

## "CRIME IN IRELAND."

### Argument of Lawlessness Against Home Rule Utterly False.

(Irish World.)

The old Tory cry about "crime in Ireland" has been once more raised in the British Parliament, with the purpose of showing how bad it would be for "law and order" to give the Irish people Home Rule, and with the further purpose of persuading the Government to revive the policy of coercion. This course—the revival of coercion—was suggested recently in the House of Lords by Lord Londonderry, a descendant from the family of the infamous Castlereagh, the worst of the gang of scoundrels who a little more than a hundred years ago destroyed Ireland's Parliament by methods which Mr. Gladstone denounced as "the blackest and foulest in the history of man."

Needless to say, there is no ground whatever for the charge implied in this demand for coercion again in Ireland. The Lord Londonderry idea, or rather the false idea he and his class seek to impress on the minds of Englishmen with the view of prejudicing them against the Irish claims for Home Rule, is that Ireland is in a condition of "lawlessness and disorder," and that "life and property" are in such danger as to require coercion measures for their protection. If Ireland were in that state, or if Englishmen could be induced to believe that Ireland is in that state, it would tell against the Irish cause at the next general election.

That is the game of the Tory liars about "crime in Ireland." But it won't work this time or ever again. The lie and the liars have been found out in England. All intelligent Englishmen know that the charge of "crime" and "lawlessness" in Ireland in the sense alleged by the Tory enemies of Home Rule is false. There is crime more or less in every country, but there is less—far less—in Ireland than in Great Britain or any other country in Europe.

### NO HABITUAL CRIMINALS.

In Ireland there is no "criminal class," that is, no class permanently criminal and living by crime. This was attested a few years ago by a commission appointed by the Government to investigate the claim of the Irish police for the same pay as the police in England. The claim was disallowed by the Commission, and one of the reasons assigned was that the English police have harder work than the Irish, because in England there is a "criminal class," a class of "habitual criminals," whereas there is no such class in Ireland.

Further proof of the practical crimelessness of Ireland is, of course, abundant. The Irish judges, on their periodical circuits of assizes, find hardly any cases of crime to try. Often, almost at every assize, the judges receive white gloves from the sheriffs, meaning no crime on the calendar to be brought before them. This happened recently at Limerick and Waterford. There was no case of crime for the judges to try, and all they had to do was to accept white gloves from the sheriff—the symbol of a "maiden assize." And last year there was a similar ceremony at Limerick at the first Quarter Sessions, the facts of which the newspaper report gave as follows: "Mr. William M. Beauchamp, Clerk of the Crown and Peace, said it was his pleasing duty to inform the court that there was no Crown (criminal) business. The High Sheriff said it was his very pleasing duty, the first in connection with his official capacity as High Sheriff, to ask his Honor to accept a pair of white gloves as emblematic of the peaceful condition of the city and its immunity from crime. The pleasure was all the more enhanced when they recollected that that presentation was not of an isolated character, but was of very frequent occurrence. His Honor had been pleased to accept on three different occasions already similar testimonies of the peaceful condition of the city and his predecessor had frequently been the recipient of similar presentations. The pleasure was further enhanced when they considered that the learned judge who presided at the recent assizes also referred to the immunity of the city from crime."

### NO SUCH REPORT FROM ENGLAND.

We have never seen such a report from any English town. We have never read or heard of a judge at assizes in England getting white gloves from the sheriff.

Of course, as to crime in England and Ireland, there is "no comparison," that is, except comparison very unfavorable to England. An example was presented the other day in the House of Commons which we find thus noted in the Glasgow Observer:

"Mr. Arbuthnot, the Tory member for Burnley (Lancashire, England), has recently been interviewed by a

self in the subject of 'Crime in Ireland,' and so Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh (a member of the Irish Party) decided to develop similar curiosity about Burnley. In answer to a question by him in the House of Commons, Mr. Churchill (the Home Secretary) said: The following figures are taken from the return for 1909. Habitual criminals known to the police at large on April 6, 1909, 20; crimes known to the police during the year 1909, offences against the person, 9; offences against property without violence, 168; offences against property with violence, 58; malicious injury to property, 1.

### COMPARISON FAVORABLE FOR IRELAND.

Such is the criminal record for one year in one English town, as to which Mr. MacVeagh emphasized the point of his question by the further query to the Home Secretary for the benefit of Mr. Arbuthnot: "Is the right hon. gentleman aware that these figures prove the fact that there is more serious crime in Burnley than in the whole of Ireland put together?"

And the same may be said of any English town of any considerable size from Burnley to London. There is more crime in any one of them than in all Ireland put together. A very interesting illustration of the crimelessness of Ireland was given by John Redmond in a speech a couple of years ago in Wales, in which he said:

"I assert here to-day that by comparison with England and Scotland, and even with Wales, Ireland is in a state of perfect immunity from crime. There is, and I challenge contradiction, for the official criminal statistics are available, there is, I say, practically no serious crime in Ireland. What is our experience? In traveling through Ireland, everywhere you go you find the jails are shut up. Those jails where some of us were entertained in times gone by, all shut up, and the jail in my own native town of Wexford is shut up. It has been handed over to the County Council, and the County Council don't know what to do with it. I was in Wexford a few months ago, and to my amusement I found the walls placarded with the words, 'Spend two days in jail.' When I inquired the meaning of it, I found that a Feis of the Gaelic League was being held in the town inside the old jail. Yes, the jails everywhere all over Ireland are being closed up. There is less crime in Ireland than ever there was, and far less crime in Ireland than in England, Scotland, or Wales."

### U.I.L. BRANCHES CONSTANTLY INCREASING.

The "lawlessness" and "crime" argument against Home Rule for Ireland is, then, utterly false and can have no weight with the electors in England for, as we have said, the liars and their lies have been found out by the English people. There is no crime in Ireland, and everybody knows it—no crime except the sort referred to a few years ago by a Dublin Castle judge, Mr. Justice Andrews, who in addressing the Grand Jury at Sligo described as follows the "lawlessness" of that county: "The state of the County of Sligo must be regarded as highly unsatisfactory. I am officially informed there are forty-seven branches of the United Irish League in the county, and a number of these branches are active in passing condemnatory resolutions against persons who hold either grazing or evicted farms, and against those who give their assistance in these matters. There are twenty-six evicted farms in the county, of which eleven are derelict (empty)."

That is the kind of crime that exists in Ireland—the crime that Lord Londonderry doesn't like and that he would, if he could, put down by coercion—the crime of having a great many branches of the United Irish League and of passing resolutions condemning the iniquities of landlordism. That kind of crime will go on in Ireland until landlordism is swept out root and branch, as it almost is and soon will be completely, and the United Irish League will go on increasing and working until the same is done with British rule, and that, too, is soon to come.

### Irish to Buffalo.

Irishmen of New York State are busy or getting busy in preparation for good work for Ireland at the forthcoming convention of the United Irish League of America—to be held in Buffalo on Sept. 27-28.

John Redmond, the Irish leader, will be there with three of his colleagues of the Irish party—F. P. O'Connor, Joseph Devlin and Alderman Boyle. The last-named gentleman is not much known in America, but he is well known in Ireland and Great Britain and highly esteemed as a veteran in the Irish cause.

The Irish envoys will remain in America about six weeks. Besides attending the convention, they will address meetings in several towns and cities throughout the country, according to the plan or program already announced—each envoy to be assigned a section and cover as many meetings in that section as possible.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

With this issue the "TRUE WITNESS" will cease to exist. It will be succeeded next week by "THE MONTREAL TRIBUNE."

This is a step which has been contemplated for some months past, and which has been finally decided upon only after the most mature deliberation. The publishers felt that not merely did business reasons demand a change, but that the general interests of, not only our readers, but of the English-speaking Catholics of the Province of Quebec, if not, indeed, of the whole Dominion, would be far better served if their organ possessed a name which would be thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of the times.

There was no intention, however, to make this change unless public opinion favored it, and, for that reason, the pulse of our people was felt on this subject. Pains have been taken to get the opinion of the English-speaking Catholics of the city on the advisability of taking this step; their advice has been sought, and their wishes in this matter consulted, and it is no exaggeration to say that, without a single exception, they declared themselves favorable to a change of name. In addition to this, the pastors of the majority of the English-speaking parishes have been interviewed in this connection and every single one of them have placed themselves on record as thoroughly supporting the idea of a change, and His Grace, Archbishop Bruchesi has graciously granted his approval to the reorganized weekly.

This emphatic expression of opinion, which made itself heard from all quarters, convinced the publishers of the wisdom of the move which they had contemplated, and which is now in process of being carried out.

We feel confident that the majority of our readers will receive this announcement with satisfaction. To others, however, it may come in the nature of an unpleasant surprise. We can appreciate these feelings, and we readily sympathize with them. Some of our readers have been subscribers to the "TRUE WITNESS" as long as they can remember, while others have had their names on the books since the first issue of the paper, sixty years ago. It is easy to understand that the disappearance of the name of an old and valued friend cannot but cause some regret, and that it will take them some time to become accustomed to the fact that the visitor whose weekly appearance was always so welcome is now coming to them under a new name and garbed in a new dress. The new management, however, would like them to understand that whatever changes are taking place are being made with the object of benefiting them, that their interests have never been lost sight of, and that, before long, the wisdom of the change will have made itself very apparent to them.

The subscriptions to the "TRUE WITNESS" will be transferred to the "TRIBUNE," and, for the present, there will be no increase in the price of the paper.

The old subscribers are asked to give "THE TRIBUNE" all the support and sympathy which they extended to the "TRUE WITNESS." They were faithful to the latter in its years of success and loyally stood by it when Fortune's smiles seemed to have all but vanished. They clung to it through its lengthy career with a tenacity that warmed the hearts of those who were striving to make it a success, and now they are asked, in all sincerity, to transfer the allegiance, this loyalty, and this whole-hearted sympathy to the "TRIBUNE."

In return, the "TRIBUNE" will always consider it its solemn duty to look after the interests of the English-speaking Catholics to the very best of its ability. To this end it has installed a thoroughly new and up-to-date plant, comprising the best machinery that money could buy, enabling us to produce a newspaper which, from a typographical standpoint, will be worthy of the matter it will contain and of the people who will read it. In addition to this the various departments of the paper have been placed in the hands of men who, by virtue of their training and ability, have been adjudged the best qualified to manage them, and, finally, arrangements have been perfected to cover in a thorough manner the views that most interests our readers.

In a word, no trouble has been considered too great, neither has any expense been spared which would in any way contribute to the publishing of a weekly newspaper which will measure up to the high standards we have set for ourselves.

## CRIPPLES CROWD CHURCH

### Pitiful Sight Many as Little Ones Hobble Along While Mothers Hover Near.

The week of the novena of St. Ann was a busy one for the priests and officers of the law at the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, in East 76th street, New York city. The block between Lexington and third avenues gave the appearance of a fête chocked as it was with crowds which stormed the different church entrances and exits and with street stands over which presided women selling amulets, statuettes of saints, rosaries and so on. To keep those anxious to reach the shrine of St. Ann and her curative relic from blocking the exit of those who had already penetrated to those sacred precincts was a task which kept several patrolmen especially assigned very busy.

The army of cripples and invalids which besieged the little church all the week was increased yesterday by the news that a lame boy to whom the relic had been applied the day before had been cured. The church

building can accommodate only five hundred persons at a time, and thousands waited patiently in the blazing street all day for a chance to kneel at the rail, while hundreds kept up the vigil until 9.30 o'clock last night. The entrance to the lower church, which contains the shrine of St. Ann, showed until late a solid human stream pressing up through the centre aisles to the altar. Its progress forward was as slow as the hour hand of a watch, but the patience of its human ingredients was as great as their devotion.

Scores of them had foregone supper in the hope of an application of the relic before bedtime, and shiny with perspiration and pale with fatigue, stood their ground. In the upper church a similar crowd attended the simple service in progress there, choking the big central door and the broad steps leading from the street, pressing back those who wished to emerge and try their luck downstairs. In both the upper and lower churches the pews were packed and all the standing room and oxygen pre-empted.

The rich were there as well as the poor, and out in the street coachmen, footmen and chauffeurs waited hour after hour in their different vehicles for their charges to come forth from the church which had swallowed them. These carriages and motors brought mostly crippled children and their mothers or nurses to look out for them in the press. The mothers

of the poor brought their maimed offspring, too, but on foot, in their arms.

Most of the cripples Saint Ann attracted were children, and it was a pitiful sight to see them hobbling away from the church, their parents or guardians hovering near, hoping the cures were real, fearing the collapse that might attend the dying away of the religious fervor that sustained them. The collection of crutches and braces in the rack beside the shrine was augmented.

Father Letellier, pastor of the church, was assured by one mother who had brought her eighteen-year-old daughter to the shrine to be cured of deafness that a miracle had been wrought in her child's case. The girl had been stricken deaf and dumb seven years ago, the mother said, and until Tuesday night had not heard a sound or uttered a word. Day before yesterday she obtained an application of the relic from the priest at the altar rail and now could speak intelligibly and hear loud sounds, according to the mother.

Another mother, it was reported, brought her ten year old son to the church on Monday, on Tuesday and on Wednesday. The boy suffered from tuberculosis of the spine, but after the last application of the relic, stood up without his mother's assistance and hobbled out to the street. Father Letellier could not vouch for the authenticity of this case, nor for cures of similar degree alleged for a little boy of six years who had spinal trouble and another of fourteen suffering from paralysis.

According to Mrs. Mary McManus, who is in charge of a cake and coffee store that is being run in conjunction with the church at 188 who is in charge of a cake and coffee shop 65 years old, whose left arm had been crippled since she was 10 years old, came into the store at an early hour yesterday, when her crippled arm was noticed.

She went into the church, had the relic applied, and twenty minutes later when she again visited the store she was able to lift her coffee cup with her left hand. A crowd gathered, and the woman proudly lifted her arm above her head, it was said. Mrs. McManus says the woman left the store crying with happiness.

The pastor and his assistant priests are loth to bear witness to the "favours" of the good saint unless in each case the extent of improvement can be measured by personal observation. This is a condition difficult of fulfilment, since the priest applying the relic must be moving swiftly from one to the other in the long kneeling line at the rail, which is ever changing, as he intones the service.

### Written on the Occasion of the Golden Jubilee of a Reverend Sister 1860-1910.

Your Jubilee comes on the wings of dawn, Bringing blessings a thousand fold, For every joy that has been with-drawn, And leaves behind it a trace of gold.

Fifty stars light the way By saints and angels trod, Shining links in a golden chain Reaching from earth to God.

Fifty sheaves of golden wheat In the harvest field of time, Fifty precious caskets, where Cornelia's jewels shine.

Fifty rainbows flushing bright O'er mists of smiles and tears; Half a century of toil— Thrice blessed Fifty Years.

Fifty lilies pure and white Breathing a perfume sweet, Meet offering of tender love, To place at the Master's feet.

Fifty lamps shining clear, O'er the altar steps of Time, Where prayer and praise and sacrifice Go up to the Heart Divine.

Oh, fruitful years! Oh, faithful heart! To God and life-work true, The cup of gratitude I fill, And quaff this day to you.

S. SUTHERLAND MOORE.

### Coronation Announced.

An ancient and picturesque ceremony was carried out last Thursday morning in London in connection with the proclamation "declaring his Majesty's pleasure touching the royal coronation and the solemnity thereof." The proclamation was first read in Priory Court, St. James's Palace. King George, Queen Mary and the royal children, witnessed the ceremony from Marlborough House wall.

The procession of heralds, pur-suivants and other heraldic officers then proceeded through the streets, repeating the proclamation at Charing Cross, Temple Bar and the Royal Exchange.

## 28th ANNUAL CONVENTION

### Knights of Columbus Will Meet in Ancient Capital.

The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Knights of Columbus will be held at Quebec on August 2nd, 3rd and 4th. At the Pontifical High Mass at the Basilica the celebrant will be His Lordship Bishop Roy of Quebec and the music will be furnished by a specially selected choir of Quebec Knights. Members of the order belonging to the various city choirs have volunteered themselves into a special organization for this occasion and have been rehearsing for some weeks. An orchestra will also render special numbers and obligatos.

The sermon in French will be preached by Rev. Canon Gauthier of St. James Cathedral, this city, one of the most eloquent orators the French-Canadian Church has produced.

The sermon in English will be preached by the Bishop of London, the Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, O.M.I. Those who have had the privilege of listening to his eloquent sermons know of his great ability. He goes to Quebec to deliver the English sermon to his brother Knights at the special request of the committee.

### THE PROGRAM.

Monday, August 1.

8 p.m.—Open air concert on Dufferin Terrace by the band of the Royal Canadian Garrison Artillery. Brilliant electrical illumination in honor of the visitors.

Tuesday, August 2nd.

8 a.m.—Procession of Knights from Knights of Columbus Building, 73 Grand Allee to the Basilica.

