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# The True Witness



MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## Note and Comment.

Over 500 Italian boys are attending the classes of the Irish Christian Brothers in Rome.

What is declared to be the original painting by Rubens of the "Descent From the Cross," has been discovered in the cathedral of St. Nicholas in Warsaw.

It is said that the Lieut.-Governor did go to Mass on the Plains disguised as a gentleman. So that he is a Catholic in spite of his infidel company.

Archbishop Howley, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, besides being successful in the government of that diocese, a famous theologian and an administrator, is a botanist, geologist and architect, having designed many of the chapels and churches in his diocese.

The latest number of the "Bulletin" periodically issued by the Generalate of the Friars Minor Conventuals contains a report of the progress of the order, according to which new foundations have been begun in Russia, Denmark and Spain.

The worthy representative of the infidel French Government must be pretty hard of comprehension if he does not see by this time that he should have stayed whereascalcity is one of the fine arts. Safe home Uncle! Mind the step!

Always entertaining, the Chicago New World has gone a step further in the right direction by changing to newspaper form and with Mr. Charles O'Malley at the helm, we can only expect the best. We always eagerly look forward to its visit on our exchange table.

The Congregation of Rites met lately under the presidency of Cardinal Cretoni and discussed in a preparatory session, the miracles for the beatification of Joan of Arc. If the miracles have been deemed authentic, the beatification will probably take place next spring.

The medical students of the St. Louis University, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, secured twenty-two out of thirty-two positions at the St. Louis City hospital in a competitive examination. More than 150 graduates of the best medical schools of the Southwest competed for these coveted places.

What a splendid improvement the new Mother House is to the district of Sherbrooke Street West. A massive stone pile, elegant in its extreme plainness of structure it stands out a most imposing structure and the subject of much favorable comment to the numerous passers by.

Martha Moore Avery, for a number of years one of the leaders of thought among Socialists, recently embraced the Catholic faith and is one of the most active workers in the promotion and development of the new Catholic university which is to be built at Newton, Mass., under the direction of the Jesuit Fathers of Boston College.

Ireland's trade with New York during 1907 shows a marked increase upon that of 1905, the figures of which alone are available for comparison, says the Dublin Freeman's Journal. According to the Consular report, which has just been issued, the imports from Ireland at the port of New York amounted during 1907 to no less than \$14,275,000 an increase of \$1,885,000 over corresponding returns for 1905.

Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus) the noted Southern writer, was baptized into the Catholic Church the day before he died. His wife and children are Catholics. The last article from the pen of the gifted author was a strong defence of the Christian religion. In it he declared that he did not need theological doctrines of Christianity. There might be new fashions in literature, especially in fiction, he said, and new beliefs growing out of new knowledge, but for 2000 years there has been

nothing new about the Christian religion. What it was at the beginning it still remains.

In a recent audience with Pope Pius X., Bishop Kennedy, rector of the American College, Rome, tendered to the Holy Father a copy of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly's latest volume of poems, "The Secret of the Statue." His Holiness accepted the offering with gracious interest, and in return presented to Miss Donnelly (through Bishop Kennedy) a rare photograph of himself, whereon was written in Italian by his own hand the following inscription: "To our dear daughter in Jesus Christ, Eleanor C. Donnelly, with most sincere congratulations for her works, as a sign of gratitude, we impart from our heart the Apostolic Benediction."

Sir Antony MacDonnell, for a number of years Under Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has been raised to the peerage of England. It is eight years since a Catholic of the United Kingdom received a similar honor, and the recipient then also was an Irishman—Lord O'Brien. The new peer, who is sixty-four and the wearer of many honors and decorations, besides being Privy Councillor of both England and Ireland, retires shortly from the burden of an office which his different circumstances and indifferent health have rendered very heavy.

According to the published census for 1907, the Order of Friars Minor has under its direction 1,460 convents and upwards of 17,000 members, in addition to which the tertiary of the Order number 1,098,840. These figures are apart from the statistics of the Franciscan Capuchins, who have under their rule over 10,000 members divided into 731 convents. The latest number of the "Bulletin" periodically issued by the Generalate of the Friars Minor Conventuals contains a report of the progress of the Order, according to which new foundations have been begun in Russia, Denmark and Spain.

The hymn, "Long live the Pope," composed by the Rev. H. G. Ganss, of Carlsruhe, of which 1,000,000 copies have already been printed, promises to become the universal hymn for the Pope. The original English words are already translated into Latin, Greek, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Polish, Hungarian, Bohemian, Sioux and Chipewya. Translations are also under way into Aztec, Eskimo, Russian, Gaelic, Syrian, Tenana, modern Greek, Croatian, Lithuanian and Armenian. A presentation copy containing the hymn in all tongues spoken in the United States and Spanish America will be presented to the Pope next October, before whom the composition was sung by 200 American pilgrims a short ago.

### Archbishop Begin Thanks His Excellency.

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, Quebec, June 26, 1908. Your Excellency:— Now that our glorious celebration has so successfully terminated, I deem it my duty to express to Your Excellency my most sincere thanks for the great honor of your presence at the University, the unveiling of the monument to Moneigneur de Laval, and the solemnizing of our national feast.

The annals of our history will proudly record the fact that the statue of the founder of the Church in Canada was unveiled by the worthy representative of His Majesty the King of England at the time most gloriously reigning. In the name of the Church of Quebec and of my colleagues in the Canadian hierarchy I beg to thank you for such a marked honor paid to the memory of my illustrious predecessor in this venerable See.

The eulogious words spoken by Your Excellency in behalf of the saintly de Laval, your tribute of praise and admiration to the heroism of our missionaries and martyrs, your liberal appreciation of the good work performed by the Church in Canada, of the many qualities and virtues of the French Canadian subjects of His Majesty, have met and will meet with a grateful acknowledgment in the hearts and minds of the members of my flock and of all their brethren in the faith.

Need I remark that such liberal and generous proceedings are well calculated to strengthen the bonds of loyalty and attachment to the crown, and that the future will prove, as the past has already done, that our people are not unmindful of the justice dealt unto them, of the

## Quebec Tercentenary.

The closing scene has been enacted of the celebration known far and near as the Tercentenary of Quebec, and at four o'clock yesterday morning, the monstrous war-dogs of the Atlantic Squadron, steamed down the St. Lawrence escorting the Prince of Wales on board the Indomitable, and grim and spectre-like did their outlines appear in the early morning fog. For days old Quebec had echoed with the booming of their guns; but in the stillness of the dawn they were passing out to sea and those who were early astir saw the last of the splendid British fleet. Every item of the program had been carried out with precision, and everything had been done for the comfort and entertainment of the countless thousands who had gathered at Quebec. The pageants were well worth going hundreds of miles to see, and Mr. Lascelles is to be congratulated upon the marvellous result.

On Sunday last perhaps the grandest pageant of the whole series, if we may use the term, was seen when solemn high Mass was celebrated on the Plains of Abraham. The day was a perfect one, and thousands assembled on the grand stand. To the lover of the picturesque the scene was most interesting: the clergy in their different robes of office, the Archbishops and bishops in their purple, the assisting clergy in their sombre black cassocks and white surplices, and acolytes in red cassocks.

The choir, which was formed of 200 exceptionally capable local singers, rendered the choral part in finished style. A temporary altar had been erected opposite the grand stand. It was covered with scarlet and yellow cloth, and surmounted by flags of the nations represented at the fete. The Royal box was given over to the Duke of Norfolk, who attended with a number of invited guests, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Lady Laurier, Lord Lovatt, Sir George Garneau, Mayor of Quebec, Hon. Adolphe Turgeon, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick and Lady Fitzpatrick, Hon. R. Lemieux, Sir Lomer Gouin, Hon. T. C. Casgrain, and Mr. J. Pope, C.M.G. were among those noticed in the Royal box.

Archbishop Begin pontificated and a number of the Papal zouaves formed the guard of honor. While the Credo was being sung many eyes were turned to the river to see the "Don de Dieu." Champlain's craft, being towed by a fussy little modern tug, the old-fashioned boat was cast off opposite the Plains and when anchor was dropped, the white flag of France appeared at the masthead.

During the progress of the procession the R.C.G.A. band played the "Priest's March," from Tamnhauser, and also assisted in the musical portion of the service, which was rendered in a splendid manner, by a large and well balanced choir. The Mass rendered was that composed by Laurent de Rilles and at the offertory the band played a selection. At the conclusion of the Mass the choir sang Domine Saluum, which was followed by the Te Deum, God Bless the Prince of Wales and God Save the King, which were heartily sung.

### PRINCE OF WALES GUEST OF SEMINARY OF QUEBEC.

On Monday last the Prince of Wales may be said to have had the most

pleasant experience of his trip. Laying aside all marks of royalty he with a distinguished party went down to the summer home of the clergy of Seminary of Quebec at St. Joachim. On arriving at St. Joachim the Prince and his party were met there by Mgr. J. L. K. Lafontaine, rector of Laval, Archbishop Begin and other Church dignitaries including Mgr. Sbarretti, the Papal delegate, and the whole party were driven in automobiles to the ancient chateau, a distance of four miles through some of the most picturesque scenery in this province.

### Father Holland Birthday Fund.

We are receiving subscription for the Father Holland Birthday Fund. We trust our subscribers and readers generally will act generously. The St. Joseph's Home for working boys is a most worthy object. It meant hard work for Father Holland to start it and keep it going. Give him a helping hand to wipe off the debt. Any donation no matter how small will be gratefully acknowledged.

regard shown to their institutions, their language and their laws, and, in this respect likewise, they are faithful to their motto "Je me souviens."

