

Y Co. LIMITED James St., Montreal

ent Sale

ing Bargains are cons...

\$4.29

of extra fine quality...

\$1.78

tailor effect. They are...

For 95c.

for 63c

White Hair Braid...

scribers.

\$1.60.

NESS, MONTREAL,

months

enclose \$.....

here.....

Oil

ENTS

BELLS

BELL COMPANY

BELLS

BELLS is printed and...

The Globe and Catholic Chronicle

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1908

Note and Comment

If you marry a Protestant your children will be more or less likely to become Protestants.

The anniversary of the seventy-eighth birthday of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was on Wednesday celebrated throughout Austria and Hungary and at many foreign capitals.

The Pope is slightly indisposed, having caught a cold which has affected his gait.

Of the seven new army chaplains appointed by United States Secretary of War Wright, three are Catholic priests.

Lady Aberdeen takes a personal interest in the Irish village of Ballymacdonin at the Franco-British Exhibition.

Mr. Gustin Wright, representative in Europe of the Auto-Piano Company of New York, has been received in audience by the Pope.

Mayor Busse of Chicago has replaced a Socialist member of the Board of School Trustees by the appointment of Mrs. P. J. O'Keefe.

Professor Haupt, of Baltimore, stated at a meeting of the International Historical Congress in Berlin, that Our Saviour was not a Jew.

The members of the Congress should have had a Bible with them during their deliberations.

Congratulations to Father Kiernan who is celebrating all this week the 30th anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood.

ceeds of which will form a jubilee offering for the benefit of his new school. Too much encouragement cannot be given Father Kiernan.

It is pleasing to note that through the present C.P.R. strike lawlessness was nowhere in evidence.

A medical report submitted to the General Assembly of Louisiana by the Louisiana Leper Home sets out the joyful fact that six lepers of the colony in Iberville parish are practically cured.

That old fraud, the endless prayer chain, is again disturbing communities in this state, says the Newark, N.J., News.

The glitter of gold, the prospect of fame, honor and other worldly attractions, did not influence you to disregard that Divine call of Him Who, about twenty centuries ago, while one day walking solitary along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, made a similar call to Peter and his companions.

FATHER KIERNAN

Celebrated 30th Anniversary of His Ordination.

As already mentioned in previous issues, Sunday last was the day upon which Rev. Father Kiernan, P.P. of St. Michael's, celebrated his Pearl Jubilee.

The morning smiled out brightly, and the only sign in the vicinity of the church that anything unusual was going on was a pretty green flag streaming proudly over the school-house on the opposite side of the street.



REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN.

High Mass was celebrated by the pastor himself, assisted by Rev. Father McCrory and Mr. McConough as deacon and sub-deacon.

After Mass, Mr. Britt, a gentleman who has worked untiringly for the success of all the undertakings connected with church and school, stepped into the sanctuary, and read, in the name of the parish, the following address:

Rev. John P. Kiernan, P.P., Pastor of St. Michael's, Montreal.

On this auspicious occasion, commemorating as we do to-day the 30th anniversary of your ordination to the Holy Order of the Priesthood, we, your devoted parishioners, assembled together in this sacred edifice, not only to honor and offer you our heartfelt congratulations on attaining this, your Pearl Jubilee, but more especially to join with you in offering to that Divine Master, for Whom you have labored so long, so faithfully and well, our sincere prayers of thankfulness and gratitude for the numerous blessings and favors which He has been pleased to bestow upon you during that long period of time, which you devoted to His service.

This anniversary, Rev. Father, recalls to our minds a memorable day in your life when, as a young man, thirty years ago, you voluntarily abandoned this world, with all its attractive but vanishing pleasures, and left home, parents, relatives and friends to enroll yourself in the ranks of that noble and devoted band of laborers, to labor in the vineyard of that Master who once said "that the harvest indeed was great but the laborers few."

The glitter of gold, the prospect of fame, honor and other worldly attractions, did not influence you to disregard that Divine call of Him Who, about twenty centuries ago, while one day walking solitary along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, made a similar call to Peter and his companions.

It would, Rev. Father, be superfluous to recite here in detail the numerous good works which you accomplished for the glory of God and the temporal and spiritual welfare of your flocks in the various fields of labor to which Providence assigned you, previous to your appointment

to the pastorate of St. Michael's. Suffice to say that the reputation which you gained and which you so deservedly merited, both in the Province of New Brunswick, as well as that of Ontario, as a result of your great zeal, energy and ability, for the erection of churches, the opening of schools, and for the wise and capable manner in which you administered the financial affairs of your parishes, was of such a nature, and your efforts so much appreciated by the Bishops under whom you served, that it was naturally with the greatest reluctance, that you obtained the necessary permission to leave your diocese in order to enable you to labor elsewhere.

But, Rev. Father, their loss proved to be our gain, for Divine Providence, who guides all our actions, had a still greater work for you to perform for His glory, in this, your native city.

