

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION OF LABOR DAY.

Eloquent Sermons Preached at St. Patrick's and Notre Dame Churches.—A Large Attendance.

On Sunday evening, Sept. 2, the eve of Labor Day, the workmen of Montreal gathered in vast numbers at St. Patrick's and Notre Dame churches, in answer to the invitation of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi to inaugurate their annual feast by a religious celebration. At St. Patrick's Church, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi presided. The church was tastefully decorated, the sanctuary and main altar being illuminated with colored electric and other lights. The seating capacity of the church was taxed to its utmost. The sermon, which was an eloquent one, was preached by Rev.

FATHER CALLAGHAN'S ADDRESS.

Before the sermon, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan delivered the following address:

Rev. M. Callaghan, P. P., opened the proceedings by saying: "I pride and rejoice in claiming that I am one of yourselves. I may be ranked among the workmen. Why should anybody blush or repine at the thought of dedicating to the cause of labor all his resources, energies, activities, the sum total of all his possibilities? I may not be

such numbers you pay a richly merited compliment to His Grace the Archbishop. You gladden his heart beyond expression. You dispel the clouds that might loom upon the horizon of his mind and pave the way to the blessings of all kinds which it is his most earnest desire to see prevailing on all sides. Need I tell you that from whatever quarter you hail you are welcome to this sacred edifice—to this edifice frequented by a race always loyal to the teachings of our Mother Church, and subservient to her precepts; always ready to assert the rights of God whilst unwilling to

brute this day. May she pray for me and through her intercession may my efforts be rendered fruitful.

Dearly beloved working men, at the invitation of His Grace, our Archbishop, and he himself presiding, you are assembled here to-night, within the hallowed precincts of this grand old temple, resting as yet in the freshness of its oil of consecration. That the present occasion, then, is not one of little moment, nor can it be viewed in any other light by you than one rich and ripe in the fullness of grace, special grace as to temporals as well as to spirituals.

Guided by the workings of the Holy Spirit, your Archbishop desired that in company with him and his priests you should pass a little while in meditation, recollection and prayer, face to face with the Christ, the only Son of God, whom faith tells you to be present within the portals of that holy tabernacle, and whom again in a little while you shall see enthroned in His monstrance of gold to ask in a more striking manner still your trust and best adoration, your purest and sweetest love. Why all this to-night, the eve of your Labor Day recreation? It is, dearly beloved, for God's greater honor and glory, for your own greater good, and more assured salvation.

AN EXEMPLIFICATION.

For God's greater honor and glory. It is an exemplification of the three degrees of your state of Christianity, faith, hope and charity; it is a silent but forcible tribute to heaven of your Catholicity—silent because as a body no words are formed upon lips—to close in one grand and solemn credo; forcible, but the angels of God, your angels guardian, and the heavenly hosts that, though invisible, fill the overflowing this sacred temple, gazing upon the object lesson hasten too and fro before the throne of the Most High, bringing the individual thought, intention and prayer, each to each and all together breaking out in one long, continuous and solemn strain, "Credo," I believe God is honored, God is glorified. "Your faith has made you whole."

MAN'S DUTIES TO-DAY.

If the angels of God can thus draw from your hearts, across your lips, before the throne your "I believe," then must the Master gaze lovingly upon the fond hope that animated the whole being, the fond hope of having the necessary aids for the putting into practice what the spirit of faith suggests, teaching you that as sons of God, your first and best allegiance is to him, but as sons of men, your second and dependant is to man, and among men to yourselves first, to seek out your livelihood, to care for those upon whom you depend or for those who may depend upon you, to earn your bread by the sweat of your brow, to pay to Caesar what belongs to Caesar; to be useful members of society; to be faithful observers of the laws of the State, of the laws of justice, and of equity, and after this manner, in no wise jeopardizing your interests eternal, for your confidence, your hopes are in Him, the God of the universe, who cannot deceive nor be deceived, and whom to serve is to love.

Of you, then, workingmen of the English-speaking tongue, can it be said—for your actions speak—your being here to-night is a proof, that you do desire to make known to all that you do love your God; you remember well the anxious yearning on the part of the Master, "Son, give Me thy heart." Jesus Christ came upon earth to win the love of men. In order that they might not err, He ceased not to hold up to their view, and to leave as an heirloom to us the ten commandments, which He explained to us in their reduction, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength." This is the first and the greatest commandment. If, in the past, you have not been sufficiently concerned about this, if you have permitted Him to come second, I pray you in His sacred name begin from this night to change your manner of acting, and to be obedient to the call,

Father Heffernan chose for his text: "Come to me all you who labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." The sermon was as follows: At the bidding of His Grace, the privilege is mine to address you this evening. The honor I have accepted, the responsibility I recognize, and of my anxiety confession I make. My confidence, however, I have placed in our dear Virgin Mother, the solemnity of a race whose nativity we celebrate

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

such as Abbey's Salt does the work and leaves no after unpleasant effect.

25c. and 60c. bottle.

Be Careful

Take no medicine, pills or purgatives that will rack the bowels and finally cause constipation, the result of which may be most disastrous for you. A gentle purgative whatsoever you do, do for God's greater honor and glory.

"Son, give Me thy heart." If this be your determination, if this be your resolve, you will not fail in following me now, to see clearly through it, how your presence here to-night tends to your own greater good also.

SINCE ADAM'S TIME.

Ever since that day upon which God addressed to Adam these words: "Because thou hast hearkened to the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat, cursed is the earth in thy work; with labor and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life. Thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herbs of the earth. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to earth out of which thou wast taken," ever since this memorable time man has been obliged to labor.

In the first place, therefore, labor as we have it to-day is a punishment inflicted by God upon the creature. In the punishment there can be no grievance on our side against the Creator, for even before the fall man was to labor; Adam was not created to lead a life of inactivity. Recall the words of Genesis, chap. 2, v. 15:—"And the Lord took man and put him into the paradise of pleasure, to dress it and to keep it." This work of Adam's, however, was a pleasure, it was a recreation, but on account of the sin of Adam the nature of the work was changed, and from being a pastime it became a dire necessity. The earth, that until then of itself begot the wherewithal to support man, now offered resistance which would be overcome only by dint of hard labor. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Thus, understanding labor to be a punishment, we must examine ourselves in the presence of the Creator punishing and of the punishment inflicted; in the presence of the Creator who could have done otherwise with us, who might have condemned without mercy, as He did to the rebellious angels. In thus examining we must confess that the truth of these holy words come home to us in the full purity of their meaning: "What are the tribulations, the pains of this life in comparison to the joys of the life to come."

INEQUALITY AMONG MEN.

But, my dearly beloved, though we may reason this way as to labor in general we must deduce particular considerations from the general principle, and consider labor as it affects the individual. As stars differ from star in glory, as the choirs angelic differ from one another, as saint surpasses saint in the quality of sanctity, so also the conditions of men, and so, also, man from man, and in this way we have inequality among men. Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself gives us exemplification of this in His parable of the vineyard, of the apportionment of the talents, of the unjust steward, of the wise and foolish virgins. He has also prepared us for resignation to His holy will in the words:—"I have chosen you, not you who have chosen me." Again, where He tells us that He has given some to be apostles, others prophets, others interpreters of speech, etc., from all of which we must conclude that His holy will is that some should govern, others obey, some direct the work, others do the work; some to possess, as the master in the vineyard, and the master of the unjust steward, some to be guardians of his favors, even worldly riches, others to share in a lesser degree in these riches, yet all to be aware that they have a Master in Heaven, to Whom must be given an account of our charge, of our condition in life, and of the fulfillment of our obligations.

"If all the world were influenced by the principle which these considerations engender, what a difference it would make. As the world is nowadays, there is no meaning to the Master's injunction: "Whether you eat or drink, or anything else, whatsoever you do, do for God's greater honor and glory."

THE CHURCH'S CARE.

"Yet in this you must not be surprised; Christ already prepared us for it. 'The world will hate you as the world has hated me.' He said to His apostles; and, in another place, 'The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.'

"Consequently, God-fearing men would be abused by the world if as men of the world fearing God they did not seek the means to preserve their interests, to defend and protect themselves. It is for this reason that the Church from the beginning took care of her men, working for their temporal sustenance by raising her voice against any injustices, existing or threatening to exist. It is for this reason that our late lamented Holy Father, Leo XIII. issued his encyclical concerning Capital and Labor, a budget of Christian Science and human learning that commended the favorable criticism alike of friend and foe; it is for this reason that our own beloved Archbishop takes such a Christ-like interest in the workmen of his diocese that you may determine to understand that the Church is not your foster mother, but your real and loving mother, who is ever ready with heart and hand to defend you, to enlighten you and to guide you.

"Guided by her, you will not err; guided by her, you will commit no injustice; guided by her, you will not break any commandment, but rather you will understand the second part of the reduction of the ten. And the second is like unto this, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' She is powerful and mighty, she is old but ever young, she is persecuted but always unconquered. Yet her power and might she may not use unless you are her true loyal sons, unless you lay claim, as of necessity to her fostering care and maternal protection.

"Secure, then, during your career, assured by her that all is well with you, reminded continually that there is an end to this life, but none to the life hereafter. Counseled to look upon your work as a means by which to merit and to lay up the coin of good works for the great hereafter; counseled not to desist from making of necessity a virtue; counseled to cast one long and lingering glance and constantly so, upon the image of your crucified Redeemer, the model of patience and resignation and forbearance, the model of the true workingman, the boy-carpenter of Nazareth, the child helper of his mother in their humble home; think you, dearly beloved, that anything else could happen other than the effect of being given to the desire to take up the Cross and follow Him, and when your hour of dissolution shall have come, bearing the brand upon your soul of the love of the Master.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI'S ADDRESS.

After the sermon His Grace the Archbishop spoke as follows: "My dear Friends,—For the third time I am happy to see the workmen of Montreal at the foot of the altar, inaugurating their labor festival by an act of religion. The imposing scene which we are witnessing is being enacted at this very hour within the walls of Notre Dame Church. Your French-speaking brothers are there blending their voices in prayer and in hymns of praise.

(Continued on Page 8.)



REV. THOMAS HEFFERNAN.



HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI.



REV. M. CALLAGHAN, P.P.

Thomas F. Heffernan, of St. Anthony's Church.

After the sermon Rev. Father M. Callaghan, pastor of St. Patrick's, read a solemn consecration to the Sacred Heart.

Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was imparted by His Grace, assisted by Very Rev. Abbe Leconq, Superior General of the Sulpicians, and Rev. Father Rioux, P. P., O.S.S.R., St. Ann's, Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan being assistant priest.

Those present in the sanctuary were: Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's; Rev. Fathers Brady, P.P., St. Mary's; Killoran, P. Heffernan, St. Patrick's; Hazleton, S.J., and McDonald, S.J., Immaculate Conception; McCrory and Elliott, Cote St. Paul; R. E. Callahan, St. Agnes. The choir gave a very fine programme of sacred music.

called to do what you have been appointed to accomplish in your respective spheres. Nevertheless together we find ourselves engaged in realizing the designs of providence. God is beyond all question your Master. He is also my Master. We are His servants and only His servants. By being engaged in His service should we not be reputed the wisest, noblest, richest, freest and happiest of mortals? All the stars in the firmament glorify their Creator. It does not matter what may be their magnitude, their position or brilliancy. We glorify Him provided we adapt ourselves to the manifestations of His will. I congratulate you upon the imposing and inspiring spectacle you present upon the spirit of religion and edification you display in a most striking manner. You literally stand upon the pedestal of the most unpblemished fame. By gathering in

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The secret of all good manners is unselfishness. Those who live a life of service for their fellowmen have no trouble about their manners.

FOR THE TOILET.

If the eyebrows are thin, a little tincture of cantharides, or two or three drops of the oil of cajuput may be gently rubbed into the roots of the hair every other night before retiring—the rubbing being always toward the outer extremities of the hairs; never the reverse.

One can not be too careful what substances one brings near the eyes. Though the various dyes, eyelash stains, and eyebrow pencils should contain no harmful ingredient still even the simplest of these should be used with care, and no foreign substance be allowed to come near the delicate organs of sight.

THE FANCY BOLERO.

Boleros of all shapes and in all sizes are evolved from laces, embroideries and sheer lingerie stuffs. One of those coquettish little affairs will lend the cachet to even the simplest of cotton frocks.

with its long curving pointed fronts and its short-waisted empire back, ending in a short basque tail. No trimming is used upon the model, save a small collar of satin, large buttons of carved ivory, matching the tone of the lace, and a frill of soft yellowed lace finishing the little sleeve, which is hardly more than a sleeve cap; but the lace was handsome and the coat was a most elegant little garment, bound to give an air to any sheer frock with which it might be worn.

A WOMAN'S INVENTION.

"A woman," said a papermaker, "invented blue paper. It was by accident that she did it, though. Before her time all paper was white."

"The paper in the vat, which should have been white, came out blue. The workmen were mystified, Eastes enraged, while Mrs. Eastes kept quiet. The upshot was that the paper was sent to London marked 'damaged' to be sold for whatever it would bring.

"The selling agent in London was shrewd. He saw that this blue-tinted paper was attractive. He declared it to be a wonderful new invention, and he sold it off like hot cakes at double the white paper's price.

THE GIRL WHO DOES.

It is the girl who does things in this world who is attractive, both to men and to her own sex, which last counts a little too, in the long run. You may not be able to do great things, to paint great pictures or to sing in grand opera, but you can learn to make bright little things for yourself and your friends and perhaps to play the light "catchy" airs of the day so that your friends will enjoy them, and if you can't do anything else cultivate the art of talking brightly and of being sympathetic.

How the world likes a cheerful, plucky girl who makes a brave fight and hides her skeleton in a closet instead of folding her hands and whining because things don't come her way—the girl who puts her own griefs as much as possible aside—who takes a wholesome interest in life!

