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The True and Catholic Witness



Vol. LVIII., No. 10

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Note and Comment

The Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia has sent two magnificent elephant's tusks for the Massasoit Museum at Frascati as a token of his esteem for the late Cardinal Massaia who labored for over thirty years as a missionary in Abyssinia.

Statistics show that the tide of crime in France during the last thirty years has been steadily rising, and a most disquieting symptom is the enormous proportional increase of juvenile criminals.

Mr. John Redmond, M. P., accompanied by Mr. Devlin, M. P. will sail for America early in September. In the course of a tour of a week or ten days Mr. Redmond will address meetings at New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Brooklyn.

One of the largest Catholic parades in the history of St. Louis will march on October 18, when the cornerstone of the new Cathedral will be laid. It is expected that more than sixty thousand men will be in the line of march, and that all the parishes and Catholic societies of the city will be represented.

Four Canadian Jesuits left for Alaska during the past month to work for the conversion of the Eskimo and Timneh tribes along the Bering coast and the Yukon, and two Gray Nuns of the Cross, Sisters St. Julian and St. Hillaire, left Ottawa recently to labor among the Cree Indians, near Hudson's Bay.

Hereafter "Greek Catholics" will not be admitted to the Knights of Columbus. By this ruling members of the so-called "Orthodox" church are excluded from membership in the order. Admission is not to be denied the Uniate Greeks who acknowledge the supremacy of Rome and the jurisdiction of the Roman Catholic bishops in the diocese where they are located. The question of eligibility was raised by applications from candidates who signed themselves "Greek Catholics."

Pope Pius IX has a monument in one of the smallest towns of the state of Jalisco, Mexico. The monument is unique, and was erected some years ago at Pimay, a place near Ocotlan, on the shore of the famous Chapala Lake. It is made entirely of clay, for the working of which the Indians of that part of Jalisco are famous all over the country. The height of the monument is about seventy feet, and the proportions and general style are said to be really beautiful, reminding one of the best works of the Spanish decorative art of the eighteenth century.

The London Standard's correspondent at Odessa says: "Since the promulgation of the religious tolerance edict of October 30, 1905, the conversion of Orthodox Russians to Roman Catholicism has been of quite an intensive character. In the Government of Vilna alone, 30,000 of the Orthodox have gone over to the Catholic Confession, and a large number of orthodox rectorships and curacies have been closed. In the Governments of Silence and Lublin in the Diocese of Cholm, 2000,000 Orthodox and a large number of Orthodox Rectors have joined the Catholic Church."

According to a press despatch fifty-one Protestant societies held a meeting to protest against the street procession in connection with the Eucharistic Congress in London. It was

resolved to petition the King and a committee of three was sent to interview the Secretary of Home Affairs. The delegates sent the following telegram to four hundred peers and members of the House of Commons:

"Fifty-one Protestant societies, assembled in London this afternoon, feeling that the Roman Catholic procession on Sunday may cause riot and even bloodshed, earnestly request you to at once wire the Home Office asking that the carrying of the Host may be forbidden."

And still, perhaps, there is some reason for alarm. Considering that it will be the first time since the Reformation (so-called) that the Blessed Sacrament will be publicly carried through the streets of London, what is to prevent an outpouring of grace with a response in many hearts. There is no more danger now of riot and bloodshed than in the days when the gentle Savior walked among men, and upon being importuned, gave sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf and speech to the dumb.

The Toledo Record, referring to the destructive criticisms of the Bible among people who once looked upon it as the sole rule of faith, says: "Yet within the Catholic Church the Bible holds its accustomed sway. It is expounded from Catholic pulpits, read in Catholic households, received in love and acceptance by Catholic hearts everywhere. The old cry that the Church rejected the Bible and refused to allow her children to read it has gone the way of many other libellous statements, for truth is sure to conquer."

The Italian papers have lately been referring with admiration to the great movement which is taking place in England and America. It is consoling to know that in Italy also many are returning to and received into the Church. Two such receptions have just taken place at Genoa. In that city, where so many English-speaking seamen call, there is a club which is chiefly for Catholic sailors, but to which members of any other denomination are also welcome. This club is partly supported by a London committee, whose president is the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott. It frequently happens that non-Catholic visitors ask to be received into the Church, and after being duly instructed they are made children of the true faith. Recently Mr. Thos. Ray, engineer aboard a mercantile ship in port, made his profession of faith and was baptized conditionally, receiving First Communion next morning. The same touching ceremony took place again on the evening of the Feast of St. Lawrence, when Mr. John McPherson, chief engineer aboard the "Wagner," was received into the Church, being confirmed by the Archbishop of Genoa in his private chapel the following morning.

The Orthodox missionary congress at Kiev, Russia, has taken a backward and unpopular step in petitioning the government to again make obligatory in Poland the use of the Russian calendar. The reform of the Russian calendar, which is used in western Europe and America, has for long been demanded by Russian scientists and business men, and governmental commissions have several times been appointed to study the subject. Finland and Poland now reckon their time according to western methods. The object of the congress in making its recommendation with regard to Poland is to secure a weapon in the anti-Catholic propaganda.

Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Don't forget that we are receiving contributions for the Father Holland Birthday Fund. September 19th is the day on which presentation will be made. No matter how small the sum, it will be most gratefully received and acknowledged in issue following its receipt. Help along a most worthy work—The St. Joseph's Home for Boys.

The Eucharistic Congress.

Cardinal Vannutelli Given Enthusiastic Reception.

Archbishop Bruchesi Announces That Next Congress Will Be Held In Montreal in 1910.

London, Sept. 10.—With all the splendor of the Catholic Church, Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli, the Pope's legate, was formally received by the prelates gathered here for the Eucharistic Congress, over which he will preside.

The reception took place last evening in Westminster Cathedral. Long before the arrival of the legate every seat in the cathedral, which is capable of accommodating eight thousand persons, was filled. On the streets thousands waited for hours to get a glimpse of the Pope's representative.

Cardinal Vannutelli, with the attending priests, walked from the Archbishop's house, a block from the Cathedral, through lines of cheering people, including hundreds of priests, who came from almost every country in the world to attend the congress.

The legate addressed the prelates, of whom there were a greater number present than have gathered in one place in England in centuries. The Cardinal spoke in Latin.

After giving expression to the honor he felt at the mission confided to him by the Pope, Cardinal Vannutelli said that what touched the delegates most deeply was the fact that they were receiving this hospitable welcome in England, a country upon which for centuries past God had bestowed His benefits. The doors of "Free England" had been opened to a pontifical cardinal legate, the prince of the Church, the bishops, and a select group of ecclesiastics. In a few words the legate thanked the King for the reception given the delegates.

UNITY OF THE CHURCH. Speaking of the unity of the Church Cardinal Vannutelli said that, notwithstanding the variety and numbers of the delegates to the congress, we are "cor unum et anima una," the same faith and the same objects unite us.

Going on, the speaker said that the purpose of the congress was to honor the Eucharist and exalt its worship. It gave the Pope great pleasure to have the Congress held in London, not only because of the salutary effects for which he hoped, but because he was thus able to give a high public testimonial of his deference and esteem for the whole British nation. It was to give proof of this affection. "Oh, that this congress," said the legate, "might revive that other Eucharist which was the special character, honor and glory of the Island of Saints, banishing all doubts and divergencies, and causing the eyes of all to be fixed on the same star of faith, which was the dearest treasure of the bishops, kings and people of England. Nothing is more adapted to reinforce that union than this august sacrament."

ARCHBISHOP BOURNE'S REPLY. Archbishop Bourne replied in English. He welcomed the Papal legate in the name of the clergy and laity of England. Speaking of the Congress, he said: "It is an act of worship, an act of faith, and at the same time, an act of reparation intended to atone for all those words uttered in the English language that, some sent forth in knowing and bitter malice, and many more spoken in ignorance, which surely will be pleaded in mitigation of their guilt, have done outrage to the Blessed Sacrament."

"If, profiting by the grateful fact that the native sense of justice in our countrymen overcomes the prejudices which once did them so great wrong, we, on this occasion, make the fullest use of that right of free speech and public demonstration which they applied so readily to advance the cause they have at heart, let no man imagine that we do those things in any spirit of hostile feeling to those who do not think as we do, and still less that there is empty boasting in our minds."

It will be news to many to learn that Cardinal Manning's mother was a Catholic. The London Tablet publishes some recently discovered letters written by the Cardinal's father, Mr. W. Manning, M.P., and concludes: "We seem in these letters to get a little nearer to the father of the Cardinal. Who will make us better acquainted with the history of his mother, of which he himself knew little? That she was the member of an Irish family that had held land and slaves in the West Indies is perhaps generally known, but the secret of her profession of the Catholic faith, preserved from motives of policy while she was alive, has come very fully to light in an interesting diary kept in Worthington by a gentleman who married her sister."

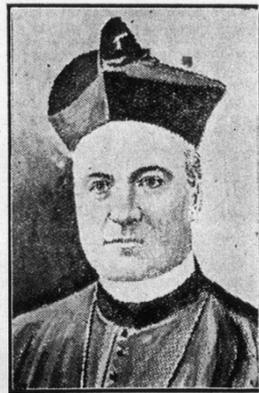
Labor Day Sermon.

Preached by Rev. John Talbot Smith at St. Patrick's Church on Sunday Night.

A most edifying sight was the religious celebration of Labor Day in St. Patrick's Church on Sunday evening last. Tasteful decorations, innumerable lights and flowers, lent a charm to which no other church can equal. The red cassocked altar boys, Archbishop and clergy walked from the vestry through the church to the majestic strains of the organ, at which Professor Fowler presided for the last time in his official capacity.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., President of the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburgh, N.Y., preached a masterly sermon, a synopsis of which we reproduce. Archbishop Bruchesi merits the praise and commendation of the Christian world for his efforts to sanctify the celebration of Labor Day, and his example is worthy of imitation by the Bishops of the American continent. These great festivals of the people are like the great festivals of the Church; they illuminate a great doctrine, a great event, or a great personage, and they not only commemorate the past, they also instruct the present, and the world needs a great deal of instruction on the thing called labor. People think they know all about it, because they make their living by it. But a short examination shows them the length and depth of their ignorance. If the celebration of Labor Day does nothing more than acquaint the world with the full meaning of the term labor, it will have splendidly vindicated its main idea and aim.

By labor each man lives, and by it society is sustained and continued. God is the Great Laborer, and the universe is His work. His hands, activity is His attribute. He made man like Himself, and labor is the activity of man. It is an essential part of him. We must work, not merely to make a living, to secure our pleasures, to gratify our ambitions, but also because without external activity we must die. Labor is a necessity of our nature, and God has given us a world which needs our cultivation quite as much as we need its supplies. How few recognize this fact, that we must work or perish. It is therefore not too much to say that a man's labor is himself. It cannot be separated from him, nor can it be made, as some would like, a market commodity like pork, subject to a law of supply and demand.

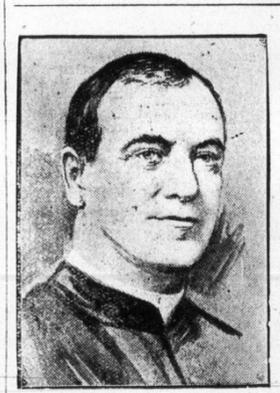


HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP GAUTIER, Who Presided at the Labor Day Celebration at St. Patrick's.

Neither can it be confined to one kind of work or class of workers. Any kind of labor is good, if it be really labor. The millionaire who manages his estate justly, the capitalist who carries on his enterprises honorably, the artist, the writer, the teacher, the priest, the missionary, are all workers, and their labor helps to keep the world alive and moving. Their labor merits recognition, and more than all the others, in the order of nature, the labor of the father and mother, without whom society vanishes, takes first place and deserves the highest praise and the richest reward. I do not find recognition of parent, priest, teacher, artist and capitalist in the present celebration of Labor Day. But if the celebration teaches the people the true meaning of labor, it will have deserved well of mankind.

In particular, if it helps men to destroy their scorn of labor, and brings them full recognition of the dignity of labor, no matter how humble, it will have achieved the impossible. Men scorn labor. It is not only the feeble-minded scion of nobility who despises work, but the workers themselves. We have a servant problem because the shop-girl or the factory girl despises domestic service. The tailor has scorn for the shoemaker, and the bank clerk despises both; and so on through a long list of scorn. Yet in the sight of God one form of labor is no better

than another. This scorn of our own means of earning a living is scorn of ourselves. It is as old as man. Did not the Jews say of Christ: "Is not this the son of Joseph, the carpenter, and Mary?" Nothing great could be expected from the son of a mere carpenter. Is it not this scorn which has rendered useless so many of our workers, who will not perform properly their work for which they accept wages? Is it not this scorn, on the part of the employers, which ties the tender children to the loom and the spindle, and turns out the parent and the adult into the streets? Is it not this scorn which rates a man's labor with pork, and has invented a law of supply and demand to justify starvation wages? Is it not this scorn which pays the worker only what he must be paid? Is it not this scorn, which, in the case of mining and railroad, where gallant men daily expose their lives, pays no more wages than to safer vocations, and thinks nothing at all of the bodies mutilated, the lives destroyed, the hearts broken? Is it not this scorn which pays the father of a family no more than the bachelor, although the father is doing ten times more for state and society? Is it not this scorn which denies the mother, the dear, patient, self-sacrificing mother, any wages at all.



REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, LL.D. Preacher of the Labor Day Sermon.

If the celebration of labor day can allay this scorn in the workers themselves, and in all men, if it can secure recognition to every form of honorable labor, if it can persuade men to recognize labor as essential to their nature, as a part of themselves, the world may well bless the day when its inspiration came to men!

Meanwhile the cross of labor will weigh down the heads of mankind. Where, then, shall we look for its crown? To God, of course, the Great Worker, and to Christ, His Son, who says to the toilers: "Come to me, all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." With God there is full and present recognition of the worker and his work. Not a drop of sweat, not a sigh, not a tear expended in the performance of duty shall fail of its reward. On this earth He will fill our hearts with courage, and surround our work with dignity. Hereafter He will give us the harvest, the profits of our labor, all that we worked for, in abundant measure. Nothing is lost with God. That shall be the crown of labor, to receive back all that it worked for. Thieves may rob us, the great may cheat us, of our simple earnings; but the thieves and the great must make restitution to Death, and Death is the agent of God.

At the close of the Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given by His Grace, during which the pastor read a solemn act of consecration. As the vast multitude was passing out of the church, Professor Fowler rendered the Irish air as perhaps he never did before. The pastor is certainly to be congratulated upon the success of the celebration.

The Catholic Press Association.

The American Catholic Press Association, organized at Cincinnati, last week, will bring about results, beneficial, we hope, both to its projectors and patrons. Several of the chief Catholic newspapers of the United States were represented by their editors or managers.

What the Catholic Press of this Country needs is the hearty support of Catholics, clerical and lay. If the Catholicity of France had given strong patronage to Catholic newspapers there would not have been in that republic today a separation of Church and state. Ireland supports her Catholic newspapers. German Catholics have gained much for the faith by liberally given to their press. There is a growing antipathy to the organs of Catholicity coming from their opposition to Socialism and Anarchy; therefore, they deserve better support.

