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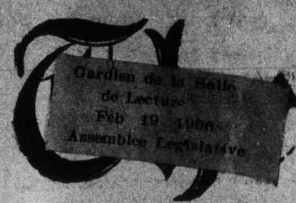
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Vol. LV., No. 11

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

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 claim 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 loyal 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, whose 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. President Roosevelt stated recently that he was half Irish and half Dutch, and I am sure that he would not say that the inferior part was the Irish, for he has very warm, honest sympathies for the Irish people and for Catholics. I know that, for when he honored me with the appointment as one of the Indian Commissioners, and when some of the non-Catholic papers objected to having a Catholic Archbishop put on the commission, on which there was never a Catholic member before, he was not afraid; the mingling of the Dutch and Irish blood gave him strength against those who would oppose me, and though they were objecting to his having appointed a Catholic, the very next vacancy that occurred he appointed another Catholic, a most practical man, though the world does not yet know him, and that Catholic is Charles J. Bonaparte. He is a man who has the entire confidence of the President, a man whom I have met in those

counsels for the protection of the Indians, and I have conceived the highest possible opinion of his head and heart. To him and such as him an appeal never has to be made a second time, when the dollars were needed for the relief of the Irish people.

Now, with regard to any help that I may have given to the Home Rule movement, of course, that was but the paying of the debt I owed to Ireland. The strongest argument, as it seems to me, though it is not often brought forward, the strongest extrinsic argument for Home Rule is the fact that the British House of Commons granted it, opposed as those Englishmen were to Ireland. 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 shades 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 kneel, 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."

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 a most outrageous state of things.

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 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 in that than one thinks. It produces a love for the old land. When a nation wastes 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 as 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.

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 I looked at the large audience, and I

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.

But the music, there is a revolution in that—the music through the country and the singing in Irish. I heard it also in Philadelphia, where two or three young girls came playing a harp, accompanied by songs in Irish. That gave me great hopes for the old spirit of the country. Some might say that it is mere sentiment, but what is life without sentiment? We are not creatures built merely with heads. We have hearts which often get nearer the truth than the heads. So that I am glad that the old Gaelic language is again in the head and in the hearts of the race. If I am rightly informed it is extending itself more and more, so that the people are becoming Gaelic from top to toe.

I do not think there are any emigrants in the world that are so truly attached to the mother country as are the Irish emigrants. It is seen in the amount of money sent home to Ireland from them in America. It is seen in their generosity towards collectors from Ireland. I may say in passing with regard to the young girls living out in America, most of them respectable farmers' daughters, whose fathers ought to be proprietors of properties on which they are only tenants, that those young girls are examples to those among whom they live, examples of Irish purity, Irish honesty, Irish loyalty to God, Irish patriotism, and they have been the means, as I know after fifty years experience, used by Almighty God for some of those valuable conversions to Catholicity which have taken place throughout the entire American continent.

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.

(Continued on Page 8.)

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

One of the most remarkable of the many cures wrought by the famous waters of Lourdes is that of the wife of a well-known English peer.

Lord N—, the peer in question, 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 a knee crutch, but at the end of five months, in spite of his skilful 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 very 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 than: '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.

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, gives in the Knechtsteden Echo the following high commendation of the Catholic Missions: "At the sight of the immense blessings derived from the Catholic Orders and missionaries it is impossible not to be filled with genuine and frank respect and esteem. The Roman Catholic creed continues to possess a power which, sooner or later, must carry off a decisive victory over Protestantism. I know this assertion will bring upon me a hurricane of indignation from my compatriots; still, I do not fear to say it again; modern Protestantism will end in a mere hollow sound. I have had opportunities of coming to know in the West Indies and in the East Indies, and in various countries of Europe, the exemplary life of the religious and missionaries of the Catholic Church, and of witnessing the unsparring charity of the nuns in the schoolrooms and the hospital wards. Many of our people were in the habit, before visiting those countries, of calumniating the Catholics either through ignorance or through human respect. But, after seeing the wonders of the Catholic apostleship amongst the lepers and the poor despised blacks, those same people, in my hearing, avowed with shame that Catholic charity and self-sacrifice surpassed in heroism everything imaginable in that respect, holding a unique place in the world and in history."

As to Catholic Boys in Non-Catholic Colleges.

