conducted. Find out ways in which your end of it can be better conducted. There is nothing in the world of the work of men's hands that is not susceptible of improvement if any one will think enough about it. Any one can think about the work he has to do every day, and usually it requires no genius to find a way to better the work.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of U.S. patents secured during last week through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D. C. Information regarding any of these will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm. Nos. 771,270—Ernest. Renaud, Montreal, Que. Railway signal system. 771,875—Coloman de Kando, Budapest, Hungary. Overhead trolley wire systems. 771,885—Alphonse Poirier, Normandin, Lake St. John, Que. Clover hulling machine. 771,925—Joseph Jno. O'Connor, Montreal, Que. Aerial punching-bag supporting bracket. 772,336—Louis Boudrias, Montreal, Que. Shears. 772,604—Messrs. Bleyne & Ducousso, Paris, France. Electric interlocking switch and signal system. 772,916—Stanislas Beaugard, Montreal, Que. Nail making machine. 773,576—Adolphe D. LeBlanc, Montreal, Que. Handle for Carpenter's Brace. The "Inventor's Adviser" is just published. Any one interested in patents or inventions should order a copy.

WHY THE SALOON WANTS MORE HOURS.

Why does the saloon seek more hours for business and clamor for an open Sunday? Because it measures prosperity by the swiftness with which it wrecks humanity, and it can ruin a man quicker if it sells to him seven days a week and twenty-four hours a day.



Vol. ... Meeting of Catholic Girls at Ottawa TO WELCOME ENGLISH Important Announcements Catholic Emigrant Work

A meeting of the Ottawa and Girls' Association was held at New Orrington Lodge, Hinton, Ottawa, on Sunday night, welcome to Ottawa the ...

The proceedings were opened by Mr. Cecil Arden, Canadian ...

Mr. Arden explained that in the old boys and girls had gathered to form an association which, while being a means ...

only a great consolation to those who have sent you out, but a magnificent tribute to your personal worth; for however the opportunities offered to son are, they are useless unless he has the good sense ...

I need not tell you that, this my first visit to Canada ...

The form which the union was the bringing into existence ...

The committee of the new Society, called the Catholic Emigrant Association, taking of the responsibilities, duties and ...

had before them the fact that Old Boys' and Girls' Association made Mr. Cecil Arden their president and chairman of the ...

ACROSS THE SEA.

I left Dublin on Wednesday, 5th October for Holyhead, en route for Liverpool and for Quebec. Our craft was tossed like a top on the choppy sea that divides England from Ireland—a sea as uncompromising in its autumn fury as the historical enmity that has existed for so many centuries between the two peoples. As we steamed out from Dublin Bay a passenger asked the funny question: "What part of Wales is that?" as he pointed towards Bray and the Wicklow Mountains.

For a moment I was a little sad and solemn as I thought to myself, "Perhaps I am taking my last look of dear old Ireland." On the left as I looked back were the Dublin and Wicklow mountains. On the right, Howth Head; and gloom like a cap rested on the mountains on either side.

We soon ran into port and shelter at Holyhead. A railway run by the pretty northern shore of Wales to Chester, a turn round the corner there and a sprint to the north by the side of the Mersey brought us to the great world-port. An item in a railway time-table at Chester runs: "A monkey in the charge of an organ grinder is charged as for a dog."

As it was late when I got to Liverpool, I sought lodgings for the night and found myself housed in a street in right line with that in which Mr. Gladstone first saw the light. The house in which he was born has a tablet recording the event.

Next day we boarded the Tunisian, of the Allan line, which was lying at the Canada dock.

In the same dock, at the same time lay also the Kensington. Later on in the evening it was interesting to watch three steam tugs trying to move the Kensington from her berth at the quay—it was like seeing children endeavoring to rouse a giant to unwilling wakefulness and activity. There was the huge and handsome vessel apparently helpless in the calm waters; two tugs, like bulldogs, almost hung from her jaws, while another tug was busy at the stern in the apparently desperate effort to move the leviathan. At last the tugs succeeded, and now the giant awake flung from him indignantly the pigmy helpers and with a roar rode out alone in slow, majestic movement, bracing himself for an encounter with the fierce Atlantic.