You early recognized that the work of building a Church for your parishioners was not the only requirement to be supplied. The need of a school for the children of the parish was also an urgent necessity, and one of the first works you began here, but you soon discovered that this school was too inadequate to meet the needs of your rapidly growing parish, so, after exhausting all available means to induce the various school boards in our parish territory to either erect or provide a school for us, or hand over our school taxes so as to enable us to undertake the work ourselves, but without success, you then decided, aided by your wardens, to make application to the Quebec Legislature, to grant St. Michael's a separate School Board of its own.

The strenuous fight which was made for our rights is still vivid in our memory. After failure of your application for the granting of the bill for a separate School Board on two consecutive occasions, your third effort was crowned with victory, and to-day, as a result of that tenacity, zeal and energy for which you are noted, you have the proud satisfaction of possessing a splendid school building, equipped with all the most requisite furnishings, leaving a school roll, last year, of about 125 names, taught by Brothers and Sisters whose reputation as teachers is already spreading beyond the limits of St. Michael's, and governed by a School Board comprising gentlemen of our race, with yourself as its indefatigable and worthy chairman, being the only school corporation of its kind in the Dominion. Results such as these are well worthy the energy, trouble and immense labor expended in their acquisition.

Your commendable unselfishness and great devotion for the financial success of that school which you labored so strenuously to obtain, was made apparent by your refusal to accept a testimonial of a substantial character, as an evidence of our good will toward you, and in appreciation of the many great works which you succeeded in accomplishing in such a short space of time in St. Michael's, expressing your wish and desire that the money which might be expended in acquiring such a testimonial be devoted toward increasing the proceeds of the coming Garden Party for the benefit of the School.

Let us assure you, Rev. Father, that we shall all unite with you in making most strenuous efforts to make the garden party of 1908 a greater success, financially and socially, than any which preceded it, and thereby not only bring joy to the heart of our esteemed Pastor, but also celebrate the event which we are commemorating to-day in a manner which will convince you of the deep respect in which you are held by your parishioners.

In conclusion, we humbly pray that the Almighty will be pleased to spare you in vigorous health and strength, to direct the flock, and preside over the destinies of St. Michael's for many years, even unto, and beyond, your Golden Jubilee.

(Continued on Page 8.)

The Story of the Golden Dog A Legend of Quebec.

(By William J. Fischer, in Rosary Magazine)

That beautiful, ancient city down by the St. Lawrence—one of the most picturesque in the world—richly conning, historic associations, the Quebec of three epoch-making centuries, sitting like a queen upon its throne of pleasant granite hills, has ever attracted the hearts of mankind with magnetic force. Many a poet has visited its hallowed and glorious places in the hope that he might there find inspiration for the writing of the nation's epic, many a daring novelist has wandered through its time-honored thoroughfares and found rich material for his fancy's illumination; yes, and many a philosopher has studied its history and traditions from the old, lordly piles of stone, that speak of honored days of chivalry and heroism, and given the world expression of his love and work. To all lovers of beauty and romance, Quebec is a "casket of precious stones, a shrine of historical relics, which, if approached by sacrilegious hands, would call forth from all sides a cry of protest. It is a gallery of paintings, whose pictures bear the mark of the Divine Artist, surpassing in beauty the works of all the landscape painters of the world." Gibraltar, Naples, Algiers and Constantinople—it is with these cities that old Quebec must be compared, if viewed from Point Lévis or the Isle of Orleans. Gibraltar has its citadel and Algiers its Kasbah; Constantinople and Naples show an amazing riotous display of light and color, and Quebec, while it cannot boast of such gifts, takes just pride in the magnificence and delicate rich beauty and grandeur of its surroundings. Little wonder, then, that it should have inspired the following fine lines from Jean Blewett:

"Quebec, the grey old city on the hill, Lies with a golden glory on her head, Dreaming throughout this hour so fair, so still. Of other days and all her mighty white doves perch upon the cannon grim, The flowers bloom where once did run a tide Of crimson, when the moon rose pale and dim Above the battlefield, so grim and wide, Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow Of pride, of tenderness—her stirring past— The strife, the valor of the long ago Feels at her heartstrings, Strong and tall and vast. She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace, A wondrous softness on her grey, old face."

To appreciate Quebec thoroughly one must linger and dream near the old walls and ruins and hear the stones speak of the past. One must stroll through the public places and traverse its quaint, irregular narrow streets and let one's eyes feast on the beauty one sees everywhere on church and convent, public edifice and monument. But apart from all these pleasant associations, Quebec treasures in her soul a wealth of legendary lore, often mysterious and dramatic, which has been so woven into the texture of the place that along these lines alone a visit to the city will bring endless delight to the heart of the pleasure-seeking tourist. There is, for instance, the popular legend of the Golden Dog, probably the best known and also the most enigmatical and mysterious, commemorating as it does a terrible and grim vendetta.