9 a.m.—Pontifical High Mass at the Basilica, the celebrant being His Lordship Monsignor Roy, Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec. Sermon in English will be preached by His Lordship the Right Rev. M. F. Fallon, Bishop of London, Ont., and one in French by the Rev. Canon Gauthier of Montreal.

11 a.m.—Formal opening of the convention at the Auditorium Theatre. Addresses of welcome by His Worship Mayor Drouin and by Dr. N. A. Dussault, State Deputy. Response by Supreme Knight James A. Flaherty.

1 p.m.—First business session of the convention in the Council Chamber of the City Hall.

4 p.m.—Reception tendered to visitors at Spencerwood by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, Sir C. A. P. Pelletier, K.C.M.G., and Lady Pelletier. Automobiles and carriages will be provided to convey the guests to and from the reception.

8 p.m.—Open air band concert and illuminations on Dufferin Terrace.

Wednesday, August 3rd.

8 a.m.—Requiem Mass at the Basilica for the souls of the deceased members of the Order.

9.30 a.m.—Sight-seeing trip around city, affording visitors an opportunity of seeing the museum and picture gallery of Laval University, the Seminary Chapel, the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, Hotel Dieu, Ursuline Convent, Franciscan Church, Citadel, etc.

10 a.m.—Delegates assemble at City Hall for business session.

1 p.m.—Delegates resume business at City Hall.

3 p.m.—Trip to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre on special trains leaving Quebec at 3 p.m. and 3.30 p.m. At the shrine a service consisting of the solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament will be held at 5 p.m. in the far-famed Basilica of St. Anne.

8 p.m.—Open air concert and illumination of Dufferin Terrace.

8.30 p.m.—Banquet to delegates at Chateau Frontenac.

Thursday, August 4th.

9 a.m.—Excursion for visitors around the harbor on steamers specially provided for the occasion.

1 p.m.—Delegates assemble at City Hall for closing business session of the convention.

3 p.m.—Open-air band concert on Dufferin Terrace.

4 p.m.—Visit to Kent House and Montmorency Falls for delegates and their ladies.

8 p.m.—Farewell open air band concert on Dufferin Terrace and electrical display.

On Friday morning at 10 a.m. a specially chartered R. & O. steamer will leave Quebec for the Saguenay, calling at Chicoutimi, Tadoussac and Murray Bay, and returning will reach Quebec early Sunday morning.

From the editorial chair to the altar was the change made by the Rev. J. F. Byrne, who was recently ordained by Bishop Burke, of Albany. Father Byrne served his apprenticeship as editor in the office of The Tidings of Los Angeles.

# HOUSEHOLD HINTS

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



### Household Hints.

Lamp chimneys should never be washed. Dampen a cloth in alcohol and rub them with it and it will clean and polish them.

To remove scratches on furniture, dip a woolen rag in boiled linseed oil and with it well rub the scratched article which should then be varnished with shellac dissolved in alcohol.

When making glue you will find that the addition of a little glycerine increases its adhesive quality and makes it more elastic. One part of glycerine to three parts of glue is the right proportion.

To clean neglected lacquered brass wash it gently in lukewarm water, rub with cloth dipped in equal parts of vinegar and lemon juice, and then polish with dry leather.

If the brush of the sweeper is dipped in kerosene about once a month it will be found that the lint and dust will come out in a mat, that the sweeping will raise no dust and that the rugs will look much fresher.

Any one who practices economy in cooking should always bear in mind that no amount of gas or heat will make anything cook faster than it does at the boiling point.

Sand or flour thrown over burning oil will extinguish the flames quickly.

When lace curtains are ready to be washed, baste a narrow strip of muslin along each outer edge and let it remain until the washing and drying process is completed and you will find your curtains are straight and do not sag.

When flatirons are not in use keep each one in a right-fitting woolen bag or old stocking top. This prevents them from becoming rusty or rough. Rub occasionally on a piece of cedar when ironing to keep the starch from sticking. The odor is agreeable, and it will not discolor the most delicate fabric.

New ironware should not be used for cooking unless it is first boiled. The addition of potato parings to the water is one of the best means of getting the new ware in proper condition.

One will often spoil a good cake by heating cold butter to mix with the sugar. The heating makes the butter oily, and the measurements are often wrong, says the Philadelphia Times.

Instead of melting the butter heat the mixing crock with warm water, wipe it dry and put in the butter. Heat the sugar and pour over the butter, then mix the two with a potato masher.

When clothing has become shiny at the elbows or shoulders rub gently with emery paper to raise the nap, then go over the spot with a warm-damp piece of silk.

**Surprise**

is stamped on every cake of Surprise Soap. It's there so you can't be deceived. There is only one Surprise. See to it that your soap bears that word—

**Surprise**

A pure hard soap.



Be very silent. Trust greatly in the Sacred Heart and not much in anything below it, least of all in friends. When the sun goes in they change color, but the Sacred Heart is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.—John Oliver Hobbes.

### What Shakespeare Says About Work.

Do your work,  
Find notable cause to work.  
A careful man yields work.  
Leave no rubs or blotches in thy work.  
A while to work and after holiday,  
Bend to the working thy heart.  
Workmen, strive to do better.  
Make thy labor pleasure.  
To labor and effect one thing especially.  
'Tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation.  
Labor shall refresh itself with hope.

### Girls Who Have Faculty.

We need more girls to-day who have what they used to call "faculty" in the earlier days of our country. It was a compliment to a girl to say of her that she had "faculty." What was meant by that was that she was skilled in all the domestic arts and was competent to look after the ways of the household when she should have one. She could use her needle with the utmost skill, and could go into the kitchen and get up any kind of a meal. She was intelligent in every department of domestic work. No matter what a girl's position in life may be, she should have this information. So it is that we want more girls who have "faculty." It is of more importance than a knowledge of many other things on which girls are spending their time. A girl may have the advantages of the highest culture and at the same time be well versed in all the domestic arts. The happiness of a home often depends more on domestic than on any other kind of art. Now when we hear of girls who have "finished their education," when the fact is that they do not know the A B C of a good many things imperatively necessary to the complete education of a girl. A diploma from the kitchen and the sewing room would be a good one to hang beside a diploma from the college.

To try to make others comfortable is the only way to get right comfortable ourselves, and that comes partly of not being able to think so much about ourselves when we are helping other people. For ourselves will always do pretty well if we don't pay them too much attention.—George Macdonald.

### Using Camphor.

The darkest stain on mirror or window pane can generally be routed with a flannel dipped in spirits of camphor. Rub until dry.

Camphor, either in the lump or the liquid form, is hated by mosquitoes and will keep them off when all other methods fail.

As a medicine, it is invaluable when used judiciously. If six or ten drops are taken on a lump of sugar when sneezing starts, a bad cold in the head can often be checked. This dose should not be repeated closer than an hour apart.

It is important in taking camphor internally to be sure that it agrees with you; the mildest dose is harmful to certain people, and occasionally a person is found whom it throws into unconsciousness.

If taken too steadily, even when there seems to be no injurious effect, it lowers the circulation and eventually weakens the heart.

A few drops of liquid camphor will often stop nausea, while setting fire to the lumps and inhaling the fumes sometimes works a similar cure.

### To Keep Light Dresses Clean.

Magnesia may be obtained either in powder or in square cakes and it is very effective in cleaning the laces and delicate fabrics. Sift or rub it on the parts to be cleaned, and lay them away in a box or drawer where they will be undisturbed for a day or two, and then shake them out. It is a very good plan to apply the magnesia in this way when putting away party dresses that have become slightly soiled. The magnesia absorbs the dust, and when you take the dresses out to wear them the next time, they will be fresh and dainty. The magnesia is also effective when applied in the same way for removing grease spots.—Woman's Home Companion.

### Home Made Brillantines.

A little brillantines is very good for the hair, making it glossy, and helping to keep it clean. The proper way to use it is to pour a few

drops into the palm of the hand, rub this on the brush, and then brush the hair lightly. A good brillantines can be made with one teaspoonful each of castor oil and almond oil, four tablespoonfuls of rectified spirit, and a few drops of any strong scent, just to give a faint perfume, though the scent is not really necessary. Mix the oils and spirit very slowly, stirring all the time, and afterwards always shake the bottle well before using.

### You Want to be Liked.

Don't always be saying to yourself "I don't intend to be made use of." Put yourself out a little sometimes to do a good turn for somebody else, and be sure that you do the little service, whatever it may be, willingly and with love in your heart.—Home Chat.

Some one of note recently said that "extravagance in dress" has reached a point where a halt should be called for reflection." I am afraid this good piece of advice will hardly be followed when fashions are so alluring, for women will never be economical as long as she has a looking-glass.—Catherine Talbot, in Woman's Life.

### How to Fold a Skirt.

To fold a dress skirt properly for packing and so avoid the crease down the middle of the front breadth, fasten the skirt band in front. Lay the skirt on a table or other flat surface right side out, with the front breadth down. Smooth out all creases and lay folds flat. Then begin at the outer edge and roll until the two rolls meet in the center. The hang of the skirt is not injured, there are no wrinkles, and the front breadth is smooth and flat. If the skirt is too long for the trunk, fold it over near the top and place a roll of tissue paper under the fold.

### A Girl's Voice.

"A low, sweet, voice is a woman's greatest charm."  
Of course most of you girls have heard that old saying many times before this. But I am quite sure many of you forget it sometimes.

Last night when I was riding home in the car three girls (evidently working girls) entered it. They were prettily and neatly dressed, for their clothes were of dark color and with simple lines. Each one of the girls had her hair dressed in a neat and becoming manner. Indeed they looked like well bred little ladies.

But, oh, my!

Just as the first girl entered the car she slipped very slightly. And I assure you she uttered a scream that would lead you to believe she had met with a horrible catastrophe of some kind. She followed this by peals of laughter that I am sure could be heard in the next car. Her two companions joined her with shrieks of laughter that were anything but musical. Of course every man in the car was looking at them. It was quite apparent that this was exactly what these three young women desired; but I doubt very much if they would have cared to hear the silent comment upon them that each man was making in his heart.

Do try to remember, girls, how ill-bred it is to raise your voices in public so that the people about you can overhear your conversation.

### Theodosia Garrison on Poets and the Poet's Ideal of Woman.

The following interview was accorded by Theodosia Garrison to the N. Y. American:

Mrs. Garrison wore a white linen shirtwaist the other morning, shining from the iron, and a dark skirt. A most practical looking person, just plump enough, with blue eyes and light brown hair and a ready smile. She wore black suede slippers with black and right up the front of each stocking ran a panel of very thin lace. About her flat were so many evidences of comfort that the very first question I asked her was "Does poetry pay?"

"Did ever a poet live on the proceeds of his song?" Mrs. Garrison countered. "People like to think of poets living in garrets and doing nothing but writing verses until their worth is discovered. As a matter of fact, poets have to have a side line—or perhaps poetry is their side line. It may have been different once, of course, before rents and the cost of living were so high."

"What is your side line, Mrs. Garrison?" I asked.

"Oh, a husband," she replied.

Then I asked her if money that came from poetry wasn't a little different from selling soap—if she didn't spend it just on luxuries and pretty things. "No," she said, "money is always just money. I have known some people who said at first that they would be prostituted

ing their genius if they took money for their poetry or their literary efforts, but after a little they ran after the publishers, crying 'Pay, pay,' as insistently as any horse leach's daughter. For my part, I always watch for my royalties each month with the greatest interest."

"What do you write your poetry on, Mrs. Garrison," I asked, as I brought out a little scrap of paper on which I had scratched down several questions, "and how do you work?"

"Oh, on little pieces of paper like that, or any that is handy. And I write only when I want to. Sometimes a line will come in my mind and be there for days before I will have the impulse to fit another to it."

I asked Mrs. Garrison why there had always been more men poets than women poets. She laughed and said, "Oh, goodness, it sounds like a conundrum, doesn't it? I am sure I don't know. Maybe woman's getting her revenge, because I'm sure there are more women than men writing verse now."

"Do you think the suffragette type will ever make good poets?"

"I don't see why not. Suffrage is making women think more independently. It will make them freer intellectually. I don't see why eventually it won't develop a real poetic spirit among women, epic as well as lyric."

"But women have never written epics," I objected.

"Perhaps not, but they can and will. You are thinking of the Mrs. Hemans type of lady poet who took a guitar and sat in the garden. In some of Hallie Ermine Rives's early work there is a wonderful epic strain."

"What is the modern poet's ideal of woman, Mrs. Garrison?"

"I think the Byronic ideal—melancholy and fragile; Moore's, a little livelier, Wordsworth's, who didn't disdain household work, and the Tennysonian, or Queen Victorian. What will be the next?"

"I think man's, and consequently the poet's, ideal will be more and more the mate and companion. She will walk by him and keep step with him."

"Then you think her beauty won't be sung so much? That the poet will praise more her mental qualities?"

"No, no; woman will always be prized and loved as possessing beauty. I think the ideal will be the Venus de Milo—the is wonderfully beautiful and perfect in form. But you could never imagine her doing a little or a mean thing."

Why there are no modern poets of the stature of those of other days, was the next question I put to Mrs. Garrison, and she met it by saying that there were. "In Bliss Carman I think there is as sweet and clear a strain as ever ran through any other poet's work." And then she named a half-dozen writers who she thought would have done work that would be as much read a hundred years from now as the "classics" will be.

A poet has to be dead to be properly appreciated. The poets that our text-books give such prominence to are to a great extent left undusted on the library shelf. They are more respected than loved."

The very last question I put to Mrs. Garrison was, "You are such a jolly person, why is there always that strain of sadness in your poetry?"

The laughter died out of her eyes. Then she said, "Well, anything beautiful is always sad—to me at least. Music is never entirely gay. There is something more poignant, more nearly universal in the undertone of pain that underlies all life, than there is in the laughter of life. The happiest thing in the world has a tinge of sadness in the recollection of it, because the fact that it is past and that you possess it no longer is a little sad in itself. But the pain and sadness of life, a remnant of protest—it seems to be I can always feel it as you here the 'cello in the harmony of the orchestra."

And that's Theodosia Garrison all over. She's gay and witty and effervescent on the surface, but you don't have to go very far before you reach strange depths of thought and feeling. Her eyes change as she talks—and the first thing you know you are not listening to a bright, practical woman—but a poet.—Maude H. Neal.

### To Make a Leghorn Look Like New.

A leghorn hat that has become soiled and somewhat grimy from dust and perhaps a shower can be changed into the deep golden shade of so fashionable just now.

The trimming should be removed and the hat subjected to a thorough scrubbing of soap and water, adding a little ammonia. After thoroughly rinsing, the hat should be smoothed into shape for drying, and while still damp, be pressed with a hot iron. Lastly, yellow oil paint is mixed with gasoline and the hat painted over with the mixture. The straw will look like new again.

as a tunic in stockinette is apt to cling when wet and impede a swimmer's progress. Of course, for real tiresly abandoned, and this is the reason why, as a rule, it is best one to make the bathing-suit on all-in-one lines; that is to say, the bodice and knickers joined together and band, so that the dress can be worn with it or without as desired. For and taking a daily swim in the sea from the gangway in the early morning, there is no need for any swimming suit of stockinette or the best wear. On the other hand, wading at low tide, and has a long walk out and back under the canopy of a crowd, one is certainly more comfortable with the ening in a bathing dress should take buttons, hooks and eyes being sometimes apt to rust, and strings or wet. For this reason running-strings should always be avoided as regards knickers; and this is an additional reason for the knickers and bodice forming one garment. The sleeves must be fashioned so as to leave the arms as free as possible; if there is anything that chafes the arm like a tight band or too close fitting a sleeve, the skin will resent it quickly and become red and angry with the irritation of the salt water.

Stockings and shoes should always match the color of the costume, unless, for instance, with a scarlet "suff-suit," when they may be permitted in black for the sake of picturesque and Mephistophelean contrast. The wrap to match the bathing-dress is also a last recognized as a wise necessity; but the wraps some women have are too luxurious and ornamental to be useful.

One does not want embroidered silk or a cashmere shawl of rare color and design round one's shoulders when one emerges from the waves, but something soft and woolly and absorbent, that will at once prevent the slightest feeling of chill. The striped Turkish towelling wraps are both pretty and useful, but I prefer to them the soft Pyrean wraps which can be had in lovely colors, and give a delicious sensation of downy warmth as soon as they are thrown round the shoulders. Bathing corsets are now greatly worn, and wisely too; for there are many women whose beautiful figures cannot do without a certain support. The bathing corset, however, is not by any means a formidable affair; it is usually made of silk or cotton webbing, with a few bones as are compatible with its purpose and no steels; it fastens in front with tape and buttons, and it often has shoulder straps, which help to keep it in place, as well as tape suspenders which are attached to ribbon loops at the top of the stockings.

### Charcoal as a Purifier.

Not enough attention is paid to the purifying effects of charcoal. It should be a household remedy, and will be found equally useful in kitchen, bathroom, garden and medicine chest.

In this day of germs and much talked of sanitation, no housekeeper should fail to have a dish of powdered charcoal on an upper shelf of her refrigerator. It absorbs unpleasant odors and keeps things sweet smelling. Change the charcoal every other day.