We often see it offered as an excuse for Catholic young men going to non-Catholic colleges, that if their religion is worth anything they will not lose it. Such an argument was once presented to Henry Parry Liddon, when he was pleading that the religious character of Oxford should be maintained. "Is not this manifestly a confession," he was asked, "that religious truth needs a special protection for its existence?" To which question he replied: "Speaking absolutely, we know that religious truth can take good care of itself, or rather that, in history, in the long run, God will take very good care of it because it is His Truth. But in the concrete and particular case of young men living together, tempted to every sort of moral mischief, and eager to get rid in their worst moments of the sanctions and control of religion, it is no disparagement to religious truth to say that it does need protection. . . . To treat Oxford undergraduates as in all respects men, appears to me the greatest possible mistake." The patrons of the other idea are, consciously or unconsciously, believers in "the survival of the fittest." If they see a Catholic young man make shipwreck of faith and morals in a non-Catholic university, they conclude that he was a wretched weakling who would never have done the Church credit anyhow. But what about his individual soul? Christ Our Lord thought it worth saving at an infinite cost, and shall we look on its loss as a matter of small account?—Casket.

COMPRESSED AIR CHIMES.

The chimes of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in Fifth avenue, in New York, are rung by compressed air. Nineteen bells are in the spire. The heaviest weighs six thousand pounds, the lightest three hundred pounds. The keyboard of the chimes is in the sacristy. The operator presses a key corresponding to a bell in the spire. This establishes an electric connection, which opens a valve in the steple, conducting compressed air to a piston with a clapper that strikes the bell. Electricity is the trigger and compressed air the motive power in playing the chimes. St. Patrick's was the first church to adopt the new system.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

TIRED MOTHERS.

Little elbow leans upon your knee, Your tired knee, that has so much to bear...

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...

We are having a blue season, in spite of the fact that it started out to be a green and white summer.

The vogue for checks is such that the woman who wants a checked gown need not curb her aspirations.

Lightweight black broadcloth will be very popular for the dressy tailor-made costume.

Saucepans which have been burned should not be scraped, but place them on the side of the stove filled with cold water...

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.

morning, when wash in the usual way. To clean nickel scour with pulverized borax; use hot water and very little soap.

To clean oily cruet bottles put a few strips of blotting paper into the bottle with a little warm water and an equal quantity of vinegar...

Woolen goods when washed in soap and water shrink and acquire the odor of the soap.

RECIPES.

Cherry Dumplings.—Prepare a rich baking-powder biscuit dough as for shortcake; roll out half an inch thick and cut into squares.

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.

German Potato Salad.—With a vegetable scoop cut out small balls of potatoes and boil them in salted water until soft enough so they will break.

Poached Eggs with Green Peas.—A teacupful 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.

Happy is the home with a fireplace. When the chilly evenings come on the open fire is a 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.

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.

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!

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.

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.

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.

RAINY DAY GRACE.

Whatever a woman is by nature, she can train herself to avoid getting "sopping wet" on a rainy day. To begin, have the skirt short, then hold it up. A skirt an inch and a half off the ground can be worn in the street, rain or shine, without exciting comment.

BROCADED BOOKSTAND.

Old pieces of brocade suggest lovely possibilities to the home worker. Quite the latest craze is the brocaded

Advertisement for Fowler's Peppermint Cure, featuring an illustration of a bottle and text describing its benefits for various ailments like diarrhea, dysentery, and cholera.

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.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

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

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.

TOWEL WAS DONE BROWN.

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

THE LONG ROAD.

The long road, ma bouchal, is the road that I must take. Long I've walked the homespans and heard the noisy crake.

THE LONG ROAD.

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.

THE LONG ROAD.

The long road, ma bouchal, is well to walk alone; 'Tis ill to live and labor when your heart is like a stone—

THE LONG ROAD.

There was the usual pause, followed by the uneasy shuffling of feet, and then a youngster lifted his hand. In reply to the superintendent's "What is it, my son?" he sturdily repeated: "What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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

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

THE MENDICANT.

met Him to-day in the wintry street, The Christ on the cross Who died, All hungered and cold in the wind and sleet,

THE MENDICANT.

Had He only come with the crown of thorns, Or the nail prints ruby-red, Had the palms that pleaded for alms

THE MENDICANT.

I saw Him not in the mendicant, And I heeded not His cry; Now Christ, in His infinite mercy, grant

THE MENDICANT.

