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The True Witness



Vol. LII., No. 13

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1902.

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EPISCOPAL APPROBATION.

"If the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the 'True Witness' one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work."
—PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MORE INTOLERANCE.—An English magistrate has granted a summons against the rector of the Assumption Fathers' Church in London, on the application of the Protestant Alliance, which claims that under an old statute these priests have no right to live in the United Kingdom. A similar action was taken against the Jesuit Fathers some time ago under the same obsolete laws; but it was promptly dismissed, on the ground that these laws had lapsed in desuetude. The action of the Protestant Alliance ought to have one good effect. It should bestir the Catholics of the United Kingdom in a common effort to have the vexatious laws repealed. At the same time an attempt should be made to secure the repeal of other anti-Catholic laws which are in full vigor—those concerning the accession oath and the holding of the offices of Lord Chancellor of England and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for example.

EMILE ZOLA'S DEATH.—Sudden and tragic was the death of the French novelist Zola. It was unexpected and it created a sensation in Paris, the echo of which was heard all over the continent and on this side of the Atlantic. There is a maxim, old as our era and eminently Christian, that advises us to "say naught but good of the dead." This means that it is not right to say anything injurious or bad of those who have departed from this life. We have made it a rule to obey that injunction in as far as journalistic duties would allow. Consequently, when there is no possible good that we can say of the one whose death we record, the next best thing is to say nothing at all about him. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the private life of Emile Zola to hazard any comments, good, bad, or indifferent, upon his sixty-two years of passage through this world. We have no right to pass any judgment upon him, for we are in the impossibility of knowing the inner workings of his heart.

It might be possible to draw serious lessons from the awful manner in which this most prominent writer of the so-called realistic romances, was summoned from earth; but even in that we might be doing an injustice and we prefer, as far as the man is concerned, to let the veil drop for all time upon his personal life. But if we are not in a position to pass judgment upon the man, at least we are justified in forming an estimate of the immensity of literary work that he has left as a heritage to humanity. Perhaps the most favorable comment that has been made regarding his works—and it is far from a eulogy—is what a leading French journal of Montreal has said: "It will be admitted that he could have made better use, for his own glory, of those qualities of vigor and strength with which he was endowed and of that exceptional art that he possessed of bringing out in striking evidence the technique of positions, of situations, and of customs. Taking them from certain standpoints, in Zola's romances there is sufficient to frighten our age with its moral infirmities and to suggest useful reflections; to instruct future generations about our century and to impart to them a series of human documents that will not contribute to the building up of our fame."

In an interview of a few days ago, Dr. Frechette said that Zola had of late been living on his former reputation, and that his recent works are not worth reading. Of his no-

vels in general Dr. Frechette said: "He pretended to be realistic, but he was nothing of the kind; nothing is so false as his pictures of French peasant life. He pandered to the morbid curiosity of young people and strangers, and his pictures are exaggerated and false."

After stating that one could not read certain of Zola's abominations, as they were too revolting, and having pointed out the corruption, sacrileges and anti-patriotism contained in the most of his novels, Dr. Frechette thus sums up his estimate of the life-work of Emile Zola:—

"The idea was, money by all means, at the expense of body, soul and country. When one read a work by Zola, it did not matter which, simply from curiosity, or as a pastime, it was this thought that struck the reader most. Dr. Frechette went on to say that he would not read 'Le Reve.' He had read sufficient of Zola's preceding works to understand the writer and his school, and the reading of twenty new ones would not tell him anything more of Zola's system." This estimate is certainly not an exaggerated one, and no human mind can calculate the amount of evil that has been wrought, during the past forty years by the products of Zola's pen. He was the master, and we might almost say the founder of that special school of fiction which he sought to dignify with the title of realistic. Happily for the world, and for the future, the days of that school are numbered. Even with all the infidelity that is rampant, and all the lack of moral principles—as illustrated in the increasing number of divorces—that we behold around us, still there is a certain refinement, a certain degree of self-respect, a certain pretence to modesty in the world which will not tolerate the nude, the vulgar, which recoils from the abominations and filthy excesses, as well as from the public parading of indecencies. Hence it is that Zola's works are destined to perish; they will inevitably sink into oblivion. Men and women may be immoral, may lead lives of guilt in the eyes of God and of the world; but they cling to social recognition, and they seek to disguise or to hide their deeds—a tribute of vice to virtue—and they do not relish the publicity of sin. Zola's works bid defiance not only to God and the Church, to the commandments and the precepts, to moral sense of the world and the conventionalities of ordinary society; but they even reject the flimsy and transparent coverings with which the vilest seek to cloak their deformities.

THE IRISH SITUATION.—No doubt the press reports of current political events in Ireland are of a sufficiently sensational nature, and have all the appearance of being well founded. But so frequently, in the past, have we found, when our Irish correspondence and exchanges came to hand, that perfect reliance could not be placed in the cabled reports, that we are disinclined, for the moment, to make any comment. Moreover, the situation is too serious to permit of any trifling with its details. We regard it as more critical than it has been at any given moment since 1882. In fact, the entire future of the Home Rule cause may depend upon the events of the coming autumn and winter. Certainly Ireland's case has been strengthened and the instruments of success have been placed in the hands of her leaders by the very men who are most

anxious to wipe out her every hope and aspiration. If it be true that the members of the Nationalist party contemplate a general absence from the coming session, the step would certainly be a radical one; but as to its ultimate success, as a means to an end, there may be room for discussion. However, when we shall have authentic reports of passing events we will be in a position to speak.

THE IRISH STAGE.—In San Francisco a subject of very great importance is now being discussed. At a recent meeting of the State Board of the Gaelic League, the matter of so-called Irish plays came up in a very pronounced manner. We could not do better than reproduce the report of that meeting, in as far as it had to do with the matter of the "Stage Irishman." The Committee on Resolutions made the following report which was adopted unanimously:—

"The State Executive Committee of the Gaelic League in California having received the character of the having received a number of complaints concerning the character of the Grand Opera House, appointed a committee to attend such plays and report on their nature and tendency."

"The committee has reported that the plays are gross libels on the Irish people, especially on those of the humbler sort, and that the manner in which they are played, the make-up of the characters, and the quality of the acting intensify the original vulgarity and untruthfulness of the pieces."

Acting on this report, the State Executive Committee has adopted the following resolutions and has requested their publication in the local press and ordered them sent to all the Irish societies in America and in Ireland:

"Resolved, That we condemn the plays now being presented at the Grand Opera House in this city—namely, 'Arrah na Pogue,' 'The Shaughraun,' and the 'Colleen Bawn'—as untrue to the great facts of Irish life, as libelous on the Irish character and as contrary to Irish ideals and aspirations."

"Resolved, That the staging of the plays, inasmuch as it represents the Irish peasantry as a low, drunken set of savages, devoid of even the appearance of humanity, is a gross caricature on a class of people who in the midst of their English produced poverty and its attendant evils, never forgot the respect due the dead, and who, in their respect for themselves, far surpassed the persons that presented the plays and the audience that backed them up by its approval."

"Resolved, That the whole tendency of the plays is away from the Irish revival, inasmuch as the English are therein represented as the superior and manly race, whereas the Irish can furnish only informers, vagabonds, blundering fools, weak-minded priests and cheap imitations of English barmaids."

"Resolved, That it is with great regret we see a man of our own kind, from whom we had hoped a greater reverence for his own people, and a tenderer care for his own name, lend himself to the production of plays that cannot but grieve the hearts of true Irishmen and delight only the unthinking or the prejudiced."

"Resolved, That these resolutions be printed and forwarded to the local press and to all Irish societies at home and abroad."

Rev. Peter C. Yorke, State President.
Miss F. X. Barr, State Secretary.
T. J. Mellott, State Vice-President.
D. S. McCarthy, State Financial Secretary.
G. J. Lowe, State Corresponding Secretary.
Jeremiah Deasy, State Treasurer.
Miss M. A. Barry, State Librarian.
Conor Murphy, Rev. J. J. Enright, Rev. William Lyons, T. F. Marshall, J. P. Kelleher, Miss Margaret Clarke, C. J. Collins, State Directors.

Whoever has followed the "True Witness," during the past few years, cannot but have noticed that these resolutions embody, in one special case, the ideas and sentiments that we have repeatedly expressed in these columns in a general manner.

We need not enter into the consideration of the special comments of "The Leader," the organ in which these resolutions appeared. They are

severe in the extreme upon Mr. O'Sullivan, the talented (but misguided) actor whose successes have been the direct cause of this protest. But we cannot omit mentioning that much of the blame for this anti-Irish system of vulgarizing the national character lies with the audiences. The authors wrote for money; for the sake of a livelihood the actors perform; but the two classes would have to change methods were they to find that their audiences were not sympathetic with them. But as long as our own people applaud and enjoy these misrepresentations, so long will the so-called Irish stage flourish. In this connection we must quote one paragraph from "The Leader's" lengthy and striking editorial. It says:—

"If this theory be true and the more we think over it the more we are enamored of it, then there is very little use in protesting against the plays at the Grand Opera. Mr. O'Sullivan has a safe constituency and if they like the kind of amusement he gives them, he would be foolish to refuse their money. The Gaelic League resolutions are written in an unknown language to them and Gaelic League ideas can never be comprehended by their minds. The resolutions have only one use. They serve to show to the world outside that all the Irish are not of the type drawn by Boucicault. There are still some descendants of the free clans left. This is the more necessary that Boucicault never put in his play but a character drawn from the lower tribes. His young ladies, his priests, his gentlemen, are all of the same class as his keepers, though their faces are not so gross and their manners not so coarse. The Englishman in the play is the superior animal and the whole action of the piece is founded on the principle that the slow-witted but honest Saxon is dealing with the quick-witted but dishonest Celt. In none of Boucicault's plays is there a character that an Irishman could recognize as natural, none to whose words or deeds he could look up with respect, none that would stir a responsive fibre in his being, none that he might hold up to his children as a specimen of his countrymen. But on the contrary all are vulgar, debauched and nauseating and he comforts himself with the hope that after all it is English malice and ignorance that thus libels us to the world."

Here is a great lesson coming to us from the far West. And when we look around us at home, we may very well ask ourselves if we are entirely free from blame in this matter. Have we always, in practice, striven to uphold the glory of our race and to stamp out all vile caricatures and bitter slanders that have been perpetrated on the stage? We know of certain gentlemen, in the past, having on special occasions protested openly against the representations that actors sought to pass off as genuinely Irish; but, on the whole, have we not gone again and again to such plays, and applauded and encouraged them? We may say, frankly, that we side entirely with the Gaelic League in this matter, and we congratulate that organization upon its timely and patriotic resolutions.

PERILS OF SCHOOL LIFE.—Two questions in connection with modern school life seem to be creating a stir both in America and upon the European continent. They are as follows:—

Is modern school life imperilling the health of teachers and pupils? Why is it that women teachers and girl pupils are especially afflicted with maladies referable to a disordered condition of the nerves?

As an illustration of the statement contained in the last question a special mention is made of Germany; and, referring to that country, as an example, it is said:—

"The proportion of teachers suffering from nervous disorders is extraordinary. In one district where 2,733 teachers are employed 604 in one year were granted various terms of leave to recruit their nerves. In the Berlin district 1,407 women are engaged in teaching science. Of these 504 were granted leave of absence for hysteria and other nervous maladies. Out of 441 women engaged in teaching special branches 190, or little less than half, succumbed in

the same way. The strain is far more marked among women than among men, the proportion suffering from nervous attacks among the former being on an average 25 per cent, among the latter 15 per cent."

What is here said of teachers is made also applicable to pupils. We are not prepared to enter into a discussion concerning the nervousness of the German school teachers and pupils; but we are strongly of the opinion that much of the dangers thus complained of could be avoided by a little more attention to the needs and requirements of those attending schools, both collectively and individually. The authorities, such as a Board School Commissioners, whose duty it is to direct the schools and superintend their management, should investigate, and having discovered the causes should apply the antidotes. Are the hours of attendance too long, or too continuous? If so let them be changed. Is there not sufficient physical exercise, and outdoor recreation? If so, the remedy is within reach. In fact, as far as general regulations may be considered, there is no difficulty in adopting them to circumstances. If the schools are not perfectly ventilated; if space is not sufficiently ample, in proportion to numbers—there are means of rectifying the danger.

Where, to our mind, the greatest difficulty exists, is in the consideration of individual cases. No two pupils have the exact same physical constitutions. What may prove injurious for one may not injure twenty others. This is the point that demands special attention and considerable experience. And it is exactly this that Dr. Richard Cole Newton, of Monclair, N.J., must have had in his mind, when, in the "Medical Review," for last September, he wrote as follows:—

"There is no question that they are often far less to blame for pushing their scholars too fast than the parents, and, in some cases, the children themselves. The giving of prizes and marking the scholars competitively so that the spirit of rivalry and emulation is excited is distinctly bad; and as this has apparently always been a prominent feature of our public school education its evil influences are everywhere apparent; although fortunately the pernicious practice of inciting seniors to do well for the sake of surpassing their colleagues is now being superseded; publishing graded marks, giving prizes, etc., having been so largely abolished."

"Now, however, the parents and the children are constantly menaced with the fear that the latter will not be promoted at the end of the year, and if any one fails of promotion he fears that the finger of scorn will be pointed at him, and his parents act as though they feared a loss of social prestige if their offspring should be set back a year."

"Instead of condemning and antagonizing the teachers, parents should co-operate with them. By carefully watching their children, and by conferring with the teachers they can ascertain whether the former are working up to the limit of their strength of beyond it, or whether, on the other hand, they are slighting their work. This, I am satisfied, only comparatively few parents do systematically, and much of the dissatisfaction which is expressed against the schools is really the fault of the parents; and, furthermore, the bitterest and most vehement complaints come from parents who really understand least about the matter."

There is, doubtless, very much truth in these remarks. Yet, we are not prepared to go as far as the learned Doctor, in the matter of prizes and rewards. We do not believe that the many should be sacrificed for the few. We cling to the believe in the prize system. We know from experience the stimulus that it gives to the ambition and the aid it is to teachers in stirring into activity the indolent. But, here, again, the observation and judgment of those in control should be brought into play. The subject is a vast and a very important one, and we cannot dismiss it with these few remarks. Still we did not wish to allow the foregoing comments and opinions to remain unnoted. We will take advantage of this revival of the subject to present our readers with further comments. We have at heart the good of our teachers and our young pupils, and we know that it always serves a good purpose to remind all who are interested in edu-

cational matters of the grave duties that their positions impose upon them. Consequently we will come back to the question from other standpoints, pleased as we are that such a widespread attention thereto has afforded us an opportunity of giving expression to some of our ideas on the vital matter of education.

A NOTE ABOUT OURSELVES.—The meeting of the Catholic Hierarchy of Canada at Ottawa this week has been seized upon by the secular press as a fitting event on which to indulge in columns of sensational speculations, not one of which is based upon facts. One of the writers of these purely imaginary articles accidentally admitted that the proceedings were secret, and then went on to describe with wonderful amplification of detail what took place.

Some persons have criticized the silence of the "True Witness" in respect of this meeting, especially as it is rumored that matters affecting Irish, English and Scotch Catholics were discussed. The explanation is simple. The "True Witness" publishes only reliable, authentic and official reports of such meetings as concern the Catholic laity. If the proceedings are private, and archbishops and bishops who took part in them desire that they should be kept secret, it would be obviously improper for us to attempt to give them publicity. Any reports which our spiritual superiors deem it advisable to be made public will be published in these columns as soon as their publication is sanctioned. We do not insert unauthentic and unofficial accounts of ecclesiastical occurrences.

New County President A. O. H.

We present this week a portrait of Captain P. Keane, who as we announced last week, has been elected County President of the A.O.H. The administrative offices of the A.O.H. have been occupied by many men noted for their ability, energy and enthusiastic patriotism, whose portraits have been published in these



MR. P. KEANE.

columns; but we can safely say that none have excelled in these qualities, and in practical capacity, the present occupant of the county presidency. His record in connection with the Hibernian Knights would alone entitle him to the gratitude and esteem of the members of the Order and of Irishmen in general. The interests of this great Order are safe in his hands; and we look forward in confidence to its increased prosperity under his wise and practical leadership.

If a letter should come to you from an emperor or a king, you would not rest until you had possession of it. What, then, are the lives of the saints but the Word of God and a letter which he sends to his creatures?—St. Gregory the Great.

How the Secular Press Discuss Catholic Questions.

(Some observations on clippings received from a Reader.)

