

Co. LIMITED

1 p.m. Saturday

ge. One of
at. We refer
ing now.

Men's

ore in the morn-
or anything

ce.....\$6.85

.....1.98

.....\$1.00, \$1.20

.....99

0, 68, 85, \$1.25

and peak.....45c

.....25, 88c up

and comfortable.

NG STORE,

prices of many

De or 3 for 50c

.....80

.....24c

.....05c

of the fact that

are—

white duck, blue

few lustrous in

.....\$1.85

white duck, blue

with large Tab

.....95c

bands.....85c

Go. LIMITED

St.-Montreal

is

menal

ed of

Life

CANADA

guarantee of

the Canadian

it—

3,547

23.13

Holders,

62.20

24.36 less

only 16.34%

the lowest

a Company.

Lead Office,

for report.

OFFICE

opp. Post Office

EXCURSION

ap a l'Aigle, \$6

Tadoussac, \$7

August 13, 13

to be limited

o and including

daily at 7 p.m.

Seguency, and

ys, at 1.30 p.m.

and Toronto.

Hamilton line

5 p.m. on Mon

d Fridays.

ly how to en

sure, in all-tire

on of life through

is—Henry Va

D. Suspenders

The True



Witness

The Senate
Jan 1 1908
Vol. LVII., No. 6

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1907

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A Monument to the Jesuit Missionaries of Canada.

Father A. Jones, S.J., archivist for the Order in Canada, and stationed at St. Mary's College, Montreal, is at Wauaubeshene, where he laid out the site and prepared the plans for a shrine erected to the memory of the martyrs in the year 1649, says the Catholic Register of Toronto.

Father Jones is a Canadian and a member of the same heroic band that gave a Brebeuf, a Lallement and a Jogues to the world and to New France. He is also well versed in the history of the Order and familiar with the story of the great men whose memory it is now his task to help to perpetuate. Surveying, too, is amongst the gifts of our Canadian Jesuit, and on all these scores to none better could the task be allotted of identifying the site and planning the nature of the monument to be raised to show to posterity the spot upon which those great soldiers of Christ's army laid down their lives while fighting side by side with those to whom they had brought the faith.

Who that has heard the story of the intrepid Brebeuf has not thrilled at the recital? Of gentle birth and pleteous scholarship, of grand physique and commanding presence, of quenchless faith and child-like simplicity, Brebeuf left the fair land where under sunny skies floated the lilies, and crossing the then trackless ocean, he betook himself to the virgin forests of the New World, where for the remainder of his days his companions were the savage redmen, and his only hearth the camp-fire under the open sky, or the earthen floor of the wigwag upon which curled the smoking blaze round which gathered the heterogeneous group of

Indians.

The story of this man's life among the Hurons fills volumes. His endurance was that of a Samson. Once having acquainted himself with the manner of life of the people amongst whom he had come, he went from town to town often on foot and alone, through interminable forests, over oozy, bosky slush and snow, again on snowshoes he traversed the frozen lakes or mayhap braved the rapids and treacherous currents in the frail Indian canoe.

But his teachings bore fruit. He early mastered the language of the Hurons, and into it translated the catechism, and the Indians learned to love the Black Robe, whose colossal figure towered amongst them, as the spirit of a master and yet whose teachings were all of the gentleness of love.

And under his tutelage the Indian names of their towns were changed and St. Joseph, St. Ignace, St. Jean Baptiste and Ste. Marie took their place. And these are the names that still live in the historic precincts of Wauaubeshene.

But the peace and happiness of the Hurons were as gall to their enemies the Iroquois, and on March 16th, 1649, they fell upon the Hurons and town after town was destroyed. At St. Ignace, Brebeuf, the Hon-hearted, and Lallement, the gentle and cultured, fell, true to the last to the people with whom they had cast their lot, and true to the last to their duties as missionaries. Their tortures to the Divine Commander in whose ranks they had labored through many crusades, and whose death-cry was a petition to Jesus for mercy upon those who tortured them and eventually became their executioners.

A Marriage of Reason

By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of "The Land of Longworthy," "Songs and Sonnets," "The Ghost in Hamlet," Etc.

CHAPTER I.—MONEY.

It could not be said that the Sherwoods underrated the value of money. Marcus Sherwood had spent the best part of his life amassing it, and his wife had used the best part of hers in making it a factor in their social progress. But a time had come when they felt that something more than money was needed to make them happy. They had no children, and they had no religion.

