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Celtic Witness

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Gaelic Revival A Remarkable Phenomenon.

The people of Lisdoonvarna, County Clare, tendered a magnificent reception to Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, during the latter's visit to that place. An address signed by Bishop Hoare, Rev. T. H. Kinnane, Dean of Cashel; Canon Kearney, Ardagh; Canon Ryan, Galbally, Cashel, and the priests of the diocese, was presented to the distinguished visitor. Rev. William J. Walsh, D.D., Waterford, read the following address:

As a great churchman you have shed lustre on the vigorous young Church of America by the splendor of your administrative abilities, your commanding eloquence; while as an honored citizen of the great Republic of the West you have inculcated lessons of true patriotism and enforced them by your lofty and dignified example. Yet, though the scene of your life's labor has been the country of your adoption, never have you for a moment forgotten your heart allegiance to this ancient land. You she claims with the right of a mother; and never has that claim been disallowed or unheeded by you whom she prides among her truest and most dear of her scattered children. When for inscrutable reasons the hand of God came heavy on our country and the cry of famished thousands went up from every corner of our land, who was the ready help and the word of hope and encouragement, who more promptly and filially gave into the mother's bosom "the full measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over?"

When renewing the strife of centuries and buoyed up by the never-dying hope of nationhood, the old land braced herself for the recovery of her legislative independence, with eloquent voice, with ready pen and unstinted purse, you have unflinchingly aided her in the struggle. Is it then wonderful that we, as priests, and especially as priests of Ireland, should rejoice at your presence in our midst, and that the prayer should go up from our heart of hearts that God may long spare you to be a prop and a bulwark to the American Church and a glory to the scattered children of the Gael, whose proud privilege it is to honor you and to claim you for their own.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN'S RESPONSE

Archbishop Ryan, in the course of his reply, said he was delighted to see the faith and the old love manifested when, after years of absence, he came back in the autumn of his days, or should say, winter. As to the claims that were mentioned in the address which might have earned their affection, he was sure that they felt it in their hearts, though he did not deserve such recognition. But with regard to the gratitude toward America it was another matter. That claim had been due ever since the days of the famine. The great, noble democratic heart of America was touched by the sufferings of Ireland in those days. It needed no Irish eloquence to touch the heart of America. The American people gave generously of their means; while a man loves the land of his adoption he will not forsake the land of his birth.

Some one has said "I love the land of my adoption as I love my wife, and I love the land of my birth as I love my mother." Well, of course, I cannot make that comparison. But you can all very well understand that the loves are not antagonistic, that a man may love the land of his birth and may love the land of his adoption, and be prepared to die for it, and he will not love the land of his adoption and be ready to die for it if he does not love the land of his nativity. A man must love the country whose air he first breathed, whose hills and streams he first gazed on, whose skies first elevated his soul and heart to God; the memory of that land must remain impressed on his heart, and the older he grows the more will the impression deepen.

At a luncheon, at which Bishop Hoare presided, the toast "Pope Pius X" being duly honored, Archbishop Ryan gave the following address:

After half a century or more I return to my native country, and I find the characteristics of the Celtic race the same, the same warm hearts, the coterie the same, and the race remaining the same. Many, no doubt, are leaving you, but they are only going over to the greater Ireland. They do not lose their love for the old land. You know it in their generosity when collections were made for churches, or for political purposes. They love the old country, the first impressions made upon them, the chapel in which they knelt, the valley and the hills, and their early life's stories. All those things have made an impression. That impression is there, deeply seated. It is not as if it had passed away entirely.

(Continued on Page 8.)

I can see, perhaps, what those always here cannot see. I can see evidence of progress since I was here before, many years ago. Persons complain, and I have heard it said in the United States, that the people of Ireland are not industrious, they say, look at their homes, they are not clean. They say their lands are not well kept. I have heard those complaints, but they had not the key to the situation, for if the farmer improved his land the next thing done by the landlord was under the old system to increase the rent. I say he would be a fool if he were to increase the value of property belonging to another man, and that he should pay for the improvements that he himself had made, pay well, and according to the price to be appointed by the landlord. Therefore, as it was a premium upon neglect, it was only the House of Lords that obstructed and defeated it. It was passed by the House of Commons, led by Gladstone. Now, if the House of Commons with Gladstone at its head be in favor of Home Rule, why should not the exiled sons from old Ireland feel that she is capable of governing herself, and that she can never be truly prosperous until she has that authority to rule over her own people. These English statesmen at present are legislating for a people whom they don't know, for a people with whom they have nothing in common, for a country of whose wants they are ignorant.

The British character is a character darkened by many prejudices, as Cardinal Newman, himself an Englishman, confesses and deplores. I should not, therefore, feel that I could claim any honor for having done any little service I may have been able to do for the cause of Home Rule. I have always advocated it, and I have always recommended my clergy to do all that they could in various ways for the advancement of the old land. And it may be said that the Church in America is indebted to the Irish race which has built so many churches and raised so many institutions. We should always remember that in America our first in talent, in power, and influence, our greatest first bishops, were the sons of Ireland. Therefore, we in America owe a great deal to Ireland, and while we love the land of our adoption, we cannot forget the land of our birth, or the land of our fathers and mothers. Hence that observation in the latter part of your address, that while I love the land of my adoption, I love, as a child should love its mother, the land of my birth.

Some one has said "I love the land of my adoption as I love my wife, and I love the land of my birth as I love my mother." Well, of course, I cannot make that comparison. But you can all very well understand that the loves are not antagonistic, that a man may love the land of his birth and may love the land of his adoption, and be prepared to die for it, and he will not love the land of his adoption and be ready to die for it if he does not love the land of his nativity. A man must love the country whose air he first breathed, whose hills and streams he first gazed on, whose skies first elevated his soul and heart to God; the memory of that land must remain impressed on his heart, and the older he grows the more will the impression deepen.

They will keep alive the spirit, the poetry of the country and will keep alive the national faith and the tenderness of the Irish character. Of course the language didn't die out as some persons have imagined.

I shall tell you an incident that occurred a few years ago in Philadelphia. There are a great many Donegal people in my city devoted to the faith of their country. There is a society amongst them, which they call the Benevolent Society of Donegal, and they have annual meetings at which Irish songs are sung and speeches delivered and so forth. I was induced to go to one of those meetings, and I was delighted with all the exercises. A man came out to deliver a speech in Irish and was much edified at the singing of 4000 children.

saw the young people laughing. I said to myself "what a pity they were brought up in that manner, the young American children of the men of Donegal. What caused them to laugh at the language of their fathers and mothers?" I looked at the old people and they were laughing, too. Then I looked at the lecturer. He was one of these serious people who can make other people laugh without themselves knowing why. I found out that all those young American children of the people of Donegal all knew the Irish language.

Their parents had taught them the language of their forefathers, and what they were laughing at was jokes given in the course of the lecture in Irish. I had to make a public confession from the platform, that I probably was the only person in the hall that did not know the language of my forefathers. So this directly transmitted gave me a very high opinion of the people of Donegal. At a meeting they elected me "Chieftain of Donegal." I was handed the sceptre of the empire. On my visit to Ireland on this occasion, not wishing to be an absentee chieftain, I went up to Donegal and I met the people there in the presence of the other "Chieftain of Donegal," the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell-O'Donnell Aboo. Now, in many other places there is more of the language remaining than they imagined. This was a striking incident of how the people were deeply imbued with patriotism, how they transmitted to their children the language of their forefathers, and a love of their country.

HOME RULE THE ONLY REMEDY.

The American people could not understand it, or how it was permitted for years, that when a man improves his house and property his rent should be increased. Why, therefore, be blaming the Irishman for neglecting it now? Where I just came from, from the North—I have been in Donegal where the tenants have tenure rights—see how their properties are well kept and everything is in order. Wherever they had similar privileges their houses are well kept. In America the Irish people are very industrious, advancing every day in wealth and intelligence. It is the same race, the same blood, and the same genius, but the circumstances are different, and it was here as it was, because, as the Chairman had said, of misrule—because of the want of Home Rule.

I have said on many occasions there was no Irish orator, no man more enthusiastic, there was no man who said anything stronger than was said in Gladstone's speech when the House of Commons voted for Home Rule. There can be no question whatever but this is the case and until Home Rule is obtained it will be impossible for Ireland to advance. When you consider the patriotism of the Irish race, I cannot at all despair of the future. We have in our race, as Cardinal Newman said, all the elements of future greatness. We have that deep faith which underlies all morality. As regards blessing we have the joyous hope God has given. We have the element of success in the future, and indeed I can see here evidences of advanced education amongst the people, though there are drawbacks, but I trust these will disappear.

THE GAELIC REVIVAL A REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

Our people are becoming more educated, they are showing evidences of what is in the race. Look at the remarkable phenomenon—the revival of the Gaelic language. There is more than that one thinks. It produces a love for the old land. When a nation wants completely to subjugate another nation it endeavors to destroy the language of that nation amongst those who speak it. If the language is wiped out people cease to be patriotic as before. Indeed a wave that is wonderful has come over the country with a love for the old language. Even since I came here I heard the old songs sung most beautifully, most tenderly. They will keep alive the spirit, the poetry of the country and will keep alive the national faith and the tenderness of the Irish character. Of course the language didn't die out as some persons have imagined.

Their example has had deep and effective results. Often have I heard people who were sceptics about religion, people who did not know particularly well what their minds were, often have I heard such people say, "How much would I not give for that certainty of faith that those Irish girls have—absolute certainty and conviction." They are beginning to recognize in America the great conservative influence and elements in the Catholic Church. They acknowledge now that we are right on the subject of matrimonial divorces. There was no less than sixty thousand divorces in the United States within the past year, and the fact is appalling to the minds of intelligent people.

When Queen Carola, of Saxony, visited London recently, she was escorted through the tenement district by Rev. Bernard Vaughan, whose labors among the poor have been so fruitful. The queen heard Mass in one of the churches there and was much edified at the singing of 4000 children.

A LOURDES CURE.

English Peer's Remarkable Story

terwards as a postulant, went through her novitiate, and has been a full nun for many years, and has never suffered any recurrence of the disease.

A Non-Catholic Writer on Catholic Missions.

The well-known Dutch historian, Madame Lohmann, a rationalist writer, who is a descendant of the celebrated Minister of Georgian times, vouches for the facts, and has placed the names of the doctors concerned in the possession of the London Express.

Until now the case has only been known to the relatives and friends of the lady, but in view of the great public interest that is now being taken in the happenings at Lourdes, Lord and Lady N— have decided to publish the facts and leave readers to place their own interpretation upon them.

"Sometimes," said Lord N— to an Express representative, "it is stated that the cures at Lourdes are not permanent. My wife's cure was accomplished 33 years ago, and there has never been a relapse."

"In the year 1872 Lady N—, or, as she was then, the Hon. Mrs. N— suffered great agony in her left foot. Our family doctor was called in and put her on knee crutch, but at the end of five months, in spite of his skillful treatment, the foot was no better.

