

The True Witness



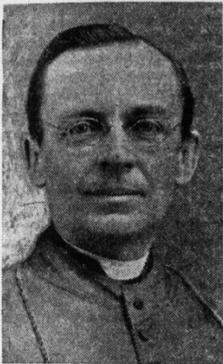
MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THREE CANADIAN BISHOPS FOR ROME.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi officiated on Tuesday, the feast of All Saints, at Pontifical High Mass at St. James Cathedral. His Grace was assisted by Right Rev. Mgr. Racicot as assistant priest, and two Seminarians as deacon and sub-deacon. The deacons of honor were Rev. Canons Vaillant and Roy, Rev. J. B. Demers, the Archbishop's Secretary, was master of ceremonies, assisted by Rev. Canon Dauth. Rev. Father Mellancon, of St. Louis de France, preached the sermon. The altar was tastefully decorated with flowers, candles and colored lights, while the altar boys were dressed in cardinal cassocks and their snow-white surplices had cardinal streamers and rosettes attached. The music of the fine choir lent additional charm to the imposing ceremonies.



His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi.

At the end of the Mass His Grace imparted his benediction. In the afternoon representatives of the female religious orders, and a large number of friends called to see His Grace, and wish him a prosperous journey to the Eternal City. At 6.30 solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was imparted by the Archbishop, assisted by Right Rev. Mgr. Racicot and Rev. Canons Dauth and Roy as deacon and sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were Rev. Canons Gauthier and Vaillant, Rev. Fathers Perrier and Demers, and the Superiors of the Franciscans, Redemptorists, Oblates, Jesuits, Holy Cross Congregation, St. Viator, Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, Sulpicians, Dominicans, several of the pastors of the different parishes and their assistants, and members of the Christian Brothers. The large edifice was filled with a congregation who came to take part in the last ceremony of the Archbishop in Montreal for some time.

His Grace said the prayers as prescribed by the rubrics, "Itenerarium," assisted by all the clergy present, and the choir.

The Archbishop then drove to the Grand Trunk station en route to New York, where another very large crowd of representatives of Church and State had assembled to catch a farewell glance of their beloved pastor. Many of those present kissed his ring, received his blessing, and wished him a "bon voyage." The numbers present testified to the esteem in which their chief pastor is held. As the train drew out of the station, many good wishes for a happy and prosperous journey were expressed, and many a silent prayer was offered up that His Grace would return safe and in good health to the Archdiocese of the Metropolis, over which he so well presides.

The True Witness joins with all the Catholics of the Archdiocese in wishing Mgr. Bruchesi a pleasant and prosperous journey. During the Archbishop's absence, the affairs of the diocese will be looked after by Mgr. Racicot. Rev. Canon Roy, Chancellor of the Archdiocese, goes with the Archbishop, as well as some friends of the laity and a couple of priests.

The Archbishop and party sailed this morning from New York. His Lordship Bishop Casey, of St. John, N.B., also sailed for

Rome on November 3. Accompanied by Rev. Father H. A. Meahan, of Moncton, he arrived in Boston on All Saints' Day. His Lordship celebrated Mass in one of the city churches. Wednesday he arrived in New York, from which port he sailed by steamer Celtic. His Lordship Bishop McDonald, of Charlottetown, was a passenger by the same steamer. On the trip, the first land sighted is Azores Island, in mid-ocean, the first stop will be at Gibraltar, at the entrance to the Mediterranean. A short stop will be made at Algiers, in Africa, and at Naples. The party will leave the steamer at one of the towns on the coast of Italy, where they will take the train for Rome, a distance of five hours' ride. The voyage occupies 14 days. Their Lordships will in all probability reach the Eternal City by the 20th November.

Catholicity Prospers North of the Tweed.

Catholicity continues to progress in Scotland. The foundation stone of a new Church in Portobello has been laid by His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Smith, Archbishop of St. Andrew's and Edinburgh. The old church, which was acquired in 1835, was long since found to be quite inadequate to accommodate the gradually growing Catholic population of the town, and accordingly its demolition was decided upon to make room for the handsome structure which is now in course of progress. Seating accommodation is to be afforded for close upon a thousand persons, and the total estimated cost is over \$35,000. In 1844, up to which time there was no resident clergyman in Portobello, St. John's old Church was formally opened as a mission station to supply the needs of the Catholic population of a very wide district, stretching from Edinburgh to within a short distance of the walls of Berwick-on-Tweed, including the whole of Haddingtonshire, and the shires of Berwick and Mid-Lothian. In later years, however, it was found impossible to provide for the increasing Catholic community, and accordingly the Rev. Father Clapperon, the first priest of the place, opened mission stations at Dalkeith, Prestonpans, Pathhead, Tranent and Haddington, and these missions have now large and flourishing congregations. The successive expansions of late years can be judged from the fact that while in 1851 the district census of Catholics totalled 1000, the town of Portobello has come to hold more than that number within its own limits. The present pastor of the mission (Rev. Joseph Donlevy) was appointed at the beginning of 1890.

THE DIGNITY OF THE PRIEST.

We clip the following from the Michigan Catholic. It will be profitable reading for all Catholic men and women, who are inclined to speak words of criticism of our clergy:

It is a noteworthy fact that one of the marks of a true Catholic is the esteem he invariably cherishes, and the reverence he manifests towards the minister of God. It is not a cringing servility, nor fulsome flattery, nor again is it that mere sentiment of courteous refinement that prompts the true gentleman to acts of respectful obsequiousness towards others. No; its source and consciousness that God Himself is the ultimate object of whatever honor is shown his priest. And this is but fitting, for has not the priest abandoned everything, to minister exclusively to them? Is not his life, his time, his labor at their disposal? Is he not the vice-agent of God in their regard? Is it this entire and unreserved dedication of his whole being, physically, morally and intellectually, to the cause of his Maker that elicits this universal loyalty to the priest, and that distinguishes it from the more or less human motives that beget deference and respect, in the hearts of non-Catholics towards their pastors.

As a contrast, now and again there is to be found a person, possessed of such mental giddiness and levity, or malice, or both, as to scruple not to

censure nor to expose to obliquity and contumely the most innocent actions of his sacerdotal superior. Such persons by the very fact of this baseness to which they stoop prove themselves to be neither more or less than ignorant, unprincipled slander mongers, and such, unworthy the notice of honest men. Yet the harm they are capable of doing is often incalculable. By their malice, or at least their unpardonable want of even ordinary judgment, they create enmities, antipathies, aversions, and in general do all in their power to weaken that moral influence which the priest, in virtue of his sublime office, wields over his faithful children. Such inconsiderate creatures seem oblivious to the fact that their wanton recklessness makes them rigorously amenable to the justice of God for all the evil that follows from this signal breach of religious obedience. It might cause them astonishment to learn that sins of detraction in themselves venial as a rule, become mortal when directed against an ecclesiastical person. And yet it is so.

Let them, therefore, remember that though a priest may be honored and esteemed from personal motives, by reason of his special talents or accomplishments or of the eminent position he occupies in the literary or scientific world or from any other cause, whatever, yet all this is merely accidental, nor is this esteem of the kind that is due him as a priest. No. The sublime dignity with which he is invested entitles him to a reverence far surpassing in degree and kind any recognition of his intellectual attainments or mental endowments. As a priest, he is a guide, a physician, and a father, and as such no person, of whatever condition he may be, is ever justified in casting irrelevant reflection on his conduct, much less in slandering or forging calumnies to the disparagement of truth, and the scandal of the faithful. A word to the wise is sufficient.

LITERATURE AND INFIDELITY

Dr. William Barry writes a notable letter to the Catholic Times, supporting the suggestion that Catholics must be alive to the importance of the Catholic press as a potent influence against infidel literature. He says: Catholics do not and cannot realize what a field lies open to their efforts in this direction, or how wonderful a harvest they might reap if they were willing to sow. England's danger is not heresy; it is sheer and convinced unbelief, which appeals to science, to Biblical criticism, to great modern names, against the very idea of God and Hereafter. How are we going to meet this evil? By printing, I say, much more than by preaching, though preaching is wanted, and cannot always be had. The trouble is that Catholics naturally harp on old strings, and so they will neither help nor encourage their own men who see the perils of these last times. Let us come to something practical. People are generous in building churches; they do not see the good of endowing a Catholic anti-infidel press. But I venture to say that if the infidel is allowed to preach outside while we stay indoors he will have the next generation at his mercy. Everyone knows that it is so, and Catholics are up in arms to defend Christian education. Very well; but what are the "educated" reading? Huxley, Spencer, Haeckel, Renan, in sixpenny editions.

AN AGED IRISHWOMAN.

The township of Montague can boast of having for a resident the oldest woman in this part of Ontario, in Mrs. Darby Morrison. She was born in Sligo, Ireland, in 1803, and is, therefore, 101 years old. She came to this country in 1837, passing through Ottawa, which at that time consisted of a few houses on the banks of the canal. She came to this section and settled in Montague, when it was a wilderness. She remembers the coronation of George IV, and William IV., and Queen Victoria, and distinctly remembers seeing Daniel O'Connell speak. She is in excellent health, and is able to walk out, can thread a needle without spectacles, which she never used.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S LETTER.

On the third of November next, I will embark at New York for Rome, with my Chancellor, Rev. Canon Roy.

Already, during the pastoral retreat, I spoke to you of reasons of this voyage. The year 1905 is the one during which I should make my visit "ad limina," prescribed by the Sacred Canons. I advance the time of this visit by a few months in order to answer the invitation extended to me by the Holy Father to assist at the grand festival prepared in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Fifty years ago my illustrious predecessor, Mgr. Bourget, had the happiness to assist, in the Basilica of St. Peter, at the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It seems proper to me that his humble successor on the throne of the diocese of Ville-Marie should be present at the ceremony of the fiftieth anniversary of this great event.

I would like, dear co-workers, to represent you and your faithful flock at the feet of our common Father, and at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, who will be the object of so striking a triumph. Is it not, in a certain sense, a duty of my pastoral charge that I shall then accomplish? But at the same time, I shall discharge a duty of filial gratitude towards her who has given me so many visible marks of her powerful protection and maternal kindness. I feel, I confess, a lasting want thereof.

I shall see Pius X. for the first time. It will be sweet to me to speak to him of your zeal, of the faith and piety of your people, of the prosperity of our undertakings; and to present to him a complete report which will certainly be of a nature to console his heart. I will place in his hands, with the offering of the Peter's Pence, that which you have recently raised for him on the occasion of the jubilee of the Immaculate Conception. This will be our humble gift; it will aid the august Pontiff in the numerous works that constantly call upon his charity. As I have already recommended to you, you will insist upon the celebration here, with all the pomp possible of the feast of the 8th of December. You will have this feast preceded by a Triduum of prayers; you will invite the faithful to approach the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist; in a word, you will do all that your piety towards Mary shall inspire you. Please read over, on this subject, the regulations set forth in my pastoral letter (No. 50).

On the night of the 8th of December, I would desire to see renewed the magnificent spectacle presented in the whole diocese fifty years ago, at the definition of the Immaculate Conception. I would wish that all Catholics, both in the country parishes and in the cities, should testify to their faith and happiness by the illumination of their houses. I know well that the temperature of winter favors but poorly demonstrations of this kind; yet it will suffice to make an appeal to our Canadian families, so devoted to the Blessed Virgin; they will vie with one another in their zeal, and will find a means of giving to this beautiful feast an éclat as touching as it will be grand. During my absence Mgr. Racicot will take charge of the administration of the diocese, and Rev. Abbe Perrier will fill the position of Chancellor.

CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION OF FRENCH-CANADIAN YOUTH.

You know all the good that I think of this association that has been recently formed among us. I shall be happy to speak of it to the Holy Father and beseech him to bless it. I recommend it to your lively sympathy. To subscribe to the paper which it has just started bearing the name of "Le Semeur," would be to encourage it and do an excellent work. The subscription to this paper is only 50c a year.

SACRED MUSIC.

I invite you to read over carefully the Motu Proprio of His Holiness Pius X. concerning sacred music, which the Semaine Religieuse

of the 29th of February last brought officially to your knowledge. This Pontifical direction was both necessary and opportune. It is imperative for us to conform ourselves to it as faithfully as circumstances will permit. It will in no way present any serious difficulties. Long ago, thanks to the wise prescriptions of my predecessors, Bishops Bourget and Fabre, plain chant, or Gregorian Chant was in use and honor in our parishes and houses of education and our religious communities. The only thing necessary is to continue to use the approved books in actual service. If they are not perfect, they answer, nevertheless, in a great measure the desires of the Holy See. When an authorized edition shall have been published by the Vatican, it will be easy to substitute it for those which we have to-day. For a long time, also, mixed choirs of men and women have been prohibited in our diocese, and it gives me much pleasure to say that this rule is scrupulously observed. Ladies are admitted to sing for certain religious ceremonies, such as the exercises of the month of Mary, of the month of the Rosary, or during the meetings of the pious confraternities of women, and that is not forbidden them by the new ordinances of the Holy See.

It has also been forbidden here, for quite a number of years, to sing anything in the familiar tongue during the solemn liturgical ceremonies. We can therefore say that we are strictly in keeping with those very important points of the Motu Proprio.

But there are some things to which I desire to call your attention. Sacred music, says the Sovereign Pontiff, should be holy, and, therefore, exclude all profane character, not only in itself, but also in the manner in which it is presented by those who take part therein. As modern music is principally devoted to profane service, we should watch with the greatest care that the musical compositions of modern style admitted into the Church contain nothing profane, have no tendencies to the motives used in the theatre, and be not composed, even in their exterior forms, upon the type of profane pieces.

It is not permitted to make the priest wait at the altar, by reason of the singing or music, more than is necessary for the liturgical ceremony. The liturgical text should be sung exactly as it appears in the books, without alteration or transposition of words, without undue repetitions or contractions of syllables, and always in an intelligible manner to the faithful who listen.

It follows from that, if the Gregorian chant is especially the liturgical and sacred chant, if it is especially recommended by the Holy Father, figured music is not therefore banished from the Church. But we see clearly the character that it should possess. We have, in this regard, certain reforms to make.

Consequently, at Mass, at Vespers, at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, musical compositions should never be admitted which would find a more suitable place in the concert room than in the sacred precincts; which please the ear, but in no way inspire piety; that contain useless and often contradictory repetitions; which by their great length fatigue both the faithful and the priest, and which are often nothing but operatic airs forced to adopt the sacred words.

We have not to-day to designate these musical compositions in use. They will be easily known by the rules cited already.

There exist fine musical masses, quite in conformity with the Roman directions. Let them be procured, if so desired. They can be sung on feast days in all liberty. The Tantum Ergo Sacramentum is sometimes sung to certain profane and popular airs. This is an abuse that must disappear.

Upon all this question of music and sacred chant you would do well to give your singers the necessary instructions, which, I have no doubt, they will be happy to follow.

Henceforth they will kindly abstain from publishing in the newspapers the musical programme which they will present on grand feasts. It is necessary when it is a question of something so grand as religious worship that everything that resembles

the concert or outward show be done away with. Violin or violincello solos are not permitted during the liturgical offices of nuptial Masses. In parishes where it can be done, I would see the faithful sing together the responses to the wishes and at invitation of the celebrant: Et cum spiritu tuo; Habemus Dominum; Dignum est justum est. This would be to answer, at least in part, to the desire formulated in the Motu Proprio by these words: "In particular that we take care to re-establish the Gregorian Chant in the practice of the people, so that the faithful take anew a more active part in the celebration of the ecclesiastical office, as was their custom heretofore."

NUPTIAL MASS.

At the end of the exhortation preceding the marriage, exhortation which has been in use in the whole diocese for many years, the priest says to the future betrothed: "We will join our prayers to yours, and after celebrating your marriage we will offer for you the holy sacrifice of the Mass, at which we exhort you to assist with respect and devotion."

Upon this point I recall to your minds what I have decreed at the last pastoral retreat. As often as the celebration of the marriage by the Mass, that Mass should be offered for the betrothed. The offering for this Mass is included in the approved tariff for marriages.