It is not customary with us to devote space to the answering of questions—especially of a controversial nature—that come to us from subscribers and correspondents.

For reasons that must be obvious we prefer not to mention the names contained in the paragraph headed "Cupid."

This one instance will suffice as an illustration; our correspondent may rely that in each of the other articles, which he has sent us, there is an error of some kind, and that they are all calculated to mislead.

THE LETTER.

Editor "True Witness." Dear Sir,—Among other things, our preacher said last Sunday evening,—who, by the way, has been divorced, also his second wife has been divorced.—"They say the Pope is infallible, but we don't believe it."

Please explain the infallibility of the Pope. Does the Bible justify divorce? A READER.

Coupled with the many enclosed clippings, this letter indicates that a "Reader" has a desire for exact information, and the fact of having come to a Catholic newspaper instead of going to a non-Catholic source for instruction makes us feel inclined to give him all that our space will permit concerning the subject of Papal infallibility.

As to the Christian preacher, who claims to be a proponent of those laws and principles laid down for human guidance by Our Lord, and who has not only been divorced, but has re-married, and has taken a divorced woman as his second helpmate, we would be very astonished if he were to have admitted the infallibility of the Pope.

the supremacy of the Pope? Not only the Bible does not justify divorce, but, as far as it is the basis of Christianity, it emphatically teaches the opposite doctrine.

WHAT INFALLIBILITY IS NOT.—Let us first see what is the origin of infallibility.

The origin of this dogma is in the express promise of Christ to the Church and to its visible Head. The source of the doctrine is to be found in the recorded words of Christ: (Math. XVI. 18; XXVIII. 18-20, Luke X. 16; XXII. 31-32, John XIV. 16; XVI. 13; XXI. 15-17).

The Pope is not infallible, therefore, because he is talented, wise, learned or prudent; simply because he is supernaturally assisted by the Holy Ghost, according to the promise of Christ. Infallibility is entirely independent of the knowledge or ignorance, the wisdom or unwisdom, the virtues or the vices of the individual man, who happens to occupy the Papal throne.

While, then, the Pope, as Vicar of Christ, is infallible, he is not inspired. Cardinal Hergenrother, in his work "Anti-Janus," says: "No Pope has ever attributed to himself inspiration, but Divine assistance only."

What does the gift of inspiration imply? According to Catholic theology, it implies four things. (See Cardinal Franzelin, "De Traditione," and Cardinal Mazzella, "De Virtutibus Infusis.") The first is "A Divine Illumination of the mind of the teacher, in which the truth to be taught is directly and immediately communicated."

ability to err when officially teaching the Universal Church. Thus Infallibility implies only one of the four things necessary to inspiration.

On this Father Knox says: "The infallible teacher, as such, receives no interior revelations or suggestions from God. The Holy Ghost does not dictate to him what to say. It is only his external utterances which are overruled, so that he cannot in his official character teach the faithful anything at variance with truth."

As space is rather short we will, for the benefit of "A Reader," take a few sentences, at random, from Father Fidelis—formerly Professor J. Kent Stone, a most eminent Protestant theologian—and suggest to their correspondent the utility (if it is possible) of procuring and reading the great work of that same author, entitled "The Invocation Heeded."

A society which admits fallibility confesses itself human; an organization which assumes its own inerrancy claims to be divine. The very fact of such a claim is proof of its validity. No human society would dare to put forth such a pretension.

INFALLIBILITY NOT IMPECCABILITY.—Before turning from what infallibility is not, to what it really is, we will dispel the false idea that prevails amongst many non-Catholics, to the effect that the Church claims that Pope cannot sin.

"The word Infallibility means freedom or exemption from liability to err." Freedom from actual error would be inerrancy, but Infallibility means freedom from the possibility of erring, from the liability to err. There is an immense difference between Infallibility and impeccability. Infallibility excludes the possibility of error in the interpretation of the law; impeccability excludes the possibility of sin in the observance of the law.

the past, and would be felt in the Church throughout all the future. Therefore, we must completely and entirely separate the ideas of Infallibility and impeccability. No Pope was ever impeccable,—for no Pope was other than human; no Pope was ever fallible, in the proper meaning of the term, because no Pope was unprotected by the Holy Ghost—the Spirit of Truth.

WHAT INFALLIBILITY IS.—"The Catholic dogma of Infallibility means that the Pope, by virtue of a special supernatural assistance of the Holy Spirit of Truth promised to him, in and through St. Peter, is exempt from all liability to err when, in the discharge of his Apostolic Office of Supreme Teacher of the Universal Church, he defines, or declares in matters of faith or morals, what is to be believed and held, or what is to be rejected and condemned by the faithful throughout the world.

There will be an historic gathering of Irishmen in Boston on Monday and Tuesday, October 20 and 21. It will be the first national convention of the United Irish League of America, and the event cannot fail to exert an important influence over the Irish National movement, in the vanguard of which the United Irish League holds the foremost place.

The principles which the United Irish League is founded are practically identical with those that lay at the base of the Land League. They are embodied in the words: "Ireland for the Irish, and the land for the people."

Montreal will be well and worthily represented at the Boston Convention. Since its establishment in this city the League has attracted a large number of recruits from every class, and the membership is increasing every month.

to refuse her obedience. At the same moment, with the same pen and ink, on the same paper, she enunciates dogma, and declares she has no right to do so. I think I may be allowed to entertain the conviction that, of the interminable catalogue of human follies, this is one which will always hold a distinguished rank."

DIVORCE AND OTHER ISSUES.

—Not only are we unable to enter fully into all the details of the question of Infallibility, but it would be absolutely impossible to take up those of divorce, of the Catholic clergy in France; of the King's coronation oath; and of Catholic dogma. The field presented to us by our Reader's clippings is far too vast, under the circumstances; but we will have no hesitation in furnishing him with further information on these subjects in subsequent issues.

The Coming Convention in Boston.

There will be an historic gathering of Irishmen in Boston on Monday and Tuesday, October 20 and 21. It will be the first national convention of the United Irish League of America, and the event cannot fail to exert an important influence over the Irish National movement, in the vanguard of which the United Irish League holds the foremost place.

Mr. John E. Redmond, M.P., chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party and President of the United Irish League at home, will be present, accompanied by Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and Mr. Michael Davitt, Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., would be present too, if the state of his health permitted; but the interdict founder of the League, has been ailing for a long time, and has not yet recovered sufficiently to risk a trip across the Atlantic.

The opinion is widespread amongst Montreal's householders that the water rate is far too high. This is borne out by the fact that they pay twice as much for their water as citizens in other towns, and three times as much as householders in many other cities do.

But for those who occupy houses in Montreal now, and for those who intend to be occupiers next year, the great, central fact of the real estate situation is this—that, unless something extraordinary should happen in the meantime rents will go up after the first of May next.

SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. Only he who has sorrowed most deeply can know the real worth of words of sympathy in sorrow; but the testimony of such souls ought to incite us to the free expression of our sympathy with the sorrowing, without any fear of intrusion there-by.

Higher Rents In Montreal.

After the first day of May next Montreal householders will have to pay higher rents than they are now paying.

That is the conclusion at which a representative of the "True Witness" has arrived after making an investigation in the early part of this week into the condition of the real estate market at the present, time and its prospect in the immediate future.

Owing to the temporary excitement which prevails in the American money market, money advanced on mortgages upon real estate is bringing a higher rate of interest now than formerly. Loans on real estate in Montreal which could recently be obtained at 4 and 4½ per cent. interest cannot now be had under a rate of 5 and 5½ per cent.

We have long felt that the city of Montreal was progressing at a faster rate than the official census statistics indicated. Our opinion is based upon two important facts—first, the vast number of persons to be seen thronging our leading thoroughfares at morning and evening going to and returning from business; secondly, the reduction in the number of vacant houses, the large number of new residences that are being built, and the increasing demand for dwellings. The demand for houses in the city on the part of people living in the surrounding districts, is so great that it cannot be fully supplied, the result being that many people who had counted upon being able to take up their residence in Montreal for the coming winter will be obliged to remain in the country.

These facts go to show that real estate offers a profitable field for investment. Some have held aloof from this sort of investment because of the trouble which tenants give in formulating repeated requests for repairs, and in not being overpunctual in the payment of their rent.

The demand for modern houses, fitted with up-to-date accommodations, and supplied with open plumbing, at rentals ranging from thirty to eighty dollars a month, is surprisingly strong. The old-fashioned three and four storey houses meet with no favor at the hands of the new house-seekers, who comprise well-to-do mechanics and clerks, as well as men engaged in business for themselves or for others. They desire houses of only two and a half storeys in height, with extension kitchen and open plumbing. They are so accustomed to elevators where they work, and in every large building to which they may be called in the transaction of their daily work, that they are no longer willing to mount several flights of stairs in their own homes.

The opinion is widespread amongst Montreal's householders that the water rate is far too high. This is borne out by the fact that they pay twice as much for their water as citizens in other towns, and three times as much as householders in many other cities do. The idea of a city making over a half million dollars net profit out of its water rates is absurd. Other cities are content to make the water rates pay for the expenses connected with the supply of water and the administration of the water department. It is generally contended, too, that the water rates should be collected from the landlords, and not from the tenants. The City Treasurer has for several years advocated the adoption of this plan.

But for those who occupy houses in Montreal now, and for those who intend to be occupiers next year, the great, central fact of the real estate situation is this—that, unless something extraordinary should happen in the meantime rents will go up after the first of May next.

Only he who has sorrowed most deeply can know the real worth of words of sympathy in sorrow; but the testimony of such souls ought to incite us to the free expression of our sympathy with the sorrowing, without any fear of intrusion there-by.

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

O long have I been imagining that I must lead pencil in hand, instead of a spoon, of a bib in hand, and in all that time a specialty to observe writers and to study up their penmanship. There are many in journalism, and there is not, as some people say, one of importance. I was thought that the pen, especially the fountain pen, can do more than to either make or gain. In fact, the newspaper not infrequently upon the reliability of its news. Hence it is years the yellow journals amongst us has supplied with its extra matter by its correspondents. There are a few gentlemen have come to their usefulness dependent amount of color they get bits of information with respect to organs. It is a race between them to tell, or invent the truth piece of news. The veracity never once enters into their calculations. As long as the public would be deceived, the public would be deceived for the correction of the low.

"TRUTH IS TRUTH" "truth is truth the world may not be considered as wrong to write and send it to a foreign land it would be to tell the truth to the first man on the street. But the fact is a million times more deceiving than numbers read to deceive dual. Yet I have known a person who prided his capacity for lying; he would tell a personal, nature that would startle who read them, and he would sit down next day to write the "slight mistake," of the pen" in his form this means he succeeded quite a pile of money. A pile of New York dailies estimated in proportion to the city for inventing the sensational sensations. The final outcome of all this is simply that no person line that appeared in from the pen of this correspondent. And so flagrant errors, that after a time began to distrust every paper in those organs came from him, or from his correspondent, or even editor. Thus it is the able correspondent is cause of great loss to

THE PROPER ESTIMATE.

have been asked, on two occasions, by eminent Analysts what course I

Missionary

Preaching at the rectory of Patrick's Church, Wildfire, which has been extensive repairs and has been so decorated, Bishop Achonry, Ireland, said: "Go forth out of thy father's house, and land which I will show thee, for thou art a missionary." Amidst the gloom of gloaming, in the dawn of hoariest history, loo little form of Abraham flower of his homeland,

OUR CURBSTONE OBSERVER.

On Newspaper Correspondence

How long have I been scribbling for the press that I often imagine that from my birth I must have had a lead pencil in my fingers, instead of a spoon, and a sheet of blank paper instead of a bib in front of me. And in all that time I have made it a specialty to observe other observers and to study above all those writers that are classed as "correspondents. There are many branches in journalism, and the editorial one is not, as some people think, the only one of importance. I have always thought that the correspondent, especially the foreign correspondent, can do more than any one else to either make or break an organ. In fact, the reputation of a newspaper not unfrequently depends upon the reliability of its correspondents. Hence it is that in late years the yellow journalism that has come amongst us has been mostly supplied with its extra sensational matter by its correspondents. The result is that not a few of these gentlemen have come to believe that their usefulness depends upon the amount of color they can give to their bits of information wired to their respective organs. It became a regular race between them to see which could tell, or invent the most alarming piece of news. The question of veracity never once entered into their calculations. As long as the correspondence created a sensation, the goal was gained. If an error was committed, or that which was not exact was told, the next letter could easily rectify the mistake or correct the untruth. It mattered little, anyway, for the sensational information would have served its purposes, and the public would care very little for the correction that might follow.

"TRUTH IS TRUTH."—After all "truth is truth the world over." It may not be considered by some people as wrong to write a falsehood and send it to a foreign newspaper, as it would be to tell the same falsehood to the first man you meet on the street. But the fact is that it is a million times more criminal to deceive untold numbers of confiding readers than to deceive one individual. Yet I have known a correspondent who prided himself upon his capacity for lying; he could invent stories of a personal, or a political nature that would startle every one who read them, and would calmly sit down next day to explain away the "slight mistake," or the "slip of the pen" in his former letter. By this means he succeeded in making quite a pile of money out of a couple of New York dailies. He was estimated in proportion to his capacity for inventing the almost impossible, and for creating the most startling sensations. What was the final outcome of all this cleverness? Simply that no person believed one line that appeared in those dailies from the pen of this special correspondent. And so flagrant were his errors, that after a time, the public began to distrust everything that appeared in those organs, whether it came from him, or from any other correspondent, or even from the editor. Thus it is that the unreliable correspondent is an ultimate cause of great loss to a newspaper.

THE PROPER ESTIMATE. — I have been asked, on two different occasions, by eminent American journalists what course I would advise

Missionary Spirit of the Irish Race.

Preaching at the reopening of St. Patrick's Church, Wildnes, Lancashire, which has been undergoing extensive repairs and has been handsomely decorated, Bishop Lyster, of Achonry, Ireland, said:—"Go forth out of thy country, and far from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I will show thee" (Genesis xii, 1). This was the command given by God to the man He loved. Amidst the gloom of earth's early gloaming, in the dawn of dim and distant centuries, through the haze of hoariest history, looms out the little form of Abraham, then in the flower of his manhood, in the prime

of his strength, looking his last on the hearthstone where he was born, turning his back on the home of his fathers, leaving for ever the land of his people. He questioned not, nor quibbled; he tarried not, nor stayed; but, with unflinching faith, he trudged, and tramped, and travelled, in starlight as in sunshine, forging forward through the silent solitude of a desolated world, following God's pointing finger, and waiting for God's warning voice. It was to this man, loved of God, honored by God, trusted by God, that He gave the command, hard, stern, bitter, unbending, "Go forth out of thy country, and far from thy kind-

ROMAN CORRESPONDENTS.—The Roman correspondents of the secular press have always been more or less inclined to create sensations at the expense of the exact truth. Possibly they do not purposely make mistakes; but they have to fill up a certain space each week, and if they have no reliable material, at least they are in a centre where a little guess-work can be indulged in, and where they can safely speculate upon the probable or the possible. The result of all this is a general distrust in any news coming from Rome through the channel of secular newspaper correspondence. Take for example, the news concerning the Pope. Any item, to-day, regarding his health, and especially if it foretells his early collapse, or dwells upon his debility, or fainting fits, or any such information, is considered as sensational, is set down as an invention, and is positively disbelieved. No person places the slightest reliance upon such news. If, subsequently, the real official Roman organs corroborate the statements of the correspondent, so much the better for him; but this rarely happens. It seems to me that it would pay some large American daily to have a reliable Roman correspondent. There is always real news in Rome of sufficient interest to the great reading world, without there being any necessity of additions, exaggerations, surmises, or inaccuracies. I do not expect, nor am I vain enough to expect, that any one is going to be guided in such matters by what I write; but I have the satisfaction of writing it, and of asserting that in journalism, as in all other affairs, "honesty is the best policy."