"At his request we called in an eminent surgeon, whose name I will give you, who proposed to put the foot into splints. The evil being inflammation of the bone, he told her the cure would of necessity be very long, and possibly painful.

"Lady N— therefore had recourse to a 'novena,' or nine days' prayer, in which a great number of her relatives and friends joined, each making the sign of the cross each morning with a few drops of the water of Lourdes on the injured foot. This water, which is pure and clear, and without a trace of mineral matter, was sent to London, where we then were, from Lourdes.

"At the end of the nine days the pain entirely left the foot, and my wife was able to walk about as usual. From that day to this she has never suffered the slightest inconvenience nor pain whatever in the foot.

"Of course, the doctors were astonished when they came to see the patient, and the surgeon had nothing more to say: 'Well, I need do nothing for you. You are quite out of the wood.'

"The remarkable point about this cure, as you will notice, is that it took place not in Lourdes at all, but here in London."

The following year Lord and Lady N— made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, and hung up the discarded crutch in the famous grotto.

Four years later they were in Lourdes again, and Lord N— relates an interesting experience in connection with this visit.

"At the time," he said, "a very intimate friend of ours, Miss H—, was desirous of entering a certain religious order; but as she was suffering from a painful disease of the knee, which resisted medical treatment, the authorities in London considered that she could not be received, as she would be quite unable to perform her duties as a nun.

"We were going to Paris at the time, and she proposed to accompany us. But the Mother-General of the Order in Paris, having consulted the doctor also declined to accept our friend.

"Miss H— was so grievously disappointed that we determined to go to Lourdes. The day after we arrived, she

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1905.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much
to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lov-
ingly
From underneath a thatch of tan-
gled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet
touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding
yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-
much,
You almost are too tired to pray
to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and too
slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips
away.

And now it seems surpassing strange
to me,
That while I wore the badge of
motherhood
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly
The little child, that brought me
only good.

—Exchange.

FASHIONS.

In hats it is wise to avoid the polo turban even if it is the rage at present. This little pill box hat to look its best requires a certain type of face. The young, slender girl with delicate features may wear it and find it chic and becoming, but worn by the average woman it only affords an interesting study for the caricaturist. And the chances are that before the autumn is here it will have made so many otherwise dignified looking women appear ridiculous that the best milliners will refuse to make it up for winter wear.

We are having a blue season, in spite of the fact that it started out to be a green and white summer. The craze for Alice blue has yet to reach the turning point. It is such a charming color, becoming alike to blondes and brunettes. It has the great advantage, too, in linens, pongees, and wash goods, of retaining its color much better than the paler shades. If you feel doubtful about a whole costume of this shade, why not use a touch of it on a pongee coat, or better still, on a white linen suit?

Flowers will be much used in garrisoning evening gowns, particularly for youthful wearers. The more delicate shades of yellow or the fruit-yellows, as banana, apricot, etc., are in high favor.

The vogue for checks is such that the woman who wants a checked gown need not curb her aspirations. The loveliest of checks come in blue and green and in red and black and in the shades of green and violet and in other wonderful combinations. In fact, all of the checks are good, and you need not hesitate to indulge your fancy in any or all of them, for fall hints indicate that checks and plaids will be the vogue until winter.

Lightweight black broadcloth will be very popular for the dressy tailor-made costume. Other popular colors will be the mode shades, wine-red, olive green, blue and heliotrope. A sweet gown of Aeolian in one of the daintiest blue shades borduring on the turquoise was made from a seven-gore model, the sides of the gores being turned to form plait, which are joined together with white silk laces, holding the plait very flat over the hips, where the laces fasten in small bows. The same idea is carried out on the waist, the inverted box plait being laced from shoulder to bust line, from where the plait falls loose, flowing slightly over a narrow girdle of white.

TIRELESS MOTHERS.

Saucepans which have been burned should not be scraped, but place them on the side of the stove filled with cold water in which some soda and a few shavings of soap have been dissolved and leave them to soak for a few hours. They will then come clean with the use of the whisk, without any scraping, which is the ruin of enamelware.

Tea leaves moistened with vinegar remove the discoloration in glass caused by flowers.

To remove red ink stains, wet the article to be cleaned with lemon juice. Rub as much salt into the spots as the lemon juice will hold. Lay in the hot sun for a day, wetting hourly with lemon juice. At night lay in soft, clean water and soak until

morning, when wash in the usual way.

To clean nickel scour with pulverized borax; use hot water and very little soap. Rinse in hot water and rub dry with a clean cloth.

A ruffle on the bottom of a work apron, well starched, will prevent spots on the skirt below.

To clean oily crust bottles put a few strips of blotting paper into the bottle with a little warm water and an equal quantity of vinegar and add a piece of washing soda. Shake a few times and then rinse in warm water.

The candles for your entertainment will burn slowly and steadily through the evening if they are kept on ice all day.

Woolen goods when washed in soap and water shrink and acquire the odor of the soap. Therefore, steep the articles in a warm solution of washing soda for several hours and then, after the addition of warm water and a few drops of ammonia, wash and rinse in lukewarm water.

To prevent the skin discolored after a blow or fall take a little starch or arrowroot and merely moisten it with cold water and lay it on the injured part. This should be done immediately, but may be applied some time afterward with effect.

RECIPES.

Cherry Dumplings.—Prepare a rich baking-powder biscuit dough as for shortcake; roll out half an inch thick and cut into squares. Place in the centre of each square of dough a tablespoonful of pitted cherries; fold the corner of it over, wetting the edges; press them together, folding from opposite corners. Place in the steamer with tight-fitting cover and steam one hour, or bake in the oven in a dripping-pan, surrounded by three-quarters of a cup of sugar and two cups of water, basting several times while baking, which will mean about twenty minutes in a hot oven. Serve with cherry sauce.

Spiced Tomatoes.—To four pounds of sound tomatoes take two pounds of light brown sugar, one pint elder vinegar, half ounce of cloves, and half ounce of stick cinnamon; boil all together in a porcelain-lined kettle until the tomatoes are cooked; take the tomatoes out and put them on dishes to cool, letting the syrup go on simmering slowly; when the tomatoes are cold return them to the syrup for a little while; let them become cold before putting them in the jars. The syrup must be boiled down as quick as molasses, and poured cold over the tomatoes; tie them down with waxed paper.

GARDENING AS EXERCISE.

I'm sorry for the woman whose standards, social or physical, do not permit her to handle a hoe. It seems to me as graceful an implement as a golf club. An hour's exercise along a tidy garden row will produce the finest kind of a glow, and, withal, you get so much more done with a hoe! It is but a poor-spirited person who will "putter with flowers" but dare not work in the vegetable garden for fear that some one may think she has to do it. If the neighbors be scandalized because I turn the baby hose in the shade on the grass and push the wheel hoe instead of the pramulator it is their lookout. Perhaps, now, they are dying to dig and have not quite dared for fear of my scathing criticism. Let them know the worst. I purpose to dig, to rake, to sow, to weed, to hoe, and to harvest, for the sake of what I get out of it in mental growth, flowers, exercise, aesthetic uplift, and vegetables. I shall take my turn, too, with the bicycle, the tennis racket, and the golf clubs, but next to the go-cart, the wheel-hoe is my favorite vehicle! —Mary R. Miller, in Success.

Poached Eggs with Green Peas.—A teaspoonful of cooked green peas, half an ounce of butter, half an ounce of flour, half a pint of milk, salt and pepper, and six eggs. Melt the butter in a saucepan, stir in the flour smoothly, then add the milk, and stir over the fire till it boils and thickens. Season it carefully, and add the peas. Carefully poach six eggs. Put them on a hot dish, pour the sauce over, and garnish the dish with strips of fried bread.

BEFORE THE OPEN FIRE.

Happy is the home with a fireplace. When the chilly evenings come on the open fire is luxury not only nor mainly for its warmth, but for the cheer, the comfort, the presence which is, after all, the real secret of its charm. Its bright glow through the unshuttered window cheers the master of the house as he comes home weary, perhaps worried, and it brings better thoughts to the passerby.

In early twilight the children see pictures in the coals or watch the shadows, like specters grim and tall, and the baby curls his rosy toes and coos at the glow. About its ruddy circle, contented and united, gathers the family circle. The maiden, with her dress skirt turned back, and her pretty foot on the fender, builds a castle over its flickering flames, and it is a perfect boon to the bashful

lover, for who shall say how many a stammering swain has found courage to declare himself while poking the fire?

There are stories to be told of the camp fire in the mountains, where young Tom spent his vacation; of the lonely Bedouin campfire in far Arabia, where the uncle has been, or of the fireplace in the old home when grandma was a girl.

Have you ever wound clouded yarn with the skeins thrown over the backs of chairs, in front of such a fire? How the shadows drifted over the colors as the yarn slipped off and spun around the ball, now dark, then light! How the great chimney sighed and breathed, and how the conversation of the others in the room drifted in and out of one's thoughts, now dark, now light.

The flames leaped up the black throat of the chimney and shone off the hearth, lingering about the old polished furniture and lighting up with startling distinctness a single pictured face that looked out weirdly from its frame, while in the corners were heavy Rembrandt shadows.

Keep the open fire for the sake of sentiment. There is a suggestion of roasted apples and popcorn in its coals; there are castles building and dreams of the future; but, best of all, the memory of its gleam is like a beacon to the busy workers through the toilsome day until the eventide sets homeward, and they gather once more in the home circle before the fire.—G. P. Du Bois.

WAIT.

Keep still. When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still until you recover from your excitement at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and I wished I had not. In many later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I learned reticence, and eventually it was destroyed. Time works wonders. Wait till you speak calmly, and then you will not need to speak, maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur.

TOWEL WAS DONE BROWN.

A minister of a country church used to get at times from the city a box labelled "Books, With Care." One day the village carrier drove up with the usual load, and, while carrying in the box, noticed some liquid oozing from it. "Oh, papa," cried the minister's daughter, "here's your books at last!" "Aye," remarked the carrier, "and ye'd better unpack them very quick, for I think there's yin o' them rinnin' oot."

THE LONG ROAD.

"This little girl's mother handed her a damp towel."

"Minnie," she said, "take this towel into the kitchen and hold it in front of the fire until it is dry."

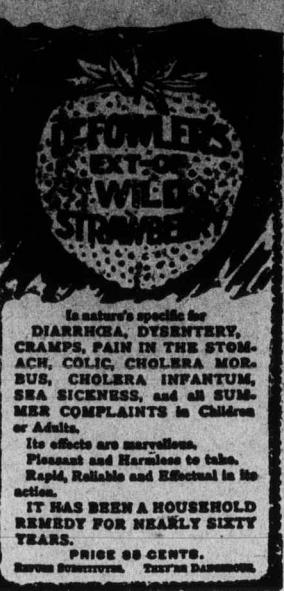
"Yes, mamma," said the child, and she threw the towel over her shoulder and departed.