Take a drive about the city in the attractive caleche and the cabby will not fail to take you to the post-office, a rather remarkable stone building, built upon a part of the rock which holds the Chateau Frontenac—one of the most beautiful hotels in the world—upon its strong back. But it is not the post office which proves such a drawing card to the many. Look over the main entrance and there you will see an old slab encased in the wall. Upon it is engraved a strange dog with a fierce glare in his eyes. He is gnawing at a bone which he is holding between his jaws. Upon the bas-relief is engraved a rather imperfect quatrain in French, one line written above and the other three below the strange figure of the dog. It reads:

"Je suis un chien qui rongé l'os En le rongéant, je prends mon repos, Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu, Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu"

which means, translated:

"I am a dog gnawing a bone, While I gnaw I take my repose, The time will come, though not yet When I will bite him who now bites me."

The post office was built in 1871, but it has been proved without doubt that the strange bas-relief of the Golden Dog dates as far back as

1736. In those days a wealthy French tradesman, named Philibert, erected a large stone structure on the very spot where the post office now stands. The old tablet in question decorated the front of his building. It is also an authenticated fact that while excavating to build the post office, a lead plate was found upon which was engraved: "Nicholas Jacquin Dit Philibert, Ma Pos. le 2 Aout, 1735." Thus we learn that the first stone of the building was laid on August 2, 1735. The bas-relief was placed above the door the following year. This will explain the date, 1736, which one sees on the tablet.

"This dog," writes Routhier, "is like a modern Nemesis, hiding under a strange and new form. He is lying down to rest and gnawing a bone—that is the present. He has been bitten and remembers it—that is the past. The day will come when he will bite the one who bit him—that is the future."

What is the meaning of the revengeful dog? Can we not connect him in some manner with the early history of the place? These are questions which poets and novelists and historians have answered during the last hundred years, and at this late day the real history is yet to come. But it is certain that the life-history of a few human beings at least is written on that cold, engraved tablet. There may be some contradictions in the little details, but the story, immortalized as it does the name of "le bourgeois Philibert," contains thrilling and tragic chapters.

One of the first writers who attempted to solve the mystery was a certain Captain Knox, who was a member of General Wolfe's army, which entered Quebec in September, 1759. One day, while walking down the street, he noticed the weird-looking bas-relief above the door of Philibert's house. In the second volume of his diary he states that his attempt to arrive at the true meaning of the legendary quatrain proved futile after the most patient and exhaustive investigations. His conclusion, however, was that the dog, an emblem of faithfulness, represented the colony of New France, and that the threatening verses referred to the Indians.

In 1839, Auguste Soulard, a lawyer and writer of fair reputation, came forward with his explanation of the Golden Dog. The following was his story briefly: In 1736, "le bourgeois Philibert" was killed by Le Gardeur de Repentigny after a desperate quarrel. A wife and son mourned Philibert's death. Overcome with grief and longing for revenge, the suffering widow placed above her husband's bas-relief, as a threat to her husband's murderer, and in her heart she longed to see the day when her son might avenge the crime. At the age of twenty-two, the latter left for Europe in search of his father's murderer. "Ten months after young Philibert's departure," Soulard goes on to say, "his sick mother was sitting at the window, breathing the pure, spring air and thinking of her son, when a letter was handed to her. Upon reading she learned, alas! that after many painful journeys her son had at last found De Repentigny crossed swords with him and had been killed. Poor Philibert! The meaning of his last sentence is quite plain. The letter which the mother received was not from her son, for the duel had ended fatally for him."

Another learned and profound scholar, Jacques Viger, also tried to unravel the strange mystery of the Golden Dog. His findings were a direct refutation to Soulard's promulgations.

Sir James Lemoine, in his "Maple Leaves," practically confirms Soulard's investigations but ends his story differently. According to him the letter received by Madame Philibert was from her son and contained the following: "My dearest mother, we are avenged. My father's murderer is no more." William Kirby, the Canadian novelist and poet, who died recently, has probably woven the most successful and likely tale into the vague, strange legend. He published four volumes of prose, the most noteworthy being "The Golden Dog: A Legend of Quebec." The book first saw daylight in 1877 and has since gone through many editions in Canada and the United States. The novel is a classic of its kind. It brought the veteran author fame in his old days. "It is a most interesting book," writes one, "for those who are fond of old Quebec. The author's brilliant imagination, his lively and figurative style, his unprejudiced admiration for the old French nobility of Canada, the vivid description which he gives of Canadian customs of the time, the artistic way in which he keeps up the reader's interest, make of his book most agreeable and wholesome reading." Let us then briefly mention the salient features of Kirby's rendition of the remarkable legend: Before journeying to Quebec Count

(Continued on Page 8.)

Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Don't forget that we are receiving contributions for the Father Holland Birthday Fund. September 19th is the day on which presentation will be made. No matter how small the sum, it will be most gratefully received and acknowledged in issue following its receipt. Help along a most worthy work—The St. Joseph's Home for Boys.