

A WONDERFUL CATHEDRAL.

A Journalist's Impressions of the Great and Still Unfinished Basilica at Westminster.

A contributor to the London Daily News who has been writing a series of sketches entitled "Sunday morning in London," thus describes his impressions—the impressions of a tolerant unbeliever with an eye for the picturesque—of High Mass in Westminster Cathedral:

"... I enter the porch, and my eye is held, not by the mighty building, but by the great golden crucifix which hangs suspended from the chancel arch, as if the Man of Sorrows would welcome and warn every crosser of the threshold—the arms outstretched in welcome, the hands pierced in warning.

A vast, yellow brick building of immense proportions, with four mighty domes, the westernmost in strong light, the next in shadow, the third in still darker shade, the fourth, above the high altar, illuminated by twelve windows. The size is impressive, overwhelming. The wide areas of space encompassed forbid the temerity of noise. Here, where the loudest shout would be dashed by its littleness, the voice is hushed to a whisper. The naked majesty of the place demands and secures homage; here at least is a worthy symbol of an awe-inspiring faith. The architect has planned, the builders have built, but the believers must adorn and these yellow cliffs are at once a challenge and a prayer. No one now living will witness the temple completed, no pious priest see the travail of his soul and be satisfied; monks, priests, worshippers will long have been dust ere the last stone is encrusted with gems, the last brick covered with gold. But the present is profuse. Already marble columns, rich and rare, the votive offerings of benefactors, support the vaulting of aisles and arches. To walk around the Cathedral is a pilgrimage through Europe. Monoliths from the ancient classical quarries of Thessaly and Euboea stand beside Verona's grey and purple treasures. Norway bends her crimson granite to wear the white crown of Carrara's famous mines. The chapels are fair with delicate stones and intricate mosaics; marbles green and translucent as the sea, marbles black and impenetrable as the tempest, marbles violet, and marbles rose-red, with jasper and lapis lazuli, and mother-of-pearl and porphyry.

The worshippers stream in, men and women, poor and rich, hale and infirm, old and young. Each as he or she enters sinks on one knee to the temporary high altar, which stands before a green curtain stretched across the Cathedral, above which scaffolding can be seen, stands in lonely simplicity beneath its green canopy, bearing six giant candlesticks, three on either side of a crucifix. A green carpet leads down from the altar to the base of the altar steps. To right and left sits the choir. The congregation increases until the Cathedral is well filled. The six lighted candles burn steadily at the end of what, from where I sit, is a dim vista. The chanting of the priest reaches me as from across a valley; the sound ebbs and flows, now swelling high, rushing against the arches and roof to be sucked back in echoes and tossed to and fro, now sinking to a suspiration, the murmur of a summer sea. From time to time the organ is heard, but it never becomes more than a background for the voices, deep, sonorous voices, which roll their syllables richly forth. To and fro in front of the altar move the white figures, advancing, retreating, bowing, kneeling, weaving the, to me, complicated pattern with infinite ease and dignity. The smoke of the incense floats up, thinly veiling the black scaffold poles, the great congregation silent and still, watches the white figures, rises as one man, kneels with a like unanimity, the bell rings, with bowed head the priest uplifts the Host, the climax is reached, the tension relaxed.

A few yards away from me is a man of about thirty-five, whose coat is tightly buttoned to conceal his lack of a shirt, the coat itself is torn and ragged, and as he kneels I see the soles of his boots are almost gone. The face is a sad, weary face, tanned by exposure, lined by anxiety; the features are small and refined. No one is more devout. He sits me musing. Into how many of our churches could you have wandered, my brother, without being stared at with eyes, not altogether friendly—supposing, indeed, you had been admitted and given a seat. But here thou canst sit beside ladies in dresses the most exquisite brains can devise or money purchase, without a single curious glance to make thee feel thy lack.



ROME'S DEBT TO THE POPE.