I profit by this occasion to tell you how deplorable I find certain habits which have introduced themselves upon the subject of marriages, and which tend to become more and more general. Truly, we seem to forget that marriage is a sacrament of our holy religion. The newspapers describe the bride's apparel as though it were one for a ball; they must enumerate the presents received, and give all the other worldly details. Everyone seems to put a veritable rivalry into this. Where, then, are the simple usages of our fathers? Where are our Christian sentiments? A few observations to the members of your parishes upon this point, and I am sure of excellent results.

INVOCATION TO THE SACRED HEART AFTER MASS.

By a decree of the 17th of June, 1904, His Holiness Pius X. has been pleased to authorize the recitation, after the Salve Regina and the prayers that follow the Mass, three times the invocation: Cor Jesu sacratissimum, miserere nobis.—Sacred Heart of Jesus, have pity upon us.

We will do ourselves the happiness, in the whole diocese, to repeat this invocation to which the Sovereign Pontiff has attached an indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days.

THE CANADA ECCLESIASTIQUE.

This work, which is published every year, has a right to our encouragement. It is useful to every one, on account of the enlightenment which it contains. It is especially precious to the clergy, but, naturally, its publication entails a considerable outlay. I would regret very much to see it disappear. Let each one make it a duty to procure a copy. It would also be an excellent thing if each Fabrique became the possessor of a copy.

I recommend myself to your good prayers, and I reiterate to you, dear co-workers, the assurance of my most devoted sentiments in our Lord.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

NEWMAN'S TRUST IN GOD.

In March, 1884, Newman wrote: "For myself, now, at the end of a long life, I say from a full heart that God has never failed me, never disappointed me, has ever turned evil into good for me. When I was young I used to say (and I trust it was not presumptuous to say it) that our Lord answered my prayers. And what He has been to me, who have deserved His love so little, such will He be, I believe and know, to every one who does not repel Him and turn from His pleading."

"Have you ever read any of the teachings of Buddha?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"No," replied her hostess, as they seated themselves in the sumptuous library. "Where's he teaching?"

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by HELENE.

Walking across the mountain recently and looking over our great city, the thought came, what vast resources are ours. Smokestack after smokestack rises, speaking of the activity of commerce and the abundance of work for all. Away down in the city's great heart was bustle and striving for the goal, each man in a different way eking out a living. Then one saw towering above even the highest chimneys the cross resplendent from a hundred spires, a silent sentinel, watching, guarding jealously and defending the rights of the weak against the strong. Then one became conscious of the peace reigning all over dear old Mount Royal. Nature was preparing for her rest. Decay was visible on every hand. We missed the greeting of our little song-bird friends; we missed, too, the wild flowers. Still, Nature's fiat has gone forth—all things must get ready for their winter's sleep, but we have the happy assurance of a bright spring awakening.

FASHIONS.

All that is most dainty finds its way into the party gown. Any amount of work may be put upon them, and a reasonable amount of trimming, without affecting in the least the simplicity of design. The lines of the bodice have slowly been undergoing a change, and the close-fitting, pointed waist is in favor. The regular pointed waist, suggesting the Louis XV style, has the material draped over a rounded and carefully fitted lining. The new bodices show the waist without the decided pouch, and the higher bust-line with the folds or fullness of the waist drawn closely to the figure. The draped girdles are all made in such a way that they come more or less below the immediate waist line. This arrangement helps to give the new effect in a simple, easy way. Morning gowns made shapely and attractive without sacrificing comfort are always desirable, and this season are shown in an exceptional number of effective designs. A very graceful model is made in shirt waist style, and is fitted at the back by means of tucks, while it is loose at the front, the tucks extending to yoke depth only. Leather-colored chalice dotted with brown, and combined with collar and cuffs of plain brown finished with braid makes up prettily. The color must be chosen to suit the individual.

New short dresses are very short. New long dresses are very long. The accepted tailor dress for morning wear has a skirt that stops from two and a half inches to three and a half inches above the ground. It is made of pepper and salt tweed or of dull brown homespun. Perhaps its skirt is cut with five, seven, or eleven gores, its seams finished with straps and stitching. Perhaps it is laid in box plaits at intervals of six inches all around. In either case it flares wide at the feet.

Kimono dressing sacks are always satisfactory and comfortable at the same time that they are graceful. To have one purely oriental in style, combine a Japanese silk, white with figures of red and blue, with bands of plain blue. The full fronts and back are joined to a shallow yoke, and the banding which finishes the front also forms a collar. To make the kimono for a woman of medium size will be required four and three-eighths yards twenty-one, four yards twenty-seven or three and a half yards thirty-two inches wide, with one and seven-eighths yards in any width for banding.

Ribbons are much used this autumn in millinery. Bows, rosettes, cockades and choux adorn hats; also flat ruchings rather than quillings. Some of the ribbons will be shirred or plaited. Huge rosettes made from short bits of ribbon, with vandyke points in several harmonizing or contrasting shades, are used in these rosettes. Double rosettes—that is, two, with a sort of sheaf effect between—also appear in ribbons.

The girl who has had trouble with the ruching and ribbon combination should try one of the new skeleton collars. The ruching is basted on the collar, which is pinned around the neck, and then the ribbon is tied around it. Thus the weight of the ruching does not bear down the ribbons, and the neck has a more trim and tailored look.

A hat with all the tints of autumn in it, of smooth felt of an old green shade, is quite smart. It has a

broad brim rolled up envelope fashion on the right side, and a little less rolled on the left. A wreath of dahlias shaded from pale straw to deep, rich crimson, cross the top of the hat and extend over the turned up brim. A band of green and brown shaded velvet encircles the brim, and a shaded green feather falls over the brim in the back.

Pale yellow and poppy red are the latest things for skirt linings, and both wool and silk are lined with these two daring shades. A touch of the same shade as the lining either on the stock or in jewels on the girdle is quite the thing.

TIMELY HINTS.

Grate breadcrumbs and brown them slightly. Allow one-half teaspoonful to an egg, and strew them in when making a plain omelet. Baker's stale bread makes the best crumbs. Tutti-frutti salad can be as comprehensive as one pleases; in fact the more variety that goes to make it the better, and canned fruit can be substituted when the fresh are out of season. Slice pineapple, bananas, oranges, peaches, etc., and arrange in layers with cherries, halved plums, strawberries and raspberries. Sugar well and let them stand till the juice given out makes a rich "syllabub" by beating meringue into it, then pour over fruit and freeze.

A mustard plaster made with the white of an egg will not blister. In making ketchup of any kind, never use anything but a porcelain lined kettle, or one of some make that does not impart a taste to the ketchup. It is wise to use new bottles and also to sterilize them by immersing them in boiling water and letting them stand for five minutes before using them. It is not necessary to purchase the bottles with patent stoppers. The cost of the simple bottles necessary is only a trifle if they are purchased in quantity.

A woman whose handsome back comb was forever slipping out of her hair had a little gold chain attached to it by means of a tiny hole bored through the upper right hand corner. To the other end of the chain was attached a shell hairpin. This simple device saved her many anxious moments, and she still has her comb. To clean and renew black chiffon, lace, veils, or ribbons, boil an old black kid glove in water; strain the liquid thus made through a cloth and dilute it with warm water. When cold take a smooth, uncovered ironing board; upon it place the article to be cleaned, and with a sponge dipped in the solution go over a small portion at a time; smooth out every crease, making the article stick lightly to the board. Take good care to keep the edges straight. Leave it on the board until dry, then peel it off carefully, and the article will look crisp, new and fresh.

Powdered starch applied instantly will take out almost any fruit-stain from wash goods, if allowed to remain on the goods for a few hours until the discoloration passes into the starch. Starch applied in this way will remove iodine stains also.

The home milliner may be glad to know that by careful brushing, and alcohol applied with a soft brush, faded colored straw hats may be easily touched up with water-color paints and made to look like new. Blue hats may be recolored with bluing, using a weak solution for light blue hats, and increasing the quantity of bluing according to the shade required. A natural colored or white straw hat may be cleaned from dust and sunburn by cutting a lemon in half, covering the hat with powdered sulphur and then rubbing it with the half of the lemon. Dry the hat in the sun, and when perfectly dry brush off the sulphur.

Instead of sewing tapes or loops of braid on holders, use the brass rings so cheaply sold by the dozen. The largest size of these rings can sometimes supply the place of, and out-ward, buttonholes, as on waists to which skirts are buttoned.

ANGER IN SILKEN HOSE.

Women who lean towards the small extravagances of dress will probably not rejoice to learn that a celebrated scientist has recently traced a case of partial paralysis, with ataxic gait, to the wearing of silk stockings which, when analyzed, were found to have been dyed with a mixture containing large quantities of tin. The occurrence has led certain European

physicians to warn women in general against the wearing of silken hosiery unless it can be proved that the latter is not dyed with colors mordanted with tin—which might, in most cases, be a rather difficult task. The unfortunate phase of the matter is that colors which are perfectly "fast" so far as washing is concerned, are quite frequently capable of solution in perspiration, and are particularly dangerous when the fluid is exuded from the pores of a person who is not in perfect health. Under these circumstances it would seem that in hot weather one should approach dyed stockings of all kinds with considerable discretion—and particularly if one should happen not to be in good health.—Harriet Arnot, in Designer.

CARE OF GLOVES.

How few women realize that it is in the putting on and off of a glove that it is pulled out of shape if one is careless in this operation? Watch an experienced saleswoman some time, and you will see she puts the glove on the four fingers before she does on the thumb. In taking off begin at the wrist and turn back as far as the second joint of the fingers. It will then come off easily with a gentle pull at the finger tips.

Don't roll your gloves up in a little ball as if they were stockings, but stretch them out and lay them away as flat as possible, with the thumb folded inside the palm. If this care is taken your gloves will last twice as long, and look well every time you wear them.

DON'T USE CHEAP THIMBLES.

A soreness in what is called the thimble-finger, and even serious inflammation, is sometimes caused by the use of cheap thimbles. These thimbles, which are composed of lead or something equally injurious, may be tempting by reason of their low price, but they are not safe. Silver thimbles are the best, but for those to whom they prove too expensive nothing is better than thimbles of highly burnished steel. By a person who gains her living with the needle, a steel thimble is always liked, for it will outlast two or three of the more expensive silver.

MADE OF CLOVER.

For sachets gather the clover blossoms before they are ripe and they will retain their perfume for months. Place them in the shade to dry, turning them often. Net or any sheer fabric drawn up and tied with narrow ribbons makes dainty sachets. Or take the pretty Japanese handkerchiefs, or the little paper napkins; fill the centre with the dried flowers, gather the four corners together and tie with ribbons. Placed among handkerchiefs and bed linen, they impart a delicate fragrance, quite equal to lavender, the delight of the English housewife.—New World.

RECIPES.

Prune Souffle.—Remove the stones from half a pound of stewed prunes; press the prunes through a sieve, add to them the yolks of three eggs slightly beaten, with four tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Fold in the well-beaten whites of six eggs; turn at once into a baking dish, dust the top with powdered sugar, bake in a quick oven for five or six minutes, then send immediately to the table in the dish in which it was baked.

Rice Bavarian with Compote of Pears.—Mould rice Bavarian in a ring mould, garnish with a circle of raisins. When cold turn out upon a platter and fill the opening with pears which have been cooked whole in syrup. Serve very cold.

Porcupine Apples—Select apples of equal size; pare, core and cook them in syrup. Boil down the syrup; roll the apples in it. Stud with almonds, fill the centres with jelly. Arrange waters around the edge of the dish.

Norwegian Pudding—Soak half a pound of sago in cold water for four hours; then boil a pound of any ripe fruit (gooseberries or red currants are the most suitable) in a pint of water sweetened to taste. When quite soft pass them through a hair sieve and return to the saucepan with the sago. Stir over the fire until the sago is clear, then pour up to a mould. When set turn it out carefully, and serve with whipped cream.

Home-made Charlottes.—A very simple charlotte russe is made in the

following way, and is just as dainty and appetizing. Break apart some lady fingers and on each serving plate lay two halves of the lady fingers two and one-half inches apart. On top of these lay crosswise two more, thus forming a small crib. In these cribs heap some whipped cream which has been flavored and sweetened to taste. Garnish the cream with candied cherries and around the crib of lady fingers place some halves of Malaga grapes from which the seeds have been removed, some thin slices of orange and a few cubes of pineapple. Have the cream very cold. Serve the black coffee with this course. Candied orange peel may be used in place of the fresh fruit. No cake will be required.

Nut Sandwiches—Two Neuchatel cheese—the five cent size—one-half cup of salted almonds chopped fine, two or three tablespoonful of whipped cream. Beat the cheese with a silver fork, adding now and then a little of the whipped cream until the cheese is smooth and creamy and will spread easily. Add the chopped almonds, taking care to mix them thoroughly with the cream. Spread on very thin slices of bread cut into squares or triangles, and serve on a fringed napkin.

Bengal Curry—Cut two young chickens into joints, the same as for fricassee. Put the dark meat and bony pieces into the bottom of the saucepan, the white meat on top. Cover with boiling water, bring quickly to a boil, and simmer gently for one hour; add a chopped onion, a bay leaf, a teaspoonful of salt and simmer for thirty minutes longer. The chicken must be very tender.

Press through a sieve one can of Spanish sweet peppers; do not use any of the oil in which they are canned. Rub together a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour; add half a pint of water in which the chicken was boiled, and the peppers that have been passed through a sieve; add half a cupful of thick, stewed tomatoes, and stir the whole until it reaches the boiling point. Put two teaspoonful of curry in a bowl, add just a little stock to moisten; add this to the other sauce; then add grated onion. Cook, stirring constantly, for five minutes. Take from the fire, and add half a cupful of thick cream and another tablespoonful of butter. Lift the pieces of chicken, put them in the sauce, stand over hot water covered closely for at least twenty minutes. Serve in a deep dish, and pass with dry, plain boiled rice.

A GOLDEN CYCLE.

The following tribute to the Immaculate Conception was an essay written by a young lady pupil of Notre Dame, Worcester, Mass., whose relatives were formerly esteemed residents of this city. It is said to be a beautiful interpretation of an important doctrine and will doubtless be appreciated by our readers.

"Hail radiant vision! hail, thou peerless queen!
O lily sweet, whose petals hid no stain
To mar their white and fragrant
loveliness.
O royal rose, at whose earth-tostered feet
No cancer worm in secret silence gnawed!
Pure fountain from thy life spring,
Jewel fair,
Unflecked, unmarred by flaw of primal sin.
Immaculate! the bending seraphs sing
Immaculate! lo, earth has caught the strain,
And all a glad, sin-ransomed universe
Rings with the echo of that blest refrain,
And eager lips through earth and heaven repeat:
"All fair art thou, beloved one, all fair!
The spot original is not in thee."
What a glorious privilege for our Holy Father to begin his Pontificate on the eve of the golden year of the Immaculate Conception as a dogma, and how earnestly and lovingly has he entered on its celebration. Using his right of "the keys," he has unlocked the Church's treasure house and proclaimed a great jubilee; Rome, the city of the Popes, began the celebration and the various Sees throughout the world are taking it up, so that when the eighth of December dawns the entire Catholic world shall have clasped hands in honor of Our Lady's jubilee.

Is the belief in our blessed Mother's immaculate conception new in the Church? Some there are who think it is. But proof is not wanting to the contrary. Setting aside the many texts to be found in scripture confirmatory of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception there exists abundant proof in the writings of the early Christians. The Apostle St. Andrew, in a discourse before the proconsul Egus, says, "And, moreover, as the first man was created from immaculate earth, it was necessary that from an immaculate virgin should be born a perfect man; namely, the Son of God." St. Hippolytus styles her: "Holy and immaculate." Origen says: "She has not been tainted with the breath of the venomous serpent." St. Epiphanius calls the Blessed Virgin "the Immaculate Lily," "the Immaculate Lamb." St. Ambrose, St. Athanasius, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, all bear testimony to the belief of the Church on this point from the earliest ages. So, when the illustrious Pius IX. proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception he introduced no new belief into the Church. But why had not this been done centuries before? This question I am not able to answer further than this: The Church is the depositary of all wisdom, as of all truth, and she spoke when the time was ripe.