Once more I beg to thank Your Excellency, and I remain, with the most profound respect, Your devoted humble servant, (Sgd.) L. N. ARCH. OF QUEBEC.

### Religious Ceremony of Labor Day.

The special religious demonstration connection with the celebration of Labor Day, inaugurated by Archbishop Bruchesi a few years ago, will

## Monuments of Early Irish Art.

Many causes combine to render the history of the primitive Church in Ireland in a manner as interesting as that of Rome itself. The ancient Irish were an excessively martial people—proud of their military renown—more civilized than most nations of Europe at that period—deeply attached to the poetic ceremonies and observances of their national religion. Yet this proud, warlike people, whose arms had defied the Roman power, whose legions had carried their standard triumphant to the very foot of the Alps, were meekly led captive before the Cross, and bowed in humble submission to the strange doctrine of its followers.

This fact being contrary to the ordinary laws of social transition and progress, and the sufferings endured by the Apostles and Fathers of the Church in other countries, make us turn back with pride to the generous toleration of the pagan princes in Ireland, in suffering the Apostles of Christianity to preach their doctrines unopposed among them, and to the pious zeal with which the people abandoned a religion that flattered their passions and fascinated their senses, for a religion of penance, mortification, and self-denial.

It is a proud, a glorious reflection, to think that Ireland is the only country in all Europe where Catholicity was not sown in the blood of martyrs, and where it has survived unheard of persecutions, the rack, the gibbet, spoliation, and all but extermination. The growth of Christianity was as wonderful as its introduction, for, in less than a century after the coming of St. Patrick, by the labors and persevering industry of its disciples, and the pious zeal of its followers, the land became covered with churches and monasteries, which were filled with devout worshippers; eminent schools and seminaries flourished, which soon became the resort of the students of Europe, and which supplied the Continent with learned professors.

### THE ABBEY OF KELLS FOUNDED 550.

The town of Kells, in the barony of Kells, County Meath, is of remote antiquity and for centuries was of considerable importance. Its ancient name was Kellis, and it is one of the most memorable places in early and mediæval Irish history. Mention of it is made as early as 82 B. C. Kells is chiefly distinguished for the celebrated and magnificent abbey founded in the year 550 by the famous St. Columbkille, who had obtained a grant of land for the purpose from Dermot, son of Fergus Kervail, King of Ireland. Notwithstanding its repeated disasters by conflagration and the ravages of the Danes, it was the head of a small surrounding diocese, which, subsequently merged itself into that of Meath.

In the year 949 the Danes plundered the abbey and the town of Kells and carried upward of three thousand persons into captivity, besides gold, silver, raiment and various wealth, and goods of every description. In 967 they again assaulted the town, but were driven off with great slaughter by O'Neill the Great, king of Ireland. In 1152 the famous synod of Kells was held under the presidency of Cardinal Paparo, at which three thousand ecclesiastics attended. The abbey was destroyed six times by fire, but was afterwards rebuilt in a style of greater magnificence, partly by the bounty of the princes of Ireland, but chiefly by the revenues which were attached to it.

The Abbey of Kells possessed the most splendid library of any monastery in the kingdom, having been celebrated for its manuscripts, among which was St. Columbkille's book of the four Gospels, adorned with gold and precious stones. This book, now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, is described as "unquestionably the most elaborately executed manuscript of early art now in existence." It contains the four Gospels in Latin, with the introductions of St. Jerome, also chapters copied into it while in the abbey, which prove, says the great Irish scholar O'Donovan, that "the ancient Irish committed their covenant in their own language before the Anglo-Norman invasion." Ireland," says another writer, "may be justly proud of the Book of Kells."

### THE BOOK OF KELLS AN UNRIVALLED WORK OF ART.

For beauty and splendor of execution the Book of Kells is not surpassed by that of any age. Artists have in vain attempted to copy its illuminations and charmingly harmonious, says the artist author, Henry O'Neill, "what can they be to have lasted so many hundreds of years? The instruments, how exquisite neat they made? Who made them? How steady and practiced must have been the hands by which the lines were drawn! There is in one of these illuminations a composition of a series of lines forming an intricate pattern; these lines are so fine that they are invisible to the naked eye. Had these Irish artists of old lenses to aid them, so that they with their won-

## Monuments of Early Irish Art.

derful dexterity, might execute what we nowadays require strong magnifiers to discover?" The last abbot of this splendid monastery was Rev. Richard Plunkett, who in 1539 was forced to surrender the abbey and its immense possessions to the British plunderers sent over to Ireland to "sweep poverty out of the land" by that reformer, Henry VIII. "Such a surrender," says Cobbett, "in his history of the Reformation, "being precisely of the nature of those voluntary surrenders, which men make of their purses when the robber's pistol is at their temple or his blood-stained knife at their throat."

No vestige of the ancient abbey of church exists, the British policy at all times being to destroy or let go to ruin those places which they had stripped of everything of any value. A round tower about 100 feet high stands by the cemetery of Kells and near it some sculptured crosses and a small arched stone-roofed building, known as St. Columbkille's oratory; the great cross, the top of which is broken off, stands in the marketplace, a splendid relic of massive elegance. The remains of the building known as St. Columbkille's oratory are thus described by Father Walsh in his Ecclesiastical History of Ireland:

### ST. COLUMBA'S HOUSE.

"At Kells's is still to be seen St. Columba's house, situated outside the boundary wall of the cemetery on the north side; in its ground plan it presents a simple oblong form measuring externally twenty-three feet nine inches in length and twenty-one in breadth, the walls being three feet ten inches in thickness. It is roofed with stone, and measures in height from its base to vortex of the gable 38 feet. The lower part of the building is arched semi-circularly with stone, and has at the east end a small semi-circular headed window about fifteen feet from the ground. At the south side is a second window with a triangular head about the same height from the ground, and measuring one foot nine inches in height. These windows have a considerable splay on the inside. The apartment placed between the arched floor and the slanting roof is six feet in height, and appears to have been originally divided into three compartments of unequal size, of which the largest is lighted by a small aperture at the east end. In this chamber there is a flat stone six feet long and one thick, called St. Columba's penitential bed."

### Rev. John B. Kiernan, P.P. of St. Michael's, Thirty Years a Priest

The coming 25th of August will mark the thirtieth anniversary of the first Mass in St. Patrick's Church of the Rev. John P. Kiernan, who had been ordained the day before at the Grand Seminary. Among the numerous recollections that crowd the memory of this event, there is one which should cause us to pause and think, viz., how many of the priests present on that occasion are still living? In an interview kindly granted to the True Witness, Father Kiernan made reference to this point, with a perceptible tinge of sadness. "The only priest who assisted at my first Mass and who is still living is the Rev. M. Callaghan, late pastor of St. Patrick's." In looking back over the past thirty years, what a multitude of families have inhabited the various districts in which he has ministered, and how different the conditions of the present day compared with the struggles and hardships of by-gone times.

### In honor of the pastor's anniversary, therefore, the people of St. Michael's have decided to celebrate it with all the pomp and ceremony that the occasion calls for. Besides the religious celebration there will be held a garden party, the profits of which, at the jubilarian's request, will be entirely devoted to the benefit of the school. No greater pleasure, no more esteemed appreciation of his worth can be furnished Father Kiernan on this occasion of his pearl jubilee than that of contributing, by his presence at this garden party, to enhance the occasion and stamp it with his fondest regards in every way possible for those who knew Father Kiernan are well aware that his school work is one of the objects nearest and dearest to his heart. An energetic worker, always thinking of the good to be done, never shirking a duty, Father Kiernan deserves well of his parishioners and they do appreciate his earnest zeal and disinterestedness in their behalf and for the glory of God. May he be spared to see all the good works of his parish flourish, and may God's blessing rest upon his labors.

### CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

This week, the concert was given by the Minstrel Troop of the S.S. Virginia. Many novel and amusing features were presented, consisting of songs, recitations, dialogues and other acts of a like nature clearly pointing out that, although far from home and friends, yet the spare-time of the sailor does not hang idly upon his hands. Much credit is due to those who took part and we hope that their last evening's work will serve to stimulate them to many such presentations in future.

# HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Why do you wear a harassed and troubled look? Are you really in trouble or are you allowing the little worries of life to grind furrows in your face? Take a glance at yourself in the mirror and reform—that is, re-shape your face into the lines and comfort and good cheer which it ought to wear. Take an honest inventory of your troubles, and decide whether or not they are really worth advertising in your countenance.

It may seem a little thing to you whether or not you wear a smiling face, but it is not a little thing. A serene look advises the tired and troubled men and women whom you meet that there is peace and joy in at least one heart. And there may be among them some who have begun to doubt if peace and joy exist at all. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Many a poor soul has laid down her life in fear of the miseries that never happened and the hard luck that never materialized. The sweetness of every day existence is totally destroyed by anticipating the dreadful things that are not likely to occur. You can overcome this inclination to worry and fret if you will pull yourself together instead of swinging with the current of every foolish thought. When you are an old woman and you realize that your days are few and limited, you will wish that you had invested your fortune of months and years so that it would have brought you a steady income of happiness and content.