Stand on the pinnacles of Europe; let your gaze encircle the land around. There, my brethren, you will find the monuments of the first exiles from the shores and shrines of holy Ireland. The tide of time flows quickly by. The course of ages rolls speedily on. Whole centuries have dawned, and lingered, and passed away. Numberless generations have come, and lived, and disappeared. The years have rushed, like the bounding river. The days have flashed along, like the arrow which is sped. The sun of the seventeenth century was setting on Irish soil—setting ruddy, red, crimson, cruel—going down in a sea of blood. Havoc was on the land, hideous, horrid, harrowing—not now the black pall of paganism, but the red flag of war. The green sward of Ireland had been crimsoned by the stain of Cromwell's butcheries; the bitter brutalities of our governments rankled in her soul; yet the sympathy and chivalry of Erin were called forth at the sight of a deposed monarch, and a lost cause. They fought and fell for a Stuart King. They were driven back from Derry; they were beaten at the Boyne; the walls of Athlone fell around them; the brown bogs of Aughrim were sodden with their blood. Behind the walls of Limerick they made their last stand. It was not by the whirling whims of chance; not by the blind

influence of fortune; not by the varying fates of war—but by the protecting Providence of a mighty hand. Limerick was not captured; it capitulated; and then, while the yellow parchment lay still unrolled on the Treaty Stone, with the ink not yet dry, begun the second exodus of the Irish race, the second pouring forth of Erin's exiles; not now the going forth of missionaries, but the marching out of martial men. "Go forth out of thy country, and from out thy kindred, and from out thy father's house, and come into the land, that I will show thee." In the dawn of the fifth century the black pall of paganism hung gloomily over the land; the thick mists of error, exhaling from a heathen soil, shadowed the country with their gloom, and shut out the light of life. Fanaticism, fierce and fearful, yet civilized after a sort and cultured in its kind, spread over the island like a blot, from Tara to the ocean, from its centre to the sea. Darkly dawned that century; heavily hung that gloom; blackly lowered the skies; but with startling suddenness, when his advent was unexpected, and the people unprepared, St. Patrick stood alone at Sline, bearing before him the fire of Faith, lifting aloft the torch of Truth. The Irish seized the Faith with a promptness and decision unparalleled in all the ages, unexampled at any time. They grasped the gift of God; hung to it; clung to it, as the child which springs from the arms of a stranger to nestle in its mother's breast.

Soon the fire of Faith scintillated all round; from it the lamp of learning and the torch of science caught their light; in it, intellects and genius found their inspiration. The schools became as remarkable as the churches; its teachers grew as numerous as its saints, Ireland was soon the University of Europe; and, like a beacon on the headland, flashed its search-lights across the world. Around their masters' feet sad stories were told by the strangers; tales of terror rang in the ears and riveted the attention of our scholars here at home; tales of restless rapine and ruthless robbery; of plunder and pillage and paganism and impiety, of cities sacked by marauding murderers. With Irish impetuosity, which brooks no difficulty; with Irish zeal, which counts no cost, these ardent missionaries left the quiet calm of the cloisters of Clonmacnoise, left the peacefulness of the Blackwater, of wooded Lismore, "of Arran the holy and Bangor the blest," left the feet of saintly masters, left the halls of famous schools, left hearths and bones, and human happiness, to evangelise the world—to capture souls for Christ. They left Ireland for ever; their eyes were never gladdened by its green sward again. "Go forth from out thy country, and far from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come to the land, which I will show thee." This is the first exodus of the Irish; the first great going forth of our exiles from the bosom of their motherland. The emigrant stream yet goes on. At times, perhaps, there was occasional pause; at times, again, short intermission; now as a trickling rivulet, and yet awhile as a bounding flood; but the exile stream goes on for ever. But the tide of Irish emigration is ever on the flow. The first "exile of Erin" left the oak-woods of Derry—his bark bearing for the rugged coast of iron-bound Iona—now 1,400 years ago; the latest, but not the last, left Queenstown Harbor at 10 o'clock to-day. The story of these exiles stares us from the annals of the world; their labors are recorded in the memories of many peoples, in the traditions of every nation, more undyingly than by monumental brass or chiselled marble.

The third great exodus began: it has not yet an end. It is not now, as of old, the going forth of missionaries, in all the might of their manhood, fortified and fenced round by a fixed purpose, strengthened and sustained by a noble undertaking. It is not now the going forth of exile soldiers, hardened by hardship, practised to privation, borne up by hope. It is now the passing out of a nation's people; the scattering through the world of an immortal race; the dispersion over all the seas of the ancient Celtic stock. God bless our Irish exiles, and make them worthy of the destiny to which that God has raised them; for His providence, which ever draws abundant good out of blackest evil; which makes the trials and tribulations, and agony and anguish of His suffering saints, the seed from which His glory springs, has ordained that the exile of His Irish children should be the most effective means of the propagation of His holy Faith, of planting the torch of truth, where, before its light never fell; of reviving fervor which was waxing feeble and warming up piety which was growing chill and of proving to a sneering world and a scoffing generation that there is a God in Israel still.

A Knights of Columbus Celebration

The New York Chapter of the Knights of Columbus, comprising forty-seven councils in the borough of Manhattan, Richmond and the Bronx, with a membership of 12,000 proposes to celebrate "Discovery Day," and has engaged Carnegie Hall for Sunday evening, Oct. 12. A great programme is being arranged. Bishop Farley will be present, and Victor J. Dowling will preside. The Committee of Arrangements are John F. Gibbons, Joseph F. Gleason, James O. Farrell, P. H. Dunn, E. P. Clark, John J. Bush, E. J. Foley, H. G. Connell, William Lyman, John Feeney, M. A. Downes, Alvah Becker, John J. Delaney, Victor J. Dowling and Frank W. Smith.

red, and out of thy father's house." Our nation and race and people seem to have received and heard and hearkened to a command similar in sense and substance, and as significant in its sequel, as that spoken by God 4,000 years ago: "Go out of thy country and far from thy kindred, and out of thy father's house, and come into the land which I will show thee." In the dawn of the fifth century the black pall of paganism hung gloomily over the land; the thick mists of error, exhaling from a heathen soil, shadowed the country with their gloom, and shut out the light of life. Fanaticism, fierce and fearful, yet civilized after a sort and cultured in its kind, spread over the island like a blot, from Tara to the ocean, from its centre to the sea. Darkly dawned that century; heavily hung that gloom; blackly lowered the skies; but with startling suddenness, when his advent was unexpected, and the people unprepared, St. Patrick stood alone at Sline, bearing before him the fire of Faith, lifting aloft the torch of Truth. The Irish seized the Faith with a promptness and decision unparalleled in all the ages, unexampled at any time. They grasped the gift of God; hung to it; clung to it, as the child which springs from the arms of a stranger to nestle in its mother's breast.

They were the cream of the old chivalry; the bone and sinew of the land; the bravest and the boldest, and the noblest, and the best. In their tens and hundreds and thousands they crossed the swelling waves and became the flower of the armies of France and Flanders and Austria and Spain. And not long afterwards the penal days appeared; the lamp of the sanctuary was extinguished; the monastery was dismantled; the Church demolished; the altar overthrown; the school was levelled; the books burned or torn and cast to heaven's winds; the priest was hunted like the wild wolf, the teacher was silenced by musket shot. Who was to train up a priesthood for Ireland? How was succession in the sanctuary to be maintained? If the priests became silenced where would be the Faith? It was a well known fact our soldier exiles supplied a priesthood when every hope seemed vanished, when every ray was gone. We are told how many an Irish exile marched bootless to battle, in faded uniform, clad with thin, scant clothes, after having placed in the hands of the Rector of Salamanca or Seville, of Lisbon or Louvain his sparse savings to educate an Irish priest. They eign flag; they found a grave on some foreign field; they lay together in a common tomb, unknelt, uncoffined and uncared. Time rolls on and famine is on the land; famine and fever; fearful and fatal; the disease of death is pressing on the people, drying up the life-stream, crushing out the life-spark, curling up the life flame. Then came the evictor and the crowbar; the leveler and the battering ram. The fire on the hearth was quenched; the roof fell in with a crash; the stones of the homestead were built into boundary walls, which made barriers for bullocks; fat oxen looked with lazy eyes; timid sheep scampered in their fright over houseless plains, where, a few months before, stood happy, holy, merry, mirthful, hallowed, Irish homes.

When this question was asked us the other day, we came to the conclusion that the person making the inquiry had in view the reading of standard novels. We do not suppose for a moment that he meant the devouring of the immoral, silly, pernicious books that come in torrents from the press and that are dignified with the undeserved title of novels. To ask us such a question in regard to this class of literature would be simply to insult our intelligence and to cast a slur upon our principles. Again we suppose that the person in question had reference to the reading of novels by the serious and the studious. It would be nonsense to ask us if we approved of the novel reading that some boys and girls—and young men and young women—have the misfortune to indulge in. On these points there can be no two opinions in the mind of any rational and honest Christian. Therefore, we give the benefit of the doubt to the questioner, and suppose that he means to ask whether or not we approve of the reading of standard authors, of the great novels.

In reply we can only say that we do and we do not; just according to the circumstances. Take, for example, the historical novel—that is to say the book of romance, that is based upon some great historical event, or upon the life of some great historical personage, and that is intended to set before us, in an agreeable form and an enticing manner, the customs, the scenery, the vicissitudes, the characteristics, or even the prejudices and follies of a people or of a country. The great danger that exists, in the reading, and studying of such a work, is that of mistaking the fictitious for the historical and forming a distorted idea of the subject on account of the allurements of style and form in which it is presented. Then the reader may be one incapable of sifting the chaff from the grain, of distinguishing between the prejudices of the author and the facts which are set down on the page. In fine, we can say that as long as novel reading is utilized as a help, an agreeable auxiliary in the labor of historic research it is of incalculable benefit; but the moment that the serious study is allowed to become secondary to the novel reading, there is an element of danger in the occupation.

NOVEL READING.

(By a Regular Contributor.)

Novel reading, like any other occupation, or pastime, is to be considered in a relative manner and with due regard to a multitude of circumstances and conditions. To say that novel reading is a praiseworthy would be too general to say that it is to be condemned would be equally too indefinite. In fact, a whole series of books might be based upon the subject and still would not be completely exhausted. In order to express an opinion as to the benefits or the injuries derived from novel reading one would have to take into consideration the reader, then the novels, and again the connection between them. What may prove very detrimental for one reader may not be injurious for another. Then the word novel must be qualified. There are novel and novels. There is the dime novel and the great historical novel; and between the two there are a dozen grades of novels. There is the moral and the immoral, the religious and the atheistic, the spiritual and the materialistic, the novel founded on historical facts and the novel woven from the imagination, the novel of sentiment and the novel of thought; in a word, there is no end to the classifications. Also the authors of the novels must be taken into consideration. Then there is the purpose of the reader; as a pastime, or for information, or for study of style and form, or for mere satisfaction of the passion for the unreal. Indeed, it would be an absolute impossibility for any one to give a direct and truthful answer to the simple question; do you recommend or condemn novel reading?

When this question was asked us the other day, we came to the conclusion that the person making the inquiry had in view the reading of standard novels. We do not suppose for a moment that he meant the devouring of the immoral, silly, pernicious books that come in torrents from the press and that are dignified with the undeserved title of novels. To ask us such a question in regard to this class of literature would be simply to insult our intelligence and to cast a slur upon our principles. Again we suppose that the person in question had reference to the reading of novels by the serious and the studious. It would be nonsense to ask us if we approved of the novel reading that some boys and girls—and young men and young women—have the misfortune to indulge in. On these points there can be no two opinions in the mind of any rational and honest Christian. Therefore, we give the benefit of the doubt to the questioner, and suppose that he means to ask whether or not we approve of the reading of standard authors, of the great novels.

brief space at the disposal of any one contributor. Leaving aside the great religious and moral novels, the name of which is legion, and passing over the countless splendid historical novels that the nineteenth century has produced, we will turn, for the present, to a few of the old-time standards; the works that have actually become classical; the books that have survived their own generation, and the lines of their authors, and that will be handed down, through the coming century, as novels. Let us mention Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Bulwer, and Beaumont. Here we have five, each in his own sphere a master, and all more or less destined to such immortality as can come to an author of fiction. With the array of their works before us, and with the question as to our approval of the reading of novel ever in mind, we will take the liberty of passing judgment upon each of these authors and their literary productions. We will not, however, hazard any criticism of their respective styles. To do so would be merely to repeat that which has been written over and over again by masters of English criticism and by pens far more competent than can ever be this one. What we propose doing is simply to study these works from the standpoint of the Catholic journalist; and in this task we will find sufficient material to occupy whatever space may be at our disposal in coming issues.

WASTING AWAY. THE SAD CONDITION OF MANY YOUNG GIRLS.

Mothers Should be Very Careful When Their Daughters Complain of Headache, Fickleness of Appetite, Dizziness or Heart Palpitation.

Many mothers neglect the health of their growing daughters. Not willfully, of course, but because they think the occasional headaches from which they suffer, fickleness of appetite, and pale cheeks, are the natural result of the merging of girlhood into womanhood. This is a serious mistake. There is no period in a girl's life when she needs more attention, and unless the little troubles are successfully treated, more serious ones—perhaps decline and consumption—are sure to follow. What every young girl needs at this period is a tonic medicine that will give her a rich, red blood, strong nerves, and bring her safely through a critical period in her life. For this purpose there is no other medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thousands of girls throughout Canada owe their present health and happiness to this medicine, and thousands of others who are suffering would soon be strong if they would give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Among the many young ladies who have proved the great worth of this medicine is Miss Jennie Beamer, of Boyle, Ont. Miss Beamer says:—"Some years ago I became very ill, and my friends feared I was going into a decline. I was pale; suffered from terrible headaches; my appetite was poor, and I grew very thin. I became so weak that I could hardly walk. I remained in this condition for several months, during which time I tried several medicines, but none helped me in the least. Then my mother got me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and almost from the outset they helped me. As I continued the use of the pills, the severe headaches left me; my appetite returned and I gained in weight. In fact, I was soon enjoying perfect health, and have since continued to do so. I attribute this entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will be glad if some other weak and ailing girl will profit by my experience."

Pale and sallow cheeks, dizziness, headaches, palpitation of the heart, and the feeling of weariness that afflicts so many young girls will soon disappear if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are used. These pills also cure rheumatism, dyspepsia, kidney ailments, St. Vitus' dance, and the other troubles that come from poor blood and weak nerves. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is not great battles alone that build up the world's history, nor great poems alone that make the generations grow. There is a still, small rain from heaven that has more to do with the blessedness of nature and of human nature than the mightiest earthquake or the loveliest rainbow.

Banquet to Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick.

The banquet, which will be tendered to the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, at the Windsor Hotel, on Tuesday evening next, by the parent Irish National Association of Montreal, St. Patrick's Society, promises to be a great success in every respect.

Owing to the prominent public position which Mr. Fitzpatrick occupies, the portfolio of the Minister of Justice conferring upon its possessor a rank in the Cabinet second only to that of Premier, it might be thought by some readers of the "True Witness" that the banquet would, in some respects, partake of a political character. This, however, would be an altogether erroneous impression. The banquet will be utterly devoid of any political signifi-

and his capacity as an orator and a debater, attained to a position in the Federal administration from which, strange to say, Irish Catholics from this province had always been excluded since the time of Confederation. As our readers are aware, Irish Catholic gentlemen from this province distinguished for their ability, their learning, and their patriotism, whose names it is unnecessary to mention, fought bravely and perseveringly to have this insulting disability—for such it was, in practice—removed; but their efforts, from one cause or another, were unsuccessful until Mr. Fitzpatrick stepped into the arena. We expatiated upon this subject at some length when he was appointed Minister of Justice; and it is not necessary to do



HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK.

science whatever. If any doubt existed on this point, it ought assuredly to be dispelled by the fact that the chairman at the banquet will be the Hon. C. J. Doherty, one of the judges of the Superior Court of Montreal.

The banquet has been organized as a well-merited compliment to a man whose conspicuous abilities as an Irishman, have earned for him the respect and esteem of his fellow-countrymen, and as a loyal Catholic, have earned for him the respect and esteem of his compatriots and co-religionists all over the Dominion of Canada, but especially in the Province of Quebec: to a man who has by dint of his forceful character, his wide grasp of national affairs, his legal acumen,

more than make this brief reference to it to-day. Our aim is to emphasize the fact that the banquet of next Tuesday evening will be a tribute to the man who occupies that post at present with such credit and distinction, and an acknowledgment of what has been done to place the Irish Catholics of the Province of Quebec on an equal footing with their fellow-citizens of other creeds and nationalities, both in this province and elsewhere in the Dominion. It is the duty of the Irish Catholics of this metropolitan city to do everything in their power to make the event a signal success, worthy alike of the guest of honor and of the Irish Catholic name in Montreal.

The Week in Ireland.

Directory United Irish League.
Dublin, Sept. 20th, 1902.

