

# The True Witness

TESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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## Mr. Redmond and the Jesuits

On Friday, July 27, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., distributed the prizes to the students of St. Ignatius' College in Holborn (England), Town Hall. Long before 8 p.m. the great hall was already filled with parents and friends, who were received at the doors and marshalled into their places by some of the elder students wearing rosettes of the college colors. At the appointed hour Mr. Redmond entered the hall in the company of the Rector, the Rev. T. Donnelly, S.J., and was received with enthusiastic applause.

Proceedings began with a short "Academy" of music and recitations. In a spirited prologue B. Lloyd (Form I.) reminded his hearers of the present crisis of Catholic education. To us it is the teaching of Protestantism (Hear, hear). And I say here what I said in the House of Commons, that as Catholics we would prefer to have no religion taught in the schools rather than to have Protestantism taught to our children (applause). Secularism, after all, is merely a negation, and if a secular system of education were established in the schools of this country, the sacrifice and devotion of the Catholic body would be able in some shape or form to provide Catholic education for the children (Hear, hear). But the Cowper-Temple teaching is hostile to our belief, and is the teaching of a different religion. (Hear, hear). I say it is no small achievement as the result of these debates that this fact is appreciated by all sections of politicians in the English Parliament there is an impassable gulf between us and Protestantism (applause).

### SPEECH BY MR. J. REDMOND.

The prizes were then distributed by Mr. John Redmond, who afterwards said that when the invitation to attend that function was extended to him he felt, as a Catholic and an Irishman, that he could not refuse it, when he was told that his presence there would be useful even in the smallest degree to the cause of religious education.

As an old Jesuit boy (he continued) and one whose heart is full of reverence and gratitude to that great society to which I proudly acknowledge I owe so much, this invitation came to me not merely as a compliment and honor, but as a command. I congratulate with all my heart those who are responsible for the management of St. Ignatius' College, where is given not only a sound religious education, but the highest form of literary education. (Hear, hear.)

### THE STRUGGLE IN PARLIAMENT.

In Parliament we have at last reached the end of one stage in the controversy about religious education in the schools, and out of all the physical and mental effort of the last few months and out of all our disappointments and failures so far to obtain justice, or to have protection in the smallest degree for our Catholic schools in this country. I feel that we can yet derive one great consolation, which is at least some reward for our exhausting and seemingly fruitless efforts. It is true that up to the present we have failed. The Education Bill will leave the House of Commons on Monday next in such a form as not to offer justice or protection to the Catholic schools in this country. But I say to you that this is not the end of this controversy (loud applause). And I say to you confidently, that one of two things will inevitably occur—either this Bill will never pass into law at all, or else it will be amended before it is passed in such a way as to make it at least tolerable for Catholic schools (applause). But even in the struggle so far as it has gone we can lay to our credit one great achievement—I say that after the great debates which have been proceeding now for months on the Education question in Parliament the attitude of Catholics towards the question of education in this country is understood by the English Parliament, the English statesman, by politicians, and, I believe, by the English public, as it never was understood before (applause). And I

think I may say further that the relation of the Catholic Church towards the question of education is to-day understood by British politicians far better than it was a few months ago (applause).

### SIMPLE BIBLE TEACHING.

People don't in the least grasp our objection to what is called simple Bible teaching in the schools. This simple Bible teaching is for some sections of the Protestant Church inadequate and unsatisfactory, but they don't really grasp, I think, the fact that with us it is not a question of inadequacy or insufficiency, but a question of being bad, and, in our judgment, hostile to our creed.

To us it is the teaching of Protestantism (Hear, hear). And I say here what I said in the House of Commons, that as Catholics we would prefer to have no religion taught in the schools rather than to have Protestantism taught to our children (applause). Secularism, after all, is merely a negation, and if a secular system of education were established in the schools of this country, the sacrifice and devotion of the Catholic body would be able in some shape or form to provide Catholic education for the children (Hear, hear). But the Cowper-Temple teaching is hostile to our belief, and is the teaching of a different religion. (Hear, hear). I say it is no small achievement as the result of these debates that this fact is appreciated by all sections of politicians in the English Parliament there is an impassable gulf between us and Protestantism (applause).

### THE CATHOLIC POSITION.

It is conceded that Catholics do stand in a distinct and separate position, and must receive distinct and separate treatment if education is to be attended with commonest justice (Hear, hear). The old calumny that the Catholic Church is the enemy of knowledge and educational progress, if not killed, has, at any rate, barely survived these debates. Men of all religions in the House of Commons have vied with one another in these debates in bearing testimony to the unselfish, the devoted, and the heroic work which the Catholic Church has been doing for the education of the poor (applause).

Education is the problem of the day. It is the most vital of all problems—(hear, hear)—not only for the individual but for the State, and I think, in spite of the partial survival of hostile feeling and religious bigotry in this country, that the people as a whole are prepared to welcome any educational institution which sets itself to the work of turning out good men and good citizens (applause). And amid the babel of suggestion and counter-suggestion on the question of education we hear on all sides, from universities and Parliament, and by local authorities and the press, amid it all we Catholics ought to feel proud in the belief we entertain that the Catholic Church has been in the past and is to-day the greatest educational force in the world (applause).

We believe that religion is a most necessary part of education. (Hear, hear.) We believe it is not possible to turn out good men and efficient citizens by the banishment of religion from the education of children (applause). And of all the great educational agencies the world has known, none has been greater than the Society of Jesus (applause). From the days of Ignatius down to this moment, in every land, amidst every condition of persecution, suffering, and sacrifice, its members have devoted themselves to the work with a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion, and with ability which has enabled them to turn out some of the greatest men the world has ever seen in every walk of life (applause).

### THE NEED OF SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

The hon. member went on to urge that there was nothing like suffi-

cient secondary school accommodation for the Catholic boys of London. There must be hundreds of Catholic boys in London who were going to Protestant secondary schools because there was not sufficient accommodation for them in Catholic schools. He sincerely hoped that, as a secondary college, St. Ignatius' would obtain a fair share of the money allocated by Parliament to secondary education, and a share of that offered for education by the County Councils of Middlesex and London. He looked forward to the day when not only would St. Ignatius' College extend its scope, but when other great colleges would be able to do in London a work similar to that done by the great college of St. Francis in Liverpool, where to-day hundreds of Catholic boys were getting a magnificent training at a most moderate charge. God speed the work of St. Ignatius' College. He hoped and prayed that it might prosper and go on. To the scholars he would say, "Be wholehearted in your work—be thorough and sincere." (Applause).

## A Famous Irish Physician and a Patient

(By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph. D. LL.D.)

While in Dublin last summer I became very much interested in the Irish school of medicine. Two things are of special significance in the work accomplished in Dublin by certain young men, who probably did more for practical medicine than any other group of physicians during the nineteenth century. The first of these was their insistence on gathering their knowledge at first hand at the bedside of the patient, and in such a way that they made the medical world realize the value of bedside study and teaching. The other characteristic was their self-sacrificing care for the poor. Dr. Stokes, of whom I am going to tell a typical story, had suffered from both cholera and typhus fever as the result of exposure to these diseases, while in attendance on the poor in Dublin, during epidemics. Opportunities were not wanting for such unselfish labors, and they were not neglected.

Stokes was perhaps the greatest of the three men whose name stands at the head of Irish medicine. His great colleagues were Graves and Corrigan. Stokes was distinguished, not alone for his interest in medicine, but his devotion to Irish antiquities and indeed to all forms of culture that would round out his own intellectual career. He had his reward in the successful lives of his children; his distinguished son was made a baronet for his services to medicine in later years, and his daughter Margaret, whose manual, "Early Christian Art in Ireland," is very widely known, was one of the authorities on this favorite subject of her father's. It can well be understood then, how sympathetic Stokes would be towards such a character as he describes in one of the incidents he best loved to relate, of his hospital experience in Dublin. As the tale illustrates very well the power of the human will over even the disintegrating processes of death, it deserves a place in literature quite apart from its medical interest, and its lesson of dogged determination in the face of suffering, under the most discouraging circumstances, will especially not be lost for those who have to bear the trials, commoner now than ever before, of the shut-in life.

A patient of Stokes' in the Meath Hospital, an old pensioner, whose life was despaired of and whose death was hourly expected, was one morning distressed and disappointed at observing that Stokes, who, believing that the man was unconscious at the time and that it was useless to attempt anything further for a hopeless condition, was passing by his bed. The patient cried out in an agonized tone of voice,

"Don't pass me by, your honor, you must keep me alive for four days."

"We will keep you alive just as long as we can, my poor fellow," answered Stokes, "but why for four days particularly?"

"Because," said the patient, "my pension will be due then, and I want the money for my wife and children; don't give me anything to sleep, for if I sleep I'll die."

On the third day after this, to the amazement of Stokes and all the class, the patient was still breathing. The students then began to lay wagers among themselves as to whether he would survive for another day and become entitled to the pension. On the morning of the fourth day he was found still breathing and quite conscious; and on Stokes coming into the ward he saw the patient holding the certificate which required his signature in his hand. On Stokes approaching him, the dying man gasped out,

"Sign! sign!" This was done, and the man sank back exhausted, and in a few minutes after crossed both hands over his breast and said,

"The Lord have mercy on my soul," and then quietly passed away.

It may seem heartless enough to hear of the students betting over the death-bed of the dying soldier, so brave in his determination to live four more days for the sake of the benefit that would accrue to his wife and children; but it must not be forgotten that it is to these students, courageously following the example of their master, that Stokes paid one of the highest tributes that has ever been given.

"Such a number of my pupils," he said, "have been cut off by typhus fever as to make one feel very uneasy when any of them take a dispensary office in Ireland. I look upon it almost as going into battle."

Statistics prove that during a period of twenty-five years the mortality of the medical practitioners in Ireland has been twenty-four per cent., in most instances the cause of death being typhus fever. According to the Inspector-General of the army the comparative mortality of competent officers in the army engaged in active service was less than half that, amounting to only ten and a quarter per cent.