The festival of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin is known to have been celebrated in the oriental churches about the year 406. Matthew of Paris relates of the Archbishop of Armenia that in going into England about the year 1228, he was interrogated whether the Blessed Virgin in Armenia. The Archbishop replied: "It is celebrated." According to the most ancient authority, the festival is said to have been observed in Spain, even from the time of St. James, and it is certain that St. Ildephonsus, Bishop of Toledo, celebrated it with hymns, prayers and sermons as early as 667. In 1394 Don Juan I, King of Aragon, instituted by royal patent the feast of the Conception in all provinces then under his government. In 1506 an Association of the Conception was formed in Spain by Cardinal Ximenes. It is not only in festivals and solemn acts of religion that the people of Spain exhibit their devotion to this belief, but it is incorporated in their daily life; and the most ordinary form of salutation is, "Hail, most pure," to which is answered, "Without sin, conceived most holy." This feast was first established in England in 1066, and shortly after that was made general throughout the whole island by the zeal of the great St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury. From England it passed into Normandy, and took root in France. We find it sanctioned in Germany in a council held in 1049. Lastly it was adopted by Rome herself, and her doing so rendered the united testimony of her children more imposing than ever. Thus did the churches of the west testify their faith in this mystery by accepting its feast, which is the expression of faith.

Apart from the old world devotion to Mary Immaculate our own land furnishes us with food for thought. "This is the Blessed Mary's Land." And truly it is, for under her auspices Columbus set sail in the Santa Maria on his hazardous voyage, and every evening, as the sun went down upon the waste of waters, the Salvo Regina floated out upon the calm or raging wave. Following the example of the great Colon, Catholic voyagers and explorers scattered our sweet Mother's titles over the new world. While Lord Baltimore was on his way to colonize Maryland a storm arose that threatened to send the exiles to a watery grave. The Catholics united in prayer and promised to consecrate the province as a new votive offering to the Immaculate Conception. The storm ceased, and they entered the bay, which they called in honor of the Mother of God, but which was to bear its Indian name, Chesapeake. In 1672, when Father Marquette and his companions glided into the waters of the Mississippi, the dream of his life was accomplished; he had discovered the great waterway of the middle west, the artery of the continent, to which he gave the name of the Immaculate Conception. It was not to be wondered at, then, that in 1846, eight years before the promulgation of the dogma, that the fathers of the council of Baltimore elected the Immaculate Mother of God as the special patroness of the United States.

"The stars on our banner are gleaming for thee,
Then, oh take them, loved queen, for thy crown,
Clear star of the morning, bright star of the sea,
On our star-blazoned banner shine down.
E'er deep was our love for Columbia's shore,
Worcester, 1904.

But now deeper's that love in our breast,
She's the land of our Lady, now and e'er more,
She's the pure virgin's crown of the West.
Our banner is thine, Queen, oh bless all its stars,
And undimmed through all years make them gleam
With glory illumine its white and red bars,
On its gemmed field of blue ever beam."

In the same year that the dogma was proclaimed the Blessed Virgin herself appeared at Lourdes to the little peasant girl Bernadette, and when the child asked the beautiful apparition its name she got for answer, "Je suis l'Immaculee Conception." The numerous prodigies which have taken place in this favored spot through Our Lady's intercession furnish splendid arguments against the incredulity of our days.

"Ah! thou didst change. O sovereign fair,
That lonely desert bleak and bare;
Thy mandate bade thy servant bring
Turn barren rock the healing spring.
When thou didst rise upon her view,
In snowy white and stole of blue;
Fit emblem of thy royal state,
Thy grace and truth, Immaculate!"

Literature is so rich in our Lady's praises that it is difficult to say who has written most beautifully of her. Catholics are not alone in this field of prose and poetry; outsiders, men and women belonging to various sects, some of no creed whatever, have penned in most touching words her stainless loveliness. We are all familiar with Wordsworth's sonnet, which proclaims in no measured strain our Mother's title of immaculate. Charles Lamb says:

"Maternal lady with the virgin grace,
Heaven-born thy Jesus seemeth sure,
And thou a virgin pure.
Lady most perfect, when thy sinless face
Men look upon, they wish to be
A Catholic, Madama fair, to worship thee."

From a poem by a Protestant minister of Cambridge, England, the following lines are taken:
"She catches on her brow immaculate
The fresh full glory of the day and is
Herself an hierarchy, first and best,
And next to God."

Professor Carrol D. Wright, in one of our popular magazines, says: "I used to feel that it was mere idolatry or absence of refined feeling that led the Spanish and Italian peasants to kneel before the image of the Virgin Mother. A deeper appreciation of the aspirations of the human soul has removed that feeling from my mind."

No one can accuse Wm. Cullen Bryant of loving aught Catholic. Yet these lines are taken from his "Mother's Hymn":
"Such thanks the Blessed Mary gave
When from her lap the holy Child
Sent from on high to seek and save
The lost on earth looked up and smiled."

Hawthorne's soul was Catholic or he could not have written: "I have always envied the Catholics their faith in the sweet sacred Virgin Mary who stands between them and the Deity, intercepting somewhat of His awful splendor, yet permitting His love to stream upon the worshipper more intelligibly to human comprehension, through the medium of a woman's tenderness."

Lecky speaks thus of devotion to Mary: "All that was best in Europe clustered around it, and it is the origin of many of the purest elements of our civilization."
Goethe in his Faust:
"Virgin! from all soil of sin,
Virgin pure! to thee we bow!
Sainted mother! chosen Queen
One with the godlike thou."

So volumes could be quoted to honor her whose golden jubilee we are celebrating this year. What an honor for us, pupils of Notre Dame, to close our school career under such golden auspices. May we prove ourselves worthy of the mother most pure.
"Soul, is it faith, or love, or hope,
That lets me see her standing up
When the light of the throne is bright?
Unto the left, unto the right,
The cherubim, arrayed, conjoined,
Float inward to a golden point.
And from between the seraphim
The glory issues as a hymn
O Mary, Mother, be not loth
To listen, thou whom the stars
clothe;
Who see't and mayst not be seen;
Hear us at last, O Mary Queen!
Into our shadow bend thy face,
Bowing thee from the sacred place,
O Mary, Virgin, full of grace.

Dear Boys and Girls:
What a nice lot of letters an interest in the "Corner," all are glad to welcome a jolly time on Halloween, the evening's fun, for these amusement that all the new "Corner" all about the fun.

OUR BOY

BY

Dear Boys and Girls:
What a nice lot of letters an interest in the "Corner," all are glad to welcome a jolly time on Halloween, the evening's fun, for these amusement that all the new "Corner" all about the fun.

Dear Aunt Becky :-
I am a little girl of seven old. I live in Sudbury. I Saint Aloysius separate school study arithmetic, spelling, and English reading. I am second reader in English, just second class. I am so glad you a corner in the paper for the ren, and I am always anxious the paper to come so I may the letters. I hope to see in the paper next week. I very pleasant vacation at my ma's in the country. We use wild all day, pick berries, bathing when the weather was I have a little baby sister months old, and three brothers will tell you their names in letter.

Good-bye, dear Aunt Becky
From your little friend

P.S.—This is not very good hope you will be able to read I will do better next time.
Sudbury, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky :-
I am a little girl ten year go to St. Patrick's school. St. Aloysius is the Mother I learn a great many lessons have some cats and a home. I go to the Jesuit for books. I am very fond of books. Will there be a long your paper for children stories about schools. I have well.

Your loving child

Dear Aunt Becky :-
Pa says he will give me if I get a letter in the True I think if he gives me 50 cent I write a letter I'll write I asked him if he would give if I wrote two letters, but no. I don't want him to letter till the paper comes, haps there will be some more. Pa gave me a dog because I got first prize in His name is "Blinks," because has something the matter with eye. Every Sunday Pa and me go for a walk on the town, and Blinks fights all with all the other dogs. I me to read books, but it long to spell the big words says if I want to be a lawyer read lots of books. Some lows on our street made a painted it red and put me and we play reels with it, ma and I go to every fire is in the middle of the night then Pa goes alone with Blinks last year when a boat got ma let me get out of bed all went down to the wharf the shed fall down. We anywhere in the summer of the island, because ma this never get enough to eat boarding houses going now Pa will give me another 50 write again.

JOHN

Dear Aunt Becky :-
My chum Billy said he to write to you and ask fetch up a puzzle for the Corner, so I thought I'd and tell you I like to work kind of thing better than multiplication of fractions Brother gives us at school, ever make "Gobolinks"? easy to make. Just pour on a piece of paper and the paper in two and wait till Sometimes it looks like th and horses and frogs, and write poetry about it. them in school and the Br it wastes ink too much. My grandmother says to print some Irish fairy to the little children. She of mighty creepy ones about man with the long hair th and rings at the door wh is going to die. I think of thing would be too frigh

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls: What a nice lot of letters! It is so encouraging to have you take an interest in the "Corner." Many of you having expressed your particular tastes, it will be my pleasure to try to meet you. I am sure you all are glad to welcome a little friend from Sudbury. Surely you had a jolly time on Hallowe'en. I hope a taffy pull was one of the items of the evening's fun, for there is something about that good old-time amusement that all the new-fangled ideas cannot replace. Write to the "Corner" all about the fun you had.

Your friend, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:— I am a little girl of seven years old. I live in Sudbury. I go to St. Aloysius separate school. I study arithmetic, spelling, French and English reading. I am in the second reader in English, junior second class. I am so glad you have a corner in the paper for the children, and I am always anxious for the paper to come so I may read the letters. I hope to see my letter in the paper next week. I spent a very pleasant vacation at my grandpa's in the country. We used to run wild all day, pick berries, and go bathing when the weather was warm. I have a little baby sister seven months old, and three brothers, I will tell you their names in my next letter.

Good-bye, dear Aunt Becky, From your little friend, B. D.

P.S.—This is not very good, but I hope you will be able to read it all. I will do better next time. B.D. Sudbury, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:— I am a little girl ten years old. I go to St. Patrick's school. Mother St. Aloysius is the Mother Superior. I learn a great many lessons. We have some cats and a parrot at home. I go to the Jesuit Library for books. I am very fond of reading. Will there be a long story in your paper for children? I like stories about schools. I hope you are well. Your loving child, MARY B.

Dear Aunt Becky:— Pa says he will give me 50 cents if I get a letter in the True Witness. I think if he gives me 50 cents every time I write a letter I'll write soon. I asked him if he would give me \$1 if I wrote two letters, but he said no. I don't want him to see my letter till the paper comes, so perhaps there will be some mistakes in it. Pa gave me a dog last year because I got first prize in school. His name is "Blinks," because he has something the matter with one eye. Every Sunday Pa and Blinks and me go for a walk on the mountain, and Blinks fights all the time with all the other dogs. Pa wants me to read books, but it takes too long to spell the big words. Ma says if I want to be a lawyer I must read lots of books. Some other fellows on our street made a cart and painted it red and put bells on it and we play reels with it. Pa and ma and I go to every fire unless it is in the middle of the night, and then Pa goes alone with Blinks. Once last year when a boat got burned, ma let me get out of bed and we all went down to the wharf and saw the shed fall down. We don't go anywhere in the summer except to the island, because ma thinks you never get enough to eat in the boarding houses going nowadays. If Pa will give me another 50c, I will write again. JOHNNIE B.

Dear Aunt Becky:— My chum Billy said he was going to write to you and ask you to fetch up a puzzle for the Children's Corner, so I thought I'd write too and tell you I like to work out that kind of thing better than the old multiplication of fractions that our Brother gives us at school. Did you ever make "Gobolinks"? They're easy to make. Just pour some ink on a piece of paper and then fold the paper in two and wait till it dries. Sometimes it looks like things, men and horses and frogs, and then you write poetry about it. We make them in school and the Brother says it wastes ink too much. My grandmother says to tell you to print some Irish fairy tales for the little children. She knows lots of mighty creepy ones about the woman with the long hair that goes and rings at the door when anyone is going to die. I think that kind of thing would be too frightful for

children. Granny knows lots of nice stories, but she can't write them with her rheumatism.

I think only children have written to you, but I hope you will put my letter and Billy's in next week.

One of my uncles gave me a new toboggan for my birthday, and he says he is going to give me a ticket for the Park slide at Xmas. Billy likes the summer now, but he used to like the winter last year. We went up the mountain to-day to see if there were nuts, but there were none. Hoping you are well and enjoying the best of health, I remain, yours truly, HENRY S.

Dear Aunt Becky:— We are all glad that the True Witness is going to have a boys' and girls' page. I have one brother and three sisters, and we like to read stories, and find puzzles. My brother goes to college and knows how to make puzzles. My little sister is too small to go to school, yet. Mother always reads to us when we go to bed. My little sister thinks 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland' is the nicest book there is. She is only five years old. I like 'Sara Crewe.' I am eleven. My big sisters like 'The Crisis,' and 'When Knighthood was in Flower.' I never read them. Tom says to say he used to like Fenimore Cooper and Henty, but he would rather something not so exciting now.

I went to Father McCorry's lecture. I think it was lovely. We have some of the pictures in our house that he showed. Tom has a magic lantern, and sometimes he shows us the pictures at night. Last year we had a lot of pictures taken at the seaside, and Tom asked the photographer to fix them so he could use them in his magic lantern. It is so funny to sit on the parlor floor and look at ourselves going bathing, and having a hay-cart ride. We want to know if you are going to have any long stories for girls. Your loving niece, MINNIE T.

Dear Aunt Becky:— Would you let a fellow into your corner that is fifteen years old? We get a lot of papers at home, and I always write to the Children's Corners when there is one. Last year I got a fine book for a prize in an Essay Competition in one magazine, and I got five dollars for a puzzle in another. Won't you have any puzzles in the True Witness? Lots of fellows hope you will have some, and give books to the ones that guess them first. We went to a place called The Big Gap this summer. It is near Muskoka Island, and a fine situation for a boys' camp. We made a tent and slept in it for a week; but we had no camp beds, and the ground is pretty hard around there, so after that we just used to go there for the day and bring our dinner with us. One fellow had a canoe and another fellow had a raft. We tried to make a dugout like some one we read about in a book, but the first time we got in it just rolled over and we got upset. We made our tent across a little river, and we had to bring everything over on the raft. Sometimes the girls came too. I didn't have a sister, but another fellow had two, so when we sent out with the ladies he used to let me have one. She came from Ogdensburg, and I don't think I ever saw a finer looking person. She wore a red and white sweater all the time, and it suited her splendid. I tell you. Next year she is going to go into society, that is this winter, and next summer she's going to have a girls' camp just near ours. It makes me wish it was summer again when I think of the lovely things we used to do in the Big Gap. I got a finger broke last Saturday playing football on Fletcher's Field. It's a good job it was on my left hand. I tried lots of things to make it stop smarting, but it hurts some yet. Say, Aunt Becky, did you ever

read any of Father Finn's stories? They are the best things I ever came across for boys. Why don't you ask him to write one for your corner? I love reading. I like Henty pretty much, and Oliver Twist and Robinson Crusoe and Treasure Island, and Ivanhoe, and Little Women and Jo's Boys. I know a fellow that can write real stories about fights with Indians. He wants to know if you pay for the stories you put in the paper. He is the smartest boy in our class, so you can guess he is pretty smart. Please put in some puzzles and a boys' story, Aunt Becky. Your admiring nephew, BILLY THOMAS.

MOTHER'S LITTLE WORLD. Eyes of blue and hair of gold, Cheeks all brown with summer tan, Lips that much of laughter hold, This is mother's little man. Shining curls like chestnut brown, Long-lashed eyes, demure and staid, Sweetest face in all the town, This is mother's little maid. Dainty room with snow-white beds, Where, like flowers with petals curled, Rest in peace two dreaming heads, —This is mother's little world! —Robert F. Roden, in San Francisco Monitor.