CONVENIENCE FOR THE DRESSING TABLE.

While visiting recently at the house of a friend, I saw a little homemade convenience, designed to be placed beneath the mirror above the dressing table. It was made of four small cigar boxes screwed together. Each was placed on end, two below and two above. The covers were arranged to open like doors, swinging outward, of course. The top was finished with scroll work made of the cigar box wood. Very pretty it was, too, and the work of a woman. The doors were furnished with tiny knobs. The



CURES

Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels.

Has been in use for nearly 60 years and has never failed to give relief.

whole was to be stained and varnished, to match the table, making a little cabinet pretty enough to grace any lady's dressing table. It was designed to hold toilet bottles or any accessory of the toilet.—Christian Work.

TIMELY HINTS.

Charcoal tied in a bag and dropped into the cistern will purify the water.

When lemons have become hard and dry immerse them in cold water. They will soon become quite soft and ready to use.

The most practical use for old corks is to make a low fire burn up. Empty spools are also good kindling, and neither should be allowed to accumulate in any quantity.

Use cold boiled sweet potato for baiting rat or mouse traps, and you will find it much more effective than cheese or bacon rind or any of the time-honored baits.

In buying draperies consider the size of your room. Heavy, imposing ones makes a small room look stuffy, while airy, diaphanous hangings are out of place in a very large room.

Soda should never be dissolved in hot water, because if it is some of the gases would then be liberated and wasted, and a greater amount of soda would be needed to make good this waste than if the soda were dissolved in cold water.

If horseradish is to be grated the simplest way is to put it through the meat chopper.

Turpentine will remove tar from any kind of fabric.

When the heat of the oven is slow it may be increased by putting hot stove lids under the pudding or dish which is baking.

If you will always set the dishpan with the handles at the front and back instead of at the sides as you face it you will have fewer nicked tea sets.

If when covering a kitchen table with oilcloth a layer of brown wrapping paper is put on first it will prevent the oilcloth from cracking and make it wear three times as long.

RECIPES.

Curried Eggs—In a saucepan put one tablespoonful of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and one teaspoonful of curry powder. Mix over the fire and add gradually one cupful of milk. Stir until thick and smooth, add ten drops of onion juice and six hard boiled eggs cut into quarters, let simmer gently for five minutes and serve.

Lobster Salad.—Cut the boiled lobster into good-sized pieces and marinate with a French dressing, then set aside until ready to serve. For each pint of salad add one dozen olives cut into strips and one-half of a cupful of thick mayonnaise. Line the bowl with lettuce leaves and on them heap the prepared lobster. Cover with thick mayonnaise.

Browned Potato Cubes.—Peel large potatoes and cut into inch cubes. Throw into cold water for half an hour, then dry and drop, a handful at a time, into smoking hot fat. When golden brown skim out, drain on unglazed paper and sprinkle with salt.

Baked Shad with German Sauce.—Clean a small shad, wash and dry it, and place in a well-buttered baking dish which has deep sides. Season with a pinch of salt, a small pinch of pepper and add two finely chopped shallots and one-half wine-glassful of white wine. Cover with a buttered paper and cook in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. When done lift the fish to a hot plate, pour the liquor into a sauce-

pan, add one-half pint of German sauce, and a small quantity of spinach. Cook the sauce a few minutes, then strain a little over the fish and serve the remainder in a sauceboat.

FUNNY SAYINGS

Little Marie hated freckles, and with good reason, for she was like the proverbial turkey egg. Her small nurse, Rhody, was as black as tar, except her beautiful white teeth.

One day Marie said, regretfully: "Wish I was black like you, Rhody, ain't nowhere for you to get freckles 'cept your teeth."

SHE WAS KIND.

He—So you have forgiven him? She—Yes, quite, forgiven; but I shall not let him forget I forgave.—Judy.

HADN'T SIZED THEM UP.

Mrs. Madison—How do you like your new neighbors? Mrs. Dyer—I don't know. I haven't tried to borrow anything yet.—Town and Country.

WHEN HE BECOMES PRACTICAL.

"Are you going to take your son into business with you?" "Not now. I'm going to wait until he has forgotten all he's been taught."

MAKING IT RIGHT.

"I found six dead flies in those currants you sent me yesterday," said the customer. "John," said the grocer to his clerk, "give the lady six more currants."—New England Grocer.

A SAFE CHOICE.

The freaks were forming a club. The elastic skin man had the chair. "Next in order," said he, "are nominations for treasurer. Has any one—"

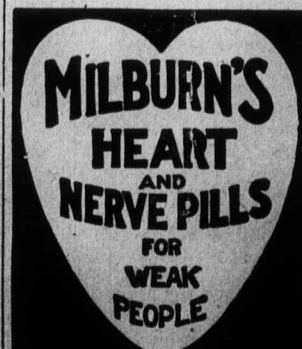
The wild man of Borneo rose. "I nominate," he said, "the legless wonder."

A college professor, from an institution that only recently decided to admit women students, was telling of his difficulty in growing accustomed to the "co-eds" after he had been used to classrooms full of boys. "One morning I asked the class to write short essays, off-hand, allowing half an hour in which the papers were to be completed and handed in. The subjects, as I explained, might be of the students' own choice.

"Select something with which you are most familiar," I suggested. "The one 'co-ed' in the class was the first to finish her piece. As she left the room, I glanced at the title. It was 'How to Make a Seven-Gored Skirt.' Well, I just threw it in the wastebasket and graded her 100."—New York Post.

The City of the Tribes

In the Messenger for July, P. G. Smyth has an article on the historic city of Galway, that old city on the sunset rim of Innisfall which, as the writer so truly says, was in its



halcyon days the Venice of Ireland, made so by the commercial energy of its prince merchants, proud and pious, wealthy and exclusive, whose armorial bearings were graven on many a mansion front, and whose ships sailed in many a sea. "Here more intensely than in any other Irish town," continues Mr. Smyth, "breathes the spirit of the stormy chivalrous, romantic past, with its phantasmagoria of gleam and gloom blending with that of the material and workaday present—here meaning just the usual local phase of Ireland's struggle for natural and industrial existence against tremendous odds. They come crowding, those olden local memories, on the student of Irish history, as he traverses the long central street of Galway, called in its various parts West Gate street, Main Guard street, Shop street, with here a row of modern buildings, and there a dark-browed Spanish gateway, and yonder the sculptured shield of some old burgher who flourished, bearded, befurred and gold-chained, four or five hundred years ago."

THE POET'S CORNER

SOME TIME.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned, And the sun and stars forevermore have set. The things which our weak judgment here has spurned, The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet, Will flash before us out of life's dark night, As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue, And we shall see how all God's plans were right, And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And if, some time, commingled with life's wine, We find the wormwood, rebel and shrink, Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine Pours out this potion for our lips to drink; And if some friend we love is lying low, Where human kisses cannot reach his face, Oh! do not blame the loving Father so, But bear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend, And that some times the sable pall of death Conceals the fairest boon His love can send, If we could push ajar the gates of life, And stand within and all God's working see, We could interpret all this doubt and strife, And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then content, poor heart: God's plans, like lillies, pure and white, unfold; We must not tear the close shut leaves apart; Time will reveal the calyxes of gold, And if through patient toil we reach the land Where tired feet, with sandals loose may rest, When we shall clearly know and understand, I think that we shall find that "God knew best."

BELLS OF LONG AGO.

Tinkling bells of Long Ago, where has your music gone? Why does your melody grow faint as the years go creeping on? Where is the hush of vesper time, when across the twilight gray We heard your cry for souls to come—lost souls to come and pray!

Where are the bells that pealed to God when fair was the world and young— Ere the tide of life had ebbed so far and the sorrows were still unsung? Where are the golden, golden bells

that guided the straying feet, And tolled in the evening afterglow like a benediction sweet?

Thro' the mesh of years there come the dreams of your echoing, swelling chime, And there gleams the sheen on life's great tide of an olden summer-time; The path winds smooth to the distant world thro' the sweets of a fragrant June, And the hope in the heart is strong and beats with your melody in tune.

Tinkling bells of the Long Ago, laden with dust and mould, Ring again for those who've strayed from the heartstone's true enfold; Ring again for the ones whose feet the story paths have trod—Bring them back to the fold again—and show them the way to God!—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A PRAYER IN DEFEAT.

Still hurl me back, God, if Thou must! Thy wrath, see, I shall bear—I have been taught to know the dust Of battle, and despair.

Bend not to me this hour, O God, Where I defeated stand; I have been schooled to bear Thy rod, And still wait, not unmanned!

But should some white hour of success Sweep me, where, vine-like, lead The widening roads, the clamoring press—Then I Thy lash shall need!

Then, in that hour of triumph keen, For then I ask Thine aid, God of the weak, on whom I lean, Keep then unafraid!—Arthur Stringer.

WHERE DID SPRING DIE?

Where did Spring die? I did not hear her go Down the soft lanes she painted. Flower-still She moved among her emblems on the hill And touched away their burden of old snow.

Was it on some young down where young winds flow That the wild spirit of Spring went out to fill The eyes of Summer? Did a Vaise the pale urn remote where she lies low?

Oh, not as other moments did she die, That woman-season, outlined like a rose. Before the banner of Autumn's crimson bough The Summer fell; and Winter, with a cry, Wed with March wind. Spring did not die like those, But vaguely, as if Love had prompted "Now."

—Zona Gale, in Harper's Bazar.

OUR BO

Dear Girls and Boys: Vacation is over, and on my little nieces and nephews I have to take up their studies. I am glad to see that they are looking forward with pleasure to the opening of school. Lin says she is going up classes thing. That is right, Lin; that you are making good your time. Agnes McC. and O.N. evidently enjoyed their picnic. I am glad to hear they like their new teacher. O.N. writes a very short letter. I am glad to hear that I have taken a resolution to regularly. I hope that I will find it lonesome when I go to school, but I suppose will bring him to see the Joseph is the only little one who writes regularly. Perhaps now that school has commenced I shall hear from us hope so.

Your loving, AUNT B

Dear Aunt Becky: As this is the last week of writing to you. On Sept. 6th, I am going to my English teacher's name is I spent most of my holidays grandpa's and a week in M I intend going to my grandmorow. I will close now, hoping my letter in print.

Your niece, LINA Farnham, Aug. 27.

Dear Aunt Becky: As our school opened last week we were all glad to see our her. We like her very well. There was no school Wednesday as we all went picnic. Some of the people in the afternoon. We did not home until about one o'clock that it was about two when there. As soon as I got to met all my schoolmates. We together and walked around grove for awhile, then we got some ice cream. We then watched them play the When we came back it was time, so we went and got per. We did not leave the until dark. It was a lovely night, only it was a little is very cool these morning dear Auntie, I guess this is time. Good-bye.

Your loving niece, AGNES Londale, Sept. 1.

Dear Aunt Becky: As our school opened last day, I thought I would tell you the news. Our name is Miss O'Connor. S very nice teacher. We all picnic last Wednesday and of fun. We did not leave until nearly one o'clock, and the picnic grounds about o'clock. When we went to sister and I went for a walk our schoolmates. We then got some candies and peach awhile I got some chocolate

Advertisement for Luby's hair restorer, featuring the text 'For restoring gray hair to its natural color and beauty...' and 'LUBY'S' in large letters.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Vacation is over, and once again my little nieces and nephews will have to take up their studies, but I am glad to see that they have been looking forward with pleasure to the opening of school. Lina McN. says she is going up classes in everything. That is right, Lina; it shows that you are making good use of your time. Agnes McC. and Annie O'N. evidently enjoyed themselves at the picnic. I am glad to hear that they like their new teacher. Angela O'N. writes a very short letter. I hope her mamma enjoyed her trip. I am glad to hear that Maude C. has taken a resolution to write regularly. I hope that my other nieces and nephews will do likewise. I am sure Joseph will be pleased to hear that you like to read his letters. Of course, Agnes, we will be very glad to welcome you among us. I hope you will write often to the corner. You see what a good example did in your case. Perhaps you may prove to an inspiration to others to follow your example. Agnes also likes to see Joseph's letters. I am sure Joseph will find it lonesome when his sisters go to school, but I suppose his papa will bring him to see them often. Joseph is the only little nephew I have who writes regularly. I wonder what has become of the others. Perhaps now that school has commenced I shall hear from them. Let us hope so.

Your loving,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As this is the last week of my holidays I am taking the opportunity of writing to you. Our school opens Sept. 6th. I am going up classes in everything this year. My English teacher's name is Rev. Sister of the Blessed Sacrament. I spent most of my holidays at my grandma's and a week in Montreal. I intend going to my grandma's tomorrow.

I will close now, hoping to see my letter in print.

Your niece,

LINA McN.

Farnham, Aug. 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As our school opened last Monday, we were all glad to see our teacher, but it seemed strange not to know her. We like her very well this week. There was no school last Wednesday as we all went to the picnic. Some of the people went in the morning, but most of them went in the afternoon. We did not leave home until about one o'clock, so that it was about two when we got there. As soon as I got there I met all my schoolmates. We all got together and walked around the grove for awhile, then we went and got some ice cream. We then went and watched them play the games. When we came back it was supper-time, so we went and got our supper. We did not leave the grove until dark. It was a lovely bright night, only it was a little cool. It is very cool these mornings. Well, dear Auntie, I guess this is all this time. Good-bye.

Your loving niece,

AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, Sept. 1.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As our school opened last Monday, I thought I would write and tell you the news. Our teacher's name is Miss O'Connor. She is a very nice teacher. We all were at a picnic last Wednesday and had lots of fun. We did not leave home until nearly one o'clock, and we left the picnic grounds about seven o'clock. When we went there my sister and I went for a walk with our schoolmates. We then went and got some candies and peaches. After awhile I got some chocolate candies.

