

LIBTY—Established 1866. Incorporated 1894. Meets in St. Patrick's Church, 122 St. Alexander street, last Wednesday of each month. Rev. Director, J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

AND B. SO. The second Sunday in St. Patrick's Church, at the corner of St. Ann's and Ottawa.

B. SOCIETY. Rev. Director, J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

MEN'S SOCIETY. Meets in St. Patrick's Church, on the 17th month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

A. BRANCH. Meets at St. Patrick's Church, on the 17th month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

Secretary, P. Q. J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

SHANE'S. In Chicago, in the U.S.A. J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

COMPANY. J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

CHURCH BELLS. J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

St. J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

nth Tells. J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

anything else, if a repair we so, if a new give a guarantee, according as at your extra cost; Can you?

D & CO. J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

ers, &c., J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

REET. J. J. Doherty; President, J. J. Doherty; Secretary, J. J. Doherty; Treasurer, J. J. Doherty; Correspondence, J. J. Doherty; P. T. Tansy.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

7

A BELATED WOOING.

It was a sultry afternoon of mid-summer, but through the Probate Office, in the new Municipal Building, a refreshing breeze blew from the river, and the clerks bent resignedly over their desks, knowing that the spacious room where they worked was the coolest place in Detroit.

Outside, in Cadillac Square, the stretch of green that connects the building of the courts with the City Hall was bright with flowers, but on the asphalt pavement of the Campus the sun beat down with the dazzling light that recalls to any one who has braved the Roman climate at this season the yellow glare of the Piazza Vaticana or del Popolo on a July day.

For more than two hundred years the Campus has been the common of the people. Even before the coming of the white settlers, when the place was still a forest, the red men were wont to gather here to hold their councils, to plan their fierce wars, or to smoke the pipe of peace. Here Indian lovers wandered through the trails made by the hunters and warriors of the tribes, and as the moonlight stole through the overarching branches of the trees, the gentle Ojibwa maidens listened to the old, old story that yet is ever new.

But love often strolls as happily through the dust and heat of the city's streets as it ever did beneath the green boughs and rippling brooks of the woodland; and, since the world is quick to recognize a lover, among the throng of passers-by in the Campus many glances were cast at a gray-haired gentleman and a placid-faced, elderly lady, who having with some difficulty crossed the network of trolley tracks that are like a snare to entrap the unwary, took their way down the centre of the green-bordered path of the square, as though it were a royal carpet spread beneath their feet.

The man was tall, and still erect, though his years must have been at least three score. His complexion was fresh, his features clear-cut, the nose being slightly aquiline, and he carried himself in a soldierly manner. His clothes were of broadcloth, and a soft gray felt hat, set a trifle at an angle, silks gloves of the same color, and a spray of syringa blossoms in the lapel of his coat, completed his festive air.

The lady who walked contentedly beside him was not more than two or three years younger than her handsome old cavalier. She was short and a little thick-set; her hair, which she wore turned back over a high roll, had many threads of silver, but her eyes were bright and vivacious, and the smile which some comment from her escort brought to her lips, revealed girlish dimples in her round cheeks. Her gown was of the color of a dove's plumage, and had a little dove-colored fichu or scarf. Of the same quiet hue was the bonnet whose silken strings she had untied because of the heat.

"Your gown is as pretty as a poem, Marie," said the old gentleman fondly, as they walked on.

"I am glad you like it, Phil. I cut it by a fashion paper pattern, and set every stitch in it myself," she answered with a naive pride in her own industry and skill, albeit the practised eye of a "ladies' tailor" would at a glance have characterized the latter as hopelessly amateurish.

"You were always clever, dear," continued her knight gallantly. "My word what dainty frocks you wore when you were a girl! Sometimes you looked like a rose, all in red—"

"Pink, Phil, pink!"

"Rose color, anyhow! Again you were a marigold in orange."

"No, no, lemon color," she objected.

