

The Daily Examiner

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THE DAILY EXAMINER

SEPTEMBER 24, 1897.

ORDINATION AT ST. GEORGE'S.

On Saturday, the 18th, Donald J. McKinnon, of Melrose, was ordained to the priesthood in St. George's Church by His Lordship Bishop McDonald, assisted by Revs. James E. McDonald and Dr. Walker Rev. J. A. McDonald being master of ceremonies. Besides the officiating clergy, Revs. F. J. McDonald, D. F. McDonald, S. T. Puelan, R. J. Gillis, J. C. McLean, Drs. I. Curran and J. C. McMillan occupied seats in the Sanctuary. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Rev. Dr. McMillan preached an eloquent and impressive sermon, taking for his text Matt. xxvii, 12-20: "Going therefore teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and behold I am with you even to the consummation of the world." In illustrating the progress of Catholicity on the island he instanced that Fr. Francis who was here present had closed the venerable Bishop McEachers eyes in death, and was to-day the first to impose hands on the seventh son of the parish, ordained in its third church by the fourth bishop of the diocese, and after fifty-seven years of active service in the sacred ministry was perhaps the most shining example he could present of the dignity of the priesthood. On Sunday Fr. McKinnon celebrated this first High Mass, assisted by Revs. J. C. McLean and Dr. McMillan as deacon and subdeacon. His Lordship Bishop McDonald, Revs. F. J. McDonald and Jas. E. McDonald were present in the Sanctuary. Rev. J. R. A. McDonald preached a forcible sermon on the Real Presence in the blessed sacrament. The choir under the direction of Mr. D. J. Cameron rendered excellent music. After Mass, Mr. G. J. McLellan, of St. Dunstan's College, who is a native of the parish, stepped forward to the rail and presented Fr. McKinnon with an appropriate address, to which he replied in eloquent and feeling terms. The following is the address: ADDRESS To Rev. Donald J. McKinnon

Reverend and Dear Sir—The people of St. George's Parish in general, your school-fellows and class-mates in particular, desire to express their gratification on account of the dignity to which you have lately been raised. In boyhood, as a competitor in class, indications of great ability were not wanting, and since then those early promises of coming greatness have been fulfilled. The noble qualities of mind and heart which you then displayed, and which endeared you to all your associates, have not been left unutilized. We noted with pleasure the rapid progress which you made in your studies at Santa Clara, Baltimore and Washington, which not only won renown for yourself as an individual student, but also brought distinction to the fair island Province from which you hailed. Yesterday we were rejoiced to witness you receive at the hands of His Lordship Bishop McDonald the final ordination to that profession which you have selected as your vocation.

Yours is a sublime calling. To point out to the wicked the error of their ways and call sinners to repentance, to encourage the virtuous to still greater perfection, to befriend the poor and comfort the dying, to cheer the saddened heart and soothe the burning anguish of despair, to administer sacraments and to offer sacrifice, to stamp out vice in every form and to preach the Gospel to all,—these are some of the solemn and important duties which are imposed on you when you assume the responsibilities of the holy priesthood. Seldom has one so young been ordained to the priesthood; yet we feel confident that the same strict attention and close application as were manifested in your studies, will characterize your labours in the broad field of spiritual affairs. While we are delighted to see you receive the sacerdotal robes, still our joy is not altogether unalloyed. We regret that the portion of God's vineyard, in which you purpose to labour is situated in a foreign land, which necessarily obliges you to leave your native isle and deprives her of one of her most talented sons.

When, therefore, in the discharge of your sacred office, you turn your thoughts heavenward and supplicate the Throne of Mercy for graces and blessings, we humbly request that you will not forget your friends of St. George's Parish. In conclusion, we sincerely wish that God may grant you abundant grace to accomplish your mission faithfully and well, and that you may long be spared to minister to the spiritual wants of the people for whom Almighty God has destined you to provide. Please except the accompanying gift as a proof of the sincerity of our words. THE PARISHIONERS OF ST. GEORGE'S PARISH. The gift consisted of a purse containing fifty dollars.