## True Witness Beauty Patterns



SEMI-PRINCESS GOWN FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

167. Misses' Semi-Princess Dress. Sizes for 14, 15 and 16 years. The 16 year size will require 6-1/4 yards of 36 inch material. This is an especially modish and attractive mode, adaptable for development in gingham, chambray and linen, as well as taffeta, challis and wool batiste. The over-blouse is in low rounded outline with Japanese sleeve. The back is attached to the skirt at the waistline by buttons and buttonholes. The skirt is a five gored model laid in deep plaits stitched to yoke depth and pressed to position to the lower edge.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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"It is surely not necessary," says some one, "to be on one's best behavior at all times, one does not need to wear company manners at home or in the office, the factory, the store, with those with whom one is in constant association; is that not in danger of becoming affectation?" Listen to what the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" has to say on this point:

"Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person the

more necessary do tact and courtesy become. Except in cases of necessity which are rare, leave your friend to learn unpleasant truths from his enemies; they are ready enough to tell him. Good breeding never forgets that amour propre is universal."

To a certain point we are responsible for those around us. Beyond that point we are not. Having been given the same chances with us, they must either take and use these chances or suffer the consequences and find the doors locked when they return with their belated material. Such is the penalty for unpreparedness, either in matters material or matters spiritual.

We occasionally meet a woman whose old age is as beautiful as the bloom of youth. We wonder how it has come about—what her secret is. Here are a few of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She kept her nerves well in hand and inflicted them on no one.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe all the world wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered. That is the secret of long life and a happy one.

Those who espouse and advocate ideas and principles rule the world. There is no such thing as public opinion—if there seems to be, it is only because the public clamors for what it has been taught to believe. The race is swayed and controlled by the few who think, by the men who with the power of originality super-endowed by education, see great things where others see only little things, think strong thoughts and hold to them, say what everyone wants to say but lacks the ability to say, do what everyone knows should be done but lacks the courage to do.

—Rev. G. P. Jennings.

**RULES FOR EATING.**

Dr. Horace Fletcher's four rules for eating:

Do not eat until a plain piece of bread or a dry cracker tastes good.

Chew all solid foods until it is liquid and almost or quite swallows itself.

Sip all liquids that have taste, including soups, sodas, lemonades, etc., until all the taste is out of them. It is well worth while. Pure water for quenching thirst has no taste and may be swallowed immediately.

Never eat while you are worried or angry; only when you are calm. Waiting for a calm mood will bring good appetite; without it there is poor digestion.

**THE DIGNITY OF MARRIAGE.**

Some talk of love. Love is a grand thing and a powerful factor in many lives. But I wonder how many enter into matrimony with well defined ideas of love. When one reflects on the neglect that comes so soon after marriage and on the evident want of cordiality and of courteous treatment—the strained relations and cold bearing of many married couples—we may doubt if love had been the prevailing motive or if serious attention had been paid to their characters by the contracting pair.

If a man loves the woman he marries he will not run away from her as soon as he discovers some defect; but he will bear with it, make the best of it, and try patiently to curb or destroy it. If there be love, he will not tire of her company and hasten to spend his evenings elsewhere. If there be love, he will not abuse her, make life unbearable for her, vent his anger on her, he will be always considerate for her, tender in his care of her, always gentlemanly in his conduct to her. He will not be unkind to her. His drunkenness and violence will be proof that love existed not, or has flown. If he love her, he will remember the sacredness of his union to her, and he will not value her solely from the use he can make of her.

The sentiment of affection that will cement the union of husband and wife must not be born of admiration or contemplation of the physical and is not easiest elicited by corporeal exhibition. Let it be founded on something higher and more sacred. "Keep thy love holy or it will destroy thee." Someone has recently said that holy love will make holy marriages.

It has been written that wedlock is "a royal road broader and less rugged than other ways of life." But that is only when wedlock is regarded as sacred—as a condition as the priesthood. In the Christian religion both are Sacraments. Let the State aid the Church let teachers aid priests and ministers let parents take a hand in instructing all on the exalted and sacred dignity of the married.—Rev. C. F. Thomas.

**CRACKED LIPS.**

When the lips are cracked they should be anointed two or three times a day with a salve composed of spermaceti, 1-oz., alkanet root, 1-oz., white wax, 6drs., almond oil, 11-2oz., otto of roses, 1-4dr.

**PARSLEY WATER FOR THE FACE.**

The latest cure for a thick or spotted complexion is to wash it with parsley water and soak in it a large bunch of parsley, letting it remain in the water all night. In the morning when you dress rub the face well with a dry cloth, then dip your sponge in the parsley water, and pass the damp sponge over the face, leaving it on without drying it. If this is done three times daily, at the end of a fortnight you will be surprised to see there are no more spots or roughness on your face.

**TRIMMINGS FOR THE HATS.**

All kinds of fruit have a revival, peaches, plums and cherries in natural and fancy hues, branches of blackberries and currants, strawberries and the small wild cherries are carelessly fastened on hat brims and crowns in a most tempting way.

Velvet and silk geraniums in their natural tones, set up high, conforming to the agetre idea, or in garlands around the crown, are used in great quantities.

Masses of small tight rosebuds, placed on the sharply turned-up brims of small hats, or set closely around the bare crowns, produce an extremely good effect.

Woodbine in scattered, straggling sprays trim tulle and straw crowns, and is very much in favor.

Very long and narrow pheasant quills and those made of lophopore plumage, slightly curving and having as a finish a head of the same or in contrasting colors, with jeweled eyes, are frequently the sole trimming of the very large sailors worn this season.

Of the new colors, blue after rain is a new tint of pale blue. Puchisa is a vivid shade of great beauty, showing the same purplish undertone as the flower.—Vogue.

**A JINGLE OF INDUSTRY.**

There's always something doing As this world keeps rolling round, Its yearly course pursuing Through the depths of space profound.

Each man who seeks it reaches A usefulness immense: If you cannot make the speeches, You can be the audience.

If you know no stories funny You can laugh and still be gay; If you're not the man with money, You can work and earn your pay; So feel no anxious flutter As the seasons come and go.

**OUR DUTY.**

There is a general disposition to measure ourselves by others. So far as duty is concerned, nothing could be more dangerous. We lack the data for an absolutely correct estimate of others. Possibly we may correctly judge. But what others do or neglect to do, at least apart from relation to us, really does not determine or modify our duty. What is due from me? What ought I to do? These are the vital and pertinent questions for each individual.

**FAULT FINDING.**

Nothing is easier than fault finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business, but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.

There is no sadder symptom of a generation than such general blindness to the spiritual lightning, with faith only in the heap of barren dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief. In all epochs of the world's history, we shall find the great man to have been the indispensable savior of his epochs—the lightning would have burnt. The history of the world is the biography of great men.—Thomas Carlyle.

**A SIMPLE BREATHING EXERCISE.**

Stand before an open window in the early morning, rest the weight of the body on the balls of the feet, abdomen in, chest out, head erect. Take long, deep inhalations through the nose, hold the breath for a few moments and exhale through the nose. Repeat five times, rest a few moments, and repeat again five times.

**THE RIGHT KIND OF CHARITY.**

A thoughtful woman asked the other day, in the course of conversation, "Are we charitable enough? Not the charity that consists in almsgiving, do I mean, but the charity that thinketh no evil and speaketh none. Are we not too prone to judge our fellow travellers on life's highway? And do we not credit too readily the whispered reports of evil concerning our neighbor?"

"Now," she continued bravely, "I am not trying to condone the faults

## Blue Ribbon Tea

This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 254, Montreal, entitles the sender to a free package of our tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

To MRS. ....

ST. .... TOWN .....

Digest the alkanet in the almond oil over a water bath until a deep color is produced, then strain, and in the colored oil dissolve the wax and spermaceti. Then remove from the source of heat, and stir until it thickens, adding the perfume towards the last.

**THE RESTFUL HOME.**

As a matter of fact, the average woman pays very little attention to the subject of color in her home, yet it is the most important factor in its general make-up and makes for beauty or ugliness according to the way the color is used.

When a house gives you a feeling of indescribable charm and tranquility as you enter it you may be sure this effect is due to choice of color. The anxiousness something that gives an air of individuality to the home is from the same cause—the right distribution of color and its powerful mental influence on the inmates and friends of the household.

The word home suggests a retreat—a safe place where one may shut out the world and its cares. But if the home is so arranged that naught but a disturbing element is the result, the home defeats its own object.

The interior of one's home, be it flat, apartment, house or room, should be such that tired nerves may be rested within its walls, the mind and body refreshed and invigorated and the whole being cheered and at the same time rendered peaceful by its influence.

**THE INSTINCT OF GOODNESS.**

The instinct of self-control, of gentleness, of consideration, and forethought and quick sympathy, which go to make up what we call good breeding, the absence of noise and hurry, the thousand and one little ways by which we can please people, or avoid displeasing them—are all taught us by our own hearts. Good manners are the fine flowers of civilization. And everybody can have them. I always say that one of the best bred men of my acquaintance is Mr. Jarvis, the Mason. I have known him to come out of a cistern to speak to me, dressed in overalls and a flannel shirt, and his bow and his manner and the politeness of his address would have done credit to any gentleman in the world.—Susan Collidge.

**THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.**

Thou wouldst not wade through sewers. It is more defiling to slip the mud into the scandals on which gossip fattens.—Bishop Spalding.

**FUNNY SAYINGS.**

**THE POWER BEHIND.**

At a prayer meeting a good brother stood up and said he was glad to give the following testimony:

"My wife and I," he said, "started in life with hardly a cent in the world. We began at the lowest round of the ladder, but the Lord has been good to us and we have worked up—we have prospered. We bought a little farm and raised good crops. We have a good home and a nice family of children, and," he added with much emphasis, "I am the head of that family."