An hour or two later we followed on the Tunisian. Night closed in upon us in the Irish sea, and when morning broke we were steaming north between the bold headlands of Scotland and Ireland on either side. It was my first view of Scotland—"Land of brown heath" and shaggy wood,

Land of the mountain and the flood" and I had not a few pleasant cogitations as I thought of the storied land of Bruce and Burns. The Mull of Cantyre and a bold shoulder opposite on the Antrim coast looked like lions crouching waiting for a spring. I never realized half so well before how near to one another are Ireland and Scotland—the shamrock and the thistle—these twin sisters of the Celtic race. Both are so near you as you walk up and down the deck of the steamer—both come under your gaze at once; and it is impossible not to think of them and compare them as you pass them by. As I turn to my own country, great fields of sunshine gleam along the backs of the mountains.

Soon after we anchored off Moville the tug Samson, of Glasgow, doing local duty, brought mails and passengers alongside. Here I witnessed an affecting parting scene between an old man and one who was evidently his daughter. She was coming on board. She clung to her father for a while in one long last embrace. I saw the old Irishman wiping the tears from his eyes, and I thought to myself: "Will they meet again?" and I answered to myself, "hardly"—for decrepitude seemed already stealing like a thief around the gray-bearded veteran. Local huxters do a thriving trade while the ship waits at Moville. Apples and cakes and sweets are pressed on the passengers' attention with unremitting persistency. A poor Irishman, selling apples there, was no miser. Everywhere a little fellow appeared (and there were many) he was sure to get an apple gratis from the kindly Irishman. One little fellow after receiving an apple reached out his hand with consummate grace in gratitude to his benefactor, who shook it warmly—the interchange of courtesy between these two was positively beautiful.

I had a chat with a Norwegian farmer who was returning to his home in British Columbia. He had been visiting his native land for the first time after an absence of 47 years.

Surprise is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use

Surprise Soap

It makes child's play of washday—and every day a happy day.

The pure soap just loosens the dirt in a natural way and cleanses easily—without injury. Remember

Surprise is a pure, hard Soap

No one knew him, he said, and he knew no one "at home." He had fought in the American Civil War on the Southern side. He told a story of his meeting with his brother which was really affecting. When he left home this brother was only three years old; consequently he is now fifty.

The American exile, staying some seven miles away, called upon this brother a few weeks ago and asked him, by the way, for a cup of coffee and proffered payment. The coffee was given but the payment not accepted. They chatted together for an hour or so, and then the "stranger" left, not telling who he was. Next day he returned and revealed his identity. The scene may be imagined. He told us how his brother wept. I thought of the ever affecting and beautiful Old Testament story of Joseph and his brethren. By the way, he told me that he was always glad to be with Irishmen. We have some in British Columbia, he said, and he mentioned a Mr. Madden and a Mr. Torrington.

At times, as the week wore on, the winds and the sea were terribly rough. "I feel more dead than alive," said a young Englishman one night to his friend travelling with him, "I shall be snuffed out during the night unless I get 'some-it.'" But he survived, and he and his friend from Leicester are probably now at their destination in Toronto. The Tunisian seems an exceedingly steady boat, but the conditions under which she was travelling from the 6th to the 15th of October, when she arrived in Quebec, were anything but favorable. A head wind that reached the strength and fierceness of a gale most of the time struck her right in the face the whole way across. Her lowest record for a complete day (9th to 10th) showed only 261, her highest (13th to 14th) reached 369 knots.

Six of us (steerage passengers) slept in room No. 10—a Canadian of Scotch descent, four Englishmen, and myself. In such a situation people talk about many things.

National characteristics were discussed. The Scotch Canadian praised the Scotch and Irish for their hotter valor; he said that the Irish had the best brains. "You often see an Irishman," said he, "in the street apparently doing nothing, smoking his pipe, directing other men."

"An Irishman," said he, "will often keep a crowd laughing all the night by his wit." I, an Irishman, though of course infinitely pleased with the unexpected tribute to my countrymen (unexpected from such a source) was anxious to steady the growing displeasure of the Englishmen, and to minister to their national amour propre, and so I praised Nelson, Marlborough and Shakespeare to the skies, and did not forget Bacon and Newton.

The Canadian once expressed his surprise when I ventured to remark, in course of such conversation, that I never get sick at sea. "You must have a very strong stomach," said he, "I suppose if you ate a rotten egg you would not throw it up." I replied quietly that "I would not eat a rotten egg," at which one of the Englishmen chuckled. One hears many amusing talks on board. I overheard one man say to another, "I would not come this trip but I was drunk when I bought my ticket."

I was chatting with a Frenchman from Paris, who was able to speak English fairly well, though at times he found it a little difficult. I happened to remark that the weather could hardly be worse. "It is worse enough," said he, "but it could be worse more."