Strawberry Plants.

Strawberry Plants, ready for delivery Address FRANK BOYER, Currier.

DOE AND KID.

How the Old Chamels Teach the Youngster to Jump.

We had a full half hour to wait before the drive began and were rewarded by one of the prettiest and most interesting sights and lessons in natural history I have ever seen—namely, the sight of an old chamel giving its young kid a lesson in jumping. I must premise by mentioning that it is very difficult—in fact, impossible—for any one but a very old hand to distinguish a doe chamel from a kid as they are moving, and the rule is not to shoot at a chamel if it has a kid with it, as that is a pretty sure sign it is a doe. A few minutes after we had been seated quietly at our posts, and before the drive began the keeper called my attention to a chamel's head and neck which had suddenly appeared on the sky line about 150 yards off. It turned out to be a doe with a kid. They came along slowly, not at all thinking of danger and not in any way at all disturbed by the drivers, who were a mile or two away and who had not yet begun to drive. They both came quietly down the steep mountain side until they came to a place where there was a drop of about 12 feet, and then took place the following beautiful sight, which was also witnessed by S. and his jager from where they sat: The old chamel jumped down, as a matter of course, but the kid fumbled and would not follow. The old one looked up at it and then went back another way to the ledge on which the kid was standing and again jumped down so as to show the young one how to do it and looking up to it as much as to say: "Come along, you little stupid! It won't hurt you." But the kid fumbled again and would not follow. The mother thereupon returned a second time to the ledge and proceeded to push the kid with her head and made it jump down and followed it herself. Then came the climax. The old one and the young one both went round again to the same ledge, and the old one jumped down first, and this time the kid followed immediately, having been taught that it was safe and easy enough.—Badminton Magazine.

TRAIN WAS NOT WRECKED.

Misdirected Mustard Plaster Creates Panic in a Sleeper.

Another sleeping car story is being circulated, and the truth of it is backed by a man well known in Chicago for his veracity and abhorrence of exaggeration. He tells the story on himself, or rather his wife, and, while it savors of the usual sleeping car tale, it has its good points. Together with his wife, the man was traveling recently from California. One night he awoke in his berth in the agony of horrible pains in the stomach. As they were passing through a prohibition district, and there was nothing more tempting on board than apollinade water, his wife was assured that his intentions were honest when he shrieked loudly for brandy. But there was none to be had, so, with the instinct of a true woman during family affliction, the wife rushed to her satchel and drew therefrom a mustard plaster, an institution upon which she pinned her faith in cases of the kind, and requested the porter to get hot water without delay. When the portress was in readiness for application, she returned and carefully pulled aside the curtains of a berth, tenderly placing the plaster. An instant later a howl rent the air, and a voice of agony, emanating from behind the long whiskers of a stranger, gasped out: "Great heavens, the train's wrecked! The boiler's lying on me! Oh, how it burns! Help! Help! Fire! Fire!" Nightcaps, disordered frizzes, red and sleepy eyes and athen faces were thrust out into the aisle in horror, wonder and surprise. The poor woman who was the innocent cause of the excitement hastily withdrew to her own quarters, while the porter removed the "boiler" from the stranger and assured everybody that all was well.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Labouche Story.

Speaking of protocols and treaties, Mr. Labouche once told this story: "Years ago I was in America and went down with the English minister in the United States to a small inn in Virginia, where we were to meet Mr. Marcy, the then United States secretary of state, and a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States was to be quietly discussed. Mr. Marcy, the most genial of men, was cross as a bear. He would agree to nothing. 'What on earth is the matter with your chief?' I said to a secretary who accompanied him. 'He does not have his rubber of whist,' said the secretary. After this every night the minister and I played at whist with Mr. Marcy and his secretary, and every night we lost. The stakes were trifling, but Mr. Marcy felt flattered in beating the Brits at what he called their own game. His good humor returned, and every morning when the details of the treaty were being discussed we had our revenge and scored points for Canada."