Irish physicians all over the world have a model of practical genius for observation, and a sincere, unselfish sympathy with patients, in the distinguished founders of the Irish School of medicine, such as is to be found in the history of the great medical discoverers of no other nationality. Faustum verat!

## THE GRAND REMNANT OF ANCIENT ROME

When Lord Byron visited Rome and embodied his impressions in that magnificently descriptive poem "Childe Harold," he speaks of the storied columns, now surmounted by the statues of the Apostles Peter and Paul:

And the Apostolic statues climb To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime.

The latest archaeological researches do not run in harmony with the older traditions which Byron embodied in his poetry. It is in the pedestal of Trajan's column, according to the later opinion, that the golden urn was placed which contained the imperial ashes. And in this vicinity there lay the ashes of less noble individuals.

The task of strengthening the foundations of that grand remnant of ancient Roman glory is now drawing to a close, and a brief report of the damage wrought by man rather than time upon it has now appeared. This was occasioned by seekers after hidden treasures and medieval destroyers of one sort and another. The mischief they caused is painfully evident to-day.

Strange to say, a cave of 8 feet, cut right into the mass of the pedestal, almost to its very centre, and through several masses of travertine, was used at a period prior to the 11th century as a place of burial. From this, besides masses of human remains, 16 skeletons, almost complete, were taken and sent

### Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Be Careful

Take no medicine, pills or purgatives that will rack the bowels and finally cause constipation, the result of which may be most disastrous for you. A gentle purgative for you. A gentle purgative the work and leaves no after unpleasant effect.

25c. and 60c. bottle.

for examination to the Institute of Medicine in the Roman University. The cave, or chamber, thus cut into the pedestal, was cleaned out and solidly walled up with strong rubble-work, thus strengthening the pedestal over an area of 3 square metres 60 centimetres. Another cave or hollow, caused by the removal of blocks of travertine, probably for building purposes, at one angle of the column, has also been filled up, thus restoring the equilibrium of the mass, as was evidently the purpose of its architect, Apollodorus. No less than 30 cartloads of material were required to fill up these results of mediæval vandalism.

This task having been accomplished, the director of excavations, Commandatore Boni, next turned his attention to the ground around the base of the Trajan column. The removal of the upper strata of earth here revealed several yards of an ancient Roman road—perhaps the "Clivus Fontinalis" leading to the Altar of Mars in the Campus Martius—which was buried at the beginning of the second century by the building of the Ulpian Forum, and was cut through in or about the year 114 A.D. to prepare a site for the construction of the Trajan Column.

Signor Boni has still to close up some fissures in the monument, and also a small window cut in the pedestal when the Column was used as a bell-tower, or "campanile," by a community of nuns who built their habitation around it—the "nuns of the column," as they were called by the people. There is no doubt that this was one of the most interesting and richly-carved belfries in the world. However strange at first sight it may appear to see nuns choosing as the site of their convent the vicinity of a monument to a pagan Emperor, there is no doubt whatever that this fact may have tended to the preservation of the column. In the Forum the temples that have been transformed into churches have been saved from total destruction, while those that were left alone have withered away piecemeal. Had they been secured for religious uses they would doubtless have been preserved.—P. L. Connellan, in Dublin Freeman.

## "CONVERTING THE IRISH"

A most amusing correspondence was published in the Irish News of July 17. Mr. Samuel Young, M.P., himself an Irish Protestant, came across in the June number of "St. Thomas' Parish Magazine," Belfast, a statement that two itinerant Protestant missionaries on a recent tour of Ireland met with such encouraging success that in one school room nearly 200 "Romanists" assembled, while in another place fully 400 were in attendance. Mr. Young wrote to the Rev. Mr. Dowse, the responsible publisher of the magazine, asking for particulars as to time and place. Mr. Dowse civilly referred him to the Rev. J. R. Goff, of Dublin, the secretary of the Irish Church Missions. Mr. Goff in turn wrote to say that he had sent on Mr. Young's letter to the secretary in London. Eventually from the London secretary, Mr. R. E. Waters, secretary of Irish Church Missions, 11 Buckingham street, Strand, W.C., Mr. Young received this letter:

"Society for Irish Church Missions, '11 Buckingham st., Strand, W.C., June 27, 1906.

"Dear Sir: The Rev. J. R. Goff has sent me your letters re the paragraphs which were inserted in St. Thomas' Parish Magazine. The statements contained therein were made on the authority of our missionaries and the rector of the parish where the meetings were held, but as we do not wish to subject him to the treatment meted out to Dr. Long some time ago, I must

respectfully and finally decline to give you the name of the locality in which the meetings were held, or the date on which they took place.

"You may, however, rest assured that the statements you refer to are true. Yours truly,  
(Signed) "R. E. WATERS,  
"Clerical Secretary."

Mr. Young, in replying, wrote expressing his surprise, and concluded: "You will admit that to be sent from Belfast to Dublin and from Dublin to London, and then to be refused information, will be in the eyes of the public like evasion."

## A REMARKABLE CONVERT

"While the novels of Father Benson are daily attracting fresh readers," says a writer in the London Tablet, "attention is being called anew to the career of the only other convert son of Archbishops of Canterbury or York since Archbishops of Canterbury or York had sons. This is Sir Tobie Matthew, the son of the persecuting Archbishop of York, a 'True Historical Relation' of whose conversion, 'with the antecedents and consequences thereof,' has already been published, and makes excellent reading. A full life of him is announced by Elkin Matthews. Besides being a son of the Archbishop of York, Sir Tobie was, on his mother's side, a descendant of Archbishop Parker, of Canterbury, and of Bishop Barlow, of Chichester. He was undoubtedly the most episcopally related young man that ever emerged from Angli-

canism. "The beginning of his going over was a visit he paid in 1598, to a young Catholic, a Throckmorton, living in France. That is rather an agreeable memory, for the modern English converts to Catholicism, for the most part, learned their lesson from books and not from men. 'Whenever we met Catholics, we were thrown back,' Cardinal Manning confessed; 'we became Catholics in spite of them.' But in the old days Protestant parents rather feared the effects of a meeting between their children and professors of the ancient faith. When Tobie, having been returned to Parliament for a Cornish constituency, decided to go to Italy to enlarge his experience, his father opposed. As a kind of compromise he was allowed to go to France for six months on condition he did not prolong his travels into Italy or Spain, and one is left wondering why Frenchmen were regarded as less likely to make a proselyte than either Spaniards or Italians. In 1605 he found himself in Florence, and there made his submission to the Church. Imprisonment in Fleet Prison became his portion, and there he was visited by Bacon, whose alter ego he had been called, but whose arguments could not recover him to Protestantism. Other persuasions were made—the story of them is well told by himself in the 'True Historical Relation.' At this moment it is of interest to remember that he was employed by James I. to further a marriage between Prince Charles and the Spanish Infanta. His knighthood commemorated his services. But he was not content with the life of courts, and he died a son of St. Ignatius. To Catholics who have this 'True Historical Relation' already in their hands, this sequel about his secular history will be welcome, the more so as it comes from the hand of Arnold H. Matthew, a member of the family to which Sir Tobie belonged and already favorably known as the editor of the 'True Historical Relation,' as well as of other books having for their aim the illustration and spread of the Catholic religion."

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

One of the daily papers tells a pretty story of the kindness of the Empress Frederick of Germany, and the loving service that she rendered to a poor woman in her trouble.

THE CRAVAT.

The cravat was once the name of a great military nation, the Croats, or Cravates, of the Balkans.

TAKE CARE HOW YOU LABEL YOURSELF.

They were discussing a man famous over the world as a statesman and a philanthropist, when one member of the company said with real spitefulness that as long as she had lived in a certain city she had never heard a good word said for that man.

Silence fell, but one sharp person whispered to another. "She labels herself, doesn't she? She shows just what sort of people she was living among."

It was the only possible conclusion for a well-balanced hearer to reach. The worst labels we get are those we put on ourselves.

Day after day, at duties or at diversions, we label ourselves in the very opinions we express of other people and their doings. What seems to us the smart retort labels us as having enjoyed the society of unkind critics; what we consider merely a secret hinted at but not revealed, marks us as having lived among those whose sense of honor was not high, and the jest with the sting behind it labels us as underbred.

SPANISH WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

Nearly all Spanish women have beautiful eyes with a soul-melting look; and if fine teeth and an abundant head of hair be a sign of strength, the Spanish race is the strongest in the world.

half-pence, will come daily to elaborate the shining edifice. Hardly any woman of the people over 30 years of age can read. The eldest sister trains the younger, and at the age of 12 or 13 years they are put out to service; even to-day there is not very much time given to school.

HOW TO REMOVE INK FROM CARPETS.

When freshly spilled, ink can be removed from carpets by wetting in milk, says the New York Journal. Take cotton batting and soak up all of the ink it will receive, being careful not to let it spread.

TEST YOUR WASHING BLUE.

Many rust spots of seemingly unaccountable origin may be traced to the blueing used in washing. Prussian blue, the constituent of some of the bluing on the market, is a compound of iron, which, in the presence of an alkali, deposits the rust spot.

WOMAN AND THE AGE.

Woman's sphere is the Christian home, where she rules as queen. All her instincts point to this destiny, and for this position nature has particularly fitted her.

She is endowed with patience, tenderness, sympathy, endurance, courage, and great executive ability. The idea of the up-to-date woman is to tally antagonistic to that of the Christian mother.

She is assertive of her rights. She is refusing the obligations of home life. She is ready to abdicate woman's real dignity and to descend from her throne in the household and enter the turmoil of public life.

When we measure up the influences that shape the affairs of this world we believe without a doubt that woman will be given the palm. For good as well as evil, there is nothing that can come any way near her in importance.

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who have been educated under religious influences living up to the standard of their training. You then who are going out from a convent home have a two-fold responsibility. You have your personal advancement to attain, and you have your Christian education to vindicate.

RECIPES.

Dainty individual salads are prepared by arranging on plates the cup-shaped leaves of crisp lettuce, placing them together so as to form little nests. For a filling use one cup each of chopped celery, English walnuts, apples and a little salt.