STINGY JIM. Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a penny, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled, or his hoop, or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't bear to lend his sled, or his hoop, or his skates. He wanted himself. "If I didn't want it," he said, "perhaps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?" "Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your hoop to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it." The hoop was sent off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by and by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the hoop. Are you sure I shall feel better?" "Certainly," answered his mother, "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner." Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel as well as before. He gave away his sixpence that he had meant to spend for taffy. Then he said: "I don't like this giving away things. It don't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny ran up the street bowling the hoop, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a turn. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said: "You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my hoop. I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.—Ex.

THE LITTLE LOVER. She was only seven years old, but she was a lover of our dear Lord. Teresa's home was in Avila, in Spain. She had heard about the Moors, and how they were killing the Christians, so one day she left home to go far away, where the Moors were fighting. Her uncle happened to meet the child, and asked her where she was going. "I am going to the Moors," answered the little child. "Oh, you love the Moors more than your friends. You are a strange child." "I love God and I want to see Him. The Moors are killing the lovers of Jesus Christ, and I must let them know I am His lover." The uncle took her back home; but her love for God was with her all her days. She became the St. Teresa, one of the most wonderful women the world has ever known. She died in the year 1582, and has been in heaven many years. She loves the little children who are "little lovers" of our dear Lord. —Sarah Stevens, in Sunday Companion.

ONE POOR BOY'S RISE. He sometimes, but not often, spoke to me of his life as a boy. I remember in 1890, says a writer in Scribner's, when we were staying in Cincinnati together, his asking me one afternoon to go for a walk with him. He took me through obscure back streets and down dirty alleys until we reached a wharf on the banks of the Ohio river. He stopped at the bottom of the street, which ran steeply down to the river, and pointed out a lad who was rolling a large cask of tallow from a cellar down to the wharf. He said: "I have brought you here because I wanted to show you this place. It was in this street that I worked as a boy. I was doing exactly the same work as that lad, and, if I mistake not, that is the same cellar in which I worked." Who was "he," this man who had rolled tallow casks on a Cincinnati wharf? He was Sir Henry Stanley, the famous African explorer.

A GOAT STORY. A well known suburbanite who had been greatly troubled by the depredations of a neighbor's goat was driven to desperation one day when he learned that the animal had consumed a favorite red flannel golf coat. Determined on the goat's destruction, he employed an unscrupulous small boy who lived in the neighborhood to secure him to the railway track just before the daily express car was due. Some days afterward a friend inquired with interest if the goat had been effectually disposed of. "Not on your life," was the disgusted answer, "that goat has a charmed life. He coughed up that red golf coat of mine and flagged the train."

WANTED THE SADDLE. A saint was on his way, astride a horse, one evening to a country church, where he was to give a mission. On the road he met a friend, to whom he remarked: "I cannot say a prayer without being distracted." His friend said: "I am never troubled that way." "Do you mean to say that you are never distracted?" said the saint. "Yes, sir." "Well, if you kneel down there and say our Our Father without being distracted I will give you this horse," said the saint. "All right," said the gentleman. He knelt down, and just as he was about half through he turned around and said: "And the saddle, too?"

THE PAINTER'S SAINT. The 18th of October is celebrated in the Church as St. Luke's day, and he is the saint to be invoked by artists. He was educated as a physician, but is said by the early Church writers to have been an artist as well as a doctor. Several paintings of the Blessed Virgin are still extant which are believed to be authentic portraits painted by him. This constitutes him patron of painters, and he is usually represented as painting or writing, behind him the head of an ox, sometimes winged. This strange symbol is given him because he, of all the Gospel writers, wrote most fully of Our Lord's suffering and death, when He was offered as a sacrifice for our sins. The ox was the symbol of sacrifice, and an ancient writer says of St. Luke that he was represented with the ox "because that he devysed about the presthode of Jesus the Christ."—Ave Maria.

RESPECT FOR OLD AGE IN JAPAN. (From Leslie's Weekly.) In Japan there is no such thing as disrespect from youth to age. No Japanese boy or girl could ever think in a light or disrespectful manner of his or her superiors or teachers, and this may account for the earnestness so unusual among young children. When a student enters a master's presence in Japan he bows to the floor, and when the lesson is finished he bows again, with expressions of the deepest gratitude as he takes his departure. The teacher, sitting in most cases upon his feet on the floor, gravely returns each salutation, then lights his little pipe at the inevitable bit of a smoking-box and waits for his next class. There is no hurrying of masters from room to room, as in some of the schools in our enlightened land. Great imitators as they are, the Japanese are remarkable for knowing instinctively those "foreign" customs which would not coincide with their national characteristics.

MADE OVER. "Some folks feel quite proud in their made-over clothes, don't they?" Mabel Dew nudged Lizzie Smiley as she spoke, and directed her attention to Retta Perkins, who stood near them. "I thought that was a new dress," whispered Lizzie. "It was new once, when Mrs. Fisher wore it." "Oh!" exclaimed Lizzie, opening her eyes very wide. "Yes," continued Mabel, "and that cloak was Miss Ledyard's. It's just made over." Retta turned and looked towards the girls at the moment, but Mabel met her smiling glance with a toss of the head, as she drew Lizzie away toward the door. "Isn't she proud as a peacock!" said Mabel. "I heard Mrs. Fisher telling mother all about it. She had the dress turned and made up wrong side out, and Miss Ledyard's cloak was cut over, and that velvet on Retta's hat was on Claude Fisher's last year. And Mrs. Fisher said: 'Now we're not going to mention it and nobody will know but the things are new.' Just as if we girls couldn't tell made-over things! Wouldn't you have known that was a turned dress?"

Lizzie was a timid child, and it was natural for her to agree with other people; but she was a truth-teller, so she answered: "No, I really thought it was new, and Retta looked real pretty in it." "Well," said Mabel sharply, "I would have known. And if I had to wear other people's things I'm sure I wouldn't expect to deceive them. I think it's wicked to deceive, don't you?" Again Lizzie was tempted to say, "Yes indeed I do!" but after a moment's thought she said soberly: "I don't think it was really deceiving. The things are just as good as new, and they are new to Retta." "Dear me! You're as contrary as you can be," Lizzie Smiley, I didn't know you were so fond of odds and ends."

Then Mabel drew her arm away from Lizzie, and started across the street. But Lizzie ran after her, and Mabel's selfish heart knew at once that she could still "lead" and Lizzie would follow. The next Sunday Mabel drew away from Retta with a meaning smile and glance at Lizzie. It was so very foolish, but that little act seemed to affect the whole class, and made Retta silent and uncomfortable the entire hour. The next Sunday and the next Retta was absent; and the teacher, Miss Ledyard, thought surely she must be ill.

So, as soon as possible she went to her home. Retta was at school, but Mrs. Perkins was there to answer the teacher's earnest inquiry. Her face flushed, and she looked away as she replied: "I'm very sorry, but Retta heard something said about her made-over clothes, and she felt as if she couldn't come any more. 'Mother,' she said, 'the girls look me over from top to toe, and then they smile at each other.'" "Oh, Mrs. Perkins! I am so sorry! I didn't suppose one of my girls would do such a thing," said Miss Ledyard.

"Retta cried over it more than once," continued the mother. "She was so pleased with her dress and cloak. 'Why,' said she, 'father need not worry about me this winter. You know he's been out of work, and we've had a hard time to get along. I sometimes think if the little girls that have all they want could know how poorer children feel, they wouldn't mind quite so much about clothes.'" "Indeed they wouldn't!" exclaimed Miss Ledyard, "but I can't give up Retta."

It took a good deal of persuasion, however, to bring Retta back into the class. "This may be your cross, dear. Can you bear it bravely for Jesus' sake?" This was the argument which finally made the child yield. So she came again, but the bright, happy look was gone from her face. She could not forget the glance and smile that had passed between Mabel and Lizzie, and every Sunday she sat a little apart from the others. Her pleasure in the pretty dress and cloak were gone, too, and she could only look forward to the time when she could have things that were not "made over."

Is Mabel in your class? Until a vessel gets under way, it will not respond to the rudder. So it is with our lives. We must make a start in some way before we can hope to direct them into channels which we desire them to take.

LINES DURING ILLNESS. And in Loving Remembrance of His Spiritual Adviser. Worthy young soldier of Christ, Descendant of Peter, whose fame Is famous since Jesus was martyred Oh, well art thou worthy thy name.

The Saint of our dear holy Isle, Has serving at one of his altars, A Peter who never fears toil. The priesthood is honored, and Patrick, Ah, well for the parents who bore thee, Their haven is surely on high, And if favors on earth are accorded, Their death has no terrors but joy. God keep thee, young egggarth, I pray it, To live and fulfil here below The mission of Peter the younger, My blessing I on thee bestow. —F. D. D.

Death of Archbishop O'Callaghan. After a long illness, Archbishop Henry O'Callaghan, formerly Rector of the English College, Rome, and for a short time Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, died on Monday at the Home of the English Sisters of the Little Company of Mary at Fiesole, Italy. The deceased prelate was born in London in 1827, educated at St. Edmund's College, Ware, and ordained in the Metropolis. Becoming Rector of the English College, Rome, he held the position for just a quarter of a century.

Knights of Columbus Day At the World's Fair. More than five thousand Knights celebrated Knights of Columbus Day, at the World's Fair with various exercises, including music and addresses in Festival Hall in the morning, athletic events in the Stadium and a drill by the knights in the Plaza of St. Louis in the afternoon and by a special water pageant on the lagoons in the early evening. The closing event, the banquet tendered to the Most Rev. John J. Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis, by the Supreme officers and directors of the Knights of Columbus, at the Hotel Jefferson in the evening, was one of the most elaborate social affairs ever held in St. Louis.

Seated about the tables were an Archbishop, three Bishops, Supreme Knight Edward L. Hearn and the Supreme officers and Board of Directors, comprising the most prominent members of the organization in the United States. The banquet table was the centre of a bower of grapevines, which stretched over the table and met above. In the branches of the vines were canary birds, warbling during the repast. In the centre of the table was a lake of fish. An incandescent bulb in the water gave varied colors to the goldfish swimming about. Behind the grapevines an orchestra played. Archbishop Glennon paid a glowing tribute to the Knights and spoke of their history and the good which they were accomplishing for the Catholic Church.

GOOD USE OF THE EYES. A very holy man, an Italian Bishop, had in his lifetime to struggle with the severest trials. Such a victory did he gain over himself as to betray not the slightest sign of impatience, of worry or of fear. "What, then, is your secret that, whatever happens, you are always so calm?" asked one day an intimate friend. "My secret is a very simple one," answered the old man, "I only make good use of my eyes, that is the whole story of it." "How so," said the other, "explain." "With the greatest pleasure," replied the Bishop. "First, I lift my eyes to heaven and remember that is the place I must strive for with all my might. Next I cast my eyes upon the ground and think what a small plot of it I shall one day occupy. Then I cast a glance out on the world and reflect what a countless number are worse off than I am. Forthwith it is evident that I must suffer in silence and peace and that I should be bitterly in the wrong if I murmured or complained." Try it yourself, dear reader, at least for once.—The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1904.

NEWSPAPER BLACKGUARDISM.

In a recent issue the True Witness pointed out the bold, resolute lying for political ends, to which The Toronto News resorted when it endeavored to prejudice the public opinion of Ontario by charging collusion between Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Catholic hierarchy, publishing a despatch from Three Rivers to the effect that the Bishops were in secret session "to pass the word among the cures," and more to the same effect. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi has since declared that The News story is false from the first word to the last. Observe then the brazen front of The News in the face of the exposure of its shameful fraud when it comments in the following terms upon the Archbishop's words: "The archiepiscopal denunciation, like other ecclesiastical thunders, will do no harm in these quiet times, when the laity have secured a few rights. Archbishop Bruchesi's denial, like the excommunication in the Ingoldsby Legends, will leave things much as they were before: Never was heard such a terrible curse, but what gave rise to no little surprise Nobody seemed one penny the worse."

The response indicates only the impudence of a hoodlum; for apart from the deliberate disrespect and blackguardism with which the Archbishop's denial is treated, The News seems to be oblivious to any necessity for apologizing to its readers, whom it deliberately endeavored to deceive.

ATHEISM IN FRANCE.

A few weeks ago a professor in a Toronto College lectured upon the benefits to Protestantism likely to arise out of the religious persecutions in France. A few thinking people at least in France do not view the situation in that light. They are looking rather to a reunion between Catholics and Protestants, so that a rampart of Christianity should be offered to the inundations of atheism and Socialism. M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu is one of those who think such a union possible, and he knows some Protestants who would be quite willing to stand shoulder to shoulder with Catholics. Of this class are the very few Protestant pastors of France who have denounced the barbarous policy of the Anti-Clericals. Catholic writers, on the other hand, are pointing out that if there are a few French Protestants who still remain faithful to Christ and the Gospels, the majority of the persuasion have always been bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church.

MAY IRWIN AND CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

Miss May Irwin, who, by the way, is an Ontario girl, is well known as a good Catholic and a very popular actress. It is seldom, however, that we see professional people sinking their popularity and taking a hand in the wider seriousness of life for conviction sake. May Irwin, comedienne and footlight favorite, has been doing this, making indeed a public statement of her belief in the necessity of Catholic schools. Viewing life as she has observed it, and

knowing its recompenses as she has practised it, May Irwin says: "I know the stage of to-day. I know that it reflects the current philosophies of life. Almost every play that is popularly called serious is tinctured with irreligion. Many of these are thoughtful, original—and startling. Pinero, as an example, He is an immense, though sordid, technical force. And when the amusement-loving public which devotes its leisure moments to swallowing his ethics in capsule form have completed the task—what then? Where are the bases of the moral law? Is not religion as an exalted way of viewing life sneered at—or worse still, subtly ignored? What safeguards for the morals of the young man are set up? Absolutely none!"

"I knew that my children would be interested in the things in which cultivated people everywhere are interested. I was sure that they would see and enjoy Pinero, Ibsen, and the technical craftsmen of the modern drama. Would their belief in a Law and a Law Giver remain? What would shelter their sense of right—unless it were enforced by the sanctions of a religious education."

"I saw that a time would come in my relation with my children when the final appeal would be to God—not the dim, 'unsectarian' Jehovah or Lord—but to the judging Christ! Without a religious education their minds might be highly cultivated—reflecting life at many points. Should they turn to the Bible as a refuge amid the storms? Why should they? They would have been taught that the Bible is among the masterpieces of literary art—that it ranks with Homer, Goethe, and Shakespeare as a literary document. But the Face of Christ would not shine from its pages. What else could I do but send them to a Catholic institution where religion would be an effective force—a real spiritual power. This I did. And the results were richly satisfactory."

May Irwin is no convert to these convictions. Her two handsome sons are cadets at De La Salle Academy, New York City, and their upbringing has been entirely within Catholic influence. Such is the Catholic mother.

At the recent General Chapter of the Cistercians at Cîteaux to elect a Superior-General the choice fell on Dom Augustin Marre, formerly Abbot of Iquy (Marne), and for some years past Auxiliary Bishop to the Archbishop of Rheims. As General of the Cistercian Order, Dom Marre becomes, ipso facto, Abbot of Cîteaux, and he is now Abbot-Bishop, with the title of Constance in partibus infidelium. He is 56 years old, and is regarded as likely to succeed to the Archbishopric of Rheims.

Dr. Elliott, the Protestant Bishop of Kilmore, Ireland, whose insulting allusions to Irishmen and Catholics have been referred to in the True Witness, has found it necessary to reply to the universal protest against his address to the Synod of Elphin. "In the average Irishman," he said, "you have one who will cheat you within the four corners of the law if he can, and if he cannot, he is ready to defy you and the law if he has the least chance of success." Of course this referred exclusively to Catholic Irishmen, and Dr. Elliott is good enough now to say that in his address he was careful to distinguish between creed and politics, that he "did not refer to any doctrine or ceremony of the Church of Rome," but that his remarks dealt merely with what he calls "political Romanism." "His observations upon the deterioration of national character," he further said, "were based upon the methods of the Land League, the institution of boycotting, and the proceedings in the Land Courts. Those who looked on attentively and saw the people drawn into the vortex of such influences must be pardoned if they have a strong conviction that character could not emerge from it unscathed."