We then went and watched them play baseball. We got candies and peanuts and oranges before we came home. We had a lovely drive coming home, it was so cool. We had about four miles to go. Well, dear Auntie, I guess as my letter is getting long I will say good-bye.

Your loving niece,

ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, Aug. 31.

Dear Aunt Becky:

School begins next Tuesday. I will be in the fifth grade. Mamma, grand-ma and grandpa have been in Framp-ton, Quebec and Montreal visiting, and then she went to St. Ann's. We are having cool weather here now. Hoping to see my letter in print, I will close. Good-bye.

From

ANGELA O'N.

Grand Rapids, Sept. 1.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You must have a very poor opinion of me, as I leave off writing to you now and then, but I assure you I have formed the resolution to write to you constantly. Our holidays are over now, and although they were very pleasant we are nevertheless glad to return once more to school. It is pretty dull now, as the frigates have departed, and there are no amusements or sports going on. I was delighted to see Lily T.'s letter in the paper last week, and I hope she will write constantly, as I take great interest in reading her letters, and I can never forget the lovely time we spent together down here, and I hope she has not forgotten those good old times. Ethel T. never told us about her dear little dog, and I would love to see it so much. I take great interest also in reading Joseph's letter, as he appears to be the only little boy that writes to the corner. I expect to see a great number of Quebec writers this week and will be disappointed if their letters fail to appear. I suppose it is cold in Montreal now, as it is very cold here. My eldest sister went to Montreal for Labor Day, and is returning on Tuesday. I would love to be her.

Well, dear Aunt Becky, as my letter is already long, I will close with love to all my cousins and you, dear Aunt Becky. I remain,

Your loving niece,

MAUDE C.

Quebec, Sept. 3.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I wonder if you will accept another niece, will you? I earnestly hope you will, as I would like to become your niece, dear Aunt Becky, and gain so many interesting cousins whose names I see every week in the True Witness. Although I have never written, I always take the greatest interest in the letters which appear in print, and by now I almost feel personally acquainted with the letter writers. I was delighted to see Lillian T.'s letter last Thursday, and I think it was she who set the example, for as soon as I saw her letter I decided to write. We had a great deal of fun during vacation this year, but I am not sorry it is over and we can return once more to our dear old convent school. I have a special interest in Joseph's letters, and I think he is a dear little boy. I would love to have a little brother like him. We have seven girls at home, and only one brother, but he is a grown-up young gentleman. I had a little brother nine years old, but he died last year, leaving a terrible vacancy, as he was the second youngest and special favorite. Being a boy, you may imagine how he was loved with so many sisters. I am glad Ethel T. is so happy with her "Tippy," as she is the dearest little girl I ever knew.

Now, dear Aunt Becky, I would love to keep on writing, but my letter is already too long, I think, as I must not be selfish and take up too much space.

With best love to yourself, dear Aunt Becky, and all my little cousins, I remain,

Your affectionate niece,

AGNES O.

Quebec, Sept. 3.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is getting rather lonesome as the time draws near for my sisters to go to school. They start Tuesday next. They are going to the convent in Waterloo. I suppose they won't be home till Christmas. It is about twelve miles from home. Papa and mamma will drive up to see them sometimes. Well, dear Auntie, I will say good-bye for this time.

JOSEPH.

Granby, August 1.

NOBODY'S DOG.

He was only a forlorn little dog, with soft, brown eyes, that asked you to please love him just a little bit. Once upon a time he had been mamma's dear, baby puppy, soft and downy and roly poly, who played all day long at "Catch my Tail," or "Nibble My Toes," and at night lay cuddled close to his mamma's side in a big box, lined with soft blankets, to keep them nice and warm, that was pushed up against the warm chimney under the house, where Jack Frost couldn't possibly reach him.

Such a great, big comfortable house it was, and in it lived a dear little mistress, who came out to play with him every day, when he grew big enough to waddle along behind her, and, if he grew too shaky on his fat, sturdy legs, why, he just caught hold of her sash ribbons with his sharp little teeth to steady himself.

Those were wonderful times, but one awful day the little mistress' papa gave him to a dreadful man, who took him away off where everything was strange, and where he grew so dreadfully homesick that at last he determined to find his little mistress himself. So one drizzly day, when all the world looked gloomy and seemed as sad as he was, he started off and walked until he grew so starved and poor, and looked so forlorn, that people whom he met on the way called him "Nobody's Dog." But that made no difference to him, as on he went, for he knew there was a little mistress who dearly loved him, if he could only find her. Sometimes bad boys would tie tin cans to his tail as he passed through a village, or would chuck him with stones and lumps of mud, but he kept bravely on, never stopping on the way, except when he grew very hungry he would linger by the way to ask for a crust of bread, or beg a bone from some kind-hearted person, who looked as though he might love a little dog. When he grew thirsty, he would drink from a gurgling brook, as it laughed and rippled over smooth, shining pebbles, and now and then would laugh so hard that cool, clear drops of water would splash up into the air and fall on the pretty ferns that grew along the mossy banks, and kiss the dust away.

Sometimes he would forget that he was Nobody's Dog and chase an impertinent squirrel, who dared to swish his tail right in his face. But he never for one moment forgot that he had to find his dear little mistress, so he did not chase the squirrel long, and paid no attention whatsoever to the rabbits, who hopped solemnly across his path with a most inquisitive flirt of their long ears, as though they would like the best in the world to stop and find out where he was going and where he came from, if they just had the time. As for the butterflies, and dragonflies, and mosquito-hawks, and bluebottle flies, who bumped up against his nose, and dared him to chase them, why, dear me, he only gave them a wink out of his left eye and kept straight on.

But one sad day he lost his way, and after vainly trying to find it he finally stopped and asked a Mr. Blue Jay if he would please tell him how to find the right road. Mr. Blue Jay hopped down on a twig, where he could get a good look at Nobody's Dog, then he flirited his tail in a most impolite manner, and told him, with a very rude yawn, that if he would keep straight on and follow his nose he would get there all right. So on he kept, until he grew so tired he was ready to drop, but still he could not find the right road, and meeting a Mr. Woodpecker, he asked him if he could help him find it, but that disagreeable person wouldn't so much as stop boring holes in the old pine tree he was working on, long enough to acknowledge the polite wag of his poor, stubby tail which he tried his best to wave in his most insinuating manner, to let Mr. Woodpecker know that he was a harmless little dog, who only wanted a little bit of information. So turning sadly away, he started on again, and presently he met a little quaker dove, in a dainty dress

Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally exist, viz.: constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

The great point is to cure it, to get back bounding health and vigor.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Is constantly effecting cures of dyspepsia because it acts in a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation.

Mr. R. G. Harvey, Ameliasburg, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia for several years and after using three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I was completely cured. I cannot praise B.B.B. enough for what it has done for me. I have not had a sign of dyspepsia since."

Do not accept a substitute for B.B.B. There is nothing "just as good."

of lavender gray, and, standing up to her, he lifted his left paw and gently touched his right ear, while putting his right paw over his poor tired little heart, he asked her in the saddest voice if she would please tell him how to find his little mistress, and she told him in soft, sweet tones just to follow the faithful love of his knightly heart, and he would surely find the little mistress who, she had no doubt, was watching and waiting for him.

So on he went again, with renewed courage, and one bright morning, just as the sun was peeping above the tops of the far-off trees, he came to a broad and beautiful road, over which hung great trees, while long trailing vines talked and gossiped to each other, as he passed by, about a Screech Owl that had serenaded his sweetheart the night before in the neighborhood. But he didn't stop to listen, but keeping straight on he finally came to two white gateposts between which hung a huge gate, and squeezing through this (he was so thin he could creep through any place a sunbeam could slip through) he still kept on a little further, when he saw the dear little mistress coming to greet him with flying feet, and, as she gathered Nobody's Dog up into her soft, pitying, loving arms, and bathed the poor, tired, bruised and bleeding feet with her tears, he was no longer Nobody's Dog, but a happy little dog who had found his home at last.—Kate J. Massie, in Morning Star.

WHEN GRANDMA TOOK A HAND.

There was a game of ball in progress in the back yard. Grandma, busy with her basket of darning, smiled as she watched the three town boys from the window.

She was not the only one who watched them, however. Out in the road were three or four boys, who, attracted by the shouting and laughing in a yard usually so quiet, were looking through the fence. "Town kids," muttered one to another, beginning to dislike the ball players at once, though they could not have told why. Presently one of them called his comment aloud: "Dudes!"

"Rag-bag!" promptly responded Guy. "Such playing!" sneered the boys outside.

"If you don't like it you needn't watch it. Clear out!" shouted the boys inside. Back and forth over the fence the sharp words flew, and, of course, it was only a few minutes before an occasional stick or stone was flying also. Then, by an unlucky toss, the ball went over, and that ended the game, for the boys refused to give it up.

"Oh, no, we won't throw it back, sonny! You don't know how to play with it anyway, so 'tain't no use to you," they answered, mockingly, to all demands for its return. "You didn't have to throw it over; and we don't have to throw it back."

Angry and fearful of losing their ball altogether, the young visitors hurried into the house with the story of their wrongs.

"They're spoiling all our fun, and we can't drive them away, and now they've got the ball."

"And you can't make them go

We Hate to Remind the Boys and Girls

that the vacation season is nearing to a close, but like all good things it must end, and soon they will be back at school again.

They will Need New Boots

and we have the kinds that stand hard wear, are neat in appearance and comfortable to the feet.

The prices are low, ranging from ONE DOLLAR up. We have a nice assortment of School Bags, in Canvas and Leather, from TWENTY-FIVE CENTS up.

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away and let you alone?" asked nearly always make people peaceable by throwing at them, if you only throw the right thing."

"No'm! We talked to 'em and-and threw things at 'em and everything."

"Well, well!" Maybe you didn't throw anything that hit them in the right place," said grandma, severely. "I won't have them tormenting you in any such way. I'll throw something that will send them off in a hurry! You see if I don't."

She marched into the pantry, and the boys looked at each other with much surprise mingling with their satisfaction. They wanted the intruders driven off; but the idea of sweet-faced grandma, throwing stones! Or had she gone for bricks or hot water? She hurried out of the door, and they followed her, but they could not distinctly see what missile she sent over the fence.

"Don't say anything to them. Wait and see what they will do," she said to the wondering boys on the step.

But after a few minutes of silence they could not resist the temptation to tiptoe over the grass and peep through into the road. There sat the enemy around a torn paper sack, eating at some of grandma's delicious doughnuts.

"Humph!" said Charlie. "Here's your ball," said a rather subdued voice outside, and the treasure dropped at Charlie's feet. "We didn't mean to keep it anyway. We was only foolin'. We're goin' fishing."

"They've gone, have they?" inquired grandma, as the three boys came back to the house. "You can

by throwing at them, if you only throw the right thing."

The boys laughed, though they looked a little ashamed; for, often afterward, when there was danger of getting into a quarrel, one or the other would say: "Better throw a doughnut."—The True Voice.

DOLLY'S AILMENTS.

I'm worried 'bout my dolly; I'm afraid she isn't well. But exactly what the matter is it's very hard to tell.

She hasn't any appetite. She never eats a thing. No matter what a feast you spread Or tempting dainty bring.

And, then, it's very curious Why day and night and all She sits and stares before her, And to sleep she'll never fall.

Unless I take her in my arms Or lay her on her bed With her toes so high she's nearly Standing straight upon her head.

I think I'll tell the doctor Like my mamma does for me. I'm getting very anxious, And I'd like for him to see

If he hasn't got a medicine To make my dolly grow As strong and plump and hearty As her mother is, you know. —Mary E. De Bernardi, in Kansas City Star.

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NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1906.

ONTARIO CATHOLICS AND THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

Our Toronto contemporary, The Catholic Register has taken up the treatment of Catholics in the service of the Province of Ontario by the present Conservative administration. It is publishing lists of wholesale dismissals without cause—other than that the victims are Irish Catholics and as such are practically without representation.

HOME RULE TO THE FRONT.

Reports from various quarters again foreshadow another considerable legislative step towards Home Rule. Rumor this time has it that the King's countenance aids a Home Rule ministry as nothing else could.

Mr. Henry Labouchere reviews the situation in Truth very ably when he writes:

"The Irish have not yet obtained Home Rule, but no one seems to doubt that sooner or later they will obtain it. A great change has come over British public opinion. The Colonies have always been in favor of Home Rule being granted. The Irish are steadfast in their demands for it. In England and in Scotland my firm belief is that there is now a majority for it. I have always been a Home Ruler, because I believe that in this way alone can there be an entente cordiale between the two Islands that constitute the United Kingdom, and this is even more desirable than one between us and France. The Irish have good reason not to love us. For centuries we treated them as a subordinate race, cheated them, bullied

them, and rode rough-shod over them. They have been more fairly governed of late, but they naturally wish to be masters in their own local affairs. We should do the same if we were in their position. On the whole, it is more convenient for one country to have one Parliament. But Ireland and Great Britain are two countries, and are termed officially the United Kingdom. The Irish want their own Parliament, and it has become part of their being to want one. There is really nothing to lead us to suppose that Home Rule would not work well, beyond the mere assertion on the part of some of us and of a small alien minority in Ireland. Mr. Parnell often said to me, 'The English are strangely ignorant of the Irish character. An Irish Parliament would not trouble itself with imperial politics. It would be a very local affair, for it is in the nature of Irishmen to be local in their ideas and aspirations. Probably experience would prove the soundness of this estimate. Anyhow, the only way to deal with a national grievance is to remove the grievance. This we shall certainly do sooner or later. Why, then, put it off? Does anyone seriously suppose that, in the event of a war with some foreign power, the Irish would join it and throw off their allegiance? They are not fools. An overt insurrection would be put down, and they know it. The best market for their produce is England, and why in the name of common sense should they be expected to act against their own interests? The anti-Home Rule cry was got up much as the cry for 'thinking Imperially.' Both have been expensive businesses to us. We are no longer Birmingham Jingoos. In that matter we have recovered our senses. If the present Ministry were to bring in a Bill granting legislative self-government to Ireland, I believe that it would be supported by the majority of the inhabitants of England and Scotland.'

