

The Sphere of the Laity

The annual outing of the Knights of Columbus at Put-in-Bay came to an end on Sunday, says the Catholic Universe. The final exercise of the holiday was the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, celebrated in the spacious parlor of the Hotel Victory. About 500 Knights and ladies were in attendance. Rev. J. R. Schoendorf, pastor of the mission at Put-in-Bay and Kelly's Island, celebrated the Mass and delivered a very practical and interesting sermon, Father Schoendorf briefly sketched the progress of the Church all the year round on the island of summer sojourners and gave some wise and suggestive counsel to the Knights in regard to their duties as representative Catholics.

"My friends," he said, "you have probably observed some plain, blunt people coming up the stairs of the hotel this morning. They are mostly Catholic islanders who are here to assist at Mass. It will interest you to learn how the Church fares on the island.

"About a dozen Catholic families worship in the little chapel you noticed below the hill. Our Sunday school counts twenty children. During the winter months services are held here, yet at 10 a.m. on Sunday the little bell sounds its call over the island and these children assemble at church to say their Mass prayers, sing hymns and attend the Sunday School. It is easy for me to bear the heat of the summer when I recollect sick call journeys on the islands in winter months.

"Each year we hold a course of lectures for the benefit of the non-Catholics of the islands. We have a library of Catholic literature. I make mention of these things to show how the Church prospers under unfavorable circumstances.

"Now a few words as to the occasion of the day. About twenty conventions are held at the hotel each season. Yet this is the only one which cannot get along without an act of religious profession. To my mind this fact speaks volumes in favor of the Knights of Columbus. You are closing a social, I might call it a family gathering, with the highest religious service. You set an example worthy of your name and your founder. You might have left yesterday, come and gone like any other convention.

"I would not assert that the knights of Columbus are perfect. They know too well that they are human beings. I am likewise aware of the fact having been here during five outings.

"History relates that some years ago a Scotch Presbyterian with serious religious difficulties and doubts came for advice to a then well known priest.

"In the course of the interview he asked to be informed as to what his position would be, should the result of his inquiries lead him to join the Church.

"Among us," he said, "I know exactly the status and rights of the layman, and I should like to know what is his exact position in 'the Church of Rome.

"Your question," replied the priest "is easily answered. The position of a layman in our Church is two-fold. He kneels before the altar, that is one position; and he sits before the pulpit, and that is the other. There is no possible other position."

"This brief statement cannot, of course, be taken as an illustration of the status of the Catholic laymen of the present day in America. To begin with, he is always invited to assume another, and as things go, in this country, a more important one, namely, that of putting his hands into his pocket for the wherewithal to carry on the work of the Church. Yet even this is not sufficient. He is to give, above all, his heart to the cause.

"There are still other and grander opportunities before our Catholics today. It has been stated that the Knights of Columbus have been organized to meet them. Therefore the clergy is extending a hearty welcome to them. Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, has lately declared that there are two distinct factors within the Church; the static and the dynamic. Now we hope that the K. of C. belongs to the latter. I need not explain dynamics to you. You will know the word means life, energy, extension of force, strength, even fearlessness.

"When you get home and have more leisure to think, let each one of the men, looking into his conscience, ask himself: 'Have I helped any Catholic social enterprise? How have the members of our Council assisted the clergy in the cause of religion? Have the more intelligent members

contributed anything to the press for the cause of religion? How many of our men deliver addresses before our Catholic Reading Circles and Literary Societies? Does each one subscribe for a Catholic journal? How many are circulating Catholic books and pamphlets among their non-Catholic neighbors? Who is on the alert as to what books are put on the shelves of our public libraries? Where are the K. of C.'s who look after our people in the county and state institutions? How many are elected on the Board of Education?"

"The general on the field of battle is helpless and discouraged when his officers show indifference and apathy. Let the whole responsibility of the campaign rest solely on his shoulders with no one to hold up his arms and behold him lacking in enthusiasm. But let the rank and file and its leaders be united and confident in the justice of their cause,—then may we see another grand army of Napoleon at the foot of the Pyramids filled with high ambitions, conscious of the fact that not only their generals but the whole world is looking forward to them and expecting great things from them.

"And indeed it is so. The Church and society is expecting your assistance. Yours cannot be a selfish end. No knightly priest would be the founder of a selfish organization. May the Lord bless you on your journey homeward!"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LESTER'S POCKET.—"Now, Lester, don't forget that you are to take the rhubarb to Mrs. Smith," said mamma, "and then go to the post office with the letters. After that you may go to Bert's, and play until five o'clock.

"All right," answered Lester, and off he went, whistling merrily.