For nut and cherry salad use preserved or home-canned cherries that have been put up without pits. Drain off all the juice, and in the middle of each sherry place a hazel nut that has been blanched by lying in boiling water for a few moments.

Coffee Sherbet—For coffee sherbet pour one quart of boiling water over four ounces of fine ground Java coffee, says the New York Telegram. Cover, simmer ten minutes, strain through cheesecloth and sweeten with six tablespoonful of sugar.

Delicious Dessert—Line a glass bowl with split lady-fingers or with thin slices of sponge cake. Into the centre of the bowl slice thinly oranges and bananas which sweeten and sprinkle with lemon juice.

TIMELY HINTS.

The odor which clings so persistently to a utensil in which fish or onions have been fried may be dispelled by placing in a hot oven for ten or fifteen minutes after washing and drying.

Little Polly, coming in from her walk one morning, informed her mother that she had seen a lion in the park.

Polly hid her face for a moment. Then she looked straight into her mother's eyes, her own eyes shining like stars, and said: "I did ask Him, mamma, dearest, and He said: 'Don't mention it, Miss Polly; that big yellow dog has often fooled me.'—Everybody's Magazine.

Andrew Carnegie once delivered a little homily to the pupils of a public school in Washington, wherein he endeavored to demonstrate that the judgment of men is apt to be warped by sentiment and feeling.

"In Scotland," asserted Mr. Carnegie, "the people abominated hymns simply because the Episcopalians used them. The Presbyterians sang only the Psalms of David. The Episcopalians used stained glass in their church windows, and for that reason the Scotch looked upon stained glass as something of unholy origin."

Continuing, Mr. Carnegie told a story of a Presbyterian minister who had been bold enough to introduce this hated innovation. He was showing it in triumph to one of his parishioners, and asked her how she liked it.

"Ay, it is handsome," said she sadly, "but I prefer the glass just as God made it."

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS. Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions. Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action.

If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

This is claimed to be an infallible remedy for ivy poisoning: Stir a small lump of blue vitriol about in a saucer of thick cream until the mixture assumes a greenish tinge; this forms a kind of salve, and, applied to the parts affected, is said to cure the most aggravating case of ivy poisoning.

An excellent way to clean ribbons is the following: Cover the ribbon with warm water, then spread it on a board or table and scrub it thoroughly with a brush that has been rubbed in soap.

Olive oil is said to be an excellent frying medium, improving the flavor, and not scorching so readily. For the sting of bees and hornets, bathe the parts stung with equal parts of salt and soda moistened with water. Use plentifully.

Coffee grounds kept in the sink strainer will catch grease and thus prevent clogging of pipes.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.

FUNNY SAYINGS

NOT A MASTERPIECE.

A Scotchman who had married a widow noted for her plainness, says Harper's Weekly, was accosted by his employer.

"Well, Thomas," said the latter, "I hear you're married. What sort of a woman is your wife?" "Weel, sir," answered the Scot, "she's the Lord's handiwork, but I cannot say she's just His masterpiece."

SHADE OF MRS. PARTINGDON.

Mr. Dangle—I heard that our old friend and neighbor had a very impressive funeral.

Mrs. Mangle—It was so fine it was really an imposition of the respect people had for him. And the minister preached such a beautiful paregoric over the deceased.

THE WAY IT LOOKED.

"And what are you going to be when you grow up, my little man?" asked the caller.

The unfortunate child shook his golden curls savagely and gazed with anger at his lace cuffs. "I want to be a man," he said, "but I think mamma's bringing me up to be a lady."

POLLY'S FIB.

Little Polly, coming in from her walk one morning, informed her mother that she had seen a lion in the park. No amount of persuasion or reasoning could make her vary her statement one hairbreadth. That night, when she slipped down on her knees to say her prayers, her mother said: "Polly, ask God to forgive you for that fib."

Polly hid her face for a moment. Then she looked straight into her mother's eyes, her own eyes shining like stars, and said: "I did ask Him, mamma, dearest, and He said: 'Don't mention it, Miss Polly; that big yellow dog has often fooled me.'—Everybody's Magazine.

CLEAR ENOUGH FOR HER.

(From Harper's Weekly.) Andrew Carnegie once delivered a little homily to the pupils of a public school in Washington, wherein he endeavored to demonstrate that the judgment of men is apt to be warped by sentiment and feeling.

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THE POET'S CORNER

THE WAY OF SORROW.

Master, lean and lift me, I am sinking. The surging waves bear down on every side; Above my head the heavy clouds are drifting. No sign of death doth break the dimness wide.

Master, lean and lift me, I am sinking; My soul hath lost her courage in the strife, Borne down in doubt and fear, beneath the wonder, The burden and the mystery of life.

WHAT DID HE LEAVE?

What did he leave? He left the light of heaven And the wide rivers that make glad the fields— He left the birds the forest to enliven, And the sweet buttercups with golden shields.

Master, lean and lift me, I am sinking; Thy strong right arm alone can't bear me up, Naught of myself have I but sin and sorrow, How shall I then shrink backward from the cup.

BLEEDING PILES ENTIRELY CURED

When Doctor's Treatment and Surgeon's Knife Failed Cure was effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It is now universally conceded that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most effective treatment obtainable for every form of piles.

For the benefit of persons who are accustomed to look upon bleeding piles as incurable except by surgical operation we quote the letter of a young school teacher, who, after undergoing an operation which failed, was cured positively by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

This statement was given by Mr. Lepine with the idea of helping others who have not yet been so fortunate as to hear of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Arthur Lepine, school teacher, Granite Hill, Muskoka, Ont., writes: "I am taking the liberty of informing you that for two years I suffered from bleeding piles, and the next proposal listened to: 'We know of no one, excepting the Apostle Paul, who approaches your standard of piety; he might preach of a Sunday and get his living by sail-making on weekdays.' This was at length also rejected, and the following reply flashed upon and despatched: 'We know of no man upon earth good enough for you, or who could possibly live on the salary you mention. We therefore advise you to make an effort to secure the angel Gabriel who could board in heaven and come down Sundays to preach.'"

"My father, proprietor of the Hotel, Ottawa, advised me to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and two boxes cured me. I did not lose any blood after the beginning of this treatment, and I have every reason to believe that the cure is a permanent one. I gratefully recommend

Dr. Chase's Ointment as the best treatment in the world for bleeding piles."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Qualifications too High for Parsons. The faculty of a large Protestant theological seminary received some years ago a letter in which the inhabitants of a small town in Kansas applied to them for a young clergyman to take charge of their spiritual education.

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Master, lean and lift me, I am sinking; My soul hath lost her courage in the strife, Borne down in doubt and fear, beneath the wonder, The burden and the mystery of life.

WHAT DID HE LEAVE?

What did he leave? He left the light of heaven And the wide rivers that make glad the fields— He left the birds the forest to enliven, And the sweet buttercups with golden shields.

Master, lean and lift me, I am sinking; Thy strong right arm alone can't bear me up, Naught of myself have I but sin and sorrow, How shall I then shrink backward from the cup.

BLEEDING PILES ENTIRELY CURED

When Doctor's Treatment and Surgeon's Knife Failed Cure was effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

It is now universally conceded that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the most effective treatment obtainable for every form of piles.

For the benefit of persons who are accustomed to look upon bleeding piles as incurable except by surgical operation we quote the letter of a young school teacher, who, after undergoing an operation which failed, was cured positively by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

This statement was given by Mr. Lepine with the idea of helping others who have not yet been so fortunate as to hear of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Arthur Lepine, school teacher, Granite Hill, Muskoka, Ont., writes: "I am taking the liberty of informing you that for two years I suffered from bleeding piles, and the next proposal listened to: 'We know of no one, excepting the Apostle Paul, who approaches your standard of piety; he might preach of a Sunday and get his living by sail-making on weekdays.' This was at length also rejected, and the following reply flashed upon and despatched: 'We know of no man upon earth good enough for you, or who could possibly live on the salary you mention. We therefore advise you to make an effort to secure the angel Gabriel who could board in heaven and come down Sundays to preach.'"

"My father, proprietor of the Hotel, Ottawa, advised me to use Dr. Chase's Ointment, and two boxes cured me. I did not lose any blood after the beginning of this treatment, and I have every reason to believe that the cure is a permanent one. I gratefully recommend

Dr. Chase's Ointment as the best treatment in the world for bleeding piles."

Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Qualifications too High for Parsons. The faculty of a large Protestant theological seminary received some years ago a letter in which the inhabitants of a small town in Kansas applied to them for a young clergyman to take charge of their spiritual education.

OUR BY

Dear Girls and Boys

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LUBY'S. To prevent the too early appearance of gray hairs LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RE-NEWER needs only be applied as a hair dressing when its valuable properties will be appreciated. It imparts a most beautiful gloss and color to the hair, and keeps the head cool and free from dandruff. For sale by all chemists. 50c a bottle.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Well, time is going around quickly. We are almost in September, which means gathering together books and slates and starting another year's grind. Maude really makes one feel cool when she speaks of winter soon being here, and of how delightful the sliding is in Quebec; as also does Joseph, when he broaches the ice-cream subject. I must thank Joseph for his generous thought about the fresh air. Ethel T. is enjoying the return of all her little friends from the country, and is much in love with her little dog Tippy. I trust Annie O'N. had a nice time at the picnic she speaks about. Many thanks, Agnes, for kind invitation to visit you at Lonsdale, but, as I said before, if I started out to visit all my little friends it would take me a whole summer, and that would never do, as city vacations do not mean as much time as the little folks' school vacation. But, then, sometime I may drop in on my girls and boys by way of a surprise. Who knows?

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You cannot imagine how delighted I was to see my letter published last week in the True Witness. I was not disappointed in the circus, it was lovely. It has gone away now though, but there is another pleasure we are looking forward to now; it is the arrival of the English frigates. The French ones are here at present, but I have not yet visited them. The Empresses of Britain and Ireland come here continually; they are beautiful steamers. Our holidays are nearly over now, and we will have to say good-bye to pleasure for awhile at least. Winter will soon be upon us, and the sliding here is beautiful. I know Ethel T., and I am pleased to hear that she is enjoying herself in Quebec. Good-bye Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece, MAUDE C. Quebec, August 14.