When English law has stepped in to prevent Irish landlords from robbing Irish tenants the spectacle presents itself of a religious partisan of those landlords rising to vilify the tenants in his anger.

The family of M. Waldeck-Rousseau have conferred some benefit on the cause of truth by publishing the late French Premier's letters about the Associations Law and its application. The letters do not by any means justify M. Waldeck-Rousseau's acts when in power. They show, on the contrary, that he was angered by the violence of his successor, M. Combes, "a man of limited intelligence," as somebody has called him in commenting on the letters. The capital fact, however, that M. Waldeck-Rousseau prepared the way for the abominable persecutors of the religious orders, and, as has since been shown, of the Church in general, cannot be gainsaid. This is pointed out not only by clericals who would have an excuse to be hot-headed, but by papers whose editors are not in opposition to the Government, and who write in a cool and logical manner. M. Waldeck-Rousseau has been aptly compared to Vergniaud and the Girondins, who protested against the tyranny of the Terrorists or Jacobins, after they had been identified with the events and acts leading up to the great Revolution.

The war between the two branches of Presbyterianism in Scotland grows more intense. The general condition of things between the Free Church of Scotland and the United Free Church, as they are called, has apparently been made much worse by a recent Round Table conference in Edinburgh. The "Wee Kirk," as the Free Church is humorously called—and it is very wee, indeed, in the number both of ministers and congregations—would not give away any points to the majority, and it is understood that it will at once apply to the Court of Sessions to enforce the judgment of the House of Lords. The "Wee Kirk" ministers refused arbitration in any form, and seemingly contemplate a state of affairs in which the United Free Churchmen will be something like tenants-at-will, paying such rents for the churches (which they have themselves built) as the "Wee Kirk" authorities demand, preaching only such doctrine as the latter allow, and being liable at any time to eviction. The United Free Church, it is stated, will oppose the application of the Free Church in the Court of Session, on the ground that the latter is not capable of carrying out the work and administration of the trust.

A remarkable interview has been published in Paris by M. Emile Ollivier who recently was received by Pope Pius X. "The Pope," says M. Ollivier, "is animated by no aggressive spirit against the French Government. He is neither Republican nor Royalist, but Pope above all things, and accordingly he will oppose inflexibly every enterprise that threatens to assail the rights of the Pastor of the Catholic world. His conscience will not allow him to be intimidated by menace; he will not recoil; he will not give way through apprehension." M. Ollivier distinctly affirmed that the Sovereign Pontiff, contrary to what is being stated by his enemies, is of high intelligence, and possesses statesmanlike qualities of the most practical kind. And in Cardinal Merry del Val, Pius X. has found a worthy interpreter of his thought. M. Ollivier remarked that the Cardinal Secretary was foolishly represented as a fanatic and a person without any experience. On the contrary, His Eminence is ripe and experienced, acute of intelligence, thoroughly well informed, and, like the Pontiff whom he serves, full of determination.

Father Sheehan, the parish priest of Doneraile, Ireland, well known to literary people as the author of "My New Curate" and "Luke Delmege," and later by the philosophical reflections, "Under the Cedars and the Stars," is going to give a new story of that delightful type of Irish life of which he has proved himself the unequalled master by reason of the fresh air of the priestly genius breathing through his writing.

JOHN MORLEY ON IRELAND, Claims to be an Irishman and His Heart Turns to the Irish Question.

Right Hon. John Morley, who was the guest of the Canadian Club, Toronto, on Monday, in the course of a short speech which he delivered devoted most of his attention to Irish affairs. He said:

"The chairman seemed a little perplexed as to using the words English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian. To a certain extent, I claim to be rather international because I was born in England, I represent the best of Scotch constituencies (laughter) and the most active portion of my political life has been devoted to Ireland so that I call myself an Irishman. I hope, before I go back after my short visit, within three or four months, at all events, to have seen three general elections; one in Canada, another in the United States, and a third, and not altogether the least interesting of them to me, in my own country."

"I have heard, but I may be entirely wrong, that here and across your southern border it is a foregone conclusion. I may say without arrogance and with every confidence I may inform you that it is a foregone conclusion in the third of these countries. Upon the points at issue upon this continent it would be rather presumptuous and impertinent for me to meddle. I will only make this general observation that, in the present exciting age of the world, where there are new and even startling apparitions of nations among the forces of the world, you may depend upon it, gentlemen, that the choice of rulers at such a moment, either in Canada or the United States or the motherland, may prove to be a very serious departure for good or evil in the policy and persons of those who so embark."

"Now, so far as Canada is concerned, I hope you will let me, without offence, say but one thing on the topic which, I am sure among yourselves you often debate. You will understand what I am at when I say I submit to you that, in my view, no policy that withdraws either sources from the gigantic and supreme and beneficent task that lies around you of laying the solid foundation of prosperity in your own land—that any such diversion, and such departure, would be, I submit, a grievously mistaken policy. And, depend upon it—like my distinguished host here, I have thought of this question for many years—and depend upon it, for you here with your own work lying to your hand, to suffer yourselves to be caught in the entanglements and quarrels of the Old World would, indeed, be a poor compensation for the loss you would suffer in attention to your own de-

velopment and your own good. They would gather, proceeded the speaker, that his thoughts turned to Ireland, struck by the points of resemblance between the French-Canadians and the Irish. It was a mournful reflection to him that had the same policy been adopted for Ireland as for Canada in 1763, the history of Ireland would be vastly different. Anything that set up division between two races anywhere in the world worked mischief to mankind.

"If I was what in Canada is called a statesman I don't believe I should find any part of my work more interesting than in making effusion and common effort for the common good of the land." He believed that after the general election in England that with the distribution of parliamentary power the Irish party would be able to hold the balance between the two parties.

He was certain there were in that assembly profound difference of opinion as to the policy proposed for Ireland.

"I myself never quarrelled with any one because he did not come right round to our newly adopted opinions," said Mr. Morley, "even in that great difference of 18 years ago."

All were agreed in a common desire to do justice to Ireland and the money was proof that they were not only just but generous.

"If it should appear that these Irishmen are in a position to determine for us what our rulers are to be and what their policy shall be, I think that John Bull will waken up to consider the question if such a state of things is really terrible; and he will perhaps apply himself again to a solution of the national difficulty which is still outstanding and still confronts us." The speaker thought that those of strong views in Toronto would not dwell under the delusion of supposing that a grant of money would avert the necessity of taking the next step.

"This is polemical, I gather from your silence that you feel I am on polemical ground. I hope I have not shown anything of the polemical spirit," the speaker said, with conciliatory tones, and the response was reassuring.

"Having twice assumed the responsibility of Irish government, which is not a joke, it is not any more a joke when the Nationalists are your friends than when they are your opponents. I trust you will forgive me giving so much space to this matter in my observations." He was sure that whatever the result of the elections, there would be manoeuvres from one side or the other.

A good colored exhorter was recently praying fervently, and this was the language he used: "O Lord, anoint us with the balm of Gilead and the ile of Patmos!"

THE CHURCH IN AUSTRALIA.

The second great Catholic Congress of Australia is now being held in Melbourne. Amongst the papers to be read are the following: 1. Primary Education in Ireland, Rev. Dr. Curry. 2. Radium, Rev. Dr. Molloy. 3. Catholic Education in the United States, Rev. J. Conway, S.J. 4. Chant of Ratisbon and Solemes, Rev. Dr. Sexton. 5. Condition of Catholics in the Royal Navy, late Count Moore. 6. Catholic Work for Merchant Seamen, late Count Moore. 7. Belief in Curative Power, Father Gerard, S.J. 8. The Catholic Physician, Rev. N. Coppins, S.J. 9. Dogmatic Religion, Canon Sheehan. 10. Ecclesiastical Art, Mr. W. B. Tappin. A meeting has been held in Sydney to help on the work of the Congress, under the presidency of Cardinal Moran, who, in his address, expressed the hope that it would be helpful in accomplishing the mission of the Church. The mission of the Church in Australia is evidently arduous. There is a Victorian Party Processions Act, which was passed almost two generations ago as a consequence of the conflicts which took place between Orangemen who thought they should naturally be masters of the "Crown of the causeway in road and in street," and Catholics, who refused to take that view. The Orangemen have several times attempted to break through the spirit and letter of the Act, and have found themselves brought face to face with the law. Apparently they intended to attempt the same thing on September 18th last, and to march on that Sunday evening through Catholic streets.

Literary Laurels of the City on the Lee.

Mrs. Thurston, whose "John Chilcote" has taken the reading world by storm, is a daughter of the late Alderman Paul Madden, of Cork, Ireland. Alderman Madden was a devout Catholic, highly respected in commercial circles, and very charitable. Mrs. Thurston's success only maintains the ancient traditions of Cork, for literary fame. In that delightful book, "The Reliques of Father Prout," the great Cork artist, MacIscle, contributes the frontispiece, which represents some thirty of the most famous men of letters of the day sitting round the hospitable table of Fraser, the publisher. There are giants in the group—Carlyle and Thackeray, Coleridge and Southey. It is very interesting to note that in the group there are four Cork men—Crofton, Croker, Frank Mahony (Father Prout), Serjeant Murphy, and poor Richard Maginn. In a later generation some of the sweetest singers of the Young Ireland days—Denny Lane, Michael Joseph Barry, "Mary of the Nation" (Mrs. Dowling)—came from Cork, while in our own time laurels have been won by two Cork ladies, Mrs. Thurston and the late Mrs. Hungerford.

BLESSING OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

With all the imposing ceremonies used in the rite of Catholic Church, another solemnly blessed and dedicated God under the title of St. Michael the Heavenly Prince of the Heavenly Hosts Sunday last. The work of church is another example of self-sacrifice and devotedness. Irish priests and people of all ranks were present. At 10.15 His Grace Archbishop, accompanied by Bruchesi, accompanied by Father Lecoq, S.S., Superior, Sulpicians; Rev. Fathers P.P., St. Michael's; Christ F.M., Franciscan Monastery, St. Patrick's, and R. Lahan, St. Michael's, Rev. Demers, the Palace, marched main door of the Church, the usual prayers and sprinkling water, and the recitation of the "Miserere" by the first part of the ceremony performed. The procession, headed by the Hibernian in uniform, and marched to the altar, where the Archbishop assistants knelt at the foot altar, while the choir, under direction of Rev. Father R. Callahan, sang the Litany of Saints. Immediately after Grace proceeded around the altar, sprinkling the walls with holy water, and the recitation of the "Miserere" by the first part of the ceremony performed. The procession, headed by the Hibernian in uniform, and marched to the altar, where the Archbishop assistants knelt at the foot altar, while the choir, under direction of Rev. Father R. Callahan, sang the Litany of Saints. Immediately after Grace proceeded around the altar, sprinkling the walls with holy water, and the recitation of the "Miserere" by the first part of the ceremony performed. The procession, headed by the Hibernian in uniform, and marched to the altar, where the Archbishop assistants knelt at the foot altar, while the choir, under direction of Rev. Father R. Callahan, sang the Litany of Saints. Immediately after Grace proceeded around the altar, sprinkling the walls with holy water, and the recitation of the "Miserere" by the first part of the ceremony performed. 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BLESSING OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

With all the imposing and solemn ceremonies used in the ritual of the Catholic Church, another temple was solemnly blessed and dedicated to God under the title of St. Michael, Prince of the Heavenly Host, on Sunday last. The work of this church is another example of the zeal, self-sacrifice and devotedness of the Irish priests and people of Montreal.

his people, it is truly Emmanuel, or God with us. The reverend preacher then showed in this part of his discourse the presence of Christ remaining with His Church as the giver of life, as the restorer of life, as the principle and fruit itself of that supernatural life and true vitality.

been opened to the living God," said His Grace. "This day the sacrifice of the Mass has been offered up for the first time here. This was the greatest act which could be performed on this earth. I am leaving in a few days for the Eternal City, and will be glad to tell His Holiness, Pope Pius X., that my last official act was the dedication of a Church to God. I shall have the happiness of assisting at the golden jubilee of

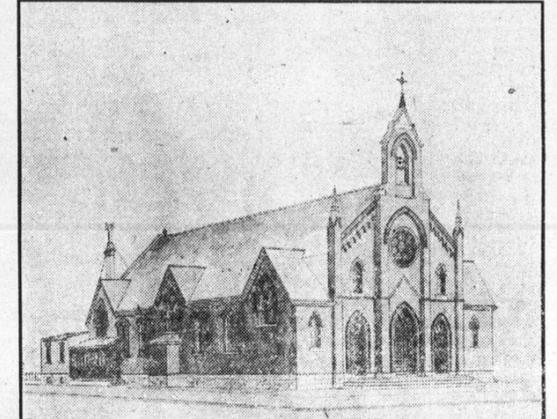


HIS LORDSHIP MGR. N. Z. LORRAIN, PEMBROKE.

At 10.15 His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, accompanied by Very Rev. Father Lecoq, S.S., Superior of the Sulpicians; Rev. Fathers Kiernan, P.P., St. Michael's; Christopher, O.F.M., Franciscan Monastery; Killo-rah, St. Patrick's, and R. E. Callahan, St. Michael's, Rev. J. B. Demers, the Palace, marched to the main door of the Church, and after the usual prayers and sprinkling with holy water, and the recitation of the psalm "Miserere" by the choir, the first part of the ceremony was performed. The procession re-formed, headed by the Hibernian Knights in uniform, and marched to the sanctuary, where the Archbishop and his assistants knelt at the foot of the altar, while the choir, under the direction of Rev. Father Robert E. Callahan, sang the Litany of the Saints. Immediately afterwards His Grace proceeded around the church sprinkling the walls with holy water. The altars, which up to this time had been entirely bare, were then decorated with lights and flowers.

holy Founder, the parish Church should be but a reproduction, a miniature as it were, of the grand and sublime structure of our Christian Faith and holy religion. Father McShane then showed all that the parish Church contained of comfort, life and happiness for the worshipping faithful, and concluded by exhorting his hearers to love their

the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. One of my venerated predecessors, Mgr. Bourget, was present at Rome at the promulgation of the Immaculate Conception. At that time there was only one parish in Montreal. To-day there are thirty-nine or forty parishes in the city. This news will be a great source of joy to the Holy Father. In Mont-



ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

After the singing of the Gospel, Rev. Father Kiernan, the pastor, ascended the altar steps, and thanked His Grace for his presence on the occasion. He also thanked His Lordship Bishop Lorrain, of Pembroke, who notwithstanding his many missionary duties, was present for the ceremony. "He came," said Father Kiernan, "at a great personal sacrifice, and for this I feel deeply grateful." He thanked in a particular manner the members of other congregations, both French and English, who came to enhance the ceremony by their presence. He then introduced the preacher of the day, Rev. Gerald McShane, D.D., Notre Dame Church, who delivered the following sermon.

We have a building of God, a house not made with hands.—II Cor. 5-1.

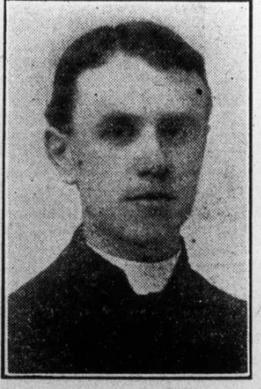
Your Grace:— Your presence here to-day upon the eve of your departure for the Eternal City has more than an ordinary significance. You have come, as it were, to add another jewel to a bright crown, the crown of well lighted three hundred beautiful temples that stud the surface of this great metropolis of ours.

Church, to love every stone in it as the cost of their labors and sacrifices. The Jewish nation driven from Jerusalem, came daily to weep o'er the crumbling walls of the ill-fated city, and moisten the very stones with the tears of their bitterness and desolation.

real we have beautiful churches, large educational establishments, and charitable institutions—all these things are the result of your charity, devotedness, self-sacrifice and zeal for the honor of God. Your noble pastor has succeeded well here because he is a man of prayer, a truly devoted priest. We have the Bishop



REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN, Pastor St. Michael's.