On the 13th we saw some magnificent icebergs. There was one, a huge thing of ghastly picturesqueness. It reminded me of the ruins of an old church such as may often be seen in an Irish graveyard where the four walls and the high gables still survive the shock of time and the incidents of change. Imagine such a ruin covered with snow and

floating in the sea and you have a perfect picture of one of those startling monsters that prowl about the Northern Atlantic. The next sight that attracted attention was the puffing and tossing of some whales at or near the St. Lawrence. I saw once or twice the huge black backs and tails of these creatures. On my own information I could not say that they were whales, but I heard others who seemed to know say they were. Abnormal they certainly appeared to be. I saw some porpoises. These always make me laugh—there is something inexpressibly funny in their jump up above the water and in the plunge again into the abyss. The sailors do not like them, they are said to be a sign of rough weather.

As we approached Quebec on the 15th the scene towards the west was really charming. The setting sun had left his mark on the western sky and the greatest of all artists had painted there an inimitable picture. We all gathered together to admire the magnificent panorama. The smooth waters of the St. Lawrence reflected the glory from above, and the peaceful loveliness of the French-Canadian settlements on both banks of the river as we passed completed an experience of impression and of view that will long be remembered by those who saw it and who have an eye for what is beautiful on land and sea.

T. HUNT,

Late of Athes, County Limerick, Ireland. Oct. 26th, 1904.

THREW HIM OFF THE SCENT.

As the immaculate young woman and the tired but happy looking young man entered the Pullman, followed by a grinning porter, the other passengers became 'wise' in a moment. The stout drummer leaned over to the man behind him and remarked: "Bride and groom—100 to 1."

Every one turned to view the newcomers, who had deposited themselves vis-a-vis in No. 4. As if unconscious of any scrutiny, the young man said in a high, nasal voice: "Well, do as you like about it, either increase the margin or let it go. You didn't follow my advice in the first place, but if you want to pull out you'd better do it now."

"Oh, I know," the woman replied, "What's the use of going all over it again?" "Huh!" said the stout man's companion. "Guess you lose. Been playing the market. Not much bride and groom talk in that."

The rest of the passengers sniffed and then turned their backs on the new couple. Whereat the young man smiled at the young woman and they softly joined hands as he whispered: "Millicent, dear, my shoes are full of rice."

A CLOCK WITHOUT WORKS.

In the courtyard of the palace of Versailles is a clock with one hand, called L'Horloge de la Mort du Roi. It contains no works, but consists merely of a face in the form of a sun, surrounded by rays. On the death of a king the hand is set to the moment of his demise, and remains unaltered till his successor has joined him in the grave. This custom originated under Louis XIII. and continued till the revolution. It was revived on the death of Louis XVIII., and the hand still continues fixed on the precise moment of that monarch's death.

HE BACKED OUT.

"I don't seek your confidence enough, Matilda," said Mr. Mudley, who was experiencing one of his periodical spasms of reform. "Hereafter I want you to consult me about all your little troubles and affairs. I wish to take an interest in everything that interests you. Come to

RAILROADS.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

THANKSGIVING DAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1904.

Quebec.....\$4.50	Toronto.....\$10.00
Sherbrooke...\$3.35	Hamilton....\$10.65
Ottawa.....\$3.50	London.....\$12.95
Detroit.....\$15.00	Port Huron..\$14.85

And all other points in Canada, also Massena Springs, N. Y., and Intermediate Stations, and Return at

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Going Dates, Nov. 16 and 17. Return Limit, Nov. 21, 1904.

World's Fair Tickets on Sale Daily

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC

THANKSGIVING DAY, NOVEMBER 17th.

One First-Class Fare

to all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Ont. and East.

Going November 16 and 17. Good to return until Nov. 21st, 1904.

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

EXTENSION OF TIME.

The time for receiving tenders for the construction of a Public Building at Levis, P. Q., is hereby extended to Wednesday, November 16.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, November 7, 1904.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

me with your doubts. Confide in me.

"Oh, Henry, how sweet of you!" exclaimed Mrs. Mudley. "I have always wished that we were nearer together—that I could consult you and lean upon you, as it were."

"Well, hereafter, always come to me," benignly enjoined Mr. Mudley, as he opened the evening paper.

A few moments later Mrs. Mudley ventured, "Henry, dear."

"Yes, my love."

"May I ask your opinion about something?"

"Why, certainly, my dear," said Mr. Mudley, sitting up straight and assuming a judicial cast of countenance. "What is it, my love?"

"Would you make this waist of maize peau de cygne, with the bertha of point d'esprit, trimmed with ruffles of taffeta, or would you have the yoke cut gules on the bias, with cuffs of cream venetian over white mousseline?"