ENGLISH CATHOLICS AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

This year's record of the English Catholic pupils presented at the Oxford local examinations is satisfactorily high. The Catholic Times points out that this score is made against heavy odds. Catholics have no endowments for secondary schools and carry on the competition against the highly equipped schools of the Kingdom. Stamford Hill, a Jesuit college, comes out at the head of all the seniors whilst St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, has won the first two places in the preliminary, and the second place in the junior division, gaining also five of the eight senior city scholarships offered by the Liverpool City Council.

THE ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE.

The editor of the True Witness has been paying a flying visit to Quebec City. He was struck by the evidences of new life and energy on all hands. There is greatness in the near future for the Ancient Capital. The confidence of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is infectious. Some comment has been made upon the accident to H.M.S. Dominion; but without any intention of placing censure it must be pointed out that several British battleships at the present moment are laid up for repairs because of accidents. Quebec as an ocean port is coming into her rightful inheritance.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Potato blight has made its ravages evident all over the West of Ireland. The "Farmer's Advocate" appears to think that spraying, whilst it may go a long way to prevent, cannot effectually remedy the disease in "muggy" weather such as has been experienced this season. New seed must be sown wherever the crop is badly affected. Even then the soil itself may have become contaminated. In a poor and heavily taxed country like Ireland the failure of a crop from such conditions entails heavy distress and the outlook especially in the west is now quite disheartening.

Persecution of the religious in France has taken on surprisingly contemptible features. In one case an aged nun whose congregation had

been dispersed was taken into the family of an army officer as a domestic servant. The officer at once found his loyalty to the republic impeached for harboring or aiding a nun. Where is this thing to end?

Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli will attend the forthcoming 53rd Congress of German Catholics at Essen. It is the first time that an Italian Cardinal of the Roman Curia has assisted at a reunion of German Catholics.

The Comte de Mun appeals to all Catholics throughout France for union and obedience to the Pope's instructions. He predicts that the real statesmen of France will find themselves obliged to return to Rome and seek a basis of satisfactory arrangement. The Bishop of Langres in a pastoral letter also says that perhaps all hope of reconciliation between Church and State may not be lost.

The population of England and Wales is 34,000,000. The number of paupers in the country is 926,741—an awful proportion. On the other hand there is the abundant rich class which like the paupers also shows a tendency to increase in numbers. The law cannot be doing its work efficiently there.

A new novel by the late Mrs. Craigie will soon make its appearance. It is called the "Dream of Business." Mrs. Craigie had just revised the final proofs before her death.

A Struggling Infant Mission

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly collection...\$5 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO A LITTLE. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL. "May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

"ARTHUR, 'Bishop of Northampton.'"

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

Signals of Danger.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in your mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Farnelee's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to keep so.

ANCIENT RELICS AT THE EXHIBITION

We take the following from the Limerick Chronicle of August 11:

A very interesting and, needless to add, valuable historical exhibit, Bishop O'Dea's Mitre and Crozier, kindly lent by the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, is on view in a case of church treasure in the South Art Gallery at the Exhibition. The following extract from a pamphlet written nearly one hundred years ago, gives a detailed description of this notable relic:

A description of a Mitre and Crozier, part of the ancient Pontificalia of the See of Limerick. By the Rev. John Milner, D.D., F.A.S., in a letter to Nicholas Carlisle, Esq., Secretary. Read 4th May, 1809.

"Wolverhampton, 23rd March, 1809 'Sir,—In a tour which I made last autumn through part of the west of Ireland I met with certain articles of antiquity in the possession of a friend at Limerick, which I am of opinion, the Society will think curious. I shall, therefore, proceed here to give an account of them. They consist of the most important part of the ancient Pontificalia of the See of Limerick; namely, of the best or precious Mitre and of what, no doubt, was the best Crozier belonging to it; being each of them exquisitely rich and beautiful, as likewise of the Episcopal Register from the middle of the 12th down to the middle of the 15th century. All these articles are in high preservation. The body of the mitre both before and behind, consists of thin silver laminae gilt, and adorned with flowers composed of an infinite number of small pearls. The borders and ornamental panel or style down the middle on both sides is of the same substance, but thicker, being worked into moldings, vine leaves, etc., and enriched with enchased crystals, pearls, garnets, amethysts, and other precious stones, several of which are of very large size. Near the apex or point of the Mitre, in front, is the following inscription, disposed in the form of a cross and covered with a crystal of the same shape:—'Hoc signum crucis erit in caelo.' In a corresponding situation on the other side of the Mitre is the continuation of the inscription, under a similar crystal—'Cum Dominus ad judicandum venerit.' An authentic record concerning the date and the original proprietor of this curious piece of antiquity is beautifully enamelled round the bottom part of it, of which the following is a copy: 'Cornelius O'Deaigh, Epus Limericensis, Anno Domini Mille, C.C.C.C.XVIII., me fieri fecit.' The Redimicula, or pendant ornaments, to hang down the back of the Bishop, being altogether 21 inches long, have by some accident been detached from the Mitre. These, likewise, consist in general of silver plate gilt, and ornamented with innumerable small pearls, disposed in the form of leaves and flowers. On the lower part of them are embossed elegant niches or tabernacles, containing figures. One of these represent the Angel Gabriel, with the usual label; the other the Blessed Virgin. They terminate in a rich gold fringe.

The Crozier consists of massive silver gilt, being seven feet long, and of the weight of about ten pounds. The whole exterior part of the curve is surrounded with a wealth of vine leaves, highly finished; and the flat part of the curve, on each side, is ornamented with large pearls, elegantly set, to the number of 12 on a side. Within the curve, in the open part, are cast silver figures of the Blessed Virgin seated, with the mystical dove suspended by a wire over her head, and of Gabriel in a kneeling attitude. Between the figures is seen the allegorical lily, grown out of a ever. The curve itself is supported by the emblematic figure of a Pelican, with its wings expanded, and feeding its young with its blood. At a suitable distance below the curve, are six female figures, under canopies, in enamelled work. Amongst these distinguished the attributes of Saint Bridget of Kildare, St. Catherine, St. Barbara, and St. Margaret. Beneath these, and forming the boss of the Crozier, are six elegant cast statues of silver, each of them being two inches and a half high, representing the Blessed Trinity, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Patrick, St. Munchin, who was the patron saint of Limerick, and the Blessed Virgin. They stand upon corbels, or trusses, in appropriate niches, adorned with spire work in the richest and most elegant style of pointed architecture. Under the bosses is a wreath of enamelling, containing the name, title, etc., of the aforesaid Cornelius O'Deaigh. The upper part of the shaft is shadwed with precious stones and enamelling, containing the monogram of Jesus, I.H.S., in the

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characters of the age. The several joints are ornamented with crowns, as the intervening spaces are with engraved flourishing. The whole terminates, at the bottom, in a sharp iron ferula, agreeably to one of the intended uses of the Croziers, as explained by an ancient poet: 'Curva trahit mites, pars purgat acuta rebelles.' 'Upon the whole, sir, I cannot think that the Crozier of Cornelius O'Dea is inferior, either in taste or elegance, or in richness, to the celebrated one of his contemporary prelate, William of Wykeham, which is kept with so much care at New College, Oxford. But what will appear equally extraordinary with the existence of such monuments of ancient art in Ireland is the strong presumption which they afford from the name of the artist, that they were executed in that island at the beginning of the 15th century, as the following enamelled inscription is seen in a small compartment on the Mitre—'Thomas O'Carly, Artifex faciem (faciebam)'. 'N.B.—The back of the Mitre is exhibited to show in what manner the vitlae, or infulae—that is to say, the pendant ornaments, are annexed to it. In other respects the back of the Mitre is an exact counterpart of the front except as to the enamelled inscription. The word lost in the inscription must, from the known date of O'Deaigh's Pontificate, have expressed either 400 or 410. The stones, which are all precious stones, are drawn to the size, shape and color of the originals. The unequal white substances represent incrustations of pearls. The infulae, or pendant ornaments, are exhibited on the large sheet of the size of the original. They, like the Mitre itself, consist of thin silver plate gilt, and ornamented with pearls, etc., except the fringe at the bottom, which is such a delicate gold lacework as to have baffled the art of the draughtsman in his attempt to exhibit it; the register in the possession of my friend, is entitled by Sir James Ware, the famous Irish Antiquary, who cites it in his Antiquities of Ireland, 'Registrum Deoani Limericensis.' This testimony is copied in a manuscript note in the book itself. The Register contains, amongst other things, a character of Donald, King of Limerick; to Brictius, Bishop of that See, 1194; likewise, a curious inquisition, concerning the lands and churches belonging to it, taken soon after the conquest of this part of Ireland by the English on the oaths of three separate juries, one consisting of 12 Englishmen, another of 12 Irishmen, and the third of 12 Scotsmen, or Danes. The last date in the Register itself, being that of the indenture of a lease, made by the Bishop, to Robert Fitz-Stephens, is of 1362; but there is annexed to the Register, the Taxa Ordinaria of the Bishop of Limerick, certified to be in the handwriting of the above-mentioned Bishop, Cornelius O'Deaigh, who, as is gathered from the date of his Mitre, presided there in the year 1418.

Kidney Disorders Are no respecter of persons. People in every walk of life are troubled. Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly. A neglected Backache leads to serious Kidney Trouble. Check it in time by taking DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS 'THE GREAT KIDNEY SPECIFIC.' They cure all kinds of Kidney Troubles from Backache to Bright's Disease. 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.35 all dealers or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., Toronto, Ont.

A new firm offering to the public every thing in their line of the best quality and most modern style. The hearses supplied are built upon the latest and most elegant models. Changes moderate. Special arrangements made in favor of C.O.F., C.M.B.A., A.O.H., and K.C. members.

It is the carving of Christ on the cross, executed and erected entirely by the Squamish tribe of Indians at their reservation, North Vancouver, B.C. The cross is in one piece, cut from mahogany, and the figure is also in one piece, carved from a hard white ivy tree which grows in the mountains, around the reservation. The carving is a masterpiece and shows every vein and muscle and that a living figure would show. A magnifying glass will reveal the following inscription on the base of the cross: 'Memorial of Solemn Homage to Our Lord Jesus Christ Erected by the Squamish Indians, A.D. 1900.'

Rec 'is Always ex Those who are the one of 'good tea T. H. ESTAB

ITEMS OF IN TWO NEW SCHO The Catholic School ers have decided to erect schools, at the corner and Chaboillez streets. The new structures w brick and stone, three s The cost is estimated at

FRANCISCAN RET The annual retreat fo speaking ladies is at pre preached at the Friary Dorchester street west. exercise take place th Thursday, Sept. 6. D next eight days there w services: 8 a.m., Holy s truction: 7.30 p.m., p mon and Benediction. will close on Friday eve 14.

The Most Popular PIL the most popular of al medicine, and of pills t ular are Parmelee's Ve because they do what i they can do, and are n ward on any fictitious excellence. They are c comfortable, they are eas do not nauseate nor gri give relief in the m cases.

JESUIT MISSION IN The Congregation of f of Jesus, at Rome, on F named a proposition p Father Rudolph Meyr Louis, Missouri, for tra present Jesuit mission into a new province. had already been studie late General, Father Ma favored by him and by A definite decision is ex taken before the congr solves.

CATHOLIC SAILORS This week's conce tholic Sailors' Club v one of the best of the as well patronized as given. It was under th Loyola Court, No. 1 Chief Ranger S. J. O'N Even before the appoin most every available s house was taken up, chairman stepped forw the proceedings, the se sented itself was certai pleasing one. The pro both well-chosen and out.

Special mention is Fitzgerald and Grant, Messrs. Bolton, For Simmons, Kelly, Sharp Surgeon and Dabble fo in which they rendered thereby showing the they take in this gran work.

Next Wednesday eve will be given by the men's L. & B. Associa advance words can s of last evening's chairm public occasion, after present for their kind quest that even a gre attend next week's Let us hope that hi may be realized and kindness and encourag to such an extent as doubt concerning eth or their real and true

Red Rose Tea

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Always exactly the same quality
Those who have used it for years
are the ones who give it the name
of "good tea."

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TORONTO, & WELLINGTON ST., E.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

TWO NEW SCHOOLS.

The Catholic School Commissioners have decided to erect two new schools, at the corner of St. Paul and Chabouillet streets.

The new structures will be solid brick and stone, three stories high. The cost is estimated at \$60,000.

FRANCISCAN RETREAT.

The annual retreat for English-speaking ladies is at present being preached at the Friary Church, 964 Dorechester street west. The opening exercise take place this evening, Thursday, Sept. 6. During the two next eight days there will be two services: 8 a.m., Holy Mass and Instruction; 7.30 p.m., prayers, sermon and Benediction. The retreat will close on Friday evening, Sept. 14.

The Most Popular Pill—The pill is the most popular of all forms of medicine, and of pills the most popular are Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, because they do what it is asserted they can do, and are not put forward on any fictitious claims to excellence. They are compact and portable, they are easily taken, they do not nauseate nor gripe, and they give relief in the most stubborn cases.

JESUIT MISSION IN CANADA.

The Congregation of the Company of Jesus, at Rome, on Monday examined a proposition presented by Father Rudolph Meyer, of St. Louis, Missouri, for transforming the present Jesuit mission in Canada into a new province. The project had already been studied under the late General, Father Martin, and was favored by him and by Vicar Freddi. A definite decision is expected to be taken before the congregation dissolves.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

This week's concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club was certainly one of the best of the season, and as well patronized as any yet given. It was under the auspices of Loyola Court, No. 1461, C.O.F., Chief Ranger S. J. O'Neill presiding. Even before the appointed time almost every available seat in the house was taken up, and as the chairman stepped forward to open the proceedings, the scene that presented itself was certainly a most pleasing one. The programme was both well-chosen and well carried out.