REV. GERALD J. McSHANE, Who Preached the Dedication Sermon

come and make their parish Church their home, their haven of light and safety, and moisten the sacred stones with the tears of their love and tender attachment.

of Pembroke in our midst. He is a son of the diocese, a former Vicar-General. Still these things do not bring him here. It is to show his affection for your good pastor, who had labored long and well in the diocese of Pembroke. His Grace gave all present a special blessing. The choir, under the direction of

After the sermon His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi addressed the congregation, and was most happy in his remarks. "Another temple has

He is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others.—Emerson.

Rev. Father Callahan and Mr. J. V. Daoust, rendered Dumont's Second Tone Mass with telling effect. A string orchestra composed of Messrs. G. and A. Daoust, J. Schneider and Prof. Arthur Rouse, of St. Laurent College, greatly added to the occasion. The solos were rendered by Messrs. Callaghan, Dillon and Horan. Prof. E. Barry presided at the organ. The congregation filled every available space, many being obliged to stand during the whole of the service. At the elevation the Hibernian Knights, with their attractive costumes, under the command of Captain P. Doyle, assisted by Lieuts. J. Lynch and J. Heaney, stood with drawn swords, and added greatly to the solemnity of the occasion.

The offertory collection was a very large one.

Amongst those present were noticed Sir William and Lady Hingston, Judge Doherty and Mrs. Doherty, Ald. D. Gallery and Mrs. Gallery, Ald. M. J. Walsh and Mrs. Walsh, Hon. Dr. Guerin, Ed. Guerin, K.C., Mr. W. E. Doran, F. B. McNamee and Mrs. McNamee, M. Reynolds, City and District Savings Bank; Mr. John Keegan, Mr. Thomas Flood, Mr. Stephen Traynor, Mr. and Mrs. P. McDermott, Mr. T. Gorman, Mr. J. Dillon, Mr. D. F. Foley, Mr. Cornelius McGee, Mr. and Mrs. M. R. McKenzie, Mrs. M. A. Cloran, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. McCaffrey and many others.

The church is plain and chaste, and can seat about 600. The architect was Mr. W. E. Doran, the plastering being done by Mr. James Pigott, assisted by Mr. Chas. Laurence Hall. The new pews and confessionals are yet to be put in place, and the organ gallery to be finished.

And so passed away a red letter day for the noble pastor and parishioners of good St. Michael's, who after two years of work, have with unity, good will and perseverance, added another monument of Catholicity to the many in the Metropolis of Canada, the Rome of America. The True Witness heartily congratulates both pastor and people on the happy event.

RICHARD BAKER.

A few years ago the True Witness gave a sketch of two pioneers of Norton Creek, Chateauguay Co., P. Q., in the person of Richard Baker and his wife; the former departed this life on the 26th Oct., at the venerable age of 94 years; his wife, two years his senior, still survives him.

Mr. Baker was a representative Irishman. He held many positions of trust. A man of sterling qualities, he endeared himself to all by upright principles. Whenever circumstances required it he gave earnest evidence of his faith and nationality.

The death of such a man, although at an advanced age, is greatly to be deplored, not only by the many members of his own respected family, but by a wide circle of friends, who loved him for his nobility of mind and heart and respected him for his age.

His mind was a storehouse of valuable information concerning the incidents of life in his adopted country, and Canada in general. Alas! the Irish hands pointing to the landmarks of a former generation are fast departing. Mr. Baker was an old-time supporter of the True Witness. May his soul rest in peace.

KALAMAZOO NEWS.

A beautiful new altar, the artistic work of E. Hackner, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, was consecrated by the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate Archbishop Falconio, on Sunday, October 30th. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop of Marquette. There was a Mass chanted by the Right Rev. Bishop of Marquette. There was a number of distinguished clergymen in attendance.

The Catholics of Kalamazoo welcomed the delegate with an immense torch light procession. It was one of the largest in the history of the city. The citizens without respect to creed tendered him a reception at the Academy of Music, Sunday evening, where more than two thousand were represented.

The students of Nazareth Academy also tendered the Apostolic Delegate and the visiting Bishops a reception. The visit of the Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate was one of the grandest in the history of Catholicity in Western Michigan.

He is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others.—Emerson.

News from the Catholic Parishes of the City.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

At the High Mass on Sunday Rev. Father Martin Callaghan read the Archbishop's circular on church music. He also gave some advice on the duty of electors.

The visitation of the parish is being rapidly made, and will soon be finished.

The improvements around the new chapel and its surroundings and St. Patrick's Hall reflect great credit on the Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan.

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

The retreat in connection with the jubilee exercises will open to-morrow (Sunday), Nov. 6th, for the women of the parish.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.

At the regular monthly meeting of St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, to be held on Sunday immediately after High Mass, the question of the formation of a juvenile branch of the Society will be fully discussed.

The night school in the parish is largely attended. Sarsfield school has attained a foremost rank among the day schools in our educational arena, and is bound to be in the front in the evening classes.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

The concert to be given in St. Mary's Hall on Monday evening under the auspices of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, for the benefit of the poor of the parish, promises to be a successful affair.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

The League devotions will be held on Sunday evening. Preparations have already begun for the third series of euchre parties.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH.

A new chasuble presented by a lady of the parish was worn for the first time on Wednesday morning at the solemn Requiem High Mass for the souls in purgatory.

On Tuesday, the feast of All Saints, at the 9 o'clock Mass, the children of the parish assembled in large numbers for the first time in the new church.

The week day services will be held in the temporary chapel in order to give the carpenters time to finish their work at the new church.

ST. AGNES PARISH.

The retreat which was opened on Sunday at the High Mass by Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., of the Immaculate Conception Church, has been very successful, and will be brought to a close on Sunday evening.

IN AND AROUND THE CITY.

The feast of All Saints was appropriately celebrated in all the Catholic churches of the city. The early masses were largely attended, as many were obliged to work on that day.

Large congregations assisted at the solemn Requiem Masses offered up for the souls in purgatory in the various churches Wednesday morning.

Sunday seems to be a special day given up to drunkenness by many. The tragic end of one of our citizens on Sunday evening while under the influence, repeats the same old tale of those who still love the danger, and adds another victim to drink's long and sad list.

On last Saturday morning Archbishop Bruchesi raised Rev. H. Valois, of the diocese of Ogdensburg, N.Y., and Rev. O. A. Chapleau, of the Archdiocese of Montreal, to the priesthood. He conferred minor orders on Mr. Jeremiah Cronin, of the diocese of Wisconsin, Professor at St. Laurent College; Mr. Denis E. Sullivan, of the Archdiocese of Boston, and Mr. J. A. O'Reilly, of Kingston, Ont.

Rev. L. V. Broughall, C.S.C., late of St. Laurent College, will be raised to the priesthood on Sunday at Memramcook, N.B. Rev. Father Broughall will be attached to St. Joseph's University, Memramcook, under the charge of the Holy Cross Fathers.

Branch 26, C.M.B.A., held a spe-

cial meeting on Monday evening, for the purpose of making arrangements for an "at home" in honor of the anniversary of the branch to be held at the King's Hall, St. Catherine street, on Thanksgiving evening, November 17th. Following are the committees in charge: Chairman, Bro. J. H. Maiden; treasurer, Chancellor A. D. McGillis; secretary, J. L. Morrissey; hall committee, Bros. Costigan, Maiden and R. J. M. Dolan; music, J. T. Stevens, P. J. McDonagh and J. L. Morrissey; refreshments, P. J. Darcey, John Walsh, H. Tansey, W. A. Hodgson; reception, Chancellors P. Reynolds, M. Eagan, Dr. Harrison, D. McGillis, M. Sharkey, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; T. J. Finn, H. J. Ward, F. J. Sears; advisory committee, Judge Curran, Hon. Dr. Guerin, W. E. Doran, Dr. E. J. O'Connor, E. H. Lemay, Dr. G. H. Merrill, M. Kannon, F. J. Hachette, B.C.L.; W. H. Cox, N.P.; C. Coughlin, W. H. Griffin, H. A. Plamondon, Dr. Palardy, John Quinlan; J. E. Morrison, F. M. Egan, J. V. Chisholm, J. E. Nagle, Prof. W. J. Brennan, Ed. Jackson.

FATHER FABER IN IRELAND

Some of Aubrey De Vere's Reminiscences of the Famous Anglican Convert

The name of Faber is not among the names that recur frequently in the memoirs of men and women of the last or of the current generation. The more welcome, accordingly, is our meeting with it in one or two of the letters of Aubrey de Vere in Mr. Ward's interesting volume. In 1852 Father Faber preached at Limerick a sermon which strangely moved Aubrey de Vere in one of its passages. "Who has not felt," asked the fervid preacher, "in periods of the most prolonged and intense suffering, the very finger of Omnipotence touch him, as it were, in a moment? Who has not felt himself, when patience seemed all but exhausted, drawn into a sudden and mysterious contact with God Himself—while a peace was diffused over his anguish which made him almost fear its removal?" Aubrey de Vere noted in this connection that Faber's own physical sufferings had made him look fifteen years older than he really was—so constant were the headaches under which he could scarcely speak or move.

Then de Vere, in a letter to Miss Fenwick—the friend alike of Wordsworth and of the two younger men—gives a character sketch of Faber: "I can safely assure you that seldom in my life have I been so deeply impressed by anyone as by Faber. I could hardly name to you another who appears to live so entirely in and for God. In that one thought he seems to live and breathe. There is a something almost tremendous in the earnestness, and, at the same time, the simplicity of his religious sense. In his manner there is at the same time an unguarded and almost childlike frankness and simplicity which makes his whole being transparent to you. Not a trace do I find of the faults chiefly attributed to him in early youth, such as affectation, insincerity, or triviality. These may once have been faults of his, but, if so, never has a man more completely triumphed over the lower part of his nature."

Aubrey de Vere proves himself, in his next sentence, to have been an apt student of character. Speaking further of Faber, the poet says: "He still sometimes talks in a manner that some people would call vain; but this, I think, proceeds only from the simplicity, geniality, and love of sympathy that belong to him; nor do I think that even on those occasions the charge could be more justly made against him than against Wordsworth, who, whatever he may have appeared to unfriendly critics, was full of a deep humility. What makes me think this, is that he is quite apt to allude to his own failures as to his successes; and that he speaks with much more zeal of the successes of others than of his own. When he speaks on religion it is with an eloquence, fervor and impressiveness I have never known equalled. When other subjects, such as poetry, art, nature, etc., are introduced you soon see how deeply he appreciated multitudes of things which he sacrificed for the one thing needful." This letter, by the way, was written in the August of 1852; and Faber is alluded to by Mr. Ward as then "a neophyte in his first fervour." Faber had been "received" so far back as in 1845; and to his "first fervour," if we remember aright, he gave regretfully the limitation of a couple of years.

IRISH NEWS

IRISH PRIEST DEAD.

News has come from Ireland of the death of Rev. Michael Smyth, P.S., of Moygownagh, County Mayo, at the early age of 45 years.

Father Smyth was educated at the Irish College, Paris, and was a brilliant student. He was a brother of Mr. P. G. Smyth, the distinguished Catholic writer of Chicago, and his patriotism was unchangeable.

IRELAND'S OWN BAND WINS IN WORLD'S FAIR COMPETITIVE CONTEST.

"Concessionaires' Day" was one of the great social days at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in St. Louis.

PARNELL STATUE DESTROYED

The statue of Parnell, almost completed by the sculptor, Augustus St. Gaudens, was destroyed by the fire which wrecked his studio in Cornish, N.H., a few nights ago.

Memories of Father Mathew

The 10th of October was the one hundred and fourth anniversary of the birth of Father Theobald Mathew, and is a reminder that in his amazing success as the Apostle of Temperance he owed much to the fascination of his personality.

VARIOUS NOTES.

An Irish lady has been appointed art master of the Clonmel Technical school, an objection by the Department of Agriculture to the appointment being disregarded by the committee.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, Sept. 23, laid the foundation of the new college of St. Eunan, as a commemoration of the twelfth centenary of the death of the great churchman and scholar.

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FATHER KOENIG'S FREE A VALUABLE BOOK ON NERVOUS DISEASES AND A SAMPLE BOTTLE TO ANY ADDRESS. KOENIG MED. CO., 102 Lake St., Chicago.

In the Limerick Intermediate Results is a Limerick boy, Tom O'Malley. Master O'Malley, who is 14 years of age, and the youngest boy in his class, is the most promising student at Clongowes Wood (S.J.) College.

It was a merry, good-humored Irish crowd that assembled on the beautiful grounds of Kiltera (the use of which were given by Mr. W. Costelloe) when, under the auspices of the Kilkeny branch of the Gaelic League, the feast of St. Fiacc was celebrated in a truly national manner.

There died lately at Bellaghy, Ballyronan, Derry, Hugh McNally, who had completed his hundredth year. McNally was born in 1804 at Ballynease, near Portlengone, and lived there during his boyhood and early manhood until he got married, when he removed to the neighborhood where he died.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, Bishop of Drogheda, made an appeal in St. Peter's Church, Warrenpoint, on a recent Sunday, in aid of funds for the improvements in the Cathedral, Newry. There was a very large congregation, and the amount realized totalled \$625.

Mr. St. Gaudens, who is in New York undergoing medical treatment, said: "More than all the rest of my losses in the fire I regret, as an Irishman, the loss of the Parnell statue. It was almost completed, and now it will take almost two years to bring it to as near approach to completion as the reports which I have received are exactly correct. In fact, the work has been approved by Mr. Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary party, who called and examined it on the occasion of his recent visit to this country. But it is a matter of delay only. I will finish my work."

Rev. Joseph Murphy has in course of erection a new school chapel for his parishioners of Holyrood. His Lordship Bishop Macdonald furnished the plan, which is of spacious dimensions and handsome design.

It is not often that a priest, and a minister perform a marriage ceremony together, but such was the case when Mr. John Tapper was united in Hymen's bonds to Miss Elizabeth Morris, the ceremony being a dual one, Revs. Mr. Whitehouse and Archdeacon O'Neill performing, on different occasions, the marriage rite.

Mr. Thomas Dwyer has succeeded his brother in the North Arm school, Mr. A. M. O'Rourke takes charge of the new Academy on Southside, and Miss Katie Hicks, a first class intermediate, succeeds Miss O'Rourke as assistant at the High School, Holyrood.

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Childs Play Wash-day Surprise Soap cleanses so easily that wash day is like child's play. There is nothing in it but pure Soap. It cannot injure the clothes and gives the sweetest cleanest results. To wash the Surprise way. Read the directions on the wrapper. You can use Surprise in any ordinary soap.

scream, for he thought, I suppose, I must fall back; but not at all, I jumped to my feet, shook hands with him, and said—what? God only knows. Of course I cried; but I longed to lay my head on the good man's shoulder, and take a hearty cry there before the whole multitude.

Newfoundland Correspondence.

The anniversary of Father Mathew was fittingly celebrated by the St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society by a grand social held in their hall. Prof. John Bennett's quartette band furnished excellent music, and the affair proved one of the most enjoyable which the temperance society of the capital has held for some time.

Sister Mary Rose Murphy died at the convent at Burin, on Thursday, Oct. 6th. She was a native of Youghal, Ireland, and one of the pioneers of the Order in this Island. She taught for years in the convent in St. John's, and will be deeply regretted by all who knew her.

She sleeps her last peaceful sleep near the rugged hills of Newfoundland's coast, and though the shrill tones of the sea gull will be heard, and the whistle of the strong wind and the roar of the mighty waters dashing against the rocks, above all will ascend the prayers of her comrades, for she had a noble fight in the cause of Christian education among the youth of Terra Nova, and her name and her memory are worthy of the veneration of a grateful people. R. I.P.

The Island by the Sea has had a wave of prosperity for the past four years. Labrador shore cured is selling from \$5 up, and one load 500 qtls. was purchased at \$5.80 with cull. This is the best figure known here for many years, and fishermen who have good hard well cured stock need not fear to hold for a price. Hundreds of craft have yet to come on here and a large amount of money will consequently change hands in the next few weeks.

Miss Lizzie M. Joy has resigned her position as teacher of the Southside school of Holyrood, where she had taught school so successfully and satisfactorily for three years, to commence her novitiate in the Convent of Notre Dame, Montreal. Miss Joy is an exemplary young lady, and embraces this new life with heroic constancy and true Christian piety.