The mother continued her work. She forgot all about her daughter. Ten or fifteen minutes passed.

"Then there sounded from the kitchen a clear, young treble voice:

"Mamma, it called, 'is a towel done when it's brown?'"

FUNNY SAYINGS.



The Poet's Corner.

SEPTEMBER.

Who doth not love the soft September days
When summer lingers lovingly and faint
Would say farewell? But with her train
Of winged subjects, in the golden haze
She vanishes so silently, we raise
No cry of anguish, for no parting pain
Disturbs our bliss,—our loss we count but gain.
Yet, e'en while dear September's name we praise,
Its effects are marvelous.
Pleasant and Harness to take,
Rapid, Reliable and Effective in its action.

IT HAS BEEN A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR NEARLY SIXTY YEARS.

PRICE 25 CENTS.
SEND REMITTANCE.

bookstand, expensive to buy, but quite economical if carried out at home. It consists of a fairly high backpiece and two sides cut from stout cardboard, the length depending upon the number of books the stand is to hold, while the bottom is a piece of thin wood. Choose a piece of brocade with a pattern that repeats itself in groups, so to speak, so you will be able to have one whole design in the middle of the back. Cover the three cardboard pieces on each side and finish the edges with a rather thin gold or silk braid. The side pieces are sewed firmly to the back, the joints hidden by the braid. The wooden bottom must also be covered with brocade and glued strongly to the cardboard. Four little gilt knobs stuck underneath serve to raise the stand from the table on which it rests.—New York Press.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

IN ADAM'S FALL.
Sunday School Teacher—Now, children, was Adam very happy in the Garden of Eden?

Chorus of Yessum!
Teegher—And what great misfortune happened which ended his happiness?

Chorus—The Lord made 'im a wife!

A minister of a country church used to get at times from the city a box labelled "Books, With Care." One day the village carrier drove up with the usual load, and, while carrying in the box, noticed some liquid oozing from it. "Oh, papa," cried the minister's daughter, "here's your books at last!" "Aye," remarked the carrier, "and ye'd better unpack them very quick, for I think there's yin o' them rinnin' oot."

TOWEL WAS DONE BROWN.

Senator Pettus, of Alabama, on a bright April morning was defending the government's bestowal of seeds upon the farmers.

"Those who oppose this custom," he said, "are ignorant of the farmer's work and of the farmer's needs.

They are as ignorant as a little Alabama girl of whom I heard the other day.

"This little girl's mother handed her a damp towel."

"Minnie," she said, "take this towel into the kitchen and hold it in front of the fire until it is dry."

"Yes, mamma," said the child, and she threw the towel over her shoulder and departed.

The mother continued her work. She forgot all about her daughter. Ten or fifteen minutes passed.

"Then there sounded from the kitchen a clear, young treble voice:

"Mamma, it called, 'is a towel done when it's brown?'"

THE LONG ROAD.

The long road, ma bouchal, is the road that I must take.

Long I've walked the homepaths and heard the noisy crake:

Now my bird's the curlew, that with its druid call

Lures my feet to follow in the safest way of all.

The long road, ma bouchal, is wearying for my feet;

I'll pile no more the sea-weed, I'll glean no more the wheat.

My wheel may whirr and whisper for other hands than mine,

And other spinners handle the coarse thread and the fine.

Seeing the loneliness their loss has brought,

That they were dearer far than we had taught

Ourselves to think. We see that nothing less

Than hope of their return could cheer or bless

Our weary days. We wonder how far aught

Or all of fault in them, we could heed

Or anger with their loving presence near,

Or wound them by the smallest word or deed.

Dear absent love of mine! It did not need

Thy absence to tell me thou were dear,

"The long road, my colleen—the long road for ye!"

Nora Cheson, in *The Gleaner*.

THE WEAVER.

Beside the loom of life I stand
And watch the busy shuttle go;
The threads I hold within my hand
Make up the filling; strand on strand,
They slip my fingers through, and so
This web of mine fills out space,
While I stand ever in my place.

One time the wool is smooth and fine
And colored with a sunny dye;

Again the threads so roughly twine

My heart misgives me. Then would I

Fain lose this web—begin anew—

But that, alas! I can do not.

Some day the web will all be done,
The shuttle quiet in its place,
From out my hold the threads are run,
And friends at setting of the sun

Will come to look upon my face,

And say: "Mistakes she made not few,

Yet wove perchance as best she knew."

THE FRUIT OF THE CROSS.

Thou who didst hang upon a barren tree,
My God, for me!

Though I till now be barren, now at length,

Lord, give me strength

To bring forth fruit to Thee;

Thou who didst bear for me the crown of thorn,

Spitting and scorn;

Though I till now have put forth thorns, yet now

Strengthen me Thou

That better fruit be borne.

Thou Rose of Sharon, Cedar of broad roots,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I stand
shuttle go;
thin my hand
strand on
through, and so
out space,
my place.

smooth and fine
sunny day;
roughly twine
line on line
Then would I
begin anew—
not do.

all be done,

its place,
threads be rung
of the sun
on my face,
she made not

as best she

HE CROSS,

upon a barren

be barren, now

to Thee;

or me the crown

have put forth

Cedar of broad

ale, with fade-

shoots.

ti.

CANT.

in the wintry

cross Who died,

d in the wind

and hands and

Him aside.

th the crown of

uby-red,

leaded for aims

not put by in

bread;

in vain

he gone by,

He only come

ease His pain,

His cry."

d distinguished

and crown;

eye of faith

azareth

erden gown.

mendicant,

is cry;

infinite mercy,

in my day of

by;

E.

brings to every

solemn tender-

We now con-

their loss has

or far than we

We see that no-

return could

wonder how for

them, we could

loving presence

the smallest

mine! It did

make it more

Still a third day his mother sent him to the grocer's to order something for dinner. She went out, and did not return until it was time to cook the meal. Imagine her surprise and disappointment upon finding, when she went into the kitchen, that her order had not been filled. Teddy had met, on his way down street, one of the other boys, had stopped to play for a time, and then gone to school without once thinking of his mother's order.

So that day they ate a "picked-up" dinner his mother was annoyed, and his father displeased.

After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Johnston sat long talking over what could be done to correct this bad habit in their son. Mr. Johnston said:

"Really, that boy ought to be taught to remember and obey when he is told to do a thing."

"Yes," replied the wife, "but what can we do? He has been punished, but it seems to make no difference."

"I have a plan," said Mr. Johnston. And he proceeded to unfold his scheme. Mrs. Johnston agreed to try it.

The next day being a holiday Teddy was to go to E—— to the show with his father.

His mother got his things in readiness the night before, and he went to bed a very happy boy, to dream of the next day's pleasure.

Teddy was an early riser, and in the morning was wide-awake, anxious for the 8 o'clock train, which was to take him to the city. While he was eating his breakfast his mother discovered that his shoes were not suitable, and, as she had forgotten to order any others, Teddy was sent to the shop for a new pair, with the injunction to come back at once.

One morning, late in October, Miss Anne came to breakfast rather late and cross, saying to her sister: "Sally, I believe this house is full of rats! There was such a racket last night I hardly slept a wink!"

Miss Sally had slept soundly, and she laughed at the idea. Rats! There had never been rats in that house. It was just "Anne's nonsense."

Miss Anne still insisted, and was awakened almost every night by the noise. "The rats in the barn have moved into the house for the winter," she said. So the rat trap was brought from the barn, baited with cheese, and placed close to a hole in the underpinning; which looked as if it might be a rat hole. There it stayed till the trap grew rusty and the cheese moldy, but no rat was caught.

One day Miss Sally brought home a bag of peanut candy ("peanut brittle," she called it); and to keep cool overnight she put it in the work shop, where were kept the hammers and nails, the woodbox and garden tools. This shop opened into Miss Anne's studio, and had an outside door near the butternut tree.

The candy was forgotten until the next afternoon, when Miss Anne went to get a piece. All that she found was a heap of torn and sticky paper. Every scrap of peanut brittle was gone!

"Those rats!" she declared. "But how did they get in here?"

The "how" was soon explained. Near the outside door they found a hole in the floor.

Miss Sally was indignant, and, putting a thick board over the hole, pounded in enough wire nails to keep out a regiment of rats.

As they stood in the open door a butternut dropped at their feet, and Miss Sally, in a flash, exclaimed: "Anne, do you think it could be that squirrel?—the nuts in the candy, you know?"

But Miss Anne thought not. "The noises in the attic—that could not be the squirrel. There are wire screens in the windows—he could not possibly get in."

Grandpa replied: "I sent word by your mother for you to come over and go sailing with us. She said you could go as well as not."

"She didn't tell me," said Teddy.

As soon as grandpa had gone he ran into the house to ask his mother about the matter.

"Other people can forget the same as you," she said, with a smile.

After a pause he said quietly: "Now I understand, mother. I'll not forget any more."

THE STORY OF A SQUIRREL.

He was small and plump, of a reddish brown color, with a beautiful bushy tail curving over his back. Have you guessed that he was a squirrel? Then look up his name in the dictionary and you will find out why he was called Chickaree.

FORGETFUL TEDDY.

Teddy Johnson is a pretty good sort of a boy, but he has one fault, and that a very serious one; he does not give heed to what is said to him and then, in excuse, always said, "I forgot."

One night he forgot to put his cart into the shed, although he had been told many times not to leave it out, and the rain washed out the bright red paint and pretty black letters, making it look faded and dull.

Another day he forgot to come home for his dinner, and spent the whole noon hour throwing rocks into the frog pond, having a portion of his playmates' lunch.

MILBURN'S
HEART
AND
NERVE PILLS
FOR
WEAK
PEOPLE

These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

At Vincennes, in my childhood, he writes, my father had two spirited horses of fine blood. One day while one of them, Prunelle, was passing between two walls with my little sister on her back, the child slipped and rolled between the horse's feet.

Prunelle stopped instantly and held one hind foot in the air. She really seemed to fear to lower that foot lest she should step on the child. There was no room for the horse to turn nor for a man to pass in.

In that uncomfortable position, with lifted foot, however, the horse stood patiently, while an attendant crawled between her forefeet and rescued the child.

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A LITTLE BOY'S POLITENESS.

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by the ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. "May I see you across, ma'am?" "Thank you, dear." Across the street, she handed him five cents. He declined it, blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. The lady was interested:

She drew him under an awning, and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella at the ferry was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid the seventy-five cents in his savings bank for it, and had already taken in thirty cents by renting his umbrella at home.

"You're the first old lady," he said with childish candor, "that I've taken across—and—and I didn't think it was polite—I didn't think mamma would like me to charge you." "A child of the poor," thought his questioner, "but I know from his ways that his mother is a lady and a good woman." —Ex.

A NAME FOR THE BABY.

(From the Sacred Heart Review.)

The extraordinary names which some people attach to their offspring will always be a source of wonderment "as long as the world is a world."