A little pulverized charcoal should be among the toilet articles. Oddly enough, it makes an excellent tooth powder to whiten the teeth and sweeten the breath. The teeth must be thoroughly rinsed until no trace of black remains.

Where one is troubled by dyspepsia nothing equals a charcoal tablet for quick relief. One is especially good to remove the taste of onions, cabbage, or other odoriferous food.

### What is Worn in London.

London, July 18, 1910.

The middle of July brings us within measurable distance of the holidays, even if they have not already begun for some fortunate people, and it is high time to think of designing and fashioning our bathing gowns, if we want to have something a little personal and out of the common. In no department of dress has there been such an amazing change for the better in the last decade among Englishwomen as in bathing gowns. Even after they grew out of the awful sacks of blue serge one can remember in the days of one's childhood, most bathers were quite content to trust to whatever kind of tunic and knickers they could hire with the machines. How anyone could ever reconcile herself to putting on a garment especially one next her skin—which had been worn by innumerable other people I could never understand; and this habit, once general, still exists, though I am glad to say the hirers of bathing-dresses diminish every year, thanks to the charming gowns of this kind which are to be found at very small cost in all our big drapery establishments. All the same, many women prefer a bathing dress with a somewhat more personal note than can be found on the ordinary purchased article; and it is for these that I am giving a description of a "wave-front" or "suff-suit" this week. It is made of black alpaca and black silk spotted with white; the sides and back of the princess tunic are in black alpaca, opening over a simulated under-dress of the spotted silk, which shows all round the alpaca tunic and forms the upper part of the bodice and sleeves. The knickers are of black alpaca, and they, as well as the tunic, are bordered with narrow white braid. The same braid outlines the waistband, which stops short at either side of the front panel of spotted silk that opens up to the neck along the line of the black tunic and is fastened with white braid and buttons.

Black stockings and black canvas bathing-shoes should accompany this "suff-suit," which is completed by a close-fitting marmotte of the spotted silk tied closely round the head over the necessary rubber cap. We are so accustomed this year to the horrible toques and turbans which have entirely hidden the hair and covered the forehead, down to the eyebrows, that we need not distress ourselves if we present the same appearance in our bathing-caps—but, of course, those who desire to look their best can always sew a fringe of "natural curling" hair inside the edge of the cap, though it has never occurred to them to thus adorn the hideous toques.

There is no better material for a bathing-dress than alpaca, as it is light, never gets water-logged, as serge does, and dries quickly; and alpaca is also excellent for water wear. There are other materials, too, among which stockinette is a favorite with many, but this is best used for an all-in-one swimming suit.

# Hortense

A clergyman, noticing the simple appearance of the couple he had just married, decided to give them a few words of advice.

He explained to the young man his duties as a husband, and then told the young lady how she should conduct herself, winding up with the old injunction that she must look to her husband for everything, and forsaking father and mother, follow him wherever he went.

The bride appeared very much troubled at this, and faltered out: "Must I follow him to every place he goes?"

"Yes," said the clergyman, "you must follow him everywhere until death doth you part."

"Gracious!" cried the girl. "If I had known that before I would never have married a postman."

**DEFINITION.**

Tommy.—Pa, what is an equinox?  
Pa.—It is—ahem! For goodness sake, Tommy, don't you know anything about mythology at all. An equinox was a fabric of half horse, half cow. Its name is derived from the words "equine" and "ox." It does seem as if these public schools don't teach the children anything nowadays.—Ideas.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1910.

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**Synopsis of Canada**

**HOMESTEAD**  
ANY even number  
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any person who is  
family, or any man-  
age, to the extent  
tion of 160 acres,  
Entry must be in  
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her or sister of a  
steader.

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plans:

- (1) At least six  
upon and cultivated  
each year for three  
(2) If the land  
the father is decess-  
steader resides upon  
vicinity of the land  
requirements as to  
with the father.
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SOCIETY DIRECTORY. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1866; incorporated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, set reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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A Corrector of Pulmonary Troubles. Many testimonials could be presented showing the great efficacy of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in curing disorders of the respiratory processes, but the best testimonial is experience and the Oil is recommended to all who suffer from these disorders with the certainty that they will find relief. It will allay inflammation in the bronchial tubes as to other preparation.

Pro Patria

The Poynter cousins were in Miss Lucy's sitting-room. The pictures were never relunged, and the usual delicacy of the pearl ground-work of the wall paper testified to Miss Lucy's carefulness. The furniture was early Victorian, of half-cloth and black walnut, but interlocking modernity in rockers and armchairs insured comfort, while the magazine-strewn center table confirmed the tall bookcases in their statement that here was the abode of a reader.

Miss Betty Poynter, like her inherited surroundings, was neither of the past nor the present; she had lost her youth, but old age had not found her, although its searchlight had fallen upon her. Miss Betty Poynter, Miss Lucy's cousin, was three years her junior, three years so valuable at that stage of life that it was strange they were no more apparent. The Poynters were intimate friends as well as cousins. Miss Lucy's physician father had left her in what was for Poynterbury—affluence. Miss Betty, sole child of the one artistic Poynter, had an income so moderate as to compel immoderate economies. But one of the advantages of living in a small place is that it needs no annual volume to tell Who's Who in it, and to be superior to income, except for the mere detail of living.

Miss Betty laid down the postal card from which Westminster Abbey loomed in dignity worthy of more than a penny postage stamp. "I wonder you never went abroad, Lucy," she sighed, "when you could go as well as not." "I planned for many years to go," Miss Lucy said, with a quiet smile. "You never told me why you gave it up," cried Miss Betty. "Tell me now. You look positively hungry when you read Lucy's letters, or look at these cards she sends each day."

Miss Betty cunningly tilted the postal so that her cousin's eyes rested on the line written below the picture in Lucy the second's scrawling hand, the kind of hand which they who run may read, and which looked as though she who had been running had written. "If only you were with us, dear Aunt Lucy!" the girl had said, using up the blank space with the nine words and her signature. "I thought it better not to go," said Miss Lucy placidly. "I only wish I had your chance to go!" cried Miss Betty energetically. "I never wanted to go as I do now. Yet I am not steppied in Europe as you are. You sit with your feet veiled by Wordsworth's fakes, your hands gathering French lilies, your head in London with Charles Lamb, and Colonel Newcome, and your heart in Rome—with a bit of it leaning on Florence and Venice. Yet you decide it is better not to go abroad! Why, Lucy?"

"My dear Betty, what a dismembered picture!" protested Miss Lucy. "Yet I suppose it is true in spirit." "I did not mean it in letter," interposed Miss Betty. "It is so true that it explains my staying here," continued Miss Lucy. "I was afraid to go." "In this day of crossing ocean greyhounds with mastodons and then crossing in the result!" exclaimed Miss Betty. "I did not mean that I was afraid of the journey," explained Miss Lucy. "I feared losing what Europe stood for if I got the reality, I was afraid of losing the soul of Europe if I touched its body, if you will allow me the poetical figure, Betty."

She had taken a room in a quiet, downtown hotel, her window looked out upon the side street of the Ladies' Entrance. Its propriety compensated for the loss of opportunity to watch the ceaseless traffic of Broadway.

Across from her window a contractor was tearing down an old house to make way for a "skyscraper." Up and down ladders, all day long, there passed a line of little dark men whose red shirts and mortar-spotted yellow trousers, blue caps and black eyes under curling eyes gratified Miss Betty. Her foreign trip had already begun. Here was Italy, the Italy for which her soul sighed, come to meet her, picturesque of tint, eloquent of tongue, more eloquent of gesture. Miss Betty congratulated herself that the port of departure was also proving the entrance port to the new-old world.

Only on the tenth day of her shopping did Miss Betty's high spirits begin to flag. That day she came back in the rain to her room on the staid side street, weary of foot and tickets, which had been like a sip of rare old cordial each time that she had peeped at them, could rouse her, though she faithfully applied them. Visions of Poynterbury of Lucy and of Lucy's peaceful room, came before her. Across the street the picturesque Neapolitans nimbly ran up and down the debris of the dismantled house, their activity and brilliant coloring wholly subdued by the weather.

It was a warm rain, and Miss Betty's window was open; through it came the sound of voices, strident, vibrant voices—who had said the Italian voice was musical? And the language! Where, thought Miss Betty, had she acquired her notion of its beauty, its softness of vowel? Ah, but dear, pretty little Lucy had sung them in her girlish voice! Hideous, that was what Italian was. A bombardment of words struck Miss Betty's ear like sharp stones falling on hollow wood. Long-drawn vowels followed huddled consonants, as if a sling were held taut and then released. Gutturals, high nasals, clicking staccato, disjointed syllables, half-chanted, half-hurled, excited gestures of super-human hands suddenly made Miss Betty feel lost. Her soul sickened and shrunk within her as conviction rushed upon her that if she crossed the ocean there would arise around her a flood of foreign speech and manners. It would be unrelieved even by the peculiar dialect of New York's East Side, which floated to her through the transom as one belloy told another: "Say, he ain't no Nook Yorker. He's wokin' youse. Say, I hold de Waldorf 'Storia boined down when his red head foist shown up in it. Gee! Don't he t'ink he's since he quit here an' went up deese 't work!"

In Poynterbury Miss Betty would have regarded this dialect as worse than foreign; now it warmed her heart like an antidote to Roman fever. Homesickness gripped the little woman relentlessly. Go abroad, where everybody talked, gesticulated incomprehensibly! Miss Betty rose up or rather was raised up by her president emotion; she foretold her exile, and the sensation was unbearable. She put on her hat and inserted its pins emphatically. She hummed "My Country," "the dear" as she put her key in the lock on the outside of the door and turned it. Disdaining rain, forgetful of the new umbrella, she went forth.

At the office of the Red Planet Line she had no trouble of disposing of her stateroom. An eager woman, otherwise doomed to separation from her party, eagerly snapped it up when Miss Betty, equally eager, surrendered it. She put on her hat and inserted its pins emphatically. She hummed "My Country," "the dear" as she put her key in the lock on the outside of the door and turned it. Disdaining rain, forgetful of the new umbrella, she went forth.

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THE WORLD LOOKS DARK

To the Dyspeptic. How to Make it Bright. Father Morrissy, the learned priest-physician, realized that many of the difficulties and troubles of this world are due to indigestion. He believed that to get a proper mental and spiritual attitude, normal digestive apparatus is very helpful. The good Father therefore gave much study to the important question of the stomach.

His famous prescription, "No. 11," for dyspepsia and indigestion, consists of simple tablets cleverly compounded from the materials in Nature's laboratory. Each tablet will perfectly digest a full meal of 1 1/2 pounds of food. Father Morrissy's "No. 11" has brought ease and continued health to thousands of sufferers who had previously tried other remedies in vain. It instantly relieves and in due time restores the stomach to full vigor.

Catholic New England. The New England States, according to William Sidney Rossiter, a census official of Washington, may now be regarded as the stronghold of Catholicism in the United States. In Massachusetts, 355 persons in every thousand of total population were reported in 1906 as members of the Roman Catholic Church; in Rhode Island, 400; Connecticut, 298; New Hampshire, 277; New York, 278. Some of these proportions are double those shown sixteen years before.

Common Civility a Corporation Asset. A placard displayed in the Atlanta (Ga.) office of the Postal Telegraph Company, counseling the employees to be courteous towards all patrons, calls forth from the Manufacturers Record of Baltimore the declaration that this card, or one similar to it, should be printed in the most conspicuous office of every corporation dealing with the public. It is held, and soundly, that while it is bad enough to find lack of courtesy anywhere, it becomes an aggravated evil when found in offices of semi-public corporations for then it arouses a feeling of hostility that craves an outlet through spoken or written attacks upon responsible corporation officials, and often through legislation directed against the corporations themselves.

Two Mysteries. "Two mysteries strike the mind," wrote the recently deceased Irishman, General Butler, "one is the preservation of the Jews, the other the preservation of the Irish. Both races are scattered over the earth, but while one has amassed enormous wealth it was unable to keep its hold upon the land of its birth. The other, despite poverty and persecution, are still in their home land, and their separated sons are welding within the lands into which they are scattered a larger measure of political influence than they have ever known at home."

HIS FACE AND NECK WERE COVERED WITH PIMPLES. Fimples are caused by bad blood. There is only one way to get rid of them, outward applications are no good, and that is to get at the seat of the trouble, by using a good reliable blood medicine. Burdock Blood Bitters has been on the market for over 30 years, and is one of the most reliable blood cleansers procurable. It removes all the poisonous matter from the blood, and leaves a beautiful clear complexion.

Pharmaceutical Association of the Province of Quebec. At the regular meeting of the Council of this Association, held on the 6th instant, the officers for 1910-11 were elected as follows: President—J. E. Tremblé, re-elected. 1st Vice-President—A. J. Lawrence. 2nd Vice-President—W. P. Laroche. Treasurer—Chas. E. Scarff, re-elected. Members of the Council—W. H. Chapman, Jos. Contant, J. E. W. Lecomte, M. Albert, O. H. Tansey, A. L. Jolicoeur, E. C. Fraser and

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later than 5 o'clock Wednesday after-  
noon.  
Correspondence intended for publica-  
tion must have name of subscriber, and,  
not necessarily for publication, a  
mark of good faith, otherwise it will not  
be published.  
**ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST**—NOT  
EDITED.

**In vain will you build churches,  
give missions, found schools—  
all your works, all your efforts will  
be destroyed if you are not able to  
wield the defensive and offensive  
weapon of a loyal and sincere Catho-  
lic press.**  
—Pope Pius X.

**Episcopal Approbation.**  
If the English Speaking Catholics of  
Montreal and of this Province consulted  
their best interests, they would soon  
make of the TRUE WITNESS one  
of the most prosperous and powerful  
Catholic papers in its country.  
I heartily bless those who encourage  
this excellent work.  
PAUL,  
Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1910.  
THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF CHRIS-  
TIANITY.  
(Answer to a Correspondent.)  
The divine origin of the Christian  
religion may readily be shown from  
the excellence of the doctrine it  
teaches.  
In order to give full strength to  
this assertion of ours, two things  
must be proved: (1) that the teaching  
of Christianity is most excellent and  
(2) that God, not man, is its  
author.  
(A) And first let us show that the  
tenets or teaching of Christianity is  
most excellent, both in its dogmas,  
its moral code, and in the sanction  
it affords.  
I. Christian teaching is most excel-  
lent in its dogmas concerning God  
and Man.  
(1) With regard to God, Christi-  
anity makes all the laws of nature  
its own, confirming them and shed-  
ding upon them an altogether new  
light. It teaches that there is one  
God, all perfect, the author and  
ruler of all things, all powerful, all  
wise, all just, the reward of the  
good, the punisher of evil; it de-  
clares that God must be adored and  
loved, it shows Him to be the lov-  
ing God of all His children, whom  
He has blessed with the gifts of na-  
ture, whom He has fortified with  
grace, and to whom He has given  
all the necessary helps for salva-  
tion.  
(2) It declares the nature, origin,  
and end of Man, teaching that he  
has an immortal soul, free and  
spiritual; that he was created to  
God's image and likeness; that he  
was lifted up to a state that is su-  
pernatural, whence he fell through  
sin, but unto which he was again ex-  
alted through the sufferings of Christ  
Jesus our Saviour. All of which  
show forth the dignity of mankind  
and the goodness of God, the malice  
of sin and the hotness of the Creator,  
His justice and mercy, while it  
sets our hearts aflame with love for  
God.  
II.—Christian teaching is most excel-  
lent in its moral precepts.  
All the law and the prophets have  
their compendium in these two com-  
mandments: "Thou shalt love the  
Lord thy God with thy whole heart,  
and with thy whole soul, and with  
thy whole mind." This is the great-  
est and first commandment. And the  
second is like unto this: "Thou shalt  
love thy neighbor as thyself." (Mat.  
xxii, 37-39). All good things are  
reducible to charity, according to  
St. Paul (1 Cor., xiii, 13): "Love  
therefore is the fulfilling of the law."  
Specifically speaking:  
(1) Towards God, it exacts in-  
ternal acts of faith, hope, charity,  
religion, obedience, reverence, and  
thanksgiving; likewise external and  
public acts of faith and religion.