"Often you were a lily-of-the-valley in green."

"Phil, I never wore green in my life," she laughed. "I was too pale for it when I was a girl, and now it is too bright."

"Well, it was blue then; yes, I remember, it was blue," he went on earnestly. "And I suppose you put all those cobwebby things together too?"

"Yes, I did Phil. I was apt with the needle in my best days."

"Pouf, pouf," he interrupted with affectionate protest. "Madam, your best days are just beginning."

She rewarded him with one of the sweetest of her dimpled smiles, and, as he glanced down at her, the delicate flush that his compliments called to her faded face reminded him of how easily she used to blush with pleasure at his praise in the long ago.

Now the congenial companions

reached the Municipal Building, and mounting the broad marble steps, traversed the corridor, and entered the Probate Office.

The clerks looked up from their tasks. On this dull afternoon, when even the buzzing of the flies was somniferous, a diversion was delightful.

"There is a picture," said Tom Hackett to his neighbor, as the elderly visitors advanced up the room. "How politely the old codger steps aside to let the lady pass first; how deferential she is to him. No doubt they have travelled the path of life together, and she is the path of life see at a glance how fond they are of each other."

"Ah, good afternoon; come to deposit your will, have you, sir?" As Tom spoke he advanced from his place and bowed to the strangers.

His inquiry, natural though it was, rather disconcerted the gentleman.

"Well, no, I was not exactly thinking of wills or last testaments today," he stammered, while Tom upbraided himself as a blunderer. "The fact is, we have come to see if this is any good at the present latitude?"

So saying he took from the breast-pocket of his coat a folded paper yellow with age, and handed it to the clerk.

Tom opened and glanced over it with business-like brevity.

"Why, this is not a will," he exclaimed. "It is a marriage license, and, as I live, dated forty years ago!"

It was issued in 1861 to Philip W. Brendin, aged twenty-three, and Marie Roy, aged twenty, by Judge Jones, the first Probate Judge of this county. You have probably brought the wrong paper, sir! How did you manage to keep the license?

By Jove, it has never been used!"

Raising his eyes, he stared blankly at the couple before him.

"That is all right," said the old gentleman pleasantly. "Is the paper any good, I asked?"

"I think so, sir; but you have made a mistake in the department," explained Tom. "The desk of the license clerk is in another room. I shall be happy to pilot you there. You are, I suppose, Mr. Brendin, and this is—Miss Roy?"

"Yes, yes," replied Brendin hastily as the lady inclined her head. "And may I inquire your name, young man?"

"Hackett," answered Tom.

"What, not the son of Tom Hackett, the lumber-man of Alpena?"

"That is my father's name, too, and he was engaged in lumbering up North before we came to the Straits."

Mr. Brendin grasped his new acquaintance by the hand.

"Your father was my dearest friend, boy," he said warmly. "Is he in good health?"

"Hale and hearty as ever in his life," Tom responded.

"Glad to hear it!" reiterated the old gentleman.

"Tom Hackett always urged me to marry," he continued reminiscently. "I'd like him to know that I'm going to have the knot tied at last. He will be interested to hear my life-long romance, so I will tell you about it. You won't forget to repeat the story to him?"

"I will try to remember every word of it," promised Tom, now greatly interested, for he saw that Brendin was something of a character.

"Very good. Were you ever in love, boy?"

The young fellow's countenance crimsoned to the roots of his sandy hair.

"I see; you will be wanting a license yourself soon," went on his amiable tormentor. "Well, about this paper. Forty years ago this lady and I were engaged to be married. She was the prettiest girl in Michigan, and lived down near Monroe. She belongs to an old French-Canadian family in these parts. A few years earlier I had come over the Alleghenies from Virginia to seek my fortune, and when I met Marie I was sure I had found it. I was right; but, you see, fortune sometimes dodges one nearly all one's life."