"I think I'd have it the first way, Matilda," gasped Mr. Mudley, as he looked about for his hat. "I'm going out for a bit of a stroll before supper."

HALF FARE FOR THE PUPPY.

She sat in a Madison street car with an asthmatic pup in her lap. As the conductor came past she handed him a nickel and a school-ticket worth two and a half cents, good for children between the hours of eight and four o'clock.

"What is this, ma'am?" the conductor asked, as he scrutinized the ticket and then the dog.

"That's his fare, sir," she replied. "But we don't carry dogs on school tickets," he protested.

"The dog is only a puppy and entitled to ride for half fare," she persisted, and pending a new interpretation of the rule the conductor pocketed the ticket and passed the dog.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Retiring From Business,

and all of our new importations, in addition to large stock in store, comes direct into the hands of parties furnishing wholly or in part, with the choicest, the best and cheapest productions in Carpets and House Furnishings, Beds and Bedding at our popular Clearing Sale Discounts. Mail orders filled.

THOMAS LIGGET EMPIRE BUILDING.
2474 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

Enormous Sale of 5,500 YARDS Fashionable Dress Goods,

At 25c, 29c and 39c, Worth 45c, 55c and 39c.

To-morrow morning we will inaugurate the greatest sale of stylish Dress Goods it has ever been our good fortune to put before you, the result of an immense purchase from the largest firm of manufacturer's agents in Canada for high class French fabrics. These goods conforming in every detail to the latest decrees of fashion, are absolutely unsurpassable in quality and beauty, at the prices they are marked. This splendid lot consists of

All Wool Waistings, Canvas Cloth, Flake and Knap Cloth, Granite Cloth, Tartan Plaids, Crepe de Chine, Poplin, Lusterines, Roxamie Cloth, Figured Mohairs, and Black Poplins.

The prices at which we have marked these superb dress materials will enable you to make distinguished additions to your wardrobe, because this sale means that you can buy

Two Dress Lengths for the Price of One!

We do not anticipate we shall have this splendid selection under our control for long—they are priced so extremely low that they will be snapped up at once by those who know the correct value of the goods on offer. Here are price hints of just a few of the lines:

45c Fancy Tweeds 25c

This is a splendid lot of Dress Tweeds of loose canvas weave, interwoven with little knots of twisted wool, admirably adapted for Ladies' and Children's Dresses. They come in almost every conceivable color, and are excellent value at 45c a yard. Sale price 25c

75c All Wool Canvas 29c

You'll be delighted with the quality and weight of this elegant material, extra heavy, 45 inches wide, splendid range of shades. Regular 75c. Sale price 29c

75c Waistings for 35c.

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR CATHOLIC MUTUAL Benefit Association GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC.

Organized at Niagara Falls, N. Y., July 3, 1876. Incorporated by Special Act of the New York State Legislature, June 9, 1879. Membership 63,000 and increasing rapidly. More than \$13,000,000 paid in Benefits in twenty-six years. Reserve Fund, March 1, 1904, over \$1,000,000.

The C. M. B. A. is Sanctioned by Pope Pius X., and Approved by Cardinals, Bishops and Priests, several of whom are Officers.

For Information Address:
A. R. ARCHAMBAULT, Supreme Deputy,
OFFICE: 1592 NOTRE DAME STREET.
Residence: 747 ST. DENIS ST.
Phone Bell East 2011.

Or
P. E. E. BELANGER, 55 D'AIGILLON STREET, QUEBEC.

The John Murphy Co., LIMITED

A FRIEND BEHIND YOUR BACK!

At our Smallwares Counter, commencing Monday, November 7th, a Lady Demonstrator will explain the advantages of a new Skirt and Waist Holder, that has been well termed "A Friend Behind Your Back!" It permits of no separation of waist and skirt, has no hooks to catch your hand, requires nothing to be sewed on, and will not tear the most delicate fabric.

SEEING IS BELIEVING, COME AND SEE.

Novelties in Black Dress Goods.

Our Black Dress Goods Department is celebrated for the completeness of its stock in all the best weaves, and for unsurpassed price values, considering the high grade quality of the goods. Below we enumerate some of the season's novelties:—

Catholic Sailors' Club

ALL SAILORS WELCOME

Concert Every Wednesday Evening

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

Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.
On Sundays, from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Tel. Main 2161.
ST PETER and COMMON Sts.

THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Ltd.

2341 & 2343 St. Catherine St. Corner Metcalfe.

Terms Cash Tel. Up 2740

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 2 Bury Street, Montreal, Canada, by THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. Co., Patricia G. Gault, of Toronto, proprietor.