After he sat down his wife promptly arose to corroborate all that he had said. She said that they had started in life with hardly a cent, the Lord had been good to them and they had prospered; they did have a farm and good crops, and it was true they did have a fine family of children. But she added with satisfaction, "I am the neck that moves the head."

**REMEMBERED HIM TOO WELL.**

"Did young Skinnick's uncle remember him when he made his will?"

"Must have. Didn't leave him anything."

**INS AND OUTS.**

"What's that noise?" asked the visitor in the apartment house.

"Probably some one in the dentist's apartments on the floor below getting a tooth out."

"But this seemed to come from the floor above."

"Ah, then it's probably the Popleys baby getting a tooth in."

**WHAT THEY SAID.**

Maybe it didn't mean just what to the casual listener it seemed to mean but this is what the farmer was overheard to say to his wife as they looked over the market reports in the daily paper:

"Well, M'ria, hogs is up, an' that means we're with a good deal more to-day'n we was yesterday."

"Are you sure, Aunt Susan, there is nothing deleterious in this pie?"

"Sure, honey. My recipe don't call for none of that kind of stuff."—Baltimore American.

Pater—"And did that young man have the nerve to think that he was in a position to propose to my daughter?"

Daughter—"Oh, he was, papa! He was on his knees."—Cleveland Leader.

"Yes," said the fair maid, "my parents want me to marry Mr. Oldgold, but I'm not going to do it. I shall marry whomever I please."

"Then it's up to you to name the day," rejoined the young man, "for you certainly please me."—Chicago Daily News.

**ANOTHER THRUST.**

Eva (reading novel)—"She riveted her eyes."

Dick—"You don't say?"

Eva—"And then she dropped them!"

Dick—"My! my! Just like a woman. She can never nail or rivet anything securely."—Chicago News.

A teacher was lecturing her little boys about temptation, and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive attire. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," she said, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yes'm," from the class.

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yes'am."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger; but what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," replied the boy.

"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Whiskers," said the boy on the back seat; and the titter that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end.

**HER SWEET REVENGE.**

Difficult subjects require careful handling, and for this reason a room clerk at a woman's hotel must have special qualifications. One of the many applicants to approach a clerk of this class was a young, prepossessing woman, who, a few days ago, walked to the desk and hesitatingly asked if a room could be had at a moderate price. "Would you like a room at a dollar and a half a day?" With a startled look she replied, "I want one at \$3 a week." "We have rooms at that price, but none vacant. You can see that the office is full of guests, and it is not probable that we shall have such a room as you desire until one of our guests dies—or gets married." Sweeping the office with her eyes, the young woman replied sweetly, "Oh, then, it is hopeless!"

**CHANGED ACCOMPANIMENT.**

One can hardly be expected to have "music in his soul" when there is discord in his stomach.

Husband—What was that you were playing, my dear?

Wife—Did you like it?

"It was lovely—the melody divine, the harmony exquisite!"

"It is the very thing I played last

**THE SON'S ANSWER.**

After his son's great success with the "Deane aux Camelias," Alexander Dumas wrote to him as though a stranger, congratulating him on the book and expressing a desire to make the author's acquaintance. "I myself am a literary man," said he in conclusion, "and you may have heard my name as the author of 'Monte Christo.'"

Dumas felt was equal to the occasion. He wrote immediately in reply, expressing the great pleasure he would have in making his correspondent's acquaintance, principally on account of the high terms in which he had always heard his father speak of the author of "Monte Christo."

**MAKES A DIFFERENCE.**

"Isn't Jebbs a believer in the faith cure?"

"He is."

"Is it true that he wouldn't have a doctor for his wife the other day when she was ill?"

"It is quite true."

"Well, I saw a doctor go into his house just now."

"Oh, that's all right. He's ill now himself."

**THEY WEVE QUITS.**

A city fellow while hunting went out into the country one day and lost his way, and as he was standing by a crossroad he saw a farmer a little way off. He walked over to the farmer and said, "Say, Pat, which road leads to the station?"

"How do you know my name is Pat?" asked the farmer.

"I guessed it," said the fellow.

"Well," replied the farmer, "then guess the way to the station."

**VERSATILE.**

"She has a very versatile pen."

"Yes, I've seen her use it for pulling out basting threads and manicuring her nails."

**A Sinking, Hollow, "All-Gone" Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach.**

**"THAT IS DYSPEPSIA"**

A remedy which has rarely failed to give prompt relief and effect permanent cures even in the most obstinate cases, is

**BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS**

It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness, and increasing the appetite, and restoring health and vigor to the system.

Mrs. Alice Steeves, Springfield, N.S. writes:—"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in Stomach Troubles and Dyspepsia. I was troubled for years with Dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried B. B. B. I took three bottles and became cured, and now I can eat anything without it hurting me. I will recommend it to all having Stomach Trouble."

**THE PAPAL COLORS.**

We are so used to the yellow and white as the Papal colors that we are apt to forget that they are of only comparatively recent date. As a matter of fact this year marks the centenary of their adoption. The Marquise MacSwiney has just brought out a book, in which he describes the occasion on which the present colors were introduced. In the year 1808, when the French troops were occupying Rome, the general in command, Mollis, incorporated the pontifical troops in the French army, and left them still to wear the old Papal colors of gold and purple, Pius VII, who was then Pope, protested against this incorporation, and to avoid confusion gave to the Swiss Guard and those attached to the Campidoglio and the Finance the now familiar colors of yellow and white. It is a sign of the tyranny that the French then exercised over Rome, that their officers, irritated by this change, forced the remaining Papal troops to take off the new colors. This act of the French, says the marquis, led to an interchange of diplomatic notes between the Papal Government and the French, which ended in an order that the troops in Italy were not to wear the new colors. After the downfall of the French power, when the Pope received back his rights, instead of resuming the old colors he retained the new ones of yellow and white, which are those in use at the present day.

**The Foe of Indigestion.**—Indigestion is a common ailment, and few are free from it. It is a most distressing complaint and often the suffering attending it is most severe. The very best remedy is Parnee's Vegetable Pills taken according to directions. They rectify the irregular action of the stomach and restore healthy action. For many years they have been a standard remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion and are highly esteemed for their qualities.

**Rollingstone Nomos.**—"Dis paper says dat labor is emboling." Tatterton Tom—"Dat's all right, but I'm agin' de nobility, anyhow."—Philadelphia Record.

**Surp So**

It makes child—and every d—and every d—the pure soap dirt in a natcleanses aninjury. R

SurPRISE

evening, and you said it was horrid."

"Well, the steak was burned last evening."

There were four Convent and Accapenables." It we view often law "where one is, it three."

Four of them from staid, sobe Lawrence from Pfair forest city; dark-eyed beauty, Southland, and C from a famous can of the "Golden W Kesharine was aight girl with golden-brown hair (so large, perhaps hands with long almond-shaped marcomplished skill, as she made it talk essays, worked wessie, and out-ri in china-painting. She had a strong, racter and possess sionality, which m er" wherever she many so-called "We know, three t was self-confide daughter of one of est citizens, and o great in the m in ears, an indu adoring father, t one thing preventi piness vouchsafed low, ill health.

Beatrice was seven darj-haired, priv a frank, cordial m an only girl, but Seven brothers pte voted parents pte fecton and advere the child a peacef unclified brow, a goddess and the Blessed Virgin do with our story pass one of the out, at least, a w Helen! eighteen ed on her. Natu with her gifts. S with an almost form. No pen co subtle alluremen azure eyes, sheltere the soft, bright black hair as the it. Every one lo voice was wonderf em melodies flowe one forgot all ex She was the only ful but delicate m med when she wa she never forgot "Helen, take care ther." Softly she will, dad dear, ind kept her promise, in many ways bec surrounded her m watchfulness and writes:—"I have hither an continent to ano quired no book-learn impared by stray up here and there. English maiden au long visit to her wife, and Mrs. Bv Helen to a convent the child's educat school under the c Sisters." When Helen was complet at the Academy.

Constance Duran "Boy," was a slen She was not partic as Sister Genevieve bright girl, and v hair, a woman's cr her chief beauty. ing mass of gold— would have called were of a fine G complexion of the eyes, blue mirros soul. Her father v old English family had emigrated to with one of his and they had m "pie." He marri Western girl who enough after the birth to a girl. 7 shipped the child. four years old he m mistake of his life, try immediately, b thief, but as a f forged his brother's money enough to a one of those specu so sure until after was not a success; place the money, a discovered his dishc one of those good, thers one reads abo to "forgive and forg make. Mr. Durand

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# Convent School Days.

(For "Auld Lang Syne.")

There were four of them, known in Convent and Academy as the "Inseparables." It was, as Sister Genevieve often laughingly declared, "where one is, there are the other three."

Four of them, Katharine Rodgers, from a staid, sober Boston, Beatrice from Portland, Maine, the daughter of a forest city; Helen Byron, a dark-eyed beauty from the sleepy Southland, and Constance Durand, from a famous cattle ranch way out in the "Golden West."