DUBLIN ANSWERS COERCION.—On Sunday, 14th September, the citizens of Dublin delivered their constitutional protest against the proclamation of their city with a force of the directiveness and fervor of which there could be no mistaking. The great meeting in the Phoenix Park represented the unqualified voice of the entire city, denouncing in a way which none dare misrepresent or distort, the attempt to cast obloquy on Dublin and take away from its people the ordinary rights of citizenship. The people obeyed the summons to this vast assembly with eagerness, and the result was one of the finest and most spirited gatherings ever seen on the Nine Acres of the Phoenix Park. It was calculated at the very lowest estimation that between twenty and thirty thousand people took part in the meeting, while its enthusiasm and orderliness were next to its vastness and representativeness, the characteristic which most distinguished it, and are likely to make it memorable as one of the greatest demonstrations of indignant public sentiment

ever held on the same memorable spot. The Lord Mayor, who took the chair at the demonstration, was well supported by his Nationalist colleagues in the Corporation, and all the representatives bodies, including the Urban Boards, Poor Law Guardians, and District Councils, were represented in a way which showed the greatest unanimity as to the objects of the meeting. Very large numbers of clergymen were also present as sympathisers in the protest which was made, and every phase of Nationalist feeling was to be seen represented.

The arrival of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor (Mr. T. Harrington, M.P.) in his carriage, accompanied by Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., at Bedford place, was the signal for loud and continued cheering. The hour of assemblage was fixed somewhat early, at 2.30, but shortly after that time the procession started for the Park, the Robert Emmet Costume men in the van, followed by the excellent Mountjoy band. On the route to the Park the ranks of the processionists were swollen by the Nationalists who had mustered at Stephen's Green, who were led by the Work-

men's Club band, and marched via Grafton street and Westmore street, with band playing and banner waving.

Councillor O'Hara moved the following resolution:—

"That this meeting of the citizens of Dublin hereby indignantly resent the insult and outrage offered to our city by the Irish Government in proclaiming it under the provisions of the Crimes Act; that we brand as a lie and libel the insinuation that there is any crime in the city to justify the issue of such a proclamation; and, inasmuch as we recognize the action of the Government as being aimed at the rights of political combination and free press, we hereby pledge ourselves to extend and spread the United Irish League, the National organization, in our city, and encourage and assist those whom the Government seek to prosecute" (cheers).

Messrs. William O'Brien, John Dillon, J. P. Nannetti, and J. J. Clancy, M. P.'s, addressed the meeting in support of the resolution, which was unanimously adopted.

AGAINST A NEWSPAPER.—In the Northern Divisional Police Court on the 15th inst., before Mr. Daniel Mahony, B.L., Divisional Police Magistrate, the charge brought against Messrs. Timothy McCarthy, Stephen Holland, and Thomas O'Dwyer, under the Coercion Act, for intimidation and incitements to intimidation in the columns of "The Irish People," in connection with grazing on evicted farms, was fixed for hearing at one o'clock. The case, needless to say, excited considerable interest, and from twelve o'clock representative men had already secured seats to witness the proceedings in court. Special arrangements were made for the accommodation of the Press representatives, and for the time being the court dock was converted into a Press box. Amongst the first to arrive in court was Mr. Michael Davitt, and he took a seat, not an unaccustomed one, in the dock at the back of the Press seats. The others in court included—Messrs. Joseph Devlin, M.P.; James O'Connor, M.P.; Patrick O'Brien, M.P.; J. P. Nannetti, M.P.; Daniel O'Donnell, B.L.; Maw Coghlan Briscoe, etc.

At one o'clock Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., accompanied by the counsel for the defendants, Mr. M. M'D. Bodkin, K.C., and Mr. Geo. M'Sweeney, and their solicitor, Mr. Valentine Kilbride, entered court.

When the case was called, Mr. Bodkin, K.C., said:—I appear with Mr. M'Sweeney for the three defendants. I apply for an adjournment, with a full intimation to us of the passages in the newspaper on which the charge is based. If my friend is now willing to consent to give us an adjournment which will give us ample opportunity of preparing our defence, and to give us the particulars which have heretofore been suppressed, I have no more to say.

After a feeble defence by the representative of the Crown, the magistrate made an order for the Crown to give the information asked for by Mr. Bodkin, and the case was then adjourned until Monday, the 22nd inst., Messrs. McCarthy, O'Dwyer, and Holland entering into their personal recognizances to appear on that day.

A PRIEST SUMMONED.—Another batch of prosecutions has been instituted in King's County. Mr. Wyndham is going the way of Balfour the First. Like him, Mr. Arthur Balfour tried his hand on the Press. Then he attacked the clergy. Mr. Wyndham has attacked a King's County newspaper, and amongst the other defendants is a Catholic clergyman, Father Hoollihan. When Mr. Wyndham has undertaken the task of taking the Press, the members of Parliament and the priests upon his shield, he has just got the three classes in Ireland who will grapple with him every time, and leave him a sorry rag before the encounter is over. He is in for what Mr. Redmond well called "relentless and remorseless fighting," and the landlords, who are four millions a year the poorer since the last fight with coercion, know what that means.

AGAINST HUNTING.—A convention of delegates of the U.I.L. was held on the 14th inst. in the Town Hall. Captain Donelan, M.P., the representative appointed to attend by the Irish party, was present.

The Chairman, who was cordially received, said that they would never lay down their arms until they had brought Wyndham to his knees as well as they did Forster and Balfour (loud cheers).

Captain O'Donnell, late of De Wet's division of the Boer army, here entered the room, and was enthusiastically received. After acknowledging the compliment, Captain O'Donnell took his seat on the platform amidst great cheering.

Resolutions dealing with the National demand for self-government, compulsory purchase, the condition of town tenants, protesting against coercion, and urging loyalty to the Irish party under Mr. Redmond were then proposed by Mr. Collender.

It was proposed by Mr. D. Gleeson, seconded by Mr. Alex. Heskin, that the farmers of the County Waterford refuse to permit Lord Waterford or any other obnoxious parties to hunt over their lands, and that copies of the resolution be sent to Lord Waterford (cheers).

Mr. P. J. Power, M.P., said the Irish people loved sport, but they should tell the landlord, "You may hunt the fox as long as you like, provided you give up man-hunting." They should show these gentlemen that if they treated Irishmen to coercion the Irish people could strike back.

The resolution was then put and passed.

AT CLONEYGOWAN.—Maryborough, a large and representative meeting of the Nationalists of Raheen parish was held at Cloneygowan on the 15th inst. for the purpose of organizing the local branch of the United Irish League and protesting against coercion.

AT NEWPORT.—Newport, on the 15th inst., a meeting was held under the auspices of the United Irish League in Newport, County Tipperary, twelve Irish miles from Cloneygowan, for the purpose of establishing a branch of the organization in that district, in which the Castle-waller estate is situated. Mr. P. J. O'Brien, M.P., Mr. William Landon, M.P., and Mr. David Sheehy drove over from Cloneygowan on Sunday for the purpose of organizing the branch, and, as usual, they were well watched by the police, who followed them on cars to the place of meeting, attended by a Castle shorthand writer.

WICKLOWMEN.—The usual monthly meeting of the Wicklowmen's Association took place on the 16th inst., at 47 York street, Dublin. Mr. H. McCarthy presided, and there was a large attendance of members.

Mr. J. Mooney, U.D.C., proposed: "That while recording our protest against the late outrage of the English Government in proclaiming the city of Dublin, we desire to congratulate our fellow-citizens on their possessing sufficient National spirit to evoke from Mr. Wyndham this recognition of their opposition to Castle rule, and we further enter our emphatic protest against the attempted intimidation of the people by the English Chief Secretary, in conjunction with the representatives of Extermination, Limited."

Mr. B. Doyle seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

AT SKIBBEREEN.—Skibbereen, September 15th.—At the fortnightly meeting of the Skibbereen Urban Council, Mr. T. Sheehy, M.C.C., chairman, presiding.

Mr. Collins (solicitor) proposed, and Mr. J. M. Burke, B.L., B. A., seconded the following resolution:—"That we strongly condemn the action of the executive in proclaiming the Capital of Ireland, and thereby attributing crime to a crimeless city, and we also condemn the action of Dublin Castle in attempting to suppress the freedom of the Press, and to suspend Constitutional safeguards. That we congratulate Mr. McCarthy and his colleagues of the 'Irish People' on the honor conferred on them by Mr. Wyndham, in prosecuting them under the Coercion Act."

The resolution passed unanimously.

TULLAMORE GUARDIANS.—Tullamore, September 16th.—At the weekly meeting of the Board of Guardians, Mr. William Duffy presiding, Mr. James Moran, J.P., proposed the following resolution:—"That we, the Tullamore Board of Guardians, protest against the unwarranted action of the Government in proclaiming King's County, a county which is amongst those most free from crime in the Kingdom; and we call upon the Nationalists of all classes to band together and bid defiance to Mr. Wyndham and his cowardly Coercion Proclamation."

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

AT CASHEL.—Cashel, September 16th.—At a meeting of the local branch of the United Irish League held here yesterday there were present—Messrs. Paul Cusack, D.C., (in the chair), Michael Devitt, M.C.C.; John Cahill, P.L.G.; Patrick Moclair, M.C.C.; Philip Ryan, M. C.; John Cummins, James Hanly, Dr. Laffan, M.C.; and Thomas Walsh, M. C., ("Cashel Sentinel") hon. sec.

Mr. Walsh said that that was their first meeting since the new proclamations were issued, he thought, as Cashel was one of the places honored by such, they should pass a resolution that day protesting against crimeless Cashel being proclaimed.

Mr. Cummins proposed:—"That we, the members of the city of Cashel Branch of the U.I.L., condemn in the most emphatic manner the uncalled for action of the Government in proclaiming our peaceable city and district under the Jubilee Coercion Act, and we beg to assure Mr. George Wynndham that he is very much mistaken if he thinks he can by proclamation terrorize the people from looking for their just rights."

DROGHEDA'S PROTEST.—Drogheda, September 16th.—At a largely attended meeting of Drogheda Nationalists, called and presided over by the Mayor, held here to take into consideration the desirability of having a public meeting held in Drogheda to protest against the unconstitutional action of the Government in proclaiming more than half of an admittedly crimeless country. It was unanimously decided to hold a public meeting for that purpose on Sunday, the 19th October, and to invite Messrs. John Redmond, John Dillon, Wm. O'Brien, Joseph Nolan, Patrick White, and Wm. Redmond, M.P.'s, to attend.

OTHER MEETINGS.—On the 16th inst. a large meeting of the people of Caheriveen was held in the Christian Brothers' Schools. Very Rev. Canon Riordan presided, and all the representative men of the district were present.

Addresses were delivered by the Very Rev. Chairman and by Messrs. Boland, M.P., and Murphy, M. P., and a resolution supporting the League was carried with great acclamation, on the motion of Mr. D. O'Sullivan, R.D.C., seconded by E. FitzGerald, Chairman Rural District Council.

In the earlier part of the day a meeting was held in the Island of Valentia, at which all the islanders were present, and at the conclusion of Messrs. Boland and Murphy's addresses 120 members joined the branch.

Religious Orders In Spain.

Negotiations are proceeding between Spain and the Holy See in regard to the proposed legislation of the status of the Religious Orders in that kingdom. The Spanish Government, says a correspondent, has decided that all questions concerning the religious Orders shall be made matter of treaty, after due and calm discussion. Pending such discussion the State will take no action whatever against the congregations. Under all circumstances, the Government is resolved to avoid any violent or sudden break in its negotiations. And, finally, it recognizes that the Religious Orders are an integral part of the ecclesiastical ministry. This is as it should be.

It may be useful, especially at a time when a couple of malcontents are attempting to create an opinion adverse to the Religious Orders, by pretending that there exists friction between the various sections of the clergy engaged in parochial work, to say that there is no such friction outside the minds of the visionaries. Benedictines, Jesuits, and other Orders work side by side with the parochial clergy, and between them there is a mutual admiration and a mutual respect for each others' labors in the good cause. The bishops invoke their services, the diocesan clergy welcome them, and the Holy See regards them, and justly, as an integral part of the work which the ecclesiastical system is organized to achieve.

The love of Jesus has no horizon; neither time nor space can bound it. As much as we hope to obtain of God, so much are we sure of receiving.

Self-love is at once the most delicate and the most vigorous of our defects; a nothing wounds it, but nothing kills it.

Made Fortune in Apples

John Wellhouse, the apple-raising Judge of Kansas, has made more than \$100,000 out of apples in ten years. During this time he has raised nearly half a million bushels of fruit, which have been shipped to every State in the Union.

Judge Wellhouse started with a 120-acre tract in 1876 near Leavenworth, in which he set out an orchard. The land was of poor quality so far as the raising of wheat, corn and such products was concerned and his neighbors were inclined to laugh at his apple venture. He's got more than 1,600 acres of orchards now in Leavenworth, Miami and Osage counties and few of his neighbors make so much money as he.

In a favorable season, such as 1902 has been, Judge Wellhouse raises from 60,000 to 80,000 bushels of apples. In hot and dry seasons his apple crop is a financial "frost." It has happened that the total crop in a bad season has amounted to only 400 bushels from all his orchards, and in the season of 1893 he didn't bother to pick an apple. Judge Wellhouse has found the Ben Davis to be the most profitable of all his varieties, although the Jonathan has yielded more bushels to the acre. Judge Wellhouse also has a big trade in dried apples.

GABRILOWITCH, THE PIANIST.

Daniel Frohman's new musical star, Gabrielowitch, the pianist, sailed from Antwerp on the steamer "Friesland" last week, and has arrived in New York. He left immediately for Worcester, Mass., where he appeared at the festival Oct. 2nd, playing the Rubinstein D Minor Concerto, with the Boston Symphony players, Franz Kniesel, conductor, and will be heard in New York with orchestra, and in recital, the last week in October, and the first week in November.

His date in Montreal, which has been arranged for by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murphy, is Thanksgiving Day, October 16th, in the Windsor Hall.

He will be the first instrumentalist of the season and a musical treat can be looked forward to for the holiday.

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Continued.

CASHEL OF THE KINGS

"By CRUX."

ARCHBISHOP James Butler (II.) was succeeded by Thos. Bray. He was born at Fethard about 1748. He studied philosophy and theology at Rome, in the Propaganda and at Avignon, in the college of St. Guard. On his return to Ireland he was made curate to Dr. Butler (II.) in Thurles. In 1779 he was promoted to the parish of Cashel, and in 1782 became Vicar-General. Upon the death of Dr. Butler, Dr. Teahan, Bishop of Kerry, was appointed Archbishop, but upon his declining to accept the office, Dr. Bray was appointed, and was consecrated October 14, 1792. He died 9th December, 1820, in the 74th year of his age. Although Archbishop Bray held the See of Cashel during that most troublesome period at the close of the eighteenth and opening of the nineteenth centuries, still we find no record of his participation to any marked degree in the political turmoil of the times.

The nineteenth century beheld five archbishops, successors of Dr. Bray, in the See of Cashel. They were Most Rev. Drs. Everard, Laffan, Slattery, Leahy and Croke. Apart from the late Archbishop Croke, whom I consider as contemporaneous the most remarkable of the five was Dr. Everard. I am indebted to the late Rev. Thomas O'Carroll, parish priest of Clonaulty, for the particulars concerning the four first mentioned of these prelates. Dr. Renahan's work gives but slight information concerning them; and what follows is not to be found in any book.

Patrick Everard was born at Fethard, County Tipperary, in 1750. He received his classical education in his native town, and in 1776 proceeded to the Irish college at Salamanca. In 1783 he was ordained priest and left for his native country. On arriving at Bordeaux he was invited to stop at the house of Mr. Barton, a French gentleman, to spend a short vacation. While there he visited the Irish College. The rector, Rev. Mr. Glynn, being advanced in years, asked the Bishop, Mgr. de Ceci, to prevail on Rev. Mr. Everard to succeed him. For ten years he held the office of rector of that college. So much confidence had Mgr. de Ceci in him, that when the Bishop was driven from his See, by the revolutionary violence of 1793, he delegated to him, as his Vicar-General, the sole administration of his diocese. After months later an armed band was sent to seize Dr. Everard. But he made his escape and crossed the frontier into Spain. Meanwhile his old predecessor, then 80 years old, was caught in the act of saying Mass in a private house, was dragged to prison, and the next day was executed. "I witnessed the execution," says the late Father O'Carroll, "which was accompanied by circumstances of a revolting nature, but foreign to our purpose."