Philosophical.

It was the question of the soul of a certain sailor lad, and the good man who had charge of the mission was doing his best to show the owner whether certain habits in which he took great pleasure, if not pride, would inevitably lead him. "And that lake," said the good man, continuing his discourse—"that lake is of burning fire." "Humph!" returned Jack carelessly. "Then it'll soon burn out, and that's all right." "It will never burn out," said the good man, "and, moreover, my friend, you are so made that you will be able to endure it." "Then I'll soon get used to it," said Jack cheerfully, "and that's all right."—Boston Budget.

Mormon or Mussulman?

A gentleman had left his corner seat in an already crowded railway car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his seat. On returning he found that, in spite of the rug and the protests of his fellow passengers, the seat had been usurped by one in lady's garments. To his protestations her lofty reply was, "Do you know, sir, that I am one of the directors' wives!" "Madam," he replied, "were you the director's only wife I should still protest."—Exchange.

The Oldest Bank.

The Bank of Naples is the oldest bank in existence, for the Monte Vecchio of Venice and the Banco San Giorgio at Genoa, both founded in the twelfth century, have ceased to exist, as has also the Bank of Barcelona, founded in the fourteenth century. The Bank of Naples was founded in 1589 and is a state bank with a considerable capital, to which no one lays any claim. In other words, it is a joint stock bank, but with no shareholders.

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HER COMMENT.

She was so gentle and so fair He paused, her every word to hear, And when soft music touched the air She said in accents sweet and clear "Isn't it lovely?"

The mimic scene—how it entranced! 'Twas fancy's realm brought down to earth. She sighed when Columbine had danced And Harlequin began his mirth, "Isn't it lovely?"

Again across the mountain's crest The twilight kissed the evening star The crowd swung, mocking, toward his nest. She murmured as she gazed afar, "Isn't it lovely?"

Then sought we for more mundane joys. Beneath the circus canopy wide Her voice arose o'er all the noise When the rhinoceros she spied, "Isn't it lovely?" —Washington Star.

GIUSEPPI'S JUBILEE CHEESE.

Ship Kats Ate All but the Cask and Mighty Aroma. "That's the cheese! That's the cheese!" cried Leonardo Giuseppe, a Ewing street Italian, as he danced about a small barrel in the United States customs office for Chicago. "That's the lovely Italy cheese!"

And as he spoke Appraiser Hoyne, who was waiting on Leonardo and his Roman friends, walked over to the window on the aroma and prayed for a breath of air, while Dr. Harry Manning, an expert, returned to the chemical division and playfully broke a wicker bottle full of bisulphide of carbon and sat down on the fumes. Leonardo Giuseppe is a prosperous Italian. He has been in Chicago a number of years and has taken care of his money; also, as he has gained in political influence, he has taken care of his friends, and they think Leonardo is all right. He told them he was going to give them a jubilee banquet. He promised it should be one of the strongest things on the West Side. He wrote to friends in Rome and had them send him direct a consignment of the edibles which are most affected by the rich and epicurean people in the Eternal City, and they did. The things came and Giuseppe took some of his closest friends down to welcome the reminders of home. There was a cask of olive oil—not made from peanuts, but from olives. There was a big tin can of yellow mushrooms such as would throw a millionaire's chef into agonies of envy. There was preserved garlic that needed no label to disclose its character, and a whole package of spaghetti. But the papers called for a cask of cheese, and nothing of the kind could be found in the room. Presently one of the Italians bounded to the outdoor landing and rolled in a little barrel. Then Leonardo and his fellows shouted, "That's the cheese!" Unfortunately a lot of ship's rats had gnawed a hole in the bottom of the cask and had eaten all of the cheese but its flavor, which clung around the shell and the cask and sent Uncle Sam's customs people after their resignations. They stood out in the wind and shouted through the open door that Leonardo might come back the next week some time and pay the tariff.—Chicago Post.

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