Catholics ought to be satisfied to give their children names which are in fact Christian names, and not burden them for life with names savoring of anything but Christianity.

The giving of a saint's name to a child at baptism signifies that the child is placed under the protection of that special saint, that the child may imitate the saint's virtues. But under whose protection are the children placed whose names are taken out of some yellow-covered novel or copied from some romantic story in a cheap magazine?

Our colored friends are supposed to be particularly prone to this sort of extravagant and fancy nomenclature, but they have by no means a monopoly of it.

Horor Walsh tells a story about a certain old Aunt Dooney whose stock,

of Algernon and Ethelinda having

after a time run out, she evoked the aid of a patent medicine advertisement to help her to evolve something,

new and high-sounding in the shape

of a name for a new arrival in this

vile of tears. This was the name

chosen: Cerebro Spinal Meningitis!

This name would surely have been

tagged on to the little black baby,

had not some one told Aunt Dooney

that while Cerebro Spinal Meningitis

sounded full enough, it was unlucky,

and children who got it generally died

or had crooked necks. That crushed it, and the newcomer was called Zoeyda Agricolina instead. There are some of Aunt Dooney's white sisters, it may be said, whose taste for names is not much less fanciful not to say ridiculous than this.

To all Catholic parents we would say: Give your children good, strong

old-fashioned names that mean something worth while and stand for something worth while, and forget the namby-pamby, flagrant names that make life a burden to so many children nowadays.

IRISHMEN IN JAPAN.

It was an Irishman who introduced firearms to Japan, long before Perry's day. The invasion of Nippon by the King of Corea was successfully resisted by the aid from Ireland.

Hence the paternal ancestors of General Oku, before that name became corrupt, were the O'Keoughs.

Major General Oyama is descended from O'Hara. And those who have

been puzzled to account for the

strongly Celtic cast of Marshal Oyama's features may as well know that

he comes in a direct line from one

of the men who fought to resist the

Corean invasion, and whose name

might well have been O'Mara. There

is a Colonel Hara in the Japanese

artillery, and General Okihara, M.

Sato reminds us, is chief of General

Nogi's staff.

The parallel of the slaying of Saul

was the death of sin wrought by the

Passion of Our Lord.

The treason of Absalom was a figure of

the treason of Judas.

The cursing and stoning of David

was a figure of the Passion.

As the sword with which David cut

off the head of the Philistine was ever

after preserved in the Holy of Holies,

so is the instrument of life, the Holy

Eucharist, perennially preserved in

our tabernacle, "that whoso shall eat

of it shall not taste death forever."

The last tableau is the Crucifixion,

which is an exact reproduction, without words, of the closing scene of the

Passion Play, with the same actors.

I stopped at the house of Anton

Lang, the Christus in the Passion

Play of 1900. He strongly recalls

the conventional pictures of Our

Lord. His hair is worn long. His

eyes are soft and sympathetic. His

Fruit-atives

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

Fruit with tonics make them. The natural remedy for constipation, biliousness, headaches, kidney and skin diseases. I am taking Fruit-atives and must say they are the best remedy I ever used for Stomach and Liver Trouble. I would not be without them at any price. Mrs. FRANK BUSI, Essex, N.B.

At druggists—50c. a box.

Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

THE SCHOOL OF THE CROSS

Father Phelan Describes the Scenes in the Passion Play.

Father Phelan writes to the Western Watchman from Oberammergau:

I have just come out from the play.

It is not the Passion Play, but one

that takes its place in the quinquevium

between the presentations of that drama.

It is called the "School of the Cross," and is the life of King

David dramatized. Parallel with the play runs the story of Our Lord, beginning with the Annunciation and ending with the Crucifixion. This part of the performance is given in tableau, with the same actors in the play.

The leader of the Ammunition and the Empress had often made the surrounding hills resound to their conquering tread; that Charles V. stopped here when fleeing from Maurice of Saxony; that Philip II. of Spain was here on the occasion of a Corpus Christi celebration, and that he joined in the procession and carried a candle, singing the litanies with the peasants of the place. In those days kings did not feel themselves exempted from the ordinary duties of everyday Christians.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1905.

CATHOLIC EFFORT IN THE UNITED STATES.

Bishop McFaul's address delivered before the convention of American Federation of Catholic Societies places in clear and most interesting perspective the Catholicity of America in the immediate future of social conditions in the great republic. Bishop McFaul has the gift of plain speech. His ideas and convictions are never concealed in leaves in flowers of language. He is animated as a citizen by more than the ordinary zeal of nationality; and in Catholic teaching and effort he finds the very salt of that nationality. In common with all the intelligent and responsible leaders of public and religious life in his country he realizes that the present dangers are divorce and Socialism. Catholicity offers the solution of both, and it is a matter of urgent necessity that the solution be well disseminated in the public opinion of the hour at hand and the days to come.

The unification of Catholic nationalities must be brought about in order that the Catholic solution of the social danger may be thorough and most effective. The Bishop may be more thorough-going and far-seeing than the leaders of Irish and German national opinion; for the evidence is convincing enough that the immigrants of these two nationalities are not behind hand in their Americanism. Nevertheless, Bishop McFaul declares: "You cannot have Ireland or Germany, or Italy, or Poland dwelling here forever." And this thought is in the minds of many men of the Irish race in Canada as well as in the United States. Whatever process of change may come to pass, change is the law of nature in nationalities as in states; and in the course of time it may be that Bishop McFaul's dream shall be realized of the typical American of the future, "physically, intellectually, morally and socially the noblest citizen of the grandest nation on earth."

We Canadians cannot help but admire the ideal thus presented to us as a neighbor; and when he arrives we will be proud indeed of the privilege of living across the street from him.

But to come to the programme of practical work presented to the federation of American Catholic societies by Bishop McFaul, he admits himself that the Catholic Church in

the United States is handicapped as in no other nation whose citizens are to be ennobled and Americanized. He says:

We want to keep up agitation, enlightenment on the school question, to educate our fellow-citizens to see the injustice of taxing us for the education of their children, and selecting a system which we cannot patronize. They tell us that in a country like this, with so many denominations, there can be no other system. There is another system in England, Germany and Australia. Why not here? They say that we are the enemies of the public school; that we want to destroy them. We answer, that is a mistake. Since you are satisfied with these schools, we will not interfere with them, but be generous and just enough to make a compromise with us. You went away by yourselves, and concocted this system, without consulting us, and having finished your work you said to us: "You may before he is an American, and entitled to the rights of a freeman? Do you not also citizens of this country, as well as you? Haven't we the same rights? Because a man is a Catholic, must he be born two or three times in this country before he is an American, and entitled to the rights of a freeman?"

We really believe that in every case the majority can lawfully trample upon the rights of the minority? If our fathers had held that principle, would the revolution have been successful? Would the United States exist to-day? We want to have this matter settled as it should be. Don't say to us, "Go away and settle it among yourselves."

Bishop McFaul proposes as a compromise the Canadian system of schools, though he does not name it. In sympathy for the American nation we Catholics in Canada wish the Federation every success, and the more satisfactory the proffered solution of the school difficulty proves the more assured will be the future of the republic.

HOT SHOT FOR BIGOTS.

The revolt of the independent Orangemen of the North of Ireland from the standard of Dublin Castle and the landlords is alarming the leaders of the Orange machine very seriously. But they have no wish to fight the independents in the open. They are looking round for a neutral victim; and have chosen Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., for the part. Now Mr. Russell is a veteran rebel himself. At one time he, too, belonged to Dublin Castle and Unionism; but his eyes were opened and he dared to leave the camp alone. He is full of fight still; and in an open letter to his Tyrone constituents he tells them that though he is denominated by what is probably the most licentious and most stupid press in the whole world, he is prepared to co-operate with the Nationalist members of Parliament because they are the only force in Ireland to-day worth co-operating with. With the extreme Orange party he will have nothing to do. In that party Ireland and Ireland's history is unknown, and no rational progress can ever be made in agreement with that party. Mr. Russell avows himself in favor of Catholic education for the Catholic majority, and cannot see why Protestants should object to it. He is in favor of further land law reform and amelioration of the Irish taxpayers' special grievances. Though the Unionist party have brought reform to a dead stop, and parliamentary power to a standstill, things will change with an election, and the House of Commons will find itself restored to its rightful capacity for doing the necessary work of the nation.

PROTEST AGAINST SLAVERY.

An English clergyman, Dr. Percival, Bishop of Hereford, has made a fine protest against the scandal of slave Chinese labor in the mines of South Africa. Writing to the Times, he says:

"This ugly blotch of fifty thousand serfs on the fair face of our Empire turns what was to have been a prosperous and growing community of British workmen and their families into another New England for our emigrants, into a term of reproach throughout every colony of the Empire and beyond it; and we feel, as

we think of it all, what a stupendous political blunder the Government and their advisers committed when they sanctioned this Chinese labor and its servile conditions, and how grave an injury has been done to our working-class population by thus closing the door of access to the mining industries of the Transvaal. We object to this yellow labor ordinance because its conditions partake of slavery; we object to it because it is bringing discredit on the good name of our country, because it inflicts grave injury on our overflowing working-class population, and because it runs so directly counter to that spirit of freedom, humanity and social purity which has hitherto been the traditional and guiding spirit of all English policy."

In connection with this protest it is pointed out that every man of the Chinese slaves is a criminal, some with convictions for murder against them. The Government has been obliged to arm the Boers for the protection of their homes once more.

NEW RECTOR OF THE IRISH COLLEGE.

The English-speaking clergy of this province will be interested in the career of the new rector of the Irish College in Rome, Very Rev. Dr. Michael O'Riordan, formerly of Limerick. Doctor O'Riordan will be no stranger to Rome or to the Irish College. He was educated there, and he has already filled the office of Vice-Rector of that historic institution, but his ministry as a priest has not been in Rome since he was ordained twenty years ago. He was on the mission to Westminster for a number of years after his ordination, and since then all his labors as a priest have been given to Limerick. What those labors were all classes bear willing and cheerful testimony to, the poor especially, to whom he was ever a most devoted protector and friend. With all his work and labor as a curate in the busy and trying parish of St. Michael's he never forgot during his curacy there his great love for literature and knowledge. Doctor O'Riordan bears the triple distinction of Doctor of Divinity, Canon Law, and Philosophy. He was, says the Dublin Freeman's Journal, a great favorite in Limerick if a retiring man always, though the word favorite hardly conveys, may, does not convey, how Limerick people felt towards him, priest and scholar that he is. The good he did by stealth was discovered; his modesty did not, and could not, hide his learning, and his whole-hearted regard and labor and love for the poor could not go on for ten long years, as it did, without being noted and recognized.

BIGOTRY OF ENGLISH LIBERALS.

