

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?

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.

True Witness Beauty Patterns



SEMI-PRINCESS GOWN FOR A YOUNG GIRL. 167. Misses' Semi-Princess Dress. Sizes for 14, 15 and 16 years.

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

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out.

OUR DUTY. There is a general disposition to measure ourselves by others. So far as duty is concerned, nothing could be more dangerous.

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.

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.

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., alkanoel root, 1-oz., white wax, 6drs., almond oil, 1 1/2-oz., otto of roses, 1-4dr.

Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement featuring a large graphic of the product name and a coupon for a free package.

PARSLEY WATER FOR THE FACE. The latest cure for a thick or spotted complexion is to wash it with parsley water.

TRIMMINGS FOR THE HATS. All kinds of fruit have a revival, peaches, plums and cherries in natural and fancy hues.

A JINGLE OF INDUSTRY. There's always something doing As this world keeps rolling round.

THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY. Thou wouldst not wade through sewers. It is more defiling to slip the mind into the scandals on which gossip fattens.

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."

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."

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.

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.

ANOTHER THRUST. Eva (reading novel)—"She riveted her eyes." Dick—"You don't say?" Eva—"And then she dropped them!"

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.

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.

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.

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

THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY. Thou wouldst not wade through sewers. It is more defiling to slip the mind into the scandals on which gossip fattens.

THE SON'S ANSWER. After his son's great success with the "Deane aux Camelias," Alexander Dumas wrote to him as though a book and congratulating him on the book and expressing a desire to myself am a literary man.

MAKES A DIFFERENCE. "Isn't Jebbs a believer in the faith cure?" "He is."

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.

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"

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.

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.

and please every time. Surp So. It makes child—and every d—and every d—the pure soap dirt in a nat—cleanses every injury. R

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

Weary Willie—"Firemen has a cinch, dey don't do nothin' most o' de time but loaf around de fire house. I'd like dat job, wouldn't you?"

Kegson Jatters—"No, 'one I seen a fireman get soaked wid water from a hose."—Philadelphia Press.

There were four Convent and Aca... perables." It we... view often lau... "where one is, th... three."

Four of them from St. Paul, La... Lawrence from P... fair forest city;... dark-eyed beaut... Southland, and C... from a famous ca... in the "Golden W... Kesharine was... night girl with... golden-brown hair... (so large, perhap... bands with long... almond-shaped m... completable skill... she made it talk... essays, worked w... needle, and out-r... in china-painting... She had a strong... racter and possess... somality, which m... er" wherever she... many so-called "S... we know, three t... was self-confide... daughter of one o... est citizens, and o... great-grandfath... in her career, an... adoring father, t... one thing prevent... piess vouchsafed... low, ill health.

Beatrice was seven darj-haired, prim... a frank, cordial m... an only girl, but... Seven brothers p... voted parents tau... ffection and adove... the child a peacef... godliness and the... the Blessed Virgin... do with our story... pass one of the "Helen" eighteen... ed on her. Natu... with an almost... form. No pen oc... subtle alluremen... azure eyes, shelter... the soft, bright... black hair as the... it. Every one lo... voice was wonderf... em melodies flow... one forgot all ex... She was the only... ful but delicate m... died when she wa... she never forgot... "Helen, take care... ther." Softly she... will, dad dear, ind... kept her promise... in many ways be... surrounded her m... watchfulness and... travelled 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. By... Helen to a convent... the child's educ... 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 mirror... 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... mindfully of his l... try immediately, b... thief, but as a fr... forged his brother's... money enough to a... one of those specul... so sure until after... was not a success;... place the money, a... discovered his dish... one of those good... thers one reads abo... to "forgive and forg... make. Mr. Durand

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.

Wife—Did you like it? "It was lovely—the melody divine, the harmony exquisite!" "It is the very thing I played last

JULY 30, 1908.
THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1908.
THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.
3

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 (so 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 she 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-eastern 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, 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!" she cried, 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

now, surely, you'll dry your eyes. Let me talk to you. You needn't tell me, I know what the trouble is. I can explain in a word—Katharine. Am I not right?"