Dear Aunt Becky:

How quickly the time goes around. Here the week has passed and it is Friday again. My sister and I are going to catechism Sunday. The weather has not been so warm here this last week. The mornings and evenings are nice and cool. I was away visiting one day this week. I had lots of fun. I went for a walk in the evening with two little girls. I was glad last Sunday afternoon when my sister came home to play with me. My sister had a lovely time while she was away. She went visiting from where she was to another place for a day. We all intend going to a picnic a week from Wednesday. I hope we will have a nice day to go. Well, dear Aunt, as my letter is getting long I guess I will say good-bye.

Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, August 17.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I think it is time for me to write to you again, telling you how I am spending the remainder of my holidays. I spent a couple of days visiting my friend Stella. We had a very pleasant time together, as I did not see her since school stopped. Our school will soon open again. We expect to have a new teacher. I hope we will like her as well as we liked our last teacher. Well, dear Aunt, did you ever here tell of Lonsdale? If you did not, I wish you could come and visit it. It is a lovely summer resort, with the river running through and the shady trees on both sides. We often sit on the banks when the days are so warm, for there is such a lovely breeze from the water. I hope all my cousins are well and spent a pleasant vacation. With lots of love, I will say good-bye.

Your little niece, CONNIE McO. Lonsdale, August 17.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Do you like ice cream? I just love it. I know mamma says we ought not to say we love anything to eat, but I want to say it about ice cream, it is so nice in warm weather. Harvesting is pretty well along in this section. The weather has been dry so long that the water is getting low. We have plenty of water, as we have a number of springs on the place. People in the city must find it very warm. Wish you had some of the fresh air we have in the country. Good-bye.

JOSEPH. Granby, August 18.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Now that vacation is nearly over all my little friends are coming home from the seaside or country where they have been spending the summer and my little friends that I play with are all coming around our house and it is so jolly and I have such a dear little dog. His name is Tippy. He is so cute and gentle, when I give him a piece of cake he stands up on his hind legs and takes it without touching my fingers, as my letter is already long, hoping to see my letter this week in print and that my dear cousins and Aunt Becky are well.

Your loving niece, ETHEL T. Montreal.

SHUN THE TALE-BEARER.

"A dog that will carry a bone one way will carry one back," is a homely old proverb which might well be engraved on every heart.

In other words, "A person who will come to you with a story of something a friend has said about you will go back to your friend and report your remarks, with additions."

We all know that is true; yet how few of us remember in time to profit by that knowledge. When we hear that someone has been talking about us, the first impulse is to blurt out something just as mean about the other party. Back our informant goes with our outburst, and the mischief is done. We are sorry, but it is too late.

A young Detroit couple whose engagement has recently been broken, are now wishing they had remembered the old adage regarding tale-bearers in time. Friends hope it is not too late to right things, but broken engagements aren't easily mended.

In this case the talebearer was the girl's sister. You would hardly believe it, but unfortunately sisters aren't always the priceless possession the sisterless think them. You see, the trouble was, the sister wanted the man herself, and having been encouraged by her mother from babyhood to take everything she wanted from the other girls, she saw no reason why she shouldn't take the lover, if she could get him.

So she went first to the lover, and, by cleverly put remarks, got him to say that he couldn't endure a "sloppy" woman, as for that matter, what man can? Next she made him admit that his fiancée wasn't always the pink of neatness, as what woman always is?

Then, her ammunition being ready, she brazenly told her sister that Jack said he didn't believe he could ever be happy with her, she was so untidy.

Of course the engaged girl was hurt and furious. The idea that her lover should criticize her to anyone, even to her sister, was so dreadful, that she angrily replied she could never be happy with a cad, and Jack might look for some pink of perfection who was tidy enough to suit him.

The sister lost no time in carrying back this message, you may be sure, worded artfully enough to conceal her hand in it. And thus the mischief was done. Later some outsider learned the truth of the whole affair and is now trying to make peace. But even if the couple are brought together again there are those unhappy months which might have been avoided, had they remembered to shun the talebearer.

There is no worse foe to the peace of society than this same talebearer. He it is who breaks up homes, wrecks friendships and tears churches and clubs to pieces.

No one else is quite so contemptible as he, nor so much to be avoided.

Remember when next someone comes to you with a tale from a friend, that he will go back with a story from you if you give him the slightest excuse.

FATTY, SKINNY AND SCAREDY.

Did I ever tell you about Fatty, Skinny and Scaredy, three little toads? Well, one of our engines was in a deep hole, and at the time when I went down there to start the engine I saw these three little toads. One was kind of a plump little toad so I named him Fatty. But he wasn't lazy if he was fat. He hopped about from place to place, and I was afraid I would step on him, but I never did. He always hopped out of the way in time. By and by he hopped up on the bottom part of the engine that wasn't moving and looked so hard at the two wheels with teeth on that I thought he was going to jump right in between them and get all chewed up. But he didn't. He just turned up his nose and took a hop over to where the big smooth wheel was spinning round. He said to himself, "This big black animal has a very loud voice, but he doesn't seem to have any mouth at all." Then all of a sudden Fatty thought, "What if he should swallow me down quick!" Then Fatty began to climb. The hole had corners and had stones piled up just like the foundations of a new house. He went to one corner and jumped up, but his little fingers slipped and he fell right on his back. But he was brave and did not mind it a bit. He squirmed over on his feet and tried again. This time his fingers held tight and he began to climb. He braced himself against the two sides of the hole, where the rough stones came together in a corner. He reached up high with his fingers while he clung with his toes. He pulled himself up inch by inch until he was twenty-four inches high. Then his foot slipped and he had a hard fall. It hurt. But he didn't stop to find out how much. Up he jumped to try again. Five times he fell down to the bottom of the hole, and five times he tried again. The sixth time he was within a foot of the top, and the wall was ten feet high. That made the fall nine feet. It was far above my head and I felt so sorry for him as I saw him falling that I put out my hand and nearly caught him. By this time he had learned all the smooth places where his little feet were likely to slip. And so after a short rest, he began climbing the seventh time, but very, very carefully.

Up he went, more slowly than before but more safely. I watched every step he took, and I held my breath for fear that he would fall again. But I could see that he had learned to know the smooth and slippery places by climbing so many times. I could see that this time he was climbing better than he had ever climbed before. Now up another step, now another; only six inches more to go. Careful! Careful! Don't slip now! Only two more steps to go! Only one! Now he's at the edge! He reaches over it! His fingers hold! He pulls; he pushes; he stretches his head up high. He balances! What? Not going to fall now? No; he leans forward and lops over on the top side of the top stone. The seventh try did it.

And what about Skinny and Scaredy? Oh, they're in the hole yet. They tried, but they didn't try enough times, that's all.

Curious and interesting details concerning the earlier years of American educational life come now and then to the surface.

"When I went to a log-cabin school down in Harrison County," said an elderly Indiana lawyer, "we had no regular reading books, or 'readers,' as they are now called. I learned first to read at home, by the log-cabin fire of pine knots, lying on my breast on the floor, with my elder brothers, poring over the grotesque prints and hair-raising pictures of Davy Crockett's almanac. In school, afterward, when we got older, we read from the 'Life of Daniel Webster,' 'Life of Daniel Boone,' and the New Testament.

"Every child who came to school had to bring a reading book of some description. When my wife first went to school she carried a small dictionary. Some of the older scholars laughed at her for bringing a dictionary, and this wounded her feelings that she returned home and did not go to school again for six weeks. When 'Murray's English Reader' came into vogue, all classes alike read from it,

and small boys, who should have been in the 'Primer' stumbled painfully over the big words, but could not understand them.

"Grammar was almost unknown territory then, but when it came into the log-cabin curriculum I did three days' work on a man's farm to earn money to buy myself a 'Kirkman's Grammar.'

"Before I was twenty years old I myself was a log-cabin school teacher. My pupils all brought Testaments to read in. The print was too fine, therefore troublesome, and I bought the school 'McGuffey's Readers' with my own slim earnings.

"In 1848 I first saw blackboards in the schools of larger settlements, then went back to my own school and had one made. It consisted of boards planed smooth, nailed to the wall and painted black. This curious innovation was hooted."

A DOG TALE.

Nine little doggies, sweet and so late; One broke his leash and then there were but eight.

Eight little dogs watched a cricket eleven; Whap! came a ball and then there were but seven.

Seven little dogs played mischievous tricks; One ate a match-box; then there were but six.

Six little doggies tried a deep dive; One stayed under, and then there were but five.

Five little doggies clung fast to an oar; One gave a "Bow-wow!" then there were but four.

Four little dogs were picked up at sea; One died of chills, lamented by the three.

Three little dogs heard Mooly say "Moo"; One bit her; she hooked him; and then there were two.

Two little dogs went out to have fun; Played with a street car, then there was one.

One little doggie lives all alone. Sharing with no one biscuit or bone.

This little dog thinks, "If I were two, I'd have a frolic, that's what I'd do."

Poor little dog sighs, "If I were three, I'd chase the others, and they should chase me."

Lone little dog dreams, "If I were four, And barked all at once, 'twould make a big roar."

Wild little dog vows, "If I were five, I'd leave neither cat nor kitten alive."

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Sad little dog wails, "Would I were six, Little I'd care for the biggest of sticks!"

Bad little dog growls, "If I were seven, I'd bite the policeman and send him to heaven."

Worse little dog yelps, "If I were eight, I'd bite every stranger that came to the gate."

Worst little dog howls, "If I were nine, I think that I'd bite this small master of mine."

—Stephenson Browne.