Special mention is due to Misses Fitzgerald and Grant, as also to Messrs. Bolton, Forbes, Holland, Simmons, Kelly, Sharp, Greenwood, Surgeon and Dabble for the manner in which they rendered their parts, thereby showing the lively interest they take in this grand and noble work.

Next Wednesday evening's concert will be given by the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association, and no advance words can enhance those of last evening's chairman, who took public occasion, after thanking those present for their kindness, to request that even a greater number attend next week's entertainment. Let us hope that his expectations may be realized and his words of kindness and encouragement fostered to such an extent as to leave no doubt concerning either their depth or their real and true significance.

FRENCH BISHOPS MEET.

A meeting of all the French bishops and archbishops took place in Paris on Tuesday and excited intense interest, owing to the fact that they will decide whether the break between the Church and the State is irremediable, or whether it is possible to find a way of obeying the law, as well as preserving the Church's interests. The number attending is not known, but it is believed that eighty bishops are present, under the presidency of Cardinal Richard, the Archbishop of Paris.

The deliberations, which are secret, are expected to last four days, and the outcome will finally decide whether the Church shall arrange some system of religious associations conforming at the same time with the Church and State separation law and not affecting the constitution of the Church.

After a preliminary session, the bishops and archbishops addressed a long telegram to the Pope, informing him that they had assembled in order to consider every means recognized by the law for the proper recognition of religion in France, and assuring him that they were determined to persevere courageously in their work, despite the trials and perils of the situation.

REV. FATHER HOLLAND'S EXPERIENCE.

Rev. Father Holland, of Ste. Ann's parish, who is a well known temperance worker, had an experience on Tuesday evening with the foreman and laborers on the Street Railway tracks on Wellington street. As the rev. gentleman was going home that evening, he came across a man who suffers from physical paralysis, and who added to his misfortune by the further disability of mental paralysis. He was, in fact, a paralytic man who had become helplessly drunk.

Father Holland's sentiments on the drink question are well known, and it can be easily imagined how bitter were his thoughts after he had helped this unfortunate man home.

Laborers were engaged in laying new tracks for the street railway. There was a lot of tar buckets along the track, and, running a wrathful eye over these, Father Holland saw one that differed from the rest.

"What is in that bucket?" he asked.

"Tar, Father," answered one of the men, while the others were unusually busy at their work.

"Ah!" retorted the priest, with meaning emphasis. "Tar, is it? Well, I never saw tar with a froth on it before."

Like a whirlwind he swerved round, seized the bucket, and dashed the two or three gallons of beer that it contained into the street.

This made the workmen very wrathful, also the foreman, who went straight to the parish priest of St. Ann's. The latter gentleman, after hearing the complaint against the rev. gentleman, stated that Father Holland was well able to take care of himself, and that he would not interfere. He pointed out to the wrathful foreman that Rev. Father Holland had spent a great part of the day yesterday at the court house in trying to get men off who had been imbibing on Labor Day. This explanation, however, was not considered satisfactory by the foreman, who threatened to take the case to His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, whereupon the parish priest said to him: "When you approach the Archbishop present him with my compliments before you state your case."

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OBITUARY.

MR. BERNARD MCGALE.

After a protracted illness, Mr. Bernard Ewan McGale, the well-known druggist, of 545 Notre Dame street, passed away at noon on Tuesday at his home in St. Lambert. The deceased gentleman had long suffered from diabetes, and his death had been hourly expected for several days. The late Mr. McGale had been in business in Montreal for 30 years, and was very successful, not only in business, but in winning the confidence and esteem of a very wide circle of friends. For a number of years he was a member of the Montreal College of Pharmacy, and was recognized as a leading member of the profession; he was also president of the Wingate Chemical Company. Mr. McGale was much interested in agriculture, which was his ruling interest outside of his business, and he owned two excellent farms in the neighborhood of the city, which were conducted upon model lines. He was only 56 years old, and is survived by Mrs. McGale, but no children.

DEATH OF MR. WALTER J. FITZHENRY.

It is with the deepest regret that we find it our duty to chronicle the somewhat sudden and altogether unexpected demise, at Morristown, N. J., of Mr. Walter J. Fitzhenry, brother of Rev. Father Fitzhenry, of the Holy Cross Order of St. Laurent College. In his last moments the deceased gentleman had the happiness of receiving all the rites of the Church. He was interred at Morristown on Wednesday last. To his rev. brother and other members of the sorrow-stricken family we present our sincere sympathy in this their hour of heartfelt affliction. May his soul rest in peace.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

Sept. 5.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.50 to \$4.70; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.20, and straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.95; extra, in bags \$1.25 to \$1.50.

Rolled Oats—\$2.20 to \$2.25 in bags of 90 lbs.

Cornmeal—\$1.40 to \$1.45 per bag; granulated, \$1.65.

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bags, \$18 to \$19; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$21.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$18 to \$19; shorts, \$21 to \$22.

Oats—No. 2, 38c per bushel; No. 3, 37c; No. 4, 36c.

Hay—No. 1, \$10 to \$10.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$9 to \$9.50 clover, \$7 to \$7.50; clover, mixed, \$8 to \$8.50.

Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.55 per bushel; hand-picked, \$1.70 per bushel.

Peas—Bolling, in broken lots, \$1.20 per bushel.

Potatoes—40c to 50c per bag of 90 lbs. (nominal.)

Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; buckwheat, 10c to 11c per pound section; extract, 7c to 7.1-2c buckwheat, 5.1-2c to 6c per pound.

Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$24.00; half barrels, do., \$12.50; clear fat back, \$23.50; long cut heavy mess, \$21.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$11.25; dry salt long clear bacon, 12.1-4c to 12.3-4c; barrels, plate beef \$12 to \$13.50; half barrels do., \$6.75 to \$7.25; barrels heavy mess beef \$11.50; half barrels, do., \$6.25; compound lard, 8c to 9.1-2c; pure lard, 12c to 12.1-2c; kettle rendered, 13c to 14c; hams, 14.1-2c to 16c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 15.1-2c to 16.1-2c; Windsor bacon, 16.1-2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.50 to \$10.75; alive, \$7.25 to \$7.60 per 100 lbs.

Eggs—Straight receipts, 19c; No. 1 candled 18c.

Butter—Choicest creamery, salted and unsalted, 24c; medium grades, 22.1-2c to 23.1-2c.

Cheese—Ontario, 12.3-4c to 12.7-8c; Quebec, 12.1-4c to 12.5-8c.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.40 to \$5.50; seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; pearls, \$6.75 per 100 pounds.

Cheapest of all Medicines.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, it is the cheapest medicine now offered to the public. The dose required in any ailment is small and a bottle contains many doses. If it were valued at the benefit it confers it could not be purchased for many times the price asked for it, but increased consumption has simplified and cheapened its manufacture.

Notice to Subscribers

As T. F. TUPHOLME is no longer in our employ, subscribers are warned against paying any accounts except to our authorized collector, Miss McCready.

HYMENEAL.

WALLS-GOMERSALL.

A very pretty wedding took place on Monday, Sept. 3, at St. Anthony's Church, when Mr. T. Walls, of Castleford, Yorkshire, England, and Miss M. Gomersall, of the same place, were joined in wedlock. The nuptial Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Shea. Mrs. S. Trainor acted as matron of honor, while Mr. Trainor supported the groom. After a wedding breakfast at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Trainor, the happy young couple left on a wedding trip to the West, followed by the best wishes of their numerous friends.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following sums have been received for mission in India: Already acknowledged \$ 8.00 Miss Isabella McMahon, Black River Bridge 2.00 Mrs. Ryan, Colborne, Ont. 4.00 \$14.00

PROPOSED HOME RULE BILL

(From the Philadelphia North American.)

Home Rule for Ireland, the dream of loyal Irishmen for centuries, is to be demanded at the next session of the British Parliament—the reform backed, not alone by the Irish members, but by the Liberal Government and the consent of King Edward VII.

Not only has this been decided upon, but the terms of the Home Rule bill have been tentatively settled, the conferring powers being the King, Premier Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and John E. Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary party.

The North American presents today, for the first time in any publication, an outline of the epoch-making measure. A communication, has been received from one of the big leaders of the cause in Britain, who speaks with personal knowledge and authority. As the negotiations are necessarily secret thus far, his name is withheld.

DETAILS OF THE EPOCH-MAKING BILL.

Following are the details of the bill tentatively agreed upon by the King, the Premier and Mr. Redmond.

An Irish Parliament composed exclusively of Irishmen, sitting in Dublin;

Manhood suffrage in every borough.

Government aid for the revival of Irish industries;

The new Home Rule Parliament to consist of one body;

Merely nominal veto power, such as the Governor-General of Canada has but rarely exercises, lodged in a council;

Absolute right of the Irish Parliament to levy taxes for local uses;

Elimination of general taxation for the support of the theological seminary at Trinity College.

Conferences having as their object the preparation of a bill which will be accepted by both the English and the Irish peoples have been of almost daily occurrence since Parliament adjourned for the summer vacation. It is known that the King

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- ARRIVING DAILY -

has intrusted to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman the execution of his ideas concerning Home Rule, and it is known also that these views are liberal, and even generous.

TRANSVAAL REFORM A FEELER

The constitution granted to the Liberals is now known to have been a feeler for the larger and more important Irish problem.

Argument will be advanced by the Liberals, the members of the Labor party, who are firm allies of the Irish Nationalists, and by the Irish themselves that if England can afford to grant Home Rule to a race that is less than a generation removed from armed opposition to the imperial power, it surely can afford to be fair to the nation from which it derives a great measure of its power, and which for a century has asked nothing more than the right to govern itself as England's colonies are governed.

It is fitting that the first news of the agreement should come to Philadelphia, as it is from this city that the most generous support always has gone to Ireland. This was true when the "Black Death" gripped the land. It has since been true in the long struggle for Parliamentary separation.

SMOKER'S CANCER

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvelous.

THE JESUIT MEETING.

Father Freddi May Succeed Late President of Society.

Rome, Sept. 3.—The Congregation of the Company of Jesus assembled here Saturday to elect a general of the Society in succession to the late Father Martin. The meeting adjourned at 12.15 p.m. The deceased general's will was read, and later the minutes of the meeting held April 19, of the five assistants of Father Martin and other Jesuit authorities in Rome the day after the general's death, when, according to Father Martin's desire, Father Freddi assumed the vicarship.

The recommendations left by Father Martin were also read, and Father Freddi presented the report of his work as vicar. The situation of the society throughout the world will be fully examined into. Questions of the present condition of Catholicism, and how its enemies may best be fought, the necessity of augmenting institutions of learning in America, the devising of means to prevent a conflict between Church and State in Spain, the upholding of the Papal authority in France, Catholicism in Great Britain and Germany, the combatting of irreligion in Italy, and the strengthening of the missions in the east will be discussed. Great secrecy is maintained as to the probable successor of Father Martin, but it seems as though a majority of the congregation favor the election of Father Freddi.

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GIVES AN ASSURED TREAT ALWAYS

taking advantage of the land purchase act, Mr. Healy said the answer to that depended upon locality.

"For example," he explained, "in some counties like Wexford half of the farmers have purchased holdings, but, in counties like Dublin or Belfast or those bordering on cities, the proportion of such purchases has been much smaller. This is because of the greater prosperity in those localities and the greater reluctance of the land owners to sell."

Mr. Healy said he would spend about five weeks in this country. During his stay he will make a trip to Chicago on a business mission. He would not discuss American politics.

Asked if the Irish were generally

OUR FALL TERM

Begins on Sept. 4th. Before you decide it will pay you to write for the Calendar of this, the oldest commercial school in Canada. Our courses of instruction are the newest, and our facilities for placing young people in good business positions are unexcelled.

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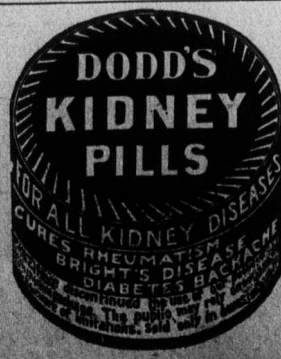
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LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

SCHOOL RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 6th.

The REV. G. O'BRYAN, S. J., 65 Drummond street



Mr. Timothy Healy in New York

Among the numerous passengers of the Carmania, which arrived last week at New York, was the distinguished and irrepressible Tim Healy, member of the British Parliament for the division known as North Louth, Ireland, and one of Ireland's most sturdy exponents of the popular opinion of all liberty-loving people in the cause of Home Rule.

ANNIVERSARY OF LEO XIII'S DEATH

For the third time Pope Leo's demise was commemorated in Rome in the Sistine Chapel, Pius X., with the members of the Sacred College present in Rome, the Patriarchs, Archbishops, Bishops and most of the Roman prelate, the diplomatic corps, Roman nobles and patricians and Knights of Malta, conducted solemn funeral services in memory of his great predecessor. The ceremony, though sad in its cause, could not be otherwise than of a brilliant and striking character. After Cardinal Satolli, Archbishop of the Lateran Basilica, had offered up the Holy Sacrifice, Pius X. imparted from his throne the usual absolution. Some of Mgr. Perossi's most beautiful compositions were rendered by the Papal choir, under the direction of the composer himself, the offertorio which the priest-composer wrote only within the past few days coming in for special admiration. Among visitors of distinction admitted to the function were sisters of the present Pope. The elevation of their brother has changed their condition very little. They are still humble in the extreme, known to but few in Rome except the poor, whose needs they are never tired of relieving. In this, however, they are only following the express wishes of their august brother.

I WON'T BE CROSS RIGHT NOW.