On reaching London, in 1794, Dr. Everard became acquainted with Edmund Burke, who was fascinated with him, and became his steadfast friend. At the request of a number of Catholic families he purchased from the Jesuits their school at Ulverstone, in Lancashire, which he conducted for several years. While there he heard that Mgr. de Ceci, the exiled Bishop of Bordeaux, was living in obscurity and poverty in London. He at once went in search of the Bishop, and created for him an establishment equal to his rank, which he kept up till the Bishop's return to France in later years.

In July, 1810, Dr. Everard was elected president of the College of Maynooth. In 1813 he resigned the office to go back to his school at Ulverstone; but not before he had given a grand impetus to Maynooth. On the 24th September, 1814, he was consecrated Archbishop of Mitylene, (in partibus Inf.) and coadjutor of Cashel, with the right of succession. The same summer he administered confirmation in all the parishes of the diocese. He resided uninterruptedly at Cashel until the death of Dr. Bray, in December, 1820. He took possession of the See on the 10th March, 1821, and died on the 31st of the same month at Cashel. He is buried in the Chapel of Cashel, but neither tomb, nor marks his place of rest. Out of the profits of his school at Ulverstone, he was enabled to leave ten thousand pounds to the College of Thurles. He had lived on terms of the most intimate friendship and Dr.

Broderick, the Protestant Archbishop of Cashel. That prelate's son was one of the chief mourners at the funeral, and published in a local newspaper a graceful and generous tribute to his memory.

After Dr. Everard's death the See was vacant for two years.

The two names of Drs. Laffan and Slattery were sent to Rome, and as each had earnest advocates there, and as their merits were so equally balanced, the Propaganda hesitated in coming to a decision. For two years the cause lay before the Roman Court, till at last the Pope formally decided in favor of Dr. Laffan. He was consecrated on the 6th July, 1823, and he died of dropsy in Dublin on the 3rd July, 1833, and was buried in the Thurles Cathedral on the 6th—the tenth anniversary of his consecration. His administration was not characterized by any event demanding particular notice.

Very naturally Rome selected as his successor Rev. Dr. Michael Slattery. He was born at Tipperary on the 10th October, 1783. He passed through Trinity College, Dublin with highest honors, from 1799 to 1803. From 1803 to 1809 he studied philosophy and theology at the College of Carlow. He held the chair of logic and moral philosophy in that college and was the intimate friend of the great Dr. Doyle. In 1833 he was appointed the President of Maynooth; but before his first term was over he was called upon to succeed to the archbishopric of Cashel. He held the See for twenty-three years. On the various momentous questions which arose, affecting the Church, during his administration, his course was always marked by great wisdom and moderation and his views were always in accord with those entertained by his own clergy and the great mass of the Catholic clergy and people of Ireland. He died on the 4th February, 1857, in the 74th year of his age.

Dr. Patrick Leahy succeeded. He had been president of Thurles College and afterwards parish priest of Cashel. He was most highly and universally esteemed. He died on the 26th February, 1875, and the most of his history is contained in a Latin inscription upon his tomb—I translate it verbatim—

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Apocalypse, c. 14, v. 13.

"Pray for the soul of
The most illustrious and most Rev.
Patrick Leahy, Archbishop of
Cashel, etc.

"A man pious and prudent, and adorned with every sort of knowledge,

"Conspicuous by his wisdom and gentleness as a ruler, and refined in manner;

"Whose learning and eloquence in the Vatican Council was looked upon with admiration by the whole Christian world;

"Who endeavored and happily succeeded in his endeavor to make temperance flourish throughout his entire people;

"By whose zeal this Cathedral Church has been erected.

"When he had borne the weight of the Episcopacy for nigh eighteen years, he yielded up his soul to God, full of faith, hope and charity, and fortified by the Sacraments of Holy Church.

"Feb. 26 A. D. 1875, in the 69th year from his nativity,
"May he rest in peace—Amen."

"I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of thy house and the place where thy glory dwelleth." Psalm 25, 8.

"Barry McMullin has had these lines inscribed over his grave as a token of esteem."

We have now traversed the history of the archdiocese of Cashel, in a very rapid and curtailed manner, over the space of one thousand years. On the death of Archbishop Leahy, the Holy See selected the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, then Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, to succeed to the important charge. The career of Archbishop Croke, from 1875, down to the hour of his death, in this summer of 1902, has been written over and over for the world in the Catholic press of Ireland, England and America. My humble part is done: I have fulfilled the task that I set for myself some weeks ago; and I now leave to others that of completing the story of "Cashel of the Kings."

Catholic Magazines For the Month.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD. — "The Reawakening in Ireland" is the title of a well written article in the October number of the "Catholic World" by Seamus MacManus. The reawakening of which he speaks is the revival of Ireland's national personality, of which the movement headed by the Gaelic League is the most prominent evidence. For years, says the writer, this League had been "a voice crying in the wilderness where no man might hear. It had been the voice of a small band of self-sacrificing idealists, few but noble, soulful, and determined men; seers of visions, and dreamers of dreams—so a sympathetic world regarded them as it hurried by. But, to the world's surprise, their visions are rapidly becoming actualities, and their dreams taking palpable form and shape. Month by month during the past half a dozen years their ranks were being recruited by the young men and young women of Ireland (for, to their credit be it said, the women are, in this case, little less active than the men) who have enthusiastically flocked to that standard upon which is inscribed Tir a's Teanga—Country and Tongue. And they who, a few years since, were a pitiful, isolated poor handful of dreamers, command now a multitude of laboring enthusiasts who are to be reckoned by the ten thousand, and whose wonderfully successful work is only to be measured by a standard proportionately great. The wave of enthusiasm, with which they have deluged the Island, has borne down all opposition. The strides they have already made, and the success they have already attained, is only less startling than the thorough and complete success that all penetrative minds which observe the movement see surely in store for them, ere the present decade shall have ended—an Ireland revolutionized, and ideal in the most vital essentials, being arisen to astonish the world. And this, remember, is not a rhetorical flower of enthusiasm but the plain fruit of close and critical thought.

"The wave of enthusiasm which has lifted the young men and women of our Island does not cease here, but has likewise visited colonies of drifted Irish men and women where they have been cast in far quarters of the globe. That our exiled people in the United States and Canada should respond in keen sympathy with their brothers and sisters at home is in no way surprising. But it is more striking to consider that this far-reaching wave of Gaelic enthusiasm has even swept up the Rio de la Plata, and inundated the pampas of Buenos Ayres, where thousands of our countrymen, or sons of our countrymen, who, half a century ago, went thither to herd sheep, have not merely embraced the propaganda for their own sakes, having established a Gaelic League of Argentina, but are likewise, season after season, forwarding to the Old Land, to help the good work here, subscriptions whose generosity has amazed the multitude at home."

The article is illustrated by portraits of W. B. Yeats, the chief promoter of the Irish Literary Theatre, Lady Gregory, author of the delightful "Legends of Cuchulainn," Dr. Douglas Hyde, the scholarly president of the Gaelic League, Dr. Sigeron, author of "Bards of the Gael and Gaul," and president of the Irish National Literary Society, Edward Martyn, author of "Maive" and "The Heather Field," Rev. Dr. O'Hickey, vice-president of the Gaelic League, Dr. Mark Ryan of the London Gaelic League; Frank Fahy, president of the Gaelic League of London; Arthur Griffith, editor of the United Irishman; the late Ethna Carbery, and Iris Oikyn, editors of the Shan Van Vocht, the pioneer literary organ of the new movement; D. P. Moran, editor of the "Leader," Padraic MacManus, founder of the Gaelic League of Argentina, and other connected with the revival.

"St. Francis Xavier and Unitarianism," by "J. S.," is timely, novel and interesting; "Anarchy and Government; a Discussion After the Manner of the 'Sunna' of St. Thomas," "Cardinal Gotti and the Propaganda," "Sister Marie du Sacra Coeur, a Reformer in Education," "Our Lord and some of the Saints," "German Life in Town and Country," "Two Notable Utica Pioneers," "The Religious Element in Modern Poetry," "The Anarchist," are some of the other contributions which constitute an excellent number.

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SUPERIOR COURT.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 8007. Dame Elisa Sigouin, wife common as to property of Philias Saulniers, shoemaker, of the City and District of Montreal, duly authorized to "ester en justice," plaintiff, vs. the said Philias Saulniers, defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this case on the twelfth day of September, nineteen hundred and two. Montreal, 12th September, 1902. Beaudin, Cardinal, Loranger & St. Germain, attorneys for plaintiff.

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Society Directory.

A.O.H., DIVISION NO. 8, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at 1868 Notre Dame street, near McGill. Officers: Alderman D. Gallory, M.P., President; M. McCarthy, Vice-President; Fred. J. Devlin, Rec.-Secretary; 1528P Ontario street, L. Brophy, Treasurer; John Hughes, Financial Secretary; 65 Young street; M. Fennel, Chairman (Standing Committee); John O'Donnell, Marshal.

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

A.O.H. LADIES' AUXILIARY, Division No. 5. Organized Oct. 10th, 1901. Meeting are held on 1st Sunday of every month, at 4 p.m.; and 3rd Thursday, at 8 p.m. Miss Annie Donovan, president; Mrs. Sarah Allen, vice-president; Miss Nora Kavanagh, recording secretary, 155 Inspector street; Miss Emma Doyle, financial secretary; Miss Charlotte Sparks, treasurer, Rev. Father McGrath, chaplain.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, 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, John Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansy.

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, M. Casey; Treasurer, Thomas O'Connell; Secretary, W. Whitty.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C. O. F., meets on the second and fourth Friday of every month in their hall, corner Seigneurs and Notre Dame streets. A. T. O'Connell, C. R., T. W. Kane, secretary.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; W. P. Doyle, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 28.—(Organized, 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan, Chaplain, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; President, Fred. J. Sears; Recording Secretary, J. J. Costigan; Financial Secretary, Robt. Warren; Treasurer, J. H. Feeley, Jr.; Medical Advisers, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connell and G. H. Merrill.

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OLD-TIME

In former years I reading of "Handy Andy" to laugh at the inventor, nor did I ever dream that they could be real foundations. Some may seem, I once had experience of an individual exaggerated things ascribed to the crazy chameleon mentioned. In fact, so abundant, and so foolish, so abundant, if not to say stupidities of this person I read, were I to relate they occurred, I would ed. And what is still missing is the fact that these queer adventures man. Sandy McRae was in a few miles of the fobby Burns. He had first twenty-two years his father's farm. Inigrated to Canada, and became acquainted with countryman named Mackenzie who engaged for an up lumber firm, and who Quebec on a raft.

When Sandy first me down on St. Peter street made all sorts of in the lumbering—or the raft—business. Mackenzie that he had just come hundred and fifty miles square timber, from the raft was first made mouth of the Mattawa. "How much did you down?" asked Sandy. "plained that he paid n on the contrary, he rec five dollars a month a for coming to Quebec. Sandy thought for a n then said: "If that is travel on rafts in Canada to go up to that p Mackenzie took a fan recent lad, and secured for the balance of the one of the Booth farms tawa. Sandy enjoyed and above all the idea of the woods" in the winter, he subsequently found his w farm, and was soon at harvesting had just cor the fall he was quite a as a good deal of ploug he done, and he was a ploughman. So far no "ficed anything very sp Sandy. But as the winter ed he gave evidence of dread of the cold. They found out the weak spot of's armor, and they t tag of it to heighten h terrible stories of the d dangers of the Canadian

At last the frost came Sandy exposed himself much and had the tips frost-bitten. He was ashamed to tell any pers trouble, so he came to tical conclusion that frozen must be thawed. That night moans and imprecations came fro the foreman, th the man had either gon was in a fit, went up to entering the room he v ed to find poor Sandy, atre, dancing about th ing like mad, and hold no candles in his hand name of Heaven, Sandy you doing?" asked the foreman. "I am thawing roared Sandy. He had bits of candle, and had flames to the tips of h the intention of thawing out of them. Any pers had the experience of and of the excruciating tuced by heat upon the

Archbishop Kain is aff peculiar form of paralysis limb, and the disease ha progress that he has f obliged to ask for an cently he visited Baltim ment, and at Johns Ho tal Dr. Oster and the o ants were for a time pu the exact nature of the

"The physicians tell m would be due to harden arteries in the left limb. Archbishop on his return own impression is that of paralysis. There is but no pain. It seems the forces that control

Archbishop Kain is aff peculiar form of paralysis limb, and the disease ha progress that he has f obliged to ask for an cently he visited Baltim ment, and at Johns Ho tal Dr. Oster and the o ants were for a time pu the exact nature of the

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OLD-TIME REMINISCENCES.

By a Special Correspondent.

In former years I enjoyed the reading of "Handy Andy," and used to laugh at the inventions of the author, nor did I ever dream for a moment that they could have had any real foundations. ...

When Sandy first met Mackenzie, down on St. Peter street, in Quebec, he made all sorts of inquiries about the lumbering—or the shanty and raft—business. ...

"How much did you pay to come down?" asked Sandy. Mackenzie explained that he paid nothing; but, on the contrary, he received forty-five dollars a month and his board for coming to Quebec on the raft. ...

When the foreman came in at noon, he asked Sandy how he was getting on. The latter said that the axe was all ready. The foreman took it up to examine it, and found that the handle was in backwards, and that the "level" of the axe was completely ruined. ...

"To be sure, it is," said Sandy. "Did you ever handle one in your life?" "Never," said Sandy. "And why on earth did you hire to come up here as a hewer?" ...

"Because the hewer gets the biggest wages," was Sandy's cool reply. You can imagine the state that foreman was in. There he was, after two whole weeks of waiting, without a hewer, and obliged to send a man down—two hundred miles—to get another candidate for the position. ...

Archbishop Kain has been in St. Louis since 1893, when he was appointed Archbishop Coadjutor, and the prospect of his retirement from the active management of the archdiocese is a keen disappointment to the Church. ...

ARCHBISHOP KAIN'S MALADY

Archbishop Kain is afflicted with a peculiar form of paralysis in his left limb, and the disease has made such progress that he has finally been obliged to ask for an assistant. ...

ment is made at once. In the event of the Archbishop's death, the assistant would lose his office, whereas the coadjutor would succeed to the office of Archbishop.

John J. Kain was born in Martinsburg W. Va., in 1841, his parents having come to this country from the County of Cork, Ireland. He completed his education at the Sulpician College, Baltimore, and was ordained in 1866. ...

The extension of Catholicism and the increase in the number and value of churches, schools and other property belonging to the St. Louis diocese since the elevation of Archbishop Kain have been remarkable. He has been a hard worker, giving the closest personal attention to every detail, and that his health is failing under the ordeal is a surprise to no one. —The New Century.

Father and Son Converted.

Among the thirty-two candidates in the large class that received confirmation at the hands of Bishop Horstmann at St. Thomas Aquinas Church last Sunday afternoon, says the "Catholic Universe," of Cleveland, Ohio, were two whose conversion is of especial interest. They are Mr. Stephen W. Wilson, formerly rector of Grace Episcopal Church of this city, and his aged father, Mr. Wilson resigned his rectorship a few weeks ago, and on Monday of last week he and his father were received into the Church by the Rev. Richard O'Sullivan, of the Thomas Aquinas parish. ...

Notes for Farmers.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES. — Agricultural education was the topic discussed by Prof. Wm. H. Liggett, dean of the College and School of Agriculture of the University of Minnesota at a recent institute meeting. He referred to the passage in 1862 of the bill introduced by the late Senator Morrill and passed by Congress, granting 11,000,000 acres of the public domain for the purpose of endowing an agricultural college in each state in the Union; the passage in 1890 of the so-called Morrill bill making appropriations from the sale of public lands to supplement the income from the original grant; the liberal appropriations from state treasuries for buildings, equipment, and running expenses. ...

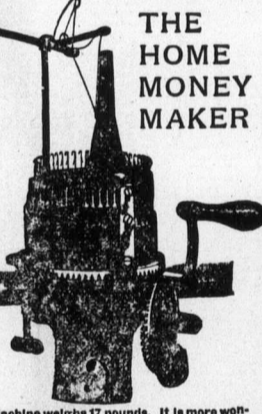
The city has grown at the expense of the country. The brightest young people have left the farms, the standard of country living has been lowered, and the professions have become so overcrowded that the surplus is a burden to society. But common sense has been too strong for old traditions, and it is now generally admitted that if education is

to be universal, or even general, it must be along practical lines, and that school is counted the best which, while developing a well-rounded character, best fits the student for his chosen calling.