Rome is undergoing a gradual transformation, writes Rev. D. S. Phelan in a letter from the Eternal City to the Western Watchman. I fear it will be soon "Rome no more." For the tourists there is still left but the Pope and the Vatican. All else has been given up to the small shopkeeper, who is the most remorseless of iconoclasts. Public buildings are encroaching on historic spots, and where in years gone by the classic traveler would stop to decipher a Latin inscription, his eyes are greeted with signs in English: Tea rooms at such a place; English goods at such another place; American drinks here; and American wares there. The old city of Romulus and Remus resembles a fair, and every citizen in it is on the qui vive for the stranger's lira. The children in the schools are being taught modern languages with a view to manage the tourists of the future. I was astonished at the correctness with which these children spoke English. At the hotel where I stopped 250 tourists from Germany arrived in one evening. They formed a jolly party and saw the sights together. The small boy was equal to the occasion; and I was surprised to hear those same little fellows speaking even better German than they had English. I found that these two languages are down in the compulsory courses of all elementary schools. Italy has made up her mind to go into the hotel and restaurant business and the sooner she goes out of all others, including the military, the better for the people Rome can well live off of travellers as long as the Vatican lasts, and the Pope continues to occupy it. For there is absolutely nothing to repay a visit to this city, but the hope of seeing the Sovereign Pontiff and the assurance of being able to visit the Vatican gallery and the churches. This attraction has lost none of its charm, and the growing enthusiasm of the visitors is proof that it is more likely to increase than to decrease. It has softened the asperity of the patriots towards the Holy Father. In 1870 they were told that the Pope could do more for Rome than the Savoyard intruder; they have learned by this time that he is the only one who can do anything for the city. Applying the words of Holy Writ to the present situation in the peninsula we can imagine the most rampant Garibaldian saying to-day; not in a great standing army, or in mighty battlefields do we place our hopes; but in the temples of the Lord and his viceregent, The King, and his court, and his Parliament have as little to do with the temporal well-being of Italy's capital to-day, as has a college debating society with the material prosperity of St. Louis. I do not know whether Victor Emmanuel is in the city or not; I have not inquired; and I have heard no one inquire where his beautiful queen is; what chance there is to see her is a question that does not disturb the minds of tourists to Rome. But to come to the Eternal City, and not see the Pope, is to have spent both time and money in vain. To see the long line of carriages on both sides of the Square of St. Peter's, one would be led to think that there was a General Council in permanent session within the great basilica. It would be a curious exhibit if the Minister of the Interior were to give to the world the exact figures of the revenue derived from tourists in the City of Rome in one year. We would then know how much it owes to the Pope and the Vatican.

I had a long and charming interview with Cardinal Satolli yesterday. He sized up the situation of the papacy by saying that Pius IX. was a representative of its burning heart; Leo XIII. of its throbbing brain; and Pius X. of its busy and beneficial hands. He said that in his last interview with the Holy Father he had dwelt long on the happy situation of the Church in the United States, and that Pius thoroughly agreed with all he said, and added: "The Church is strong in America, because the people there love justice and obey the law." The Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Studies lamented the financial condition of our Catholic University, and still more the internal dissensions of that institution. He seemed to think that the professors were adopting the policy of the mutineers of the Black Sea, and said most po-

sitively that the present rector would be sustained "against the egoistic professors." His Eminence showed much feeling in speaking on the subject, a fact all the more remarkable as he knew I was seeking for information to be used in these columns. I had a very pleasant visit at the American College, and was surprised at the great material improvement that had been made in the institution in the past few years. The late rector, the present Bishop of Portland, some years ago purchased a splendid castle at Castel Gondolfo for the insignificant sum of 120,000 lire, while it had cost more than a million to build. Here the students can spend their vacation in as much ease and comfort as any prince in Rome. In the city the present rector, Mgr. Kennedy, has purchased a building adjoining the present college, which gives him forty additional rooms, and much needed recreation ground. Now it is as well off in point of space as any college in Rome. The college is in a very prosperous condition, and is the pet of the Holy Father.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MANUFACTURING COMPANY

"A Pure Hard Soap" Makes Child's Play a Wash Day.

Were you ever in a soap factory? Not a two by twice affair, but one of the largest in high grade soap in Canada. No, do you say? Well, if you will follow the writer through the Surprise factory, you will probably have a little clearer idea of the magnitude of this up-to-date and pushing firm.

Now, the principal ingredients in the manufacture of soap are tallow and caustic soda. The tallow comes in large hogheads. The soda in iron drums. It is then put in tanks and diluted. From here it is pumped up stairs to the soap kettles. This takes place on the ground floor and you have made a start towards seeing the manufacture of that famous article, Surprise Soap.

On the first floor are eight kettles and an apparatus for steaming grease from the barrels, as it is in barrels that the grease is received at the factory.

It is on the top floor where you get your first "surprise." Here are four huge kettles each holding fifty tons. The smaller kettles on the second floor to inexperienced eyes seem to be immense. But these monsters holding fifty tons each actually give one a shock—to peep timidly over the edge of this boiling, bubbling, seething mass of fifty tons of soap in each.

The different ingredients are put in the tanks and boiled for a week; the mass is then allowed to cool for another week. The soap has by this time reached a consistency which allows it to run slowly into frames, where it takes about four days more to cool sufficiently to remove the frames; and there, behold, is a solid cake of soap weighing 1200 lbs. This is known as the frame room, and there are generally about 150 of these huge cakes on the floor at one time.

Now to the cutting-room. Here is another wonderful machine. It takes



DO YOU KNOW THAT BACKACHE IS THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF KIDNEY TROUBLE.

It is! and you cannot be too careful about it.

A little backache let run will finally cause serious kidney trouble. Stop it in time.

TAKE DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They cure where all others fail. As a specific for Backaches and Kidney Troubles they have no equal. Here is what

MR. GEO. H. SOMERVILLE, of Stewarson, N.B., writes: "I was so troubled with a sore back I could not get out of bed in the mornings for over a year. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had them half taken I could see I was deriving some benefit from them, and before I had taken them all my back was O.K. and I have not been troubled since."

a 1200 pound cake of soap and cuts it into slabs. These slabs are then put through another part of the machine, where they are planed smooth; again through another part where it is cut up in bars all of a uniform size and thickness. It is then spread on the racks ready for the drying room.