The American Catholic Press Association will endeavor to give the patrons of its membership the best literary news and, at the same time promote education and form a closer bond of friendship with brother editors.—Michigan Catholic.

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Beauty Patterns



A BECOMING WORK APRON.
6195.—Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes small, medium and large. The medium size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. This neat and attractive work apron is made of white and black figured percale. The front is in princess effect and a deep pleat over the shoulders adds greatly to the becomingness of the mode. The full skirt extends around to the back, thus protecting the entire dress. Linen, gingham and percale are all suitable for the making. A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON.

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

No.

Size.....

Name.....

Address in full:

CHEERFULNESS.

I know an old man who has had a great deal of trouble and many losses and misfortunes, but he started out in life with a firm determination to extract just as much real enjoyment from it as he went along as possible—not in dissipation, but in wholesome recreation and fun. He has always tried to see the humorous side of things, the bright side and the duty of happiness.

The result is that, although the man has had more than his share of sorrow in his career, he has developed the inestimable faculty of making the best of every situation and of always facing the sun and turning his back to the shadows. This life habit of cheerfulness and optimism has brought out a sweetness of character and a poise and serenity of mind which are the envy of all who know him. Although he has lost his property and the most of his family and relatives, yet he radiates sunshine and helpfulness wherever he goes.

A man who can laugh outside when he is crying inside, who can smile when he feels badly, has a great accomplishment. We all love the one who believes the sun shines when he cannot see it.

A potted rose in a window will turn its face away from the darkness toward the light. Turn it as often as you will, it always turns away from the darkness and lifts its face upward toward the sun.

GOD'S DWELLING.

God made His dwelling in my heart to-day.
Flung wide the shuttered windows to the dawn,
And let the light in, ray on level ray.
Till all the dark was gone.

He swept the drowsy chambers clean as snow,
And set the sills a-blossoming with flowers.
So in my heart's house moved he to and fro,
Twelve wondrous, wondrous hours.

The shapes of fret and discontent and hate
That had been wont to claim the place as home,
Paused, fearful, in the shadow of the gate,
And dared no nearer come.

Once Sorrow's shadow darkened at the door,
And I looked up and bade it be my guest,
Shrinking nor fearing; and behold! it bore
A blessing in its breast.

Yes, and those dreary ghosts of memories

I long had known, sad, furtive-footed things—
To-day I marked their gentle presence
By the soft sound of wings.

Smiling, I bent me to my burden's weight,
Singing, I wrought before my busy loom,
With threads of gold. Uplifted and elate
I met the folding gloom.

To-night God roofs me with His tranquil skies
And lights His steadfast stars and takes away
The twilight's pictures from my straining eyes,
And all the sights of day.

Unloosed, unshot, I hear across the deep,
Still dark, the world's last murmur faint and cease;
And, folding quiet hands, I fall on sleep,
Safe in my House of Peace.

GENUINENESS.

There is nothing which will add so much to one's power as the consciousness of being absolutely sincere, genuine. If your life is a perpetual lie, if you are conscious that you are not what you pretend to be—that you are really a different person from what the world regards you—you are not strong. There is a restraint, a perpetual fighting against the truth going on within you, a struggle which saps your energy and warps your conduct. If there is a mote at the bottom of your eye you cannot look the world squarely in the face. Your vision is not clear. Everybody sees that you are not transparent. There is a cloudiness, a haze about your character, which raises the interrogation point where you go. Character alone is strength and deceit is weakness; sham and shoddy are powerless, and only the genuine and the true are worth while.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A sense of duty pursues us over. It is omnipresent, like the Deity. If we take to ourselves the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, duty performed or duty violated is still with us for our happiness or our misery. If we say the darkness shall cover us, in the darkness as in the light our obligations are yet with us.—Daniel Webster.

COLOR COMBINATIONS.

The latest manifestation of odd color schemes is found in a costume having a tunic skirt of electric blue shantung silk and a frivolous little coat of jade green satin foulard. These coats continue to flourish and with them are being shown waistcoats of costly old tapestries or brocades, many of them handsome enough to adorn the crystal shelves of the curio cabinet.

PARASOL FOR A BRIDESMAID.

Painted parasols are again the fashion, and spring blossoms the chosen designs. One with sprays of exquisitely tinted apple blossoms is especially appropriate for bridesmaids to carry, as the delicate coloring will blend with any costume.—Vogue.

CLEANING THE ATTIC.

"We'll give this trash to the ash man this afternoon," said Mrs. Carter, as she and her maid began the annual housecleaning. "I shall be glad to get so much worthless stuff out of the house." How she succeeded is related in the Chicago News.

Helga first surreptitiously extracted a chromo entitled "Our Pets," from the overflowing basket which they had brought from the attic. The fact that the chromo had a hole punched through it did not alter her opinion that it was "too good to throw away."

"Mother," exclaimed Elizabeth, rushing in from school and leaning over the basket, "you weren't really going to throw away my dear little Easter rabbit?"

"Why," said Mrs. Carter, "I did not suppose you cared for that old rabbit. One ear is broken, and one foot gone—"

"Of course I care for it!" interrupted Elizabeth, and carefully brushing the dust from the dilapidated bunny, Elizabeth carried it to the dining room and deposited it tenderly in a cut-glass dish on the sideboard.

"Hello!" called Bob. "Cleaning house? Say, don't throw that rug away! I shall want that when I go camping this summer."

"But, Bobby," remonstrated his mother, "the moths have ruined it. You don't want a rug that is full of great holes, do you?"

"Sure!" responded Bob. "And I want these old umbrellas, too. There is a man down on Market street that pays a good price for old umbrellas."

He proceeded to rescue also a broken clock and a piece of rusty chain and promised to remove his possessions to the shed.

"Mother," said the elder daughter, coming downstairs a few minutes later,

ter, "I notice that Helga has carelessly thrown the note-books containing my essays that I wrote in my sophomore year into that basket of rubbish. Those essays were the results of a great deal of original research. Will you please tell Helga to put them back in the attic?"

"Yes, my dear," said her mother, with a little sigh. "I'll attend to it myself."

"Been cleaning the attic?" asked the head of the household. "I hope you didn't throw away those tan shoes. I want them this summer."

"But, Robert," protested Mrs. Carter, "those tan shoes are entirely worn out; one has a big hole in the side. I have saved two fairly decent old pairs for you."

"The others are all right," responded her husband, "but I want the tan shoes, too. Nothing like having plenty of shoes. Those tan shoes are the most comfortable things I ever had, anyway."

Mrs. Carter went upstairs and took the tan shoes and the note-books out of the basket.

Nothing now remained except a half-roll of wall-paper, which had been left when the parlor was papered the time before the last. Mrs. Carter unrolled the paper and looked at it.

"This is such pretty paper," she said to herself, "it is a shame to throw it away." So she carried it back to the attic.

HELPFUL HINTS.

A piece of dried orange peel burnt on a shovel or tin plate in a close stuffy room will sweeten the air immediately and leave a pleasant odor.

Before polishing your furniture, wipe it over with a cloth wrung out in warm water. It takes the polish better and looks much brighter. The same thing applies to brass.

After peeling apples or anything that stains the skin, rub with a lemon, digging the nails well in, so that the lemon juice goes under them. Afterwards wash in warm water, using no soap.

To clean a brown leather belt erase any dirty spots by rubbing with a rag dipped in spirits of wine. Wash the belt with soap and water, and when dry polish with ordinary brown boot or harness cream.

SEVEN "MINDS."

1. Mind your tongue. Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind, or wicked words. Mind!
2. Mind your eyes. Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pictures, or objects. Mind!
3. Mind your ears. Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs, or words. Mind!
4. Mind your lips. Don't let tobacco foul them. Don't let the food of the glutton enter between them. Mind!
5. Mind your hands. Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words. Mind!
6. Mind your feet. Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked. Mind!
7. Mind your heart. Don't let the love of sin dwell in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it his throne. Mind!

BEFORE WASH DAY.

The preparation of plaited garments for the laundry is a matter of more importance than many women realize. Almost every woman, however, knows what it is to send a chic looking skirt, blouse or jacket to the laundry and have it come back lacking all style or shape. This is a case where an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is much easier to baste down the plaits in a wash garment before it is sent to the laundry than it is to mend a mishapen thing after it has been pulled out of shape in washing. The little jabots should be basted while the folds of the plaits are still distinct.

The same rule applies to washable cravats, which must be basted down the middle to keep the outer covering and the lining in proper position.

When washing a skirt the plaits should be fastened into place and the hem so that the edge will be even when ironed. These stitches are left in until the skirt is entirely finished and ready to wear; otherwise the precaution will be ineffectual.

It is a very clever idea when a chain stitch machine is handy to use it instead of hand sewing, for the work is simpler, and the chain stitch is much easier to pull out than the hand work stitches. Of course, for any material where the machine stitches would show, such as stiff linens, the basting must be done by hand.

CARE OF THE TEETH.

Brushing the teeth is not a simple operation, and few persons do it correctly. To remove accumulations of foreign stuff and acid collections so they will cause no decay the bristles must be rubbed up and down and not across the teeth. In cleaning the best plan is to brush the upper teeth with a downward motion and the lower ones with an upward motion. By this process any substance between or at the side of the teeth is removed, while the center is also cleaned.

Should stains, etc., appear on the enamel use powdered pumice stone, about once in six weeks, to remove them.

Put on the pumice with an orange-wood stick that has been previously dipped in lemon. Rub the teeth evenly with this; then rinse out the mouth to remove the powder that, if left on the gums or teeth, would surely scratch the dentine. In the same way rub on powdered cuttlefish bone once a week.

Funny Sayings.

THE EXPLANATION.

Him (in the surf)—The water is getting cold. I wonder why.

Her—That tall girl who just came in is from Boston.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The little daughter of a homoeopathic physician received a ring with a pearl in it on the Christmas tree. Two days later she poked her head tearfully in at the door of her father's office.

"Papa," she sobbed, "Papa, I've lost the little pill out of my ring."

FREDDY'S EXPLANATION.

"Freddy, you should not laugh out loud in the schoolroom," exclaimed the teacher.

"I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."

A little girl whose grandmother had recently died after having received the last sacraments, was asked in catechism class this question: "How many sacraments are there, Nellie?"

Nellie, after some hesitation: "There ain't none."

"Why so?"

"Because my grandma died last week and she received the last sacraments, so there ain't none now."

Two priests were not long ago walking along a picturesque street in a western village famed for an institution of learning under the care of one of the pious sisterhoods.

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To her great surprise, the lad answered glibly enough, "Ten, ma'am."

"And now, Sammy," pleasantly continued the teacher, "what will be the result if you should break one of them?"

"Then there'd be nine," triumphantly answered the youngster.

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"What pleased me most," said the man who had been abroad, "was the wonderful clock at Stranburg."

"Oh, I should like to see it!" replied the ignorant youth. "And did you see the watch on the Rhine, too?"

Kind Lady—You are a strong and healthy looking man. Why don't you go to work?

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Mrs. Naggs (reading)—"In some parts of Africa, the more wives a man has the greater his social importance."

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"Yes," replied the stay-at-home, "but how did you know? You've been away nearly a year."

"Yes, but I thought that would be the next step; she had just begun to spell her name 'Kathryn' when I went away."

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"Well," replied the candid critic, "you didn't take advantage of your many opportunities."

"I didn't?"

"No, you had a number of opportunities to quit before you did."

THOUGHTFUL.

A lady, carrying a little dog in her arms, was riding along one of the busiest parts of Glasgow. All the way she worried the conductor to know whether they had come to No. 1, mentioning a house in A street. When they reached this number the conductor stopped the car, thinking that the lady wished to alight there. Instead of doing this,

however, she went to the door of the car, and, holding up the dog said: "Look, Toby, that's where your mother was born!"

"This is the limit!"

"What's the matter now?"

"I called up the iceman to find out why he had not brought us any ice for three days—"

"What was his reason?"

"Said it was too hot."

WHO DID?

A little fellow who had just left the hard side of the slipper, when the tears had dried somewhat, turned to his mother:

"Mother," he asked, "did grandpa spank father when he was a little boy?"

"Yes," answered his mother, impatiently.

"And did his father whip him when he was little?"

"Yes."

"And did his father spank him?"

"Yes."

A pause.

"Well, who started this thing, anyway?"

"I have come, madam, to take your gas meter out."

"I'm glad to hear it, for it's done nothing since it's been here but take me in!"

MAKING SURE.

"What are you sealing up in that envelope so carefully, Crawshaw?"

"Important instructions that I forgot to give my wife before I came down this morning. I am going to send it up home."

"Will your wife open it at once?"

"Rather. I have made sure of that."

"How?"

"Our lady typist will address it to me, and put a big 'Private' on the corner of the envelope."—Tit-Bits.

Blue Ribbon Tea

This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 2554, Montreal, entitles the sender to a free package of our 40c. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.

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It has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years and has always given satisfaction.

Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Price 35 cents at all druggists and dealers. Do not let some unprincipled druggist humbug you into taking so-called Strawberry Compound. The original is Dr. Fowler's. The rest are substitutes.

Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "We have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."

The Scandal of the Great.

Father Phelan, who is sojourning in Europe, is sending home interesting letters to his paper, the Western Watchman of St. Louis. Writing from Berlin, he deprecates the lack of religion in the large cities of the continent. Especially is this noticeable among those occupying high places.

"The scandal of the great" is the bane of our age," he writes. "The men who occupy the first places do not go to church. The rulers of France and Italy never go to Mass. What a scandal! The rulers of other European countries are, with two exceptions, men without any sense of religion. What a scandal! The chiefs of the army and navy never enter a church. The heads of the universities are all infidels. What a scandal! The mayors of the towns the judges of the courts, the men charged with the vindication of the laws, are unbelievers in anything above the reach of their own powers. What a scandal! In Italy and in France the rulers of the people are not only devoid of religion, but they are openly hostile to it in all its forms. The forum, the court, the press is atheistic. What an awful scandal! Quails rex, talis populus. The leaders of the people despise religion; the people grow indifferent to it."

Poony Sayings.

THE EXPLANATION.

Him (in the surf)—The water is getting cold. I wonder why.

Her—That tall girl who just came in is from Boston.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The little daughter of a homoeopathic physician received a ring with a pearl in it on the Christmas tree. Two days later she poked her head tearfully in at the door of her father's office.

"Papa," she sobbed, "Papa, I've lost the little pill out of my ring."

FREDDY'S EXPLANATION.

"Freddy, you should not laugh out loud in the schoolroom," exclaimed the teacher.

"I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile busted."

A little girl whose grandmother had recently died after having received the last sacraments, was asked in catechism class this question: "How many sacraments are there, Nellie?"

Nellie, after some hesitation: "There ain't none."

"Why so?"

"Because my grandma died last week and she received the last sacraments, so there ain't none now."

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SURPRISE

A Question of Age.

(By Katharine Tynan.)

The young people had met at a seaside resort, had talked and walked and sat out of evenings to hear the band play, had talked sentiment under the moon, and the end of it was that they fell honestly and thoroughly in love with each other.

Jack Power was a journalist who had climbed from descriptive reporting to the sub-editorial chair of a daily newspaper in an important town. He was a clever fellow and certain to get on, people said. He had a university degree and was reading for the bar, in addition to his journalistic work. His friends said he was the sweetest natured fellow in the world. And Madge Banon's friends said the same thing of her.