"The day was fixed for the wedding. Marie had all the sewing done, she said; the wedding cake was made, the guests were invited, and I obtained the license. With all our preparations, however, until shortly before the appointed day we had never decided who should marry us. When the question came up, Marie being a Catholic, declared that, of course, no one but a priest should perform the ceremony. I, being a hard-shell Baptist, wanted a preacher of my own way of thinking. Marie was so conscientious and I so stubborn that neither of us would yield. Thus it happened, young man, that the wed-

ding did not take place; but I kept the license, with the hope that it might be of use some time in the future, if Marie changed her mind, or I did."

"That was the first year of the Civil War. In a desperate mood, but still, I trust, with some motive of patriotism, I enlisted and went to the front with a Michigan regiment."

"If I had left a loving bride at home, weeping away the sight of her pretty eyes because I had to go, no doubt I would have been killed in the first battle. But despite the fact that I was a poor devil who had no one to love or to pray for him—"

"Now, Phil, I have told you that I prayed for you every day," interposed the old lady sweetly.

"In spite of the fact that I had no right to expect any one to love or pray for me," continued Mr. Brendin correcting himself—"I fought through the war unscathed, except for a shot through the shoulder, where the bullet yet is."

"I came home to find my sweetheart (this lady), but friends told me that another suitor and a rich one had gained her favor."

"I had made up my mind to surrender on her terms, but this news sent me up into the northern peninsula, among the pine woods. The soldier boys who came home were all looked upon as heroes, as well as those who gave their lives for our country, and I was made something of, because my wound meant that I had saved the colors of our company in a sharp skirmish. But no word of congratulation on the gaining of my laurels came to me from Marie, and so disappointed was I that I did not wait to see her."

Here the visitors, led by Hackett, reached the license office; but the clerk being engaged, they seated themselves on a bench by the wall, and, having found in Tom a willing listener, the chatty old gentleman proceeded with his story.

"With a few hundred dollars that came to me as a legacy I bought a piece of timber land," he said, "and that was the beginning. Up there in the solitudes I prospered, boy; true, I saw few people except the rough men of the lumber camps, but the years were golden ones to me. It was there I knew your father; he was of a different stamp than many of the men. For a long time I was too engrossed with my work and business plans to think of taking a wife, but I supposed Marie had married her other suitor, who was of her religion, and possessed a fine farm on the river."

"I did not come to Detroit for years; my business took me to Chicago instead. After awhile I began to tell myself that I might as well marry, instead of knocking around the world alone. But I could not find any one like Marie, and no one else seemed to suit me."

At this point Mr. Brendin paused to glance at the lady, who laughed in a dignified way, shook her fan at him in mild protest, and rising, devoted her attention to the study of a portrait of one of the former judges of probate, that hung above her head.

"And how did you make it all up in the end, sir?" inquired Tom. Young lover and old had met on the equal ground of romance, that fascinating "field of the cloth of gold."

Notwithstanding his gentle companion's appealing glance, warning him to be less communicative, Mr. Brendin talked on with the loggishness of one launched on the all-absorbing theme of the love that has influenced his life.

"Well, it did come about in a strange manner," he admitted. "It is years since I left the woods, and I've lived in Chicago and on a ranch in California; but I still own timber in the northern part of this State. Last summer I went up to look after it and spent Sunday at camp. It happened that the night before a Catholic priest, travelling through the region, asked hospitality of the men. He said he was preaching around in the neighborhood, looking out to see if any of his people were up there. Now, on Sunday in a lumber camp there is nothing doing but drinking and gambling, unless the men get into a quarrel, when things are lively enough. There were no Catholics in our camp; but, for the sake of the novelty, the men asked the priest to stay and preach to them."

"This he did, and I went to hear him with the rest. We gathered in a clearing; the men sat on logs or tree-stumps or on the ground, and he stood on the platform they had built for a dance awhile before. My word, but he spoke to the point; no shilly-shallying, not too much fire, and brimstone, but it seemed as if he flashed a search light into every man's heart! Didn't reveal him to his fellows, you understand, but just showed every man his own conscience as it was."