Katharine was nineteen, a tall, slight girl with broad shoulders, golden-brown hair, large brown eyes (too large, perhaps), beautiful white hands with long tapering fingers and almond-shaped nails. She was accomplished, played the piano with remarkable skill, as the girls said, "she made it talk"; she wrote clever essays, worked wonders with her needle, and out-rivalled the school in china-painting and water colors. She had a strong, dominating character and possessed a magnetic personality, which made her the "leader" wherever she went. She had many so-called "satellites," and, as we know, three true friends. She was self-confident, as suited the daughter of one of Boston's wealthiest citizens, and one who had seen a great deal of the world. She had few cares, an indulgent mother, an adoring father, talent, friends—only one thing prevented the perfect happiness vouchsafed to few here below, ill health.

Beatrice was seventeen, a grey-eyed, dark-haired, prim little maid with a frank, cordial manner. She was an only girl, but not an only child. Seven brothers petted her and devoted parents taught her filial affection and adherence to duty. She was a peaceful way with calm, unruffled brow, trusting in God's goodness and the tender protection of the Blessed Virgin. She has little to do with our story, but we could not pass one of the "Great Four" without, at least, a word.

Helen! Eighteen summers had smiled on her. Nature had been lavish with her gifts. She was endowed with an almost perfectly molded form. No pen could describe the subtle allurements which lay in her azure eyes, sheltered by curving lashes or the soft brilliancy of her blue-black hair as the sun played upon it. Every one loved Helen. Her voice was wonderful. As the South-ern melodies flowed from her lips, one forgot all except that she sang. She was the only child of a beautiful but delicate mother. Her father died when she was nine years old; she never forgot his dying words, "Helen, take care of the little mother."

Softly she had whispered, "I will, dad dear, indeed I will." She kept her promise and so grew old in many ways before her time. She surrounded her mother with devoted watchfulness and tender care. They travelled hither and thither from one continent to another and Helen acquired no book-learning save that imparted by stray governesses picked up here and there. At length, an English maiden aunt came to pay a long visit to her brother's invalid wife, and Mrs. Byron decided to send Helen to a convent. Secretly it was the child's fondest desire to go to school under the care of the kind Sisters."

When our story opens Helen was completing her third year at the Academy. Constance Durand, better known as "Boy," was a slender girl of fifteen. She was not particularly clever, but, as Sister Genevieve said, "a sweet, bright girl, and very good." Her hair, a woman's crown of glory, was her chief beauty. It was a glittering mass of gold—"sun-kissed," poets would have called it. Her features were of a fine Grecian type; her complexion of the clearest and her eyes, blue mirrors of an innocent soul. Her father was the son of an old English family; in his youth he had emigrated to the New World with one of his younger brothers, and they had made an enormous "pile." He married a pretty little Western girl who lived only long enough after their marriage to give birth to a girl. The father worshipped the child. When she was four years old he made the greatest mistake of his life, and left the country immediately, branded, not as a thief, but as a forger. He had forged his brother's name to obtain money enough to enter a big deal, one of those speculations which seem so sure until afterward. The deal was not a success; he could not replace the money, and his brother discovered his dishonesty, but, being one of those good, old-fashioned brothers one reads about, he was willing to "forgive and forget" for the child's sake. Mr. Durand could not, how-

ever, bring himself to consent to this generous offer. "No, James, I've got to take my medicine. I'll earn your forgiveness before I accept it. I'll go to the Klondike. Take care of 'Boy,' don't let her know what a weak rascal her dad was. I'll come back some day, please God. Tell her what a good woman her mother was and bring her up in her mother's faith." So he went and his brother cared for the little one as for his own. He spoke often of her father, and to "Boy" her father was a hero. When Constance reached the age of twelve, her Uncle James brought her to the great Northern city, where she started life anew, filled with a great wonder, under the care of the good Sisters.

The night before her beloved uncle left for home, "Boy" was very lonely. "Uncle James, why must I go to school? Why can't I remain on the ranch as Bob Franklin's children do?"

"Come here, Boy." Soon she was on his knee, big girl though she was, it was her favorite place. "Once upon a time—" She laughed and clapped her hands. "A story, eh, just like when I was little and you used to tell me about the fairies."

"Yes, only this is a true story, dear. Once upon a time there was a dear old man, an English nobleman, who had four sons; one of them was a handsome, reckless fellow but good natured and generous in the extreme. He longed for adventure, so he set out for America accompanied by his youngest brother. In the course of a few years they had settled in the West and were making a great deal of money when news of their father's death reached them. The eldest son, who was at home at the time, came in for the title and estates; the next in age was killed in a railroad smash-up shortly after this. The elder boy in America married, his wife died, leaving him a baby girl. The mother never knew that those two men were anything more than they appeared to be—two cowboys running in good luck.

But those men knew that the child must be brought up as befitting her real station in life. When the baby was four, the father paused for a moment, "her father lost a great deal of money in—" he paused again—"in speculation, and set out to make another fortune in another clime. When he comes back he will expect great things of his little girl."

Boy's arms were around his neck. "Dear Uncle, I understand. How good you have been to me. Tell me, were those two men," she smiled, "known by their right names in America?"

"They were known by their mother's maiden name; the little girl is the niece of the present Earl of Abbotford."

Boy was silent for a few minutes. "I'm very glad, of course, but, uncle, I do wish I were just an everyday American girl."

"Fie!" he cried, "what would your ancestors say? Surely they'd turn over in their graves!"

"Not all of them," she smiled gently. "I'll be satisfied to be as good a woman as my American mother was before me."

"That's right, dear, and now it is time I started for my train."

An hour later Sister Genevieve ushered into the Academy reception room a new pupil, Constance Durand.

The studio was a bright, airy apartment, and the favorite haunt of the "Big Four." One Thursday afternoon about four o'clock Boy was seated before an easel painting industriously as Helen chatted gaily to her. At last it grew too dark for sketching, and the sun slowly sank from their view.

"Where is Kath, this afternoon?" Helen queried as she noted Boy's expression. A deep flush mounted to the child's forehead, but she answered quietly, "With Miss Stanford in the Infirmary." As she mixed her paints Helen saw two tears drop from her eyes unto the palette.

"Boy!" With a bound she was at her side. "Boy, darling, don't, don't cry so, please."

The slight form before her shook with deep, long-drawn sobs. "O Helen!" she cried, as she dropped her head on her upraised arms, "O Helen!"

Helen smiled sadly as she stroked the beautiful hair. "I've expected this outburst, dear. I knew something was bothering you for you've been so quiet lately. What is it, dear? Can't you tell Helen all about it?"

There was no reply but that of increasing sobs. "Perhaps a cry is just what you need; they say it does one good, but

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All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening. Open week days from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. On Sundays from 1 p. m. to 10 p. m.  
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"Strong as the Strongest."  
INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908  
Capital and Accumulated Funds...\$47,410,000  
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## AN UNUSUAL PROPOSITION.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column by which they can procure good, solid, instructive and most interesting reading. Everybody's Magazine should be in the homes of all our readers.

For a short time the offer will be carried out, and new subscribers should take advantage of the club rate. Anybody not acquainted with Everybody's can become so by sending fifteen cents for a sample copy. Do it now.

If you are already a subscriber to the True Witness, get a friend to subscribe to it and join him for Everybody's.

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and pleasure, too, every time you use

It makes child's play of washday—and every day a happy day.

The pure soap just loosens the dirt in a natural way and cleanses easily—without injury. Remember Surprise is a pure, hard Soap



## An Unscrupulous Druggist Will Try and Sell You a Substitute for DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY Why?

BECAUSE "Dr. Fowler's" is the oldest and best known cure, having been on the market for 63 years, for DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, CHOLERA INFANTUM, CHOLERA MORBUS, SUMMER COMPLAINT, SEA SICKNESS, AND ALL FLUXES OF THE BOWELS.

When they offer to sell you a preparation "just as good" they have not the welfare of your health at heart but that of their pocket. All honest druggists will give you what you ask for. Ask for "Dr. Fowler's" and get the best.

Mrs. Thomas Miller, Allandale, Ont., writes:—"I suffered terribly with diarrhoea and asked the druggist for something to cure it. He gave me a small bottle of medicine of his own manufacture, but I got no relief from it. A friend advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry and I was cured after taking a few doses.

The genuine is 25 cents, and manufactured by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



YOURSELF with a liberal supply of Fine Furnishings. We have anything you want in men's wear, every style is the latest and the prices are lower than other stores.

Stocks and Commerce.

MONTREAL STOCKS

There has been a marked change in prices for the past week, and the most prominent has been in the value of C.P.R. which has touched 171, a clear advance of 2 1/2 points over a clear week ago.

Little business was done in Soo, although the street is bullish; it was strong at 115 here and 115 3/4 New York.

Montreal Stock Exchange.

Table with columns: STOCK, Sellers, Buyers. Lists various stocks like Bell Telephone, Can. Convertibles, etc.

BANKS

Table listing banks and their values, including B.N.A., Commerce, etc.

COTTONS

Table listing cotton prices for various locations like Bell Telephone, C. Cotton, etc.

BONDS

Table listing bond prices for various locations like Bell Telephone, C. Cotton, etc.

Rio-25 at 47 3/4, 50 at 47 5/8. Lake of the Woods pfd.-100 at 112.

PROVISION MARKET

There continues to be a strong undertone to the market for live hogs, owing to the small supplies coming forward, but prices show no actual change as compared with a week ago.

Montreal Mining Exchange.

Table with columns: Bid, Asked. Lists mining stocks like Cobalt, Cobalt Central, etc.

Flour, Grain, and Hay Markets.