even the giving up of parents, friends  
and life itself, if God's glory should  
call for the like.  
(2) Towards our neighbor, it ex-  
acts that the rule of charity be so  
observed that nothing be said or  
done against him that we should not  
like in our own case; it teaches brotherly  
love and care for the sick  
and poor; it teaches that we should  
return good for evil and preaches the  
pardon of injuries; it holds the most  
admirable laws for masters and ser-  
vants, princes and subjects, hus-  
bands and wives, parents and chil-  
dren.  
(3) With regard to ourselves, it  
prescribes that pride, avarice, envy,  
lust, gluttony, anger and jealousy be  
fought, it prohibits even the appear-  
ance of evil; it calls for internal  
and external virtues; it exacts that  
sin be atoned for through contrition,  
confession, and satisfaction.  
Furthermore, adding counsel to  
precept, Christian teaching praises  
and recommends perfect chastity, vol-  
untary poverty, with the abandon-  
ment of the world; that it may lead  
men to the most perfect acts of vir-  
tue with all the more strength, it  
continually keeps before their eyes  
the fact that God created them,  
that the end in view of our strug-  
gles is the noblest, and that "our re-  
ward is very great in Heaven"; it  
declares them sons of God, brethren  
and members of Jesus Christ, and  
the temples of the Holy Ghost: fi-  
nally, it offers the sanctity of God  
himself as the form and pattern for  
our own endeavors after holiness,  
according to the words of our Sa-  
viour: "Be ye therefore perfect even  
as your heavenly Father is perfect."  
(Matt., v., 48).  
III. Christian teaching is most  
excellent in its Sanction.  
And, indeed, Christianity offers a  
twofold sanction; one temporal, the  
other eternal; the former for the  
present, the latter for the life be-  
yond the grave.  
The eternal sanction, which is in  
store for all mortals beyond the  
days of earth, consists in the re-  
wards or punishments so often men-  
tioned in the New Testament, when  
it speaks of life eternal, of the worm  
that never dies, of the Gehenna of  
inextinguishable flames, and, in the  
concrete, when dealing with Dives  
and Lazarus.  
The temporal sanction it offers is,  
indeed, not a material one, but spiri-  
tual; it mainly consists in the peace  
of a good conscience and in the re-  
morse that gnaws at the guilty  
conscience; secondarily, and as if ac-  
cidentally, it consists in the blessings  
and woes of earth. "Learn of me,"  
says Christ, "for I am meek and  
humble of heart; and you shall find  
rest to your souls" (Matt., xi., 29).  
And the Apostle: "Of such a one  
(Christ) I will glory; but for my-  
self I will glory nothing, but in my  
infirmities" (II. Cor., xii., 5); and  
Christ again: "Peace I leave with  
you; my peace I give to you: not  
as the world giveth, do I give to  
you." (John xiv., 27). Concerning  
the bad St. Paul says this (Rom., ii.,  
9): "Tribulation and anguish upon  
every soul of man that doeth evil,  
of the Jew first, and also of the  
Greek."  
Both these sanctions are truly ad-  
mirable; the temporal, indeed, be-  
cause it subtracts men from earthly  
lust of gain, lifting them up to  
Heaven, calling them from the praise  
of their fellowmen, and giving them  
to God; the eternal, both because it  
keeps them aloof from the joys of  
the heathen and his fictitious beati-  
tude, and because it makes God  
man's true and worthy reward and  
possession.  
(B) Now, secondly, let us prove  
the divine origin of Christianity.  
Christ either received it from God,  
or invented it independently of God,  
(we here speak to non-Christians),  
or made his own what other men  
had invented. We reject the second  
and the last assumption.  
(1) He did not invent it independ-  
ently of God. And in fact who could  
suppose that a man of lowly  
state, devoid of human learning and  
letters in the eyes of the multitude,  
with help or master, could have  
made up so admirable a doctrine,  
and could have composed such a  
system of moral precepts as the Gos-  
pel contains, when Plato and So-  
crates so lamentably failed in giv-  
ing even a shadow of what is known  
as the wisdom of Christianity?  
(2) Nor did Christ make other  
men's invention his own in the case  
of Christianity. No one before the  
Saviour had ever set up such an ad-  
mirable dispensation as his; even  
the greatest philosophers went far  
astray in the domains of morality,  
not to speak of dogmatics. Hence  
why rationalists are reluctant to  
tell us the names of those from  
whom Christ is supposed to have  
inherited his wisdom, according to  
their frenzied notions. The Jews at-  
tribute Christianity to Moses, even  
if the disparity between Christ and  
Moses is evident throughout.

And, indeed, Christ abrogated some  
of the Mosaic precepts lacking in  
perfection, while he sanctioned the  
better; he abolished divorce and  
polygamy; he taught a holier doc-  
trine concerning the control of  
greed and appetite, the contempt of  
things earthly, and the abnegation  
of self and of our passions. He was  
pleased to base his teaching on  
love, and not on fear, as Moses  
had done, under God's will for the  
people of the Old Law; he gave the  
world clearer knowledge of God and  
of His supernatural munificence, as  
well as of the conditions and last  
ends of man.  
Therefore, from God did Christ  
draw forth His teaching, since it  
is plain the other hypotheses we es-  
tablished at the beginning are de-  
cidedly untenable.  
Whence, finally, we may conclude  
that the divine origin of Christian-  
ity may be shown from the excellence  
of the doctrine it teaches.

**500TH ANNIVERSARY OF BAT-  
TLE OF GRUNWALD.**  
The celebration last Sunday at  
Grant City, S.I., of the five hun-  
dredth anniversary of the battle of  
Grunwald, by the Poles of New York  
and its vicinity, was marked by a  
typical Old World pageant, which  
was rendered more effective by the  
participation of the Church. In a  
large field surrounded by tribunes  
and staffs bearing the crimson and  
white banners of Poland and the  
red, white and blue of the United  
States, nearly 50,000 people stood  
for an hour in the broiling sun while  
Archbishop Farley celebrated Mass  
on a platform on which an altar  
had been erected in the field.  
Every Polish military and semi-  
military organization was represent-  
ed, and the bright costumes, copies  
of the Polish military uniforms,  
made the spectacle wonderful in its  
complexity of color. The uniforms  
were of blue, red, purple, brown,  
green or yellow, with braids on  
caps and jackets of contrasting hues.  
During the Mass the organizations  
stood together. After it they march-  
ed in bodies to different parts of  
the field, where five priests preached  
simultaneously. Later they mingled  
with the crowd.  
Congressman William Sulzer, one  
of the speechmakers, explained what  
Grunwald meant to the Americans  
present who did not know:  
"This celebration," he said, "com-  
memorates the five hundredth anni-  
versary of the battle of Grunwald,  
which marked an epoch in Polish  
history. On July 15, 1410, the  
forces of Poland met and vanquished  
the powerful Teutonic knights in  
Grunwald. As the victory of So-  
bieszki saved Western Europe to  
Christianity, so the victory of the  
King of Poland and his patriotic fol-  
lowers at Grunwald saved the day  
for the integrity of Poland."  
"This decisive battle was not  
merely the defeat of one force by  
another. It was not merely the  
overthrow of a powerful foe which  
was striking at the very foundation  
of the Polish government. It solidified  
Polish nationality and held the  
Polish government intact for centuries  
until the final dismemberment  
of the Republic."  
"The victory of Grunwald made  
for progress and civilization, for  
freedom and national unity. It ever  
will be memorable in the annals of  
polish history as one of the great  
decisive battles of the Middle Ages.  
The Poles of America do well to ce-  
brate this anniversary and keep alive  
the patriotic memories of their glo-  
rious but unfortunate country."  
"The history of Poland is one of  
the most interesting in the world.  
In song and in story, in trial and  
in triumph, in sunshine and in shadow,  
from its inception to its  
overthrow, it is replete with heroic  
deeds of brilliant men and beautiful  
women. It never should have been  
partitioned. The cause of Kosciusz-  
ko should have triumphed and Pol-  
and should to-day be a republic in-  
stead of a political pawn on the  
European chessboard."  
**WHY?**  
"Sugar-coated" Catholics, together  
with a little school of logic-proof  
sentimentalists, seem to think we  
should not tell the Jews just what  
we think of them. They do not  
know why certain Catholic papers  
should say hard things,—tell the  
truth—about Judaism! Have they  
ever stopped to reflect for five  
minutes? Let us explain.  
Who are making things uncomfortable  
for the Pope, in Rome itself, to-  
day? Jews! Who urged France to  
persecute the Church and banish the  
religious? Jews! Who are trying to  
make trouble for the Church in  
Spain and Portugal? Jews! Who  
have stood with their money behind  
the enemies of Catholicism in Bel-  
gium and Holland? Jews! Who do  
the thinking and other intellectual  
work for those who hurl bombs at  
kings and emperors? Jews! Who  
are trying to prostitute Montreal to  
the extent of giving us a glorious  
May Day? Jews! Who are respon-  
sible for the lies of the Associated  
Press against the Holy Father and  
the Church? Jews! Who are the  
most malignant Freemasons of the  
continent? Jews! Who are the peo-

ple busy with the financial success  
of the foul "White Slave" traffic?  
Jews! Who are trying to persecute  
the Church in all countries? Jews!  
We could extend our catechism to  
several pages, and the answers  
would be so simple that were the  
learner to memorize the first, he  
could thus be rendered capable of  
answering every question of the full  
series.  
We want to see no people persecut-  
ed. If the Jews of the Associated  
Press are up in arms against Rus-  
sia, let them refuse to encourage,  
and even promote, as Jews are do-  
ing, the persecutions of Catholics all  
over Europe. True,—and we are say-  
ing it for the hundredth time,—these  
despatches from Russia are inven-  
tions, or, at the very least, ex-  
aggerations. Every country of Euro-  
pe has been made to suffer from the  
presence of the Jews within its  
boundaries. Austria, Germany, Rus-  
sia, Spain, Italy and Switzerland  
have interesting chapters in their  
respective histories on the subject.  
France is going to utter ruin. Where-  
ver there is persecution against the  
Church on a large scale, the Jews  
are at work, for there is money in-  
volved in such a case and its issues.  
There is nothing else in the world  
but money to attract Jews. Money  
is the carrier for the buzzards that  
swarm where religious persecutions  
reign.

**HIS REASONS.**  
Uncompromising antagonism to  
conditions in Chicago which force  
pastors of centrally located churches  
to be institutional heads, society  
presidents, charity trustees, bond  
brokers, gymnasium directors, set-  
tlement workers, endowment collec-  
tors, school officials and even bill  
collectors, is responsible for the re-  
signation of a minister in a Pres-  
byterian church in Chicago.  
When he went there six years ago  
from a church in St. John, N.B., he  
said he expected his salary would  
be paid to him for services as a  
theologian and a preacher. At the  
end of his pastorate he found himself  
at the head of a dozen organiza-  
tions, devious in character, while  
each was regarded as important as  
the duties of the pulpit.  
It is evident, however, that the  
man would never do as a parish  
priest. And, indeed, what would he  
do if he had to build schools for  
boys and girls, hear confessions, at-  
tend the sick after the priest's duty  
and manner, build orphanages, live  
on one quarter of his salary, pro-  
vide for the old and poor, etc.? Not  
that we wish to advise him, but  
simply to establish a nice little con-  
trast we have here established. It  
puts us in mind of a little story.  
Bishop Willard Francis Mallalieu,  
of the Methodist Episcopal church, is  
opposed to the diminutive salaries  
that congregations able to do bet-  
ter sometimes pay their pastor.  
"I once knew an excellent young  
man," he said. "He was in the  
church, just married, on a small sa-  
lary, but contented and happy.  
Twelve or fifteen years went by. I  
had lost sight of the young minister-  
forgetting him, as we all do,  
sometimes—when suddenly I met  
him, well dressed, but not clerical-  
ly."  
"We shook hands. He said he  
was doing excellently."  
"What church?" I said.  
"Oh," he said, "no church—the  
wholesale hat business."  
"But why did you leave the  
church?" I asked.  
"For seven reasons," he said.  
"And what," said I, "were they?"  
"A wife," he answered, "and six  
children."  
**HIS IMPRESSIONS.**  
After having said a kind good-  
bye to his spooks, for a few days,  
Mr. Wm. T. Stead, the noted (and  
notorious) English journalist, paid  
a short visit to Ireland. Let us  
hear himself:  
"To-day everything has been trans-  
formed. In my brief stay in Dub-  
lin I did not hear anyone speak  
of the Castle and there was no pa-  
triot to be visited in jail. Peace  
had replaced war, and the only out-  
standing grievance was the com-  
plaint that the predominant partner  
had forced upon Ireland a far  
too liberal scale of old age pensions.  
The old distressed Erin had van-  
ished, and in its place there was a new  
Ireland, full of hope and energy and  
self-reliance. Never, I was assured  
on every side, had Ireland been so  
prosperous, her soil so well tilled,  
her prisons so empty, her people so  
contented. It was indeed worth a  
far longer journey than from Eus-  
ton to the North Wall to see with  
one's eyes so marvelous and so ben-  
eficent a transformation.  
"To the agricultural department,  
Mr. Stead attributes much of the  
improvement. The department is  
the concrete institutional recognition  
of the fact that Ireland is a great  
farm. To Lady Aberdeen he gives  
great credit for the energy and en-  
thusiasm with which she has under-  
taken the task of reviving and ex-  
tending the ancient industries of  
the rural districts.

"And behind and beneath all these  
has been the great agrarian revolu-  
tion, which has bought out the  
landlords and converted 300,000 ten-  
ants into landed proprietors. John  
Bright was one of the first to indi-  
cate this as the only royal road to  
the settlement of the land question.  
We have reached it by a devious  
road, nor have we even yet attain-  
ed the goal. But we are well on  
the road, and already have gone  
far enough to see that we are on  
the right road."  
Ah! indeed, wonderful changes  
have come over Ireland; but we  
suppose Mr. Stead has been too busy  
with fakers among the spooks to  
know that it is thanks to John Red-  
mond and the rank and file of his  
Nationalist forces, if all the im-  
provement is apparent. Even Mr.  
Matthew Cummings knows that now.  
Later in his paper, Bandsman  
Stead takes a sly dig at Arch-  
bishop Walsh, but it is all due to  
the spooks. He casts little slurs  
on the Irish priesthood of yesterday,  
describing them as the omniscient  
advisers of the people in every de-  
partment of life and living. Surely  
Stead has sense enough to under-  
stand the noble part played by Ire-  
land's priests in the defence, educa-  
tion and uplifting of their people.  
The fact, however, that in another  
scribble of his, he puts the Irish and  
the Egyptian Nationalists on one  
and the same footing, explains a  
deal, and opens the door to explana-  
tions on questions pertaining to the  
spook market.  
The Bandsman has something to  
say on the All-for-Ireland game,  
and words to add on the Irish Par-  
liamentary Party:  
Everywhere in local administra-  
tion, on the county councils, on the  
agricultural committees, on the  
Congested Board, the career is open  
to practical men, and the mere blather-  
skites is at a discount. The  
Gaelic League is helping to revive  
ancient customs, rural sports and  
the national language. It is a  
symptom of the spirit of the age.  
Sinn Fein, which no Saxon can pro-  
nounce, appears to have had its  
day, even Mr. O'Brien's ostentatious  
alliance with Lord Dunraven and the  
landlords is a sign of the times.  
No one in Dublin takes much stock  
in Cork—where it is said few of the  
priests gave Mr. O'Brien any sup-  
port—but the fact that so vehement  
a patriot as the former editor of the  
United Ireland, and the man who  
could not tolerate Mr. Healy in the  
Nationalist party, should now, arm-  
in-arm with Mr. Healy, be proclaim-  
ing the end of the agrarian war  
and invoking the union of North and  
South to carry a temporary measure  
of Irish self-government, is not  
without significance.  
"Whether the Irish Parliamentary  
party will be able to broaden its  
basis so as to convince all the new  
elements of national life that it is  
the best instrument for giving ef-  
fect to the best thoughts of the best  
men and women in the country is a  
question by which it will fall or  
stand. Mere barren protest against  
the union will have to give place  
to a broad constructive policy which  
will secure the support both of the  
North and the South, of industrial  
as well as of agrarian Ireland."  
The spooks again! Bandsman  
Stead would be better employed  
making molasses out of pig-iron  
than in passing wise remarks on  
Redmond's policies. Let him stay  
with his spooks!  
**FREQUENCY OF U. S. DIVORCES.**  
The following news-item from the  
dailies is interesting:  
Judge Karl von Lewinsky, a prom-  
inent German jurist, has discover-  
ed the reason why divorces are so  
common in the United States. He  
told the International Association  
for the Uniform Laws in Berlin that  
other causes than lax laws were re-  
sponsible for the fact that seventy-  
three divorces occurred in 1900 in  
the United States to every fifteen  
in Germany, two in England and  
Wales, twenty-three in France and  
thirty-two in Switzerland.  
"The underlying cause of this great  
disproportion," said Judge von Lew-  
insky, "is not in the American laws,  
which, taken all in all, are strict,  
but is due to economic conditions.  
The American of all classes marries  
uncommonly young. Lack of experi-  
ence, therefore, often leads him to  
make a wrong choice of a life part-  
ner. The American woman, pri-  
marily, sees no terror in a di-  
vorce. She is more independent  
than the European, has usually  
more ability and more opportunity  
to help herself, and is, therefore,  
more inclined to renounce the sup-  
port of a husband."  
It is evident that our friend, Mr.  
Lewinsky, is a stranger to prayer,  
and so are those American dames  
and damsels who have made sin  
popular through the lives they have  
led, and the published accounts of  
their deeds in the divorce courts.  
People like that judge do the devil's  
work by airing their views on mat-