Rev. Joseph Murphy has in course of erection a new school chapel for his parishioners of Holyrood. His Lordship Bishop Macdonald furnished the plan, which is of spacious dimensions and handsome design. The construction work is under the supervision of architect O'Rourke, and when finished the people of South will feel proud of their new academy.

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the express for Boston, where both will in future reside. Mr. Tapper has secured a good position in the Hub and will study music there.

Lively times are experienced in several of the outport districts at election campaigning. The issue is being fought on Confederation against No Confederation.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

COULD NOT AGREE.

It is Cardinal Manning who relates this incident as having happened to himself: "One night I was returning to my residence in Westminster when I met a poor man carrying a basket and smoking a pipe. I thought over this: He who smokes gets thirsty, he who is thirsty desires to drink; he who drinks too much gets drunk; he who gets drunk endangers his soul. This man is in danger of mortal sin. Let us save him. I affectionately addressed him: "Are you a Catholic?"

"I am, thanks be to God." "Where are you from?" "From Cork, your reverence." "Are you a member of the Total Abstinence Society?"

"No, your reverence." "Now," said I, "that is very wrong. Look at me; I am a member."

"Faith, maybe your reverence has need of it." "I shook hands with him and left."

AUNT DINAH'S EGG TIMER.

Cooks are often accused of want of method, but the Aunt Dinah in Howard Paul's new egg story is not open to any such reproach. Invariably when she put the eggs in the saucepan she began singing "Rock of Ages," and sang through two verses. "Aunt Dinah," asked Mr. Paul, "are there not three verses in that hymn?"

"Da is, massa, but I sings only two when I wants 'em soft and three when I wants 'em hard." Atlanta Constitution.

ON THE ARCHBISHOP.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is known among his friends as especially partial to two things—children and jokes. As Bishop of London he won no little of his great influence in the slum districts because of his immense popularity with the small citizens whom he so truly loved, and as for the jokes one need but hear the famous prelate tell one upon himself to realize how keen is his sense of and zest for humor.

Not long before his translation he was one day walking in the suburbs of the English capital when he chanced upon a little girl, who was standing looking up somewhat wistfully at a four-barred gate. "Oh, please sir," she asked, "will you open this gate for me?"

Smiling upon the demure maiden, the Bishop lifted the latch and pushed back the gate, but, in spite of its size, it swung so easily that he said: "You're such a big little girl that I should think you could have opened yourself so nice a gate as this."

"Oh, I could, sir," she replied, "but then I should have got my hands all over fresh paint."

And then the Bishop saw that that was just what had happened to him.

The Chicago Chronicle gives the experience of a short little woman and her tall husband, who went to a down-town restaurant for dinner: "Will you have oysters?" asked the man, glancing over the bill of fare.

"Yes," said the short little woman as she tried in vain to touch her toes to the floor. "And, John, I want a hassock."

John nodded, and as he handed his order to the waiter, he said, "Yes, and bring a hassock for the lady." "One hassock?" asked the waiter, with what John thought more than

Business Cards

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

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

T. J. O'NEILL, REAL ESTATE AGENT, 180 ST. JAMES STREET. Loans, Insurance, Renting, and Collecting of Rents. Moderate charges, and prompt returns.

CONROY BROS., 228 Centre Street. Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters. ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL BELLS, etc. Tel. Main 3552. Night and Day Services.

G. O'BRIEN, House Sign and Decorative Painter. PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGER. White wash and tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence 66, Office 67, Dorchester street east of Bleury street Montreal. Tel. Telephone, Main, 1405.

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

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE. DO NOT BUY TRASHY GOODS AT ANY PRICE. Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate. Are the Best. Notice the Name on them.

SELF RAISING FLOUR. BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR. Is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM given for the empty bag returned to our Office. 10 BLEURY ST. Montreal.

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

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Mint, Ottawa, Ont., will be received at this office until Saturday, November 12, 1904, inclusively, for the construction of the Mint at Ottawa, Ont. Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender obtained at this Department. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, FRED GELINAS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, Oct. 26, 19, 1904. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 2 Busby street, Montreal, Canada by The True Witness P. O. Co., Patrick E. Cronin, of Toronto, Proprietor.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856 incorporated 1863, revised 1847. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansy.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran; President, W. F. Doyle; Rec. Secy., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 18 Vallee street.

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

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

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized 18th November, 1873.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. G. McDonagh, 189 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

CHURCH BELLS. McSHANE'S BELLS are ringing evidences of sterling worth. Over 2000 rings in the world. McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

MENBELLY BELL COMPANY. TROY, N.Y., and 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS. PATENT SOLICITORS.

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

When the other things are generally cleaned up, move the "grude mon" puts away his for the season, it will not take long to plow that part of the den in which a plow can turn you will be ready with the warm days of spring to sow seeds. A good housekeeper keeps house always in order for the guest, but how often the app to the house is anything but ing! How many a flowerbed, dried weeds in the fence corners wonder that we feel that nature dead, instead of only sleeping, awake in new beauty with spring return. Let us cremate the dead!

BER 5, 1904.
rectory.
AGRICULTURAL
MANAGEMENT OF CHOLERA.
The fatal disease of fowls, known as cholera, is still about as speedy to kill and as hard to cure as ever.
The process of curing or making proof against the disease by inoculation has been tried successfully, but is as yet hardly practical for poultry keepers.
It is suspected that the disease is sometimes carried from yard to yard by such birds as sparrows, and possibly, also, by insects. Hence diseased neighborhoods anything that reduces the opportunities of spread in such ways is a protection.
Care should be taken that it is not conveyed from one yard to another on the shoes of attendants. Cleanliness and use of disinfectants are always a preventive of all such diseases.
In case of an outbreak, about all that amounts to much in a practical way is to instantly separate the sick birds and kill them or keep them out of the way, clean up the premises, disinfect with sulphate of copper in water. It is a filthy disease, same in this respect as human cholera, and will probably disappear if the time ever comes when all poultry keepers are forced by law or public opinion to keep their fowls in a decent condition.
TESTING THE FRESHNESS OF EGGS.
The National Rural gives directions for testing the freshness of eggs.
Take a deep dish and partly fill with water, then place the eggs in the water a few at a time, giving them room enough to turn. If they are fresh they will lie quietly on their side. If they are a week old they will turn to stand on the small end, and the older they are the higher they will stand up, because the air space in the large end grows larger as it grows older, by the evaporation of the moisture in it.
CLEANING UP THE GARDEN.
Many people leave their cleaning up time in the garden, as well as house cleaning time, to the spring; but Eve believes in cleaning up the garden in the fall, so that it will be ready when the spring rush comes, and also so that she can look out upon a neat space unstrewn with rubbish during the winter.
The potatoes should be dug as soon as possible after the tops are all killed by frost, and stored in a dry, cool place.
WEDDING BELLS.
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the ground, still struggling feebly under the enveloping blanket. Picking my knife up from where I had dropped it in the road, I was about to kill my assailant when the idea came into my head that as this was an altogether extraordinary bird, both in size and characteristics, I might be able to sell it to some menagerie.
'FATHER O'FLYNN' AS A SCHOOL INSPECTOR.
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AGRICULTURAL

MANAGEMENT OF CHOLERA.
The fatal disease of fowls, known as cholera, is still about as speedy to kill and as hard to cure as ever.
The process of curing or making proof against the disease by inoculation has been tried successfully, but is as yet hardly practical for poultry keepers.
It is suspected that the disease is sometimes carried from yard to yard by such birds as sparrows, and possibly, also, by insects. Hence diseased neighborhoods anything that reduces the opportunities of spread in such ways is a protection.
Care should be taken that it is not conveyed from one yard to another on the shoes of attendants. Cleanliness and use of disinfectants are always a preventive of all such diseases.
In case of an outbreak, about all that amounts to much in a practical way is to instantly separate the sick birds and kill them or keep them out of the way, clean up the premises, disinfect with sulphate of copper in water. It is a filthy disease, same in this respect as human cholera, and will probably disappear if the time ever comes when all poultry keepers are forced by law or public opinion to keep their fowls in a decent condition.
TESTING THE FRESHNESS OF EGGS.
The National Rural gives directions for testing the freshness of eggs.
Take a deep dish and partly fill with water, then place the eggs in the water a few at a time, giving them room enough to turn. If they are fresh they will lie quietly on their side. If they are a week old they will turn to stand on the small end, and the older they are the higher they will stand up, because the air space in the large end grows larger as it grows older, by the evaporation of the moisture in it.
CLEANING UP THE GARDEN.
Many people leave their cleaning up time in the garden, as well as house cleaning time, to the spring; but Eve believes in cleaning up the garden in the fall, so that it will be ready when the spring rush comes, and also so that she can look out upon a neat space unstrewn with rubbish during the winter.
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turn the seeds and the worms under with the plow, mulch the small trees and give to everything the effect of being tucked into its winter's bed, and the garden will not have half so depressing an effect for half the year.—"Alar," in Far. Adv.
MAIL COACHES IN ITALY.
His Italian Majesty's mail-coaches are of the fearful and wonderful order of vehicles. In some parts, the mail is carried in a single-harness affair. It then is emphatically a "one-horse business." In other places, a sorry pair of jades,—broken-kneed and broken-hearted,—lean forlornly against the pole or against one another. Two shadowy beasts with staring ribs and dirty coats, blunder along, hauling after them a dilapidated post-chaise, with six or eight passengers inside, and six outside, besides a small mountain of heterogeneous luggage. There is no paint worth speaking of on the body of the coach. The blinkers flap below the horses' ears, and the leather in the harness is guiltless of polish. The traces are of rope, and a good deal of twine is used in keeping the straps and things together. There was a recent attempt in England to reintroduce mail-coaches. The team and the "chaise" were as unlike their Italian congeners as the smart British "whip" was unlike the dreamy southern, sitting on his top-coat upon an overturned bucket, in the Piazza Colombo, snatching forty winks before his departure for Taggia.
One of the crazy carriages starting from the same Piazza, in San Remo, bears a name, as a steam engine or a motor car bears a name. It is called: "Dite pure," which in English means: "Say what you like!" or "Well, after all, we get there!" But what with the rickety coach, extemporized harness, and miserable horses it is a standing miracle that that particular diligence makes the double journey daily.—E. M. Lynch, in Donahoe's.
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Had anybody told me, not long since, that I would be nearly done to death by a creature of the air I would have called him mad. Nevertheless, it has been fully proved to me that strange things may happen to a poor carter, without his leaving his village in the Jura and going to distant countries.
To set it down as briefly as possible, this is how it happened.
For many months vague stories had been circulating to the effect that the road from Besancon to Dole, in the Department of Doubs, France, was haunted by a great bird-like creature, terrible to look upon and fierce beyond belief. Men called it the "Winged Death," and made one another's hair rise by their tales concerning it. Nightly it was discussed in the cabarets, so that men went to their homes fearfully, not liking to be abroad when darkness fell.
One man, a carter like myself, told me that he had been attacked by the awful thing, which had rushed on him with open beak, shrieking horribly.
"Pierre Jacquelin," I said, "you are mad, raving mad! How big was this bird that attacked you?"
"Seven feet from wing to wing!"
"Nonsense! What did it look like?"
"Like a great buzzard, brown all over."
I began to laugh.
"Jacquelin, my boy," said I, "tell that yarn to the old women. Your tale is improbable. For one thing, the buzzard is a dastard bird and easily beaten, not only by the raven but also by the carrion crow; a buzzard is as likely to attack a man as the moon. For another thing, the biggest buzzard ever seen in these parts was three feet from wing to wing, not seven."
Jacquelin was not convinced. He did not actually state that the thing was a buzzard, he said; it might be an evil spirit in the shape of one.
I was now reassured as to the strange tales of the winged monster which was supposed to haunt the road. Previously they had worried me somewhat, for they were vague and awe-inspiring, but if the "monster" was only a buzzard there was nothing to be afraid of. Knowing the cowardly nature of the bird, I could not believe for a moment Jacquelin's extraordinary story, and his suggestion that the thing was an evil spirit I put down to his simple mind.
I went on my way light-heartedly. It is a long and slow journey with an ox-cart from Besancon to Dole, but I got along pretty well, and was within ten miles of the latter place, which I intended to reach the same night, when dusk came on. I hurried up my slow-footed oxen, for I wanted to get into the town early.
Suddenly from the left, over the river, I heard a shrill, melancholy, whistle-like cry that sounded distinctly in the evening stillness. As I listened it sounded angry, loud and piercing. My blood seemed to run cold; it was the cry that Jacquelin had imitated in the cabaret as being made by the creature that attacked him.
"Francois," I said to myself, "don't stand there like a gaping dolt. Do you believe that evil spirits go about in the shape of birds? No, of course you don't."
So I went on, though, in spite of all my attempts to keep my spirits up, I found myself glancing anxiously to right and left of the road during the next two miles. I heard the whistling twice in that time, but as nothing happened my terror wore off and I pressed on with a light heart. After another mile had been passed the rain began to fall heavily, so, seeing a convenient shelter under some trees I drew up, my beasts, sat on the cart, and began to smoke my pipe.
Dark clouds were now chasing each other over the heavens, and it grew very dark. The rain came down faster and faster until it was pouring in torrents.
Suddenly I heard that melancholy hooting again, now ringing clearer than ever in my ears, and the terror I had previously felt began to take hold of me again. I don't think I am a coward, but on a dark night, alone on a deserted road, to hear a sound that is associated with terrible stories of unknown terrors is surely enough to make the bravest man shudder. Remembering I had my axes and peters to save for the penance imposed on me by Father John, our priest, I took out

my beads and began to run them through my fingers, but I could not concentrate my attention on them, and found myself straining my ears to hear that strange hooting again. The storm had now increased in fury; pale flashes of lightning lit up the ink-black sky, and the dull rumbling of distant thunder was to be heard. Presently, above the noise of the wind and rain, the sound I listened for rang out again—this time quite close to me. The lightning flashed repeatedly, and by the glare of one of those flashes I saw not far off a great bird darting through the air towards me.
A scream of terror burst from my lips, for I recognized the "huge brown bird" of Jacquelin's story. Then I took up my whip, and holding it with the butt extended ready to strike, I waited. I heard the whir of great wings circling round me without being able to see anything, for the play of the lightning had ceased for a moment. May none who read my story ever be in such a position as I was then—face to face with some awful creature which I could hear and yet not see. Then I felt a rush of air, and as the lightning burst forth again I saw the buzzard—for a buzzard it was—fly at me. I waited until it swooped nearer, and then hit at it as hard as I could. The blow reached its mark, as I knew by the soft thud.
Another shriek, this time of rage, rent the air, and then the great bird disappeared into the blackness again. In the brief glimpse I had caught of it I could see that, although of great size, it was not seven feet across, as Jacquelin had said. I waited expectantly for some time, but the buzzard did not reappear, and when the storm passed over and the stars peeped out I recommenced my tramp to Dole, thinking myself well out of a tight corner. Evidently there had been some truth in my friend's story after all, although he had exaggerated the size of his assailant.
Before I had gone another mile I heard the whistling again. As quickly as possible I made for my whip, but before I could reach it I felt a pain in my shoulder as if red-hot irons had pierced it, while great wings flapped wildly in my face. Desperately I struggled to reach the whip, but the pain and continual beating confused me. At last I hit out twice with my fist, reaching my enemy each time, and the claws relaxed their hold.
I got hold of the whip just in time to evade another attack, more furious than the last. My blood was now up and all the fighting instincts which we people of the Jura have in us were roused.
Five times the great bird swooped at me, but I did not hit out, for it was just beyond my reach, and I knew that it was only waiting for me to make a false stroke in order to get another grip of me. Then it gave up these tactics and came for me boldly, unexpectedly, so that at first I was taken by surprise, but managed to leap aside and strike hard, again and again. The horrible creature's object was accomplished, however; it had hold of me, but only by the blouse, and not by the flesh. Bending down, therefore, I slipped out of the garment, but I could not free my left arm from the button at the wrist.
The great buzzard pulled and shook at the cloth savagely, nearly wrenching my shoulder from its socket, while I dealt repeated blows at it with my whip. Some of them told and others lost themselves in the folds of the blouse.
At last I was so shaken by the bird's tugging that I put my whip in my teeth and took out a clasp-knife. I opened it against the sleeve of my shirt—cutting myself twice in the operation—then severed the arm of the blouse from the body, thus liberating myself from the garment. Then I took the knife in my left hand and the whip in the other, preparatory to facing this winged fury again.
Once more it flew at me, and I defended myself as best I could, dealing heavy blows all round me with the whip. Then an idea came to me. Not far off lay the blouse, where the bird had dropped it. I tried to reach this, but this terrible bird seemed to understand my object and pressed me towards the wagon, where my oxen stood motionless, apparently paralyzed with terror. Overcome by the creature's onslaught, I was driven back against the vehicle, when by chance I felt a blanket behind me. That would be even better for my purpose than the blouse.
Seizing it, I waited for my chance, then, springing forward, in spite of the hail of blows from claws, beak, and wings, I threw the blanket over the bird's head and struck hard with the whip. The blow apparently stunned the creature, for it sank to