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THE "TRUE WITNESS" 25 ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL. Let us give you figures on LETTER-HEADS, ENVELOPES, INVITATIONS, BUSINESS CARDS, MEMORIAL CARDS, POSTERS, CATALOGUES, SOCIETY WORK. The True Witness Publishing Company 25 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

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CATHOLIC INFLUENCE (Archbishop Redwood, in New Zealand Tablet.) Catholics exercise an influence of more or less importance. This influence they should use in their homes, their offices, their factories, and the circle of their friends. It is so easy to utter a timely word to dispel a prejudice, enlighten a mind, point out a way of conduct. You are the father of a family. Be careful to send your children to a Catholic school, keep all infidel and immoral books or bad newspapers out of your house. "He would hardly be wrong," said Leo XIII., with his great authority, "who would attribute the excess of evil and the deplorable state of society principally to the bad press." Such books and papers should never cross the threshold of your house, should never be read by yourselves. It is amazing how deluded people are on this point, what license they allow themselves, how much they offend God. You are not allowed, as a rule, to read what attacks religion and outrages morality. You are a good public speaker; Don't be afraid to publicly defend your faith. You are a good writer; Use your pen, write. The press is the queen of the world, and if Catholics have not a good, unimpaired, and valiant press to defend them, they are doomed to be perpetually worsted. But to render your actions efficacious and fruitful, you must be downright sincere, practical, whole-hearted Catholics. You are not Christians only by baptism; you must discharge the outward duties of a Christian life. You are Christians when you have the spirit of Christ. Now Jesus is truth, holiness and love; be therefore men of truth, holiness and charity.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills. Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasms or Pain through the Heart; Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the system. Price 50 cents per box, or \$ for \$1.25. WEAK SPELLS CURED. Mrs. L. Dorey, Hemford, N.S., writes as follows: "I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES RHEUMATISM, BRISTLE'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. The public who are afflicted with these ailments, sold only in bottles.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 2065. Dame Philomène Martin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Joseph Martel, formerly shoe manufacturer, and now foreman of the same place, has this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband. Montreal, 8th August, 1906. L. E. BEAULIEU, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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Send remittances by Money Order, P. O. order or registered letter.

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

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1906.

THE GOSPEL AND THE PRIESTHOOD.

The Papal Encyclical to the Archbishops and Bishops of Italy is a document that the feverish world outside the Catholic Church may not pause one moment to consider; but the gain will be great to the faithful as the result of its study.

The unrest of the modern world is, however, such as to produce a continual anxiety for the preservation of the Faithful; and it is this anxiety that the Holy Father beseeches the brethren in the episcopate to share with him.

Peace is the Church's watchword; and with this emblazoned on turret and steeple, who will be able to withstand the gentle Gospel, begotten of that first message of Peace to Men countless ages ago; who ignore the admonition to put away all strife.

FORSAKEN LITTLE ONES.

A Protestant newspaper writer from Ontario who is engaged in the time-worn task of revealing the failings of Quebec to her neighbors is shocked beyond measure that religion should have anything to do in this city of Montreal with the care and fosterage of disowned and forsaken babes.

The Province of Ontario conducts a sort of broker's business in this line. The municipalities that have a surplus of waifs and strays on their hands, send the children into a clearing house in Toronto under government auspices.

claimed babies at the forthcoming Toronto fair, so that visitors can select what they want without losing any time from the pursuit of pleasure on the Midway and among the ballet-dancers before the grand stand.

We have no particular disposition to criticize Ontario. But we do say that were it not for the little part that religion is allowed to play in the protection of the neglected and dependent babes of Ontario, the system in vogue up there might some day develop some of the characteristics of slavery and paganism.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT REPLIES TO ENCYCLICAL.

In the person of M. Clemenceau, Minister of the Interior, the French Government has launched forth a reply to the encyclical of Pius X.

All this bespeaks increased devotion and attachment to old Mother Church, who has always remained unharmed no matter how great the persecution. In fact, her greatness has been proven through centuries of the cruellest persecution; and she will continue to influence, and inspire and gather souls innumerable into her fold long after M. Clemenceau and the other infidels of whom he is the mouthpiece, will have gone to their reward for the war they have waged against her, this Church, built on an eternal foundation.

The Chapter of the Fathers of the Pious Schools held in Rome during the first week of August ended in the election of Rev. Father Emanuel Sanger, assistant of Spain, to be General of the Order.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The gigantic catastrophe in Chili following the recent horror in California must set the scientists guessing again at the cause of the so-called earthquakes that are responsible for the great shocks felt occasionally in those parts of the world.

Amongst the educational institutions of the Dominion which may congratulate themselves on the scholastic work of the past year, the Academy of St. Joseph, Toronto, stands amongst the foremost. A record of over half a century with ever increasing facilities and equipment has placed this institution in the forefront of the academic homes for the children and young ladies of our Catholic families.

Mr. John Redmond has received the following letter from Archbishop Bourne: Archbishop's House, Westminster, S.W., 1st August, 1906.

sincere and hearty thanks for the earnest and able efforts that you have been making during the past months in defence of the interests of our schools.

In saying this I know that I am expressing not only my own feelings but those of all my brethren of the Hierarchy of England.

I hope that you will have a good rest in preparation for the renewed struggle in the Autumn. I leave England on Monday and I shall be away until about the middle of September.

Wishing you every blessing, believe me, yours very sincerely, (Signed) FRANCIS, Archbishop of Westminster.

Particulars have now been received of the circumstances attending the tragic death of Monsignor Fielding, the brother of the Earl of Denbigh, who was drowned in the Rhine recently. Monsignor Fielding was on a boating excursion with another brother, the Hon. Everard Fielding, and when in a Canadian canoe a few miles above Rheinfelden they noticed some rough water in the middle of the stream.

King Edward has made it known that his health can be drunk quite as loyally in water as in wine or spirit. Some of the old school of patriots are beginning to feel doubtful about the perfect security of the Constitution.

St. Joseph's Academy, Toronto.

Amongst the educational institutions of the Dominion which may congratulate themselves on the scholastic work of the past year, the Academy of St. Joseph, Toronto, stands amongst the foremost. A record of over half a century with ever increasing facilities and equipment has placed this institution in the forefront of the academic homes for the children and young ladies of our Catholic families.

- Senior Leaving, Part II—Miss M. McKay (honors), Miss J. MacGregor, Miss S. Meader. Senior Leaving, Part I—Miss J. O'Malley. Junior Leaving—Miss K. Phelan (honors), Miss M. Ryan, Miss T. O'Driscoll, Miss C. Sullivan, Miss F. Tobin. Junior Matriculation—Miss M. Rush. Music.—June Examinations. Senior Pianoforte—Miss J. Morin (second class honors), Miss K. Clarke. Junior Pianoforte—Miss E. Corrigan (first class honors), Miss Keogh (second class honors), Miss A. Quigley (second class honors), Miss K. Lyon, Miss E. Fraser. Primary Pianoforte—Miss T. Burns, Miss K. Moore, Miss I. Abbott, Miss L. Conlin, Miss A. MacLaren, Miss A. Bourke, Miss A. Fay and Miss M. Morrow. Junior Theory—Miss C. Scully (honors), Miss E. Clarke (honors). Senior Singing—Miss J. MacGregor (first class honors), Miss C. Scully, Miss M. Bourke.

Junior Singing—Miss D. Gillies. This list is but one of many published, testifying to the thoroughness and efficiency of the Academy.

A Struggling Infant Mission

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

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

Average weekly Collection.—3s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

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

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

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

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

THE CATHOLIC "SNOB"

It is but natural that, as our communities become older, there should develop among Catholics different social sets divided from each other chiefly by the circumstance of wealth and to some extent by the circumstance of culture. But there is an added feature to this social evolution which we cannot contemplate as leniently. It is the disposition of some Catholics, who esteem themselves of a social caste higher than most of their co-religionists, to cultivate with an eager desire the society of Protestants thought to be in the social swim.

Of course the moralist will be inclined to regard the danger of mixed marriages as the chief objection herein. Mixed marriages certainly are apt to result. The ambition to associate culminates in the ambition to marry. Overmuch or exclusive going into a non-Catholic marriage mart results in the selection of non-Catholic wives and husbands.

But the objection to the situation which touches the core of character and true gentility is to the very attitude of mind which sends the Catholic into the non-Catholic social circle with a special craving therefor and an avoidance of his own people. When you hear a Catholic allege that "all his social friends are Protestants," or that there are no nice Catholic young men whom one cares to know or vice versa, your instinct warns you that you are close to the atmosphere of snobbery. It is the same pushing vulgar temperament that is born and bred among all creeds in every nation, in every age. Wealth or fine clothes do not disguise the snob nor cover up the mean spirit, the imitative nature, the instability of moral principle and intellectual conviction, which go with that kind of social struggler wherever he exists.

From the standpoint of the well being of the Catholic community at large, the fate of Catholic snobs in their social wanderings is not unimportant. Perhaps it is better that they be eliminated as much as possible from Catholic social life and from leadership of any kind in our

CONSUMPTION

RELIEVED BY The Trappists' Phosphated Wine of Cinchona Bark.

SOLE AGENTS MOTARD, FILS & SENECAI, 5 Place Royale, Montreal. Depot in the United States: Rouses Point, N. Y.

Sadlier's Catholic Complete Speller, Oral and Written.

Religion is here so treated as to contribute to a more thorough understanding of the Divine Offices of the Church, her rites, sacraments, and ceremonies, and her doctrines and practices. The Words of the Lessons are so arranged and arranged in columns as to add to the beauty of the printed page and save one-fourth of the space. As the short and simple words of each topic are in the first two or three columns, lessons may readily be assigned and adapted to the capacity of all classes. Published by D. & J. SADLIER & CO., 13 Notre Dame St. West, MONTREAL.

J. P. MONCEL Ribbon Badges for Conventions, Socials, Pilgrimages, Picnics, Societies, Parades, Lapel Buttons, &c.

210 St. James St., Montreal.

ing influence so far as they are allowed to affect Catholic public life. In their favorite social habit congregations. They are a debilitating among Protestants they can engender only the respect that snobs can engender for anything religious or political with which they are associated. The man who is true to his friends, true to his convictions, true to his class, treacherous to nothing for which his faith stands and contending in no manner his race or his family, is always respected. But the snob, never.—Catholic Citizen.