General Sir William Butler's withdrawal of his candidature as Liberal for East Leeds is due to a cause which will surprise many Catholics in Canada. It is recognized on all hands that the General would be a great acquisition to the Liberal party, and it is felt to be a lamentable thing that a man of his record and attainments, who on all other points is at one with the party's doctrines, should be sacrificed because of a difference upon a single matter. The opinion is strongly held that the Leeds Liberals have shown themselves narrow and intolerant, and that they would have done better to have allowed Sir William a free hand on the education question. This view is forcibly put in a letter to the London Truth, in which the writer says: "Here is a man who has suffered more for his Liberal opinions than any one living, a man who has stood out against the mining magnates in South Africa, and braved all the indignities of the army and society for his opinions on the Boer war, a Free Trader, a Home Ruler, an opponent of Chinese labor, a General who would be a tower of strength to any Liberal Government on army reform. Yet because he is a Catholic and therefore opposed to Protestant teachers in Catholic schools, the Leeds Free Church Council makes it impossible for him to stand as a Liberal candidate for Leeds. I say it is hopeless. If this is to be the attitude of nonconformity towards such a man as Sir William Butler, and every other person who does not see eye to eye with the nonconformist

conscience, the future is not only hopeless, it will be absolutely disastrous. The verdict of the Leeds Free Church Council is not only likely to alienate every Irish and Catholic vote in England for the Liberal party at the next election, but it makes one ask, if such a man as Sir William Butler will not be tolerated in the Liberal party, what will the future bring forth?"

FOOTBALL IN CANADA.

A young Irish baronet, Sir Edward Cochrane, offers a cup for competition between football teams representing the United States, Canada and Great Britain. The present visit of the Pilgrims Club to play the chief teams of Canada and the United States is expected to afford an opportunity of testing the opinion of America with regard to the suggestion, which being an Irish one is made in the true sporting spirit.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A writer in the Paris Debate tells of a visit he has just paid to the famous Abbey of Solesmes. It is bolted and barred and sealed up. The immense Abbey, which is now the private domain of a liquidator, is inhabited only by two gendarmes, who are relieved every three months. The ancient Monastery of the Benedictines is also hermetically closed. The village has an air of abandonment; the hotel, where visitors used to stay when not received in the convent, has just been shut up. The only attraction to the visitor now is the view of the exterior of the Monastery, which, seen across the Sarthe, is one of the most striking edifices in France. It is in great part a modern structure of Roman style harmonized with a building of the eighteenth century. The work was scarcely finished when the monks were cleared out of it. They are now in the Isle of Wight.

SEPTEMBER WEDDINGS.

FLEMING-TANSEY.

On Tuesday morning, at St. Patrick's Church, Mr. W. L. Fleming was united in matrimony to Miss Sadie Tansey by the Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan, assisted by Rev. Martin Callaghan, uncle of the bride, and Rev. J. E. Donnelly, uncle of the groom. The bride, who was given away by her grandfather, Mr. Bernard Tansey, looked exceedingly dainty in white silk with conventional wreath and veil and carrying white roses. The bridesmaid, Miss Dolly Tansey, was gowned in white China silk and carried pink roses. The church was prettily decorated with a profusion of cut flowers and plants. Numerous white lights shed a soft radiance over the party. Miss McAnally rendered very sweetly "Just for To-day," and "Song of Praise" was feelingly sung by Miss Delahanty. Among those present were: Mrs. C. Fleming, mother of the groom; Mrs. Bernard Tansey, grandmother of the bride; Mr. B. Tansey, Jr., brother of the bride; Mrs. Owens, Miss Frances Owens, Dr. T. D'Arcy Tansey, Mrs. Frank Tansey, Master Frank Tansey, Miss Gareau, Miss Gertie Lynch, Mrs. Boud, Miss Coleman, Miss Rowan, Miss Bella Rowan, Miss Louise Rowan, Miss Donoghue, Mrs. T. Tansey, Mr. Tom. Tansey, Mr. Michael Tansey, Mrs. C. Fleming, Jr., Mrs. Owen Tansey, Miss Winnie Tansey, Miss Janie Tansey, Miss J. McGovern, Miss Donnelly, Mrs. Burroughs, Mr. and Mrs. E. Burns. Many valuable presents were received by the bride, among which were several cheques. After the ceremony breakfast was served at the home of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Fleming have left for a trip to Burlington.

MANLEY-MCGUIRK.

St. Patrick's Church was the scene of a quiet wedding yesterday morning, the contracting parties being Mr. Frederic Manley and Miss May McGuirk. Father Martin Callaghan officiated. The bride was given away by Mr. Carroll. Only the immediate members of both families were present. After the wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Manley left for New York.

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ALFRED HARSHAW PERFECT, M.B., M.D.C.M., Toronto Junction;

Nurs.—The above named are now the Provisional Directors of the Monarch Bank pursuant to the Act of the Dominion Parliament passed at the Session of 1905.

In addition to the above Provisional Directors and Incorporators the following gentlemen have consented to act as Directors:

MATTHEW WILSON, K.C., Chatham, Ont.; Director of The Union Trust Company, Toronto; Director of The Northern Life Assurance Company.

COL. S. S. LAZIER, Master of the High Court of Justice, Belleville; Director of the Monarch Life Assurance Company.

JOSEPH MARCELLIN WILSON, Wholesale Importer, Montreal.

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PROSPECTUS

BANKING IN CANADA.

Banking, as regulated by the "Bank Act" is recognized as perhaps the safest and most profitable business in Canada. The returns of existing banking institutions to shareholders, after setting aside a portion of the yearly earnings as a reserve fund, have ranged for the past ten years from 7 to as high as 12 per cent per annum.

The chartered banks in Canada in existence for many years have regularly paid substantial dividends yearly. A bank commences to earn profits for its shareholders from the first. Its assets are not locked up in a plant and stock in trade, as is the case in a mercantile or manufacturing business, but are in a position to be instantly turned into money. It would be difficult to find any business in Canada which has been so uniformly successful as banking, or which has paid with regularity year by year such high dividends to investors. This is in a large measure due to the excellent provisions of the Bank Act, which prevents the organization of any weak financial institutions. These provisions are now even more stringent than in the past.

BANKING HOURS TOO SHORT.

It is a matter of common knowledge that heretofore persons doing business with any chartered bank in Canada have been seriously handicapped by reason of the banking hours being too short, and there appears to be no reason why these hours should not be extended; why, in other words, the bank should not be kept open day and night, so as to accommodate its customers. At the present time if a business man wants to get a cheque cashed after 3 o'clock, trouble and inconvenience are experienced and the business man is seriously handicapped. He is forced to go to a store or hotel and is put under the unpleasant necessity of being compelled to ask a favor of some friend, owing to the early closing of the chartered banks. In many cases in large industries, employees have no opportunities of getting their pay cheques cashed at a chartered bank, owing to the early closing of banks on Saturday, and in many cases persons receiving large sums of money are inconvenienced by the early closing of the banks, being unable to deposit the same in a chartered bank, and consequently such persons run considerable risk by being compelled to keep such deposits at their office or place of business.

NIGHT AND DAY.

It is believed that all this trouble and inconvenience, arising from the early closing of the chartered banks, at the present doing business in Canada, can be remedied by the opening up of a bank such as the present one, which proposes to keep open day and night, with the exception of Sundays and public holidays. Only recently a bank to keep open day and night was organized in the city of New York and its success has been phenomenal, as the convenience and increased facilities for handling business immediately appealed to the merchants and general public. The prospects for business on the lines above mentioned, therefore, appear to be good, and when we look at the immense development of resources and trade in Canada, there would seem to be no reason why a modern, up-to-date bank, such as the present one is intended to be, should not have a prosperous career from the start. It is felt that present conditions generally indicate an extended period of prosperity and the business world of Canada is filled with new projects and enterprises, which must bring about large expenditures. The field for the most profitable operation of a new bank in the lines mentioned is so great that those concerned in the Monarch Bank of Canada feel that there is ample justification for its incorporation and venture to predict that its success will be assured from the outset.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Bank will be fitted up with all modern conveniences and there will be a department for ladies, which department will be in charge of an efficient porter.

The gentlemen who have consented to become Directors are thoroughly representative of the various important branches of the industrial and commercial interests of Canada. They are in close touch with these interests and are in a position to give the best advice on all matters of business with which the bank may become involved.

Arrangements have been made whereby the office of General Manager will be filled by a well-known and experienced banker.

Stock of the Monarch Bank of Canada.

It has been decided to offer the stock of The Monarch Bank of Canada at a premium of 35 per cent. This premium, it is confidently anticipated, will allow the bank to commence business with its capital intact, together with a considerable reserve fund after paying organization expenses.

The Bank after having made the necessary deposit of \$250,000 with the Dominion Government and after having received the proper authority from the Treasury Board, will immediately commence business.

Its Head Office will be in Toronto and branches will be opened at other points from time to time when, in the discretion of the Directors, favorable opportunities occur.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The terms of subscription are \$10.00 to be paid on account of \$25.00 premium on each share upon the signing of subscription and \$5.00 on account of the \$25.00 premium

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Notes from the Parishes

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

Rev. Dr. Shanahan, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at the Catholic University, Washington, was a guest at the Presbytery for a few days. Dr. Shanahan was born at Manchester, N.H., in 1857, and made his classical studies at the Montreal College. In 1882 he was ordained priest at Rome, and on his return to the Diocese of Hartford he was named Chancellor. Shortly afterwards he was appointed to the Catholic University. Dr. Shanahan is at present engaged in compiling a Catholic Encyclopedia of fifteen volumes. He was well pleased with the progress Montreal has made in late years. During his stay he received valuable information for his new work.

The children's Mass is being well attended, and the pastor takes great delight in listening to the sweet voices of the dearest portion of the flock heard in many hymns during the Mass.

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

Rev. Father Strubbe is at present resting at the Hotel Dieu. While not seriously ill, Father Strubbe has been ordered by his physician to give up parochial work for some time, as his health has not been good. It is to be hoped that the rest will restore Father Strubbe to his old-time vigor and activity.

The annual pilgrimage of the parish to the cemetery at Cote des Neiges will take place next Sunday. Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., will be the preacher. Arrangements have been made with the Montreal Street Railway Company to have special cars on all the routes leading to the Guy street line, from the terminus of which the distance is short to the cemetery. A large concourse of people is expected.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.

The St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society is progressing favorably, and a smoking concert will shortly be given in order to give their friends and patrons a pleasant time. It will be the social event of the season.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

At the High Mass on Sunday the pastor, Rev. J. E. Donnelly, preached from the text: "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all things shall be added unto you" (St. Matt. c. vi., v. 33.)

"During the year," said the preacher, "we viewed the Church of God from different standpoints. God has entrusted the Church with the weal of our souls. She gives consolation in our weakness, strength in our troubles, and the promise of life everlasting hereafter. The Master went about Galilee doing good. The Church has established communities of charity. The Master was solicitous for the young when He said: 'Suffer the little ones to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' We have great teaching communities to educate our children. Christ also healed the sick. We have communities whose work is to attend the sick. The Church is a translation to life of the Master's work. The Master's work was done by love. He was not a stern master. He was not always condemning the wrong-doer. His great charity was shown on all occasions. Our chief work here is the sanctification of our souls, thereby ensuring life everlasting. How many wander through life without a thought of God—living in darkness. The Church has given us spiritual life, spiritual education and spiritual strength. We should honor our holy mother the Church and our lives should be living models of the teachings of the Church so as to lead others by good example into the fold."