ters that affect righteous living.  
The general run of the female di-  
vorces in the United States are  
simply notoriously lewd women: De-  
cent womanhood does not need the  
divorce court.  
**MCCABE'S FIGURES.**  
Apart and aside altogether, if  
you wish, from Renegado McCabe's  
book on "The Decay of the Church  
of Rome," we must admit that, in  
the United States at least, there is  
a yearly leakage of lukewarm Catho-  
lics into nothing or next to  
nothing religious. However, as a  
New York priest remarks, "Are we  
not forgetting one factor—the an-  
nual deaths? I am assistant priest  
in a comparatively small parish,  
and we have from 80 to 100  
deaths every year. There are nearly  
one hundred dioceses in the United  
States. If each had 50 parishes  
with but ten deaths to each parish,  
it would mean a decrease of the Catho-  
lic population to the amount of  
50,000." If all those Irish Catho-  
lics who emigrated to the United  
States, with millions of their chil-  
dren, had agreed not to die, foolish  
statisticians and nervous economists  
would be forced to reduce their  
statements of losses, even by two-  
thirds in some cases.  
The He-Union Magazine (Anglican)  
printed in its issue for November,  
1909, an admirable criticism of Jo-  
seph McCabe's book, "The Decay"  
etc.; it began by saying:  
"Truly one's bitterest foes are  
those of one's own household. Mr.  
McCabe's book is inspired by deadly  
hate of the Church of Rome. It  
makes our blood tingle with shame  
that it should have been possible for  
one nurtured by the Mother Church,  
once holding high office under her  
sway, to produce such a volume."  
The concluding sentences are as  
follows:  
"Even were the case of the Church  
of Rome as bad as Mr. McCabe  
makes out, even if it had lost un-  
told millions of adherents within  
the last fifty years, we should still  
dispute his conclusions. The Catho-  
lic Church has always claimed to be  
more than a human institution, and  
surely no one who reads the mar-  
velous history of the Church of  
Rome can fail to believe that a Po-  
wer higher than chance has guided  
its vicissitudes. When things have  
seemed blackest it has emerged in  
splendor, and seemingly overwhelm-  
ing defeats have been turned into  
glorious triumphs.  
"We see no reason to believe that  
Rome has lost her recuperative po-  
wers, and we believe that history  
will falsify the grim predictions of  
the author of this work."  
**MR. BOURASSA WRONG.**  
**Assertion Erroneous That Irish Are De-  
serting Roman Catholic Church.**  
To the Editor of the True Witness:  
Sir:—In an issue of the Gazette  
of the 21st instant appears a lengthy  
extract taken from a communication  
published by Mr. Henri Bourassa in  
the Le Devoir of the 20th instant.  
The author of said article is ever  
eminently eloquent, whether listened  
to as an orator or read as news-  
paper contributor. His brilliant ge-  
nius and enchanting phrases have  
very justly won for him the highest  
admiration. But unfortunately at  
times he is not so happy in relating  
facts or figures. He errs herein, in-  
finitely, I think, when in the com-  
munication he states that in the ad-  
joining republic no less than fifteen  
millions of descendants of my coun-  
trymen have lost the faith of their  
fathers by being thrown into Anglo-  
Protestant centres, owing to their  
use of the English language. He is  
at liberty to warn his own fellow  
countrymen against Anglo-Saxon  
contact or the terrible dangers re-  
sulting therefrom, but surely it is  
not generous to do so at the ex-  
pense of the reputation of another  
friendly nationality. The sweeping  
assertion cannot be substantiated by  
any facts, figures or statistics. The  
exact contrary is the fact. The Irish  
people in the republic (with very  
rare exceptions), which only prove  
the rule, have adhered closely to  
the religion of their fathers, whether  
they speak the good old Gaelic  
or the acquired English language.  
As the writer says at the commence-  
ment of his article, "The church is  
not of a period, or of a race, or of a  
nation." And so the Irish retain  
their trust of faith irrespective of  
their surroundings. True, the English  
language was ungenerously imposed  
on the people for centuries in their  
own country, but such good has  
come from the evil, and to-day we  
behold a grand army of most emi-  
nent clergy proclaiming the doctrines  
professed by their fathers to some  
eighteen millions of willing listeners  
in America, whilst an able and de-  
voted band of the same race are  
winning laurels battling successfully  
for the restoration of their country's  
rights in the English language in  
Westminster. Surely in forcing these  
people to learn the English language  
England herself contributed the most  
powerful weapons for Erin's regen-  
eration. Mr. Bourassa speaks of the  
appointment of bishops. Experience  
has proved that it is a safe thing to  
leave such matters in charge of the  
hierarchy. Thus far their appoint-  
ments have been known as the best  
and Roman Catholics are fully sat-  
isfied to allow this administrative  
trust to remain in such sound, ju-  
dicious and secure keeping.  
F. J. COYLE.

**DIVORCE  
ING VIT**  
Cardinal Gibbon  
tunate Preval  
(N.Y. World, J.  
"Divorce is a  
ing into the ver-  
Society—our ve-  
rears itself and  
homed and the un-  
When you attack  
tack government  
ernment to prot-  
itself, must ex-  
tutes the criminal  
which the best of  
"I pray for the  
and women may  
understand the s-  
rage. Regardless  
victions, they  
when they marry  
tering upon a cor-  
of a day or a mo-  
They should know  
bear and forbear  
cannot pull one  
another. They m-  
traces together."  
Thus spoke Car-  
his birthday, with  
friendly home of  
in the upland coun-  
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HIS MESSAGE TO  
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DIVORCE DESTROYING VITALS OF LIFE

Cardinal Gibbons Denounces Unfortunate Prevailing Conditions.

(N.Y. World, July 24th, 1910.) "Divorce is a canker which is eating into the very vitals of our life, Society—our whole civilization—uproots itself upon the sanctity of the home and the unity of the family. When you attack the family you attack government itself. And government to protect and perpetuate itself, must expunge from its statutes the criminal divorce laws, which the best of our life abhors."

"I pray for the time when men and women may be persuaded to understand the seriousness of marriage. Regardless of religious convictions, they should understand when they marry that they are entering upon a contract which is not of a day or a month, but a lifetime. They should know that they must bear and forbear. The husband cannot pull one way and the wife another. They must pull in the traces together."

This spoke Cardinal Gibbons on his birthday, which he spent at the friendly home of Mr. B. F. Shriver in the upland country of his native Maryland. The subject of divorce had come up naturally in the course of a general conversation, and the Cardinal at once opened upon it with all his batteries. The evils of divorce ever uppermost in his thoughts. He has fought against divorce and the separation of married persons these past fifty years as no other American has. To him there is nothing more vital; and he is carrying on the battle to-day, with all the influence of his exalted position, as eagerly as he began it when he put on the garb of a priest half a century ago.

"Ponder," said he, "the helpless little children of these homes destroyed by divorce. Instead of love ruling their hearts and lives, hatred is sown there. The father goes one way and the mother the other, never to meet again. The children are left without an anchorage. They know not to whom to appeal for affection. They turn to the father to learn that he hates their mother. They turn to their mother to learn and have it seared in their minds and hearts that she hates their father. Their lives are blighted in the bud. How can we expect them to burgeon into true and tender men and women? How can we expect them to do anything else with their lives than what their parents have done?"

"Ah, these children of divorced parents! They are the bitter sorrow of my life. They are given no chance, and I may say woe unto them who are responsible!"

DIVORCE TOO EASY. "The ease with which divorces may be obtained in some of our States is nothing less than criminal. One of the favorite grounds of these days is what is called 'incompatibility of temper.' A wife may burn a pan of biscuits. The husband chides her. Miserable little biting words fly from their tongues. There is never a thought of forbearance on the part of either. There is never a thought of the children. Only the selfish pride of the parents is considered, and presently there is an action brought for divorce. Incompatibility of temper! Bah! I say to the laws which permit such things. They affront God and every one who fears Him."

HIS MESSAGE TO YOUNG MEN. "Your Eminence, do you not think that this would be an appropriate occasion to send a message to the young men of the nation?" The Cardinal's gaze wandered off to the far-flung, green clad Maryland hills, and there was a moment of silence. "Perhaps it is," said the Cardinal. "Pause so that the subject may be an appropriate one. I would tell the young men of these United States to love their country and cherish its greatness. I bespeak this with the same earnestness as I bespeak the love and fear of God. "Let more young men of education and virtuous ideals give themselves to the public service, and if they do so with clean hearts and hands, the pregnant evils of government must be eliminated. In serving your country you are serving God. I have preached this and written it again and again. The better class of our citizens so often stand aloof from practical politics and the conduct of campaigns. One result of universal suffrage is that elections very frequently turn upon the votes of that large class made up by the rougher and baser sort. As I have written in 'Our Christian Heritage,' to influence and organize this vote is the 'dirty work' of politics. Gentlemen naturally shrink from it. Hence it has gotten, for the most part, into the hands of the unscrupulous, into unscrupulous hands, and from these hands issue the election frauds which thicken in the great cities and gravely endanger our institutions. The ballot is the ready and potent instrument which registers the will of a free people for their own government, and the violation of its purity leads directly to the point where there is either loss of liberty or revolution to restore it. "NOL INALIENABLE RIGHT. "The privilege of voting is not an inherent or inalienable right, but a

solemn and sacred trust to be used in strict accordance with the intentions of the authority from which it emanates. When a citizen exercises his honest judgment in casting his vote for the most acceptable candidate, or for a measure that will best subserve the interests of the community, he is making a legitimate use of the prerogatives conferred to him.

"But when he sells or barter his vote, and disposes of it to the highest bidder, like a merchantable commodity, he is clearly violating his trust and degrading his citizenship. The enormity of this offence may be readily perceived by pushing it to its logical consequences. If one may sell his vote, so may the multitude. Once the purchase of votes is tolerated, or condoned, or connived at, the obvious result is that the right of suffrage will become a mere farce, money and not merit will be the test of success and the election will be determined not by the personal fitness and integrity of the candidates, but by the length of his purse."

AS CAPABLE AS THIRTY YEARS AGO. There would be fame for any artist who could have put on canvas a likeness of the Archbishop of Baltimore as he appeared on the veranda of the Shriver home to-day. Perhaps it might have taken a Whistler or a Sargent to have caught the soul of the man, but still lesser artists might have succeeded, for there is so much soul in him. The dignity of him marks every feature of his finely modelled face.

Age has dealt kindly with His Eminence. Physically he feels as capable as he did thirty years ago. Indeed, time seems to have passed him by since that day, seven years ago, when New York saw him set sail for Rome to enter the conclave which elected Pius X. Pope of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Cardinal wears the familiar garb of black, the red stockings, the red cap and the low shoes with the broad silver buckles which have been known to two generations.

One has to be in the presence of His Eminence but a few minutes to come under the influence of his peaceful, kindly temperament. His brow is as clear and placid as a happy youth's. The deeply set blue eyes are undimmed by the three score and sixteen years in which they have looked out upon the world. One loses all fear of age in contemplating it in the Cardinal.

"I can read the finest type without the aid of glasses," he said, as smilingly, he proved his ability to do so.

"Your Eminence, do you not feel at all the weight of your years?" I felt compelled to ask the Cardinal as I observed that his movements were always his age.

ALWAYS LIVED ABSTEMIOUSLY. "I feel," said he, "as capable as I did thirty years ago, thank God. I have premonitions at times that my joints do not work so smoothly as they once did, and once in a while I imagine that the mind is a trifle sluggish. Otherwise I am the man I was thirty years ago. "And there is no reason why I should feel my age. You see, I have always lived most abstemiously," and as His Eminence said that his fingers touched the gold cross hanging from his neck. Then a twinkle came into his eyes.

"But, you see, I have had to live quietly and regularly. My stomach has never been very strong and so has compelled me to be careful. Even in this one may see how wonderfully God moves to perform His works, and I thank Him."

"Your Eminence, has there ever been a time when you felt that perhaps you might have done more for your fellowman if you had been outside the Church—as a lawyer, a physician, or as a representative in government?"

"No," came without hesitation, and even in triumphant tone. One felt there was no regret hidden in the fifty years of priesthood lying back of that answer. "I thank God that He called me, and that He has permitted me to continue in His service through these many years. "I am content. Happy. It is much to be given to any mortal to be able to say that. If it were given to me to live all of these seventy-six years again I should not wish them different. I should be a priest. The calling of a priest is a difficult one, but there is sublime happiness in the dedication of one's self to service."

Mid-Season at Cliff Haven.

The season here is at its height, if the large attendance at the Sunday Masses in the Chapel of Our Lady of the Lake is a fair criterion. The High Mass at 10:30 was celebrated by the Rev. Edward A. Pace, Ph.D., of the Catholic University of America. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Camille W. Zeckwer, sang Mozart's Twelfth Mass. The soloists of the mass were Mr. J. M. Cassidy, Mr. J. Stocher, Mr. J. A. Dempsey. For the Offertory Miss Alma Grafe of Philadelphia played a violin selection from the form. The Sunday evening family gathering this week took the form of a reception to visiting clergymen, Mr. William McCluskey of Syracuse being the only layman on the speaking program. The Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., presided at the gathering. The musical portion of the program consisted of vocal selections by Miss Elizabeth Welty of Brooklyn and two beautiful violin numbers by Miss Alma Grafe, a talented violinist of Philadelphia. The speakers were the Rev. E. F. Gibbons of the diocese of Buffalo, Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., of the diocese of Albany; and the Rev. D. J. Hickey, acting president.

The lectures for this, the fifth week, have been quite exceptional. The splendid course in education inaugurated by the Rev. Dr. Pace has been continued by the Rev. William Turner, D.D., Professor of Philosophy, Catholic University. Talking as his general theme the History of Education, Rev. Dr. Turner has traced the development of education from the earliest days of history, when imitation and tribal custom dominated all down to the present day when the highest university training stands out as the exponent. The 11 o'clock hour during the week has been taken by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., of the diocese of Albany, who spoke on the "Basis of Sociology." It has been a scholarly and painstaking series. The two violin recitals on Monday and Tuesday evenings of this week are worthy of exceptional note. Miss Alma Grafe, of Philadelphia, who has given her fine talents to these recitals, is an artist of the highest order. The evening week-end lectures were given by John F. Reilly, A.M., R.A., of Binghamton, N.Y. Mr. Reilly, a prominent student of the Roman history and archaeology, spoke on St. Peter's and the Vatican.

The Cliff Haven Dramatic Co., under the direction of Mr. Bernard Sullivan, gave the third performance of the season on Saturday evening. In honor of the officers of the 5th U. S. Infantry, who graced the occasion with their presence, the cast presented a double bill.

New York Cottage No. 1, under the supervision of Mr. F. P. Curran, gave a masked ball and barn dance on Friday evening at the Chaplain Club. The occasion was one of the most unique and pleasant of the season. The Ladies' Alumnae Auxiliary Association held a meeting on Tuesday, and decided upon August 12 as the date for the annual bazaar for the benefit of the Chapel of Our Lady of the Lake.

The boys of the College Camp, the liveliest place on the assembly grounds, gave good evidence of vigor when the American lad can do at their camp fire Tuesday evening. The program consisted of minstrel, vaudeville, burlesque, songs, dances and quartette numbers.

The lecture program for next week includes the course in Education by the Rev. William Turner, D.D., and the series on the Church by the Rev. John H. O'Rourke, S.J. The evening performance will be taken by Thomas F. Wilkinson, LL.B., of Albany, N.Y., and song recitals by Miss Bertha Clary of New York.

Always Serviceable.—Most pills lose their properties with age. Not so with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. The pill mass is so compounded that their strength and effectiveness is preserved and the pills can be carried anywhere without fear of losing their potency. This is a quality that few pills possess. Some pills lose their power, but not so with Parmelee's. They will maintain their freshness and potency for a long time.

A movement is on foot to form a union of the Irish priests who studied in Rome. A provisional committee, consisting chiefly of some of the senior priests from different parts of Ireland, is making the necessary arrangements. The union will be called the Venerable Oliver Plunkett Union, in honor of the martyr, who was a student of the old Irish College, Rome, and for many years a professor in the Roman Propaganda.

CELEBRATES 76th BIRTHDAY

Cardinal Gibbons Lives in Truth the Simple Life.

(New York Herald.) Baltimore.—James, Cardinal Gibbons, whose sweet spirit and broad-minded Americanism have made him one of the best known Americans of the hour, a man who has arisen from a punctual grocer's boy to the head of the Catholic Church in the United States, a man whose democratic permits him to attend a Jewish bazaar or comment on a Unitarian, one who breaks bread with the lowly to-day and princes and diplomats to-morrow, is now seventy-six years old.

The Cardinal has reached another milestone in life in good health. He is a man who rarely has been ill at all, thanks to an abstemious and regular life and diet, from which nothing makes him deviate.

This most illustrious son of the Catholic Church in the United States has produced this month celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as a Cardinal, and fifty years as a priest. He is still the methodical, genial personality that can lay aside the business cares of the head of the Church in the United States for a daily stroll alone along the crowded streets of Baltimore, or who may drop doctrinal disputations to meet a pauper and thrust a coin into his hands.