A HUMBLE HEROINE

Some years ago in a city in France all the soldiers were drawn up on the plaza. A woman in the habit of charity was called out in front of the Governor-General, and this is what he said: "Mother Mary Teresa, when you were twenty years of age you received a wound from a cannon ball while assisting one of the wounded on the field at Balaklava. In 1859 the shell from a mitrailleuse laid you prostrate in the front ranks on the battlefield of Magenta. Since then you have been in Syria, in China, and in Mexico, and if you were not wounded it was not because you have not exposed yourself.

CANCER OF THE FACE

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

RICH SILVER MINE

Silver has been discovered in a quarry at Boho, near Castlereagh, County Roscommon. P. J. Costello, foreman of the quarry, made the discovery. After a rock about twenty feet under the surface of the land had been opened by blasting he discovered a large vein in the centre of the rock which had all the appearance of silver. The vein had been greatly shattered by the force of the explosion, but Mr. Costello gathered up as much of the fragments or small bits as he could and forwarded them to a jeweler in Dublin for analysis. Mr. Costello has received a reply stating that it is a most valuable mineral and to preserve as much of it as possible for further examination. In proceeding with the work of quarrying since further discoveries have been made of material which has all the appearance of containing silver in a raw state.

Do you Rose other Re "is Prices—25, 30 T. H. EST

Phone Main 2861. J. J. GARLAND GRAVEL ROOFING and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Work. Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty. Also Portland Cement Work. 27 & 29 St. James St., Montreal.

The Kane Company FUNERAL DIRECTORS Cor. Wellington and Centre Sts. A new firm offering to the public every thing in their line of the best quality and most modern style. The hearse supplied are built upon the latest and most elegant models. Charges moderate. Special arrangements made in favor of C. O. F., C. M. B. A., A. O. H., and K. C. members.

covered from your wound when you returned to the hospital whence I have summoned you. Then the general made her kneel down and, drawing his sword, touched her lightly with it three times on the shoulder, and pinned the cross of the Legion of Honor on her habit, saying: "I put upon you the cross of the brave in the name of the French people and army. No one has gained it by more deeds of heroism nor by a life so completely spent in self-ambition for the benefit of your brothers and the service of your country. Soldiers, present arms!" The troops saluted, the drums and bugles rang out, the air was filled with loud acclamations, and all was jubilation and excitement as Mother Teresa arose, her face suffused with blushes, and asked: "General, are you done?" "Yes," said he. "Then I will go back to the hospital."—From "The Companionship of Books," by Frederick Rowland Marvin.

Be There a Will, Wisd Way.—The sick man p but he dislikes sending tor, which means bot never consumed. He resolution to load his compounds which smel and taste worse. But will to deal himself w ment, wisdom will d tention to Parmelee's v which, as a specific f and disorders of the d gans, have no equal.

BLESSING OF CON BELL AT STE. MAJ Ste. Marguerite of was in gala attire on the occasion of the b parish convent and a sided over by His G Archbishop. Immediately a gious ceremony a banq ed in the convent at clergy and visitors par convent is the outcome priest's efforts to give of his parish every advan tage. The Sisters o have charge of the tea the Rev. Father Desros guine of great results.

ST. GABRIEL Last Sunday was a day in St. Gabriel. T the Assumption of the gin was celebrated with unity. Solemn high sung by Rev. Father R ly-ordained priest, assist Rev. Fathers Fahey and deacon and sub-deacon. At the prom: the past ther O'Meara, gave a cise interpretation of the least that was being pointing out in a str the difference between of the Ascension and that assumption.

Do you know you can buy Red Rose Tea at the same price as other teas? Then, why not?

# Red Rose Tea

"is good tea"

Prices—25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per lb. in lead packets

T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG. TORONTO, & WELLINGTON ST., E.

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Mission in India: Already Acknowledged ..... \$6.00 "A Subscriber" ..... 1.00

### DEATH OF FATHER GROULX.

Rev. Father Groulx, one of the ablest young priests of the Ottawa diocese, and for years secretary to Archbishop Duhamel, is dead. He was a victim of tuberculosis, the disease starting in the knee joint, and working slowly through the body. He was a native of Ottawa.

### ST. GABRIEL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY'S EXCURSION.

Come with St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society on their annual excursion to Burlington on Saturday, Sept. 1. Tickets good until Monday, Labor Day. Tickets may be had at 447 Centre street or from members of the society; also at the station the day of the excursion. For further particulars see posters.

### ST. MARY'S.

A couple of Sundays ago Rev. Father Brady, pastor of St. Mary's, called attention to the fact that at no very distant date the parish would be called upon to do due honor to the twenty-fifth anniversary of the opening of the church. We unite with the rev. pastor in the fond hope that nothing will be left undone to give due eclat to the event, calculated as it is to revive so many pleasing and happy memories of the past.

Be There a Will, Wisdom Points the Way.—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

### BLESSING OF CONVENT AND BELL AT STE. MARGUERITE.

Ste. Marguerite of Lake Masson was in gala attire on Sunday on the occasion of the blessing of the parish convent and a new bell, presided over by His Grace the Archbishop. Immediately after the religious ceremony a banquet was served in the convent at which the clergy and visitors partook. The convent is the outcome of the parish priest's efforts to give the children of his parish every educational advantage. The Sisters of Providence have charge of the teaching, and the Rev. Father Desrosiers is sanguine of great results.

### ST. GABRIEL.

Last Sunday was another gala day in St. Gabriel. The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin was celebrated with due solemnity. Solemn high Mass was sung by Rev. Father Reid, the newly-ordained priest, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Fahy and Polan, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. At the prompt, the pastor, Rev. Father O'Meara, gave a clear and concise interpretation of the nature of the feast that was being celebrated, pointing out in a striking manner the difference between the feast of the Assumption and that of the Ascension.

### AN OBLATE CHAPTER TO BE HELD IN ROME NEXT MONTH.

Twelve of the most prominent members of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate of Canada will sail on the 26th instant for Rome to attend the General Chapter of the Order which will take place next month. The Canadian delegates are: Mgr. Languevin, Archbishop of St. Boniface; Mgr. Legal, Bishop of St. Albert; Mgr. Girodard, Bishop of Mackenzie; Mgr. Breyhat, Bishop of Yukon; Mgr. Pascal, Bishop of Prince Albert; Rev. Father Tourangeau, Provincial of the province of Canada; Rev. Father Magnan, Provincial of Manitoba; Fathers Charlebois, Cahill, Pelletier, P. H. Grandin and Paganin.

### GRAND FETE AT THE TRAPPIST MONASTERY AT OKA.

The Papal and Canadian colors floating conspicuously over the monastery at Oka on Monday and Tuesday bespoke something out of the ordinary within the sombre walls, and enquiry elicited the fact that the new church was to be consecrated on Tuesday by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi. The sacred edifice was tastefully decorated, and was very creditable to the Rev. Father Aurelian. The monastery and the cloister were also very prettily decked out. These last were the work of the Little Daughters of St. Joseph. Tents were placed around the monastery where refreshments were served to the numerous visitors. On the day of the consecration the doors of the monastery were open to ladies, a privilege only accorded on a day such as that.

### LACROSSE.

It is the intention of the Irene lacrosse team to play their friends from Point St. Charles on Saturday on the Shamrock grounds. This day's play is intended to mean much in the way of the year's junior championship, seeing that the Irenes are at present the leaders by one game. They are practising at present for all they are worth, and Capt. Tracey is leaving no stone unturned to bring out all the good playing material possible and show up his men to the utmost advantage. It will also be remembered that the Irenes also carry among their number a fine, well-trained baseball team, many of whom, however, have been suffering in health in one way or another for some time past. We are happy to be able to state, however, that things are again looking up brightly, the sick and injured members are again to be seen taking their places among their old friends, and Capt. McGoogan seems to look forward to brighter prospects in the near future for his team.

### ST. MICHAEL'S.

In a conversation with the rev. pastor of St. Michael's, the following notes were gleaned respecting the four days' garden party that has just come to a close in the parish. This year the series of events was held, as usual, to aid the praiseworthy parochial works being pushed along so vigorously in the district, and in a special manner to serve as a means of bringing all together to celebrate with due solemnity an event near and dear to the hearts of all, viz., the twenty-eighth anniversary of the ordination of their beloved pastor, which will take place on Sunday next, when we feel certain, everything that can will be done in order to make the event show forth in all the grandeur and magnitude that such an occasion deserves. Father Kierman is in every way fully satisfied with what has taken place, and feels that special thanks are due the following

persons, who certainly left nothing undone to make the events just referred to all that could be expected in every respect: Mrs. T. Flood, R. Meehan, E. O'Neill, B. O'Connor, Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. J. McElligott; Misses Gorman, Donnelly, Flynn and Peart, and although last, certainly not least, Mrs. E. Barry and Miss O'Brien, for the grand success attending the euchre.

### CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Last night the Catholic sailors' concert-hall presented the gayest appearance yet witnessed this season. The evening's work was in the hands of Div. No. 1, A.O.H., and long before the appointed hour the hall was already well filled; so that when the opening was really made by the introducing of the chairman of the evening, Bro. O'Neill, by Rev. Father Malone, chaplain of the Club, the scene presented was certainly an encouraging one in every respect. The programme was both well chosen and well executed. Mention is due in a special manner to Mrs. Payette, as well as to Messrs. Blanchfield, Singleton, Smith, Boswell, Holland, Lovett, Kelly, Fitzpatrick and Jones, and Masters Birmingham, Kipling and Neville.

We would not be doing justice to the event of the evening did we omit the name of one who stands forth most prominently in many of the grandest musical events in our city, viz., Prof. J. A. Fowler, of St. Patrick's, through whose kindness last night's concert bore a special stamp of that peculiar style for which he is so well known.

On the whole the evening's entertainment was in every respect worthy of those under whose patronage it was given, and let us hope that the portion of this season still left may see a substantial continuance of like events.

Next week's concert is to be under the patronage of Branch No. 232 of the C.M.B.A., when an exceptionally fine programme and a large and appreciative audience are certainly to be looked forward to.