the ground, still struggling feebly under the enveloping blanket. Picking my knife up from where I had dropped it in the road, I was about to kill my assailant when the idea came into my head that as this was an altogether extraordinary bird, both in size and characteristics, I might be able to sell it to some menagerie.
Muffling the half-stunned creature still more securely in the blanket, I tied its formidable talons together with a piece of rope from the wagon, then lashed the bird to the back of the vehicle. This done, I removed the blanket, for my enemy had no more wish to struggle; my blows had effectually disabled it and all its frenzied fury was gone.
I reached Dole safely and stopped outside my usual cabaret, where I told the story of the capture to my friends there. I showed them the torn blouse and the marks of the talons on my face and shoulder, yet they would not believe me. Then I took them down to my cart, held up the captive bird, and laughed in their faces. We found that the creature measured five feet two inches across from tip to tip of its extended wings—truly enormous for a buzzard.
Such is the tale of my fight with the "Winged Death," of which I had heard so much talk in the cabarets. After all, you see, it had nothing to do with evil spirits, but was only an over-grown and unnaturally ferocious buzzard. What inspired the creature to attack human beings so savagely I do not know; that point I must leave to the men who study such things.
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KUROPATKIN!
There are talkative commanders, Jap and Russian, brown and white; There are blithe Chefoo-lish liars that in fiction take delight. But there's one old war-scarred veteran whose teeth are soldered tight. And his name is Whiskerofski Kuropatkin.
If he opened out and hollered, he might have lots to say. There is no man better posted—in his line he's quite au fait; He might talk an arm off us and we'd listen night and day. But that doesn't seem the build of Kuropatkin.
He's a gaunt and grum old grizzly and his gruffness gives us pause! He's a being half inhuman, for he slights the world's applause! Not Czar or Jap or Saxon can unclamp his iron jaws. Where he crouches facing danger— Kuropatkin.
Impassive and inscrutable, yet Russia leans on him. With rising hope she gazes on his visage harsh and grim. Anon his "rod artillery" will make the heavens swim. With the only talk you'll hear from Kuropatkin. —James B. Dollard, in Boston Pilot.

Catholic Emigration Society
Doing Good Work.

"Gratitude begets gratitude" was fully exemplified on last Sunday evening when between seventy and eighty of the old boys' and girls' association of the Catholic Emigration Society assembled at the Canadian headquarters, corner of Fulford and St. Antoine streets, for the purpose of welcoming the Rev. Father Bans, the director of the Society, and Mr. Chilton Thomas, secretary, and of showing their gratitude to the Catholic Emigration Society for the deep interest taken in their welfare by such a body. In addition to the Montreal members, several members came also from Ottawa. There were present Rev. Father Bans, Mr. Thomas, Hon. Justice Curran, Mr. Cecil Arden, Messrs. J. Lupton, W. P. Evans, J. Brien, J. Boyle, R. J. Louis Cuddihy. At 8.30 the evening's proceedings were opened by Mr. Cecil Arden, general manager of the Society for Canada, and after explaining the object of the affair, he called upon several of the ladies and gentlemen present from the Association for songs and recitations, which were well rendered. Mr. Arden then in a neat speech introduced Rev. Father Bans, the director of the Catholic Emigration Association of England to the Old Boys' and Girls' Association on this, his second visit to Canada. "The former pupils of the Association were greatly pleased to meet the president and secretary," said Mr. Arden, and he hoped that the meeting to-night would convince the authorities in England that the work was lasting and beneficial. He considered that the meeting that night was indeed a splendid testimony of what good the work had done, and he was particularly well pleased to see that the old boys and girls were grateful to the association which had done so much for their future welfare.

Mr. William P. Evans, hon. secretary of the Old Boys' and Girls' Association, made a few remarks. He said the Association was started only last April, and since that time it has made wonderful progress. He joyfully remarked that if the people of England would open their purses a little wider for the benefit of the orphans more good and greater work could be done. He trusted that the report of the present gathering would have the desired effect with the home authorities.

One of the ladies present, a member of the Association, read the following address:
The Rev. Emanuel Bans, president of the Catholic Emigration Association, of Liverpool, and London, England:
We, the members of the English Catholic Old Boys and Girls Association, of Canada, desire to extend a sincere and hearty welcome to yourself and Mr. Arthur Clifton Thomas, honorary secretary of the Catholic Emigration Association, on this, the occasion of your second visit to Canada. We welcome you both as representing the work at home which was instrumental in giving us our start in life, and we desire to express, through you, the deep feeling of gratitude which we hold towards those who not only contributed in various ways towards giving us that start, but whom we know still take a deep interest in our progress and welfare.

Our thankfulness is intensified by the feeling that our condition in life to-day is a standing testimony to the wisdom and foresight which animated our benefactors in their generous endeavors to foster our interests, and while remembering that one of the chief objects of our emigration was to save our faith, we think we can confidently testify to the fulfillment of that object.

We include in our membership, boys and girls, representatives of nearly every Catholic school in England which has sent out children in the past, and we have in our ranks representatives of many occupations and employments.

We learn with pleasure of the approaching unity of the Catholic Emigration societies under one management, and we assure you of our prayers and best wishes for the future success of the work.

In concluding, we beg to wish you both a happy and successful trip, and God-speed on your return journey.

Signed on behalf of the members:
WILLIAM P. EVANS,
Hon. Secretary-Treasurer.

Father Bans replied as follows:
I am deeply grateful to you, the members of the English Catholic Old Boys' and Girls' Association of Canada for the handsome address in which you extend to me, as president,

and to Mr. Chilton Thomas, as secretary, of the Catholic Emigration Association, a hearty welcome on the occasion of our second visit to Canada. If it gives you pleasure to see us, it gives us greater pleasure to see you. If you are grateful to us as representing the work in England which was instrumental in giving you your start in life in this free and glorious Dominion of Canada, we are no less gratified to know and to see with our own eyes that you each one of you have taken advantage of that start once given you and by your own efforts have reached your present positions as respected and self-respecting citizens of Canada. I will not dwell on what might have been, had no opportunity been offered to you. I will only congratulate you upon the result you have attained, following the good fortune which enabled you to emigrate to this country. Facts are stubborn things, and no better justification of our work could be possibly desired than that given by this splendid gathering here to-night. Re-

In conclusion, my dear emigrated old boys and girls, I charge you never to forget that your own good name, that the good name of the Catholic Church so dear to us all, the good name of the Emigration Association, which enabled you to come to Canada, the good name of the school from which you came, and the good name of those who cared for you during the tender years of your life is in your hands. I charge you to see that no act of yours shall ever sully that good name. I wish you every blessing and prosperity, and I heartily thank you for your kindness in coming to meet us this evening.

Mr. Thomas made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, giving a brief history of the work of the association in England, and with which he has been associated since its inception. He referred to the wider range which the amalgamated association would have, and the improvements that might be expected under the new regulations, which had been adopted, and he paid a tribute



HIS HONOR JUDGE CURRAN.

ports, too, that have reached us give us cause for great thankfulness. And now I have an announcement to make to you and through you to all others whom it may concern. Wishing to be precise in my statement is the reason why I am reading this reply to your address. As you are aware, there are at the present moment two Catholic Emigration Associations. These two societies have not been in any sense rivals, nor have they in any way criticised each other. One was started by Canon St. John. Of the other I am president. Both societies have long desired union, but there were certain technical difficulties to be overcome before this happy state could be brought about. It will be a real pleasure to you to know, as it is to me to inform you that that union will take place to-morrow night. The form which the union is to take is the bringing into existence of a new society, which will take over all the responsibilities, duties and legal rights now exercised by the Canadian Catholic Emigration Society and the Catholic Emigration Association. These two Catholic societies, which have hitherto emigrated children in this Dominion, will to-morrow night cease to exist; at the same time the new society will come into being and will be known as the Catholic Emigration Association. Canon St. John has accepted the position of president of the new society, while I have undertaken the responsibilities of the secretaryship. I know that you and all others will hail with delight the announcement of the fact that Mr. Cecil Arden will be the hon. Canadian agent, responsible in all matters to the home society. Miss Brennan also, I have the greatest pleasure in announcing, will not sever her connection with the work. The new society will not only exercise all legal rights conferred by the Dominion and Provincial governments of Canada, but will also put into operation certain well considered regulations, many of which I may say have been suggested at interviews with you, the boys and girls, who have been long in country, and who have acquired so good a name for yourselves. For you may remember that at our last visit we devoted much of our time in interviewing many of you individually, and we felt that we could best guard the rising generation by the knowledge acquired from the citizens of this great Dominion, who had themselves been at one time in the position of emigrated children. Your experience, therefore, has been of the greatest value to us, and has helped to a considerable extent in the building up of the system which will be followed.

to the untiring work of the Misses Brennan for the English children in Canada.

Mr. Thomas laughingly said that as he was no longer a member of the Association, but practically dead, he hoped Rev. Father Bans would take his corpse home with him on his return to England and give it a decent burial.

Hon. Justice Curran thanked the Association for the honor conferred upon him by electing him president of the new Association. He said, "Charity begins at home," and he was glad to see such a fraternal spirit shown by organized assistance, as great help in social ways would result therefrom. He was more particularly happy to give any assistance in his power, as at least 60 per cent of the boys and girls sent out by the emigration societies were of Irish parents. The meeting would convince anyone of the admirable work being done. Each and every one of them should feel a grave responsibility, because if any one of them were found guilty of any bad conduct, it was sure to be known, and to be widely circulated, to the detriment of hundreds who were doing well and to the prospects of other poor children who might suffer therefrom. There were always those who were anxious to criticise, and not a few who were, actually, unfriendly to the work being carried on by this association. He wished that he could have a few of those present to-night to see the young men and young women there assembled, who were all doing well, and reflecting credit upon themselves and those who had taken charge of their future only a few years ago. His Lordship concluded by a few complimentary remarks to Mr. Arden for his admirable management of the children under his special care, who now number over 899, in all parts of the Dominion.

Mr. G. Bogue Smart, Dominion inspector of British immigration children and receiving homes, made an address in his usual felicitous manner. He spoke of the special interest he had always taken in the work of Mr. Cecil Arden. He knew how many of the boys and girls who had passed through his hands were now happy and prosperous citizens of Canada. This work was being admirably carried on, and he had no hesitation in saying that St. Vincent's Home was one of the best managed institutions that came under his official inspection.

The illuminated address was the work of Mr. Rodolph Bedard, secretary-treasurer of the Rolland Paper Milling Company, Limited. A flash light photo of the Old Boys' and

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THANKSGIVING DAY,
NOVEMBER 17th,
Round trip tickets will be sold at
One First-Class Fare
to all stations in Canada, Fort William and East.
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Good to return until Nov. 21st, 1904.
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And all other points in Canada, also
Massena Springs, N. Y., and Inter-
mediations, and Return at
SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE
Going Dates, Nov. 16 and 17.
Return Limit, Nov. 31, 1904.
CITY TICKET OFFICES:
137 St. James Street, Telephone Main
460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

Girls' Association was taken after the entertainment.
The evening proved a very enjoyable affair, and as the large number of old boys and girls sat around in the parlors it made a pretty picture, and one could not but think that health, wealth and prosperity had fallen in goodly places, and the Catholic Emigration Society was doing a noble and God-like work.

A PRIEST'S UNKNOWN INFLUENCE.

The pastor of a parish is often tempted to despond. "What is the use of my life?" he will ask himself. "Here I sacrifice myself, and my people, my preaching and my exhortations in the confessional. There is no stability in them. There is no improvement. Surely, something's wrong. It may be in me. Truly I am an unprofitable servant."
But this thought is a wile of the evil one. For every good priest is a light on a hillside. He will never know how often he is seen, how frequently he is thought of, how many times his influence keeps members of his flock from sin. If he could know this he would be comforted and, instead of thinking himself useless, would take renewed courage to lead his life of loneliness, of self-denial, of piety.

He would do well to remember the story of St. Francis, who one day said to a young monk: "Let us go down to the town and preach." So they emerged from their monastery, walked demurely through the city and returned home. Arrived at the door the young monk exclaimed: "Father, I thought you said we were going to preach in the town?" "And did we not do so?" replied St. Francis. "Did not the sight of us and our holy habit remind the people who saw us of God, of the shortness of life, of the vanity of riches, of the necessity of penance, and of the joy of Heaven for which we have given up all that the world holds dear?"

And isn't the example of a good priest a sermon day and night to all who know him? And does not the thought of him strengthen the strong in well doing and often stimulate the weak to resist their evil inclinations?—Columbian.

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Vol. LIV., No. 19
WILL STRIKE THE GOVERNMENT
Mr. John Redmond C. the Irish Policy Under peculiar Circumstances
Speaking in Dublin last week the policy of the Irish Parliamentary Party in view of the approaching general elections in Great Britain. Mr. John Redmond said: "We are at this moment on the very eve of a general election (hear, hear), and we would, indeed, minimal and unworthy of any in our national endeavor if in a single moment in preparing, so as to be ready to take advantage of the opportunity before us (applause). Now say on this question of preparing nothing new. I can say that I have not been saying years—that all of us have saying for years. My conviction is that all that is to ensure success for us in the paratively short period of the future is a united Party (applause). Gentlemen, I put organization first. Father has correctly gave expression view I and my colleagues have held—that without a organization in Ireland no Party can be powerful, and Party can long remain united (applause). I am glad to think speaking of the Irish people, the Nationalist organization strong, widespread and united (applause). This meeting here is an assurance to me that I mediate future Dublin will to put herself once more in a ful position—in the van of the ment (hear, hear). As the tion is united, so also is the (applause). Without a united disciplined Party the Irish tation would be absolutely less (hear, hear). By unity cipline I do not mean any the nature of a cast-iron un of views and opinions (hear Such a thing as that is, in nion, impossible amongst the sentatives of intelligent peo the people of Ireland, and we were attempted to be enforced would be an unnatural state and, in my belief, would (hear, hear). And there mu liberty of expression of the nions (hear, hear). But, g there is
AN IMPORTANT LIMITA
On essentials the decision majority of the Party, after full deliberation and cussion, must be held to b minority (applause). That meaning of a united pled Party (hear, hear), and su this time of day it is unnee emphasize the fact that un Irish Party is a united and bound Party in that sense Party would deteriorate in of Commons and be depriv influence for good in the fu Ireland (applause). I des say, in thanking this meet the generous expression of c in the Party, one or two w that subject (hear, hear). men, the action and policy Irish Party in this last see been criticized. I would lik mind the public that the Ir commenced its work in the sion in Westminster under v disadvantages. We were then of the counsel and assi some of these men who had most trusted and responsib of public opinion in Ireland years, and whose views and always had the most weight with the Party as with Ireland (applause). went to Westminster Mr. Di (plause) was unfortunately aling to ill-health, and when the meetings of the Party sider the action and policy session we were deprived al tunately of the counsel and O'Brien (applause). Under circumstances it is true, in and it would not be true not say it, that, owing to