The shortest absence brings to every thought Of those we love a solemn tenderness, It is akin to death. We know costliness,

THE MENDICANT.

Seeing the loneliness their loss has brought, That they were dearer far than we had taught Ourselves to think. We see that nothing less

THE MENDICANT.

Our weary days. We wonder how for aught Or all of fault in them, we could heed Or anger with their loving presence near,

THE MENDICANT.

And yet the absence maketh it more dear, Thy absence to tell me thou were dead,

THE WEAVER.

Beside the loom of life I stand And watch the busy shuttle go; The threads I hold within my hand

THE WEAVER.

Some day the web will all be done, The shuttle quiet in its place, From out my hold the threads be rung

THE WEAVER.

Thou who didst bear for me the crown of thorn, Spitting and scorn; Though I till now have put forth thorns, yet now

THE WEAVER.

Thou Rose of Sharon, Cedar of broad roots, Vine of sweet fruits, Thou Lily of the Vale, with fadeless leaf,

THE WEAVER.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am very sorry to see so deserted, and worst of all, that I have been away down des Chaleurs, where I spend days at grandpa's.

THE WEAVER.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter, not able to write very well. Nellie is writing for me. I have written this summer

THE WEAVER.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am very sorry to see so few little corners. You were continue writing, and how bad we all felt at letter from you this week

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Dear Girls and Boys: I expect all the children down to hard work at certainly did forget me summer, but Harold have set a good example such nice letters. I me small folks who take a this page this summer others are anything like congratulate myself. Auntie has quite a number of pieces as

Dear Aunt Becky: I am very sorry to see so deserted, and worst of all, that I have been away down des Chaleurs, where I spend days at grandpa's. I time boating, etc. I of writing to you and see letters from the each week. I am sure school is opened they up again, and if they we me will adopt for now," for if I had written as I thought of doing have had lots of letters am back at school again more than ever. I my dear teacher of last year St. Ann. With love Aunt Becky, and to all cousins, I remain, your nephew West Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter, not able to write very well. Nellie is writing for me. I have written this summer old was away, as we sorry to see so few little corners. You were continue writing, and how bad we all felt at letter from you this week surely write again. I am going to the convent a told you all about me he says that I must write say good-bye for this evening we all went to and had our tea the aunts and three little of my own brother with my sisters, Stacey and Isa. love, Your little niece WINNIE West Frampton, Que.

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21, 1905.
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I expect all the chicks are settled down to hard work at school. They certainly did forget me during the summer, but Harold and Winnifred have set a good example and sent such nice letters. I met some of the small folks who take an interest in this page this summer, and if they others are anything like them I can congratulate myself that no other Auntie has quite such nice little nieces as

Your loving
AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am very sorry to see our corner so deserted, and worst of all no letter from Aunt Becky this week. I have been away down at the Baie des Chaleurs, where I spent my holidays at grandpa's. I had a lovely time boating, etc. I often thought of writing to you and expected to see letters from the little cousins each week. I am sure that now school is opened they will all turn up again, and if they will agree with me we will adopt for motto "Do it now," for if I had written as many times as I thought of doing it, you'd have had lots of letters from me. I am back at school again, and like it more than ever. I have my same dear teacher of last year, Rev. Mother St. Ann. With love to you, dear Aunt Becky, and to all the little cousins,

I remain, your nephew,
HAROLD D.
West Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my first letter, and as I am not able to write very well, Aunt Nellie is writing for me. I should have written this summer when Harold was away, as we were all so sorry to see so few little letters to the corner. You were so kind to continue writing, and if you know how bad we all felt at seeing no letter from you this week, you would surely write again. I am 7, and am going to the convent again. Harold told you all about me before. Mamma says that I must write again, so I say good-bye for this time. This evening we all went to the woods and had our tea there, my three aunts and three little cousins, and my own brother with my two little sisters, Stacey and Isa. I am, with love,

Your little niece,
WINNIFRED D.
West Frampton, Que.

"DAD."
Some boys they call their Dad—Papa. Oh, gee! That makes me mad, it sounds so stiff and like a book—you bet I call mine Dad.

And he's a ripper, too, you bet, The boys all wish they had A father that would laugh and joke And love them like my Dad.

Of course, sometimes, when all the bills Come in he's mighty mad, And then we sit as still as mice And hear him jaw, poor Dad.

It's always over soon, and then You bet we all feel glad, And then we all climb on his lap And hug and kiss our Dad.