Boy nodded. "Kathy is a fascinating girl, I admit, and it is only natural you should care for her, but I must say I think it is a great mistake to make yourself so unhappy because she takes it into her head to slight you sometimes. It is only natural, though. I'm not blaming you. These school-girl fancies come to us all."

"Helen Byron, do you think it is just a fancy?"

Helen looked into the indignant upraised eyes and then answered seriously:

"No, Boy, to be perfectly candid I think it is not merely a fancy with you, more's the pity. Don't think I don't understand, dear, for I do."

"Thank you, Helen. I am glad you think I am in earnest. You see, it is this way. I've had the dearest uncle in the world to love, but never any 'wimmin folk,' as the boys on the ranch would say, except old Nancy, my nurse, and so I've given Katharine all my love and until lately she has been kind to me and seemed to care, but now she ignores me and sometimes—" Boy swallowed hard. "I guess I don't quite understand her."

"Listen to me, Boy. I've been in school three years, and before I came here I knocked around the world quite a bit from one place to another, so I learned just how disappointing human nature can be. The whole matter in a nutshell is this—you're disappointed in Katharine. Now she is exactly as she was the day you met her, the trouble is with you."

Frank E. Donovan

REAL ESTATE BROKER
Office: Alliance Building
107 St. James St., Room 42. Montreal.
Telephones Main 2091-8336.

Canada Coal Company

Wood & Coal Dealers.
1012 NOTRE DAME STREET WEST, ST. HENRY.
Prompt delivery of coal or wood in all parts of the city. Give us a trial order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Time Proves All Things

One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots. "Our Work Survives" the test of time.
GEO. W. REED & CO., Ltd. MONTREAL.

THE TRUE WITNESS JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT

is second to none in the City. We have the most ample and modern equipment for first-class, artistic printing. We offer to those requiring such work, quick and correct service. We respectfully solicit the patronage of our readers.

The True Witness Print. & Pub. Co.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

ALL SAILORS WELCOME
Concert Every Wednesday Evening

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. St. Peter & Common Sts.

NORTHERN Assurance Co'y

OF LONDON, Eng.
"Strong as the Strongest."

INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908
Capital and Accumulated Funds...\$47,410,000
Annual Revenue...\$8,805,000
Deposited with Dominion Government for security of policy holders...\$398,580

Head Office—London and Aberdeen
Branch Office for Canada
88 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal
ROBERT W. TYRE, Manager for Canada.

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.

Surprise Soap

is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use

It makes children'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

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, Canada, Ont.

SELF with a liberal sup... of Fine Furnish... We have any... g you want in... 's wear, every... g is the latest... the prices are... than other... es.

Stocks and Commerce.

MONTREAL STOCKS Tuesday. 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 the price bid a week ago.

Table with columns for Bid and Asked prices for various stocks like Cobalt, Montreal, and others.

Montreal Stock Exchange.

Table with columns for Bid and Asked prices for various stocks like Montreal, Dominion, and others.

Montreal Mining Exchange.

Table with columns for Bid and Asked prices for various mining stocks like Cobalt, Montreal, and others.

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.

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.

HAMS AND BACON TO BE WELL WATCHED.

Great Britain has decided to investigate the employment of preservatives in the importations of ham and bacon, etc., to that country, according to advices to the Canadian Trade and Commerce Department.

Neuralgia In the Face

Long standing case completely cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

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

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.

THE PASSING OF BIGOTRY.

The imposition of a fine of \$150 on a newsdealer in New York for selling copies of a French and Italian anti-Catholic publication is another illustration of the marked change in public sentiment toward the Catholic body on the American side.

Live Agents Wanted

In every locality to take subscriptions for the True Witness.

Get your Furniture and Building insured with

Geo. H. Thibault True Witness Office Agent for the Northern Assurance Co'y of London, England

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.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

DEATH OF MRS. P. KERWIN.

To a multitude of our fellow citizens and especially to the members of the St. Patrick's congregation, the news of the death of Mrs. Patrick Kerwin, the estimable wife of the well-known and widely respected Stationery Clerk of the Quebec Legislature, will bring a feeling of the greatest pain and sorrow.