To be successful a school of agriculture must command the respect and approval of those most interested in the work, and with a school planned and conducted on right lines the problem how best to extend its usefulness is greatly simplified. The speaker said that by way of illustration he would refer to some phases of experience in the Minnesota School of Agriculture as a fair embodiment of the modern idea of practical farm education. This school was among the first to adopt a practical course of study and practical methods of instruction. ...

The speaker said that, as an illustration of the methods of teaching, a class in live stock might be mentioned. A cow, for example, is brought in. Many students when they reach the school think they know all about cows and need no introduction to them. But when the cow before the class is analyzed, her faults shown, her good points made known, and the ideal cow made plain to the mind's eye, a new interest is aroused, and when later the student is required to judge a different one, applying for himself the principles taught, the practical lesson is fixed in memory beyond any probability of losing it. ...

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Be sure to use this form when sending your remittance for the machine and outfit, which you must fill in and have signed by at least one good reference in the proper place. Tear off and return to us, and also state here how much time you can devote to the work; also how you wish to be paid, weekly, monthly, or as you send in the work. ...

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Events in Scotland.

EYRE MEMORIAL.—Nearly \$15,000 has been collected for the erection of the Archbishop Eyre memorial schools at Bishopriggs. The total sum required will be about \$40,000.

LUCIFER'S REVOLT.—A deeply interesting and most instructive lecture on the "Battle of the Angels," was delivered in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Edinburgh, last week, by the Very Rev. Father Bader, S. J., who, first of all, described the place of the angels in the plan of creation, and after dwelling on their revolt in Heaven, showed how the difficulty of some people in believing or conceiving an angelic world is a difficulty more of the imagination than of the reason, and pointed out that just as the microscope discloses to us other worlds teeming with varied and marvellous life, so the microscope of Faith reveals to us at the other end of creation a world of spirit as real as the world we see around us.

CATHOLIC TEACHERS.—Last week a general meeting of the West of Scotland Catholic Teachers' Association was held at Hellenburgh. Professor Crosskey delivered a thoughtful and interesting lecture entitled "Recent Developments in the Teaching of Drawing in Schools." Afterwards a very pleasant social took place in the Catholic school-room, where the business meeting had been held.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society of Scotland took place this year in Dundee on Wednesday evening, 1st October. The Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh occupied the chair, while the principal speakers at the gathering were the Most Rev. Dr. Maguire (Archbishop of Glasgow), Monsignor John Vaughan, the Rev. Father Power, S. J., and Mr. James Brand, J. P. The subject upon which Father Power spoke was "St. Columba—Catholic or Presbyterian."

A NUN'S JUBILEE.—Sister Teresa Farrell, foundress of the Snylum Orphanage, Lanark, has celebrated amidst universal congratulations the golden jubilee of her life as a religious. She was the recipient of a great number of becoming gifts, congratulatory letters, and telegrams, Bishops, priests, and lay people heartily joining in the general felicitations.

BOYS' HOME.—Last week, in the Edinburgh autumn holiday, the boys of the Catholic Working Boys' Home to the number of about 90, held their annual excursion to Aberdour. The lads who were in the best of spirits and looking one and all the picture of perfect health and contentment, were accompanied by the Rev. Father Parker, S. J., Mr. Frederick Smith, their hon. manager, Mr. Kelly, the superintendent, and others. The weather kept up splendidly throughout the whole day, and the lads had in consequence a very good time of it at Aberdour. Dinner and tea during the chief intervals of the sports, which included the most popular outdoor recreations of the season, were served in excellent style, while on the way home the boys passed the time pleasantly in singing and cheering alternately. The singing seemed to soothe their holiday feelings, while the cheering certainly relieved them.

IN HONOR OF MARY.—At St. Patrick's Church, Edinburgh, the evening service there was an outdoor procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament in honor of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady. The procession, which was a very pretty one, took place in the parochial grounds adjacent to the church. The evening being a beautiful one the procession was seen to great advantage by a large gathering of the Faithful. All the sodalities of St. Patrick's took part in the demonstration. The Right Rev. Monsignor Grady carried the Blessed Sacrament, while the Rev. Father Meade acted as master of ceremonies.

"Come and see how a Christian can die," said the dying sage to his pupil. How would it do to say, "Come and see how an infidel can die?" How would it have done for Voltaire to say this, who, in his panic at the prospect of eternity, offered his physician half his fortune for six weeks more of life?

A Gaelic Drama In London.

The production of Dr. Douglas Hyde's pretty little Irish drama, "Casadh-an-t-Sugan," under the auspices of the Irish National Club at the Myddletown Hall, was a great success, says the London "Universe." It is no exaggeration to say that, taken as a whole, the play, and concert which followed, formed one of the most distinctively Irish entertainments the Irish people in London ever witnessed here. If the National Club had no claim to the support of our people (though our readers know that it has many), the entertainment which it so successfully organized and still more successfully carried out on Saturday would be sufficient to gain for it a warm place in the hearts of every honest-thinking Irish man and woman, and be worthy of every possible encouragement and support. "Actions speak louder than words," and it appears that on this old saying the committee of the National Club have based their work. There has been much talk for quite a year about the necessity of producing an Irish play here, yet beyond talk no Irish society seemed to go. The members of the National Club set themselves to do something—they did not waste their time in idle talk. They recognized the advantage the production of a play solely in Irish would be to the language movement, and, notwithstanding the hard work it should necessarily entail, they set themselves to do it, and with what success let Saturday's enthusiastic and overcrowded audience at Islington answer. Several of those who were present on Saturday had previously witnessed the original production of "Casadh-an-t-Sugan" when first staged under the auspices of the Irish Literary Theatre last autumn, and they gave it as their opinion that the production under the National Club exceeded the original both as regards staging and character representation. No greater praise could those who took part in the play possibly get.

Of "Casadh-an-t-Sugan" there is not much need to speak at length. It is simply the story of a wandering Connaught poet, who in his journeyings through Munster, where he is hospitably received, falls in love with the daughter of his hostess. The daughter is already engaged to a fine young fellow of the village, but the poet's advances are not treated with indifference by this lovely Munster girl, for his genius helps him to win her affections, but his success only assists in his destruction for it sets in motion the more ingenious, if less imaginative, mind of the young fellow who has been promised the hand and heart of this girl. To get rid of the poet without using force of any kind is the difficulty, and more especially is it a matter of concern to get him out of the house lest his curse should fall on it. Accordingly the twisting of the "sugan" is suggested, and the plan succeeds, for the poet goes out himself, and, as soon as he does, he is kept there. This ends the little play. "Casadh-an-t-Sugan" is, as those responsible for the drawing up of the programme very truly point out, only another instance of the wonderful resource of the Celtic mind. To those who understand the Irish language it is full of interest. It is admirably suited for dramatic purposes, as it is inexpensively staged. The scene is a Munster house 100 years ago.

Composer's Last Song.

One of the most successful of the songs in "The Emerald Isle," the comic opera in which Jefferson De Angelis is appearing and to which more than ordinary interest attaches because its score is the unfinished work of Sir Arthur Sullivan, is called "Good-by, My Native Land, Good-by."

It is related that when the composer was stricken and felt that his last moments were approaching, he requested, in a voice beneath a whisper, that the melody be played for him on an organ which he had erected in his drawing-room. As the strains of the song were heard a smile of contentment came over his face, and with his eyes closed he peacefully passed into the great beyond.

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The World's Standard J. J. & S. JOHN JAMESON & SON Celebrated PURE POT STILL DUBLIN WHISKY. J. J. & S. commands the highest price in the markets of the world.

A POWER... Speaking at the th... tal Abstinence Union... recently, Rev. Walter... ivered a spirited address... of intemperance: "Time," said F... "should not dampen c... nor quench our earn... ting against the evil... ance. Public opinion... powerfully in favor... cause. Intemperance i... spectable in any grad... but is regarded with... deprecated as a fruit... evil. Bitter experien... beyond doubt that the... around which are grou... fold and gigantic form... around intemperance... bodiment of multiplied... disorder in the commu... nuisance in society. C... tific authority instruct... temperance is a great... To say that alcohol i... far as the production o... cerned and its intro... ration of a worker, is... al contradiction. "The poisonous actio... has been demonstrate... rived from the dimini... of carbonic acid, result... inished muscular actio... from paralysis of the... nervation, for the mus... vestigation reported... Kassonitz declares th... kept up for several w... to appreciate the valu... a source of energy ver... gainst the alcohol-fed... as to the amount of... plished and changes in... man has found from h... ments that alcohol pos... er of building up th... substances of the body... in-Paris, has proved b... that very little, if any... be derived from inges... The evidence of science... hol cannot serve for n... "The drink evil, har... to its victim, is more... its effects on society... fidelity, divorce are i... working havoc to-day... grades of society, and... ly, among those who b... tion, education and r... tion ought to be the c... cream. "No one who has any... truth can deny that th... gross intemperance i... and even among wome... est grades of society... Among men is bad, am... is social, and among w... position it is one of... evils that afflict huma... fluence is far-reaching... of society, blighting th... domestic life should b... community and the ma... ing the seeds of moral... manifold immorality... as queen of the domest... should give character a... the family and the hon... a slave to intoxicants... a hotbed of disorder, v... ery, and the State inf... disastrous results. "In the face of the ev... by this monster of mo... and social deformity w... our arms in calm repos... in blank indifference? of our fellowmen were e... disease or accident, h... earthquake or inundati... render them assistance... insensible to an evil th... imperils their lives, b... the salvation of their s... "An English periodi... that 60,000 die annual... from the effects of drin... there are no less than... tual drunkards in Engla... land who riot and wast... parative impunity in th... terrified children, and... partners and too often... side and homicide." "The saloon as we kn... Anglo-Saxon institutio... known in the Latin cou... where it has been impo... Mrs. Loubet Writes to... The following touchin... Madame Loubet, the m... President of France, rec... ed in the "Le Peuple F...

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DAY, OCT. 4, 1902.

LADIES' CAPE.

Novelties in Ladies' have been selected for showing. Very latest styles, priced.

reversible tweed, velvet cuffs and revers, Oxford. \$12.00

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A POWERFUL TEMPERANCE ADDRESS BY FATHER SHANLEY.

Speaking at the thirty-third annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Connecticut recently, Rev. Walter J. Shanley delivered a spirited address on the evils of intemperance.

"Time," said Father Shanley, "should not dampen our enthusiasm nor quench our earnestness in battling against the evil of intemperance. Public opinion has developed powerfully in favor of our noble cause. Intemperance is no longer respectable in any grade of society, but is regarded with contempt and deprecated as a fruitful source of evil."

"The drink evil, harmful as it is to its victim, is more disastrous in its effects on society. Scandal, infidelity, divorce are its fruits. It is working havoc to-day in the highest grades of society, and, unfortunately, among those who by social position, education and refined association ought to be the cream of the cream."

"No one who has any regard for truth can deny that there is to-day gross intemperance in high society, and even among women of the highest grades of society. Intemperance among men is bad, among women it is worse, and among women of high social position it is one of the worst evils that afflict humanity. Its influence is far-reaching into all grades of society, blighting the good that domestic life should bring to the community and the nation and sowing the seeds of moral deformity and manifold immorality. The woman, as queen of the domestic kingdom, should give character and virtue to the family and the home. If she is a slave to intoxicants, her realm is a hotbed of disorder, vice and misery, and the State infallibly reaps disastrous results."

and import which I beg you consider for a moment carefully.

Since the day political fortune raised you to the chief magistracy of the country, much suffering and humiliation have been my lot. I have seen you reject, one by one, the grand old traditions to which our family had so faithfully clung.

In spite of these disappointments I cherished a faint hope and found consolation in the thought that your conscience, now spellbound by the deceptive charms of power, would one day shake off its lethargy when the demands of those whose tool you are said to be should become too infamous and the measures they would call upon you to adopt should be so outrageous as to fire any honest breast with indignation.

They tell me—is it possible—that you have dared to sign your name, alas! our name, to a decree driving from their schools the good Sisters, the educators of our country's children for so many long years, and that thanks, too to your servile complaisance the police have been able to drag these holy women from their houses like so many thieves.

But here, to-day, I am suddenly informed that, entirely forgetful of the past, you have given yourself over to a most base and cowardly persecution of these holy religious.

If I am deceived, write me so at once. Tell me that you have refused to take part in these infamous proceedings, and then come to my arms. Your kisses will be dearer than ever, for they will rid me of a terrible suspicion.

In this curse, that every mother in France must now pronounce upon you, your own mother cannot but join—she must call down upon your head and upon the heads of your followers, accomplices by their shameful silence, the punishment reserved for ungrateful and sacrilegious children.

Your broken-hearted mother, VIVE LOUBET.

Premium TO Subscribers.

We offer as a premium to each Subscriber a neatly bound copy of the Golden Jubilee Book, who will send the names and cash for 3 new Subscribers to the True Witness.

This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a most interesting chronicle of the work of Irish Catholic Priests and laymen in Montreal during the past Fifty years.

Cardinal Moran Talks on Labor Reforms.

A very interesting interview with His Eminence Cardinal Moran appeared in "Univers," the well known French journal, recently. His Eminence was chiefly questioned about the well known labor reforms in Australia.

"I wish, Your Eminence, to obtain from you some details on the development of Catholicism in Australia and also upon the social and economic movement of that very new part of the world."

"It affords me much pleasure," said His Eminence, "to reply to your queries, but allow me to give you a correct idea at the outset of our particular position from this last point of view. Amongst us there is no democratic question, because everyone there is a democrat. You will kindly remark that it is not only the word which we accept, it is the thing itself in all its substance and with all its bearing. Thus we have in Australia a law which fixes the maximum of a day's labor at eight hours. For each hour that passes this limit a shilling is paid to the worker. The minimum of payment is determined in the same way and is 5s per day, but practically skilled workers can earn 10s per day. Over a year ago obligatory arbitration became an established fact, and conflicts between capital and labor are peacefully settled. Pensions of about \$10 a month are given to those who have no other means of support, with the condition that they shall be 60 years of age and 25 years resident in New South Wales."

"What is the attitude, your Eminence, of your Catholic workmen? Have they a place in this very accentuated democratic movement which is responsible for the legislation upon the minimum wage, the maximum of work, and obligatory arbitration?"

"Decidedly not," replied His Eminence. "Our Labor Party does not cherish any vague theories, any ambiguous and high-sounding formulae. Its object is precise reforms, and concrete measures in favor of the toiling masses. It is a class movement, if you like, in the sense that these self-trusting men feel they are able to look after their own affairs. Moreover, the apprehensions of which you speak would have been utterly unreasonable. The opinion which many formed on the subject before the Labor members appeared in Parliament was that these humble workers would not be capable of such an important mission. But," added His Eminence immediately, "I saw a paternal sympathy for his children, the workmen, gleaming in the eyes of this Prince of the Church, 'these anticipations were falsified by facts, and I ask you to believe that from a point of fitness and of eloquence the Labor members have held their ground amongst the most accomplished debaters of our Parliament.'"

"It happens, Your Eminence, in our old world, that the labor movement—and I do not speak of socialist movements—causes irremediable mistrust in the minds of many. Every effort of the laboring classes toward economic and political economy is considered by universally prudent people as a step towards socialism, and this distrust and opposition, which is to often manifested by even the most estimable Catholics, has the unfortunate consequence of driving into the anti-clerical and the revolutionary parties a large section of the workers."

"These alone, O my God! These alone does my soul desire, and my heart knows no peace unless it rests in thy sacred heart.—St. Catherine of Siena."

Another Chapter In the Story of the Ex-Priests

A few months ago we took occasion to denounce a wandering fakir who exploited himself as "Rev. W. J. Delaney, an ex-priest," etc., and, who was always on tap for an exposure of Romanism, the horrors of the Confessional, priestcraft and Popery in general.

First—We charge that Rev. W. J. DeLaney did at various times and of different persons collect money for the new church building; that he did not report the collection of the same to the trustees; and that he did appropriate the money collected to his own use.

Second—We further charge that the said Rev. W. J. DeLaney did in May of this year collect money for books, which he sold at various places, and to different persons, on the promise that books would be delivered in about ten days; and from evidence we have we find that the books have not yet been delivered.

Third—We further charge that the said Rev. W. J. DeLaney was at different times and to different persons guilty of falsifying.