It is true that Mrs. Sherwood had engaged very much in "church work." In the most desirable set in her section of Kenwood—a suburb of Philadelphia—the Protestant Episcopalians were in the ascendant. They were "Broad Church," and as Mrs. Sherwood had no particular religious dogmas, their opinions, when she could grasp them, suited her very well.

Marcus Sherwood, her husband, had gone in and out of the city every working day, except in August, for the last twenty years. The train had generally been on time, and no accident had happened. Sometimes Mr. Sherwood had asked himself what would become of him in the other world if an accident should happen. And then he had said to himself that he would give more serious attention to religion. But later he had forgotten all about it in the excitement on Third street; and if he remembered it at all, it was only when the buckwheat cakes in the morning gave him indigestion, or he ate too much in the evening. It must be admitted that Mr. Sherwood's serious religious moments were almost invariably connected with some slight flaw in a usually perfect state of health. Once, and once only, had he been frightened, or rather seriously awed, by the majesty of an unseen power. Sometimes he remembered it, but he generally succeeded in putting it out of his mind with all the force of his will. When his boy—since dead—had been at school, another boy had fallen into the creek near the school-house and been almost drowned. Mr. Sherwood had seen a priest jump into the flood—it was a stormy day,—and with what seemed like a little black bag in his mouth, reach the fainting boy's side. The priest had done this at the imminent risk of his life. Mr. Sherwood looked at the inky waves of the wide river and shudderingly clasped his own boy's hand.

"That priest has escaped from the jaws of death," he said. "I would not take a hundred thousand dollars and swim the creek as it is today with the tide in from the bay. The boy has been rescued. Why did he do it?"

"He wanted to take to him the Viaticum," said a bystander reverently.

"A mere religious rite," said Mr. Sherwood, almost with contempt. "And he risked his life to do that." The bystander, who was an Irishman engaged at work on the river embankment, reverently took off his hat.

"It was more than that."

Mr. Sherwood started in amazement. He had seen a man risk his life, and he had heard those words uttered from the practical life around him. He looked at the rudely young Irishman, full of life and health, full of desire, no doubt, to amass money like most people, in a way beyond all ordinary knowledge. He was commonplace, soiled with the earth,—and yet at that moment far above the earth. Mr. Sherwood could see the kneeling figure of the priest beside the boy. He felt a strange yearning to penetrate this mystery, he felt as if he were on the outside of some great and beautiful palace, into which he had a right to enter. For a moment a strong impulse moved him to knock at the gate. He resisted it then, and ever afterwards when the same impulse arose in him he resisted it still. He was afraid to inquire further about this mystery—there was something so terribly fascinating about it, something so true, that he held back from it. His boy died. This had been the one great sorrow of his life, but time had made it less.

Mrs. Sherwood had more time to think than her husband. Sometimes she wondered whether there was really any authority in the world that could tell her which religion was best. She was attracted for a time by the ceremonies at St. Clement's, in the city. She had made the acquaintance of one of the ministers of that Church, and had found him to be a very charming gentleman; but he seemed to think that Heaven was in some way annexed to England, and this had not quite satisfied her. His picture of the life to come was to her mind an afternoon tea among the angels, under stained-glass windows. Mrs. Sherwood, who was intensely American, had not found this congenial, though she often said she thought she would enjoy the confessional, if one might tell all one's grievances.

But most of Mrs. Sherwood's time was spent in keeping her place in society. Unhappily she had been of no particular family. Her people had come from the west and made a little money in trade down town in Philadelphia. This was very much against her in Kenwood, where the traditions of Philadelphia ruled. In fact, Kenwood was mostly peopled by folk who could not afford to live in the proper streets in the parent city, and who constantly lived out of town rather than run the risk of not being visited.

The Sherwoods could have lived in Spruce or Walnut or Locust street if they wanted to, but Mrs. Sherwood felt that she would perhaps be compelled to acknowledge the inferiority of her ancestors at times, and that was not to do at all. She had always lived at Kenwood; she was saturated with ideas of old Philadelphia; she had seen nothing of the outer world; and she would have given five years of her life if she could only have claimed a Biddle or a Rittenhouse as a great-grand-uncle. But, alas, such an ancestor was unattainable. This being the sad case, Mrs. Sherwood was obliged to rely entirely on the money which her husband had made in his conservative brokerage business in Third street. But she had wild dreams of soaring from that sanctum in which her idols of old Philadelphia sat, hidden to her imagination, by clouds of incense, and silent as Buddha.