That 1200 pounds of soap seems to melt before your astonished eyes. It's about the slickest sight you ever saw. These cakes are then conveyed on wheeled trucks to the drying room, where they are exposed to a current of warm air for thirty-six hours, and when it is sufficiently dry conveyed to the pressing-room, where it is to be seen another interesting machine.

The soap is only in its rough state. These oblong cakes are put in this machine and automatically stamped with the name and familiar shape of the celebrated Surprise Soap at the rate of eighty per minute.

The finished product is then shot automatically from the machine down a long slide, where you see six girls doing about the quickest work conceivable. Just imagine! They can wrap with tissue and cover eighty bars of soap in a minute. The girls put these in boxes; the cover is then nailed on and we have the finished product ready for the market.

On the top floor is the box factory. Here is another curious machine known as an automatic nailing machine, capable of nailing 100 boxes together in one hour. It is strange-ly familiar to anyone who has been around an up-to-date printing office. It works on the same principle as a typesetting machine. One might almost call them cousins from their resemblance.

The rear end of the second story is devoted to the manufacture of a by-product. This is now a valuable asset. Up to ten years ago this was thrown away as waste and of no value. This product is glycerine. On the lower floor are four large tanks for the storing of the soap lyes, a liquid that forms in the kettle during the process of boiling. Two vacuum evaporators with a capacity of 30,000 pounds per day are for concentrating the soap lyes into crude glycerine. The soap lyes go through a chemical and filter treatment, which leaves them in a clear dilute condition of glycerine and salt. In the evaporators large quantities of salt are precipitated and this is used over again in the manufacture of soap.

In addition to Surprise Soap they also manufacture Sea Foam, a white floating soap; a soap powder called White Cross Granulated, and a superior class of laundry chips. These products enjoy a good share of public good opinion, and are meeting growing sales.

The firm believe in the old but ever effective method of advertising Surprise Soap by means of premiums and have gone into it with their usual enthusiastic custom. Every housekeeper uses soap. "Anything is good enough" for some few people, but the good housekeeper demands the best value. They recognize this fact, and realize they must have the buyers of soap know that Surprise is the most economical and satisfactory soap in use. To do this means advertising; calling attention to its merits to induce a trial. One of the methods of advertising the fact that Surprise is a pure, hard soap, with peculiar qualities and power for washing clothes is the premium idea.

They give good premiums, useful articles and ornamental. Every article is first-class. They are bought at the lowest price; much lower than any individual can secure. They give them at cost.

Well, reader, one hopes you have kept up with the procession and followed us through the spacious home of Surprise Soap, watched the different processes of its manufacture and have learned something about how this trade-winning and not-to-be-beaten Surprise Soap is got in readiness for the market.

POPULARITY HIS RUIN.

Dean Ramsey of Scotland, once spoke sharply to a whiskey-loving parishioner, ending his lecture by setting himself up as an example.

"I can go to the village," said the Dean, "and come home sober."

"Ay, minister," was the reply, "but I'm sae popular!"

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 2287. Dame Josephine Enlow has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Edward Lawrence Wood, of the City of Montreal, in the said District of Montreal, trader.

Montreal, 11th August, 1905. MURPHY, LUSSIER & ROY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. OORT, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; revised 1840. Meets at 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, Mr. J. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. E. Tansey.

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 9 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. J. A. K. Loran; President, J. H. Kelly; Recording Secretary, J. D. Arcy Kelly, 18 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. G. Kelly, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 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.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 13th November, 1888. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, 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 o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, W. F. Wall; President, J. M. Kennedy; 1st Vice-President, J. H. Malden; 2nd Vice-President, J. P. Dooley; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Assistant Rec. Sec., W. J. Macdonald; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, J. Walsh; Guard, M. J. O'Regan; Trustees, T. J. Finn, W. A. Hodgson, P. J. D'Arcy, R. Gahan, T. J. Stevens; Medical Advisers, Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. G. H. Merrill.

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR CATHOLIC MUTUAL Benefit Association GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC.

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FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS: P. E. EMILE BELANGER, Supreme Deputy, Secretary, Quebec Grand Council, 55 D'AIGILLON STREET, QUEBEC. On—A. R. ARCHAMBAULT, Supreme Deputy, Organizer for the Province of Quebec, OFFICE: 1592 NOTRE DAME STREET. Residence: 747 ST. DENIS ST. Phone Tell East 201.

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THE W

Story of a Love

From the

It was tea time before t

ance of the lamps. The v

looked the sea, and

which had disappeared, h

glassy surface shining lik

ished metal plate.

Far off to the right

mountains lifted their bla

against the pale purple of

We were talking of lov

the old subject, and

the things which we had a

so often.

"Can one remain in lo

years in succession?" ask

the group.

"Yes," maintained some

"No," said others.

All of a sudden some on

been listening and looking

into the distance cried:

"Oh, see! What is it?"

On the horizon line, whe

heavens meet, loomed up

gray mass.

Some one said:

"It is Corsica. Two

times a year it may be se

the air is perfectly clear

is no fog."

That an old gentleman

been silent until then, sai