### FEET THAT FRET.

No wonder some people's feet fret and sweat; no wonder corns and bunions appear—no wonder they are tender and sensitive. Did you ever spend 25 cts. on your feet? You buy chocolates to please your mouth. Tonics to help your stomach. Lotions to keep your skin smooth. Your feet fairly cry out with pain, they sweat, blister, get hot, are tortured and you think all this is necessary. Not so. If your feet were healthy and natural they would not complain in this way.

### TREAT THEM TO FOOT ELM

Foot Elm soothes, comforts and invigorates the feet.

### MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

August 22.  
Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.50 to \$4.70; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.20, and straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.95; extra, in bags \$1.25 to \$1.50.  
Rolled Oats—\$2.20 to \$2.25 in bags of 90 lbs.  
Cornmeal—\$1.40 to \$1.45 per bag; granulated, \$1.65.  
Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bags, \$18 to \$19; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$21.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$18 to \$19; shorts, \$21 to \$22.  
Oats—No. 2, 88c per bushel; No. 3, 87c; No. 4, 86c.  
Hay—No. 1, \$10 to \$10.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$9 to \$9.50 clover, \$7 to \$7.50; clover, mixed, \$8 to \$8.50.  
Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.45 per bushel; hand-picked, at \$1.60 per bushel.  
Peas—Boiling, in broken lots, \$1.20 per bushel.  
Potatoes—40c to 50c per bag of 90 lbs. (nominal).  
Honey—White clover in comb, 18c to 14c; buckwheat, 10c to 11c per pound section; extract, 7c to 7.1-2c buckwheat, 5.1-2c to 6c per pound.  
Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$24.00; half barrels, do., \$12.50; clear fat back, \$23.50; long cut heavy mess, \$21.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$11.25; dry salt long clear bacon, 12.1-4c to 12.3-4c; barrels, plate beef \$12 to \$13.50; half barrels do., \$6.75 to \$7.25; barrels heavy mess beef \$11.50; half barrels do., \$6.25; compound lard, 9c to 9.1-2c; pure lard, 12c to 12.1-2c; kettle rendered, 13c to 14c; hams, 14.3-4c to 16c, according to size; breakfast bacon 15.1-2c to 16c; Windsor bacon, 14.1-2c to 17c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.50 to \$10.75; alive, \$7.25 to \$7.50 per 100 lbs.

## Notice to subscribers

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

Eggs—Straight receipts, 16c to 18c; No. 1 candled, 17.1-2c to 18c. Butter—Choicest Creamery, salted and unsalted, 22.3-4c; medium grades, 22c to 22.1-2c.  
Cheese—Ontario, 12.5-8c to 12.3-4c; Quebec, 12.1-8c to 12.1-2c.  
Ashes—First pots, \$5.40 to \$5.50; seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; pearls, \$6.75 per 100 pounds.

### GRAIN MARKET.

There was no further improvement in private cable advices on Manitoba spring wheat to-day, bids being much the same as on Saturday. There was no improvement in the local and country demand for flour, and the market in consequence was quiet and steady.

Business in rolled oats continues very slow, and prices are unchanged at \$2.10 to \$2.25 per bag. Cornmeal is also quiet at \$1.40 to \$1.45 per bag.

The demand for baled hay for local consumption continues very good, and on account of small arrivals prices rule very firm.

### COUNTRY PRODUCE.

The egg market is unchanged; supplies are coming in fairly well, and there is a good local demand for all grades.

The market for beans continues quiet with an easier undertone reported, although quotations are unaltered.

### DAIRY PRODUCE.

The cheese market is strong and a shade higher than the prices ruling last week.

The butter market continues firm, with no change, however, in quotations.

### The Presbyterian Witness at its old game

("Firmen," in the New Freeman, St. John, N.B.)

Under the caption, "What St. Alphonsus Ligouri Says," our theological-historically fossilized Pictou contemporary seeks to lead its readers astray.

Time and again, even nearly as often as bigots have told lies about the Church, have Catholics told Protestants that we do not adore the Most Blessed Virgin, and although the editorial rooms of the Pictou sheet would indeed benefit by a change of air and its occupants by a little travel up the peak of some high mountain after breaking through cobwebs over the editorial chair, yet they know in their hearts just how many Gods Catholics are willing to adore. It is an old game; but its editors will soon have to wake up to the fact that no good is done by shamming. Are they afraid to tell the whole truth? Are they fearful lest if all be known they may, with fit forerunners and paragons, the Pharisees, have reason to believe that the last error (?) may be greater than the former?

Unless it be that the Presbyterian Witness folks have not as yet heard about the Deluge, or that news of what Columbus did has not as yet reached them, or even unless it be that they do not yet know that the late Dr. Chiquiquy was accused of every crime from murder down, they have poor reason to try to parade old fallacies in a new dress, even if it pays better. If they are living in the twentieth century, why do they flaunt worn-out lies in the face of sincere readers? We may appear crude; but there is a limit to endurance, and the "good faith" plea is practically gone to shreds.

The editors have never read St. Alphonsus, and yet they undertake to present, rather misrepresent, his teaching. If, indeed, they have read him, then they are dishonest; for the context, a thousand parallels, and the full trend of the saint's works from the first page to the very last, will plainly show what any man of common sense wants to find. But, ten chances out of nine,

**Frank E. Donovan**  
REAL ESTATE BROKER  
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185 St. James St., Montreal  
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## EDUCATIONAL

**Catholic High School**  
55 DUROCHER ST.

Re-opening of Classes WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th  
Classical, Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Boys prepared for McGill, Quebec, R. M. C. and other examinations. A scholarship, donated by Hon. J. J. Curran J. S. C., is offered to the boy passing the best entrance examination in September.

For particulars apply for the present to

**A. J. HALES-SANDERS, M. A., Principal.**

## UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA

Conducted by the Oblate Fathers.

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## LOYOLA COLLEGE,

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An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.

There is a Preparatory Department for junior boys.

### SCHOOL RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 6th.

A prospectus may be obtained on application to

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

## Commission of Montreal Catholic Schools

### THE RE-OPENING OF

The Schools under the control of the Commission will take place  
**Monday, September 3rd.**  
For further information apply to the PRINCIPAL or to the DIRECTOR of each school.

**A. J. LACROIX,**  
Director General.

## MOUNT ST. LOUIS INSTITUTE,

144 Sherbrooke Street East, Montreal.

New pupils will be examined and boarders should enter on SEPTEMBER 4th. Classes will re-open on SEPTEMBER 5th, at 8.30 a. m.

## SMOKE

**CARROLL'S RENOWNED "PREMIER" COIL TOBACCO**

Sole Manufacturers  
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## PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

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In the first week in September seventy-five members of the Company of Jesus, representing the twenty-five provinces of the order, will meet in Rome to elect the new general. Each provincial head will be accompanied by two delegates elected in secret ballot by their brother members. According to the last statistics, the number of members of the order exceeds 16,000.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.  
President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.

Wm. J. Bryan On Ireland.

Below we give a synopsis of a speech by Wm. Jennings Bryan, the Democratic candidate for the American Presidency, at a reception in honor of himself and wife at the Irish Club, London, last month, when Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. John Redmond and other Irish leaders eulogized the great tribune of Democracy.

After declaring his Irish blood and the influence and strength of the Irish race in America, Mr. Bryan remarked jocularly that in visiting Ireland he was struck by the numbers of American names he encountered in Dublin, Cork and Belfast.

I can say without flattery that no people have come amongst us who have shown themselves more capable of efficient participation in every department of American life (applause). You may go into any section of the country, you may go among the people of any occupation, of any profession, of any calling, and you will find the Irish there (applause). There is no department in America in which they have not played a conspicuous part. They have been prominent in the Ministry, they have been prominent in statesmanship, they have been prominent at the Bar, and in every industrial occupation they have borne their part. It is not strange, therefore, that everything that affects your welfare interests them, that every aspiration you have for the development and elevation and progress of your people finds a warm response in the hearts of the American people (applause)...

advantage of being a boy orator (laughter). I am still a young man, so young that I hope in the course of nature I may live to see the time when nations, instead of training people to kill each other, will recognize that justice, and justice only, can furnish an enduring foundation, and will be willing that every question in dispute shall be presented for investigation and deliberation, with the idea of settling all questions by reason and not force (loud applause). I have such faith in this sense of justice that I believe in the course of time every question will be settled right. If I did not have faith in that sense of justice I don't know how I could advocate any reform, for it is only to the sense of justice that God planted in the human heart that we can appeal (applause), and it is because I believe that that sense of justice is to be found everywhere I have hope that Ireland's appeal to justice and the world, to the justice of the people among whom Ireland is placed, will be a successful appeal, and in the triumph of justice you will be brought nearer and nearer together, not only with those who live in other parts of these islands, but with the people who live in all parts of the world. I believe what a great French writer said, and what Tolstoi repeated, that the world is to enter upon an era in which love and good will will take the place of avarice and greed and violence (applause). When that time comes and we begin to examine and see to whom the credit belongs, I believe you will find credit must be divided, and that some credit must be given to the people of America, who have pleaded for justice (applause). I am not here to make you a speech, I am simply here to acknowledge the courtesy that you have shown to Mrs. Bryan and myself, and I thank my friend, Mr. O'Connor, for having included Mrs. Bryan in his words of welcome (applause). For she has been my companion in all my labors, and has not only divided all my joys with me, and by dividing multiplied them, but has robbed all my disappointments and all my sorrows of their sting (loud applause), and it is fit that the kind words spoken of her should be spoken by an Irishman, for I know no other country on earth where woman is held in higher esteem, or shares more fully in all the affairs of the man and the family, than in Ireland (loud applause.)