Whenever I am awful cross, And act, you might say, bad, I just can't look in mamma's eyes, 'Cause they're so big and sad. So I just run and hug her tight, And promise right away, "I never will be cross again." And then—and then next day, Would you believe it? 'fore I think, I'm crosser than before, And then, of course, my mamma dear Can't trust me any more.

And so I felt most awful bad Till just the other day I talked with grandma, and she knew A whole lot better way.

It's not to think boys have a right To fuss and fume and fret, It's not to keep on promising, And then next day forgetting;

But when I get all wrong inside, The way boys will somehow, To whisper up to God and say, "Just make me good right now." —Vida V. Young.

HAVE SOME SPIRIT.

Some boys are so high-spirited that they take offense even when none was intended, and some boys are so dull, heavy, cowardly and mean-spirited that they never resent any insult, however gross. Have some spirit; but be neither too quick to quarrel nor too slow to insist on a proper measure of respect.

If other persons slur your religion, live up to it by keeping your temper and by speaking to them calmly in defence of your faith. Don't be ashamed of it. Don't be afraid to acknowledge that it is yours. And if they go too far, don't hesitate to speak up for God and the truth. If you are ashamed of Him before men, Christ will be ashamed of you before His Father in Heaven.

If any one in your presence does or says what is vile, don't laugh at it, don't take part in the sin by standing idly by as if you relished it. Have some spunk—speak out, rebuke him, condemn it. Don't you care if he gets mad with you. Better for him to be mad with you than for God to be angry with you. Chide him, show him your displeasure, set a good example of opposition to what is vicious, and then walk away.

There is a time for silence and a time for speech. Don't be dumb when you ought to talk out boldly. Stand up seasonably for God, for the Church, for the truths of religion, for your people, and for holy purity.

A CLEVER TRICK.

The next time you have some of your little friends at home, offer to turn a glass of water into milk by breathing into it. Of course they will not believe you can do it, and will make all kinds of fun at your boast. When you have their curiosity aroused, leave the room and get your magic apparatus together. You will need some limewater, a piece of glass and an ordinary glass tum-

COAL A Second Crow's Nest

Coal is actually to-day the greatest commodity of the world. With coal we run our mills and factories and our great cities. With coal we propel our ships, provide our navies, and warm our homes; with coal we generate and produce electricity, with a few exceptions where water power is available, but there are not very many Niagara Falls, however; with coal we produce iron, copper, lead, silver, gold, and all other metals that we need, and must have, because all of those metals are to be found mixed in with the rock and in the ore.

Without coal we could not make coke, and coke made from a certain kind of high-class bituminous coal is the only fuel yet known to man that produces a heat intense enough to melt ore and hard rock into a liquid, by which process we are enabled to extract the metals we need.

England would not be the great world power she is to-day if it was not for her inexhaustible supply of coal.

Coal is the basis of all industrial and commercial wealth. Coal-mining in British Columbia has always been a success. It is a great deal like diamond-mining in South Africa—a bonanza of the first magnitude. The great mountain barrier of the Rockies shuts out the eastern coal, leaving the great Pacific coast to be supplied by the British Columbia fields, excepting a small tonnage from the State of Washington of a very inferior quality; in fact, a poor that the United States navy of the Pacific division get all their supply from the Dunsmuir Coal Mines on Vancouver Island, and pay the duty on it, but neither the Washington nor the Vancouver Island coal is of any use for furnace and smelter's coke, because the coal from both of these places contains a great deal of sulphur and does not make good smelter's coke.

Nevertheless Dunsmuir made millions after millions every year from mining coal, and died a few years ago the richest man in Canada. He made it all from coal, and his mines will be producing for generations to come, and are worth more to-day than thirty-five years ago, when first opened.

There is no field of investment more absolutely safe and profitable than coal-mining. We now offer to the public 100,000 shares of the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company's treasury stock at the low rate of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS PER SHARE.

The par value of this stock is one dollar, and is fully paid and non-assessable, and shareholders are exempt from personal liability. Once paid and secured it is yours forever.

This Amalgamated Coal Company controls 17,500 ACRES OF COAL LAND IN Nicola Valley, B.C., and, according to coal experts' reports, this great area is underlain with inexhaustible quantities of high-grade bituminous coal, the best for steam, blacksmithing and cooking purposes, estimated to contain approximately 1,400,000,000 TONS OF COAL.

Two railroads are now building into the Nicola Valley, the Canadian Pacific and the V. V. and E. (Great Northern), and the C.P.R. has already constructed and completed a line from Spence's Bridge, on Thompson River, to Nicola Lake, a distance of about fifty miles, whereas the V. V. and E. are rushing the work as fast as money and labor can do it, and it is expected to reach Nicola by Christmas.

This is certainly a rare opportunity for the small investors. For \$250.00 you can now buy 1,000 shares of the Amalgamated Coal stock, which in a few years may pay you a yearly revenue or income of \$10,000, figuring the dividend at \$10.00 a share (the Crow's Nest Coal Co. paid a dividend last year of \$10.00 at \$10.00 a share). This is an illustration to show what a few hundred dollars invested in coal stock means to investors. The Crow's Nest stock was offered to the people in the year 1896 at ten cents a share, and is to-day worth over \$300.00 or \$300,000 for 1,000 shares. You can get 1,000 shares of our stock today for \$250.00, which may be worth as much as the Crow's Nest is to-day, if you hold it long enough. Do you realize what this means for you? That the British Columbia Amalgamated Coal Company's stock will reach the \$100.00 mark in from six to seven years from now is the belief of those who have seen and examined the property and are familiar with the local condition in that country. Get in on the ground floor. Act quickly, and do it now. Do not ask your neighbor for his advice. Use and act on your own judgment. It will soon be too late to get in early or write, and we will give you any further information that you may desire.

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TWO YEARS FROM NOW. The stock should begin to pay handsome dividends, and in another year or two may have a cash valuation on the market from the dividends of at least \$10.00 per share. This calculation is based on sound and conservative business judgment, and on well-tried laws of natural growth. It is quite safe to say that when the Amalgamated Coal Company is fully equipped its four properties on Cold Water River, in Nicola Valley, B.C., and has built its own plant for its product, and can produce coal and coke on a large scale, which may require six to seven years to accomplish (taking the Crow's Nest Coal Co. as an example), this stock should then be worth on its own merit, from the dividend it then will pay, \$100.00 per share.

Opportunity knocks once at every man's door. To see it and grasp it in time is the keynote to success and wealth. This is meant for you. This is your greatest opportunity.

Fathers, mothers and guardians, who have the welfare of your children at heart, and want to provide for their future needs, write us for information, and investigate our proposition carefully. You will think later for the advice given. Ask or write for printed prospectus and reports, etc. We will show you samples of the coal and of the coke, and the assays of the coal from Government officials and other authorities.

RECOMMENDED BY BANKERS AND MERCHANTS as the safest and best investment on the market to-day which is being offered to the public at large. We want men and women of moderate means to get interested in this great enterprise, and to get in now, on its first inception.

Remember for \$250.00 you will get one thousand shares of Amalgamated Coal, which will secure for you and your family a source of income, and may make you independently rich. Remember, 1,000 shares of Crow's Nest Coal stock is to-day worth \$250,000, and brings a yearly revenue of over \$10,000.00. We cordially invite you to see and examine the property, and the Confederation Life Building, Toronto. If you cannot call, please write us, and we will mail you prospectus, maps, etc., that will state facts and will give you all information you may desire.

OWEN J. B. YEARSLEY, Banker and Broker, 61 Confederation Life Building, TORONTO. Main 3290.

bler. Enough limewater may be purchased at the drug store for a few pennies, half a pint being more than enough for your trick. The piece of glass may be got from an old broken pane. It should be three inches long and narrow enough to enter the tumbler at its widest part. Fill the tumbler with limewater and bring it into the room where the children are assembled. Place it on the table where all may see, but none must taste. Tell them the magic properties of your breath will change the water into milk; then breathe frequently into the tumbler, stirring constantly with a piece of glass. The perfectly transparent limewater will assume a chalky line, finally growing white until it resembles skim milk amid the applause of the audience. Next explain that your magic breath will in a few minutes produce chalk. Let the tumbler remain perfectly quiet for a time while some diversion is made. Upon looking at the water you will find that a layer of chalk has been deposited in the bottom of the glass.

TEETHING TIME Every mother dreads that period in her baby's life known as teething time. The little gums are swollen, inflamed and tender; the child suffers greatly, and is so cross and irritable that the whole household is on edge. All this is changed in homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used. This medicine allays inflammation, softens the swollen, tender gums, brings the teeth through painlessly. In proof Mrs. W. C. McCay, Denbigh,

Ont., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets a splendid medicine at teething time. My baby was very sick at that time, was cross, restless and had no appetite. After giving her the Tablets there was a marked improvement, and in the course of a few days she was not like the same child. The Tablets are just the medicine to help little ones over the trying teething time." You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CARDINAL RAMPOLLA ILL. It is reported that the health of Cardinal Rampolla, who was Papal Secretary of State under Pope Leo XIII., has broken down and there is little hope of his recovery.

WHO CAN ANSWER? A central Kansas editor says: "We attended church some time ago, and listened to a very good sermon, as sermons go. We enjoyed the stinging and stood up with the brethren and sisters while they sang the good old hymn, 'Shall We Know Each Other There?' While the hymn was being sung we glanced about us and counted about a dozen members of the congregation of the church who do not speak to each other when they meet on the street, or elsewhere. The thought occurred to us, why should they 'know each other there' when they seemingly don't 'know each other here'?"

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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 cultivation of the land as 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.

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

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Province of Quebec. District of Montreal. Superior Court. No. 2065. Dame Philomene Martin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Joseph Mantel, formerly shoe manufacturer, and now foreman of the same place, has this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband.

Montreal, 8th August, 1906. L. E. BEAULIEU, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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SOLITARY BY REV.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—Continued. "Always Florian," she int reproachfully. "In what a position you after his commands to you ing my visits!" "But he will not open the and if he would you would found here. The window, th tains, your honor—what a n happy circumstances I trust "Pshaw! what is the mat me? I have never allowed to be led by a string so wi woman. And my hand hold winning card! One word s rior would look on you writ rior. What is the matter w that I do not utter it?" "The matter with you, said she, looking at her w hide a faint apprehension, you have stayed too long take yourself off while the open to you, or you may l "One word, one little wor the count, half to himself, "are assured to me. I swear lief that Florian would nev to see your face again."

"If you will not go," she ing with a trembling voice, leave you. You have always ed me with honor—" "And I am bound so to you always," he exclaimed, at once to his feet. "You s be compromised on my acco to satisfy my hate for your My time will come, and th which I now embrace—will mit me—" He kissed her while she stood laughing fo foolish devotion; and this tableau which greeted the steady gaze of Florian ente that moment by the softly door. There was an a pause. Barbara grew pale last degree of pallor, and t felt a thrill of delight leap his veins. (The great man al equal to the occasion, for h into the room as if nothing happened, and made his poli to the two guilty ones. Th took his hat and retired the door until Florian deta "You may leave here with impression of my relations t Merriam," he said as bland was possible, "which I wis rect. I once presented her as my promised wife. It v pleasure which now merit planation. The lady herself assure you that henceforth less to me than to you or other man."

The count bowed with a smile, but Barbara rushed rian and threw both her ar him amid a storm of sobe he endeavored to loosen her "He threatened you, Flori cried. "He said you were power. I did it for you Oh, not to be cruel do not A little time, my love—t time!"

Florian was staggered o stoical calm by this plausi planation, and looked at th inquiringly.

"It is true," said the latte ly, "and if you will come I can show you the truth madame is pleased to assent "I will go," said Florian voice which made her heart "Remember, sir, that t will bring a heavy penalty head."

"You must not go to-night," she sobbed—"oh! not my dearest. Wait until y collected. Appearances are you and me, and this man sworn enemy.

He flung her off almost r "You are under suspicio he said in that same awful voice of suppressed rage o "Be silent until I come aga a word!"

She fell back among her and their footsteps died away. But in an instant sense of danger revived her senses, and with all her she began to cast about fo to prevent a catastrophe. T going to the count's resid bably, and some one must them and interfere in Flori half. Paul Rossiter! He Madame De Ponsonby's doubt, and thought hateru rian, the very man, her inst her, to save her lover. Cu cloak and out with the and fly, horses, at your b to the street where the po

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 BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXXIX.—Continued.