Lester never meant to be disobedient, but he was continually thinking that some other way was just as well, or would make no difference; and now, as he reached the corner of the street, he decided that he would go to the postoffice first, then past Tommie's and get him to walk over to Mrs. Smith's with him, and go to Bert's, where they three would have a game of duck-on-the-rock.

He mailed the letters, but found that Tommie could not go away, and as Tommie teased him to stay there, he concluded it wouldn't make any difference to mamma whether he played at Tommie's or Bert's, and he could leave the rhubarb with Mrs. Smith on his way home.

So he stayed, and he and Tommie had so much fun that the first thing he knew it was half-past five. My! how he did run then! He thought that Mrs. Smith looked rather annoyed when he gave her the rhubarb, but he hurried off again as fast as his legs could go.

Just before supper a neighbor called to see if she could buy some rhubarb.

"I saw Lester have some just now," she said, "and he told me he was going to take it to Mrs. Smith."

That evening Lester brought his coat to mamma.

"I do wish I could have an inside pocket put into it," he said, "to carry the little note-book that papa gave me."

Mamma knew how much Lester prized his nice note-book, and how well he enjoyed making a note of this and that in it, as he had seen papa do in his. So she took his coat, and said, thoughtfully, "Yes, I will put a pocket in it for you."

Lester went off to bed, feeling very happy over his note-book pocket, but wondering that mamma had said nothing to him about coming home so late.

In the morning Lester was busy with the small tasks which he was expected to perform each day before starting for school, and at the last moment he slipped on his coat, threw it open, and discovered the pocket neatly in place, then picked up his cherished note book and ran out of the house. As he ran he tried to slip the note-book into his pocket, but could not get it in. After several unsuccessful attempts he stopped, opened his coat, and, taking both hands, started to put the book in, when he made a queer discovery—the pocket was on upside down, with the opening at the bottom. At first he was vexed. "Dear me!" he said to himself, "now I can't use it after all." Then in another moment he burst out laughing. "I've got a good joke on mamma. Won't I tease her when I get home!" And he ran on to school.

At noon he came to mamma, the first thing with a very quizzical look upon his face. "Mamma," he said, "you sewed my pocket on wrong side up."

Mrs. Johnson did not look at all surprised. She merely said, "Yes, I know, I sewed it that way on purpose."

It was Lester's turn to look surprised. "Isn't it just as well that way?" she asked.

"Just as well!" he exclaimed, too much astonished to be polite. "You don't think I can keep a book in it that way, do you?"

"Well," said his mother, "it's a pocket, and I sewed it on three sides. What difference does it make which three?"

Lester's face was a study. He really seemed to think that his mother had in some way lost her reason.

"I did it, Lester," she went on, "just as you do things for me. I tell you what I want you to do for me, and the way I want it done. You do it, but you do it just the opposite way from what I tell you to; in other words, you turn it upside down."

Lester still looked surprised, but he began to be interested, too. "Yesterday," his mamma went on, "I told you to go to Mrs. Smith's first, then to the post office then to Bert's to play till five o'clock. Instead of that you went to the post office first, then to Tommie's to play, and last of all to Mrs. Smith's. Now you did not see, probably, what difference it would make, but Mrs. Smith was in a special hurry for the rhubarb, as she wanted to get her sauce made in time to take a dish-ful to Mrs. Foster, who is sick, and who wanted some very badly. You got there so late that the sauce could not be made that day at all. Tommie could not leave home because his sister has the measles, but he did not tell you that and now you are likely to have them too."

Lester began to look sober enough as his mamma went on:

"Last Saturday I sent you with two pairs of milk, but you didn't think it important to notice what I told you, and you took the sour milk to Mrs. Foster, who wanted milk for her baby, and the sweet milk to Aunt Laura, who wanted to make Johnnie cake and needed the sour milk."

Lester kept his eyes on the floor. He was beginning to feel very much ashamed of what he had before called simply "mistake."

"Now," said mamma, "all these things are just as annoying to me as it was to you to find your pocket was put on upside down; besides which, they are actually wrong, and are causing you to form a very bad habit."

"I'm really sorry, mamma," Lester exclaimed.

"Then, as soon as you are ready to agree to try to do all that I tell you in just the way that I tell you, and not in some other way that you think will do just as well, I will agree to rip off the pocket and put it on right side up."

"I will, mamma, I'll promise now," said Lester, soberly and earnestly.

When he went to school in the afternoon his pocket held the little notebook safely, and underneath the pocket was hidden away a lasting resolve to do things as his mamma told him to, and not to think some other way was just as well, and so turn them upside down.