Madge was a school teacher and very fond of her work. She also had a university degree and was paid fairly well in the schools where she taught; and she had been careful and had put by a little money, as well as keeping herself ever since she had left the parental nest.

"I am very proud of being able to keep myself," she said. "My dear old father is the most generous of men. I simply won't take money from him, for I know he has plenty to spare, and the boys only beginning to earn, and the girls to be put to school. I am very proud of it, proud, too, of the little nest egg I have been putting by year after year against a rainy day. I assure you it took some self-denial at first to save anything."

"I wonder what use a nest egg would be against a rainy day," he said laughing at her. "An umbrella would be much more useful. How I used to feel that it would be so dreadful to have no provision against old age and illness," she said, contemplatively.

"Wouldn't a husband do as well?" he laughed again.

"Ah, but I might never have had a husband."

"Is it so likely, with your eyes?"

They were engaged between themselves, but as yet neither Madge's father, Peter Banon, or Jack's father, Tom Power, knew what the young people had been doing. However, there was not likely to be any opposition to the marriage on either side. Madge, looking at Jack, Jack, looking at Madge, was certain that any parent, even the most exacting, must bless such a happy choice. And neither Peter Banon nor Tom Power was exacting; each was so fond of a father that their respective children had the first faint disagreement over their perfection.

"There isn't as handsome an old man nor as kind and friendly and hospitable as my father," Jack had said, glowing with affectionate pride.

"You haven't seen mine," said Madge, with an air of tolerance.

Madge wrote home her wonderful news to her father; and a little later brought down her fiancé to be inspected by the home ones. There was no mother, Mrs. Banon had died a good many years back, and Madge would often say that her father had been father and mother both to his children.

He was a beautiful old man with eyes as blue as the eyes of a young child, an innocent rosy face, handsome features and a little tansure of dark curls encircling a head otherwise bald. It was pleasant to see him with his children, who adored him. The little home was sweet and fresh, set amid country pastures, with flowers outside and flowery chairs and wall-papers and carpets inside, to say nothing of the faces of the girls, the little house had a garden-like suggestion for Jack Power, who was a young man of imagination. He was delighted that his Madge had grown up amid such fragrant surroundings.

The neighbors came in and inspected Jack Power and approved of him. So did the relations. The young people lived in an atmosphere of goodwill.

The next thing was for Tom Power to approve his son's choice. Jack was an only son, and his father lived on his farm at Gartmore, with his sister Hannah, to take care of him and keep him company.

Madge went on her visit to Gartmore and won golden opinions even from Jack's Aunt Hannah, who was devoted to her nephew and had a low opinion of the young women of the present day. Madge was delighted with Jack's father, who was a towering sort of a man, clean-shaven, with brilliant grey eyes and his close black hair on his big head just flecked with grey.

"I'm seventy-two years of age and I don't look it," said Tom Power one day when they were talking of

ages.

"No, indeed you don't," Madge assented warmly, while Miss Hannah Power sniffed indignantly in the corner.

"Hannah thinks I oughtn't to be giving away her age," said Tom Power gleefully. "Isn't it written in the family bible?"

"Father is seventy-two," said Madge "but he looks older than you. He has lost his hair and most of his teeth."

"And mine are sound as a nut," said Tom Power. "Come outside, Madge, my daughter, and see me throw the weight. I haven't forgotten the trick yet."

Madge duly saw and admired.

Tom Power had been a famous athlete in his day and had not yet lost his prowess, despite his more than seventy years.

It was a great adventure for Tom Power and his sister Hannah to go from their warm fireside into another county to visit Peter Banon. It was so long since they had travelled; but of course they must be friends with the family into which Jack was going to marry, so they embarked on the adventure.

It was all idyllic at first. Peter Banon drove Tom Power over the farm in his little pony-cart, the two heads very close together, for Hannah Power made herself at home with the girls, winning their confidence—for at first they had been a bit afraid of the handsome, astute spinster—by her admiration of the beautiful old-fashioned house and furniture, and the excellent order in which it was kept.

For two whole days there was nothing but harmony. Madge who had her holidays was in the seventh heaven, nothing missing from her happiness but the presence of Jack, who had to be at the office of his paper all the week, but was coming down for Saturday and Sunday. Madge loved to see the two old men together and to hear them talking of this and that person or event they remembered.

But on the evening of the second day there was a rift in the lute. Some neighboring boys had come in to supper at the hospitable house. While they waited for the meal the boys amused themselves by various athletic feats, amid the applause of the pretty, black-haired, rosy-cheeked Banon girls.

Tom Power and Peter Banon were sitting under an apple tree on which the blossoms were just turning to little apples. They were smoking the pipe of peace, looking on tranquilly at the happiness of the young people.

Presently one of the boys approached Tom Power with a request. His prowess was remembered all over Ireland, although it was a good many years since he had made any public appearance. Would he show them what he could do, so that they might tell the tale to their friends and neighbors?

They did not expect very much from the veteran, but after a modest disclaimer on Tom Power's part— "sure he was too old to do anything now, wouldn't he be only making an omadawn of himself?"—the old man consented.

The young fellows stood around ached while Tom Power showed them some of the feats which had made him famous. He had kept himself in training, and at seventy-two he could still give points to the lads. The air rang with applause as he retired to his seat under the apple tree with a beaming countenance, and only very slightly winded.

"You're a great man entirely," said Peter Banon with heartfelt admiration.

"It isn't too bad for an old man like me," Tom Power said, modestly. "Is it old you're calling yourself?"

Peter Banon said, "Sure you're young. Wait till you're my age."

"Why, we're of an age, man. The girls was telling me you were seventy-two last March. I was seventy-two in February. I'm an older man than you by a month."

"I don't believe it. 'Tis given to me that I'm the haldest man of my age in the County Tipperary; but I couldn't do what you've done."

"Small blame to you, I do a bit with the hammer and the pole every day. It keeps the limbs supple."

"If you're seventy-two, then I'm eighty-two," said Peter Banon doggedly.

It was the cloud no bigger than a man's hand which foreboded a storm. For two days they argued the question of their ages, with an increasing acrimony. The third day they almost came to blows; and Peter Banon, who had never closed his door against neighbor during all his kindly years of life, had actually suggested to Tom Power that there was a certain train very convenient for travelling to the County Water-

ford which left the Junction at four o'clock in the afternoon. If Mr. Power wished to travel by it, he was at his disposal.

Mr. Power was very much obliged to Mr. Banon; but he would not trouble Mr. Banon to send him to the station. Thank God, he had good legs under him and could walk the two miles without inconvenience. The remark was another offence to Peter Banon, who was a sufferer from the gout.

They bade each other farewell with the most frozen politeness. Poor Madge was almost in hysterics. The other girls were almost equally disturbed and unhappy. Miss Hannah Power, having done her best to make the two old men see sense, packed up her fine stiff silk and her good old muslins and laces with philosophy. She thought very little of the understanding of the other sex, and the acknowledged that for her part she was not surprised. She did not suppose the breach would ever be healed—men were so pig-headed. And for her part, whether Tom liked it or not, she was going to accept Mr. Banon's offer and drive to the Junction. Indeed, she didn't know how she was going to get the luggage there.

"But it is terrible, terrible," said Madge, weeping. "To think of Jack's father and mine parting on bad terms! What will Jack say? And it is so difficult to appease father once he has taken offence."

"Indeed it's just the same way with Tom," said Miss Power, standing by and watching Madge while she packed for her. "Tis as likely as not they'll never speak to each other again. There, my dear, don't be crying over my moire antique. That particular shade of puce spoils so easily."

"I suppose I shall have to wait until Jack comes down," Madge had said, to herself, with a feeling of comfort in the midst of all the trouble of the thought of Jack. Jack would soon set things to rights. The whole business was foolish. She kept hoping till the hall door closed heavily behind Tom Power that the principals in the quarrel would recognize the folly of it themselves and shake hands at last, with a laugh.

A little later and Peter Banon, with one old-fashioned courtesy, was handing Miss Power into the covered car, tucking her in carefully with the rug, as though no shadow had come between the houses.

He stood there with his cap off till the covered car had turned a corner of the avenue and was out of sight. Then he came slowly back to the house.

As he entered the hall he came face to face with Madge, and glared at her red eyes and her air of discomfiture.

"That is the last of the Powers," he said vindictively. "Mind, I won't have that man's son coming about the place. If he has the poor spirit to want to come just you keep him away; for I can't answer for how I might behave to him."

"Let me hear no more of this folly between you and Power," he said passing her by.

The end of it was that Madge departed from her father's house within twenty-four hours of the departure of the Powers. She had had a scene with her father which hurt her dreadfully, for she had always been a little dearer, a little more devoted to him than her sisters. But she was angry with him. He would insist on regarding her engagement as a thing to be lightly put aside, because of the little bit of old men, she said to herself bitterly.

Jack, who had been looking forward with delight to his week-end, had already heard of the quarrel from his Aunt Hannah. He came to meet Madge at the station in response to her telegram and took her away to a quiet place before they talked over matters. It was a green garden much affected by children and their nurses in the mornings, but in the afternoons usually left to the birds.

The air was delicious with the scent of the new-mown hay, of the lilac and hawthorn just going out of bloom, of the syringa and elder beginning to blow.

When they had taken possession of their favorite seat, which was hidden away delightfully in a little maze of clipped hedges, to her great surprise and somewhat to her annoyance he began to laugh, quietly at first, and then more and more uproariously.

"You don't understand the seriousness of it," Madge protested. "My dear old man is so obstinate once he gets an idea into his head. You should have just seen your father's back, as he stalked off to walk over the bogland to the Junction. It was obstinacy itself."

"I can imagine it. As soon as he got home he sent me his ultimatum. All was to be over between you and me, darling."

Again he laughed softly. She did not know whether to be cheered up or annoyed by the way he was taking it. But suddenly he became serious.

"My poor little darling," he said, "it has been grieving you. You are quite pale. And I was a wretch to laugh. Only I see my way so clearly out of it."

"Tell me."

"Well, in the first place you have just to go straight home." The day was Thursday, "I shall be with you on Saturday as I promised. And I will bring my father with me. I have written my father with me. I have written only to hunt up a baptismal certificate. As it happens my grandfather was born in Dublin, my grand-mother having come up to town for his birth since doctors and nurses were scarce commodities then in the neighborhood of Sheil Bawn. You see I know my dear old governor as well as you know yours. One can always make him do the handsome thing by proving to him that the other party has been hopelessly in the wrong. His magnanimity is sheer Quixotism."

"But how are you going to do it?"

"I had a hand to keep it from you, but I won't let you suffer suspense."

I thought it out in the small hours after the receipt of Aunt Hannah's letter in which she told me about the whole ruction. You've no idea what a Complete Letter-Writer Aunt Hannah is."

Again he burst into a laugh, as he told her his way out, and her eyes danced and sparkled. For a moment at least he had no misgivings. She had time for plenty during the three hours' journey to the Junction; but she put them away from her. Jack had been so certain of his father, and she knew that hers was not to be outdone in generosity. So she waited and hoped.

Her father came to meet her at the Junction, and she thought she detected in his manner a great relief at her return as well as a certain contrition for his harshness with her. Nothing was said between them about the cause of the quarrel, but he kept sending her wistful glances, and he was, if anything more tender to her than usual.

The time that had to elapse between her return and the hour when Jack might be expected to make his appearance on Saturday was a time of unaccountable nervousness for poor Madge. She was glad when at last the hour came. Anything was better than waiting and being afraid; and the thought of seeing Jack was in itself a cheerful thing.

She had noticed her father out along the bog-road by which the travelers would come. It was better than waiting at home. At last there was the whistle of the train, and a few minutes later Madge's heart leaped up, and then fluttered in terror, as she saw the two figures she expected coming to meet them. She wished there had been a corner room in which they might have come suddenly. But these they were, far away and little as they were, growing taller as they came nearer.

They had almost met before Peter Banon recognized who was coming. Madge felt rather than saw him stiffen suddenly. His face became very red. Then—

"I was wrong, friend Peter, I was wrong," he said, "I've come to put myself in the right. Shake hands man."

Peter Banon took the hand, and a bit shyly, his face clearing wonderfully.

"Here's a scrap of paper this wonderful boy of mine found," Tom Power went on. "Just look at it. I was born on the 29th of February in a Leap Year. Why by rights I won't be seventy-two for three and a half years."

Peter Banon's face dimpled humorously. "Why, sure you are no more than a quarter of my age," he said. And this time it was he who extended the little hand of friendship.

The little breeze after all served but to hasten the wedding-day of the happy couple.

They might be falling but about something else," Jack said, "to be better put ourselves beyond the reach of their ultimatum. My persuasion might fail another time. If he wasn't the simplest of men I'd never have persuaded him that it was his duty to heal the breach. Do you know, darling, he is so delighted at your Leap Year explanation that he leaves him better than a brother."

"While mine church-as all day ever the simplicity of yours."

"They are a dear old couple of innocents," said Jack Power.

After all Peter Banon was not to be outdone in magnanimity. At his daughter's wedding breakfast he proposed the health of Mr. Power.

"You all know what he is, neighbor," he said. "A man I'm proud to be connected with. Look at him sitting there. He's as old a man as I am, and a better man, aye, a better man than I could ever hope to be."

And the fervent of "No! No!" excited by this latter remark, which Tom Power led vigorously, the bridegroom whispered to the bride.

"It is being borne in on me," he said, "that they weren't half as simple as we thought them. It's my belief that they were both very glad to get out of an impossible quarrel, and that they were laughing in their sleeves at us for our clumsy device for bringing them together."

"Four clumsy device," said the bride ungratefully.

Frank E. Donovan

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Concert Every Wednesday Evening

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I had then, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocese (except Epping).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)

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

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

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Established 1864.

Protestants' Plight.

Although England is always spoken of, nowadays, as a Protestant country, there are very many of her leading Protestant denominations which, instead of gaining as the Catholic Church in England is doing, are steadily losing members.

The British Congregationalists have almost held their own, but not quite. Their membership is 459,663 for 1907, a loss of 275. While the Sunday school teachers have increased by 1,589, the pupils have fallen off by 9,090.

The Wesleyan Methodists show the same loss, the membership of 625, 256 being 2,200 fewer than in the previous year, while the pupils are fewer by nearly 10,000.

Five smaller Methodist denominations show a total loss of 8,515 pupils and a small loss in members. A single one the Primitive Methodists, report a gain of 1,500 members, but they lose 1,203 Sunday school pupils.

In Wales the largest denomination is the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Connection, which is Presbyterian in government. Its membership is given as 187,768, a loss of 1,896.

The total loss in membership of the Nonconformist denominations is about 14,000 and that in Sunday schools is more than 35,000. Indeed, one of the best ecclesiastical statisticians in Great Britain puts the loss in members in England and Wales at 17,454.

One cause of this ebb is the sloughing off of the excess members who joined the churches during the excitement of the Welsh revival.

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But chronic indigestion will disappear when the liver, kidneys and bowels are enlivened to action.

You are skeptical. For you have tried many medicines and still suffer from indigestion with all its annoying symptoms.