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The summer months are an anxious time for mothers because they are the most dangerous months of the year for young children. Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather, and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally, because they keep the stomach and bowels free from offending matter. And the Tablets will cure these troubles if they come suddenly. You may save your child's life by keeping a box of Baby's Own Tablets on hand to give promptly. Mrs. Frank Moore, Northfield, N.S., says: "I do not know any medicine that can equal Baby's Own Tablets for curing stomach and bowel troubles. I always keep them on hand in case of emergency." Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Rose of Bubbly Creek

(Specially Contributed by James E. Kinsella, Registry Division, Chicago Postoffice.) Her eyes are grey as dewy heather, When summer swoons upon the land, They warm one in chill, wintry weather, So shy, and virginal, and bland. Flushed with the fragrance of the morning— Charged with superb and girlish scornings, The rapture of wild flying things, Yet tender as the dove that clings. The sunshine in her veins is flowing, Blithe summer lingers on her face, With radiance like an angel glowing. She trips on her feet with artless grace, To gaze on her is deemed a pleasure. The cynic drops his flouts and sneers, The miser fails to hoard his treasure, To sadly muse on bygone years! As shod with air she trips so lightly, And leaves a blessing as she goes, As April eyed, demure and sprightly,

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Kidney Troubles, no matter of what kind or what stage of the disease, can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of these wonderful pills. Mr. Joseph Leland, Alma, N.W.T., recommends them to all kidney trouble sufferers, when he says:—I was troubled with dull headaches, had frightful dreams, terrible pains in my legs and a frequent desire to urinate. Noticing DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS recommended for just such annoyances as mine, it occurred to me to give them a trial, so I procured a box of them, and was very much surprised at the effectual cure they made. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending them to all kidney trouble sufferers. Price 50c. per box, or 3 for \$1.25; all Dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Her ivory gleaming teeth she shows, Ah, Youth and Beauty are her neighbors And clasp her in a close embrace, Ereyears approach and sorrow labors To set a seal upon her face! Lord Byron sings of nut-brown lasses, Fair daughters of the wind and rain, As buoyant as the breeze that passes And sways the willows on the plain. As fair as Fancy's fabled vision, As radiant as some seraph's flight, When wheeling into realms Elysian, She trails in splendor through the night! And Burns sings of auld Scotia's daughters, And makes us hearken to his lay, And tells of love across the waters, Of stirring strife, grim clansman's fray. O'Highland lass so fair and queenly, He witched the world with noble song, And Highland Mary dwells serenely, And wakes the rapture of the throng. And how may one describe your bearing, As gracious as some widowed queen In pensive sorrow chastely sharing As steadfast as some star serene. Your lustrous eyes, so soft and tender, And stainless as some splendid star, And gleaming with a seraph's splendor Which cheers the pilgrim from afar? How portray that queenly manner, How describe that regal air— Those tawny tresses—Viking's banner, E'en Raphael would esteem you fair. That girlish laughter's silvery ringing, Chimes like some seraph's haunting strain; Its mellow cadence frankly flinging, As musical as rippling rain. The roseleaf face where Beauty's dwelling, The step as supple as the fawn, The ivory bosom's chastely swelling, As tender as the dream of dawn. As pensive as some angel dreaming, As timorous as some tender dove, And your April eyes are beaming— And sparkling with a sweetheart's love.

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Did you ever notice that some church members will sit still and hear a politician speak two hours, telling why he ought to be elected to office, and go away saying: "Wasn't that a great speech?" but if their pastor should preach over forty minutes they go away saying: "He preached too long and will ruin his congregation if he don't shorten up." Wonder what is the matter with us?—Baptist Standard.

THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy— The happiest ever born; His face is like a beam of joy, Although his clothes are torn. I saw him tumble on his nose, And waited for a groan— But how he laughed! Do you suppose He struck his funny bone? There's sunshine in each word he speaks, His laugh is something grand; Its ripples overrun his cheeks Like waves on snowy sand. He smiles the moment he awakes, And till the day is done; The schoolroom for a joke he takes— His lessons are but fun. No matter how the day may go, You cannot make him cry; He's worth a dozen boys I know, Who pout and moan and sigh. A Time for Everything—The time for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is when crampy symptoms appear in the children; when rheumatic pains beset the old; when lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica, colds, catarrh or ear-ache attacks; either young or old; when burns, scalds, abrasions, contusions or sprains come to any member of the family. In any of these ailments it will give relief and work a cure.

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CHAPTER XXXVII. "And so Florian Wall again," said Barbara, look at Ruth. "Oh, there ever a man mo the love of his youth, tell me truly, did you second time—why, no is it not?" "Barbara," said I "you have sense enough the bad taste and imp your question. Florian ago given up his intention to me, and is an noble woman in the cl him wrong in talking t and me." "Yes, indeed, a great Barbara scornfully, "to ticular, for he is the s If you said 'Come' to- woman, no honor could from you, and you kno is just what Florian Wal to." "I would be sorry to any one could say that the appearance even of "Well, have patience see. When did the gre leave here?" "That I could not say pled evasively. "I saw last time at the priest's nights ago. I bade h and urged him to remain few days before leavin ed. I have not seen him "He had not arrived i when I left, so that I passed him, or he may l at Albany. How did h late defeat?" "It did not seem to t much, but he was very s manner. I felt sorry fo "Did he not say that h ing to New York direct?" "He left us that impr "I wonder if she know Barbara thought, "and my errand, is hiding i mind; there are a hundr inquire." She changed the subje matters, but it require watchfulness to avoi which the cunning wic in the most unexpected for her aid the squir e have helped giving h tion she so eagerly soug intensified Barbara's ang how thoroughly she was dark. "I'll get even with M I can," she said bitterly shall not spare her whe comes." She went up to visit t next afternoon towards owing to the squire's fo ed to get any informati In fact, no one knew any cerning Florian, and the believed he had returne York the day after Scot She had received letters later than that date, so the intervening time he w in hiding. Intense alarm her, and she came to the tion to force the truth fro dletons by any means the hand. Sitting quietly in after dinner with the sq Ruth, she flung down he battle to them with di suddenness. "I suppose you are bot the object of my visit said; "at least your man that you are." "Wall, Barbary," said t coolly, "Flory's high ga don't blame you, but yo get him; mark my word ver get him." "You know where he h of you. Why do you not what I want to know?" ped, and all her evil self played in her coarse man "Tisn't fair, my dear have a show," the squir much gravity; "and a what cast down now, it do to let you go cooling a You'd have him married t wink. Your cooling down well after marriage as be I'm going to save him I can." "At least you might b gratitude," turning sud Ruth. "When your love- hanging fire I assisted you "Without any wish on said gentle Ruth, flashi "Your interference was harm than benefit. I ne you were what you now self to be." "You didn't?" snorted "Then you've had your

SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Continued.

"And so Florian Wallace was here again," said Barbara, with an arch look at Ruth. "Oh, Ruth dear! was there ever a man more faithful to the love of his youth? And tell me, tell me truly, did you refuse him a second time—why, no, a third time, is it not?"

since you were born, girl. You didn't know Barbary? She isn't one bit different from what she was twenty years ago, for all her turning papist like yourself! Do you know what I said?"



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through this town!" "And if you do," roared the squire, "I'll publish your character to Flory in all the colors of the rainbow. How will he like to know that the woman he's going to marry came up to Clayburg and made a circus of herself and him to everybody, running here and there with a story of an engagement? O Barbary! you're a bad one, and I always knew it, in spite of your dainty ways and your perfumed trickery."

"What! kick you, you devil?" said Billy. "I can do that, tall or short. What's the cause of it all?" "A woman, old boy. She kissed me and petted me, and I caved in. A woman, and, I may add it, a widow."



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in spite of her enemies, discovered Florian, and, at the least, wounded Ruth's sterling modesty, if not altogether destroyed its existence in the mind of sensitive Paul Rossiter. Paul went out into the open air in a daze of happiness. Ruth loved him; his fate was no longer uncertain, but he was very sorry that her tender secret had found a resting-place in Barbara's bosom. He could not see the motives of the latter's coarse revelation of it to him. He was sure, however, that malice prompted both the coarseness and the revelation, and he had a dim suspicion that something might have happened since Barbara's arrival in town to bring it to pass. Perhaps Ruth knew and dreaded that Barbara would do something of the kind. How would she ever look in his face again, suspecting that Barbara had so ruthlessly exposed her? The more the poet looked at the matter the stronger his suspicions grew, and alongside of them grew the determination to leave Clayburg that night as quietly as he had entered it months before. Ruth would then feel easier in the belief that her shame had not been made public, or even whispered to him. In time he could come himself to press the suit in which he had altogether despaired; and if it was hard to forbear flying to her then and soliciting a surrender of the secret which rightfully belonged to him, its compensation was that the delicacy of his wife-to-be would not be so cruelly injured. She loved him and had sought for him and was grieved at his absence. He did not want more; but he walked near the house just after twilight, and saw her sitting at one side of the parlor table, with the squire at the other, her calm, peaceful face as sweet in its repose as if the nun's veil hung about it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. In the whirlpool of city life again! Paul realized it with a sense of delight as unexpected as it was pleasant; for he had never a great love towards the metropolis, and his many sorrows there had embittered him against it forever. Not quite forever, as he now felt. He had the secret of his misfortunes in his grasp and nevermore could Russian spies go about whispering slanders and bribing the managers of theatres because of his likeness to the Prince of Cracow. There was a fair field before him. He would haunt his old dens of misery where his poor lived, without being compelled to live in them, and the aristocratic seclusion of the famous boarding-house would open to him again. A few months' absence had banished the mists that once hung round him. One manager was glad to have him back, and another, and a third. In fact, a few calls in the course of the day filled the poet with inordinate vanity; and it was with a light head that he entered a restaurant to have an early supper. It was a cheap place, cheap even for that time, but the eatables were good, with a country sincerity in the bread and meat and potatoes and butter. An immense quantity was served to each customer. Paul was intoxicated enough to have withstood a weightier meal than was set before him, and was half-way through it when—

"What are you waiting for?" she said impatiently. He led her to the yacht, and they came face to face with Florian just stepping from it in a secret way, as if he wished none to recognize him. "Here is a lady to see you, sir," said Paul, simply. Barbara gasped as she pulled up her veil and held out her hand. "Is it you, Mrs. Merrion?" said the great man indifferently, not able to refuse the offered hand. "I am glad to see you."

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