SUNNY SMILES.—"Well, grandma, cheerily: 'I have read a little elbow on the lady's stuffed chair arm 'what are you doing here at the window all day by yourself?'"

"All I could," answered dear grandma, cheerily: "I have read a little, and prayed a good deal, and then looked out at the people. There's one little girl, Arthur, that I have learned to watch for. She has sunny, brown hair, her brown eyes have the same sunny look in them; and I wonder every day what makes her look so bright. Ah, here she comes now."

Arthur took his elbows off the stuffed arm and planted them on the window-sill.

"That girl with the brown apron on?" he cried. "Why I know that girl. That's Susie Moore, and she has a dreadful hard time, grandma."

"Has she?" said grandma. "Oh, little boy, wouldn't you give anything to know where she gets all that brightness from, then?"

"I'll ask her," said Arthur, promptly, and, to grandma's surprise, he raised the window and called:

"Susie, oh, Susie, come up here a minute; grandma wants to see you."

The brown eyes opened wide in surprise, but the little maid turned at once and came in.

"Grandma wants to know, Susie Moore," explained the boy, "what makes you look so bright all the time?"

"Why, I have to," said Susie. "You see, papa's been ill a long while, and mamma is tired out with

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nursing, and baby's cross with her teeth, and if I didn't be bright, who would be?"

"Yes, yes, I see," said dear old grandma, putting her arms around the little streak of sunshine. "That's God's reason for things; they are, because somebody needs them. Shine on, little sun; there couldn't be a better reason for shining than because it is dark at home."

We ask our readers to note the announcement of the opening of Loyola College to be found elsewhere in this issue.

HOLIDAYS FOR POOR CHILDREN

Broad Street Station, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, was the gateway to a temporal paradise for seventy-nine small boys on last Saturday afternoon. They were on their way to Bowman's farm at Hartranft, near Norristown, where they were to stay for a week as the guests of the outgoing committee of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

Many fashionable guests bidden to house parties in one or another of the gorgeous country residences along the main line have taken train from Broad Street station since that edifice was built, but there was never a guest more joyously happy than was very blessed one of the seventy-nine on Saturday. When one is invited to an entertainment of any sort in swell society, it is supposed to be fashionable to be late—not to seem too eager. Not one of the seventy-nine were fashionable. They were all there on time, and many of them ahead of time.

Although the train was not scheduled to start until 2.10, the little guests began to arrive as early as 1 o'clock. Among the first arrivals were small delegations from the Immaculate Conception, St. Agatha's, St. Philip's and St. Monica's parishes, all under the watchful eye of a member of the parish conference. Each delegation as it arrived presented a clean bill of health to Mr. John Haas, chairman of the committee on summer outing; that is, each child brought with him a card signed by a physician, who testified to having examined the child in question and found him free from all contagious diseases.

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\$4.50 Boys Tweed Suits

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270 BOYS' FINE TWEED SUITS, made from imported Cloth in a splendid variety of light, medium and dark patterns, Norfolk or pleated styles, well made and priced, exceptionally good value at \$4.50. The New Management's sale price..... \$2.89

75c to \$1.25 MEN'S COLORED SHIRTS 59c

Men who are particular about their Shirts will appreciate this special offering, because they are thoroughly well made Shirts, made to fit, no skimping in material, or long legged stitches to mar the effect or comfort. There's about 50 dozen Men's Colored Shirts, laundered fronts, cuffs, attached, hair line and fancy stripes, floral and other patterns. Our Shirt Chief tells us they are splendid value. The best of them are worth \$1.25, ranging down to 75c each. Saturday's clearing price..... 59c

Among the Sporting Goods. Sportsmen are sure of getting just exactly what they want at Carsley's, because there the assortment is large, the quality most reliable. Prices are always the lowest.

300 Boys' Baseballs..... 4c 150 Baseball Masks..... 22c 110 Hardwood Bats..... 4c 150 Brass Fishing Reels..... 15c 175 English Fishing Rods..... 99c 125 Fishing Lines..... 12c 75 Steel Fish Stringers..... 22c

500 Trout Flies..... 21c 150 Youths' Strong Gut Lacrosse..... 69c 85 Baby's Corded Hammocks..... 29c 100 Covered Tennis Balls..... 12c 50 Boys' Catchers' Mitts..... 45c 55 Full Size Hammocks..... 69c