"The next day the priest and I

travelled on together for some hours, and before we separated I promised to call on him in Chicago. I did go more than once, and soon I began to see many things in a different light, and found that upon some matters I had been wrong-headed all my life. The upshot of it was, my boy, that I became a Catholic."

Young Hackett had listened with ever-increasing interest. "Too am a convert," he here interjected.

"Then you know all about it," said Mr. Brendin beamingly. "Well, some time after I had joined the Church the thought came to me that I would like Marie to know. The husband whom she has loved and made happy all these years will surely not grudge me the opportunity to tell her of my conversion," I said to myself. "And she, in her gentle charity, will be glad for my sake."

"So I came to Detroit, made inquiries among former acquaintances, and found, to my astonishment and happiness, that Marie had not married at all. Down I went to Monroe by the next train. She was living in her old home still, and the place seemed little changed, except that the trees about the house are taller and cast a deeper shade, and the vines about the gallery are thicker than in the evenings when we used to linger there, oblivious to the hum of mosquitoes."

"Marie received me cordially, but when I turned the conversation to old times she showed a coldness that disconcerted me. Beginning at the wrong end of my story, and without telling her of my conversion, I blurted out:

"Marie, like a worthless penny I have come back to you, after all these years. I thought you had married long ago; to my joy I find you free. I love you far more dearly than I did when we were both young, although I gave you all my heart then. No other woman has ever had my love. In the years since we last met I have had much time to think. I have come back to you to say, that if you will marry me now, I shall be more than willing to be married by the old cure here, or any one whom you may select."

"Of course I was far too presumptuous," pursued Mr. Brendin with a side glance at the lady, who pretended to be deaf to what her old lover was saying, since she could not check the exuberance of his spirits.

"So confident was I that the one obstacle to our union was removed that I expected her to say 'yes' without demur," he acknowledged. "But, bless my heart, no matter how well a man thinks he knows a woman, she will surprise him after all."

"Instead of answering demurely that she was willing to become my wife, that she had waited for me all these years, as I know she did (here his eyes twinkled with sly humor)—instead of this, Marie flared up."

"During the years that have gone by I too have had time to think, Philip Brendin," she said. "And if you want to know the result of my reflections, here it is: You have taken almost a life-time to make up your mind to be married in the Catholic Church, and you have yielded at last only because you could not win me in any other way."

"Marie, you are mistaken; I thought you were married," I interrupted; but she would not hear me.

"What kind of a life would I have with a man as bigoted and prejudiced as you are," she went on earnestly. "No, no, I shall pray for you as I have always done; but (and here her voice broke a little) I have lived to thank God, Philip, that He has saved me from the trials and dangers of a marriage with one not of my faith. And so, if you please, we will remain only friends,—but, I hope, we shall be good friends always."

"What if I told you that now, even to win the one woman who is all the world to me, I would not be married by any one but a priest?" I said, looking into her sweet eyes, that bright with unshed tears, told me her heart was still mine. "What if I told you that now, thank God, we are both of the same faith?"

"For a moment Marie looked at me in dazed amazement. Presently, as those tears fell in a glistening rain, she smiled, and in that smile I read the answer she could not then speak."

"And what happened next?" queried Hackett, good-humoredly twitting the old gentleman.

"Well," answered Mr. Brendin, pulling himself together, "I did what you, my boy, or any young fellow would have done under similar circumstances. I went over and sat beside her and kissed her. Then, as I took her hand in mine, there upon her finger I saw the very ring I had given her when we were young. I had refused to take it back when we parted. How women treasure the keepsakes and the memories of their early love!"