"You can't have kids and money, too," He says, and so he's glad The good Lord made him poor, or else He mightn't been our Dad.

I don't want to be President, Like every little tad! When I'm grown up I'd rather be A nice man just like Dad.

—May Kelly, in New Orleans Picayune

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

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 to be 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.

He ran out of the house with good intentions, but down the street Paul came to show a new gun which had just arrived, and the two boys were so busy trying to hit a bull's-eye in the target that no note of passing time was made until the train whistled at the station.

Poor Teddy was nearly heartbroken when he found his father had gone without him.

"Why didn't papa come after me?" he asked.

"He must have forgotten you," replied his mother, who was just going out to his grandfather's.

That afternoon grandpa was going for a sail in his new boat, and sent word for Teddy to go with him. On Mrs. Johnston's return home she said nothing about the matter to Teddy.

As she was on her way back she met one of the little boys, who asked her to tell Teddy they were going down to the shore for a picnic, and he must come at once, for they could only wait 10 minutes.

When Mrs. Johnston arrived home she found Teddy still crying over his disappointment, but did not think it would be wise to offer any comfort or tell him of the picnic.

In the afternoon Teddy felt better, and indeed quite forgot the morning's episode in the anticipation of his father's return with the usual supply of fruit and candy.

When Mr. Johnston came home Teddy asked for the fruit.

"I didn't get any, my son; I really must have forgotten about you," was his father's indifferent reply.

Teddy's eyes filled with tears, but somehow he thought it best to say nothing.

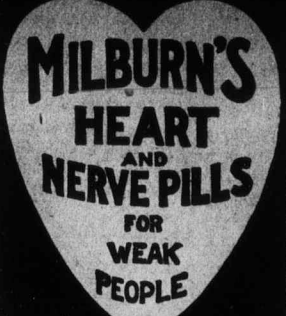
After supper grandpa drove over on business, and just as he was going away, said to Teddy: "Why didn't you come over and go with us this afternoon?"

"Go where?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Why, sailing. We all went, and caught a fine lot of fish."

"I didn't know you were going," said Teddy.

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."



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 Pain, 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.

He lived in the trees behind the Brown house, waiting for the butternuts to get ripe. A big butternut tree grew close by the fence. Mr. Squirrel's bright eyes had spied the nuts early in the summer, and he made up his mind to have them, every one. So, as soon as the ripe nuts began to fall with a thump to the ground Chickaree was to be seen—as busy as a bee all day long, storing up food for next winter.

The two ladies who lived in the Brown house used to watch him from the windows, and were never tired of saying how cunning he was, and how glad they were to have him get the butternuts. He must have a snug little nest in some tree near by—he would carry off a nut and he back again so quickly. But, though they watched carefully, they never could discover where the nest was, and by and by they gave up watching and forgot all about him.

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 under-pinning, 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 it 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."

Couldn't he? That same afternoon as Miss Anne crossed the yard she saw the squirrel, with a nut in his mouth, spring from the fence to the low shed roof, then to the house roof and suddenly vanish under the eaves. And, looking closely, she spied a small round hole.

The mystery was explained; this was the candy thief and the "rat" that danced jigs in the garret night after night!—Anne O'Brien, in St. Nicholas.

A HORSE WHICH THOUGHT.
Instances of great intelligence in horses are almost as numerous as the horses themselves, but there are few which make prettier stories than this, related in La Nature by a Parisian.

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.

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 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.)

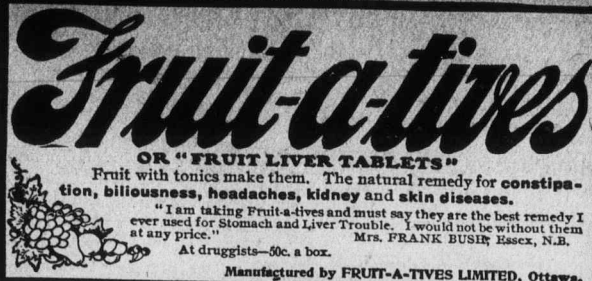
The extraordinary names which some people attach to their offspring will always be a source of wonderment "as long as the world is a world." Catholics ought to be satisfied to give their children names which are in fact Christian names, and not burden them for life with names savouring of anything but 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.