Occupying a throne of red and gold in the Cathedral here, and called to Rome to help elect the present Pope, he is still the smiling, approachable man who began his career in the wilds of North Carolina, eating from bare boards and traveling fifty miles on a mule back to find a Catholic. While the spiritual head of the most hierarchical in the United States, he also faces daily the business cares of a captain of industry with buoyancy and zest. His step is yet jaunty and his steel grey eyes snap with the keenness of the diplomat or the gentleness of a woman.

BIG CORPORATION IN HIMSELF. As the head of the Archdiocese of Maryland the Cardinal is burdened with heavy business cares. He is in law a corporation in himself and in him rests the title to all the secular churches and church property included in the cities of Baltimore and Washington and the surrounding country. He thus is a richer corporation than many of the big financial institutions. One banker said the other day, "The Cardinal could get credit for \$10,000,000 if he only would say the word."

HIS PLAIN WORKSHOP. The Cardinal is probably the most democratic and plainest dignitary in America to-day. True, callers must send up their names and they must have business worth while, but there is none of the pomp and circumstance that go with a similar office in Europe. The Cardinal's study consists of a few cases full of books, an ordinary roll top desk, a revolving chair, a rug or two on the floor, and a few pictures on the wall. His bedroom is plainer even than his study—a bed, a few chairs, a crucifix—everything of the simplest character.

The Cardinal in his daily routine is as regular as clockwork. He sleeps at a certain time, eats at a certain time. This has been his scheme of life since the early days of his priesthood, and from it he never has deviated. He rises daily at six o'clock in the morning and celebrates seven o'clock Mass in the Cathedral. This he always performs at the Cathedral main altar, assisted by two acolytes.

Mass being over, the Cardinal spends some time in thanksgiving in the sanctuary. Then he returns to his house for breakfast. And now, confidentially, you must learn what the Cardinal's favorite dishes are. His favorite fruit is the apple, which he has for breakfast year in and year out. A cup of coffee, two soft-boiled eggs, a baked apple and a few pieces of short bread constitute his breakfast. He is as methodical in his adherence to his menu as the storied Spartan was in physical training. For dinner, which he takes in the middle of the day, the Cardinal eats a generous quantity of mashed potatoes, string beans, lettuce and peas. He cares little for beef, his greatest delight being lamb. The Cardinal avoids desserts, but usually takes a small sip of wine after dinner. The chief constituent of the Cardinal's supper is buttermilk. It takes the place of tea, for which he calls rarely. The Cardinal drinks a large quantity of the beverage every day, and has great confidence in its health giving qualities.

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late and sometimes by one of the priests of his household, but more often he goes alone. His favorite walk, where he is seen so often by Baltimoreans, is along Charles street toward Mount Vernon Place. He frequently stops at the gardens of Shrubbery and flowers. Sometimes he goes out Mount Royal avenue to Druid Hill Park and then turns back.

When most folks are grumbling about the hot weather the Cardinal does not complain. How a man of his years can dwell comfortably in this hot city in summer, at the edge of the business district, is a puzzle to many. If asked how he manages it he probably would reply, "Methodic and simple living."

LEADS THE SIMPLE LIFE. The public day of the Cardinal now is ended. He rarely emerges from the episcopal residence after nightfall, except when he has accepted an invitation to dinner or is going on a journey. The Cardinal's greatest friends at night are his books. Until bedtime he writes, reads and studies in his simply furnished library. At a few minutes past ten o'clock the Cardinal generally retires. There are few times when he deviates from this schedule. He has few peers in this country in leading the simple life.

Osservatore Romano Fifty Years Old. The "Osservatore Romano," the Catholic newspaper of Rome, to which the Vatican makes special communications that it desires to be known to the people, and that erroneous statements may not take hold of the popular imagination, especially in matters in which the Holy See is concerned, celebrated on July 1, the Golden Jubilee of its foundation. The Holy Father, whose interest in the Catholic press is very great indeed, and who desires that a trustworthy, honest and clean journal should be established in every community of Catholics, wrote with his own hand, a letter to the directors of this valiant and vigilant "Osservatore Romano." No greater reward than this can be given to a newspaper; and it recompenses those who work on such a paper for many troubles and annoyances. He tells the directors, or editors and writers, that on this happy completion of the fiftieth year from the founding of the "Osservatore" it is grateful to him to repeat the praise, many times before given by his predecessors. The "Osservatore," in fact, with an unchanging uprightnes of aim, and with a courageous profession of faith—which indeed constitutes the principal merit of a Catholic journal—has followed so faithfully the excellent direction wisely proposed to themselves by its founders, that, namely, of publishing the acts of the Apostolic See, of being the interpreter and promulgator of its thoughts, and the indicator of its rights, so as to render itself highly deserving of religion. He hopes that many other years more happy and more fruitful in labor and in results may come to it, and with great affection he blesses the writers and the directors of this journal.

The "Osservatore" has lived under three Popes: Pius IX, Leo XIII and Pius X., and has been regarded most favorably by them all. It was founded at a time when attacks against the Holy See and the temporal power of the Pope were at an acute stage. The little official paper published in Rome—"Giornale di Roma"—could not repel these attacks as they came up, just because it was an official paper, and the words in it would thus have a weight and value as bearing with them the thought of a Papal pronouncement. Hence the chief founder of the "Osservatore," Marquis di Baviera, represented to the Pope that the falsehoods and calumnies of the press, which were circulated throughout the press of Europe, should be met and the truth held to those who were disposed to listen to it, and that as the paper would be under the direction of laymen, neither the Pope nor the Vatican could be held responsible for the words it might utter in its militant onset for truth and right. That the "Osservatore" did noble work, without descending to abuse, as its opponents so frequently did, is known to all who know the journal, and when it does speak solemnly on

matters of the Vatican, even its enemies know that it tells the truth—an accusation which can hardly ever be made against the run of Italian non-Catholic journals. — Brooklyn Tablet.

Sisters of Charity. (By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, Episcopalian.) The human race will always have cause to remember this day in the calendar, for on this day two hundred and seventy-six years ago, St. Vincent de Paul founded the benign order of the "Sisters of Charity." The sainted founder of this famous order of self-sacrificing women decreed that:

"They should not have, as a general thing, any monastery but the houses of the sick, any chapel but their parish church, any cloister but the streets of the town and the rooms of the hospitals, any rule but the vow of obedience, any veil but the holiest and most perfect modesty."

And so the good man sent forth the angels of mercy upon their errands of love. They were to know no creed and no party, no social distinctions or racial differences, but whenever and wherever suffering or sorrowing humanity appealed to them they were to be prepared to serve it lovingly and faithfully. From Paris the Sisterhood branched out until its blessed influence was felt all over France, then all over Europe, and to-day that influence girdles the world with its pity and compassion. Wherever human necessity cries out in its distress, there, ready to relieve, is to be found a Sister of Charity. Pestilence, famine, fire and flood, the horrors of insurrection and the horrors of war are powerless to turn these angels of mercy aside from the straight path of duty to which they have dedicated their lives and consecrated their souls. With smiling lips and faces aglow they go into dangers many, and even down to death, to heal the sick or to comfort the dying.

N. Y. Sun's Appreciation of Cardinal Gibbons.

"The city of Baltimore has celebrated the seventy-sixth birthday of Cardinal Gibbons. It is seldom that an ecclesiastic enjoys, as he does, the respect and admiration of all sorts and conditions of his fellow-citizens. In fact, he is one of those rare personages who are regarded as occupying a sort of existence as if they were outside the dread field of the dog's nose. Not that his neighbors ever forget that he is a prince of the Church. Far from it. Since and unending Protestants, however, have been known to talk of him as "Our Cardinal," as if his elevation in rank was something that they took an interest in themselves. It must be a great satisfaction to the highest ecclesiastic of his communion in this country to realize that the good people of his city have fallen into the habit of regarding him as the first citizen of Baltimore."

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



CONDUCTED BY AUNT BETTY

## Listen to the Rain.

(By Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.)  
Listen to the Rain!  
Hear the merry sound it makes  
As it falls and slides and shakes  
From the eaves into the street,  
Where its million tiny feet  
Hurry, hurry past the door,  
Followed by a million more!  
Listen to the Rain!  
How it gurgles with delight,  
Hurling from its dizzy height,  
Falling straight and falling true,  
Faster now and louder too—  
See! The tardy drops and small  
Cannot keep the pace at all!  
Listen to the Rain!  
Ah! It's angry now—I fear  
'T is a scolding voice you hear!  
How it scolds the drooping trees,  
How it scolds the languid breeze,  
How it scolds the birds, poor things,  
For the dust upon their wings!  
Listen to the Rain!  
If you listen hard you'll hear  
How the skies grow cool and clear,  
How the mountain brooks are fed,  
How the earth grows sweet again  
With the coming of the Rain!

## Making Up.

"I'm never going to speak to Dorothy Winship again! When I asked her how my hair looked, she said it looked awful, and that made me mad. And I told her it was a good deal better than hers, and then she was mad. So I'm never going to speak to her again, never!"  
This important declaration was imparted to Aunt Beth as Marjory was starting to school. Aunt Beth learned from long experience that silence is golden. So she only gave Marjory a larger apple than usual and whispered: "Be a good girl, dearest," and went back into the house.  
Marjory's books were heavy, and she felt dull and headachy, having spent the morning and evening reading a story instead of studying.  
As she went into the schoolroom she glanced at Dorothy and noticed that her eyes were red, and that she had probably been crying. She also noticed that Dorothy had neglected her lessons, too, and by recess they each had an hour's lessons to make up after school.  
Marjory lingered in the hall at recess to sharpen her pencil, and then went to get her jacket. There in the pocket she espied a tiny white note, and this is what she read:  
"Terribly sorry,  
Awfully blue,  
If you'll forgive me  
I'll love you—Dot.  
"P.S.—I put a kiss in each of your pockets—D."  
A few minutes later Aunt Beth saw Marjory and Dorothy halving the big red apple and chattering like magpies. She kept her own counsel at dinner time, however, and only patted Marjory's cheek softly when she whispered to her: "I think Dorothy Winship is the sweetest girl in the school!"

## Calling up Bugs.

It is a known fact that nearly everything in nature likes music; snakes have danced to it, mice have come from their holes and listened with rapt attention, and even bugs are not insensible.  
"We call up the doodle bugs any time we have a mind," said some little girls to me one day.  
"Doodle bugs?" said I. "I never heard of such things."  
"Would you like to see them?" asked one.  
"Most assuredly," I answered.  
Then the little girls led the way to the ruins of an old log house, roofless and floorless, and joining hands, squatted upon the ground, forming a ring, and began chanting in the most musical tones they could command:  
"Uncle Doodle, Uncle Doodle,  
Uncle Do-o-die Bug."  
I looked on in astonishment, for I could see nothing but hard baked earth. There seemed not a living thing visible, but the children kept up their chant some three or four minutes, when I noticed the ground began to heave in little spots, and tiny heads peeped out, soon followed by half or the whole body of a dirt-colored beetle.  
When the children stopped singing the little things scampered back into their holes. This struck me as very singular. But then we are constantly meeting strange things in bugdom. It is fairly land if we only become interested.

## A PROBLEM IN THREES.

If three little houses stood in a row,  
With never a fence to divide,  
And if each little house had three little maids  
At play in the garden wide;  
And if each little maid had three little cats  
(Three times three times three);  
Mrs. Bailey thought I didn't

And if each little cat had three little kits,  
How many kits would there be?  
And if each little maid had three little friends  
With whom she loved to play;  
And if each little friend had three little dolls  
In dresses and ribbons gay;  
And if friends and dolls and cats and kits  
Were all invited to tea,  
And none of them should send regrets,  
How many guests would there be?  
—The Child's Hour.

## Growing a Name.

Little Luke Hays could write his name. He brought his slate to show his mother what round, clear letters he could make.  
"Would you like to make your name grow, Luke?" said his mother.  
"I never saw a name grow," said Luke.  
Then his mother took him out into the garden. She gave him a stick with a sharp point and made him write his name in large letters in the middle of a bed of black earth—then his mother sowed magnonette seed along the letters.  
"Now," said she, "in a few weeks you will see your name growing tall and sweet."  
Luke went away the next day to visit his grandmother, and when he came home again, three weeks later, he ran at once to the garden. There was his name, "Luke Hays" in pretty green letters, just as he had written it. Luke was delighted, and has never failed to grow his name every year since.—Selected.

## Get Your Own Corners Bright.

Helen Cameron hurried into the house and up the stairs to Grandmother Cameron's room. She gave her jacket a toss into the chair, and dropped down upon the couch, over which the sun shone in a beautiful, broad slant of gold.  
"I am through with the Girls' Literary Club. The girls don't seem to think they care for Carrie Elliott. They rather think she is—well, a little above them. There was no order at all in the meeting this morning. Grace Hewitt and Sarah Jennings whispered all through my solo. It almost put me out. And when the rest of us were trying to have current events, Abbie Jordan just poked fun. I could see she was doing it. They will get treated pretty cool by me the next time I meet them."  
Grandmother Cameron, by the east window, looked out at a robin chirping to his mate on the maple branch near. The sweet fragrance of lilies and apple blossoms, the faint murmur of running water, where the brook coursed near the house, the swaying leaves and the chirping birds told the story that all nature, with the return of spring, was working in harmony.  
"I don't blame you for feeling disturbed, deary. I was disturbed myself this morning," said Grandmother Cameron, turning her eyes from the robin to Helen's face.  
"You?" Helen laughed. The very thought of Grandmother Cameron being disturbed in the way that she was feeling disturbed now, seemed amusing to Helen Cameron.  
"Well, I was," said Grandmother Cameron. "Jane wanted to sweep my room to-day, and I did not want my room swept to-day. I said it did not need sweeping. Mrs. Bailey sent in Joe to know why I hadn't brought the magazine over yesterday as I promised. Then your mother didn't consult me about making her new dress. I came up and sat down in this chair as stirred up and—well, as irritated as you seem to be, Helen."  
Helen Cameron shrugged her shoulders. Grandmother looked off at the robin, and smiled. Then she said, turning her eyes back to Helen.  
"While I sat here thinking it over, the sun shone out, Helen. It was so warm, and bright, and cheery coming through the window, that before I knew it I was inclined to sing. But looking around, what was my surprise to see in the corners dust and dirt that my eyes failed to see before. I called Jane and told her I was ready for the sweeping and dusting. We spent an hour putting the room to rights, and Jane laughed when I told her it was the sunshine that showed me the dark corners and the need of the broom."  
"When I took my place back here among my books and papers, the sun was so warm it seemed like a summer day. And my heart was so warm. Love had begun to make its presence felt, and I realized then that it was the lack of love in my heart that had left dark corners, and that dark corners generally need sweeping out. I cleared up other things besides the room. I got not only the magazine for Mrs. Bailey that I thought I didn't

know where it was when little Joe was over here, and I added the book that Mrs. Wynn brought in and hadn't read yet, which I knew Mrs. Bailey was wanting to get hold of. I took them over with a sprig of white lilac, just out. And you should have seen how pleased Mrs. Bailey was.  
"When I came back I heard Jane singing in the kitchen. She liked it that I appreciated her wish to make my room clean. A little later your mother came up and said she had forgotten to speak to me about her dress. She had changed her mind and was not going to have it made up until she knew better how she wanted to have it. So you see, it was just, after all, the dark corners in my heart that made the trouble."

Helen drew a long breath. "It seems to me, grandmother, I've wanted to help the girls," she said.  
"Well, never mind about helping the girls. Just see about your own corners. Make those bright and then perhaps other things will brighten up, too. Be content with loving the girls. It is wonderful what love does when it shines out, just as the sun is shining over you now. Love finds its own way of doing, and hearts are responsive to it."

Helen rose and gathered up her hat and jacket and gloves. Then she stopped, and placing her lips to her grandmother's soft cheek, murmured, "You are a dear, grandmother, you are a dear!" and there were tears on her brown lashes. She passed from the room and closed the door softly after her.  
After she had gone, Grandmother Cameron sat for a long time watching the robins. They were building their nest, now. Had she built a nest of happiness for her granddaughter, Helen?

The next day as Helen Cameron greeted here and there a member of the Girls' Literary Club, her manner was gracious and her words sweet. When the club was mentioned she showed interest. There was nothing said of the subject of discord, and when two evenings later they met for a short business meeting, there was nothing but quiet, loving dignity in Helen Cameron's manner. As president of the club, she suggested, and then waited for response. The girls warmed under this new way of being met. They unfolded as buds unfold in the soft air. Looking upon Helen, they seemed to feel that she held strength that was helpful to them. They began putting out thoughts of their own. Then someone mentioned the name of Carrie Elliott.

Oh, yes, Carrie Elliott must join the club. This was the consensus of opinion. She would help them in many ways. At the close of the meeting Grace Hewitt and Sarah Jennings lingered half shyly by Helen's side.

"I don't know why I did it, Helen," said Grace, her cheeks flushing.  
"I thought it smart, but it wasn't. It was rude," and Helen knew that she was in this fashion apologizing for the way she had disturbed the harmony of the club during the latter's singing.