"To make a long story short in the end, this lady, Mademoiselle Roy and I are to be married this afternoon, though I must admit we have chosen a mighty hot day for the ceremony. I know that I spoiled her life and mine by my obstinacy, but I'll try to make her happy during the days that are left to us."

"There is the clerk at leisure now," he continued, mopping his brow with his fine cambric handkerchief. "Sir, I want to know if this license is good, or has it become outlawed or debarred by the statute of limitations? If it is good, say so, and we will not delay longer. If it is useless, then give us a license that will pass muster."

The lady laughed softly at the impetuosity of her long errand lover. The clerk, having read over the time-yellowed paper with as much astonishment as Hackett had displayed on perusing it, said at last:

"A marriage license holds good until used, sir, unless it is cancelled by another; but, to prevent any question of the legality of this one, I will make out another for you, which you may also present."

Five minutes later the sweet-faced elderly bride-elect, and the chivalrous silver-haired bridegroom, departed with the license, for which the clerk declined to accept payment, saying that the office did not see such a romance every day. The same evening the newspapers of Detroit contained the following notice:

This afternoon, at the Cathedral, Mr. Philip Brendin, a wealthy lumberman of Chicago, and Mademoiselle Marie Roy, of Monroe, were married by the Rev. Father D—. The wedding is said to be the outcome of an early romance. For the bridal trip Mr. and Mrs. Brendin will make a tour of the lakes. On their return they intend to reside for a time here in the City of Straits.—Mary Catherine Crowley in the Catholic World Magazine.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of Canadian patents recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D.C.

Information regarding any of these will be cheerfully supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm.

Nos. 87,622—Martin Ekenberg, Stockholm, Sweden. Rotary drums for evaporating apparatus.

87,623—Martin Ekenberg, Stockholm, Sweden. Art or process of concentrating and evaporating liquids.

87,902—Wilber J. Allen, Botsford, N.B. Machine for propelling boats.

87,933—Messrs. Reynolds & Badard, Montreal, Que. Peat drying apparatus.

88,650—John Gell, London, Eng. Perforators more particularly for use with automatic telegraph.

88,811—Patrick Kenehan, Montreal, Que. Dumping wagon.

89,000—James C. Anderson, Victoria B.C. Fish hook.

89,007—Herman Haas, Brussels, Belgium. Methods of lubricating giving a feed of lubricant in proportion to the consumption.

HOME SURGERY.

A bit of home surgery, stated to have been practiced where a splinter is driven into a child's hand particularly deep, is its extraction by steam. A bottle with a sufficiently wide mouth is filled two-thirds with very hot water, and the mouth of the bottle is placed under the injured spot. The suction draws the flesh down when a little pressure is used, and the steam in a moment or two extracts inflammation and splinter together. This is very efficacious when the offending substance has been in for several hours, long enough to have started some of its evil consequences.

CATHOLIC UNION.

The Catholic Union of Ceylon is growing rapidly and has already secured the approval of all the Bishops and Archbishops of India.

THE IRISH LEADER.

John E. Redmond, M.P., and his colleagues were accorded an enthusiastic reception at Philadelphia last week. The executive of the various Irish National societies escorted the distinguished visitors from the depot to the Hotel Walton.

TO ERECT A CHAPEL.

Archbishop Healey of Tuam, Ireland, is planning to erect a chapel on top of Croaghpatrick, on Clare Island, off the coast of Mayo.

EDUCATION.

Religious education is a conceded necessity, and the Catholic school is built upon that principle.

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Black Zebeline Suiting, 56 inches wide, per yd. \$1.50
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Black Estamine Serge from 60c up
Black Goring Serge, from 60c up
Black Polka Dot Albatross, 44 inches wide, \$5e
Black Polka Dot Armure Cloth, per yard, \$1.20
Black Polka Dot Basket Cloth, per yard, \$1.00
Black Silk and Wool Eolienne per yard, \$1.50
Black Silk and Wool Crepe de Chine, per yard, \$5e

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