Take a new line. Leave the stomach alone, for the source of trouble is in the intestines and healthful digestion can be restored by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

In some ways this treatment is unique. It has a specific and combined action on liver, kidneys and bowels, brings about a thorough cleansing of the filtering and excretory systems and thoroughly cures indigestion and constipation.

The first dose will convince you that you are being benefited and you will soon know what it is to have a healthful, natural appetite and good digestion.

Together with the reliability of his Receipt Book, the extraordinary success of this medicine has made Dr. A. W. Chase world famous, his portrait and signature are on the box. Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cts. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont.

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

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

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It is really not difficult to cure kidney trouble in its first stages. All you have to do is give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial.

They are the most effective remedy to be had for all kidney and urinary troubles.

Mrs. Alfred LeBlanc, Black Cape, Que., writes:—I feel it my duty to say a word about your Doan's Kidney Pills. I suffered dreadful pain across my back so bad I could not stoop or bend. After having used two boxes I feel now most completely cured thanks to your pills. I highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills.

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ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST SOLICITED.

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 Catholic 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 this country.

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1908

RESIGNATION OF PROFESSOR FOWLER.

In expressing our regret at the resignation of Professor Fowler as organist of St. Patrick's Church, we are but echoing the feeling of the hundreds of parishioners who, for the last forty years, have grown accustomed to the sympathetic melodies as rendered by the distinguished professor.

LABOR DAY.

The magnificent and imposing ceremonies held in Notre Dame and St. Patrick's Churches on Sunday last to mark the opening of the labor demonstration, were attended by countless thousands.

AN ABLE CATHOLIC EDITOR.

In the current issue of the Dublin Review, of which the distinguished Catholic, Wilfrid Ward, is editor, that versatile writer contributes a charming article on three notable editors of England—Delane, Hutton and Knowles.

acceptance of Newman's Apologia, he has repeatedly said the word in season for the "Papists" of England, and been to them a friend in need. Hutton's defence of the Apologia was especially influential from his known admiration of Kingsley.

THE CATECHISM—A SUMMARY OF PHILOSOPHY.

In a lecture at the Sorbonne, a celebrated college in the Latin quarter, Paris, Joffroy, one of the representative infidel savants of the eighteenth century, said in reference to the Catechism: There is a little book which is taught to children, and about which they are questioned at church.

GERMAN CATHOLIC CONGRESS.

The Catholics of the whole world are proud of the practical work done by their German co-religionists in the interests of religion, and look forward with pleasant anticipations each year to the proceedings of the annual Catholic Congress.

"Archbishop" Villatte's friend.

The Baron did not simply depart from Winnipeg. At the end of his term in jail he was deported, sent out of the country.

There is question at Rome of the beatification of John Duns Scotus, famed as the Subtle Doctor. We fancy his attitude towards his quasi-contemporary, St. Thomas of Aquin, will furnish material for the Devil's Advocate.

A remarkable fact with regard to the mental condition of the children of Irish Catholic parents is given prominently in the sixth volume of the Report of the Commission on the Care and Control of the Feeble-minded.

Revival of Faith in England.

Writing from London of the coming International Eucharistic Congress, to be held there September 9 to 13, Father Phelan in the Western Watchman says that it will be the greatest demonstration in force of the Catholic Church in England since the Reformation.

The London Standard's correspondent at Odessa says: "Since the promulgation of the religious tolerance edict of October 30, 1905, the conversion of Orthodox Russians to Roman Catholicism has been of quite an extensive character."

Hope Grows Strong in Ireland.

Last week Bishop Clancy of the diocese of Elphin, Ireland, was interviewed by the Post Express of Rochester, N.Y., and spoke most hopefully of the present outlook.

Current Literature and the "Black Pope."

An article entitled "The Black Pope," in the September number of Current Literature, begins, for instance, in this style: "As time brings with it the prospect of some termination to the labors of that commission which has been so long engaged at the Holy See in revision of the law, rumors of the summons of another Vatican Council before the termination of the present pontificate makes their way into the European press."

said: "Everything was done in Ireland to discourage it, because we feel that the remnant of our people in Ireland is all too little for the upkeep of our country and the propagation of our race."

French Atheists And the New Marriage Laws.

It is interesting to consider the modern view of marriage, as held by the leaders of the frankly atheistic thinkers of France, of to-day.

What is she, then, to do, asks the reformer?

In the first place, she is to insist upon her marriage to any man, no matter how highly placed he may be, being nothing more or less than a business contract.

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SALE OF FANCY VESTS.

A Dressy Vest for cool evening wear, very newest cut and guaranteed to wash. The regular prices were \$1.75, \$1.50, \$1.25. You can buy one for 90c.

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priests, Father Loisy, out of the Roman communion. It is not the excommunicated Loisy—who was expelled from the Fold because he rejected the authority of the Bible and of the Church—who is "the most famous of living priests," as any intelligent Catholic could have told this ignorant and glib scribe.

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Ulster

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ORANGEISM HAS TIME BEEN TRAITOR

With this glorious baptism of blood of Orangeism, Orangeism has time been true to its profession, creed-hatred, and its Catholic and Irishmen: acts of cowardice and injustice which looked, if not sanctioned by powers that were, the blessings of peace that they always celebrated.

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Ulster and Nationality.

If there is one name that deserves to be written in eternal black in the history of Ireland, it is that of William Pitt. Most Irishmen will know him as the instigator and the precipitator of the Rebellion, and as the man who forced the Union on the Irish. But I have heard many Orangemen claim for him one of the pillars of the Orange church against the incessant aggressions of Popery, and to be the mainstay of the British Empire.

His historic pabulum is that Ulster was a savage land till he and his forebears came, that ever since his fight was a struggle for existence against the savage Kearsns; that, in 1641, three hundred thousand of his race were massacred by the Irish; and William, this performance would have been coerced; and that the Pastors struggle to oust him and his religion from the land. These statements I take from an orange publication, and also have heard over and over from the brethren themselves. An intelligent reader will easily see what teaching will lead to such minds. If anyone doubts that these statements are deliberately served up, let him take one of the Belfast or Derry Unionist papers, with a report of a July 12 demonstration, and he will have some very convincing reflections on the Christianity of brotherly love preached by alleged ministers of Christ on that day.

think more charitably of the present-day Orangemen. Normally, he is a hard-working, good soul, and would continue to be so if left alone. His belonging to the Orange order he considers an event or an honor in an otherwise very eventless life. He is given to understand that he is one of the pillars ordained to support his church against the incessant aggressions of Popery, and to be the mainstay of the British Empire.

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ORANGISM HAS FOR A LONG TIME BEEN TRUE TO ITS TRADITIONS.

With this glorious beginning in the baptism of blood of their fellow-Irishmen, Orangism has for a long time been true to its tradition. Oppression, creed-hatred, tyranny over their Catholic and Nonconformist Irishmen; acts of cowardly insolence and injustice in which they were backed, if not sanctioned, by the ruling powers that were; these were the "blessings of peace in the land" that they always celebrate as the fruits of their existence. By their legalized terrorism they sowed the seed of that bitter race hatred and creed hatred that it will take years yet to eradicate; and, by these same means, they played the game of the conqueror to perfection in neutralizing any attempt at union, understanding and confidence among the necessary for the welfare of a community where thought and creed are mixed. They secured for England the result that the most compact garrison of Englishmen could not do; and they have done it more cheaply and far more effectively.

It is not to be supposed that they did it for nothing. For their services they received their thirty pieces of silver; there was an informal bargain that they were to be the petted darlings of the crown, with special privileges at the expense of their neighbors in Ireland; and a legalized sanction for whatever they did to the detriment of the other. Every reader of Plowden, or any other historian with the least claim to impartiality, can read instances of it from the Battle of the Diamond and 1798 to Dolly's Drae murder in 1849, or the Belfast rioting in 1886. In the latter days, when the public eye was more wide-awake, and when some aspect of legality had to be seen in dealing with their doings, they resented the restriction of the bargain made formerly with the crown, and threatened to kick that sacred trophy into the Boyne.

FEW RECRUITS NOW ENTERING THE ORDER.

On the very face of it, Orangism is a hopeless anachronism. It is due to that awful conservatism of thought in Ulster that it has managed to exist so far. But it is surely losing ground. In the country the increased mutual understanding and respect of the different denominations make any attempt to revert to the old system discredited. The personnel of the lodges is static; the number of recruits entering is far less now than ten or twenty years ago. This is the best barometer of the change of feeling of the times. Even where the lodges do exist, they are forced to become less virulent, and to fulfill more of a social end in propagating indifferent music, and in passing resolutions against Mr. Birrell and his radical followers, and, of course, by tradition against Popery. But in this they shift their old hostility from their immediate neighbors. On July 12 of each year they "walk" as usual.

But it is only necessary to see their processions to see how harmless they are. They are simply an occasion of a day-out in the humdrum life, where a lot of farming lads march out in grotesquely colored sashes to some centre like Derry or similar centres in the North, to give bad music, hear worse harangues, and drink still worse drink. That is the outline of their return meekly to their homes. As for exciting any strong party feeling, the only way they are looked on by the Catholic public is with amused contempt, except, of course, they turn rowdy and use revolvers, but then the police see to that. If there is anyone to blame, it is the demagogues who fill their heads with bitter and bigoted falsehoods.

CAN COUNT NO LONGER ON THE ACTIVE SUPPORT OF THE GOVERNMENT.

It was depriving them of "what they considered their due." "Ireland for the Loyalist Orangemen." When the present King of England came to this country some years ago, and did not confine his sacred personality to the haunts of his brethren, he was only "Popish Ned." When Sir Antony Macdonnell tried a homeopathic dose of his own medicine on them some time ago, there was a howl of "persecution," and "trucking with rebels"—although it need hardly be said, Sir Antony had anything but the moral support of the "rebels" behind him. All this is merely an expression of the intense irritation they feel through knowing that their day has gone. It is the most eloquent comment on the organization that, once they can count no longer, openly at least, on the active backing of the Government, they have faded into comparative insignificance.

A great part of their strength lay also in having massed numbers on their side from the first; massed numbers of men, ignorant, truculent, with strong energies that could be directed to definite purposes by their leaders. In certain parts they still have mass on their side, and it is this that gives them an air of inflated importance. It can bring a noisy organization together for the purposes of meetings, voting and resolutions. Their leaders pretend to speak as if each member of the crowd were an intelligent, instructed thinking individual. This is the bubble which everybody outside Ulster is deceived by. The leaders' opinions seem to be backed always by the strong, unanimous voice of the crowd. But the mass of the society is numbers, not minds. The leaders speak, the others are the puppets who applaud or howl according to instruction.

THE ORDER USED BY POLITICIANS.

One thing must strike forcibly anyone who has ever attended these meetings; only a certain mass and a certain class are represented. Save for some clergymen who accompany them, and who, no doubt, are induced to do so for their own advantage, one looks in vain among them for men of any standing or name. The latter may identify themselves with Orangism at times in name to secure some need; they will rarely be openly identified with it. Yet the masses who make up the processions cannot or will not see this, for whatever they may do, they rarely think. They shout, howl and fight, and will never see that they are exploited. It is only when an M.P. or public man is looking for votes that "he is proud to be an Orangeman" in addressing them. Their serene sense of delusion would be laughable, if not so serious to themselves and the country.

But they are not all asleep or unthinking. Many of them have seen through things, and have left the traditions of Orangism far behind. In the cities and big centres there has sprung up a new order—Orange in name—Orange in tradition, that is worth while analyzing, since it promises to be the Orangism of the future. Ever, too, since the Land Act has been passed, some of the strongest of the old order have jettisoned their leaders, and it is a question of Irish till we can count them on the Irish side.

FATHER WYNNE SAILS FOR ENGLAND.

When the *Mauritania* left for England last Wednesday, it carried the Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., Editor of the Messenger, and one of the board of editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

Father Wynne is on his way to the Ecumenical Congress in London, where he will meet many of the European scholars, who are contributing to the Encyclopedia, and with whom he wishes to get in personal touch. After the Congress he is to visit Paris, Rome, and other educational centres of Europe with a view to enlarging the array of savants who are writing for the Catholic Encyclopedia.

History of the Church.

(Continued.)
Labor was the lot of all as also was dignity; each one learnt to take in turn care, obedience and command; no one was exempt from labor, no one excluded from honor.

It was the perfect state of things; no one could take pride out of the perpetual exercise of power. Proportion of time, caused no envy. No one oppressed another by servitude as the day might come when they would exchange places. No one found work difficult that would lighten future dignity. But while we admire the industry and government of migratory birds I hear another sort of winged creatures, a cloud of insects, as if to claim their right to pre-eminence of government and industry. And indeed it would be hard to refuse them that honor. Their government is a republican monarchy of women divided into various orders. One queen mother of all her people; the sterile females, the working women, number from twelve to forty thousand finally, a few males to serve the queen. If the swarm should enter a hive or a hollow tree-trunk, at once the workers set to work to clean out the interior, and line it with a sort of gum, then by converting into wax the honey which they find in the flowers, and sweat out through little blades placed between the rings around the belly, they form six-sided cells, some the size of themselves for future companions in labor, others much larger to accommodate the males to come, and others larger still for the future queens. The reigning queen, surrounded by a multitude of her subjects which show her respect and love, visits each cell as soon as it is finished and lays an egg in it which in twenty-one days is successively transformed into a worm, then into a grub, and lastly into a bee. The working bees immediately commence their duties as nurses and hatch the egg with great care, nourish the worm with honey and with dust that other bees take from the flowers of the field by means of little spoonlike appendages which grow on their hind feet. In the springtime when a great many of these little creatures first see the light, above all when a new queen is about to make her appearance, a revolution in the State commences. A "come and go" begins, all is agitation until the queen mother, followed by a multitude of old and young bees, leaves the hive to go and found a new colony somewhere else. Shortly afterwards the young queen leaves her cradle, receives the homage of her people, flies out into the open air, comes back and lays two hundred eggs a day. If the season should continue favorable, the population exuberant, or better still, if a second queen is about to come forth, the first queen leaves the hive with a number of followers and establishes herself elsewhere. On the contrary, should the season be late, the population diminishes, the young queen goes and breaks the royal cells and stabs the unborn queens with her sting. The workers see her but do not interfere, but hinder her from killing the young queen when the season is still good and the population large enough for a new swarm.

If it should happen that there are two queens in the hive at the same time, there is again a revolution, and to settle it, the rivals look for each other and fight in presence of the whole nation until one of them is killed. If it should happen that both get the fatal stroke, Providence has provided for the preservation of the swarm, as we shall soon see. If it should happen that each pierces the other, they quit fighting, but not for a long time, for they are forced by the populace to return to the struggle and stay fighting until one of them loses her life.

If there should be no queen in the hive at all, but only a hope that one will come to light soon because there happens to be an egg or worm or grub in a royal cell, the State is in peace and work continues. Even should there be nothing in any queen cell, it does not matter, for in another cell, the State is still safe. The nourishing bees feed that worm with the royal food, and, instead of a sterile female it will become a perfect queen and produce forty thousand young every year. If now there be no hope of having a queen bee by any of those means, the State is lost. This people, naturally laborious, active, become dejected, sad, careless; not one will go into the fields to collect honey for the stores; none returns with flower dust to nourish the young brood, none furnish the wax to make new cells, none flap their wings at the door of the hive to renew the air; Everything perishes away. It is only man who can save the desolate republic; but all he has to do is to furnish a layer of cells taken from another hive, but it must be one in which there is a royal cell furnished with an egg, or a few cells containing eggs or grubs for common bees.