The European demand for both old and new crop Manitoba spring wheat was much quieter to-day and only a few old boats were worked.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

The local cheese market continues firm with westerns quoted at 11 7/8 to 12c, and easterns at 11 1/2-2c to 11 3/4c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE

Eggs.—The tone of the market remains firm with a fairly active trade passing. Sales of selected stock were made at 23c. No. 1 at 20c, and No. 2 at 16c per dozen.

The trade in potash continues dull and prices show no change. We quote: First sorts at \$5.97 1-2; seconds at \$5.47 1-2, and first pearls at \$6.65 per 100 lbs.

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Grand Trunk Lake and Rail Route.

At the Grand Trunk general offices this morning, confirmation was made of the report that a long-term agreement had been made with the Northern Navigation Company of Ontario, Limited, for the formation of a Grand Trunk Railway System.

One Little Injustice.

(From the Catholic Sun, Syracuse.) Some of the great secular magazines for July contain a few startling revelations for Catholic publishers.

OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF MR. MAURICE HUSSEY. The death occurred on the 20th inst. of Mr. Maurice Hussey, at the age of 78 years. Deceased was a native of Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland.

Neuralgia In the Face

Long standing case completely cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. Headache and Neuralgia. What hosts of people seek for cure of these ailments.

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OBITUARY.

At the home of his uncle, Rev. Father Cavanagh, of Corkery, Ont., Mr. John Francis Leahy, on the morning of Wednesday, July 22nd, fortified by the consoling rites of the Catholic Church, passed to his reward.

Pope Studying English.

"I called upon Bishop Kennedy, the ever-gentle rector of the American College, a few days ago," writes a Rome correspondent. "His Lordship informed me that he presented recently to the Holy Father a beautifully-bound copy of 'The Two Kendrick,' sent him by the author, Mr. John J. O'Shea of Philadelphia, as a token of homage and affection for the person of His Holiness. The work was gratefully received by Pius X., who asked Bishop Kennedy to convey to Mr. O'Shea expressions of his deep gratitude, sending also the apostolic benediction."

NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that, under the Quebec Companies' Act, 1907, letters patent have been issued by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, bearing date the sixth day of July, 1908, incorporating Messrs. Arthur D. Walker, accountant, William Reginald Charlton, lumber agent, William G. Dryden, superintendent, Leonidas Alphonse Charbonneau, real estate agent, and George H. Baker, advocate, all of the city of Montreal, for the following purposes: to buy, sell, lease and hold, houses, stores, buildings and real estate of every kind and nature, and to exchange or mortgage the same and to dispose of same by sale, lease, exchange, mortgage or otherwise, and to pay for the same in cash, or with stock, or bonds of the company or otherwise.

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NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that, under the Quebec Companies' Act, 1907, letters patent have been issued by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, bearing date the sixth day of July, 1908, incorporating Messrs. Arthur D. Walker, accountant, William Reginald Charlton, lumber agent, William G. Dryden, superintendent, Leonidas Alphonse Charbonneau, real estate agent, and George H. Baker, advocate, all of the city of Montreal, for the following purposes: to buy, sell, lease and hold, houses, stores, buildings and real estate of every kind and nature, and to exchange or mortgage the same and to dispose of same by sale, lease, exchange, mortgage or otherwise, and to pay for the same in cash, or with stock, or bonds of the company or otherwise.

One Little Injustice.

(From the Catholic Sun, Syracuse.) Some of the great secular magazines for July contain a few startling revelations for Catholic publishers.

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SEALED TENDERS

addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until 4.30 p.m. on Monday, August 24, 1908, for the supply of Coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion.

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Advertisement for Geo. H. Thibault, True Witness Office, Northern Assurance Co'y of London, England. Includes text: "Live Agents Wanted In every locality to take subscriptions for the True Witness." and "Get your Furniture and Building insured with Geo. H. Thibault True Witness Office Agent for the Northern Assurance Co'y of London, England"

Death of Distinguished Brother of the Late Rev. F. Bakewell.

(Western Watchman.)

After a residence of fifty-seven years in St. Louis, Judge Robert Armitage Bakewell died June 30, at the advanced age of 82 years. Judge Bakewell was of Scotch birth a native of Edinburgh, where he was born November 4, 1826, of a family that could trace its lineage to medieval days. At the age of 12 years he came to this country with his parents, who first settled in Pittsburg, Pa. Six years later young Bakewell commenced a four years' course in New York City at the General Theological Seminary with the purpose of entering the Episcopal ministry. At the end of the four years, however, he abandoned his plan to become a Catholic, and for some time was professor of Greek and Latin in the Sacred Heart College at Rochester, N.Y.

In 1851, by invitation of Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, he came to this city and assumed the editorship of "The Shepherd of the Valley," a Catholic newspaper recently founded by His Grace, who had been its first editor. Four years later Mr. Bakewell began the practice of law, in which he attained marked success, being for nine years—from 1876 to 1885—one of the first three judges of the St. Louis Court of Appeals, to which he had been appointed by Governor Hardin. Besides a widow and three sons the deceased is survived by five daughters.

Judge Bakewell was an exemplary Catholic and treasured his faith as a special gift of God. He attributed his conversion to the wide-awake zeal and alert action of an Irish parish priest in Pittsburg, to whom he applied for a little information concerning Catholicism. "Do you wish to become a Catholic?" asked the priest, who evidently had no faith in the results of idle discussion. Then, taking up a catechism and marking off a number of questions: "Take this home," he said, "and learn these lessons and come back to-morrow." And the young Episcopalian obeyed, feeling ever afterward that had he not fallen in with that particular type of priest—quick, earnest, zealous—the precious boon of the true faith would never have been his. For years Judge Bakewell attended daily Mass in his parish church, going twice on Sunday, when he would receive Holy Communion at the early service.

Judge Bakewell was distinguished as a learned Catholic theologian and editor, as a litterateur and as a jurist. It is said that his knowledge of theology was surpassed by few, if any, of the priests of St. Louis. He was a proficient linguist. When only 10 years old he could read and write Latin, and at the time of his death was a subscriber to the modern Greek papers. He was also a lover of French literature and a great English scholar. Cardinals Manning, Newman and Wiseman in particular being favorite authors. This profound scholarship lent a classic style to his own literary efforts, his editorial work attracting wide attention.

Over and above all, the distinguished jurist was a most devoted Catholic, leading into the true fold by the light of his own beautiful life, not only his own father—an Episcopal minister—and mother, but also two brothers, one of whom, Frederick Bakewell, became a Sulpician priest in Canada. He made his clerical studies in France, and returned to North America, and was attached to St. Patrick's Church, Montreal, for some time, and died in 1870. The other convert brother, Mr. Frank Bakewell, is still living and resides in Louisville, Ky.

Insanely Disgusting and Sacrilegious Revel in a Consecrated Paris Church.

One would have hoped that even Russian Grand Dukes and the rich Jews' colony of Paris would not push their "decadentism" to the extent of attending an orgie in a church; but nevertheless a week or so ago a scene of an ineffably odious character took place in the presence of numerous "cultured" Russians and Israelites in the ex-chapel of the Sacred Heart Convent in Paris. The government long since seized this magnificent property and placed it in the hands of liquidators, who, however, not having been successful in disposing of it, occasionally let it out for fetes and bazaars.

A gentleman described as a Secretary of the Russian Embassy recently hired it and organized in the church the extraordinarily shocking scene to which we allude. Some two hundred Jews and Jewesses, representing the upper classes of Jewish society in Paris, a few Russians and about half a dozen French women of rank, of Semitic origin, accepted invitations, and together with three Russian Grand Dukes, attended the obscene and blasphemous show. After refreshments in the sacristy, they were invited to take their places in the choir, so lately occupied by the nuns. Then the "performance" began. A dancer first appeared, wrapped in silver tissue and gauze; she commenced by swaying noisily to and fro in front of the altar, which has not yet been stripped of its crucifix. Then, suddenly throwing off her veils, she gave a parody of the Mass, eventually presenting the company with bon-bons in mockery of the Holy Communion. Then a troop of naked youths and girls rushed forward and danced round the altar, chanting blasphemous hymns, to the delight of the magnificently dressed Jews and Jewesses who applauded to the echo. And so it went on.

The whole scene in the ex-chapel, the Parisian papers declare, was incredibly and insanely disgusting and sacrilegious. It was one of those outrages upon decency, morality and religion which make the Catholic inclined to think that there are some circumstances under which lynching would be justifiable. Even the blasphemy of the ceremony during the great Revolution, when the Goddess of Reason was set up for worship, was less shocking. We feel sure that the presence of Hebrews—even "decadent" brethren—at such an "entertainment" will give as much pain to the educated and respectable Jews of our country as it does to ourselves. As for the Russian Grand Dukes, they already enjoy such an unenviable reputation for every sort of unspeakable vice that their presence at a like filthy exhibition is not surprising; but these things are not calculated to inspire us with admiration for our new allies, the French and the Russians, any more than the accounts of indecipherable and horrible crimes which daily fill the French papers with hideous details of a wickedness and immorality worthy of ancient Rome in her decadence than of a people whom a London contemporary considers in the van of civilization and illuminating progress.—London Catholic Times.

Convent School Days.

(Continued from page 3)

Then she started in search of the truant. As she opened the hall door leading to the Infirmary she saw Boy running wildly in the opposite direction.

"Boy, where are you going? What is the matter? Boy!" She received no answer, and turned in bewilderment to the side entrance of the Infirmary.