Mrs. Sherwood bitterly regretted that her husband was not a great millionaire. If he had been, she well knew that their entrance into the sacred precincts would have been easy. As it was, money, after all, was not the ultimate object in life worth working for, she felt. She lived in a beautiful house, with a lawn that seemed as soft as velvet in the summer, and an interior as luxurious as possible in the winter. The "best people" in Kenwood came to her dinners, her lawn parties, and her musicales. But there were social heights which she could not scale; consequently she was unhappy. Outwardly she seemed serene, even genial at times. Nevertheless she was a disappointed woman, although she possessed an abundance of money and of the luxuries that money could buy. She was not a vulgar woman, and yet she had all her life gauged things by their money value. Earlier, she had dreamed of her present position, and thought that when she should attain it she would be happy. She had attained it, yet she dissatisfied did not please her now. She wanted to be greater than she stood, why his wife should long so much to enter strange drawing-rooms and see strange people. He never had any social perspective, she often said. In his heart he often said that if his wife had a religion or children, she would be much happier. He and she were about fifty years of age; and he looked forward to a time when he should rest. In his heart, too, he wondered how his restless and unsatisfied wife could endure an old age by the fireside.

Sometimes he began to think that life was a failure,—that the world, in fact, had cheated him. Had he not heard from his infancy that money would do everything? And yet money had not done much for him. In spite of an urbane and acquired manner which sat well on them both there were no more unhappy people in Kenwood than Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.

One autumn morning Mrs. Sherwood had concluded to go up to the city with her husband. Shopping was her object ostensibly; to get rid of a fit of the "blues" her real object. A well-arranged equipage bore them to the station,—an equipage very bright, very graceful in form, which included two men on the box, but no coat of arms on the panel. It made Mrs. Sherwood sad to notice this omission. But her husband—though she often assured him that he must be of the Sherwoods of Sherwood Forest of Robin Hood memory—was always obdurate about the coat of arms.

"Good gracious," she said, as they started, "that O'Connor girl must be growing. She must be twenty years of age. I thought of her this morning while I was dressing; I came across her photograph as a baby in one of my boxes. It is time something was done with her."

"That's true, Anne," her husband said, raising his eyes from the financial columns of The Ledger; "we have neglected her."

"Neglected is a hard word, Marcus. We've kept her at school for over ten years, and I suppose you'll make some provision for her future."

"But we have not made a home for her, and she is my own sister's child, Anne," said her husband gravely. "Perhaps you and I would be happier if we had some young creature in the house."

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Clergymen Need Just such a Tonic as Abbey's Salt. It gently regulates stomach, liver and bowels — helps appetite and digestion — strengthens and invigorates the whole system.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 and 60c. BOTTLE.

Buy a Cadillac!

Anyone at all interested in automobiles will find the Cadillac the most dependable of popular-priced cars, to which is added the incredibly low cost of maintenance.

We're selling these machines as low as \$1100 and recommend them for all sorts of service in town or country. There is more certainty of good value and thorough satisfaction in a "Cadillac" than in any other car in sight.

The simple fact that more Cadillacs were sold last year than any other car in the world carries its own argument.

The Canadian Automobile Co.

Garage, Thistle Curling Rink. Office, 342 Craig West.

To Our Readers and Advertisers.

On account of a fire in the building occupied by The True Witness Publishing Co., which took place last Saturday, we sustained quite a severe loss from water and breakage.

This incident accounts for the late appearance and the abbreviated form of this week's issue.

We crave the indulgence of our readers and advertisers, under the circumstances, which we assure will be granted us, and we promise to compensate our friends by improvements in the paper which will appear from time to time and by addition of new features.

We will be in a position to have our next week's paper appear on time as usual.

THE PUBLISHERS.

The Pope and "Buster Brown."

We heard this week a pretty anecdote of His Holiness and a little boy.

The Holy Father, as is well known, has a great love for the little ones, especially little boys, and they with a child's unerring instinct, know at once that they are dear to him. Marchese Francesco Patrizi, whose wife is an American lady, has a dear little son of five years old, whose many scrapes have earned him the nickname of "Buster Brown." The other day several children with their parents had a private audience with His Holiness. Little Bernard knelt down and kissed the foot of the Sovereign Pontiff, as he had been told he should do, and then with a sudden impulse he jumped on the Holy Father's knee, threw his arms

around his neck, and kissed him on both cheeks, and Pius X. folded him close in his embrace. "Why did you do that, Bernard?" he was asked afterwards, and he looked up with big innocent eyes. "Because the Holy Father looked like mother does when we are good."

It Needs No Testimonial.