Catholic Summer School.

With a term of eleven weeks, the longest yet held, the seventeenth session of the Catholic Summer School of America, the most successful in its history, was brought to a close here this evening. With a series of lectures on "Quebec, Old and New," particularly significant, the season of 1908 was opened June 29 by Rev. John Talbot, Smith, President of the School, and the session so splendidly inaugurated has continued without a moment of interest until the final recital by Prof. Edward Abner Thompson, of Manchester, N.H., this evening.

Representing a movement which is doing so much to unify the Catholics not alone of the United States but of the Canadian provinces with the United States, the session just closed has been successful in a degree extraordinary. Those who have watched the growth of the Summer School from a small colony to its present proportions, rejoice with the President and the Board of Trustees at this successful year and the auspicious outlook for the next session. To the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., President of the school, officers, trustees and workers, much is due for the unusual success of the season just finished. To the Rev. Thomas McKillop, C.S.P., Chairman of the Board of Studies, credit is due for arranging the best schedule of lectures yet given at the Summer School. The logical, philosophical, literary and scientific studies have been interspersed with song recitals, historical treatises, evenings with humorists, illustrated lectures, etc., intellectual pabulum, refreshing, interesting, instructive.

Fittingly and naturally a religious atmosphere permeates all the work of the Summer School, and to Almighty God first of all is due the success of every venture which this and other years have brought forth. Sanctioned and endorsed by those high in the affairs of the Church, approved by His Holiness Leo Thirteenth, the present year's successes have been showered with the blessings of the present Pontiff, Pius X. It is indeed inspiring to note the growth of religious spirit at the Summer School. With each succeeding year increased numbers come to Cliff Haven to participate in the celebration of the Feast of the Assumption so beautifully carried out in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Nowhere in all America more appropriately celebrated, the present year witnessed the most successful triduum and Lady Day celebration since the custom was inaugurated a few years ago by Rev. John F. Mulvaney, of Syracuse.

The introduction of professional dramatic organizations by Rev. John Talbot Smith has proven one of the most promising of the new ventures. Affording splendid entertainment during the summer, Dr. Smith plans to make it the beginning of a movement for the dramatization of the great classic Christian plays of history so full of beauty and yet untouched by the playwrights. The appearance of Mr. Frank Keenan during August in "The Orange and Green" proved a grand climax to this venture and a fitting end to a successful summer week-end performance.

In social circles the season has been a perfect chain of delightful functions. Round table talks inaugurated by Rev. John T. Driscoll, musicals five o'clock teas, Mardi Gras festivals, dances and euvre parties, the annual bazaar given by the Alumnae Auxiliary Association, which has done so much for the School, was as usual among the successful events of the year. The outlook for the eighteenth session is full of promise. Next year the grand Tercentenary celebration of the discovery of Lake Champlain is to be held. The States of New York and Vermont have already made appropriations. The Summer School will naturally be the centre of interest on this occasion, and preparations are already being made for the appropriate celebration of this historic event. To accommodate the crowds that are expected next year, several city and private cottages are under consideration. The Champlain Club plan to build a \$25,000 casino with all modern conveniences and equipments.

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An Irish Duke of Spain.

"Among the Spanish diplomats I have known," writes Hon. Hannis Taylor, former United States Minister to Spain, "there is one who stands out unique and peculiar. After the Battle of Culloden a good many Scotchmen settled in the South of Spain, whose descendants still bear Scotch names, while in language and physique they appear to be pure Spanish. I remember to have been much amused when I met a charming lady of that type, born at Cadix, whose name was Eliza McPherson.

"In the same way a good many Irishmen have settled in Spain and founded families still proud of their Celtic blood and lineage. Foremost among that class stands the family of Henry Joseph O'Donnell. Count of La Bisbal, a native of Spain, and a descendant of the O'Donnells who left Ireland after the Battle of the Boyne. His second son was Leopold, a Spanish general and statesman, who in 1859 took command of the expedition to Morocco, where he received the title of Duke after the surrender of Tetuan.

"In my time his nephew, the Duke of Tetuan, was Minister of Foreign Affairs whenever his cherished friend, Antonio Canovas del Castillo, happened to be Premier. He it was who conducted the Spanish Foreign Office during the greater part of the time that elapsed between the beginning of the war between Cuba and Spain and the destruction of the Maine. As Spain's foremost diplomat, he represented her at The Hague Conference in 1899.

"Beneath a serious and formal exterior, in which the dignity of the Spanish hidalgo found its highest and best expression, there was concealed an unmistakable and irresistible vein of genuine Irish humor that might have done credit to Sheridan himself.

"Nothing so appealed to him as the suggestion that he was Irish. He was far more proud of being an O'Donnell than Duke of Tetuan. No nobler type of the great can ever existed. All that was patriotic, brave, affectionate, loyal, tender. "So mixed in him that Nature might stand up And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

What a Spectacle.

An Irishman (Mr. D. Shine) resident in Birmingham wrote to the London Standard giving arguments and reasons in favor of Home Rule for Ireland and among them some interesting facts, as follows:

"In your Irish Rule justice kneels subordinate to Imperial expediency and greed, and in the minds of thoughtful and humane Englishmen arise the inevitable questions: First, Has Ireland benefited by English rule? Secondly, Could she do better for herself? We say—if not better, she cannot do much worse. After a century of your legislation, what a spectacle of wreckage she presents! Quays silent and deserted; highways robbed of the bustle of traffic, markets bereft of the briskness and verve of commercial health; resources undeveloped for want of that capital drained by over-taxation; and from the hopeless desolation of her commercial ruins her ablest inhabitants have fled in millions to a land of more equable laws. Yea, note for self-interest, they largely help in building the industrial trade of your great commercial rival and old-time enemy—United States, and, at the same time, retain the heritage of ill-will bequeathed to them through the injustice of your laws."

But the Standard would not and did not print Mr. Shine's letter. His facts were not of the kind desirable to be presented to its Tory readers. That is a sample of "English fair play," so much boasted of by the Briton.—N. Y. Irish word.

SEEKING RECONCILIATION.

According to reports and dispatches from various points the movement among the Episcopalians to bring about some understanding upon which a reconciliation with the Church has been revived with greater vigor than ever before. One of these, a news dispatch from Milwaukee, Wis., refers in proof of the statement, to the fact that Rev. Patrick Fairbanks, pastor of St. Patrick's church of that city, and one of the confidants of the archdiocese, has recently published letters from Lord Halifax, the head of the movement in England, which indicates a very strong and general trend in that direction.

The letter which is the most important was written in 1895, but since the recent defection of many

Wild West Show Members Attend High Mass in Boston.

Upon the invitation of the Rev. Thomas J. Gasson, S.J., President of the Boston College and rector of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, forty-nine members of Col. Lillies' (Pawnee Bill) Wild West show attended High Mass at the Church last Sunday. More than half the body attending from the show were Sioux, members of the St. Francis Mission, Rose Bud agency, South Dakota. Accompanying the Indians were Mexicans and cowboys and five Cossacks. The St. Francis Mission, from which the Sioux came, has been in charge of Rev. Father Dignam, S.J., for more than twenty-five years.

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The Wheat of Christ.

(By Milton E. Smith in Rosary Magazine.)
(Continued.)

Tiberius seated himself near Lavonia, and Sylvia read for a short space, after which she withdrew to another apartment within the grotto. This was the opportunity Tiberius had been awaiting, and he silently thanked the gods for being so generous to him. He did not hesitate, but at once made known the object of his coming to Antium, saying in his gentle voice:

"Dost thou not know, noble Lavonia, what brought me to this lovely retreat in beautiful Antium? Thy heart must tell thee it was to enjoy the light of thy countenance, with out which the world is dark. Although thy noble mother hath refused me permission to seek thy love, I sought this opportunity to say to thee that I will not live unless thou sharest with me the joys of life. I am here to beg thee to look with favour upon my love, and then thy mother will understand that the gods have designed us for each other. Tell me that thou lovest me, and I will be happier than the gods."

"Thou must not, noble Tiberius, address me in this manner," replied Lavonia, rising hastily, "for nothing can induce me to disregard the commands of my noble mother. Thou hast honored me more than I deserve but I may not permit thee to say more whilst my mother is absent. I can give thee no hope, for unless my noble father commandeth me to wed, I shall probably never be married."

"Say not so, dearest one, for I have sworn by the gods that thou shalt be my wife. My heart tells me thou lovest me, and nothing can part us. I shall appeal to the Emperor, with whom I have much influence, and I am certain that he will insist upon thy mother giving her consent to our marriage."

"It is useless, noble Tiberius, to ask me, for I can never be thy wife," sobbed Lavonia, alarmed at the persistence of the young man.

"Thou art in danger, my loved one, and I alone can save thee. Thy mother hath stood in her own light long enough, and I, thy devoted lover, warn thee lest thou hesitate too long. There for my sake, and to spare those dear to thee, promise to be my bride, for I have sworn never to see thee the wife of another."

Lavonia was so terrified at the words and manner of Tiberius that she could not reply for a few moments. Her silence led him to conclude that she had yielded, and he seized her hand, which she withdrew quickly, saying:

"Thou hast taken advantage of my mother's absence, for thou wouldst not have dared to address me as thou hast here, were she here. I need not repeat what I have said. I shall never be thy wife. Leave me, please, until her return."

"I will not leave thee until thou hast told me that thou wilt smile upon me and recall thy cruel words. Say that thou lovest me, and I will be content."

Lavonia was so agitated that she could not speak, and Tiberius, seizing her hand, pressed it to his lips as Sylvia entered the grotto. He at once withdrew and did not intrude upon the young lady again until Marcella returned. When informed that she had come home, he sought her in the triclinium, and telling her that he had won the love of her daughter asked her to consent to a speedy marriage.

"Thou hast made a great mistake, noble Tiberius," said Marcella quietly, as she with a great effort controlled her emotion caused by the tidings conveyed to her by her daughter. "My daughter never disobeys her parents, and she would not willingly listen to a suitor without their permission. If thou hast addressed her words of love, thou hast not acted like a Roman patrician. She had been instructed not to receive a proposal without my knowledge."

"She hath admitted her love for me," replied Tiberius haughtily, "and now thou must arrange for our speedy nuptials."

"Never," replied Marcella firmly, "will I give my consent to the marriage of my daughter with a member of the cruel Emperor's household, and I beg thee to return to Rome, for thy presence can bring nothing but sorrow to all of us."

"Noble lady, thy words are treasonable, and if thou forcest me to return to Rome I will be compelled to report them to our divine Emperor. As suspicion hath already been entertained against thee, it will not be wise to provoke me. It would be far better for thee and thy house for me to remain. As the husband of the noble Lavonia I can shield thy house and save the noble Verius from disgrace. It hath been reported that thou art in league with the misguided conspirators called Christians. My great love for thy noble daughter hath so far protected thee, but I can serve thee no longer unless thou grantest my request. Make the noble Lavonia my wife and no harm shall come to thee or thine. Is it not true that thou art a believer in the Christus?"

Marcella, who would not have denied her faith to save her own life or that of her daughter, at once replied:

"I am a humble believer in the one true God Who created us and Who is not to be compared to mere mortals, and it would be far better for thee wert thou one of His disciples. Thou hast threatened me, not knowing that I fear no mortal power when I have God to protect me. I

ning of the world, whilst thine is the invention of men. Thou hast a noble heart, Demas, and the time will come when thou shalt see the true light and welcome it gladly."

"My desire is to know the truth, but I think our fathers discovered it, and if it was good enough for them it is good enough for us. I confess that I have been much moved by the heroism of the many Christians whose deaths I have witnessed. Here thou art surrounded by all a noble Roman matron could desire, and yet thou art risking for thyself and thy daughter more than thou knowest rather than give up thy religion. Little dost thou know of the indignities that the noble Lavonia may be subjected to. If thou didst, thou wouldst quickly go back to the gods once more; then thou wouldst be safe. Let me beg of thee for the sake of thy noble daughter to give up Christ. Thy Demas can go home happy and the designs of Tiberius will fail. By my love for thee and thine, I pray thee have thyself and thy daughter cast by sacrificing to the ancient gods. If thou wilt not, thou must give up all thou holdest dear."

"Nay, Demas, I will not be forced to sacrifice my soul if I am true to the real God. That is worth a thousand worlds like this."

"Thy words disturb me, noble Marcella, and set my heart to beating with something akin to fear. Suppose, after all, the old philosophers of Greece and Rome were correct, and that all of our existence is not passed in this world. What then? If death be but the door to another existence, and after passing through it our destiny shall be determined by our lives here, we ought to know it. But how are we to discover the truth if the gods will not reveal it?"

"The false gods of man's imagination can reveal nothing, but the true God sent His Son into the world to teach us all truth. Accept Him and thou needest not fear for thy life when the great change cometh. That He is the true God is shown by His miracles and by His whole life. Thou canst easily find the truth, if thou wilt seek it, and abandon the gods invented by men."

"Wouldst thou have me believe what I do not understand?"

"Thou believest in the gods. Dost thou understand how Ceres, who according to thy belief was devoured by her father, liveth to be the goddess of agriculture? And yet thou celebratest the Cerealia, or dost thou understand how the gods obtained their right to rule over the earth? Or canst thou explain why the rivers become so hard, so that armies can pass over them in the winter? Or why the tiny seed when thrust into the soil springs up and grows into a great plant? No, thou canst not understand. Demas, thou must be prepared to believe many other things thou canst not comprehend. Thou believest in gods invented by men, whom no one has seen. I believe in the true God who came down on earth and lived and died for us. Let me beg thee to think of these things, and when thou findest the true God, whose power was shown by healing the sick, making the lame walk and the deaf hear, open thy heart to Him."

Demas remained silent for a few minutes and then said thoughtfully:

"Noble Marcella, thou almost persuaded me to be a Christian."

"Demas, thou art not the first who hath said the same, but it is not sufficient to be almost persuaded. It is necessary to believe with thy whole heart and mind."

"Thou hast planted the seed, noble lady, and they may germinate in my mind. I am now concerned very deeply about thee. The Emperor is enraged against the Christians, and should Tiberius tell him thou art one, thou wilt suffer in a way the thought of which makes my heart sick. If Tiberius is determined to possess the noble Lavonia, he may persuade Domitian to give her to him. I know not what to advise now, when I have almost convinced me that our gods are myths; otherwise, I would have begged thee on my knees to make libations to the gods. I shall return to Rome with a heavy heart, for I am losing faith in our ancient religion and have no one to whom I can appeal for assistance."

"Have courage, my friend. The true God will show thee the right path and thou wilt walk in it. The time may come when thou, too, wilt beg for the martyr's crown. For myself, I fear not the Emperor, but trust in God."

For some unexplained reason Demas refused to remain at the villa, and after bidding Marcella and her daughter farewell, started for the Imperial City.