PERSONAL.

Dr. J. L. Devlin, Staten Island, spent Sunday in town.

His Lordship Bishop Racicot has gone to St. Boniface, Man.

Mr. P. O'Gorman, of St. Catharines, Ont., was in the city for a few days last week.

Rev. Father W. Browne, of the diocese of Bay St. George, West Newfoundland, spent a few days in the city en route to Boston. Father Browne made his theological studies at the Grand Seminary.

Mr. Ivan McSloy, of St. Catharines, Ont., came to see the Garden City boys battle for the Minto Cup. He is a member of the Catholic Young Men's Society of St. Catharines. The Society owns a beautiful hall called The Catholic Lyceum.

A three days' retreat for the pupils of Belmont School commenced on Monday morning and finished Wednesday.

Next Sunday afternoon the English-speaking members of the Men's branch of the Franciscan Order will meet at the Franciscan Church.

SUB-CHIEF TO BE APPOINTED.

Another sub-chief for the fire department is to be appointed. The position is to be given to an Irish Catholic. Captain Doolan, of the Notre Dame street east end station, is the senior officer for the promotion.

ALD. D. GALLERY RETURNS.

Ald. D. Gallery, M.P., who was spending a vacation in Ireland, France and Rome, returned home last Saturday greatly pleased with his trip. While in Rome the Alderman and family had a private audience with the Pope.

AN ACTIVE WORKER.

Rev. Father Perrier, School Commissioner, is busily engaged in visiting the different schools, looking after the interests of teachers and pupils.

Father Perrier is a great favorite with the teachers, and his visits to the class rooms are much appreciated.

BONSECOURS CHURCH CONSECRATED.

The Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours was consecrated this morning with all the ceremonies prescribed by the liturgy. The Bishops who presided at the ceremony were His Excellency Mgr. Sbaratti, Archbishop Bruchesi, and Bishop Emard of Valleyfield. A large number of the clergy assisted.

OVERCROWDING THE CLASSES.

In many of our Catholic schools the junior classes are being overcrowded, the numbers ranging from 60 to 100. It is unfair both to teacher and pupil to have such large numbers in one class. Little progress can be made in such cases, and the teacher is greatly handicapped trying to accomplish an impossible task. Thirty-five to forty pupils for each class should be the limit.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY WILL ENTERTAIN.

St. Patrick's Society will give their annual concert in aid of the Catholic Sailors' Club in the club hall next Wednesday evening, the 27th instant. The President, Mr. Frank Curran, presiding. A programme of vocal and instrumental music has been prepared for the occasion, some of the leading talent of the city giving their services with the assistance of the sailors. A good time may be expected, and old St. Patrick's assured of a bumper house.

NIGHT SCHOOLS.

In a couple of weeks the night schools will again be opened. These schools have done very good work in the past and hundreds have benefited by them. Many boys are obliged to leave school at an early age to go to work, while others never have the opportunity of receiving an education. To these two classes the night schools are an incalculable benefit. The branches taught are reading, writing, arithmetic, bookkeeping, composition, dictation, French reading.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

There has just appeared from the pen of the distinguished war correspondent, Frederic Wm. Unger, an interesting work entitled "Russia and Japan." The story is written in a thrilling style, and though one has read daily accounts of the greatest war in the memory of the people, yet once he begins to read this book he finds it goes on to the end. This work is now being canvassed in Montreal, and all those who desire further information can obtain same by dropping a postcard to Edw. Ferry, 705 Lagauchetiers street, when he will be pleased to call, show the book and take orders therefor.

THREE ALTARS DEDICATED AT LYNN, MASS.

Right Rev. Mgr. L. Richard, of Three Rivers, Que., officiated in St. Jean Baptiste Church, at Lynn, last Sunday. At this service three new altars were dedicated to the honor of St. Jean Baptiste, the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. A special Gregorian musical service by a double quartette was rendered so arranged as to comply with the recently expressed wishes of the Pope with reference to church music. The new

altars add materially to the beauty and impressiveness of the church. On the pinnacle of the large altar is a statue of St. Jean Baptiste six feet high.

THE MINTO CUP STRUGGLE.

The first battle for the possession of the Minto Cup took place last Saturday at the Shamrock grounds, Mile End, and was exciting from start to finish. The challengers put up a great and plucky fight and made the boys in green work hard all the time. On three occasions was the score a tie, but then the Shamrocks took the lead and kept it until the end, when the score read 5 to 3. At 3:30 the teams lined up, and ex-Mayor James McNamee made a speech to the players which evoked hearty cheers.

Next Saturday afternoon the second contest will be held, the game starting at 3 o'clock sharp. The game will be played according to L. A. rules, and the Athletics intend to make good their loss. All lovers of Canada's national game should not miss the great sporting event of the season. Referee Lally will again have charge of the game, and lacrosse and nothing but lacrosse will be allowed on the field.

MEMORY OF BOSTON'S MAYOR HONORED.

The business life of Boston was stopped for a time on Monday to do reverence to the memory of Mayor Patrick A. Collins. Schools, courts, trade exchanges, municipal offices, and manufacturing establishments all suspended operations—some for the day, some for the period of the services at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. Everywhere were emblems of mourning. In deference to the wishes of the Mayor's family, the plan for the body to lie in state at the City Hall was abandoned. Hundreds of friends and neighbors gathered near the house and along the thoroughfare as the body was borne from the home to the Cathedral. In the pews sat many men of prominence, together with large delegations from many civic, military and fraternal organizations. Within the sanctuary were Archbishop Williams and over a hundred priests. The Rev. Nicholas R. Walsh, rector of the Cathedral, was the celebrant of the requiem service.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AT STE. CUNEGONDE CHURCH.

The breaking of a scaffolding resulted in three men losing their lives while working in the new church under construction in Ste. Cunegonde. The victims are Valere Fournier, eighteen years of age, residing at 890 Demontigny street; Ulric Barrette, twenty-four years of age, of 11 St. Andre street; and Charles Otis, twenty-eight years of age, of 125 Aylwin street.

The men were engaged in the erection of the iron scaffolding of the dome, and had raised one of the huge iron beams, weighing fully seven tons, to a height of about seventy-five feet, by means of a crane. About two o'clock Mr. Gaze, the foreman, and the three men started to raise the second beam. The foreman, Otis, and Fournier succeeded in raising it with the crane, and attaching one end to the wall of the building, and after doing so, seated themselves on the beam to rest for a few minutes. On resuming their work the beam bent, and, being torn from the wall, fell inside the building with a terrible crash, bearing with it Otis and Fournier. The former was instantly killed by falling on a pile of stones, while the latter was so badly injured that it was evident to those around that he could only live a short time. Barrette had jumped from the beam over the wall into Coursol street, and, although terribly bruised, he was able to speak a few words to the workmen who gathered around.

The ambulance of the Notre Dame Hospital was summoned, and reached the scene shortly after the accident, and Fournier and Barrette were taken to the hospital. Fournier never regained consciousness, and expired a few hours later. Barrette appeared perfectly conscious on his arrival at the hospital, but he died within an hour after the accident.

GROWING CATHOLIC CONCERN.

We desire to draw the attention of the readers of the True Witness to the advertisement now appearing in the columns of this paper, advertising the well known Catholic Church Furnishing House of W. E. Blane, Toronto. It is with keen pleasure that we note the progress that this house is making, the object and ideals of the founder being to have in Canada a really representative Catholic mercantile institution built upon the identical lines of the large European concerns.

This ideal and superior education in the Province of Quebec, at the helm, another year would secure for his parish equitable treatment at the hands of the Government. Their duty for the present was to continue to educate public opinion in their behalf and judiciously agitate for their rights.

APPOINTED CHAPLAIN TO MILITIA.

Rev. James White, who was doing parochial work at St. Agnes parish, this city, lately, and who had been named professor at Ste. Therese College, has, with the consent of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, accepted the private chaplaincy to Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Ryan, the multi-millionaires, of New York City. Mrs. Ryan is a very charitable lady, and has given thousands of dollars to churches and charitable institutions in the States. At Suffern, Rockland Co., N.Y., she has built a beautiful chapel for the Catholics of the district. At Montebello Farm, Suffern, the country villa, there is a private oratory attached to the house, as well as at the private residence of the family at Fifth Avenue, New York City, and enriched with all the privileges attached to such oratories, the same being granted by Pope Leo XIII. and Pius X. A few days ago Mrs. Ryan visited Montreal in search of a chaplain. Father White was recommended, but as he had been appointed to Ste. Therese College he could not easily accept. Mrs. Ryan therefore called on the Archbishop and obtained his consent to take Father White.

Rev. James White is a native of St. John's, Newfoundland, and has labored successfully in that city and parts of the diocese for the past eight years. His great zeal made him very popular with all classes in Newfoundland. In the cause of temperance he was an ardent worker, and the good standing of St. John's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society to-day is due in a great measure to his activity in the work. He is also a pulpit orator of renown. Owing to ill health he was obliged to leave the archdiocese of St. John's. We congratulate Father White on his new appointment, and wish him every success.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBURG AT NEWFOUNDLAND.

His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenburg, who visited Newfoundland a few days ago, was greatly pleased with what he saw and the reception tendered him by the citizens of St. John's. In speaking of the suburban districts he said that he was much struck with the evidences of industry and thrift, in the comfortable homes, in the little settlements they passed through, and was delighted with the fact that although the people could have had only a few hours' notice of the trip, they everywhere displayed flags in his honor, some even improvising admirals' flags, while crowds gathered in each hamlet, heartily cheering him as he passed, the school children waving flags and handkerchiefs and shouting gleefully. The spontaneity of this demonstration

Ireland in the Sixteenth Century.

The following account of a visit to Ireland, early in the 16th century is contained in a letter of the Papal Nuncio, Francesco de Chiericati, written on August 28th, 1517, to Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, and quoted in the Life of the Marchioness, by Julia Cartwright, says a correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal:

"You must know that we left London with letters from the King (Henry VIII.), and after travelling five days, reached a city called Cheshire (Chester), and crossed the sea in a day and night to Dublin, one of the three metropolitan cities of Hibernia. It is full of people and ships, which export salt fish, leather, horses and cattle, and take back wine and merchandise.

"Here we were courteously entertained by the Archbishop and the Count of Chilaria (Kildare), the Viceroy of the island, and we went on with letters from them to Dromore, a city in a pleasant plain, and five miles further on to Doncalk (Dundalk), once a famous city, but now in ruins. After another day's journey of twenty-four miles we reached Armacana (Armagh), the seat of the Primate, which has an abbey of canons, but is very desolate. Here you find yourself in the midst of savage people, and leaving the sea, begin to enter the hills. Twenty miles further we entered the walled city of Clogher (Clogher), which is full of thieves, and twelve miles from that, another town called Omagh, also full of thieves.