Horizor Walsh tells a story about a certain old Aunt Dooney whose stocks of Algernons and Ethelindas 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 vale 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 Zebeyda Agricollina 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 Korean 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 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 quinquagesimal between the presentations of that drama. It is called the "School of the Cross," and is the life of King David dramatized. Paralleled 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 tableaux, with the same actors in the living groups that took part in the last production of the Passion Play. The leader of an immense choir, at each stage in the life of the Royal Psalmist, comes forward and explains the parallel between King David and his Son, Christ. For we are never permitted to forget that Our Lord was a Son of David. The motive of the play is the symbolism of David's life fully realized in the life, death and suffering of Our Lord.

The plan is carried on with consummate skill. You seem to be in Jerusalem and what passes before your eyes is not fiction, not even history; it is living reality, and you feel that you are actually transported twenty-five hundred years back, and are living under the rule of the "Man after God's own heart." The recitation of the leader of the choir is a splendid piece of dignified dramatic elocution, and he speaks as a prophet of old, pointing to the great events that would take place in the fullness of time, when the Son of David would appear, and all things would be fulfilled of which passing events in the sacred city were but dim foreshadowings. As you feel that you were really in Jerusalem, living under King David's rule, you also feel that the Christian era was a far distant promise whose fulfillment was reserved to Israel's undying faith.

There are scenes in the School of the Cross which are of surpassing grandeur, and so realistic that one feels himself melted into the world of the past. I never saw anything comparable to the scene where David tries the armor of Saul. There was nothing very touching in the scene beyond its realism, but the latter was so bewitchingly perfect that you melted into tears of joy. I was ashamed of my softness, and did not look around. When my tears ran down my coat front and it seemed as if I would have to prepare for a ducking of my own lachrymal glands, I looked around and found everybody as much in the sympathetic vein as myself. I can't tell you just why, but it was so.

When David slew Goliath it was done so artistically that you felt sure the giant had received his coup de grace, and you felt like running up and grasping the hand of the valiant and intrepid young shepherd. The scene when David took final leave of Absalom was very powerfully drawn. I shall not describe it as acting; it was more. Lastly, the cursing and stoning of David when he prepared to evacuate the city, and the news of the triumph of his army and the defeat and death of Absalom supplied the climax of a drama the like of which will never be seen outside of Oberammergau.

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 the instrument of life, the Holy Eucharist, is 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

figure is slim, lithe, and of the size one would be disposed to give the Savior. He is declared the greatest Christ of them all. He was taken to Rome after 1900 and was presented to the Pope, who offered to bestow on him some important honors, but in his humility, and to all the more resemble Him whose part he hoped to take again in 1910, he declined all worldly honors. The priest who prepared the actors for their roles was made a Monsignor of the first class. I had a long conversation with him, and from him learned that Oberammergau lay upon an old Roman road; that the legions of the Empire 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.

Now as to the merits of the performance of the School of the Cross, I came prepared to be disappointed. I had heard so much of the Passion Play and its actors that I could not but believe that much was exaggeration. I could not bring myself to believe that common mountaineers could be developed into consummate artists, no matter who was their teacher, or how much time was given to their training. I was not looking at the play ten minutes when I wished that all the great actors I had ever seen where here to learn how to act. Criticism was disarmed instantly, and I was at the mercy of every word and look and gesture those marvelous people rendered. Take, for instance, the attack of Saul on David. The oration over the dead body of Caesar was never rendered with such dramatic force. The curse scene of Richelieu is tame in comparison. And the man who acted the part was the sacristan of the church, who had served my Mass in the morning. In the first place, these people have all splendid speaking voices. It may be in the mountain air they breathe, or the pure water they drink. At all events, they have very forceful and challenging voices. Then they live in an atmosphere of Christian dignity. The religious monuments of the place, the great piety of the inhabitants, but, above all, the traditions of the Passion Play, have sobered them; so that in part and speech and look they breathe dignity. To see those peasant girls walk across the stage would be a study for any manager. They were all queens, from their plain, unmade-up heads to their sandaled feet. That I am not adding my quota to the exaggeration of other lookers-on at Oberammergau, I would state that the art and music-lead King Louis of Bavaria came here once to witness the Passion Play and had one performance for himself alone. He was so much carried away that he ordered a magnificent Crucifixion group for one of the hills surrounding the town, and it stands there to-day, one of the grandest works of his wondrous reign. It is a place of pilgrimage and priedeaux are prepared for pious visitors. After the performance to-day I sat and listened to thousands of Protestants that were reaching right and left for adjectives to express their admiration of the play and its performers. They all seemed to expect that they could not produce anything like that. They said their religion was too abstract; that it did not take hold of the flesh and blood verities of the Gospel. The preachers seemed the most enthusiastic of all.