The same evening Nicassus left the Villa Antium for Rome without informing his mistress of his intention. He, with the other slaves belonging to Marcella, had been set free when she became a Christian, as they were her personal property, having been given to her by her husband. After their manumission the slaves remained on the estate and were paid a small sum for their services. Nicassus, who had been a Greek noble, was head gardener and lived in a small house with his daughter Sylvia, Lavonia's maid. He was trusted above all the freedmen on account of his intelligence and supposed loyalty to Verius, by whom he had been brought from Greece when he was in danger of being executed for rebellion against Rome.

When informed of the absence of her trusted freedman, Marcella became convinced that a plot was on foot to have her taken to Rome on the charge of treason, because she was a Christian. Her suspicions were strengthened by Sylvia, who told her mistress that the old Greek had been very morose of late and that Tiberius had paid one or two visits to their cottage when he was at the villa. She also expressed the fear that her father had by some means placed himself in the power of Tiberius, who could use him as he wished.

A few days later a centurion and a

detachment of the Pretorian Guard, piloted by Nicassus, entered the grounds of the villa and approached the house where Marcella and Lavonia were alone with the servants. The centurion summoned Marcella to the atrium, but the noble lady sent word by Sembar that she did not receive visitors in the atrium and that she would see him in the pinacotheca. As Marcella was the wife of a distinguished Roman General, the centurion felt that it was incumbent upon him to respect her wishes and comply with the customs of the house. Followed by two of the guards, he entered the pinacotheca and stood before the matron, who at once addressed him:

"Tell me why thou comest to the house of Verius with an armed guard. Knowest thou not that thou shalt pay dearly for this intrusion?—for it shall be reported to the Emperor."

"Noble lady," replied the centurion, "we seek one Marcella, accused by credible witnesses of being a follower of the Christus, and an enemy of the Empire. In consideration of thy noble husband, the prefect has commanded me to have thee—burn insense before the statues of the gods which I pray thee to do at once, that we may depart for Ostia where we have important business."

"I am mistress of this house and command thee and thy followers to depart at once, for it will be easier for thee to excuse thy coming than to obtain pardon for thy insolence. Where is thy authority?"

"Here it is, noble lady," replied the centurion, who in spite of his orders feared the influence of the wife of so distinguished a soldier as Verius.

Marcella looked at the bit of parchment and quickly said:

"This is signed by the prefect. I care not for him. I shall go to the Emperor and demand the cause of the outrage upon the family of the noble Verius."

As they were in the pinacotheca, or picture gallery, the centurion glanced at the walls to find a portrait or statue of the gods, before which he was satisfied Marcella would burn incense. To his surprise he saw none, and having heard that the Christians destroyed their statues, he dispatched one of his Dacians for Nicassus, who had concealed himself in the grounds that he might, not been by his former mistress. The old Greek, compelled to enter the house, was led before Marcella. She noticed her old servant, she supposed he had come to help drive the soldiers away; and as she did not for a moment contemplate offering any resistance, she commanded him to go to his own house. When he failed to obey her orders, she said:

"Why dost thou stay here when I have told thee to go to thy house?"

The old man hung his head but made no reply. The centurion said:

"I sent for him, noble lady, to ask whether there were not pictures of the gods among thy collection?"

A blush of indignation flashed over Marcella's face at the thought that a servant's word was to be taken in preference to her own; but she remembered what Our Lord had suffered, so, controlling her emotions, she quietly responded:

"Sir, thou needest not question my servant when I am here to answer. We once had statues of the so-called gods, but when I discovered that the gods live only in the imagination of men, I had the statues and pictures destroyed. Dost thou wish any other information?"

"I only request that thou deny that thou art a believer in the Christus."

"If that be thy mission, it is useless to prolong thy stay, for I rejoice that I am a Christian, although an unworthy one."

"Surely, noble lady, thou wilt not force me to take thee to Rome?"

"Not to save my life would I deny Christ."

"Thou must go with us. But I beg thee for the sake of brave Verius to reconsider thy rash determination. Only say that thou believest in the gods and I will leave thee."

"Why insist upon the impossible? I have heard my answer. I care not to repeat it."

Finding that she must go to Rome Marcella had her chariot brought to the atrium, and with her maid she left her home never to return. Lavonia begged permission to accompany her, but when she assured that she could do more to hasten the day of her mother's release by remaining at home, she quietly consented although her heart was almost broken when she saw the chariot roll away.

The detachment of guards, with Marcella as a prisoner, had proceeded about half way to Rome, and were passing through a narrow defile between two hills, when they were met by a chariot containing Tiberius, who had evidently arranged to meet the escort at that place. He was dressed in the uniform of an officer of the Pretorian Guards and at once commanded the detachment to halt. Springing from his chariot he approached Marcella saying:

"Noble lady, I but recently heard of thy arrest and have come to have thee released. By order of the Emperor I have been commanded to have thee declare thy loyalty to the Empire and the gods, and escort thee back to thy villa. It is also the wish of Domitian that thou, as a proof of thy sincerity, give me the lovely Lavonia for my wife. I need not ask whether thou consentest to these requirements, for I know that thou wishest to be released from thy present degrading position."

"It is needless to ask me, Tiberius," replied Marcella, without a moment's hesitation. "I am a Christian and am willing to die for Christ. I beg thee to keep us no longer on the highway."

Tiberius had concluded that the arrest of Marcella would cause her to deny her faith and consent to his marriage with Lavonia, and when he discovered that she was as firm as when he had talked with her, he lost all control of himself and ex-

claimed furiously:

"Then, by the gods, thou shalt be taken to Rome to die, unless thou wilt make thy daughter my wife within a fortnight."

"Thou knowest that thy threats are useless, Tiberius, for no power on earth can change my decision. I now demand that this officer, who has me in his keeping, proceed to Rome, where I am willing to face my judges."

Finding that his plan had failed, Tiberius permitted the detachment to proceed, while he took another road.

Arriving in Rome, Marcella was taken to the Mamertine prison. She was not placed in the Tullianum, but was confined in a small room above ground, fitted up especially for her. It was the intention of Tiberius to have her kept there for a few days, hoping she would consent to his plans; if not, then he would have her removed to the underground prison, where many died from starvation.

Verius had been badly wounded in Britain and was obliged to return to Rome. When he arrived there his wounds were healed and he was almost well. His coming was unannounced, and one bright day, when the sun lighted up with oriental splendor the grounds of the Antium villa, and while the birds were chanting their songs amidst the leaves of the ilex, and the lakes reflected the light shimmering through the trees until they resembled great pools of silver, a chariot drawn by splendidly caparisoned horses drove up the long avenue to the villa. Seated in the chariot was Verius, pale but happy that he would soon be able to clasp to his breast his loved wife and daughter. Scarcely had the chariot leaped to the front of the atrium before the house, if he was disappointed that no one met him at the doorway, he was far more so when he found the triclinium empty. Where was Marcella that she had not divined his coming and prepared to welcome him home? A feeling of sadness stole over him as he wandered through the house without seeing a sign to indicate that any one was at home. But as a soldier, used to the field, he controlled his emotion and went into the pinacotheca, where he noticed that the altars with the statues of the Lares had been removed. As he paused for a moment before the vacant niches, the thought flashed through his mind that possibly his wife and daughter had become Christians. It filled him with dismay, for he realized well what it would mean for all of them had they really become disciples of the Christus. With a rapidly beating heart he passed into the cubiculum, where he found Lavonia ill and delirious. Sitting by the side of her couch, worn out with weeping, was Sylvia, heart-broken over the arrest of her loved mistress. When Verius entered she arose, and in answer to his questions related all that had transpired at the villa since the arrival of Tiberius. The old soldier in the presence of his sick child smothered his rage. His hand, however, more than once grasped the hilt of his sword, which he unconsciously drew from its scabbard, while he swore secretly by all the gods of Greece and Rome that he would have quick revenge on the perpetrators of this outrage against his house. The physician, who entered at that moment, begged him for the sake of his daughter to leave the cubiculum until she had been restored to consciousness. He went out into the grounds, where with military step he strode up and down the walks, chafing like a war-horse restrained when the battle is raging.

"By Pollux," he swore, "I will have revenge for this treachery. The base Tiberius shall pay with his wretched life for this. To think that the poltroon, who never led a squadron in the field, has dared to accuse the wife of Verius of treason to the Emperor and say that she is a follower of Christus, when she is as loyal to the gods as Domitian. The wretch thought Verius was far distant. Thanks to Mars, I was disabled and forced to return to Rome to avenge the insult to my house. When I have talked with my daughter, I'll go back to Rome and brave Domitian in the Palatine, and if he does not release Marcella at once, I'll cut his head from his body. Had I my legions here I would ban him as ever, been witnessed in the amphitheatre."

The anger of Verius became somewhat modified when a messenger came to inform him that the physician said he could visit his daughter, who had become conscious and had asked for her father. A few minutes later the old veteran of a hundred battles was kissing her fevered brow and smoothing her golden hair as though a volcano were not smoldering within his breast. Lavonia, perceiving her father's smothered anger, placed her arms around his neck and said:

"Dear father, we are indeed Christians, and are happy because we know that after a few days we shall go to our divine Savior, where all is joy and peace. Be not angry with us that we have followed the light that leads to Calvary. As much as I grieve for my dear mother, I am consoled by the thought that she longs for the glorious crown of martyrdom, and will pray for her enemies; and thou must forgive them for the sake of Christ. Who, when on the cross pardoned those who persecuted Him. We are praying for thy conversion, dear father, and we know that thou, too, wilt become a Christian."

"I am not offended, my child, with thee or thy mother, for I hold that we are bound to be guided by our conscience, whatever the result. I know nothing of thy Christ and care little for the gods. I have always sought the truth, but have not yet found it. My life has hitherto been spent in the field, where I have fought single-handed against a hundred

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Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to.
15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS
ANY enumerated section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.
The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.
Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.
W. W. COHY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

enemies of Rome; and now I will fight for those I love better than Rome or my own life. If I must, I will go to the Palatine and tell Domitian that unless justice be done to the people, I will stir up such a rebellion as will not leave a stone of Rome standing."
(To be continued.)

Faultless in Preparation.—Unlike any other stomach regulator, Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are the result of long study of vegetable compounds calculated to stimulate the stomachic functions and maintain them at the normal condition. Years of use have proved their faultless character and established their excellent reputation. And this reputation they have maintained for years and will continue to maintain, for these pills must always stand at the head of the list of standard preparations.

BESSIE AND HER
"Bessie, come here
"What in the world
want now, I wonder
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"Well, you've done
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"I did; but it didn'
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in the doorway."
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J. Hatchett
W. H. HATCHETT
 Barristers, Solicitors,
 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

BOYS and GIRLS

BESSIE AND HER BROTHER.

"Bessie, come here a minute!"
 "What in the world can that boy want now, I wonder?"
 Bessie Rogers raised a flushed face from the napkin she was hemming, and listened, with her needle half-way through the stiff linen.
 "Just a minute, Bessie!" This time there was a note of appeal in the voice. The girl rose, and tossing the napkin into the chair behind her, started in the direction of the call.
 "I wonder mother ever gets any work done, if Jamie always hinders her in this way!" was her impatient exclamation as she hastened across the hall and up a flight of stairs to the attic, under whose low-slanting roof were stowed away out-of-use household articles, cast-away toys and rubbish galore.
 "What are you up to now, Jamie?" I'm sure if I tell mother one half the mischief you've done since she's been away, she'll not go visiting again in a hurry. What—under—the—sun!"
 Bessie lengthened each word of her last interrogation until it came to an abrupt stop, which fortunately for all concerned ended in a laugh.
 There stood her irrepressible brother, round completely up in a clothes-line, one end of which was securely fastened to a hook in the rafters, and the other hidden in a diminished ball on the floor.
 "Well, you've done it for yourself this time, surely!" exclaimed the girl. "Why didn't you go the other way and unwind when you saw what you were doing?"
 "I did; but it didn't work," said Jamie, crestfallen. "I began playing running round the Maypole—and well, I couldn't get free!"
 Suddenly a glad cry broke from Jamie as he saw his mother standing in the doorway.
 "You've no idea how glad I am you are back, mother!" Bessie said, and she started to free Jamie. "This boy has done nothing but get into mischief ever since you left. I wouldn't have another four hours of it for anything. I haven't got one napkin hemmed yet, and you expected I'd have them all done!"
 There was an impatience in the girl's voice that matched the frown upon her face.
 "I don't think I expected it, deary; it was you that promised to have the napkins finished by my return. I imagined you would have your hands pretty full when you offered to look after Jamie and let me have a half holiday."
 The little boy again free and prancing round to show his delight, the two slowly descended the stairs.
 "Do you often have days like this mother?" Bessie asked, as her eyes caught the sight of the telltale napkin in the chair where she had thrown it in a fit of impatience at Jamie's call. "There haven't been five minutes at a time since you left the house, that Jamie hasn't been into some sort of mischief that I've had to get him out of."
 Mrs. Rogers pressed a kiss upon the flushed face, as she replied: "Mothers have many trying moments; dear, but that is a part of life."
 "Well, I don't believe Jamie would wait on me as I have on him, no matter what came," declared Bessie, as a pair of shoes came clamping noisily down the attic stairs.
 "Oh, perhaps he would if there was need of it," said the mother.
 The next morning Bessie awoke with a sore throat. When she lifted her head from the pillow, the floor seemed to come up to meet her; and there were twinging pains through her body. "It's a cold, dear, and you must remain in bed all day, I think," said her mother. "A sad way to spend the first day of vacation, isn't it? But I'm afraid I shall have to leave you to take care of yourself, dear, as I promised to go to-day to disappoint her." Mrs. Rogers laid a cool hand over Bessie's burning eyes a moment, and then straightening the bedclothes, and placing a little bell within reach upon the table, left the room.
 "I wish I'd asked her to pull down the curtain—the light makes my eyes ache," murmured Bessie. Then half lifting her head, she added: "Oh, dear! she didn't leave me any water to drink, and my throat is so dry!"
 She reached out and sent the little bell's call of ting-a-ling-ling to the room below.
 "I'm sorry to trouble you, mother," Bessie began, as the door creaked gently, "but—"
 Then she stopped, for her brother Jamie was sympathizingly looking in at the door.
 "What is it, Bessie?" he asked in a gentle tone that sent all sorts of reproachful thoughts surging through Bessie's head.
 "If you'll please lower that curtain Jamie, and bring me some water, then I think I can go to sleep." Bessie answered, much more lovingly than she had spoken on the day before.
 The boy gazed across the room, and the girl's eyes. Back to the door again with scarcely an echo from his footfall, and in a trice a glass of cool, refreshing water was held to Bessie's lips. Then the sheet was pulled up and neatly folded back, and with a promise to return before long to see if she needed anything more, the little nurse quietly left the room and noiselessly closed the door behind him.
 Could this be her mischievous, prying brother Jamie! His touch as gentle as her mother's, and with a beautiful light shone out of his eyes!

Trying to solve the problem, Bessie fell into a refreshing sleep, from which she awakened several hours later, to see Jamie again standing at her bedside, this time with a tray of tempting dainties, which he informed her were her dinner.