Then we entered Tyrone, a country full of forests, lakes, and swamps, where the dominion of England ceases and a native count reigns. There are many rivers, where in May and June pearls are found hidden in the oysters on the rocks. During those two months clouds of black fog settle on the rivers in the early morning, and when the sun rises they melt into dew, and if by accident a drop falls into an open oyster, it congeals into a hard white substance. These are those pearls, and the people find so many of them that they drive a thriving trade.

The island of Hibernia is beyond Scotland and England, and is a third larger in size. The air is very temperate, and warmer than that of England, which is very curious.

The King owns about a third part of the sea coast; the rest of the country belongs to different lords, who are little better than peasants. They call the Pope their king, and stamp the keys and triple tiara on their coin. The Count of Chilaria is the chief lord, and he is a wealthy man, and as civilized as an Englishman, and the maritime cities are also civilized. The country is poor and only produces fish, cattle and chickens. An ox is worth a ducat (6s 8d); a pair of capons are sold for twopence. Fish are hardly worth paying for.

"The people are clever and cunning and very warlike, and are always quarrelling among themselves. They live on oat cake, and mostly drink milk or water. The men wear cloth shirts dipped in saffron from head to foot, shoes without stockings, and a grey cloak and felt hat, and are closely shaven, excepting on the chin. The women are very white and beautiful, but dirty. They wear the same saffron-colored shirts and red caps a la camagnola on their heads. They are very religious, but do not hold theft to be wrong, saying that it is sinful to have property and fortunes of our own, and that they live in a state of nature and have all things in common. And for the same cause there are so many thieves, and you run great risk of being killed or robbed if you travel without a large escort. In the Northern Highlands, I hear, the people are still more savage; they go naked, live in caverns, and eat raw flesh. This is all I could find out about the Island of Hibernia and the Well of St. Patrick, and although it is not of great interest, I send this account to your Excellency, knowing the inquiring nature of your mind, and that you not only like to hear important things, but to learn the smallest details regarding foreign lands."

It is quite evident that the Nuncio obtained his information, not from the natives themselves, but from prejudiced English sources. The statement, for instance, that not half a century before the time of the great Shane O'Neill, who was, as we know,

an accomplished scholar, able to converse with Queen Elizabeth in French and Latin, the people in Northern Ireland "went naked, lived in caverns, and ate raw flesh," or that the Irish chiefs were "little better than peasants," is plainly absurd.

The Irish Christian Brothers.

I am pleased to be able to state, writes the Rome correspondent of the Catholic Times of Liverpool, Eng., that the results obtained in this year's examinations by the boys and young men attending the schools of the Irish Christian Brothers at Rome have been such as to distance, if possible, those of preceding years. To state this is to pay the highest tribute to these most capable educators, for it is not untrue to say that Catholic educational institutions are discriminated against at Rome and throughout Italy, here as everywhere half the Church's battle being in the schools. So little injustice is there in this statement that one can point to the laws regulating the conditions of examinations, and additional proofs it is not necessary to invoke. When, therefore, the pupils of the day and evening classes of the Irish Christian Brothers, who carry their commercial and technical courses up to the licenza, or matriculation, rank with the best, it is easy to see how successful the idea of the late Cardinal Jacobini has proved. He was Vicar of Rome for only a brief period before his death, five years ago. Remembering the achievements of these educators at Gibraltar, he hastened to bring them to Rome in order to make headway against the tide of irreligion in the schools.

IRISH IN CHURCH RITUAL.

(From the Irish Catholic.)

During the past week two interesting Church ceremonies—performed in Irish, so far as Catholic Church ritual permits—took place—a baptism in Belfast and a marriage in Dublin.

On Sunday, 3rd instant, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Oldpark road, Belfast, the infant son of Seaghan O'Cathain, a well known worker in the Language movement, was baptized, the ceremony, so far as the rubrics of the Church permitted, being in Irish. The baptismal ceremony was performed by the Rev. G. Nolan, M.A., B.D.

On Wednesday, 7th instant, numbers of Gaelic Leaguers and those interested in the Language movement, assembled as the Church of St. James, James' street, to witness the marriage of the popular Gaelic Leaguer, Mr. E. T. Kent, to Miss Frances M. O'Brennan, of St. Joseph's, S.C.L., Kilmainham. The ceremony was performed in Irish by the Rev. F. M'Enerney, C.C., Westland row.

Miss O'Brennan is a grandniece of the late Most Rev. Dr. Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus, who for 50 years as vice-rector and rector of the Irish College, Rome, kept alive the old tongue amongst the Irish students in the Eternal City. By special message from the Vatican, His Holiness Pius X. graciously blessed the happy pair on the morning of their marriage.

Can Eat Anything Now.

How many Dyspeptics can say that? Or perhaps you are dyspeptic and don't know it.

Have you any of these symptoms?

Variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a loathing of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, constipation, or are you gloomy and miserable? Then you are a dyspeptic. The cure is careful diet; avoid stimulants and narcotics, do not drink at meals, keep regular habits, and regulate the stomach and bowels with

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS, Nature's specific for Dyspepsia.

Miss Laura Chicoine, Belle Anne, Que., says of its wonderful curative powers—"Last winter I was very thin, and was fast losing flesh owing to the run-down state of my system. I suffered from Dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get, but to no purpose; then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first day I felt the good effect of the medicine, and am now feeling strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill after-effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

It is quite evident that the Nuncio obtained his information, not from the natives themselves, but from prejudiced English sources. The statement, for instance, that not half a century before the time of the great Shane O'Neill, who was, as we know,

FRENCH NOVELIST ON FRENCH POLICY.

The account of a visit to Jules Verne, the prolific French novelist, whose works have been translated into every tongue, made a short time before the old writer's death by Dr. James J. Walsh, of New York, appeared in a recent issue of The Dolphin. It is interesting as embodying M. Verne's views on the religious situation in France.

"We had not been long in conversation with him, indeed only long enough for him to find that we too were Catholics," says Dr. Walsh, "before he expressed his sincere sorrow at the present state of affairs in his native country, and told of his fears that the present movement may be, as in the period before the French Revolution, only the prelude to some serious social outbreak in the next generation, which was likely to suffer from the absence of definite religious training.

"M. Verne wanted to know at once what was the state of affairs in America with regard to freedom from teaching and the possibility of having religious schools. I told him our present conditions and of the complete liberty to establish denominational schools, though of course I added that those who sent their children to these schools, besides paying the tuition necessary, were forced to pay also their share of the taxes for the support of the common schools. He realized how precious a privilege it was to be able to have his own schools. It was not a little difficult, however, for him to understand that the American spirit of fair play, of which he had heard, and thought so much, would impose this double tax for school purposes, for such it practically amounts to, on those who chose to have their children educated under religious auspices. He seemed very glad to learn that I thought it possible that developments of more just feeling was coming in this matter, and that as denominational hospitals now receive State aid, so denominational schools would be eventually helped by State money.

"He recurred again and again to the thought that, though the United States and France were sister republics in which freedom was supposed to flourish with corresponding luxuriance, there was no longer any question of the teaching of liberty in France. Religious teaching abolished, it seemed to him only a short time until practically all moral education would be at an end. He repeated several times that the great buildings of France had embazoned on them the words, Liberte, Fraternite, Equalite—liberty, fraternity, equality in the French Republic; that, indeed, the republican government of France was in certain ways as bitter a tyranny as any under which his loved country had ever been ground down, and that as for fraternity and equality, they were words, words and nothing more.

"For M. Verne the Free Masonic associations represent the source of most of the present troubles in France. He was convinced that the lodges were destined to work harm to his country, unless their influence for evil is recognized and their further progress, which is practically a religious crusade, is prevented. He considered that they were utterly irreligious in spirit and that indeed the Freemasons are endeavoring by substituting certain quasi-religious observances and rites to draw men entirely away from any other form of divine worship of the Deity. Their leaders are endeavoring to usurp the authority held by the authorities of the Church, and to use the success they may acquire to uproot all dogmatic religious teachings.

"It was for the freethinkers, however, that M. Verne reserved his sternest indignation. He said that while pretending to be freethinkers themselves, they seemed not to realize that they should also include the privilege of free thought for others. A person is perfectly free according to them to condemn all religious practices, but he is not free to command such practices or take part in them. If he does either of these things, he is to be looked upon as unworthy of the privilege of free thought and therefore to be distrusted and disesteemed in every way. There must be no freedom of teaching as regards religion, because that is not the form of free thought of the freethinkers. The title 'free' to which they lay claim is mere satire on true liberty and is meant to express only that they are free to enjoy their way of thinking, but to refuse to listen to, much less try to understand, those who differ from them in any way.

"We had been pleasantly discussing these things for some time when



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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

A NY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, 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 may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

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 land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

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

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1905.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

Her One Accomplishment.

Old Brown stood in his private office, with his back to the fire and his coat tails balanced in either hand. He was a bald-headed old gentleman, with a ruddy complexion, thin black eyes and leg-of-mutton whiskers, which were white as snow. And Miss Nelly Torrance sat looking at him timidly from the depths of the big armchair in which he had beckoned her to seat herself.

"So you are my Cousin Adrian's daughter?" said he, after a long pause.

"Yes," said Nelly, wondering what was in all those mysterious tin-boxes and whether the monster iron safe was full of gold and silver pieces.

"And you want something to do?"

"Yes, please."

"Humph!" said Mr. Brown.

Nelly glanced shyly up into his face.

"But," she added with some spirit, "I am not asking for charity. I am willing to work."

"You mean you would like to daub canvas, or sew yellow sunflowers on green plush screens," satirically observed the old gentleman. "I don't call that work."

"Nor I, either," retorted Nelly.

"Then what do you mean?" said Mr. Brown.

"I mean that I shall be glad to do any sort of honest work by means of which I can earn my own living."

"Humph!" again interjected Mr. Brown. "Can you cook?"

"Yes," Nelly answered.

"I don't believe it."

"But I can."

"Very well," said Mr. Brown, teasing his coat tails and sitting down at his desk, as if the question was definitely disposed of. "My cook went away this morning. I haven't engaged any one in her place. You may come this afternoon and see what you can do for me."

Mr. Brown fully expected that his young cousin would recoil indignantly from his proposal, but she did nothing of the sort. She simply said, "Yes, Cousin John," and asked for his private address.

"Mind you're punctual," said he, as he handed her the penciled card. "I am always punctual," calmly responded Nelly.

Mr. Brown watched her out of the office with a quizzical twinkle in the corner of his eye.

"She won't come," he said to himself. "I've seen the last of my fine relation."

Nelly Torrance went home to a little second-floor room, the cheapest which the widow and her daughters could find.