"Never mind now, Grace," Helen said pleasantly. "We all have much to learn. We can help each other." And Grace went away wondering if there was another girl like Helen.

It was at the close of the summer that Helen was sitting in grandmother's shaded room.  
"I can't tell you, Grandmother Cameron, how well the Girls' Literary Club is getting along," she said. "We have almost doubled the number, and the girls are so interested. We seem to be so united. It is just wonderful."  
A smile that was beautiful passed slowly from Grandmother Cameron's lips to her eyes, and she said in her sweet voice:

"And the secret of the change, deary, is doubtless the love-light that has shone from your heart to theirs."

"I think it is, grandmother," said Helen. "You gave me so much to think about that morning when the robins were building their nest."  
"Yes," said Grandmother Cameron, slowly, "and you set about making your own corners bright, living your own life at its best. And the light of your bright corners, helped others to see the dark corners of their own lives. Unconsciously they began measuring up to the standard you held before them."  
"Perhaps that is it. I have hardly stopped to think. I have only tried to do my own best."  
"And in doing that you have helped others to do theirs," persisted Grandmother Cameron. "And so you see it comes right back to you, your own corners bright, before turning to other people's."  
"Exactly," said Helen, nodding her head slowly.

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.

## Funny Sayings.

ANSWERED BY THE LAST BOY.

The inspector was examining Standard I, and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their master: "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."  
History was the subject.  
"Now tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?"  
He pointed to the top boy, then round the class. There was no answer; the children's faces appeared blank. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand.  
"Well, my boy," said the inspector, encouragingly, "who was she?"  
"Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."—Dundee Advertiser.

## A FINE DISTINCTION.

A small boy in the village school when writing a composition on Quakers wound up by saying: "Quakers never quarrel, never get into a fight, never claw and never scratch." Then he added, "Faw is a Quaker, but I really don't think maw is."

## THE ABSENT-MINDED SCOTCHMAN.

The Scotchman could not find his ticket. On the conductor's second round, it was still missing. "What's that in your mouth?" he asked. Sure enough, there was the missing ticket. The conductor punched it and went his way. "Ah, we'd," said Sandy, in reply to his fellow-passenger's banter. "I'm nae sae absent-minded as ye wad think. Ye was a vera auld ticket and I was just sucken aff the date."

In an English court a man was on trial for a small offence, who could speak nothing but Irish, and an interpreter was duly sworn. The prisoner at once asked some question, and he replied. The judge interposed sharply. "What does the prisoner say?" demanded the judge. "Nothing my Lord," answered the interpreter.  
"How dare you say that when we all heard him? What was it?" "My Lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case." "If you don't answer I'll commit you. What did he say?" "Well, my Lord, you'd excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that old woman with the red bed-curtain round her sittin' up there?'" The court roared. "And what did he say?" asked the judge, looking a little uncomfortable. "I said: 'Whist, ye spalpeen! That's the old boy that's going to hang yet.'"

## G.T.R., London, Eng., Office.

A very neat and handsome publication has just been issued from the Grand Trunk offices. This is a strictly European publication. The front cover has a splendid picture of the imposing new Grand Trunk building in Coekspur street, London. Scattered through the booklet are a number of interior views. In addition to being the chief traffic office in Great Britain, the new London building provides also a temporary London home for the Canadian and American visitor.  
Here travellers may have their mail sent and here they can find a reading and waiting room. There is also provision for business meetings for busy men in London. There is an information bureau where business men may obtain all information regarding shipping and the cost of transportation of goods from all parts of Europe to Canada and the United States.  
In the windows there can be seen products of Canada, paintings of mountain scenery, industrial scenes and an illuminated ceramic map of North America showing the Grand Trunk Railway System and its connecting lines leading to the Pacific Coast.  
Also visitors may register their address for the information of friends who may wish to look them up.  
The site occupied by the Grand Trunk building at Coekspur street, is one of the most central in London. The Piccadilly (Charing station), the Bakerloo (Trafalgar Station), the Metropolitan and Hampstead Tubes (Charing Cross Station) are all found within two or three minutes' walk of the building. Motor buses stop at the door carrying passengers north, south, east or west of London, following the Haymarket, Pall Mall, Piccadilly, Strand and Whitehall routes.  
At the back of the offices lies St. James Park, with the historical Horse Guards and the new Admiralty building on one side, Buckingham Palace in the distance, while to the southward lies the Palace of Westminster.

## POETS CORNER

THE WORD.

To-day whatever may annoy,  
The word for me is Joy, just simply Joy;  
The joy of life;  
The joy of bright blue skies,  
The joy of bright blue skies;  
The joy of rain, the glad surprise  
Of twinkling stars that shine at night;  
The joy of winged things upon their flight,  
The joy of moon-day, and the tried  
True joyousness of eventide;  
The joy of labor and of mirth;  
The joy of air and sea and earth—  
The countless joys that ever flow  
From Him  
Whose vast beneficence doth dim  
The lustrous light of day,  
And lavish gifts upon our way,  
Whate'er there be of Sorrow,  
I'll put off till To-morrow,  
And when To-morrow comes, why, then,  
'Twill be To-day and Joy again!  
—John Kendrick Bangs.

## AMONG THE LILIES.

I met Him in the morning's pearly light,  
When love was hot and gladness un-denied,  
And angels led my fleeting feet along  
To where the Bridegroom waited for the bride,  
And there He walked among the lilies white,  
And laid my eager hands within His own,  
And fed me with the sweetness of His words;  
I would have died if I were left alone.  
I met Him in the dark and gloomy night—  
No song of angels now, but cold despair  
Had come to wound again my wearied soul—  
But still He walked among the lilies there.  
I felt His hand; I held it fast once more.  
The cross remained, but wondrous light it grew,  
And 'mid the fair white lilies thorns appeared;  
But still with Him I walked and never knew.  
—M. J. M., in S. H. Messenger.

## LIFE'S BALANCE SHEET.

It, when the joyous day is done,  
I count the deeds that I have done,  
And find one act, though small—  
A loving word, a song, a smile—  
That did some sadder heart beguile,  
Or to a soul recall  
The sunlight of the Father's love,  
Then I will thank my God above.  
If, when the weary day is gone,  
I count the deeds that I have done,  
And find one act, though small—  
A thoughtless word—a look of scorn  
That made a brother more forlorn,  
Or caused his feet to fall,  
Then I will pray my God above  
For more and more of His pure love.  
And when life's toilsome journey's done,  
Its deeds complete, its songs all sung,  
If I can truly say  
With heart and voice I did my best  
To point the Father's heavenly rest  
To all who will obey,  
Then I shall praise my God above,  
And ever dwell in His pure love.  
—Dr. Palmer.

## WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

The night is passing! Even now  
A saffron glory thrills  
Above the harvest fields which crown  
The distant hills.  
The lark's first hymn is faintly heard  
By the blackbird,  
Who starts his low and solitary note  
From sleepy throat,  
What of the night? At morning gleam  
I dreamt a dream.  
I dreamt a dream that every grief  
Had died;  
That Love ruled King;  
For Hate (the demon who had Love defied)  
Had lent his sting  
To Death who straightway, ere his thanks were said,  
It buried.  
Ah! What a sunrise as my dream slipped by!  
Golden and green and red!  
Love, take my heart and hold it very nigh  
'Till Hate be dead,  
—Ruth Young.

## Some Facts and a Question!

An enthusiastic friend of the Paulist Mission House, Washington, D. C., sends in the following note: "These English Bishops have been converts—Ellis, Challoner, Paterson, Coffin, Brownlow, Wilkinson, and Gardiner Manning. These American Bishops have been converts—Whitfield, Eccleston, Bayley, Wood, Northrop, Gilmour, Rosserans, Young, Tyler, Wadhams, Becker, Curtis, Priests? Unnumbered, and many great heroes among them! Can Protestantism show any such records—any record at all to compare with this? What becomes of the converts from the Catholic Church to Protestantism?"

## July Days at Cliff Haven

The closing days have been very beautiful and full of interest. The Sunday masses were at the usual hours. The High Mass at 10 was celebrated by Rev. L. F. Sharkey, of Buffalo. The sermon at the Mass was preached by Rev. Daniel J. McCarthy, of St. Bernard's Church, Cohoes, N.Y., who gave a vigorous and impressive discourse based upon the gospel of the day. The choir under the direction of Mr. G. W. Zeckwer, sang Zuchro's Mass. The soloists of the Mass were Miss Marie Zeckwer of Philadelphia, Mr. J. M. J. Quinn, Mr. J. Cassidy, Mr. N. J. S. Leyden, Mr. J. Shoehr.  
The family gathering, as usual, was an interesting feature of the opening of the week. Hon. Frank P. Cannon presiding, introduced the first speaker of the evening, the Rev. D. J. McCarthy, who gave ten minutes of most amusing stories and impressions. The next number on the program was the treat of the evening, a most beautiful rendition of the aria from Madame Butterfly by Miss Zeckwer, following which was an encore composition of Mr. C. W. Zeckwer's, which the latter has graciously dedicated to the Summer School. Dr. John J. Cronin was the next speaker of the evening. Dr. Cronin gave an interesting and amusing account of his impressions of the School and its patrons. The piano selection by Miss Elizabeth Walsh of Brooklyn concluded the musical portion of the program, after which Rev. Robert Swickerath, S.J., of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., lecturer for the week, spoke briefly of the pleasant days spent at the School. The Rev. D. J. Hickey, acting president of the School, brought the evening's program to a close with a short talk.  
The lecture program has been without doubt the strongest ever offered by the Board of Studies of which the Rev. Thomas McMillan, B.S.P., is chairman. The Rev. Edward A. Pace, D.D., Professor of Philosophy at the Catholic University, who inaugurated the course on The Principles of Education, concluded his course on Friday with a lecture on the "Qualifications of the Teacher." The ten lectures given by the Rev. Dr. Pace have indeed marked a great step in the educational advancement at the Catholic Summer School.  
The 11 o'clock hour during the week has been taken up by the Rev. R. Swickerath, S.J., who with a clear, unerring grasp of the religious political questions of the day, has gone to the very root of these very complex problems of the Catholic Church in Europe, and especially in Germany. Rev. Father Swickerath chose for his general theme, "The Struggle for religious liberty in Germany and its lessons for American Catholics."  
The evening lectures for the week have been given by Miss Jennie M. Naughton of Brooklyn, Fine Arts lecturer at New Rochelle College, New York. Miss Naughton is one of the interested workers in the Summer School movement, and was cordially greeted by her many admiring friends who gathered to hear her tasteful and thoughtful discourse on Art and its Environment. The poetry of Dr. Drummond was the theme of the two evening recitals on Thursday and Friday. These interesting readings were given by Mr. Albert E. Heney of Ottawa.  
The social calendar during the week has been well crowded with events of interest to the large crowd at present on the assembly grounds. On Thursday evening the Philadelphia Cottage gave a musical and reception in honor of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Loughlin, D.D., and Judge Joseph Lamorella of Philadelphia. Dr. J. J. Cronin presided. Speeches were made by Rt. Rev. Mgr. N. J. Lavalle, V.G., of New York, Rev. D. J. Hickey, Acting President, and Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. F. Loughlin, D.D. The music for the occasion was furnished by the College Camp Quartette. On Friday Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Cannon tendered a reception at the New York Cottage to the Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. V. Lewis.  
The morning lectures next week will be given by the Rev. John T. Triscoll, S.T.L., of Fonda, N.Y. On Monday and Tuesday Miss Alma Grafe of Philadelphia will give violin recitals. On Thursday and Friday Dr. J. F. Reilly of Birmingham will speak on St. Peter's in the Vatican. The course in education will be continued next week by the Rev. William Turner, D.D., Professor of Philosophy at the Catholic University, who will expound as his general thesis the History of Education.

## Suffered from Heart Trouble and Nervousness for Six Years

### Lost All Desire To Live.

**WAS FINALLY CURED BY THE USE OF MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.**  
Mr. Regis Lavallee, Sorel, Que., writes: "For six years, at least, I suffered from heart trouble and nervousness which took from me all desire to work and even to live. When I found myself in this condition and getting worse I took the medicine the doctor prescribed for me but without any result."  
"One evening I was reading the paper when I saw your adv., so cut it out and the next day went to the druggist and procured a box, and since that time my nervous system has been in perfect condition."  
"Be assured, gentlemen, that I will never be without Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for they gave me strength to work and support my mother, who is an infirm widow and of whom I am the only support."  
"Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, or 5 boxes for \$2.50, at all druggists or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

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Cliff Haven

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IRELAND AND AUSTRALIA.

Bishop and People Unanimously Upheld Redmond.

Hon. John Meagher, a member of the Upper House of the Legislature of New South Wales, who is at present on a visit to Ireland, thus gives his views of the exiles in Australia regarding the Irish Party.

We have no time for factionists of any kind. You will remember that only a few years ago Joseph Devlin appealed to us in Australia for funds to carry on the Nationalist cause. The result was the magnificent sum of \$110,000, and the sentiment that appealed to our people above and before all, was a united Party under a responsible leader.

The Oath Irish Bishops Took.

In connection with the question of the Royal Assession Declaration a correspondent writing to the Dublin Freeman's Journal recalls some interesting evidence given nearly a hundred years ago before a Committee of the House of Lords by a famous Irish Bishop—Right Rev. Dr. James Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

Q.—Are there more oaths than one? A.—Only one oath, and that oath as found in the Pontifical has been modified by the late Pope Pius VII, who reigned from 1800 to 1823, at the express desire of the Catholic Bishops of Ireland, for there was one expression in it which seemed to give offense to persons professing a religion differing from ours.

INTERESTING MISSIONARY ITEM

From the Days of the Declaration of Independence.

"Though only four of the thirteen States immediately abolished all religious disabilities, it may truly be said that with the Declaration of Independence the Catholic Church in America began to be free. And with freedom came growth, so that with the Declaration of Independence began that astonishing advance of Catholicity in the United States, which has been one of the wonders of the past century, and which has given new people to the Catholic Church.

"It was little enough he could do yet who shall say how much of the later harvest has been due to the seed of his prayer; and the Catholic Church in America, in her strength and beauty to-day, may recall as one of her earlier graces that for more than twenty years Bishop Challoner was her sole pastor, and that thus she may point to his name and the roll of her former bishops and fathers in God.

"It is indeed a strange and curious fact to remember, but it is none the less true, that during the rest of Bishop Challoner's life, his jurisdiction over his American priests and people remained the only remnant of authority in the hands of an Englishman that was still recognized in America. King and Parliament and Ministry had lost their power, but this feeble old man, living his retired life in an obscure London street, still continued to issue his faculties and dispensations for the benefit of his Catholic children in Maryland and Pennsylvania.

These paragraphs are taken from the "Life of Bishop Challoner," by Rev. Edw. H. Burton, D.D., a fine work recently published by Longman. America may yet repay the brotherly favor by sending missionaries back to England to help her own zealous priests restore the British nation to the unity of Christ's flock.

Vice-President Sherman and the Sisters.

In an address to a large and distinguished audience at Nazareth Academy, in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Kalamazoo, Michigan, Vice-President Sherman of the United States said:

"To me the Catholic Sisterhood seems to be one of the strongest proofs of the existence of a hereafter. I speak not as a member of the Catholic Church, or a sectarian, or a member of any religious belief. These noble women have given up all they have in this world, their wealth, their homes, their hearts, their lives, and have devoted all their energies and entire attention to the rearing of others' children, to the guiding of youths and to the turning of mature minds to loftier sentiments, with no hope beyond that of any reward, except that which they hope for in the great beyond.

22,709 Converts of Record During 1908.

The mission work for non-Catholics is beginning to bear fruit in a marvelous way. The statisticians at the Apostolic Mission House have been gathering, during the past few weeks, some accurate figure of converts who have been received into the Church in this country, and an official report of the result of their work was made at the Congress. The announcement was a source of very great gratification to the assembled missionaries. They find that during the year 1908 there were 22,709 converts of record. These figures were received from the report of chancery offices, and a few returns are missing. Yet with these exceptions, this figure, 22,709 represents the aggregate of adult baptisms in all the dioceses of this country. This record of converts is very interesting. In 1906, in preparation for the Congress of that year, there were found to be 26,955 converts. Two years later the number had grown to 23,709, or 3,244 more. In 1906 it was difficult to get exact figures, for in many chancery offices no note was taken of converts at all. In some dioceses they were a negligible quantity. Since that Congress of 1906 the idea has so grown that with very little difficulty accurate results have been secured. In compiling the re-

turns the impression has grown that quite a percentage of converts are never recorded. None of the converts who have been validly baptized as Protestants and therefore received into the Church on simple profession of faith, are included in this list, and moreover a percentage of adults baptized on their reception into the Church are not recorded, for some reason or another. Probably ten per cent. would cover these categories. Adding this to the actual figure of record, it should run the aggregate to 31,580. However, to be conservative, we shall accept as a stereotyped figure for convert-making in the United States in one year 28,709, and we feel that we are well within the mark. The figures range from 1497 in New York to a vanishing quantity in some places. It is noteworthy that in the dioceses where Apostolate Bands are established the numbers rise above the average—as, for example, New York 1,497 converts; Cleveland, 737; Mobile, 488. In New England convert-making is very much below the mark. There were only 1,772 converts in a population of over 2,000,000, or one in 1200; while the average for the country at large is about one in 500. The Southern States have an enviable record of about 2000 converts in a Catholic population of 1,000,000. Catholicity has made its way in these States in spite of strong Protestantism and the opposition of rooted prejudice and bitter antagonism. In these States active and aggressive missionary work has gone on for the last few decades of years.—The Missionary.