The charges were sustained by practically the unanimous vote of the seventeen members of the council. When notice of the charges was served on the defendant requesting his appearance before the Council, the accused responded by letter, in which he admits that he is a swindler, a liar and a thief. He wrote as follows:

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 5, 1902. To the members of the Council convened in the Baptist Church, Martinsville, Ind.:—

My Dear Brethren,—In answer to the charges brought against me by the church at Martinsville, I will make confession specifically to each charge, and, as I have already asked pardon and mercy from my Lord and Saviour, I do now humbly beg pardon of the church and all whom I have offended, and the leniency of your august body.

Charge 1—I acknowledge in this first charge the general statement that I collected money and failed to turn it over to trustees at once. I regret and am sorry for this sin. But since collection of this money the trustees have my back salary to make good the shortage and are still in debt to me. Be this as it may, however, I humbly ask pardon of all whom I have offended.

Charge 2—That I sold books and collected money for said books, but with good intention. The books will be delivered just as soon as I can get them from the publishing house.

Charge 3—That I was guilty of falsifying, and this is true. It is a predominate fault and I have asked God's pardon and will now ask the church's pardon, the council's mercy and the prayers of the faithful for spiritual strength to correct myself.

Late Mrs. Murphy, of Quebec

There passed away, at Quebec, on Wednesday in last week, Mary Murphy, widow of the late Denis Murphy, and daughter of William Carbray. She was born at Carrickbeg, County Waterford, Ireland.

For many years she was a member of St. Patrick's, Quebec. The funeral took place from that Church, where a Requiem Mass was sung by the Rev. Father McCarthy, assisted by the Rev. Father Delargy, as deacon, and the Rev. Father Jones, as sub-deacon. In the Church were assembled a number of the lady friends of the deceased, as well as the children of St. Bridget's Asylum, with which institution Sister St. Felix, a sister of the deceased, was connected for a number of years. The principal mourners were Mr. Felix Carbray, brother-in-law, H. J. W. Carbray, W. J. Carbray and T. J. Carbray, nephews, and Masters William and Paul Carbray, grand nephews. At the conclusion of the service the funeral procession again formed and the remains were borne to St. Patrick's Cemetery.—R.I.P.

These alone, O my God! These alone does my soul desire, and my heart knows no peace unless it rests in thy sacred heart.—St. Catherine of Siena.

Doubtless our Baptist friends will profit by the lesson they have received, but what atonement can they make to their Catholic neighbors for their partnership in Delaney's infamy? Do they still accept the testimony of a self-confessed falsifier concerning Catholic belief and practice and his villainous lies on our nuns and clergy.—Catholic Columbian.

Mrs. Loubet Writes to Her Son.

Paris. Its first appearance in the American Catholic press was in last week's issue of Church Progress, of St. Louis. It deserves a wide circulation and readers of "The Messenger" will find it of interest:

My Dear Son: This letter may be the last I ever write you. Such a circumstance, as well as the serious nature of events that prompts me to write, give my words a character

and import which I beg you consider for a moment carefully. Since the day political fortune raised you to the chief magistracy of the country, much suffering and humiliation have been my lot. I have seen you reject, one by one, the grand old traditions to which our family had so faithfully clung. On the other hand, the marks of affection you gave me with a sort of ostentation, lost much of their sincerity and failed to assuage the deep grief which your every action caused me. I am but little acquainted with political matters, and I understand nothing of the fine points of the law, yet my sound judgment, my sentiments of loyalty, my duty as a Christian and a French lady, compel me to deplore the sad work which you have done, or, what is one and the same, allowed others to do without your opposition in the least.

CATHOLIC LIFE AMONG THE FIJI ISLANDERS.

pearance of a substantial building. It is, however, too small for the congregation now frequently seeking shelter under it.

But to return, after this long digression! The last bell was soon rung for Holy Mass and the church rapidly filled to an uncomfortable degree.

Very many of the natives went to Holy Communion, showing great reverence and piety. In fact, the bishop and Rev. Father Rougier were distributing the Bread of Life for at least a quarter of an hour.

The procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament took place in the afternoon between 2 and 3 o'clock. There was again the same large gathering in the church.

The morning was drizzling and uninviting, but the boats were nevertheless well patronized. In fact, the Victoria, which started at 8.30 a. m., was taxed to her carrying capacity—180 passengers.

The Cakoban, named after an individual of renown, started early with those who were anxious to get there in time to assist at Holy Mass.

On arrival at the small jetty at the Mission, the crowd standing on the bank was a sure sign that the Holy Sacrifice had not yet begun.

KEEP HOLY THE SABBATH-DAY.

In the Book of Exodus we read that the Lord commanded Moses to go to Pharaoh and say to him: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel: Let my people go that they may sacrifice to me in the desert."

greater and heavier burdens upon the poor Israelites and throng called down upon himself the vengeance of God, as we all remember from our Bible History.

On week-days people, as a rule, must work hard and have little time for the vanities of the world. But when Sunday comes with many the first thought at awakening is: "What will I wear; how dress myself to attract the attention of others?"

Some people think they have done their full duty by going to Holy Mass early in the morning, and then they attend to their business as though Sunday was not for them.

Be careful, then, never to neglect this duty and never to demand from anybody the least work on Sunday that is unnecessary or directly forbidden.

We Catholics are no hypocrites; at least, we should not be. Hence we do not forbid innocent amusements and the like even on Sunday.

Let us then remember, dear friends, that we must one day render a strict account of the use we have made of this holy day of the Lord.

Let us then remember, dear friends, that we must one day render a strict account of the use we have made of this holy day of the Lord.

OUR LADY OF KNOCK.

Thursday, August 21, was the anniversary of the first and greatest of the apparitions at this shrine of Our Lady. The day was lowering and threatening throughout, and as evening approached rain fell continuously.

This year we had but a diminished procession, without candles or banners, while the constant downpour of rain made us all quiver our processional pace and hurry in to the church after one round was made of the inclosure.

It is over twenty-two years since the writer made his first Knock pilgrimage; he was a suppliant for the removal of severe infirmity; he is a suppliant still.

Three pairs of crutches and several walking sticks were left this year within the railing in front of the Apparition gable on August 15.

It can hardly be that with the death of the venerated and ever to be remembered Archdeacon Cavanagh, parish priest of Knock and Aughamore parishes from 1804 to 1897, the steady series of Our Lady's favors from 1897 downward has ceased.

Let us then remember, dear friends, that we must one day render a strict account of the use we have made of this holy day of the Lord.

which testimony was sometimes supplemented by medical certificate, sometimes by sworn affidavit; most of the correspondence was sorted and arranged chronologically in 1895, and also copied; with the death of Archdeacon Cavanagh in December, 1897, and with the dispersal of his household early in 1898, all the correspondence vanished.

The large picture of the First Apparition over Our Lady's altar is the gift of Archbishop Murphy, of Tasmania, in thanksgiving for the cure of his eyes in 1882. I have read, transcribed, and published his letters thereon; besides, his grace still lives.

There is no slackening in the crowd of pilgrims who journey thither on Our Lady's feast, and in the months of May and August, which are "par excellence" the pilgrims' months.

SUPPORT THE PARISH SCHOOL.

In a recent letter Pope Leo XIII. gave warning that "Men must not allow themselves to be easily persuaded that instruction and piety can be kept separate with impunity.

An eminent American prelate, recognizing the decline of religious convictions in the United States, has urged his people to provide the antidote of Christian education in these words:

"The proper view to be taken of the Catholic school is to regard it as a great religious work in which all are concerned, whether they have or have not children attending it.

CONVERTING AMERICA TO CATHOLICITY.

Met a well known priest on the train the other day and we immediately entered on the discussion of the new Apostolic Mission House and its opening at the Catholic University in a few months.

The Church has set herself to the work of converting America. Success or no success, praise or blame, enthusiasm or superciliousness, whatever the outcome, whatever the minds of men about the question, the big fact is that the Catholic Church has laid hands upon the great task.

Take another great conversion epoch, the time of the barbarians from the North. How came it to pass that these huge hordes who dashed away the pillars of Caesar's empire and stood in triumphant fury upon its ruins, were won to the gentle religion of Christ the Savior?

Take another great conversion epoch, the time of the barbarians from the North. How came it to pass that these huge hordes who dashed away the pillars of Caesar's empire and stood in triumphant fury upon its ruins, were won to the gentle religion of Christ the Savior?

Behold what this adorable heart requires of its friends: Poverty in intention, humility in operation, purity in object—Blessed Margaret Mary.

On a wet November John Dwyer paced the his six-acre potato-field, in his pockets, his head rainstorm. A wire-haired rrier trotted patiently behind him, shivering and uncomfortable; the rain; looking up now in her master's face with seemed to sympathize, as might be the recipient of troubles, while the man dogged and unheeding.

And sure it was no word that he should have heavy in him to-day. year, a bad one for all when the rainfall had been than any year since '68, ed doubly heavy on him. little capital at his command the tide of emigration steadily on for years, b country slowly but surely had made labor scarce.

He had not realized how light was until to-day; for the week had gone by, and too busy with other things get his hay safely ricked, threshed and housed; while was so rained out that he hope to get the potatoes of the ground till a d should set in. And now, l fall of the year, the dry not yet come, and John Dwyer askance at his blackened drills, doubting whether i pay him now to take them all, even to feed the pigs.

Sheila only blinked her answer to this last remark, better perhaps, than to agr it and took the homeward cheerfully enough.

John Dwyer was a big bling fellow of about five-and-a-half with a few little flecks of yellowing to show in his dark hair. His eyes were of a color, flashing like steel under thick black brows which, g such a fierce look at times that he was in the least fit his normal state, for as Sheila tell, were she able to talk, t a not unkindly nature behind dark eyes, although many a child shrank close to its mother's hiding, when it happened to ter their gaze.

But as the neighbors oft John Dwyer was "a quarrelsort of man by times, and d secretive" more betoken." his mother had been to bla this, for ever since her husband leaving the little two-year-old behind him, the fond mother spoiled and petted him, a him his own way in everything ther for good or evil, till the hours shook their heads omi prophesying all sorts of evil of it.

The wonder was, after all had turned out so well, cons this upbringing. Nevertheless spoil boy grew into a spoilt pettish, jealous, impatient o slightest obstacle which came pathway of his desires.

He was, as his mother died, married a pretty, fair-haired creature, who promised from start to out-do even his mother the spoiling of him. Mollie had not a thought in the world yound her husband's happiness comfort, daily denying herself small delicacy that she might it for him, who needed it less had a cold, a headache, or the swelling ailment she nursed and and cuddled him, till he fancy ten times worse than really was. When days were and cold and the hens refused except in the most spasmodic hen, was jealously laid by for the fattest of Mollie's chicken killed for his dinner, or boiled to make chicken-jelly for him his wife took it into her simple that he "wasn't lookin' too wot." The creamy top of the was always went first into his. And John, though not o only a selfish man, soon grew to all these little attentions a natural right and only what w him; nor did it strike him

THE LOST CHILD.

On a wet November afternoon John Dwyer paced the headland of his six-acre potato-field, his hands in his pockets, his head bent to the rainstorm. A wire-haired Irish terrier trotted patiently beside him, shivering and uncomfortable under the rain; looking up now and again in her master's face with eyes that seemed to sympathize, as though she might be the recipient of all his troubles, while the man went on dogged and unheeding.

anything to be especially thankful for that he should find all his wishes gratified even before he had had time to give expression to them. Seven years of happy married life passed by, bringing neither great sorrow nor great joy. They had no children to make or mar their happiness, and neither John nor his wife had any near relatives to divide their affections or come between them. They seemed perfectly content with their loneliness.

But one sunny summer morning, after an anxious night, when John Dwyer had paced up and down his hay-yard from sunset until dawn, or stood listening, with beating heart and a troubled face and footsteps of someone coming to look for him, a new little life came into theirs. He found himself at last in his wife's room, stealing on tip-toe to the bedside, hushed and awe-stricken at this new wonder, and thinking God that she was safe. For, after all, she, with her dear eyes shining with a new happiness and love, was the dearest thing on earth to him, and with a thankful heart he stooped down and kissed the pale sweet face. The little pink bundle lying beside her, which she gazed at so fondly, and so proudly called 'our son,' was a very secondary consideration with him, and at the present moment was more to him an object of alarm than anything else. In all the quiet years of his married life he had never felt the want of a child, and now that it had come he was not so certain that it gave him any pleasure, though, to be sure, he felt proud in an abstract sort of way to have a son to inherit the farm.

Three more years had passed, and the Dwyers still lived on at the little farm. Things had gone more prosperously with John Dwyer during those three years. His hay-crop last season had been a heavy one, and he had sold it well. Reports of the failure of the wheat crop in Russia had sent the price of corn up with a rush, and John Dwyer like a wise man had sent his wheat to market at once, getting the top price for it, instead of waiting like some of his neighbors until prices should be still higher, as was prophesied, and then having to sell it at a reduction after all. The three years had made very little difference in John's looks, though Mollie had lost her girlish air and had grown stouter and more matronly. The little boy had thriven and flourished and was now a sturdy little man of four, with a head of tiny golden curls, and eyes that were bluer than the bluest forget-me-nots. Of course Mollie adored him, though she had grown wise enough now, and often tried to hide at least some of her affection for her son from her husband's jealous eyes. He on his part was fond enough of the child, too, and proud of him in his own undermotive way. Perhaps because he had been so spoiled himself, he didn't believe in spoiling his son. So that the youngster turned instinctively to his mother, as probably all little boys do, in his every trouble and want, and if his soft little child's heart longed sometimes for his father's attention and love, too, he had learned after many lessons that father very often did not want him, and so he wasn't to bother or worry him.

When little Owen was just four years old, there came a time when he felt very sad and lonely — the very loneliest little boy, he thought, that could be in the whole wide world. For his mamma was ill, very ill, he heard the people say, and he must not make a noise nor go near her room, for her head was very bad, and any noise would surely make it worse. His mother was indeed very ill. She had gone to the gates of death to bring another life into the world, only to have it flutter out after one short hour's feeble glimmering. This time the baby was a girl, and John Dwyer's heart ached over this little dead baby as it had never yearned towards his boy. All the days that lay fretting in that darkened room, the blinds drawn to keep out the hot August sun, he wandered restlessly to and fro, neglecting his work and forgetting to throw one kind look or word to poor Owen, who was banished from his mother's room. Poor Owen felt lost altogether those days, with his mother shut away from him, and his father so gloomy and cross; and with no one to talk to except the woman, who had come in to keep house for them while mother was ill. She was an ugly old woman, and smoked a pipe when she thought no one was looking, and Owen regarded her from a distance with curiosity and a childish awe. To-day he felt more desolate than ever. It was now many days since he had seen his mother, and his father, when he saw him, hardly noticed him except to tell him not to make a noise. Even Sheila was no good to play with these days. She had three little puppies in a potato basket in the barn, sleek fat little brown things that squealed all day, with eyes shut. Owen went in very often to look at them; but Sheila was unaccountably cross these days, too, and growled when he ventured to put his hand near the puppies. So to-day he thought he'd go down the Cuckoo-meadow next to the wheat field and look for birds' nests.