"Always Florian," she interrupted reproachfully.
 "In what a position you would be after his commands to you concerning my visits!"
 "But he will not open the door, and if he would you would not be found here. The window, these curtains, your honor—what a number of happy circumstances I trust to!"
 "Pshaw! what is the matter with me? I have never allowed myself to be led by a string so with any woman. And my hand holding the winning card! One word and Florian would look on you with horror. What is the matter with me that I do not utter it?"
 "The matter with you, count," said she, looking at her watch to catch a faint apprehension, "is that you have stayed too long. Now take yourself off while the door is open to you, or you may have to go by the window."
 "One word, one little word," said the count, half to himself, "and you are assured to me. I swear my belief that Florian would never wish to see your face again."
 "If you will not go," she said, rising with a trembling voice, "I must leave you. You have always treated me with honor."
 "And I am bound so to treat you always," he exclaimed, jumping at once to his feet. "You shall not be compromised on my account, even to satisfy my hate for your lover. My time will come, and this hand which I now embrace—will you permit me—" He kissed her hand, while she stood laughing at his foolish devotion; and this was the tableau which greeted the cold, steady gaze of Florian entering at that moment by the softly-opening door. There was an awkward pause. Barbara grew pale to the last degree of pallor, and the count felt a thrill of delight leap along his veins. The great man alone was equal to the occasion, for he strode into the room as if nothing had happened, and made his politest bow to the two guilty ones. The count took his hat and retired towards the door until Florian detained him.
 "You may leave here with a wrong impression of my relations to Mrs. Merrion," he said as blandly as was possible, "which I wish to correct. I once presented her to you as my promised wife. It was a pleasantry which now merits explanation. The lady herself will assure you that henceforth she is less to me than to you or any other man."
 The count bowed with a sardonic smile, but Barbara rushed to Florian and threw both her arms about him amid a storm of sobs. In vain he endeavored to loosen her hold.
 "He threatened you, Florian!" she cried. "He said you were in his power. I did it for your sake. Oh, do not be cruel do not be hasty. A little time, my love—time, time!"
 Florian was staggered out of his stoical calm by this plausible explanation, and looked at the count inquiringly.
 "It is true," said the latter proudly, "and if you will come with me I can show you the truth of what madame is pleased to assert of me."
 "I will go," said Florian, in a voice which made her heart quake.
 "Remember, sir, that the truth will bring a heavy penalty on your head."
 "You must not go to-night, Florian," she sobbed—"oh! not to-night my dearest. Wait until you are reflected. Appearances are against you and me, and this man is your sworn enemy."
 He flung her off almost rudely.
 "You are under suspicion also," he said in that same awful voice, the voice of suppressed rage or fear. "Be silent until I come again. Not a word!"
 She fell back among her cushions as the door closed on the two men and their footsteps died gradually away. But in an instant the sharp sense of danger revived her fainting senses, and with all her strength she began to cast about for means to prevent a catastrophe. They were going to the count's residence, probably, and some one must follow them and interfere in Florian's behalf. Paul Rossiter! He was at Madame De Ponsobny's, without doubt, and thought hateful to Florian, the very man, her instinct told her, to save her lover. Quick with cloak and out with the carriage, and fly, horses, at your best speed to the street where the poet lives!

The servant, opening the door to a hasty and violent ring, is struck with terror at sight of the wild figure which silently rushes past her and up the broad stair; and Frances, tranquilly passing across the hall, comes face to face with the one woman in the world whom she has most cause to dislike.
 "Mr. Rossiter!" gasps Barbara. "Quick—oh! quick, where is he?"
 "Mr. Rossiter is not in," Frances replied, trembling like a leaf.
 "I must find him," wringing her hands; "it is a matter of life and death. It concerns Mr. Wallace."
 The pale face becomes paler, still, and a question forms itself on her lips, but her pride will not permit her to utter it. She writes the address of Mr. Peter Carter on a card and hands it to her.
 "If you do not find him there return here and perhaps I can help you."
 Barbara is half way down the stairs before the last word is uttered, and in a moment the carriage is flying round to the next street at full speed, but not as fast as her mind travels to terrible consequences. Paul, seated on the bed in Mr. Carter's warm room, hears the light step on the stairs in wonder, but relights Peter's pipe and reclines lazily to enjoy the philosopher's small-talk and gaze at him through half-closed eyes. Peter is in what he calls undress uniform, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, while his face glistens in the firelight and his hair stands up like an inverted broom.
 "It is just the time my lady admirers call on me," Peter said, placidly drawing long puffs from the pipe; "and, strangely enough, they are not disenchanted by this dis-
 "You do not look much worse than usual," says fun-loving Paul. And at that moment the steps outside are close to the door; there is a knock, and close upon it enters Barbara, in her excitement more lovely to bewildered Peter than she has ever been. Both men jump to their feet, and Peter makes a desperate dash for his best coat.
 "It is of Florian!" Barbara cries out, exhausted. "He is going to fight a duel with Count Behrenski. You can stop it. You can save him, Mr. Rossiter. There is no time to be lost. There is the count's address," pushing a card into his hand, "and no time to lose. For Florian's sake!"
 Then she sinks down in utter helplessness and begins to sob weakly, while the two men stand, in their first astonishment, looking blankly at the unexpected vision.
 It was the first moment of pause since the scene between the count and Florian. Peter slowly grasped the meaning of her words, and, disgusted, laid down his coat, thought of Frances, and took it up again; finally put it on with a vicious jerk, and glowered with determined indifference at the weeping beauty. The poet grasped the situation almost before Barbara spoke, and he stood looking down at her without much pity, and with a half-formed resolution not to interfere. Better thoughts, and the recollection of Frances, and of the hermit, too, dismissed that unformed hard-heartedness. He poured out a few drops of brandy into a glass and gave it to her.
 "Before I can do anything," said he gently, "I must know in detail what has happened and what is expected of me."
 Barbara told her story without a break.
 "I do not know what power the count may have over him," Barbara whimpered, "but I fear it's something dreadfully real."
 "The power of a greater devil over a lesser," Peter said sourly. But neither noticed the words, and Paul went on to say that he thought he could understand it, and that perhaps a duel would be less fatal than the interview which the count proposed.
 "I shall take your carriage," said he, "and go after them, doing what I can."
 Paul had not a great sorrow for the mess into which Florian had got himself, but for Frances' sake, and for the sake of the dead prince, and partly out of pity for Florian himself, he felt anxious to prevent the revelations which the count might possibly make. He had a very strong suspicion as to what they might be; nothing certain, but even the possibility was dire enough to be avoided.
 "It would make him a saint, or



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circumstances arising from your manner of life for years past you would have changed it. I would not, I fear. You might not, for your ambition has always been strong enough to blind you to truth and right. Pardon me for moralizing, but I wish you to understand me fully. You are a man I have never trusted since I knew you, and never could trust. Had you not dropped your faith—Florian started as if struck—"to become a politician it would have been different. With a man who has once been a firm Catholic it is dangerous to deal. You went looking for your father; so did we. You were afraid to find him; we were also, or at least I was, for I foresaw his taking-off. You were afraid his appearance would lose to you the title-sale money. The motives of each of us compare to the son's disadvantage, do they not?"
 It was of little use for Vladimir to fix his mocking eyes on the averted face. The great man, face to face with the spectre which had so long stood at his side, had only its horrid features in his gaze.
 "Well, you begin to comprehend, my Florian; you begin to recognize your own soul in this mirror of mine. You were false to a son's instincts because of your ambition; you were false to a lover's instincts because of your unprincipled passion. What folly it was to expect that you would be faithful to a friend when he stood in your way. You fooled us all very cunningly—alas! only in the end to shame yourself. You left your princely father exposed to the bullet of the assassin when a little honesty and patience would have saved him. How could you suppose I, the libertine, the unprincipled one, would have borne your insults in quiet? We continued to look for the father you deserted, and we found him. Your ambition left him exposed to our fury. But I was merciful. I had no taste for blood, for the blood of an unfortunate, a countryman, a co-religionist, my friend's father. I would have saved him but for you."
 Again the great man started, and his face, hidden from the count, was twisted shapeless from that inward agony. The Russian's face had assumed a stern, malignant expression as he bent his fierce eyes on his foe and sometime friend. The last words he uttered as one would thrust the knife into a man's heart.
 "I would have saved him but for you. You left the honored woman whom you had solemnly promised to marry, to deprive me of the one woman of my life—a woman far below your standard, hypocritical but charming; a woman to further your ambitions, but not to be the mother of Catholic children. As your desire for money exposed your father to danger, so your desire for this woman destroyed him. You remember that day which revealed to me your love for Barbara Merrion—a selfish, cruel love, doing no honor even to her. How you triumphed over me? You sent me home mad! I shall never forget that day on which I sealed my own damnation, if there be damnation, because of you! The spy had found your father! What shall I do with him? he asked; and I said, 'Kill him!'"
 There was still no need to look at Florian, now plunged into the depths of shame and agony. He uttered no moan, even! Outside there was a roll of carriage wheels, and presently the servant was knocking at the door with Paul's card. The count read it, and upon second thought declined to see the gentleman, but the poet was already in the room making his apologies. One look at Florian convinced him that he had come too late.
 "There is no need for me to say anything, count," he explained, "since I see you have done the mischief I wished to prevent."
 The Russian smiled, although he too was pale from emotion—and triumph. He rejoiced in his success, in the humiliation of his rival, in the joy of once more possessing Barbara, even if it had been accomplished through a dreadful crime. Low as Florian was, he was yet a degree lower. He whispered his last accusing words in the great man's ear with something like a laugh.
 "The bullet of Nicholas slew your father, and I permitted it; but you—" He broke off abruptly and turned to Paul, his hateful feelings almost bursting from his worn, evil face, his finger pointed at Florian.
 "Behold the murderer of his father!" he cried.
 Florian rose and his face came into the light. A dumb animal would have pitied its woe, and the poet gave a cry of anger and sorrow which the politician did not hear. He bowed mechanically to the two and walked out gravely and steadily as a man proudly going to execution.
 "If I were his friend, sir," the

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post said in his simple, truthful way, "or had the slightest claim upon him, I would feel happy in the right to punish you for what you have done."
 "Mr. Rossiter," replied the Russian courteously, "I would be sorry if you had a claim. He deserves no pity. It will do him good, the knowledge which he has of himself. You will excuse me."
 He offered his hand, which the poet did not take, and the look which he cast at that shapely member, as if he saw its bloody stain, brought an instant's flush to the brazen cheek. Paul went out to his carriage, and as he entered it he heard the gay voice of Vladimir humming a joyous tune.

CHAPTER XL.

Small consolation Paul had for Barbara when he returned to Peter's attic. Every thought flew from her mind but one when he entered in a thoughtful yet satisfied mood.
 "I think you can go home," he said, "and give yourself no uneasiness. There will be no duel, at least to-night. The gentlemen were excited but courteous, as far as I could discover. Florian went off and I saw no more of him." Her countenance fell.
 "Is it all so very well?" she asked dolefully. "Your words are doubtful."
 "They should not be," he replied, "for the affair between them passed off in rather dull style. I can assure you there will be no duel. If you see Mr. Wallace to-morrow no doubt he can explain everything to your satisfaction."
 "I must be satisfied," shaking her head sadly, while the tears began to fall. "Oh! what a wretched woman I am, and to know that my folly has caused it all."
 The two gentlemen were silent and perhaps unsympathetic. Her empire was gone in more than one quarter. She gave Paul her hand and asked to be led to her carriage. Peter held the lamp as they descended the stairs, standing in stolid dullness like a podgy Fate, while his butterfly passed out of the circle of light into the lower darkness—passed out of his life altogether, and out of the life of everyone with whom she had been connected in these pages, and that, too, without a single salute from the gallant Bohemian whom she had so often deceived.
 "Fare thee well! and if forever, still forever, fare thee well," hummed Peter, in mingled sorrow and disdain. "Ye're the last woman I'll ever bother my old head over. The world is no longer Arcadia or Paradise. Eve is still the betrayer of Adam. Oh! the groans these beauties have drawn from my aching heart. It's not aching much now, though, considering. Is she gone, Paul, b'y! Has the fairy taken flight? I'm bowed down with grief entirely this evening."
 "She's gone," said Paul thoughtfully as he took his old place on the bed, while Peter resumed his undress uniform.
 "Gone! O mournful word! Gone out of my life for evermore, b'y. I did adore that woman in a Platonic way; her smiles alone were divinities, and her eyes—it would have been better for me had they squinted instead of being the loveliest jewels in a woman's head. Poor thing, if she had a heart, and I had met her before Maria charmed me with her dignified ways, who knows what might have happened. Who knows?"
 Peter went off into a reverie while speculating on the might-have-been, and Paul, diverted from annoying thoughts by the picture which he presented, amused himself with sketching the poky garret and its odd central figure wrapped in a cloud of smoke.
 "Who knows," mumbled Peter—"who knows? I was a handsome fellow once before my nose was flattened in an American duel—with fists d'ye see! But the fellow wore

copper knuckles, I could swear. Poor little treacherous Barbara! no more a Catholic than the man with a gizzard. Yet a sweet soul, if she wasn't so deceivin'. O Peter, old b'y!—no, not Peter, but Parker—ye are forever done with females now until ye meet the sympathetic heart ye have always looked for. God help ye, my fine old gentleman! it's hard lines have come to ye at last."
 To this melancholy strain Peter mumbled himself asleep, and the poet, leaving him to struggle with a ponderous snore, stole quietly back to the attic on the opposite street. It was after midnight, and yet she was waiting for him with her heart in her eyes and every beat of it sounding Florian's name. She did not need to ask him for his information.
 "I am troubled for his sake as well as yours," he said, and the kindly words brought a smile to her lips. "He has heard what I threatened to tell him, from no very gentle lips, and he looked when he left us as if his heart had been cruelly wrung. I do not know if the truth will make him ill or bring him to his senses. It is better that you should not know it yet. I shall watch him and keep guard over him for your sake and his father's until any possible danger is passed."
 She thanked him gently and went to her own room. The poet climbed to his attic, sadly haunted by Florian's despairing face.
 "That time truth struck home," said he to himself, "and pretty sharply. If it does not drive him to any extreme it may have a healthy effect on him. But his eyes looked bad."
 He did not like to utter the thought which troubled him. Florian's mental balance was remarkable, but the events of a few months past were of a kind to shake the reason of strong souls.
 Neither Florian nor Barbara were to be seen the next day, or the day after, nor the third day. The papers had a serious rumor then of a sudden departure for Europe of the accomplished Barbara and a well-known attaché of the Russian embassy, but Paul would not believe it until a perfumed note in Barbara's handwriting reached him. Every one seemed to make him their confidant.
 Dear Mr. Rossiter:
 Try to believe everything people say of me in the next two weeks. My word for it, it is all true. I was married to Count Behrenski this morning. He convinced me it was all over between me and Florian; and if it almost broke my heart to know that, it did not cloud my senses to my own advantages. I am a Russian, at all events. I wish you luck in your love-affair. Au revoir!
 BARBARA, Countess Behrenski.
 The news of Mrs. Merrion's departure in the role of countess, after exciting the usual wonder of the town, settled out of sight. It did not reflect on Florian, whose broken engagement to the widow was not known; and still it would have mattered little to him, under present circumstances, if that disgrace had been flung upon him. He was not to be found in his office nor in his boarding-house, but, with his usual careful foresight, he had left written instructions for his clerk, without hinting at any date of return. Paul grew more and more uneasy when a week had passed and there was no news of him. Frances, with her wistful eyes and a dread in her face which he alone understood, came to him daily for information. That he could not give it frightened both, and vainly the poet cudgelled his brains to discover some clue to Florian's motives for suddenly disappearing. Had he gone to the island? What could bring him there in the early days of March? If he were repentant—
 (To be continued.)