POPE THANKS MIKADO.
Right Rev. William H. O'Connell, Bishop of the Diocese of Maine, has received from Pope Pius X. a special mission relating to the peace negotiations. He has been commissioned to visit Japan and deliver to the Emperor the Pope's congratulations on the termination of the war, to thank the Mikado for his kindly interest in Catholic subjects in Japan, and for the humane treatment of Russian prisoners.

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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 mean? Are we 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? Do you 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 "denounced 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 blot 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, 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 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, nay, 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 a 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 opinions 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 Delehanty. 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 Goureaux, Miss Gertrude 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. Oweft 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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The Monarch Bank of Canada

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament of the Dominion of Canada.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL - - - - - \$2,000,000
Composed of 20,000 Shares of \$100 each, of which 5,000 Shares are now issued at a Premium of \$25 per Share.

Head Office - - - - - Toronto.

Provisional Directors.

DAVID J. COCHRANE, Montreal; Secretary of the Sicily Asphaltum Paving Company, Limited.
DAVID W. LIVINGSTONE, Publisher, Toronto; Vice-President of the British-Canadian Grocery Company, Limited; President of the Real Estate Agency, Toronto; Director of the Monarch Life Assurance Company.
THOMAS MARSHALL OSTROM, Toronto; Managing Director of the Monarch Life Assurance Company.
THOMAS HENRY GRAHAM, L.D.S., Capitalist, Toronto; Vice-President of the Monarch Life Assurance Company.
EDWARD JAMES LENNOX, Architect, Toronto; Director of the Manufacturers Life Assurance Company.
ALFRED HARSHAW PERFECT, M.B., M.D.C.M., Toronto Junction; Director of the Monarch Life Assurance Company.
Note—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.
CONSALVE DESAULNIERS, K.C., Montreal; Director of The Monarch 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. The list of Directors is subject to vote of Shareholders at their first meeting, who may then at their option increase their number.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. Wilson, Pike & Gundy, Chatham, Ont.

PROVISIONAL OFFICES:

Room No. 7, Queen City Chambers, 32 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

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 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 on 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 on the outset.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The Bank will be fitted up with all modern conveniences and there will be a special 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 concerned.

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 25 per cent. This premium, if 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 on each share upon allotment and \$30.00 on account of each share of stock upon allotment and the balance of stock to be paid in seven equal monthly payments of \$10.00 each per share on the first day of each and every month of the seven months immediately succeeding the date of such allotment, and the balance of \$10.00 on the premium on each share on the first day of the month next succeeding the date of the last monthly payment heretofore mentioned. Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum up to the date fixed for payment will be allowed on payments made in advance of such date.

The Provisional Directors reserve the right to reject or allot any subscription in whole or in part.

APPLICATIONS FOR STOCK.

Applications for stock may be made to The Monarch Bank of Canada, Toronto. Cheques, drafts, money orders and other remittances on account of subscriptions for stock should be made payable to the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, Toronto, until the sum of \$250,000 of capital stock is paid up in addition to the calls on premium thereon, and thereafter the balance of payments on stock and premium shall be payable to The Monarch Bank of Canada, Toronto.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM.

For further information or forms of subscription for stock address The Monarch Bank of Canada.

Notes from the

ST. PATRICK'S
Rev. Dr. Shanahan, Ecclesiastical History of the University, Washington, D.C., was the guest at the Presbytery days. Dr. Shanahan, Manchester, N.H., in made his classical at Montreal College. In returned to the Diocese of was named Chancellor, afterwards he was appointed Catholic University. Dr. at present engaged in Catholic Encyclopaedia-um. He was ed with the progress made in latq years. Dr. received valuable in his new work.

The children's Mass attended, and the past delight in listening to voices of the dearest flock heard in many hynd Mass.

ST. ANN'S
Rev. Father Strubbe resting at the Hotel D seriously ill, Father S been ordered by his phy up parochial work for his health has not been to be hoped that the store Father Strubbe time vigor and activity.