"When I eat my dinner in bed mother puts a pillow behind my back," Jamie asserted, and forthwith Bessie found herself bolstered to a sitting position, while from the tray which he had arranged on the table, the little helper proceeded to hand his sister one thing after another as respectfully as could an older nurse.
 When the tray was emptied, the pillow was gently slipped down, the bedclothes rearranged and Bessie was left for another nap.
 Not once during the long day did the busy mother ascend the stairs to the sick room. Jamie has assumed the duties so efficiently that there seemed no need of it.
 "How do you like your nurse?" the mother inquired when at the close of her busy day, she at last dropped in to see how the patient was progressing.
 "Oh, mother! I am so sorry I spoke as I did about Jamie yesterday," was Bessie's contrite answer. "He's taken as good care of me as you could have done. He's just a little jewel. He never complained or called me fussy once! You said that if the time ever came for service I might find Jamie ready to give it. And I am sorer than I can tell that I have not been more patient with him."
 Just then the door creaked, and Jamie's anxious face peered cautiously in. Seeing his mother seated upon the edge of Bessie's bed holding her hand, he slipped round to the other side, and took hold of the other hand that lay outside the dainty white spread, saying as he did so: "We all do just love Bessie when she is sick, don't we, mamma?"
 "And when she is well, too, I hope!" Bessie cried, as she drew the dimpled face close to hers. "I feel I'm just getting acquainted with my own brother," she added.
 * * *
 A BIRTHDAY PARTY.
 A new and pleasant birthday party for children of the school age is a book title tea. The tea is on the same plan as that of their elders, but with titles of juvenile books instead of adult works represented for guessing.
 Cards which give the different book names should be prepared in advance of the occasion.
 As each boy or girl arrives a ribbon on which a card is swung is hung around his or her neck, pencils and papers being distributed at the same time.
 On each card is a number as well as an illustration representing the book title. When all have arrived a bell rings as a signal for the guessing to begin. Players now commence writing down the names of the book as they think them to be.
 Examples of juvenile book titles pictorially represented are given below for the benefit of the entertainer who wishes to try this plan:
 Picture of Mine. Recamier or any other famous beauty colored black as if in silhouette. "Black Beauty."
 Sketch of a slipper or a tiny crystal slipper (one of those sold as favors for holding candy) sewed on card. "Cindrella; or The Little Glass Slipper."
 Map of Arabia and pictures of medieval cavaliers. "Arabian Nights."
 A spray of American Beauties represented as fully opened. "Rose in Bloom."
 Sketch of katydid followed by a question mark. "What Katy Did."
 Picture of a knight in armor followed by the word Christmas. "The Night Before Christmas."
 These suggestions are merely hints of what can be made a clever and amusing puzzle.
 Each guest examines the cards on the other guests as well as his own, and writes his answer after the correct number on the paper. An interesting book will make an appropriate prize for the winner.
 * * *
 THE WIDE SEA.
 They say the sea is very wide, Touching the world on every side; And that these waves that play with me, Have come across the world, maybe. Dear wide and friendly sea, how queer! Perhaps this wave my toes touch here.
 Has run along some foreign strand, Where children of some foreign land, Play, and build castles in the sand, And love it, just the way I do; I think it's very strange, don't you? And in this very wave—who knows?—Some little Japanese girl, I s'pose, Dabbled her little Japanese toes.
 If ever you go back once more, Where children play on some far shore, Please say a child from far away Would love to join them in their play.
 * * *
 IF I COULD GO A-TRAVELLING.
 If I could but a-travelling go, I'd show my aunt and cousin Flo That I know just as much as they, If they have been to Africa.
 If I'd go there, why you can bet, I'd catch a lion for a pet. Why, Flo was there for two whole months, And never saw a lion once.
 She'd run if one just looked at her: She's even 'fraid of pussy's purr; And once allittle wicky mouse Scared her clear out of auntsy's house.
 If I'd had such a chance as she

I wouldn't such a coward be, And I would something better see Than Japanese drinking tea. But I must stay and peg away, While aunt and Flo have all the play; Oh, well, we boys are never loth Excepting in a story book.
 —Selected.
 * * *
 THE GERMAN TIN SOLDIER.
 One time I had a soldier, His name was Tommy Green, I kept him in the kitchen Just behind the screen.
 I love my little soldier, And I'm sure that he loved me, Nobody came to see me— It was Tommy they'd come to see.
 * * *
 Women's Ailments
 There is no need whatever for so many women to suffer from pains and weakness, nervousness and sleeplessness, anemia, hysteria and melancholia, faint and dizzy spells, and the hundred other troubles which render the life of too many women a round of sickness and suffering.
 MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS
 Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength
 Young girls budding into womanhood who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and blood water, or women at the change of life who are nervous, subject to hot flashes, feeling of pins and needles, etc., are tired over those trying times by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.
 They have a wonderful effect on a woman's system, making pains and aches vanish, bring color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye. The old, worn out, tired out, languid feelings give place to strength and vitality, and life seems worth living.
 Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all druggists, or mailed direct on receipt of price by
 The T. Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.
 THE ANGRY GIRL.
 She loses her sense of humor, often also any other sense she has goes with it.
 If getting angry ever did any good there would be more reason in it. The surest way to weaken a good cause is by bad temper.
 The girl who is easily angered pays the price in broken friendships. A hot temper rarely finds a happy home big enough to hold it.
 The angry girl forgets that the penitence which follows her folly is not pleasant company.
 Jefferson's hundred counting rule for the very angry does not always work. There are some rages that would require a lightning calculator. Wrath conquered is the best recipe for character strengthening known.
 She who can't get angry will never have the force of the girl who can and don't.
 While an occasional storm clears the air, many storms work havoc. A rage in a good cause may correct abuses, but keeping up those rages never lands one anywhere—but in disrepute.
 The angry girl has no sense of perspective. The tiniest wrong has a way of blocking the foreground as it would never do if she kept cool.
 Anger would not be so bad if it did not loosen the tongue, but unfortunately the angry woman usually opens her mouth and shuts tight her eyes to what is seemly.
 One rage, a hundred regrets, leave a balance on the wrong side of the ledger that is sometimes never worked off.
 Anger is such a futile thing. Usually it hurts the woman who is racked by it more than the victim of her wrath.
 Anger might be worth while if it were not for the day after. Then comes the time of wondering, "What did I say? Why did I say it? Will it ever be forgotten and forgiven?"
 * * *
 FOR FISHING.
 A certain John Simmons had been a twenty year abstainer, but fell from the ways of grace and worshiped the vicious god with all the fervor of a pervert.
 Feeling the need of recuperation, he sent his boy to an adjacent hostelry for a bottle of whiskey.
 "But," cried the hotel proprietor, "who is it for?"
 "For my father," said the boy.
 "Nonsense. Your father is a total abstainer, and has been to my knowledge for longer years than you have lived."
 "Well, at all events he sent me for it."
 "What does he want it for?"
 "To let you into a secret," the boy said, ashamed to tell the truth. "He's going fishing, and he wants the cork to use for a float."
 * * *
 SAVE THE CHILDREN.
 Mothers who keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house may feel that the lives of their little ones are reasonably safe during the hot weather months. Stomach troubles, cholera infantum and diarrhoea carry off thousands of little ones every summer, in most cases because the mother does not have a safe medicine at hand to give promptly. Baby's Own Tablets cure these troubles, or if given occasionally to the well child will prevent the trouble coming on. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Geo. Mineault, Jr., Mont Louis, Que., says:—
 "Before giving Baby's Own Tablets to my little one she suffered greatly from colic and stomach troubles, and cried a great deal. The Tablets soon cured her and she is now a plump, healthy child who does not look as though she ever had an hour's illness." You can get the Tablets from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHEN a man sets out to make a good impression, he usually puts on his best suit and top hat. When a printer sets out to

with the quality of his work, he relies to a great extent on the FINE PRINTING he does.



Telephone Main 5072

THE Work done by the True Witness Printing Co. may always be relied upon to give satisfaction. They have an office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work.

They Create a good Impression at sight on both the Dealer and the Customer.

The True Witness Printing Co. 316 LAGAUCHETIERE STREET WEST.

On Catholic Women. The Church owes much to women. We must ever revert in thankfulness to that wondrous scene of the Annunciation, and those words on which so much depended, words, spoken by her who was to be the Mother of God: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." In the beginnings of Christianity in Rome and other cities of the Empire many noble, devoted and wealthy women became real foster mothers to the infant churches, providing for them a place of worship and of burial. In the long procession of saints, the women martyrs and confessors of the Faith kept steady step with those of the sterner sex. Not an age of ecclesiastical history but sparkles with the heroic piety and deeds of Catholic women. In their hands from the first have been the care and early education of those who were to advance the Kingdom of God. And to-day, in education, charity and devoted service their work and devotion is a glory to the Church and their sex.
 The activity of women in the service of God has been and is so great and continuous that sometimes one may wonder if indeed they have not done too much, not for the Church or themselves, but for the work that men should do. It has come to this that outside the priesthood, laymen often consider their duty done when they attend Mass and contribute money. The financial generosity of men supports the schools, hospitals, asylums and pious institutions, but most of the practical work and personal service is in the hands of women. More than this, in the family the wife and mother are often compelled to do missionary work to bring husbands and sons to their duty. Whatever a mission takes place the women come first in order that their zeal may impel the men of the family to a renewal of piety. So far has this gone, that you may sometimes hear people say that religion is principally for women. It is an insensate and shameful statement for men to make, but they make it.
 It would be a very sad and lamentable thing if the praiseworthy zeal and devotion of women cooled the spirits of Catholic men towards their plain and well-understood duty towards their religion. There are two examples which may well give us food for thought. Mohammedanism is a man's religion. To the Turk, women are pretty, soulless playthings. The energetic profession and practice of his religion by the Mohammedan are proverbial. In so far as it is personal service and self-sacrifice, it quite puts to shame the lassitude and indifference of the average male Catholic. It would really seem that laymen have insensibly withdrawn from the sphere of church activity with the idea more or less defined that it is woman's work.
 We have all read of what has lately taken place in France. After a glorious Catholic history, extending through centuries, the Catholic

Church of France has been put in the street. Many circumstances have contributed to this deplorable result, and he would be a very unwise man who would lay his finger on the ultimate cause of it, but those who ponder the event may well take into consideration that for several generations the Catholic laymen of France have been conspicuous by their absence from Mass and every other church matter. It has been left to the women. When, therefore, the trouble became so widespread and evident that men loyal to the Church were needed to take a hand, the laymen had forgotten that they had any interest in the matter at all.
 In this country, heretofore, circumstances have been kind. Petty persecution, race feeling, poverty, have solidified Catholics and warded off from them many dangers to their faith. These have to a great measure disappeared. On the other hand, life has become very complicated, much of the ecclesiastical work has so grown that it is a system, more or less official and mechanical. The layman all too easily convinces himself that there is nothing for him to do except pay money and present himself more or less regularly at Mass.
 This is a very dangerous sentiment if it is allowed to become general. System and money count for little if the hearts of Catholic laymen are not with the good work that is going forward. The day will come when an issue must be met, an issue that can be decided in favor of the Church only by the fact that Catholic laymen are interested and energetic in ecclesiastical matters.
 All honor to women for what they have done and are doing every day. This does not free us from our responsibilities. The spiritual prosperity of any parish is at stake when all the practical work of the laity is done by women, and the men content themselves with nominal attendance and service. It is not a matter in which we can lay down laws and give definite counsel; it is a matter for the conscience and deep consideration of each layman who can do much and is doing almost nothing. Religion is man's work. Christ selected men not women to guide and manage the Church. He needs men to co-operate with these guides and managers if the Church is to do the work for which it was founded successfully and with due regard for those who are to come after us in the faith.—A Looker On, in Boston Pilot.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Has been in use for over 30 years, and is considered by all who have used it to be the best medicine for

BAD BLOOD
 BAD BOWELS
 BAD BREATH

It will thoroughly renovate the entire system, and make the blood pure, rich and red—curing Boils, Pimples, Eczema, Ringworm, and all blood and skin diseases.

He is Anti-Catholic.

A special from Peking, China, to El Pais, of Mexico, states that the present Emperor of China is incurably ill of tuberculosis in the last stages, and that as a result he has named his successor, the Prince of Kuangshue. The nomination is stated to be unfortunate for the Church, since the Prince is known to be a bitter enemy of Christianity and of the Catholic Church especially, being deeply under the influence of the Empress Dowager. The dying Emperor is only 36 years old.

Impurities of the Blood Counteracted.—Impurities in the blood come from defects in the action of the liver. They are revealed by pimples and unsightly blotches on the skin. They must be treated inwardly, and for this purpose there is no more effective compound to be used than Parrole's Vegetable Pills. They act directly on the liver and by setting up a healthy process have a beneficial effect upon the blood, so that impurities are eliminated.

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 Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour
 Is the Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.
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Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Table listing names and amounts for the Father Holland Birthday Fund, including P. McDermott, R. Bickerdike, P. Kenna, S. J. Mathewson, Mrs. Callaghan, Mrs. Fr. Provincial, C.S.S.R., Mr. P. A. Milloy, Mrs. P. A. Milloy, And. J. O'Neill, John O'Neill, Miss May Milloy, Mrs. J. Redmond, Sherbrooke, Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. F. J. Gallagher, Miss Helen Gleason, Charles Mahoney, Richmond, Va., Dr. Quirk, Aylmer, P.Q., Mrs. A. McCarthy, Rev. Father McCrory, James Gribbin, Mrs. D. Reefe, A Friend, M. O'Donnell, R. O'Meara, G. Maybury, Professor Fowler, Mrs. J. Hayes, Mr. Burns, Mrs. Kelly.

MR. JAMES GRIFFIN'S SERIOUS ILLNESS.

We regret to record the serious illness of Mr. James Griffin, who was not expected to recover at the moment of going to press. Mr. Griffin had recently resigned his position as foreman in the Corporation employ, on account of bad health, as he has been ailing for several months. The laboring class will lose a good friend in Mr. Griffin's demise. May God grant him a happy death.

EXCURSION OF PARISHIONERS OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

The parishioners of St. Thomas Aquinas are holding an excursion to Lake St. Peter this afternoon, the boat leaving Bonsecours wharf at 1.45 p.m. It is hoped that the earnest efforts of the pastor and parishioners will be crowned with success.

Father Holland's Home For Boys.

(From the N.Y. Freeman's Journal.) There is in Montreal a priest who by his earnest, hard, untiring work in every good cause has made his name a household word. This priest is Father D. Holland, C.S.S.R., of St. Ann's Church. While exerting every effort to combat the liquor evil, the strenuous manner in which he attacked offenders made for him the usual number of enemies, but Father Holland has not yet learned the meaning of fear, so he goes undaunted into the thick of the fight with only his cloth (and a blackthorn) to protect him, and he always comes out unscathed. For who would lay hands on the priest of God?

But there is something else which has brought Father Holland's name before the public, and that is the St. Joseph's Home for working boys. The present building has cost \$6300, one thousand of which was paid at the time of sale. There is consequently a large balance of \$5300 to be wiped out, on which the interest alone amounts to a pretty high house rent for an establishment that has subsisted since its foundation on voluntary contributions, mostly from poor people.