Religious Celebration of Labor Day.

(Continued from Page 1.)

and like you consecrating themselves to the adorable heart of Jesus. My emotions are akin to the joy I feel. May Heaven bless you one and all, now and forever more.

"Brethren, you are not ashamed to profess your Catholic faith openly. You are here, sons of Holy Mother Church, to acknowledge her authority, to thank her for the benefits she confers, to pledge fidelity to her teaching, obedience to her laws. You may rest assured that you are very dear to her heart. You know what she has done for you in the past. You may ever rely upon her solicitude and her maternal affection.

"Are not the words addressed some years ago to the toilers of the universe by the illustrious Pontiff, justly styled 'The Pope of the workingman,' still fresh in your memory? Never, since Jesus Christ, did any man speak like this man. It was in Christ's name he spoke with such authority and affectionate sympathy. He pointed out your duties and told you the secret of happiness in this world and in the next. He insisted upon your right to a just compensation for your arduous labor, and ever advocated peace and concord. You should heed his voice and the voice of the Church. What she has done elsewhere she can achieve here with similar results. In our country, where, very fortunately for all concerned, religious authority is exerted in favor of all that may further the best interests of the people, the labor movement must necessarily benefit by her experience and wise counsels. Who, therefore, presumes to question the invaluable services she can render it on account of her peculiar position and her divinely appointed guardianship of all social truth? Let it not be said that the intervention of the Church is unjustifiable. On the contrary, intervention is one of her sacred rights as social problems belong to the twofold domain of morality and economy, on which the Church has assuredly every right to speak. Let it not be said that the ancient Church is being rejuvenated, and that she is endeavoring to win the masses over to her side. Imitation of her Founder's example has always been the feature of her most cherished traditions. Long, long before the theorists of our times were heard of, her doctors had formulated the underlying principles of the social question. And whilst we pride in the wonderful progress made in every department of economy and industry, which, however, has only begotten new forms of physical, intellectual and moral depravity, let us thank God from the bottom of our hearts for having given us His Church to revive all the energies of the Christian faith and adapt them to the wants of the age.

"Many there are who style themselves your friends and boast of their ability to enlighten you. They long to become your leaders. Believe me, they alone are your true friends, your worthy leaders, whose utterances and writings breathe the spirit of Christianity and harmonize with the dictates of the Church.

"They who overlook the supreme end of man repudiate the Gospel and teach that the goal of your aspirations is to enjoy life; they who resort to all imaginable means in order to arouse the people up by always speaking of their rights, never of their social and religious obligations, those men who, instead of uniting employers and employees in the bonds of justice and charity only sow the seeds of discord and enmity between them; who disregard the unquestionable principle of the freedom of labor to work; who are always ready to approve of and revel in strikes, and goad the masses on to open revolt when they should do their utmost to bring about peace and conciliation: those men who, on the plea of bettering the workingman's condition, would like nothing better than to wreck their country's wise, beneficent constitutions;—those who do anything of the kind—their abettors as well—are, I repeat, far from being your friends, your sincere friends. Be on your guard, therefore. Look up to the Church, in whom you will find light to guide you, justice to protect you, and affection to comfort, elevate and fortify you."

AT NOTRE DAME CHURCH.

Notre Dame Church presented a very imposing scene, when between 12,000 and 14,000 workmen assembled to consecrate their great day of labor.

His Lordship Bishop Emard spoke in part as follows:

"What a magnificent spectacle you present to-night to the world! What a wholesome lesson you teach by gathering here in thousands in answer to the appeal of your first pastor! What a happy and consoling and gratifying idea to consecrate unto the Lord your great day of labor!

"This is a magnificent example of Christian faith. In the name of your families for whom you toil day by day, I thank you, and that God to Whom you every day lift your voice and say 'Give us this day our daily bread,' will assuredly after such an evidence of faith grant you your needs, both temporal and spiritual.

"Christian souls, you are the heart of the nation, you have manifested your love and devotion to the Church by asking to-night the blessing of heaven on your labors and efforts.

GOD THE ARCH-TYPE.

"What is work? The type, grand and sublime, of work is God Himself creating the world. Work goes on continually around Him, the angels above ever sing His glory and even the lower creation is ever striving unconsciously to do His divine will.

"We must all work. None of us are exempt from the law, written on the brow of nature. Adam in the garden worked to cultivate for his sustenance; it was a labor of pleasure, of infinite delight. Alas! sin came and destroyed or rather deranged the primitive plan of creation. Adam, banished from the garden, the law of love becomes the law of expiation. Work is no longer a sweet thanksgiving to God, but a burden, for the earth produces but briars and thorns and man must sow in tears abundant to earn his bread.

THE LAW OF LABOR.

"The law of work is absolute, inevitable and universal. The workingman is the human race. The workingman finds his highest type in the Son of Man, the carpenter's son of Nazareth. He came as exemplifier to teach what is just, noble and honorable in work. He left his throne above to work at the carpenter's bench here below. He, the God of heaven and the Saviour of mankind, toiled in the sweat of His brow to earn His bread. Since then labor is honorable.

"The history of the human race is the history of the workingman. His labor is everywhere and it will endure amidst the crash of matter and the upheavals of empires. He has built monuments, he has filled the valleys, he has laid low the mountains, he has spanned the rivers, neither time nor climate have stopped the onward march of his genius.

"In pagan times the workingman was a slave with the work of genius obliterated. With the Star of Bethlehem rose freedom of the workingman. Christ, the workingman, gave back to him the place he was destined to occupy in the plan of creation. With Him was born liberty untrammelled, equality supreme and fraternity complete. The soul of the workingman belongs to God and himself and his heart to his family. He is free in his choice of life, free in every fibre of his soul.

"With Christ comes equality, but not equality as the world understands it. There is no material equality on earth. There must be a difference in the lot of man. In a certain sense, it was true, all men were equal. Every man was a child of God, a member of society and had a right to be protected in his life and property. But in regard to wealth and other exterior things the idea was a chimera. It is not in the nature of things, for talent and health render it impossible. We are all equal as children of God, heirs of heaven. We have all the same origin, we all tend to the same end.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

"Brotherly love was Christ's great passion. Christ did not run after the powerful and rich. He did not covet their smiles, but He did go after the lowly and the poor. His apostles were poor, and He called them His brothers. St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John called the faithful their brothers. This brotherly love was unknown before Christ, but reigns after Him and is nourished and cultivated by the Church, His eternal spouse."

Here Bishop Emard warmly counselled the workmen to unite to protect themselves and to better themselves. But he claimed Canada was large enough and her people numerous enough to form unions without going abroad.

CHILD LABOR CONDEMNED.

He then condemned child labor as unwise and merciless. He warned

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City Ticket Office, 125 St. James St., Opp. Post Office.

employers to be just, honorable, humane and charitable to their employees. Not to overwork nor underpay.

He advised employees to be honest, faithful and just to their employers; to give all their time and their best efforts; to do exactly what is expected of them. To spend their money earned so painfully on their families and not in drunkenness; to keep their children from vain extravagances by teaching them with what anguish they toiled and labored for that which they had accumulated. He told them to think of their old age, of the winter of their life, of the hardships that are ahead and to provide therefor. He concluded by a strong appeal to his hearers to observe the Lord's Day, in rest, in prayer, to recuperate their physical energy, to renew their courage, to strengthen their faith in divine things.

"And now, my friends," he concluded. "I traced for you here and there in my sermon the Divine Workingman. Here is the last page in the story of His life. He is flogged. He is crowned with thorns. He is condemned by Pilate, the cross is placed on His shoulders, He mounts Golgotha's hill, He is nailed to the cross, He is hanging amidst heaven and earth. He is dying amidst all the torments of superhuman love. He is departed, those beneath the cross chide Him for being the carpenter's son. Amidst the gloom and anguish, amidst the derisions and scoffings, from His soul He cries 'Consummatum est.' All is consummated—all is finished; Hell is closed, Heaven is opened, mankind is redeemed—Heaven becomes the home of the rich and poor, for the lowly as well as the mighty. Workingmen, follow in the footsteps of your model, and being true to Him on earth you will abide with Him forever in the mansion He has prepared for those who follow in His footsteps."

Some persons have perodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

A THORNY BRIAR AND THE ECCE HOMO

In view of the attitude of many Protestants towards the use of religious pictures and symbols, the following story from the "Christian Index" is remarkable:

"A C. M. S. S. missionary in Japan tells the following interesting story: 'A well educated young soldier came here early one morning and brought a piece of thorny briar; he showed it to me and said: 'Once I saw a picture of a head crowned with thorns like this, and I can never forget it; whenever I have things to bear in the barracks the thought of this picture helps me. Can you tell me about it, and has it anything to do with your religion?' You can imagine what joy it was to put a Bible into his hands and to read and explain the trial and death of our Lord. He simply drank in every word. It seemed as though his whole soul was thirsting for the Living Water. He very soon grasped the way of salvation, and made up his mind to follow Christ. We were talking about his being baptized when, quite suddenly, his company was ordered to the front. I got long letters from him, full of hope and joy. He tells of wonderful peace given in the midst of bat-

CANADIAN PACIFIC EXHIBITIONS

MONTREAL TO TORONTO and RETURN
Aug. 31st, Sept. 5 and 6 \$10.00
Return Limit, Sept. 11th 1906.

Montreal to Sherbrooke and Return
September 5 and 6 \$2.50
September 7, 8 3.55
Return Limit September 10th, 1906

Montreal to Ottawa and Return
September 10, 12, 14 \$2.60
September 7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 15 3.60
Return Limit, Sept. 17, 1906.

Montreal to Halifax and Return
Sept. 21, 28 \$12.50
Sept. 19, 23, 25, 29, Oct. 1st 18.50
Return limit October 9th, 1906.

TICKET OFFICE: 125 St. James Street
Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EXHIBITIONS

TORONTO.
September 5 and 6 - \$10.00
Return Limit—Sept. 11, 1906.

Train Service—Leave Montreal 9.00 a. m., 8 p. m., and 10.30 p. m. daily. Arrive Toronto 4.20 p. m., 6.10 a. m., 7.15 a. m.

SHERBROOKE
September 5 and 6 \$2.50
September 7, 8 \$3.35
Return Limit—September 10.

Train Service—Leave Montreal 8.01 a. m., 4.16 p. m., 8.15 p. m. Arrive Sherbrooke 11.22 a. m., 8.05 p. m., 11.40 p. m.

Special train will leave Montreal 7.30 a. m. Sept. 5th. Arrive Sherbrooke, 10.50 a. m. Returning special train will leave Sherbrooke 10.30 p. m. on September 5th and 6th for Montreal.

OTTAWA
September 10, 12, 14 - \$2.60
September 7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 15 \$3.60
Return Limit—September 17th, 1906.

Leave Montreal 1.8 a. m., 9.40 a. m., 14.10 p. m., 7.39 p. m.

Arrive Ottawa 11 a. m., 12.40 p. m., 7.10 p. m., 10.30 p. m.

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12 noon "MARITIME EXPRESS" for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and the Sydney's.

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Passengers leaving by the Maritime Express at 12 noon, Tuesdays, and 7.30 p. m., Ocean Limited, Fridays, will connect at Campbellton with SS. "Lady Elisen."

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The Annual
BIG FA

The following article, written to prove very interesting to our readers, is from the pen of the Cleveland Catholic. At last it is fashionable to and this week in Dublin we move in an Irish Ireland. The annual meeting of the Gaelic League is in progress where I hear scraps of Gaelic League's quarters in street wear a different a told, than they did some ago when the movement was under way. Then one sm room accommodated the now the league's assembly and offices occupy two flats. Last evening the formal of the convention was held in tunda in Rutland square, as is the famous "round man" had to stand—and it was by a fair-priced ticket. An audience of which every man the world over might be proud; and it was there for therance of an educational thereby adding culture to ism, a combination which is ideal Celt. And what an e tic audience! It stirred heart-strings to hear the which greeted every tiered the resuscitation of a langu which sages wrote and p centuries ago. Above the hand-claps that welcomed Hyde rang out the national "Cead Mille Failthe." A great an outburst was acc Chicago priest, Father J. who had ably seconded D efforts when in America. B pleasing, showing as the d strength of the Gaelic bond cordial reception given a S cestant clergyman. Priests their hands rose in applau reverend gentleman's speech ed in the Scotch Gaelic, w the way, is not so musical Irish.

A Spanish-Irish delegate sent from Bolivia. He bro three hundred pounds to t with a message of fellow to the small nation strugg its inheritance. A delegat Wales, handsome and in wore the ancient Gaelic co light brown and black, whie laird in Stuart plaid s old folklore ballad. The gramme was conducted in cluding an ode, an oratio showed the grace and fluen which many of the Gaelic write and speak.

Dr. Hyde spoke only once lish, when he bade those who had not yet mastered ther tongue as the "rough of which the league made ed article." Green growi decorated the stage above an illuminated motto in G shall win victory by the God." The only instrum bers on the programme w tions on the harp. An ex held in connection with tion, but the fair now go Limerick is on a much lar The Munster-Connaht can dress a man, build a his house, supply him wit provide him with music ments for his entertainer divided into two sections, dustrial and commercial, having a distinctly educat Viewing the variety, exce attractiveness of every d one has to rub his eyes if this is the country wh thought nothing is done ing turf and raising pota is scarcely an industry in land has not made c highway. What she need her to the crest of prosp