The annual pilgrim fish to the cemetery Neiges will take place Rev. Father Flynn, C. the preacher. Arrange been made with the M Railway Company to cars on all the routes the Guy street line, from of which the distant the cemetery. A large people is expected.

ST. GABRIEL'S
The St. Gabriel's Y club is progressing fast smoking concert will sh in order to give their patrons a pleasant time the social event of the

ST. ANTHONY'S
At the High Mass of pastor, Rev. J. E. Donn from the text: "Seek ye the kingdom of God and all things shall be you" (St. Matt. c. vi "During the year," s cher, "we viewed the Ch from different standpo entrusted the Church v of our souls. She gie in our weakness, stre troubles, and the prom everlasting hereafter, went about Galilee doin Church has established of charity. The Master of the young w "Suffer the little ones Me, and forbid them not is the Kingdom of Heav our great teaching com educate our children. healed the sick. We he ties whose work is t sick. The Church is a lie of the Master's wote's work was done by not a stern master. He ways condemning the w great charity was showi sions. Our chief wor sanctification of our s ensuring life everlasting wander through life thought of God—living The Church has given life, spiritual education strength. We should h mother the Church an should be living model ings of the Church s others by good exampl fold.

PERSONA

Dr. J. L. Devlin, S spent Sunday in town. His Lordship Bishop I gone to St. Boniface, M Mr. P. O'Gorman, of fines, Ont., was in the days last week.

Rev. Father W. Browne case of Bay St. George, foundland, spent a few city en route to Boston Browne made his theolo at the Grand Seminary.

Mr. Ivan McSloy, of St Ont., came to see the boys battle for the Mint is a member of the Cat Men's Society of St. Cad Society owns a beautiful The Catholic Lyceum.

Notes from the Parishes

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 wealth 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 our 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.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

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. Sbarretti, 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 feign would go 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 Leguachetiere 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 on 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 8.30 the teams lined up, and ex-Mayor James McShane 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 C. 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.

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTEMBERG 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 admiral's 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 accentuated his pleasure for him. He also declared that the country roads were among the best for motoring, and the scenery along them the finest he had ever seen. He was specially appreciative of the kindness of the Governor, Sir William, Lady and the Misses MacGregor.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL OPENED.
 At high Mass on Sunday, Rev. Father Kiernan, P.P., was pleased to have to announce to his people that the first steps to a suitable school for the English-speaking children of his parish had been made. Two classes, numbering over 100 children, under the direction of the Misses Fauning and Flynn, and under the superintendence of the Rev. Sisters of St. Ann of Lachine, had been opened during the past week in the town hall of St. Louis. He felt quite certain that the efforts made by the parish during the past year were beginning to show results. The public mind had been thoroughly awakened to the unfairness with which the English-speaking Catholics of the north end were being treated, and had expressed itself strongly, for not only among the English-speaking Catholic population of Montreal had there been interest taken and sympathy shown in behalf of the children of St. Michael's, with its six quasi-French school boards, but the English-speaking Protestant population and the fair-minded French Canadians had espoused their cause and had strengthened it. Father Kiernan felt certain that with the Hon. Mr. Gouin, the champion of elemen-

tary 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 MILLIONAIRE FAMILY.

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-millionaire, 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.

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 123 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, it 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.

A 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. Blain, 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 is being rapidly fulfilled, as a visit to the well stocked show-



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rooms and warerooms would amply testify.

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ABOUT TIME

to decide upon school work for the coming Fall and Winter. Let us help you by sending our handsome new Catalogue just issued. It will give you all particulars about our modern methods and work used in training young people to secure and hold fine paying positions. Send us a postal request by first mail. Address

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OBITUARY.

Last week there passed to her reward Mrs. Limoges, sister of the Rev. Father Corbell, P.P., St. Joseph's Church, Richmond street. A solemn Libera was sung at St. Joseph's Church, at which the pupils of the different schools of the parish assisted. The remains were taken to Ste. Scholastique, where, after a solemn requiem service, interment took place. R.I.P.

DIED.

BROWN—At 432 Besserer street, Ottawa, Lawrence Daniel, infant son of R. P. Stuart Brown, Canada Customs.

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 Chiestria (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 Childaria (Kildare), the Viceroy of the island, and we went on with letters from them to Dro-more, a city in a pleasant plain, and five miles further on to Doncealek (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 Clochere (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 court 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 Childaria 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 twopenny. 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 as the men 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. Of Sunday, 3rd instant, in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Oldpark road, Belfast, the infant son of Seaghan O'Cashin, 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 at 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.R., Kilmalnam. The ceremony was performed in Irish by the Rev. F. M'Enerny, 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 Anse, 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."