"Come in," called a high rasping voice in answer to her knock. She entered. Miss Stanford was seated in a nest of pillows on the sofa; Katharine was rocking in a low chair beside her.

"We've been expecting you, dear," piped the invalid in what was intended to be an imitation of Katharine's naturally elegant manner.

"Good evening, Miss Stanford, I hope you are feeling better."

"Please call me Lilly," entreated the diminutive bit of hypocrisy, raising her eyes roguishly.

Helen paid not the slightest attention to her.

"What have you been doing to Boy, Kath?"

"Nothing, I don't know what you are talking about."

"Well, I do. Sister Genevieve sent her with a message to you. She was to return to me, but as I grew tired waiting I started after her. As I entered the hall I saw Boy running down the hall toward the grand stairway. She must have been here. You might as well tell me what the trouble is."

Katharine's face was pale. "Do you suppose," she said, "turning to Lilly, 'Boy heard us? We were speaking so loudly you probably did not hear her knock and she looked to ward the door, 'the scream! If she did come in, we couldn't see her. What a shock for her! She wasn't told, you said, and now all her ideals of her father will be shattered. O dear! O dear!"

"Katharine, what are you talking about? Do I understand that Boy may have heard you and your friend saying anything unkind about her?"

Katharine had pushed aside the screen. There, by the door, was a blue scarf. "Boy's," she exclaimed. "So she did hear us. I'll never forgive myself, never, never." Where with she burst into tears and started for the door.

"Katharine, you mustn't go to Boy that way. If there is cause for a quarrel and she is hurt you'll both say things you'll be sorry for by and bye. Sit down, dear." Helen was touched by her evident distress.

"Now, Miss Stanford, kindly explain what this means."

Lillian's manner was forced as she began: "Listeners never hear any good of themselves, anyway."

"Boy wouldn't listen intentionally to a conversation not meant for her ears unless the case was exceptional. That's what makes me think something extraordinary has happened. Hurry, please, Miss Stanford. I am not seeking your opinion, but facts."

"Really, Helen, I don't see why you need be so unkind. I am sure I didn't know anyone was going to."

"Lilly," interrupted Katharine, "Don't be any sillier than you can help. I'll tell you, Helen. It is my fault to listen to such things. When I came here after supper we got talking about Boy. Of course I had heard about her uncle's death and her father's coming into the title, and we wondered how Boy would like England. Lilly asked where her father was, and laughed sneeringly. I asked her what she meant and told her he was in England. Lilly inquired nastily—you know you did. Don't be afraid, I'll take my share of the blame—why Boy was left to the charity of an uncle. It ended by Lilly's telling me that Boy's father had to skip the country when he was a boy for stealing a large sum of money from a man out west who let him off at the earnest entreaties of Boy's mother. How much truth there is in it I don't know, but certain it is that Boy knew nothing of it because she honors and loves her father very much."

Helen stood quite still, anger at Lillian, sorrow for Boy struggling for mastery.

"Kath, did you say anything which would hurt Boy?"

"No, Helen, I didn't. I care for the child as I would for a sister. I've treated her coolly lately just to tease her, but I wouldn't hurt her for the world."

"Not intentionally, perhaps, but

you have hurt her more than you will ever know. The question is what is to be done? If Miss Stanford's statement were true, which I very much doubt, she will, of course, have to explain to Boy; if it is true—Oh! it's a shame. In any case, Lillian Stanford, I feel sorry for you, honestly sorry, for I don't suppose you'd be so mean and contemptible if you could help it. All I have what you've told Kath, to-night, as long as you're in this school. Now I'm going. Come, Kath, there is only one thing to be done, put the matter in Sister Genevieve's hands; she is kindness itself and will tell us what to do."

They left Lillian alone and in tears—tears shed not so much for what she had done as through a motive of fear.

"Katharine, you go to your alcove, I will see Sister."

"No, indeed, Helen, I must see Sister myself. Let's compromise, we'll both go. But I forgot, she is in the parlor with the priest who's going to give our retreat."

Before she had ceased speaking Sister Genevieve appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Well, Helen, what happened to you and Constance? I waited in vain. It is too late to see Father M.—now."

"Sister, we didn't come because we're in trouble."

Sister Genevieve knew from their serious faces that it must be more than one of their numerous "scrapes" that was troubling them. "Come into the office, girls, and we'll talk it over."

Quietly she sat and listened as they told her; she questioned them now and then when they faltered in the recital of their tale. At last they finished with the question "Is it true about the Earl, Sister?"

"I am sorry to say, my dear children, that there is even a grain of truth in Lillian Stanford's story and I regret very much that this has reached Constance's ears, but God's will be done. I shall go to her at once; it will be better for you not to see her to-night. Lillian is able to travel, the doctor tells me, and I think she will be leaving soon. If you care to say good-bye to her you may. Don't worry any more about Constance than you can help. It's all for the best, perhaps, that she has learned this here where she is among friends. She will be sensible about the matter, I feel sure. Young men make mistakes, and she is certainly all she could wish now. Boys will be boys, and he has made ample reparation. It was not a stranger's name that he forged but his brother's. I do not see where Lillian heard such an exaggerated account. Mrs. Durand had been dead some little time when it happened. I must hasten to Constance, she will be heart-broken at first, no doubt. I am glad, Katharine, you tried to silence Lillian and that you did not say anything unkind. You know, I was beginning to think—"

"Don't, Sister, please don't. I know all you would say."

"This Sister smiled as her eyes rested fondly on the drooping head."

"This is a lesson for you, Katharine. We cannot afford, in this world of ours, to play with anyone's affections. Keep the friends God sends you; they will be good and true if from His hands. Keep them and be satisfied with His gift. Good-night, my dear girls, God bless you."

They left her and silently made their way to the chapel. Sister Genevieve's words ringing in their ears as they reached the door. Helen put her arms around Katharine, saying: "Forgive me, dear, for cherishing such hard feelings toward you."

"Forgive you, my dear, unselfish Helen! I have deserved to lose your friendship. There, we will say no more about it. Come in."

Softly they entered the house of God. Who shall say what love and grace flooded their hearts as they knelt before that humble altar—throne where dwelt their King of Kings.

"But Thy love and Thy grace—surely it was enough for them!"

It was ten o'clock. Sister Genevieve came silently down the long corridor. A slight figure, muffled in a long kimono, was waiting for her at the dormitory door. "Katharine! Aren't you in bed yet? You'll make yourself sick, child."

"I have been waiting for you, Sister. I can't sleep, may I speak to you to-night? She isn't asleep, I know, for I've heard her tossing and turning for the last hour. Sister, may I, please?"

Sister Genevieve hesitated a moment then said: "Yes, if you don't stay long. Go, child, if it will make you any happier."

Had Weak Back

Would Lie In Bed For Days And Was Scarcely Able To Turn

Liniments and Plasters Did No Good But DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS Cured

Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Point, N.B., writes:—For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail, and have tried liniments and plasters but nothing seem to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial.

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During the time I'll have no dear Sister to advise me now." In Helen's eyes a soft light glowed. "I think I am not leaving for 'always and always' if I am a graduate," she said, and Sister Genevieve nodded understandingly.

Sadly the girls parted. "God grant we'll meet again," said Helen, and her words found an echo in three fond hearts. As the train pulled out Boy waved from the car window to the three dear ones standing on the platform. As their forms grew smaller and smaller until they were mere specks in the distance she burst into tears.

"We'll meet some day, perhaps, but it will never be the same. The dear, dear days have gone and will never come again."

Gently her uncle soothed her. "Life is made up of partings, darling, but in that land of 'great delight' we all are journeying to, there will be no sorrow and no farewells."

In a busy household where the shouts of merry boys and girls are heard Beatrice rules her home with a grim but kindly hand. God has been good to her and she is content.

In a sunny garden by the sea, surrounded by prattling, playful children, sits and sews a blue-clad figure—a Sister of Charity. As she raises her sweet face she recognises Helen but now she answers to the name of Magdalene.

In a busy city Katharine rushes to and fro, though weary of the strife, for she is the wife of a leading politician and must entertain from morning until night. God has given her no children, and each year the shadow of loneliness deepens in her eyes.

In a Catholic cemetery in England, beneath the protecting shadow of the Cross, "Boy" has gone to rest. An old man kneels at the

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, 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 must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

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

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

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

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION

In The Diocese of Northampton, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton.

I had then and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 miles.

The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present, or hand down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little". It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.

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

(EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION) Dear Father Gray, You have duly accounted for the teams which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ, F. W. KRATING, Bishop of Northampton.

SPECIAL OFFER

During the Month of September, 1908, or until our stock is exhausted.

FREE: Along with the regular premium we will give One Glass Fruit Bowl on Stand to every one returning more than 3 Dozen 6 lb. empty XXX Self-Raising Flour Bags, and for less than 3 Dozen 6lb. Bags one medallion (picture).

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flower-covered grave, whispering again and again: "But a little while, darling, and I shall be with you." The Earl of Abbotford has been deprived of human love, but through the example of his child, who has "gone before," he has found a Divine Love which is leading him gently onward and upward to be at peace forevermore.

GLADYS MIRIAM.

BOYS

DON'T MIND I DO NOT

"Here are a couple of girls, which if returned upon will save you 'bad quarter of a French say, for the little pitfalls in feet are prone to be, lack of a too readily following conduct of the kind in McCall's. First of all, don't whether any living word except a yo—others—little boy—think they don't believe, as I anyone but a girl—her teens, can do—Most girls do it—when I tell you it to a good, honest—same resemblance bears to a man, you understand that it which conducts net to wit.