Saving a Habit With French People.

Interesting information regarding the thrift of the French people is contained in the latest publication put out by the National Monetary Commission in the shape of a contribution by Alfred Neymarck, editor of the Hentier, a French financial publication.

Mons. Neymarck, to show how general the habit of saving is in France, says: "There are in France 10,000,000 electors, almost all taxpayers. All or nearly all save their money with the intention of putting something by for their old age. There are savings in the shape of contributions called savings institutions, in banks and securities, in lands (unimproved property) and in houses (improved property). Such is the composition of the private wealth of France, a wealth which is infinitely disseminated.

"It can be proved, in fact, that of these 10,000,000 electors, 9,000,000 at least have a book at some savings institution, a government rente a railroad or Credit Foncier bond, or some other security, a strip of land or a house, whether large or small. And this is not all. The French rentier does not invest everything he has, but always keeps by him some available means in gold, silver or bank notes to provide for sudden demands and lays it aside in order to use it later, either in temporary or in definite and more profitable investments."

There are 1,500,000 investors in France who are holders of three per cent. rentes, corresponding to government bonds in the United States, and their total holdings, according to Mons. Neymarck, are 21,000,000,000, or about \$4,200,000,000. Banks and other financial institutions hold most of the government bonds in the United States. Lotteries and legitimate institutions in France, and lottery bonds are held largely by the people. Of this M. Neymarck says: "Everybody desires to leave the door open to fortune, and the smallest holdings, as well as the largest, contain a lottery bond of the city of Paris, of the Credit Foncier, or of some provincial town, or some foreign lottery certificates negotiable in France, such as the Austrian Bonds of 1860, etc. We possess 6,000,000 in lottery bonds. The capital invested in these bonds results again from the economy of small investors and represents part of the savings of the democracy. Neither in England or in the United States is there found such a use of funds, for there is not in these countries, as in France, an army of people who put by small savings."

In distributing the interest on the foreign lottery bonds the whole amount due is put into a pool and divided into prizes. Those holding the lucky numbers get all the interest, but the losers, of course, get the principal of their investment on the bonds' maturity.

Annual savings of all classes of French investors, according to Mons. Neymarck, average between 1,500,000,000, or 2,000,000,000, or \$400,000,000. He says that 700,000 investors own 18,000,000,000, French capitalists possess 105,000,000,000, or \$21,000,000,000 bonds and stocks.

Pope's Brief Gives Church Extension High Standing.

Pope Pius X. has issued a brief making the Catholic Church Extension Society a canonical organization under the guidance and direction of the Vatican and causing changes in its operations. The brief practically makes the society a province of the Archdiocese of Chicago, where the headquarters are maintained, and orders that the Archbishop of Chicago shall hold in perpetuity the office of chancellor of the organization.

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HAS USED DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY For Over Seventeen Years FOR DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, SUMMER COMPLAINT, ETC.

Mrs. Holliday, Box No. 86, Wroter, Ont., writes: "I must say that we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for over seventeen years, and have found nothing to equal it for all Summer Complaints, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, etc. Our house is never without a bottle of the Extract and I can recommend it to be kept in every home, especially where there are children."

You run absolutely no risk when you buy Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, as it has been a standard remedy on the market for over sixty-five years.

A few doses have often cured when doctors' prescriptions and other remedies have failed. Its effects are marvellous. It acts like a charm. Relief is almost instantaneous.

We wish to warn the public against being imposed on by unscrupulous dealers who substitute the so-called Strawberry Compounds for "Dr. Fowler's."

Ask for "Dr. Fowler's," and insist on getting it, as the cheap imitations may be dangerous to life.

The original is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 35c.

Other change effected by the brief is directed at the method of selecting the active president. Beginning October 18, when the new legislation becomes operative, the Board of Managers will present three names to the Pope, just as is done in the selecting of priests for bishoprics. Prior to this legislation the Board elected a president. Very Rev. Francis C. Kelley occupies the office at present, and there is every indication that he will be the unanimous choice of the Board to succeed himself.

Striking Ceremonial. Two Alphabets, Traced in Ashes on Cathedral's Floor.

The consecration and dedication of the new Westminster Cathedral, in London, on June 28, was an occurrence of marked interest for reasons other than that it was the formal setting apart of the first Roman Catholic cathedral in England since the Reformation. For the lovely and impressive displays and deeply impressive symbolism, the liturgy was a feast. One of the ceremonies was not only particularly striking, but interesting, because it has long been a puzzle to ecclesiastical archaeologists. This was the tracing by the Archbishop of the letters of the Greek and Latin alphabets in ashes on the floor of the building. This ceremonial followed the formal admission of Archbishop Bourne of Westminster to the edifice.

Crossing the great floor diagonally were two rows of small squares, spaced at regular intervals between parallel lines. The rows intersected in the form of the Greek "X." In the squares were small heaps of ashes. A placard opposite each square bore a character of the Greek or Latin alphabet, according to the row. The placards insured against a break in the ceremony through temporary forgetfulness of the order of the alphabet. The Archbishop, crozier in hand, passed along the rows, tracing in order with the tip of his pastoral staff in the ashes the letters of the alphabets. The concrete result was the signing of the building with the insignia of the cross.

The significance of this ceremony is not clear. Apparently it was used at the dedication of Westminster Abbey, in the time of Edward the Confessor, for the ritual of that occasion was employed in connection with the consecration of the new Westminster Cathedral. Different authorities have studied its history with the idea of discovering what it means and how it originated.

The most generally held theory is that it arose from the custom of Roman surveyors tracing two transverse intersecting lines across a piece of land they intended to measure. In some fashion this set aside the plot. In the same way delineating a cross of this kind on the floor of a church may be looked upon as setting it apart for the church. By including in one of the lines the Greek alphabet it is set apart from Alpha to Omega, from the beginning to the end, forever. Others think the custom may have originated in the Celtic Church, which attached a mystical significance

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Portiuncula Indulgence General. In a document recently issued by the Holy Father, "Motu Proprio," the extraordinary privileges of the Portiuncula indulgences are made accessible to Catholics everywhere throughout the world. This indulgence is attached to visiting particular churches or oratories, and on the day set apart, a plenary indulgence can be obtained "Toties Quoties," as often as a Catholic, having fulfilled the other requirements, shall visit the church on that particular day and pray for the intention of the Sovereign Pontiff. The Holy Father's document reads as follows:

"Now that the solemn celebrations in honor of the seventh centenary of the foundation of the most noble Order of Friars Minors are drawing to a happy close, in order that the memory of so auspicious an occurrence may be duly preserved, and gladly seconding the pious wishes of the faithful for a more easy way of gaining the indulgence known as the Portiuncula, we have decided and do decree, of our own motion and with certain knowledge by Our Supreme Apostolic Authority, as follows: "All the concessions, however granted, which have not yet expired, remaining in force, We grant all and several, to appoint in their respective jurisdictions one or more churches or public or semi-public oratories, according to circumstances, where the faithful, having duly confessed and approached the Holy Table, and praying according to Our intention, may gain 'toties quoties' plenary indulgence applicable also to the souls in Purgatory, from the vespers of the first day of August to sunset on the second day of August of the current year, just as if they visited any church of the Order of Friars Minors.

"And this same indulgence, under the same conditions and in the same manner, We grant to be gained by the faithful of both sexes who lead a life in common provided they visit their own church, or when they have not a church their own domestic oratory in which the Blessed Sacrament is preserved. "Finally, that nobody may be deprived by any special circumstances of this most noted spiritual benefit, we are pleased to grant faculty to the said ordinaries of places to appoint for the obtaining of the above-mentioned indulgence, both for the faithful who live in the world and those pious persons who dwell in communities, instead of August 2nd, the following Sunday, from the vespers of Saturday to sunset on the Sunday itself, with the condition, however, that nobody may twice enjoy this concession.

"We earnestly desire and urgently recommend that in the churches and oratories designated as above, on the day appointed for the gaining of the indulgence, special public supplications be made to God for the Supreme Pontiff, for the ministers of the sanctuary, and for the entire

Church Militant, and that these be accompanied by the invocation of the Seraphic Patriarch, the Litany of the Saints, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Thus do We will, decree, sanction commanding those concerned to provide that all this be immediately brought to the knowledge of the faithful. These presents to be valid for this year and this occasion only. All things to the contrary, even those calling for special mention, to the contrary notwithstanding. "Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, June 9, 1910, in the seventh year of Our Pontificate. PIUS X., Pope.

Pope's Blessing For Aviators. Bishop John J. Monaghan, of the Catholic diocese of Wilmington, Del., which embraces the Delaware, Maryland and Virginia Peninsula, is not alarmed over the existence of airships and dirigible balloons, although an article in the Catholic University of Cleveland O., would seem to indicate the Church's opposition. The Bishop was asked to express his views concerning it. Bishop Monaghan said there was no inhibition by the Catholic Church of airships. "The article in the Catholic University," he continued, "is an expression of the views of the editor, not of the Church. The Pope recently authorized a special formula for the blessing of airships. Of course that includes the aviators."

RETREATS FOR LAYMEN

Intention of Sacred Heart League For August.

We are asked to pray this month for an Intention very dear to our Holy Father Pius X. Only a short while ago, His Holiness wrote to a director of the Sacred Heart League...

In Canada very little interest has been taken so far in the question of retreats for laymen, simply because next to nothing is known of it.

No explanation can give an idea of what a retreat really is; one must have made it to understand it.

Retreats are now conducted for large numbers are given collectively to groups. Generally speaking, the retreatants of each group belong to the same profession.

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The retreatants arrive at the house of retreat the evening previous to the three days. The door is opened to receive them and is then closed against the world without, with its worries, its pleasures, its sorrows and its sins.

Sometimes, however, the retreatants are accepted indiscriminately and belong to no particular class. This system has its drawbacks, but it has also its advantages.

And now that we understand the object of our Intention, we must pray earnestly for its realization. It is a great work; it is God's work, recommended by His Vicar upon earth, marked by the seal of Divine approval in the many blessings everywhere attendant upon it.

ARE RETREATS NECESSARY?

We may as well state and answer an objection that will possibly take shape in some minds. "Are retreats for the laity really necessary?"

Let us consider what is the spirit of Holy Church. It is neither the custom of God nor of His Church to be satisfied with giving what is barely sufficient.

No doubt the means already in vogue are sufficient, if they are rightly applied, and protected by the full. But here is the difficulty.

Let the layman be satisfied with the ordinary means, forsooth! Abolish retreats of religious and clergy, and you will have the condition of things such as it was before the Council of Trent.

ARE ORDINARY MEANS SUFFICIENT?

Let the layman be satisfied with the ordinary means, forsooth! Abolish retreats of religious and clergy, and you will have the condition of things such as it was before the Council of Trent.

Yet it is not necessary, and not possible, that all should make a retreat; but it is absolutely indispensable that at least some should make it.

Every day during the Congress Mass will be celebrated at fifteen altars from 5 until 10 o'clock. Visiting clergy are requested to present themselves at the sacristy between these hours.

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Father expects of us. Let us hope that his desire will be realized and that for the consolation of Holy Church this great movement will go on spreading its salutary effects, raising up in all classes of society Catholic leaders, generous and intrepid champions of religion.

SUMMER MONTHS FATAL TO SMALL CHILDREN

Every mother must know how fatal the summer months are to small children. Cholera, infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery and stomach troubles are all common at this time, and many a precious life is snuffed out after only a few hours illness.

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Local and Diocesan News.

LOCAL CALENDAR: Fri. July 29, St. Martha. Sat. 30, SS. Abdon and Sennen. Sun. 31, St. Ignatius Loyola.

PREPARATIONS FOR EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS ABOUT COMPLETED.—Unbounded enthusiasm has marked the work of preparing for the great Eucharistic Congress to take place in the city from Sept. 7-11 inclusive.

With the steamships hardly a half mile apart, a pilgrimage to Rome, consisting of approximately two hundred persons, left New York harbor last week on board the Panonia, of the Cunard Line, and the Europa, of the Veloce line, both for Gibraltar, their first stop.

OBITUARY.

MR. P. FLANNERY. On Monday evening last Mr. Patrick Flannery passed away at his home, 121 Lusignan street, after a very long illness.

A Household Medicine.—They that are acquainted with the sterling properties of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the treatment of many ailments would not be without it in the house.

Want Church to Face Vatican.

Rome.—The Protestant Committee, recently formed here, has decided to ask the American Protestant denominations and the Archbishop of Canterbury to join with the German and Swiss congregations in the project to erect a Protestant church facing the Vatican as a protest against the Papal encyclical on St. Charles Borromeo, which offended German Protestants.

The Census and the Irish Language.

One very interesting question the coming census will illuminate, writes the Dublin Freeman's Journal, is the actual standing of the most sacredly Irish thing in Ireland, the Irish language: is its slow though certainly steady gain anything to its yearly loss?

The lower kind of English people of all ranks are exceedingly given to speaking with fine contempt of the "illiterate Irish"; they argue, often quite directly, from this absence of book-learning to political unfitness (an argument historically most foolish and unsound) and are quite satisfied that if a certain percentage of our people cannot read and write they cannot think and must be robbed.

Pilgrims Depart For Rome.

With the steamships hardly a half mile apart, a pilgrimage to Rome, consisting of approximately two hundred persons, left New York harbor last week on board the Panonia, of the Cunard Line, and the Europa, of the Veloce line, both for Gibraltar, their first stop.

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1000 Catholic Women Meet.

More than 1000 delegates, representing 125,000 Catholic women in all parts of the United States, this week assembled in St. John's Cathedral, Cleveland, to attend High Mass, which formally opened the national triennial convention of the Ladies' Catholic Devotional Association.

Martyrdom of Young French Priest.

Accustomed, like so many others who make their homes in the civilized and law-abiding countries of the Occident, to regard martyrdom as pertaining to history, and as having no place in this century, it was not until my first trip to China that I was brought for the first time face to face with the fact that the sufferings of which we read as having been undergone for Christianity are not mere fairy tales and picturesque exaggerations, designed to fill the coffers of the various missionary societies, but are, on the contrary, grim realities, says a regular correspondent of the New York Tribune.

His labors as a missionary had taken him to the vicinity of the Chinese border, and there he had been seized and shut up for a space of two years in a wooden cage, in which he could neither lie down nor sit up, and where, in addition to having his eyes burned out and big wooden wedges passed between each toe and each finger, he was subjected to other tortures of so frightful a character that while they can be left to the imagination they cannot be described.

Anglican Lady Chapel Creates Comment.

While the holy water was still drying on the walls of Westminster Cathedral after its recent consecration in London, and while the Mass of Thanksgiving for its consecration and for the diamond jubilee, the sixtieth anniversary of the re-establishment of the hierarchy in England was proceeding, there was held an unique ceremony at Liverpool. Then the first instalment of the Liverpool Anglican Cathedral, of which the architect is a Catholic, Mr. Gilbert Scott, was being consecrated with the Anglican rite.

How little the Catholic idea of a Lady Chapel is in the minds of the builders may be gathered, says the London Catholic Universe, from the only alluding passage in the sermon of the Archbishop of York, who said: "Was it not fitting that the first part of the cathedral to be consecrated should be the Lady Chapel, where around them were representatives of the type of all perfect workmanship and where there were gathered the memorials of the holy and faithful women whose names were written in the heart of the Church and the nation."

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Portuguese Catholics Censure King Manuel.

The Catholics of North Portugal are protesting against King Manuel's censure of Archbishop Braga, who, on orders from the Vatican, suppressed the Franciscan Review as not being necessary to the National Catholic party.

Home-Seekers' Excursions

Excursion tickets to Western Canada via Chicago on sale July 26; August 9, 23; September 6, 20, at very low fares. Good for 60 days.

Home-Seekers' Excursions

Excursion tickets to Vancouver, San Francisco and other Pacific Coast points, at reduced fares.

City Ticket Offices

130 St. James St., Phone Main 4908, 6908 or Bonaventure Station.

Canadian Pacific Home-Seekers' Excursions

Excursions to Western Canada via Chicago on sale July 26; August 9, 23; September 6, 20, at very low fares. Good for 60 days.

Tourist Cars

Leave Montreal daily, Sundays included, at 10.30 p.m. for Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver and Seattle, and daily, Sundays included, at 10 a.m. for Winnipeg and intermediate stations.

City Ticket Office

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