Mrs. Adrian Torrance was dressed in black. She was a fair, delicate piece of human china, who had been like the lilies of the field in that she toiled not neither did she spin. Lucetta, the oldest daughter, was trying unsuccessfully enough to trim a black crepe bonnet by the window.

They had come up from the country at Lucetta's suggestion, to appeal, in their poverty, to this rich cousin of the dead father and husband, but none of them anticipated any very satisfactory results from the experience.

"These rich people are always miserly," said Miss Lucetta.

"And I've understood," sighed the gentle little widow, "that he was not pleased when poor dear Adrian married me."

"Well?" cried Mrs. Torrance, eagerly, as Nelly entered.

"What does he say?" questioned Lucetta, dropping the folds of crepe which she was vainly endeavoring to fashion into what the fashion plate called an "oblong bow."

"I have seen him," said Nelly, untying her bonnet strings, "and I'm going to his house in Grandover Park this afternoon."

"You don't mean?" cried Mrs. Torrance, with a spasmodic catching of her breath, "that he is going to adopt you?"

"Not in the least," said Nelly. "I am to be his cook."

"And you?" gasped Mrs. Torrance.

"I said yes, of course."

"Eleanor," cried Lucetta, "I am scandalized by your conduct! Yes, perfectly scandalized! You will do nothing of the sort."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Tor-

rance, developing hysterical symptoms. "If your cousin Brown intends to insult us!"

"But he doesn't," pleaded Nelly. "He intended the offer in good faith, and I accepted it in the same spirit."

"You surely do not mean to degrade yourself," cried Lucetta, "by turning cook—for any man living?"

"I don't see," argued Nelly, "that it is any more degrading to cook for Cousin John than it would be to embroider slippers for him, or to read the newspapers aloud to him of an evening."

"Eleanor never had any proper pride," said Mrs. Torrance, wringing her hands.

"Never!" echoed Lucetta.

"And," added Nelly, "my cousin would have every reason to believe me an imposter if I told him I wanted work, and then refused the offer he made."

It was 6 o'clock exactly when Mr. Brown let himself into his house with the latchkey which always depended from his watch chain. The gas jet burned softly in the hall; the fire crackled merrily in the grate in the parlor.

"Humph!" he muttered; "she hasn't come. Thought so! There's no such thing as a practical woman nowadays."

At the same moment a light, white-aproned little figure came out of the dining-room beyond, and Nelly Torrance's voice uttered the words:

"Dinner is ready, Cousin John."

The old man smiled. He had a pleasant expression on his face when he smiled, and Nelly wondered that she had not noticed what a handsome man he was.

"Oh," said he, "you did come, then?"

"I always keep my engagements," said Nelly. "Punctuality is the soul of business, isn't it Cousin John? At least that's what I used to write in my copybooks."

Mr. Brown patted her hand as she helped him with his overcoat.

"You are a good girl," said he.

And in his secret mind he determined to put up with any deficiencies in the cooking of the girl who had such excellent business principles. But to his infinite amazement, there were no deficiencies to overlook. He ate and relished and wondered by turns.

"My dear," said he at last, when the cloth was removed, "all is very nice. I'll concede you are a tip-top housekeeper. But of course you ordered all this from Monerato's restaurant?"

"But, of course, I didn't, Cousin Brown," said Nelly, decidedly. "I cooked it myself."

Mr. Brown closed his eyes and made a hasty calculation. His life had been "worried out of him," to use a common expression, by capricious housekeepers, inefficient cooks and untrained servants. At last there was a gateway out of all his tribulations.

"My dear," he said, "I should like to have you come and live here."

"As a cook, Cousin Brown?"

"No; as my adopted daughter and housekeeper. I need some one to take the helm of my affairs."

"But my mother," hesitated Eleanor, "and my sister Lucetta."

"Let them come too; there's plenty of room in the house. Can they cook, too?"

"No, Cousin Brown," confessed Nelly.

"Well, perhaps it's just as well," said Mr. Brown. "There can't be more than one head to the household."

So the Torrance family found a comfortable refuge for the soles of their feet, and Nelly's despised accomplishments proved the sword wherewith she opened the world's oyster. Lucetta sighed and wondered why she, too, had not taken cooking lessons.

"Nelly is the old man's favorite," said she. "He'll leave her his money when he dies. And all because she accepted the ridiculous offer of turning cook for a living!"

Mr. Brown, however, looked at the matter in a different light. He said:

"Nelly is not like the typical young lady, too lazy to work and too proud to beg. She does with her might whatever her hands find to do."

—Woman's Journal.

The Admiral Florence, and the Florida, was one of the richest ships of the ill-fated Armada, and at the time she went down in 1588 she is reputed to have had on board thirty million pounds, fifty-six guns, and large quantities of munitions of war. Diving operations have now been carried on for three days, and the hull of the vessel is outlined on the surface by buoys. The divers will

work diagonally across the ship in order to get at the strong room where the chests of gold are expected to be found. Shells, pieces of timber, lead, silver, pistols and bones are being brought up, and the latest relic of interest is a thunderbus about a yard long. It was encrusted with lime.

It is stated in the "Statistical Account of Scotland" that "in the sixteenth century, during the northern retreat of some of the Spanish Armada, the Florida was blown up and destroyed off the harbor of Tobermory, a plot for the purpose having been planned and executed under the direction of Maclean of Dowart, for which he obtained a remission under the Privy Seal, as the records themselves, dated March 20, 1589, bear witness. The timbers of the Florida are still occasionally brought up.

Part of the wood of the vessel was presented by Sir Walter Scott to His Majesty George IV. on his visit to Edinburgh.

Several attempts were made to recover the lost treasure, one in 1688 by Sachveral, Governor of Man, who fitted up diving bells, and tried them with success at the depth of ten fathoms. The report of the country goes that he got up and recovered much treasure. Another attempt was made in 1740 by Sir Archibald Grant and Captain Rose to weigh her by means of divers and machinery. This attempt was unsuccessful, but some guns were got up."

The incidents of the plot are more fully related in the records of the Clan Maclean. According to these, the chief of the house of Duard, was Sir Lauchlan Maclean, who had at the time of the Florida's appearance seriously embroiled himself with his neighbors of the Clan Ronald and the Clan Ian. To answer for his misdeeds he was summoned before King James, but, failing to make appearance, he was denounced as a rebel.

In return for provisions, Maclean got a hundred men from the Florida, and with their help made war on his enemies. While he was investing MacLean's castle of Mingary, a peremptory message came from the captain of the Florida to send back the Spaniards to the ship. Maclean retained three of the officers as hostages, pending the payment of a debt for provisions. At the same time he sent a Maclean of Morvern on board the Florida to adjust matters. The Spaniards, wroth at Sir Lauchlan's action, disarmed Donald Glas Maclean, and cautioned him at the peril of his life to hold no communication with his friends.

The magazine of the ship was in close proximity to young MacLean's cabin, and the same night he found an opportunity to force his way into it, and lay a train in a concealed position. He fired the train on the following day, and of the three or four hundred Spaniards on board only three escaped destruction. It is related that a dog survived the wreck, and its plaintive moanings from the shore over its lost masters made a deep impression upon the superstitious islanders.

From time to time fresh treasure has been recovered. In 1903 Captain William Barns, of Glasgow, under a contract with the Duke of Argyll, brought up thirty-three large Spanish silver coins, called "pieces of eight" of the reign of Philip II., and a number of other Spanish coins, together with many miscellaneous articles, and a quantity of human bones. The relics fetched high prices. It is believed, as already stated, that millions' worth of treasure still remains.—London Standard.

Labor is the law of life. It is the magic sesame, without which neither knowledge nor natural ability can open the door of success. —Bishop O'Connor.

"What does this mean?" he roared. "Why aren't you dressed according to regulations? I never saw such ridiculous boots. You couldn't march a foot. Go and change them at once."

"But, sir," I protested, growing angry and hearing my train whistle in the distance, "these boots are regulations, sir, and besides I haven't any others."

"Regulation fiddlesticks. Not another man in the barracks wears such things. You may consider yourself under arrest for four days. That will give you time to procure some different boots before you come out on parade again!" And he turned his back and walked off.

"Furious at losing my pleasant evening, I strode back to the club for dinner and thence to my solitary room. On the way I passed a simple private who was walking with a pretty little nurse.

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CUPID IN BOOTS.

(From the French of H. Marchal.)

Dinner was over and M. de Preval and his guests had adjourned to the library. There Regis cried suddenly: "So this is your first stag dinner since you were married four months ago! Confess, now, that it has been pretty jolly!"

"It certainly has been," replied the master of the house amiably, "and the fact that you fellows are here is the only consolation I feel for my wife's absence."

"Oh, come, that sounds extremely well for a man who vowed he would never get married. Fess up, now, and tell us how you came to do it."

"Willingly. I was married because of my boots."

"H'm! You needn't make such a poor excuse as that," cried one of his friends, comfortably installed on the sofa. "We won't ask why you gave up the army when you have done nothing but swear that the military service was the finest of all and that you'd be shot before you left it."

"Why did I leave the army?" De Preval repeated, with the same enigmatical smile. "I left it because of my boots."

"Tisn't polite to make fun of your guests," cried another man, carefully aiming a sofa pillow at his host.

"Thank you," said De Preval, promptly sitting on the cushion, "but I'm not making fun, I assure you, not in the least. It is the gospel truth.

"I left the army and I was married because of my boots. If my wife were here she would tell you it is the truth. But so long as you have asked me, I'll tell you the story. It will just about last out your cigars."

"About ten months ago I was sent to the garrison at Vezin. It was a deadly place in my estimation, and my superior officer kept going off on me leave after another, leaving the mess in my command.

"I promptly hastened to turn them over to my Second Lieutenant, and spent most of my time running about the country and visiting the neighboring city.

"In a garrison as small as ours there was very little rivalry, and all the men were on terms of good friendship. We were very strict about all matters of dress, but I noticed, soon after I arrived there, that all the men wore enormous, square-toed boots.

"I was destined later on to learn the reason for this strange fashion. Personally, I was rather proud of my own feet and always wore pointed boots, the best I could get, and I saw no reason why I should wear the regulation boots, which were at least five sizes too large.

"But one day at the club one of the Captains caught sight of my boots and said laughingly:

"Those boots will get you into trouble some day, young man. I'm astonished Old Fatness hasn't said anything about them."

"Old Fatness was our commanding officer and an excellent man, but one who allowed no infringement of rules among his men. He set the example himself and, although a mounted officer, wore boots that were regular canalboats. He suffered at times from indigestion and his temper was then execrable. Otherwise he was very pleasant.

"One afternoon, the captain being at the barracks, I had prepared to go off for the rest of the day and was waiting, dressed in my best, for my train, when I saw our commander approaching, a terrible frown on his face.

"What does this mean?" he roared. "Why aren't you dressed according to regulations? I never saw such ridiculous boots. You couldn't march a foot. Go and change them at once."

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