He found Mollie sitting up in bed, with a white, terrified face. "Oh, thank God you're back," she cried, tremulously. "I thought you'd never come, an' I've been so frightened for you and Owen. Is he awake?" "Now don't be exciting yourself, dear; there's no fear of us, and you've only got to mind yourself, and not catch cold sitting up like that, without a shawl or a thing about your shoulders. I know you'd be afraid, so I came as quickly as I could." "An' poor little Owen," she said, shuddering as the thunder rolled again and again. "Don't you think you ought to bring him in to me? My poor lamb, he'll be terrified in there by himself." John did not know what to say. "Oh! bring him in, bring him in!" she cried again, seeing his hesitation. "It can't be bad for me to have him now, surely." "Well," he said, "if he is awake I will," and he turned to go, hating himself in his heart for the part he had to play. For a moment he was tempted to tell her the truth. He came back in a few minutes. "He is fast asleep, dear!" — one lie more or less this night did not matter, he told himself — "and it would be a pity to waken him. In any case, I think the worst of it is over now. In the morning," he repeated, with a fervent "Please God" to himself, "I'll bring him to you, and you can keep him as long as you like." He sat by the bedside holding his wife's hand and talking to her as cheerfully as his heavy heart would allow him, till at last the storm was over and the rain ceased, and the first faint flush of the summer dawn appeared in the sky. He stood up then and went wearily from the room, saying he must go and look at the sick beast again. As he went down the narrow stairs, he heard something beating and crying at the door below. "Can it be the child?" he asked himself, with a catch at his heart, and hurried down to open the door, to meet with but another disappointment. For it was only Sheila, who had torn herself away at last from her puppies. She leapt on him, barking and yelping with noisy excitement. "Down, Sheila, down!" he cried, irritably. But the dog ran backwards and forwards, shivering and crying, as she jumped up again insistently, as though begging him to come with her. John Dwyer understood at last and with a glimmer of hope he followed her. Out through the farm-yard, across the hay-yard, down again along the rough cart-road he had traversed a few hours before, the dog went, still giving little short yelps of excitement and wagging her tail gladly as she looked back at the man following. She jumped through the red bars of the wheat-field gate, and bounded into the midst of the wheat, leaping madly over the tall cornstalks, now drenched and broken and stalled by the storm. At last she stopped, and John Dwyer following close behind, knew by the quick wagging of her tail, alone visible above the sheafs, that she had found what she looked for. His eyes fell on something which filled him at once with a fearful joy and dread. Here was his Owen, his own little son, lying cold and drenched amidst the wheat — dead perhaps — a broken crushed little flower like one of the withered blossoms he still held tightly in his wee cold hands. Dead! Ah no! thank God! The blue eyes opened wearily, swollen and tear-stained, as Sheila's warm little tongue frantically licked the pale face. Not dead, thank God, as the father lifted him in his arms and folded him tenderly to his breast, whilst hot tears of love and joy of shame and repentance, fell thickly on the little boy's face. John Dwyer thanked God again and again that his little son, this dear precious gift for which he had never really thanked Him before, was spared to him. Not dead, but very ill poor Owen proved to be. God alone knows what terrors and torture the lost little child had suffered that day and night, when the terrifying storm had come, and the weary little feet and tired brain could no longer try to find the way! But when he came out of the fever, his mother's arms were round him, and her cool soft cheek lay by his. And his daddy's eyes looked down at him with a love and tenderness that Owen had never seen in them before. From that day on there was no more loving and devoted father in all the country round than John Dwyer proved to be. And Owen, riding gaily on the seat of the mowing machine as his father reaped the corn, or swung high on his shoulder as he went home from work in the evening, was the happiest child in the world. — Nora Tynan O'Mahoney, in Donahoe's Magazine.

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Household Notes.

Great as are the benefits to be gained from physical exercise when taken up by men, the results are even more marked with women. Their daily pursuits are in part responsible for this, for very few women take anything like the proper amount of exercise. Work about the house calls for activity of a certain sort, to be sure, but it is very likely to be of the kind that taxes a few muscles at the expense of the rest. The busy housewife is apt to become stooped, round-shouldered or flat chested, unless she pays careful attention to the carriage of her body all through the day. Becoming weary over her tasks, she is all too prone to take on an easy attitude of relaxation, leans to one side, or takes to the comfortable rocking chair when she can find the opportunity. In this same rocking chair she will rest the whole weight on the end of the spine, and then commence that swaying to and fro that seems to her so soothing—or possibly she keeps up the endless swinging through mere force of habit. However that may be, she is laying up trouble for herself. Sitting incorrectly as she does is bad enough, but add to it this constant motion and you have a combination that is responsible for more aches and pains and discomforts than you have dreamed of. Sit erect in your chair, placing the weight of the body where nature intended. Keep your chest well forward, and the abdomen will be naturally repressed. Stand well, walk well, sit well; hold your head erect; and you, as well as your friends, will soon be conscious of an improvement in figure and carriage that is most gratifying.

We must not overlook the importance of the position that the mother of to-day occupies. Upon her strength and endurance, as well as upon her intellectual force, depends the future. If she will fortify herself by a physical upbuilding, a sturdy generation of coming men and women will be her reward.

To the business woman physical culture is a blessing indeed. Often when night comes she is wearied to the point of exhaustion, and only those who have tried it can appreciate the wonderful value in such a case of ten minutes' vigorous exercise, followed by the refreshing bath. Not only are the muscles made firm and full of strength again, but the nerves are steady and the eyes bright. That headache has disappeared as if by magic—and the erstwhile tired woman is alert and ready for a social evening or one spent in study.

Those who sit a great deal (and this includes ninety-nine out of one hundred women, regardless of station in life) are heir to a train of ills that result from the torpid condition induced thereby. The blood circulates but slowly, digestion and elimination are sluggish, and the lungs fail to expand as they should. The muscles become flabby, allowing organs to crowd and press. The eyes are dull and the skin sallow, if not actually disfigured by eruptions. But this condition is easily prevented and overcome when proper activity is provided.

The habit of daily exercise will work a transformation that is pleasing to the eye as well as a gratification to one's sense of well-being. A few minutes each day given to exercise will induce a pair of strong, healthy, well-filled lungs—and plenty of oxygen means pure blood, rosy cheeks and bright eyes; it also will bring about steady nerves, firm and symmetrical muscles, a splendid feeling of conscious health and vigor, and a happy disposition to look on the bright side of all things. A torpid liver has been responsible for many a tragedy; unstrung nerves have broken up happy homes.

Aside from the consideration of health and consequent happiness, is that of an erect, well-formed, well-poised figure. Exercise will cover bones with comely flesh, and replace angles with delightful curves. Exercise will also restore that shapeless mass of flesh to its old-time girlish

beauty of outline. It will reduce the abdomen and develop the chest, giving a figure both shapely and graceful.

Make for yourself a "corset" of firm muscles, interlacing to form a support that will far surpass any invention of man. The natural waist is round and slender. It may measure more in actual inches than the one for which tight lacing is responsible, but it will have the appearance of a more slender beauty because of its natural roundness, and there will be in addition an attractive suppleness that cannot be gained in any other way. This is not intended as an argument against the corset. But it is one in favor of the exercise of the muscles of the waist, that they may be firm and strong, adding to beauty as well as health.

Make your exercise a habit. It will only take a few minutes each day, in the privacy of your own room, and in a short time the work will become a pleasure—as much a part of your routine as eating and sleeping. But do not make the mistake of overdoing it in your enthusiasm. Exercise wisely and well, and you will be amply repaid by a rich store of health and strength; by an increased beauty and animation; by added years of useful living.—Rosary Magazine.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE VIATICUM BELL.—One evening in the year 1862, a tall, thin, but powerfully-built man might have been seen carefully picking his steps down a rugged path which led from one of the mountain peaks of the Tyrol down into the little valley. It was a work of some difficulty for it was growing dark and the path was little more than a channel which had been worn by some winter torrent among the rocks. Cautiously, as if he had been a smuggler, and yet with wonderful dexterity, did he make his way, and at last, trembling and almost breathless, he reached the little valley and hid himself in a thick clump of trees which skirted the road.

Antony was a fearless hunter; no mountain peak was too high, no precipice too steep for him to climb when tracking the chamois; but to-night his thoughts were gloomy, his heart unquiet, for the ball in his rifle was not destined to bring down any wild game of the mountain, but to kill a fellow-man. The Tyrolese, in general, are a brave and God-fearing people, but Antony had allowed the evil passion of avarice to creep into his soul; little by little it had drawn him away from Church and Sacraments, and to-night he was lying in wait for an innocent and unsuspecting victim. Andrew, the rich merchant who had gone to Salzburg to receive a large sum of money, was expected to return this evening, and the road to his home lay through this little valley.

For an hour Antony waited behind the clump of trees; the night grew darker, but that mattered little to him; he was only wondering whether his victim would still come, or whether he had slept somewhere on the road and would not pass till morning. Come he certainly would for no other road led to his house. At last Antony's quick ear caught the sound of steps; he seized his rifle and raised it, listening breathlessly. But another sound now reached him—not the step of the wayfarer, but the sound of a little bell. Too well did he know it. In the days of his innocent boyhood it had been his delight to accompany the priest when taking the Blessed Sacrament to the dying and to carry the lantern in one hand and the Viaticum bell in the other across the fields and mountains to the sick man's house, as is still the custom in the Tyrol.

Again the tinkle fell upon his ear. Antony began to tremble, a cold sweat stood in great beads on his forehead, and the words burst from his pale lips: "Jesus and Mary! It is the Viaticum bell."

And so it was; soon the priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament to a dying man, came into sight; a few steps before him walked a stout Tyrolese lad, bearing in one hand a lantern and in the other a bell which he rang from time to time. In the dark night the warning tones of the Viaticum bell drove the evil spirit of murder from the sinner's heart.

Trembling and confused he came out from his hiding place, threw himself at the feet of the startled priests, stammering out, "Pardon." The priest drew back for a moment in fear, but soon recognizing Antony, aver whose wild ways he had often sorrowed and for whose conversion he had offered many prayers and penances, he gave the lad a sign to withdraw to some little distance, and Antony confessed his murderous intent. Awe-struck, the priest listened to his confession; but soon seeing in him the signs of true repentance, he spoke words of comfort to the trembling sinner.

Full of gratitude and humble joy that he had been warned by the Viaticum bell before it was too late, Antony took the lantern and accompanied the priest to the end of his journey, which was still at some distance. On the road they met Andrew, who also joined them and accompanied his God, then returned in peace to his home, little dreaming of the danger which threatened his life.

From this time Antony's life was quite changed. The warning of the Viaticum bell seemed ever sounding in his ears; his gratitude to God was unbounded, and he lived as a Christian ought to do.

Once only did he again take up his rifle to turn it against his fellow-man. That was in 1866 when the Garibaldians invaded the Tyrol. He fought bravely and died the honorable death of a soldier.

After his death a packet was found marked: "In God's name I beg whoever finds this, after my death to open it and send the letters it contains to their rightful address."

There was a letter to Andrew and one to his own brother telling them of what he had one purposed, of the warning of the Viaticum bell, and of his deep repentance. There was also a letter to the good priest begging to be often remembered in his prayers as no doubt he was.

BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

A Family Event That Does Not Always Bring Unmixed Joy

Baby's first tooth does not come unannounced. Inflamed gums and impaired digestion produce a feverish and fretful condition about which the mother often feels concern. The baby boy of Mrs. George McGregor, of Hamilton, Ont., was troubled with diarrhoea while teething and was cross and restless. He did not sleep well and matters became serious. The mother writes as follows: "My sister had used Baby's Own Tablets for her baby and advised me to try them. I got a box and after giving the Tablets to the baby a few times he began to improve and was soon well. He is now a big, healthy baby and whenever he gets fretful or does not feel well I give him a Tablet and he is soon all right again."

Baby's Own Tablets replace with great advantage castor oil and other nauseous, griping drugs. They sweeten the stomach, quiet the nerves and promote healthful sleep. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and to be absolutely harmless. If your druggist does not keep them you can obtain a full-size box by mail, post paid, by sending 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

The Church in Germany

The imperial census bureau has just published the official result of the census of 1900, arranged according to religious denominations. We copy some figures that will interest Catholic readers. On December 1, 1901, the population of the empire counted 56,367,178. There are 35,231,104 Protestants; 20,321,441 Catholics. The Catholics, therefore, counted 36.05 per cent. of the population, whereas at the census of 1890 they counted only 35.75 per cent. In other words, in 1890 there were 570 Catholics to 1,000 Protestants; in 1900, 577 Catholics to 1,000 Protestants.

The official census consequently affords a slightly greater relative growth of the Catholic population than of Protestant. In the kingdom of Prussia the Catholic population rose to 12,113,670. During the ten years, from 1890-1900, the Protestant increase in Prussia was 7.7 per cent., the Catholic 10 per cent. It is consoling that by the showing of the official census the Church in Germany more than holds its own. And this is chiefly owing to the Catholic population in North Germany, notably in Prussia.

Were it not for the great and deplorable losses caused by the Church in Germany by the scourge of mixed marriages, the Catholics would gain upon the Protestants by leaps and bounds. In three states of the empire the Catholics are in majority. In Bavaria there are 4,362,563 Catholics to 1,749,206 Protestants. In Baden, 1,131,413 Catholics to 704,058 Protestants. In Alsace-Lorraine, 1,310,391 Catholics to 372,078 Protestants.

ROMAN NOTES.

Warm weather and the usual receptions and audiences granted by the Venerable Pontiff constitute the main reliable pieces of information from Rome that the past week has furnished. One Catholic correspondent says:—

Although it is again very hot weather in Rome, the pilgrimages have recommenced, and the Holy Father, not considering his own personal comfort, has received several thousand persons during the past week. On last Sunday about midday 300 persons were received by His Holiness in the Hall of Geographical Maps, the second pilgrimage from Sardinia, and also some strangers in Rome who received tickets from the Maestro di Camera to be present on this occasion and receive the blessing of the Holy Father. His Holiness was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and was borne through the Hall on the portatina. Each person was permitted to kiss the hand of the Holy Father, who also spoke a few words to each, and then from the centre of the hall imparted the Apostolic benediction.

On Monday, in private and separate audience, the Holy Father received His Grace Mgr. Macchi, titular Archbishop of Tesselonica, Apostolic Nuncio to Bavaria, and the Most Rev. Father Renato Maria Herbault, Procurator-General of the Certosian Monks. On Wednesday another large audience took place in the Sistine Chapel, where about one thousand pilgrims from the diocese of Treviso were received. The pilgrimage was directed by the Rev. Canon Pellizzari, D.D., rector of the Diocesan Seminary. The students of this seminary and of the Seminary of Ceneda were among the pilgrims.

also a great number of young members of several societies and associations, the banners and standards of which were placed near the altar. The presidents of the societies were received by the Holy Father, and presented the good wishes and offerings of the pilgrims. His Holiness made a short address.

President Roosevelt

Undergoes an Operation.

There is to be a lull in President Roosevelt's strenuousness. His tour of speechmaking came to an untimely end in Indianapolis on Tuesday last. He was found to be suffering from a swelling in the leg, between the knee and ankle, which required immediate surgical attention, and instead of being taken to the train to continue his journey to Fort Wayne and Milwaukee, he was conveyed to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he was operated on. The operation occurred at 3.45 o'clock and lasted only a short time. Then he was taken to a private room in the hospital to rest. After taking a light luncheon at 7.30 p.m., he was conveyed on a stretcher to his train, which was backed up near the hospital, and at 7.50 o'clock the train left for Washington. The President's injury is believed to have resulted from the accident in which he figured, recently, at Pittsfield, this State. It is mentioned as an interesting incident of the operation that the President's nurse in the operating room was Sister Mary Joseph, but in his private room he was attended by Sister Regina, whom he got acquainted with at Montauk Point. Sister Regina was one of the nurses who went to that great camp of soldier invalids at the close of the campaign in Cuba, and there performed much heroic work in attending to the fever-stricken men, among whom were a number of Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders. — Sacred Heart Review.

TIMELY ADVICE.

Madame Baker astonished and delighted the members of the National Dressmakers' Association when, at their recent convention, she uttered this advice:—

Get married. Get married early. Don't wait until you are old and withered before you allow some man to know you well enough to call you by your first name. If you are going into business for yourself marry a man who is employed in such a way that he can materially aid you in building up your patronage. Avoid the man who expects to make his living by becoming your errand boy, if he does anything at all. Keep yourself young. Go to church. Don't think that because you are a dressmaker you cannot be a Christian.

NEW LEADER OF TAMMANY.

Charles F. Murphy, the new leader of Tammany Hall, New York, has come up from the bottom, Tammany wanted a leader who was a product of itself, who was the outgrowth of a natural development. Mr. Murphy fulfills this condition. He is the result of evolution. He was first an athlete, then a street car driver, then a ward politician, then a district leader, then a city official, and now the head of the organization. He is a typical Tammany man. He represents its ideas, its principles, its aspirations. Whether he will develop the same ability and power that his predecessors possessed, time will only disclose.

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INACCURACIES OF
In the Cosmopolitan Magazine a short story—"Star" of Saturday last—entitled "The Canon," "A story of old Quebec," E. Macfarlane. Our purving attention to this stative bit of fiction is no any criticism upon its merits. We simply wish to some glaring inaccuracies do so, because they are in an author who lays c much general information Catholic institutions. say that, to any Catholic the whole story is an abfiction of the current tim absurd. What we desire out is the fact that r writers display more an their works a consummat knowledge, an entire abs formation, in regard to stitutions, Catholic cus Catholic discipline.

The scene is in Quebec principal theatre of the l is the organ loft of a Church; there are two of one of these a young New sical student plays, upon a young lady, a Protesti bec—who has long been i of practising in the Chu ates symphonies to corre the young man's improv young man is awaiting t the Superior of the Sulp has gone on a visit to M order to get his permis amine some of the old ments conserved in the S brary. He is anxious to