15 per cent off Canoes, Row Boats and Skiffs for the Balance of Season

BOOT DAY SATURDAY. Three Special Lines to make things lively on Saturday morning: 48 pairs Misses Black Dongola Kid Laced Boots, medium soles, spring heels. Worth \$1.25. Saturday..... 99c 54 pairs Ladies' Dongola Kid Common Sense Laced Oxford Shoes. Worth \$1.60. Saturday..... \$1.25 60 pairs Men's Box Calf Laced Boots, heavy soles, good serviceable quality. Usual \$2.25. Saturday..... \$1.85

SUMMER GLOVES. KID AND FABRIC. 55 doz. Ladies' Fine Real Kid Gloves, French make in soft shades of tans, moles, grays, browns, black and white, fancy points, 2 stud fastener, sizes 5 1/2 to 7. Sale price..... 99c 27 doz. Extra Fine Quality Lisle Thread Gloves, in shades of gray, champagne, beaver, black and white silk applique, sewn points, 2 stud, 5 1/2 to 7. New Management's price..... 73c

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Palpitation of the heart is not a contagious disease, but all the children seemed to have caught it. They simply couldn't keep still. They looked at the clock, and asked questions, compared baseball gloves, swung each other's bats and kept their guardians busy, but they were orderly and well behaved.

Though many of the boys were too small to entertain any other feeling than one of dazed amazement, a number of the older ones evinced a lively interest in the things that were in store for them. In answering their questions, Mr. Haas was called upon to repeat again and again the following information:

"You are going to a real farm in the country, where you will find cows and pigs and trees and flowers and plenty of fresh air. There will be lots of room for you to play baseball and there will be no 'crops' to bother you. The farmer's name is Henry Bowman, and he is a very nice man. He will be kind to you, and you must be kind to him. His farm occupies about forty acres, which is a great deal. When you get to the farm you will meet a very nice lady whose name is Miss Margaret Byrne. She will take care of you while you are there and see that you get plenty of good things to eat. She will also see that you are tucked into bed comfortably, and that you get up in time to-morrow morning to tumble into the 'busses' that will be waiting to take you to Mass at St. Patrick's Church in Norristown. It will be fun to ride three miles to Mass in a big bus. I can't tell you all the pleasant things that will happen to you during this coming week, but I know you'll have a straw ride for one thing. You'll have a good time, and

I know you'll all be good boys—as good as you can be; and when you come back next Saturday you will be taking the places of eighty-one girls who were our guests this past week, and who will meet your train when it gets to Norristown. Next week your places will be taken by more little girls, and boys, and so on to the end of the summer."

No man with a heart in his breast could have looked upon the eager faces of those little fellows—some of them not more than five years old, one of them hobbling along upon crutches, all of them much too pale for healthy boyhood—without feeling a compassionate desire to do something to help them. The committee has \$2000, a bequest from a noble soul, toward the building of a country house of its own. If the wealthy Catholics of Philadelphia could be induced to go to Broad Street Station some Saturday afternoon and watch these little children assembling there for the week's outing, the committee would receive many additional bequests. It would touch the hearts and the purses of many if they could watch these youngsters arguing through the gates and clambering aboard the special car attached to the Norristown local, or if they could follow the little guests to the farm itself and watch them at play in the unaccustomed country places, or even watch them coming home again with their turtles and lottens and apples and their countless other treasures. It is grand to be a boy and a guest of the outing committee at Bowman's Farm, but if one cannot be a boy again, it is almost as grand to know that one has helped to pay for some other boy—Catholic Standard and Times.



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EPISCO "If the English-speaking Catholics best interests, they would soon see the powerful Catholic papers in the world."

NOTICE. At a recent meeting of the holders of the True Witness and Publishing Company, it was decided to place its voluntary liquidation.

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TEMPERANCE CAUSE. The President, Rev. Walter in the course of his inauguration, pointed out the importance of an interest in the meetings of all affiliated.

THE LATE POPE LEO His Holiness Pius X, has a Commission composed of Agliardi, Ferrata, Rampol, and Trippi, to under supervision of the erection monument of Leo XIII, in the ca of the Lateran.

THE IRISH CONVENTION arrangements for a great Irish to be held in New York 80th and 31st, are now almost completed. It is expected that the convention will be the largest representative gathering of race ever held in America.

EXCURSION BOATS. - rig to an inspection of an boat plying in the harbor York having a license to carry passengers, which was brought about through the disaster to the excursion boat "An examination showed the '3700 life preservers more than 2000 were worth life preserver is required to scant buoyancy to sustain weight of twenty-four pound iron to one of these preservers then threw it overboard. So the bottom like a shot so-called life preservers, which were affected to a similar test, acted same way. How worthless many of the so-called life preservers was shown by the fact that canvas coverings were so tight big holes could be torn in the thumb nail. From these granulated cork frothy structure

WORTH NOTING. —The