Father Holland never asked a cent from anyone to aid his venture, and started it on nothing but Mr. Bickerdike's guarantee to the Grand Trunk Railway three years ago, that the rent of the original house would be paid, and the kindness of Messrs. Mathewson's Sons in giving all the groceries needed to feed the first inmates who came penniless.

As a mark of the high esteem in which Rev. Father Holland is held, and as a tribute to his priestly zeal his friends intend to give him on his birthday, September 19, a handsome testimonial, which is to take the shape of raising the mortgage on the Home, a very worthy institution, and for which Father Holland has worked so hard. It is earnestly hoped that there will be a whole-souled response to this article, the object of which is to put before our readers the worthy work in which Father Holland is so deeply interested.

Father Holland left Montreal for Belgium in February, 1889, and was ordained October 6, 1895. He then left for the West Indies in company with the late Father Van Aertseloer, then provincial of the Belgian province, Danish West Indies, for fifteen months and then went to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, where he remained three years, coming then to Montreal, where he has remained ever since. His father, Mr. Thomas Holland, died twenty-six years ago. His mother is still living and resides on Eleanor street, Montreal.

Father Holland is a widely read man, and it is a pleasure to converse with him, such a grasp has he of all subjects of the moment. Now, in order to swell this fund which is to be a birthday gift to Father Holland, who will be fifty years old on September 19, subscriptions may be sent direct to the Montreal "True Witness" office, where all sums, no matter how small or how large, will be gratefully acknowledged.

Character Molds the Face.

It is not in words explicable with what divine lines and lights the exercise of godliness and charity will mold and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest. For there is not any virtue the exercise of which, even momentarily, will not impress a new fairness upon the features; neither on them only, but on the whole body the moral and intellectual faculties have operation, for all the movements and gestures, however slight, are different in their modes according to the mind that governs them—and on the gentleness and decision of right feeling follows grace of actions, and, through continuance of this grace of form.—John Ruskin.

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Monthly calendar for September 1908, listing days of the month and corresponding feast days such as St. Giles, St. Stephen, St. Simon, St. Roch, St. Lawrence, etc.

Organist Emeritus of St. Patrick's.

Honorary Title Conferred Upon Professor J. A. Fowler After 40 Years of Able Faithful Service at the Leading Irish Church.

If "ten years is much in the life of a man," according to Tacitus, historian of ancient Rome, forty years must indeed be rated as a great deal in the career of a musician. For upwards of sixty years the Irish portion of our citizens have gone to worship at the grand old temple of pure gothic style that stands upon the brow of Beaver Hill. For well nigh two-thirds of that period they have listened to the religious melodies that poured forth from the organ loft of their parish church: the solemn strains that marked the Sunday's grand Mass, the joyful notes that greeted the cheerful bridal couple, and the mournful chords that accompanied the Church's plaintive voice over the remains of her dead children.

During this long period, at every Mass and Vesper service, the same familiar touch brought out the rich sounds of the angelic instrument, but now a new page of history opens itself and the venerable organist, probably the dean of Montreal's choir leaders, severs his connection with the leading Irish church. It was this important event, the farewell recital of Professor J. A. Fowler, that coincided on Sunday last with the solemn feast of labor. Never was Mr. Fowler heard to such advantage, never did his sweet melodies of Erin sound more plaintive and lonely.



PROF. J. A. FOWLER.

The change was announced officially from the pulpit at the High Mass. Father McShane, the pastor, eulogized the work of the devoted choir master and paid a fit tribute to his influence over the young men. "The organ," said Father McShane, "is a noble instrument. It has been called the King of Instruments, so majestic in tone, so powerful in harmony. "But we must remember that the organ is a holy instrument, it is the instrument of the temple; its voice is the voice of prayer, of worship, of love of God. "The choir likewise is an adjunct of the Sanctuary; it should ever be in unison with the altar's sacred rites. "The mission, then, of those who preside over our organs and conduct our choirs is indeed a noble one. It is a kind of sacred vocation which if faithfully fulfilled can never receive worthy remuneration here below. "The distinguished professor who to-day severs his official connection with the choir of St. Patrick's was not one of those who labored for human praise or earthly gain, and therefore I shall not attempt to give him adequate recognition or eulogy. "But it is customary in great centres of learning to recognize the merits of a professor who retires after long years of active service by the conferring of the honorary title of Professor Emeritus. "We may appropriately imitate that custom and I have decided as a slight token of the gratitude of St. Patrick's to confer upon Mr. Fow-

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EXCURSIONS

Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th. Valid to return until Oct. 5th, 1908. RATES FROM MONTREAL. Detroit, Mich. - \$15.00. BAY CITY, Mich. \$17.25. SAGINAW, Mich. \$17.15. GRAND RAPIDS, Mich. \$18.95. Chicago, Ill. - \$18.00. ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. \$34.00. Via Muskoka route, via Sault Ste. Marie direct, via Detroit and Chicago. ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS, going and returning via Owen Sound and Sault Ste. Marie. \$37.50. CLEVELAND, Ohio, via Buffalo and boat. \$13.85. CLEVELAND, Ohio, via Detroit and boat. \$17.50.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

134 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461 or Bonaventure Station

CANADIAN PACIFIC EXCURSIONS

Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th. Valid to return until Oct. 5th, 1908. RATES FROM MONTREAL: Detroit, Mich. - \$15.00. BAY CITY, Mich. \$17.25. SAGINAW, Mich. \$17.15. GRAND RAPIDS, Mich. \$18.95. Chicago, Ill. - \$18.00. ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. \$34.00. Via Muskoka route, via Sault Ste. Marie direct, via Detroit and Chicago. ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS, going and returning via Owen Sound and Sault Ste. Marie. \$37.50. CLEVELAND, Ohio, via Buffalo and boat. \$13.85. CLEVELAND, Ohio, via Detroit and boat. \$17.50.

TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT

Summer Train Service

7.30 A.M. Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riv. du Loup, Cacouana, and Little Metis. Except Sunday.

The Seaside Express

12 NOON Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riv. du Loup, Matapedia, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Prince Edward Island. N. B.—On Saturdays, this train will run to Riv. du Loup only.

OCEAN LIMITED.

7.30 P.M. Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riv. du Loup, Matapedia, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Prince Edward Island. Except Sunday.

11.45 P.M. Night train for Levis and Quebec. The passengers can occupy the Sleeping Car from 9 o'clock. Except Sunday.

CITY TICKET OFFICE. 141 St. James street. Tel. Main 616. GEO. STRUBBE. City Pass & Tkt. Agent. H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

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1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1908 STORE CLOSSES AT 6 P.M.

HOME FURNISHINGS

3 Furniture Price-Savings

15 Dining Tables, Imperial Oak finish, top extends to 6 ft. fitted with 5 heavy turned legs, strong and well made and pretty design, well worth \$7.00. Our price \$6.00. 15 Dressers, Imperial Oak finish, back fitted with 14 x 24 beveled British Mirror, very pretty design and worth \$8.25. Reduced to \$7.30. Our range of Fancy Parlor Chairs, upholstered in many different patterns is large, a good selection to choose from and prices start at \$4.50 upwards.

3 Price-Opportunities in Curtains, Portieres and Tapestries

75 Pairs White Swiss Curtains, fine medallion centre design, wide single border with new appliques, size 60 in. by 3 1/2 yds. long. Sale price \$5.60 pr. 50 pairs Roman Portieres, new fancy stripe in green or red color, suitable for bed room and boudoirs, 36 in. by 3 yards long. Sale \$2.35 pair. 480 yards French Tapestry, light ground with small floral centre, nice for covering and also for Portieres 50 in. wide. Sale 78c. yd.

2 Days' Sale of Carpets

Extraordinary Price Cuts for Thrifty Housekeepers. In order to clear out a lot of odd patterns in Tapestry, Brussels, Velvet and Axminster Carpets we will make a deep cut in prices. Tapestry Carpet, value up to 75c. For... 59c. yd. Balmoral Tapestry Carpets, value 90c. For... 79c. yd. Brussels Carpet, value up to \$1.25. For... 89c. yd. Wilton Velvet Carpets, value up to \$1.25. For... 89c. yd. Moquette Carpets, value \$1.50 yd. For... 98c. yd. Imperial Axminster, value \$2.00 yd. For... \$1.49 yd.

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

but also for the spirit that prompted them to so honor him. He hoped to enjoy the trip to the old land, and said that the watch would ever be with him to remind him of St. Patrick's. A short musical programme brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

The College That Comes to You.

You can save money and time by taking your education at home by mail. We teach Bookkeeping, Shortland, Matriculation, Teachers' Examinations, Stenography, Engineering, Mechanical Drawing and any other subjects. If you want to study any subject ask about it. Canadian Correspondence College, Dept. X, Toronto, Can.

Mind This.

It makes no difference whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory. Rheumatism of the muscles or joints. St. Jacobs Oil cures and cures promptly. Price, 25c. and 50c.

A Sensible Suggestion.

The Chicago Evening Post raises a protest against the evil of reporting sensational crimes. It believes that if the public would criticise the papers more upon this line they would find their criticism an effective remedy with the editors and proprietors. It contends that, although publicity in reference to criminals has its legitimate function and defense, the parading of pictures of criminals and the assumption of their injured innocence or the endeavor to arouse indignation against them, work perniciously in the case of boys and girls of little education, who readily make heroes of criminals, glorified by indiscriminating and highly colored notoriety. It quotes from the Paris Cosmos the following paragraph, which is very suggestive for us in America to-day: "The reading of criminal narratives brings on a diseased excitement and creates a dangerous obsession in the case of some weak and impulsive persons. This is not the only danger of the excessive publicity given to criminal cases. Professional criminals find in such public narratives filled with too minute details, useful information about the way to commit crimes with the least possible risk. It is time for us to realize the truth. Let us stop advertising crime; and since examples are apt to be followed, let us make good deeds interesting to the public rather than blazon forth evil-doing."

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL.

In the case of J. E. COUZY, Plaintiff, vs. J. E. COUZY, Defendant. The court has granted a writ of habeas corpus in favor of the defendant.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers and others who realize the advantage of having their Patent business transacted by experts. Preliminary advice free. Consult our Inventor's Advice and Patent Solicitor, J. E. COUZY, Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms without prompt relief can be got in a single day by using Mother's Own Worm Expeller.

A Shrine of the Blessed Virgin of the Island of Ceylon has recently attracted attention because of the number of extraordinary favors granted there.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 816 LaGauchette street west, Montreal, Can. Mr. G. Flunkett Magann, Toronto.

CATHOLIC SAILORS CONCERT.

The resuming of general business and the returning of so many to their homes after spending a pleasant holiday in one or another of our delightful summer resorts is being most pleasingly perceived in the attendance at the concerts given in aid of the Catholic Sailors' Club. Last evening the concert hall attached to the club was splendidly filled by an audience as eager as it was appreciative.

As already stated, the concert was in the hands of Sarsfield Court, No. 95, C.O.F., and certainly they left nothing to be looked for, either from the point of the material presented, or the good-will displayed by the partakers therein. In this respect mention is due to Messrs. Kane, Benoit and Lavallée, and well as to Messrs. Riely, Lavallée, Jones, Kelly, Morton, L. Benoit, O'Brien, Hennessy, Jackson, J. Benoit and Gordon, all of whom acquitted themselves satisfactorily. Brother Benoit made a worthy chairman for the occasion.

Next week's concert was announced as being the promised gift of the St. Mary's Young Men, and let us hope that their former year's record and the example set them by their friends and brothers of the Catholic Order of Foresters will be as far as it is possible, honored by them in every detail.

ST. GABRIEL'S.

The anticipated Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin was duly celebrated in St. Gabriel on last Sunday. At High Mass Rev. Father Fahey preached an eloquent and powerful sermon on the subject of vocation, plainly pointing out the necessity of careful study and diligent research as well as the seeking of enlightened and disinterested counsel before taking final steps regarding so important a step.

After Mass, the senior branch of St. Gabriel T. A. & B. Society held its regular monthly meeting. Quite an amount of useful work was done, and one new member admitted to the ranks.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

From the immense influx of pupils in the parish school this year, the necessity is already making itself felt for the opening of new classes, there being about four hundred pupils already registered.

FAREWELL TO REV. P. McDONALD.

Farewell! a word that must be and hath been; A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!

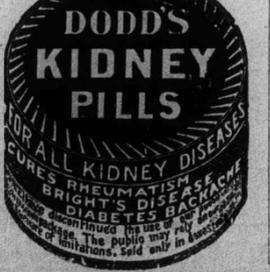
To show depth and significance to their farewell to the Rev. P. McDonald, a representative body of the parishioners of St. Mary's Church waited upon him in one of the halls of the parish on Thursday of last week.

Rev. Father McDonald has been connected with St. Mary's Parish as curate for the past four years, during which time he has endeared himself to one and all, on account of his genial disposition and indefatigable efforts, and adaptability as organizer in the interests of the parish.

Mr. P. Scullion, acting warden, read an appropriately worded address expressing deep regret on the occasion of his leaving to take up his new work in St. Agnes parish, and assuring him that the love and esteem in which he was held by the people of St. Mary's would not be impaired by his absence. At the conclusion of the address the rev. gentleman was presented with a purse of gold as a mark of appreciation of the zeal and interest he had always displayed.

In his reply Father McDonald, in a few well chosen words, thanked the parishioners for the kind hospitality and generosity which had always been extended to him, and in feeling terms expressed his sorrow at parting from the many happy associations which he had formed in the parish. He concluded his remarks with those consoling and heart-feeling words: "My burden has been light in your midst, and may God impart to you and your families a lasting blessing."

Among those present were many of the former parishioners, the clergy being represented by Rev. Fathers Cullinan and O'Brien.



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

Advertisement for Gardien de la de Lecture, Feb 19, Assemblée 1908, QUEBEC CITY.

Note and

The Hon. Nicholas died in Melbourne, week, was the last hand of notable who sought their toria about the tim colony received its in the shaping of it was an able debator prominent part in it between the two Victoria legislature, vigor and eloquence privileges of the An ardent Federatio of the delegates of first Australasian F vention in 1891, Victoria in the Conference held at

Mr. Seumas MacM poet and novelist, ed special lecturer in University of Notre second great Catho America. Mr. Mac a course of lectures for one month of en special series will be art of story writing is to be allowed to sure over the fields tion and folklore.

After the lapse London will again a Catholic Lord Mar of Sir John Stuar alderman of the B stands next in succe. The last Cath it will be remembe an official visit to of Dublin during h The Knill family a truction, but two c tions of them have the city. The Knill is held in vic and Lady Knill ar Catholic charitable philanthropic work

Lord Clifford of the Abbey of Marmou France, will earn t only of his co-religi archaeologists of al the law for the property of religio moutier was in the for Lord Clifford, be the end of. A tier represents one ligious foundations, the fourth century, very mother of mon one of the richest. ber among them so

The last, for instan Bourbon-Conde. T dation was suppli France then had tw of St. Martin. T tier, by some thr younger foundation by Saverne, and is interest.

Rev. T. J. Cam New York, so long editorial staff of senger, will spend continuing his resu tory of the early sionaries of North volume on the Priests of North A appeared in May, vorably received by selling rapidly, one tion of 2,000 cop been disposed of.

Father

Don't for the Fa 19th is th No matter fully recei its receipt. Joseph's F