Don't dread, either—(such a one exists—worse stats than for whereas the la—contracted a habit—easily break herself—lively lacks a som—ture which she can possess.

Why a girl should be seen "coloring" is fairly goes so far as to how to do charming testimony, or how older ty, or under that adv—Blushing is the science—call it self you prefer. Anybo—ward and visible s—heart—is perfect.

So just go on bl—no longer "hoist th—rather than jubilan—and sing a mournful—your heart for the no more.

PACKING TH

When father starts—He dumps things—And not a thing ha—In all the tumble—The article he quick—Is at the bottom—The most important—He overlooks com—When mother starts—Beneath her skilfu—Just what she wan—And naught forgo—The smallest and th—Alike receives att—In short she packs—A political conven

THE POWER O

Mme. Marchesi, sp—power of song, said at Edinburgh, where friends in the head—public school and h—was arranged that I—per with them after of my songs—'Peace and Rest,' th is two lovers not—death, but lying to—tomb. When I cam—my friends, my he—'Ah, Mmes. Marchesi—sang, "Peace and R—effect upon me. I f—fore of my wife and—ed by death—I did—this, for he is a p—full of joy of life— you sing that, so—something hard, and—going to buy a fa—scarcely knew wher—cry, but in the end—And surely this wo—beat for an example—can do."

UNSPOKEN V

Unspoken words, lik—the mine, Are valueless until—birth.

Like unbound gold th—the shine—Which God has mad—gild the earth—How sad 'twould be—ter's hand—Strike glorious not—less lute, But oh, what pain, own command, A heartstring thrill—but is mute!

Then hide it not, the—soul—Dear sympathy, e—kindly voice, But let it like a shin—to deserts dry—t—would rejoice.

Oh, let the symphony—Sound for the poor—And he will "bles—struck these cho—Will strike another—you seek.—John Boyle O'Reil

ABOUT SODA

We all like soda, w—flaps not all of us k— is no soda in it now—name. It is called s—used to be made wit—now as served from—nothing but plain—with carbonic acid pr—some call it. That tr—antological, for carb



Catholic Summer School.

With June weather and August crowds, the fifth week at the Catholic Summer School has been one eventful and significant.

An indication of the special appropriateness of the splendid lectures arranged for the session was manifested in the request this week of the Associated Press for the scholarly lectures on Modernism delivered by Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., of New York.

In musical circles this has been a most interesting week. The visit of the Troy Vocal Society on Tuesday and the piano recital of Prof. Zeckwer on Wednesday were a fitting supplement to the evening song recitals of Mrs. McGuckin-Leigo.

Possibly one of the most significant movements in the history of the School was made a certainty during the past week by the interested gathering which greeted the Cliff Haven Stock Co. in its fourth production.

In the outdoor sports this week has witnessed the formation of the Cliff Haven Hiding Club, with Dr. Smith as its president. Plans have been made for a series of trips to the neighboring points of interest during the remainder of the session.

The week just closing in point of numbers is the high water mark of the season. Next week, full to the brim with events of more than local significance, promises to reach the climax in the school's history both in the point of attendance and interest.

Among the events being looked forward to with interest are the coming of Lieut.-Gov. Chandler, who is to participate in the dedication of the flag mounting of the Albany Cottage on August 5. The day following is to be the annual bazaar for the benefit of the chapel of Our Lady of the Lake, under the auspices of the Alumnae Auxiliary Association.

Miss Redmond Weds Dr. Power.

At the Church of Our Lady of Victories, Kensington, on July 18, in the presence of only their respective families, Miss Esther Redmond, eldest daughter of Hon. John E. Redmond, M.P., was married to Dr. William T. Power of New York. Canon Fanning and Father Cox officiated.

twenty-eight years old, and already enjoys a lucrative medical practice in New York City. He is a native of Detroit, where he was educated in the Jesuit College having been graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1898.

Subscriptions to the Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Robert Bickerdike .....\$10.00

The Derivation of the Name Quebec.

Ask any man, woman or child, who has gained his primary education in the schools of our Dominion, whence comes the name, "Quebec"; and, if he remembers his early drilling, he will infallibly reply thus: "Quebec is an Indian word, meaning a strait."

With this opinion, held by so many thousands of Canadians, several eminent historians disagree. The word "Quebec," they claim, is a French word, pure and simple. As to its derivation, as the name of the settlement established by Champlain at the foot of Cape Diamond, two explanations are open.

Among the Algonquins, Crees and Micmacs, the common word to express a narrowing in a river or a strait was "kebec," "kebek," "kebbek," "kebeb," "kebbek" or "kepak," according to different writers of the early periods of Canadian history.

But the clinching argument in support of the theory that the word is Indian is a quotation from Champlain's own works: "I searched about for a suitable place for habitation, but could find no spot more convenient nor better situated than the point of Quebec, ainsi appelee des sauvages."

Physical Strength of the Irish.

When all well fed, there is no race more perfectly developed as to physical conformation than the Irish. Prof. Forbes instituted an extensive series of observations of the size and strength of the students attending the University of Edinburgh, who may be considered as fairly representing the middle classes, and we submit the similar results of Prof. Quetelet, regarding the students of the University of Brussels.

The Irish are thus the tallest, the strongest, and the heaviest of the four races. Mr. Field, the mechanical engineer of London, had occasion to examine the relative powers of British and Irish laborers to raise weights by a crane. He communicated his results to the Institute of Civil Engineers in London.

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Table with 2 columns: Day, Event. July 1908. Includes events like 'The Most Precious Blood', 'St. Elizabeth of Portugal', etc.

The Priest.

Not Sufficiently Honored by the Members of His Parish.

The life of a Catholic priest is lonely at its best, but it may be made brighter by the devotion of the congregation, or be more burdened by criticism and opposition of parishioners.

As a rule, it may be doubted if the priest is sufficiently honored by the congregation. Do we laymen always stop to consider who the priest is before finding fault with his work?

In his work the priest takes the place of Christ. The seal of Christ is set upon him in his ordination, and henceforth he will consecrate the Sacred species as Christ gave it to His Apostles; he will forgive the sins of the penitents as Christ forgave the sins of the paralytic; and he will baptize the children and consecrate marriages of members of the congregation. Should not the man who does the work of Christ be honored next to Christ?

It would be good for all of us if we would think long before criticizing any one, and think still longer before criticizing our priests. If we would remember our own frailty, we would be more considerate of the frailties of others.

And above all there should be no criticism of priests in the press. If a priest falls short of his high calling, those in authority will take the proper action. And night and day we should pray for our priests, remembering that they are men like ourselves, having greater temptations than ourselves, and needing far more graces than we need.

Those who are not Catholics are apt to think and say that converts join the Roman Communion in a certain exaltation of spirit, but that when it cools they regret it has been done, and would return but for very shame.

A Word About Converts.

The Ave Maria quotes a striking passage from the "Memoires" of Mr. C. Paul Kegan, the well-known English convert, which throws considerable light on the state of mind of those received into the Church in maturity.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

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the ceremony is over that he or she married another, and not the bride or groom who seemed to have been won; and Clough takes the story of Jacobs as a parable representing this fact. We wed Rachel, as we think, and in the morning, behold, it is Leah! So the Church bears one aspect when seen from a distance, ab extra another when we have given ourselves into her keeping.

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Good Pillows, per pair 99c-75pairs Pillows, well filled in good strong ticking; size 21 x 27. Reg. \$1.30. July sale, pair.....99c

Complete Camp Beds and Mattresses, \$3.00-30 Camp Beds and Mattresses complete, good woven wire top on strong maple wood frames, folded legs and head rest; a good sized mattress, bound all round. The two pieces are worth \$3.60. July sale price.....\$3.00

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Vol. LVIII.,

Gardien de la S. de Lecture, Feb 19 Assesblee Legi

The Latin Patri has sent to the E message announcing the lage in Palestine, inhabitants, has Church.

In creating our Knight the Prince deserved complime deserved well of Lomer Gouin out policy when enter miership, and has

Discussing the recent vote abolishing in the munic Pope deplored this religious sentiment. men's heads need bell is cracked w it sound properly some men's heads in the same man

A London despa says that on Sun congregation of w children attended Madame Albani church of St. Mar The young child were seated on the railing and they raptured when the ever bright and fr

A chapel for ce rarely found in c hotel, yet Mexico a convenience for priests. It is be only one of its k and receives the p stopping in the oc provides this acc Solon. For year a private chapel, has gained a wide

A cable despat dent Fallieres, wh be married at the delme on the 10th "tolerated" there doubt of his bei the fact that all who were concern the law providin tion of Church a excommunicated. that a ray of lig the Bloc had exti trate the hidden r sident's heart, ar may believe."

When the Fren tional congregati a certain number siderately (?) at those places wh schools were too pils, or where no hishment existed. time to time a ne congregations has France in proport ment schools hav built. The "J. just published the gations which are the end of the year. It compris eighty-two congre nesses, which mu tember 1 at the

This year's pi Patrick, Ireland which took place looked forward to terest. The Ca Lourdes had sent green, with the S brodered upon r hoisted on the E land and so float On July 16, the apparition of Our Bishop, fasting si immediately spe High Mass by pre the Pope, at 6 o ing. At the Ma consecrated. It w procession, to th Lady. The follo was despatched the summit of Cr

APPOINTMENT Dr. J. K. For Law Department Commons, will b the vacancy caus the clerk.