It is a guarantee in itself. If testimonials were required they could be furnished in thousands from all sorts and conditions of men in widely different places. Many medicines are put forth every year which have but an ephemeral existence and then are heard of no more. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has grown in reputation every day since it first made its appearance.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE

A PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

"It would depend on the young creature. I have known young creatures to be just as troublesome as old creatures."

"Really, Anne, we must have her home; if she has been at school ten years, it is time she had a home."

"What a nuisance! I am sorry I spoke of her at all!"

"I shall be glad to see her," said her husband, with a show of interest meant as a rebuke to his wife.

"She is Katie's only child."

"But she will certainly be a drag on us socially. She has such a peculiar name—O'Connor! And if I remember her rightly she had red hair when I saw her last. I don't see why Katie couldn't have married somebody who would have helped us on, instead of a man who died as soon as he could. And of course she followed him, poor girl! But, by the way, Marcus," said he wife suddenly, as if a new and horrible thought had struck her, "Katherine O'Connor is a Catholic!"

"Well!" said her husband.

"But don't you see she will be out of touch with all our set, and there will be fasting and praying and all that sort of thing going on in the house continually. There's some distinction about being High Church, but the Catholics are so hopeless socially. One never meets them in society."

Mr. Sherwood grinned.

"Not in Kenwood; but I have met a great many."

"In a business way, of course; but you know that in this part of the world they have really no social standing. A few clever ones, or rich ones do manage to get the recognition—"

"Which we are not rich enough or clever enough to deserve."

Mrs. Sherwood flushed under her veil.

"You know what I mean, Marcus. I am not sure; but, my dear, we must ask Katherine O'Connor to come home; it would seem like treachery to the memory of my only sister if I did not insist upon this."

Mrs. Sherwood sighed. She raised a plump hand, admirably gloved, and shaded her eyes with it. This was her habit when she was annoyed. Mrs. Sherwood, in the morning light, looked her age; her black eyes were as bright as they ever had been, but her hair, raised in the Pompadour fashion over her brow, was sprinkled with gray; her complexion somewhat reddened, and two upright wrinkles above her nose, told that her serenity of manner—much admired in social assemblies—was not altogether habitual. She caught sight of her face in the narrow glass between the windows of the carriage; and she sighed again. After all, money would not buy the best things in life. In fact, all the best things in life were above it.

"Anne, do not let us forget that what claims we have on the world have been earned by ourselves," said Mr. Sherwood. "I see no higher parent of nobility than that we began with nothing. We made money, and

money has made us," he added with a laugh.

"Oh, money,—always money!" said his wife, contemptuously.

"But what should we do without it?" asked Marcus Sherwood, turning his good-natured, round face towards his wife with a grave look.

"What have we to live for except the enjoyment of money? If I were poor I would commit suicide. And half my friends would do the same."

Mrs. Sherwood shuddered.

"Life would be terrible without money; but I do hope this O'Connor girl will not be entirely unprosperable." And Mrs. Sherwood conjured up the picture of a short, stout girl with freckles, a snub nose, and bad manners or manners.

"They say the Sisters give their pupils decent manners at any rate. And of course, as she was over at Notre Dame di Sion for two years, out of the ten, she must speak French with a good accent. The Sisters at Sion, have, I hear, a great reputation for that sort of thing."

"At any rate, Anne," Mr. Sherwood said, with unusual firmness, "we must be kind to Katie's child."

"Haven't you paid her bills for ten years?"

"But that wasn't kindness," interrupted Mr. Sherwood, "that was only justice. I am anxious that everything should be done for Katie's daughter that can be done. My sister saw fit to become a Catholic before she met O'Connor, and then married him, and he wasn't a bad fellow. I'm sure he would have made money if he had been given time."

"She'll spoil my dinner parties, I'm sure," said Mrs. Sherwood, resignedly. "I don't see why we can't have relatives who would help us socially, but they are all just a drag on us. I can't imagine a worse combination for social purposes—an ugly girl with such a pronouncedly Irish name, and a Catholic. Well, I'll write and ask her, since you insist on it."

(To be continued.)

A YOUNG OLD WOMAN.

Until a woman is 100 years old, she should be interested in her personal appearance. While age takes away the brilliancy of the skin, it softens the features and brings a certain sweetness that is very attractive. It is a mistake for an elderly woman to wear only black. The beautiful shades of plum, lavender, purple and grays are all becoming and beautiful when the hair has whitened and the girl has taken her place among the middle-aged girls. Bonnets disappeared long ago, and now the grandmas wear hats. As long as a woman keeps her health and is active and reads good books and makes herself companionable she is young. Her age has nothing whatever to do with the matter.

President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.