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 on 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 are 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 our 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 were 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 emblazoned on them the words, Liberte, Fraternite, Egalite—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 commend 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 discountenanced 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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Madame Jules Verne came into the room. Her entrance was evidently prompted by a rather natural curiosity to see a visitor from America, who had come to call on her husband, but manifestly more in order to be assured that her Jules was not being imposed upon by some inquisitive foreigner who was only a curiosity hunter. It was very evident that her solicitude for her husband must constitute one of the most important occupations of her life. Their thoughts on the religious question were evidently a familiar affair, and she shared with him the intense indignation with regard to recent unfortunate developments. The views of Mme. Verne have something of an interest of their own, because she spoke evidently the mind of the French women of her generation. She dwelt with special emphasis on the cruelty with which religious orders had been treated. Here are gentle women, she said, many of them daughters of the best families of France, who have chosen as their vocation to teach the children of the nation in a way that would make them happier and better. After having spent many years at their vocation, after having taken vows to continue their lives at it, after having found their happiness in teaching, which they saw to be so fruitful of good, they were suddenly turned out, as though they had no rights at all to their own happiness, or to the occupations that they had chosen in life. These women did not ask a material reward for their services. They claimed only the privilege of working in the way they thought best, and there was no one even of their enemies who dared impugn their motives or the noble character of their lives. All this counts for nothing, however, under a government that proclaims liberty. They are not allowed to live together in the way they have chosen, but are compelled to leave their country and find refuge among strangers. "Mme. Verne said there was nothing sadder in all the history of the persecution inaugurated against the Church than this exile of France's daughters, who wanted to stay and work for their country, and to train up the future mothers of France, but who would not be allowed to do it in the way they chose. It was not that they were accused of working harm. On the contrary, even their enemies acknowledged the good that the religious were doing." It was not that the people of the country objected to them in any way. On the contrary, they were ready to shed their blood for the nuns. But the government authorities, blinded by a frantic hatred for everything religious, were planning for their own purposes to have teaching without religion, and so the beautiful religious life of France must come to an end. "Sadder than all, she went on to say, this is not only true with regard to their teaching orders, but in many places also for the orders for women who are devoted to the care of the sick, the old and the poor. These, too, must go. This, notwithstanding the fact that it would be very hard for many years to supply their places, and it would cost enormous sums of money to a people already overtaxed, who should have to supply their places by mercenaries less capable and devoted to duty. "It was very evident that Mme. Verne felt very strongly on the subject, and her indignation furnished her with burning words, to mark the shame and disgrace which the politicians had brought on her fair land. One could pardon her for blaming the men of France for failing in their obligations to form a united front against the political measures forced into effect by the new radical and determined leaders who were supported by the secret societies."

TWO NOTED CONVERTS.

Dr. Chamberlain, one of the founders of the Toho University in Japan, recently became a Catholic, as did Dr. Von Koerber, the professor of philosophy in that university.

EMINENT IRISH AUTHORESS.

Emily Lawless, of whom the honorary degree of Doctor of Literature was conferred by the University of Dublin, is eminent as a historian, a poet, and a novelist. She is a granddaughter of Valentine Lawless, the second Lord Concurry, who occupied a prominent position in Irish public life from the '98 period till his death in 1853.

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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 a 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.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. R. Tansy.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 9 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kaly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallée street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 13th November, 1883. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, W. F. Wall; President, J. M. Kennedy; 1st Vice-President, J. H. Malden; 2nd Vice-President, J. P. Dooley; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Assistant Rec. Sec., W. J. Macdonald & Financial Secretary, J. J. Conigan, 825 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, J. Walsh; Guard, M. J. O'Regan; Trustees, T. J. Finn, W. A. Hodgson, P. J. D'Arcy, R. Gahan, T. J. Stevens; Medical Advisors, Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. G. H. Merrill.

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 25 St. Andrew street, Montreal, Canada. The True Witness P. & P. Co., Patrick F. Cronin, Toronto, proprietor.

Old Brown stood in his coat, with his back to the coat tails balanced in his was a bald-headed old with a ruddy complexion eyes and leg-of-mutton which were white as snow Nelly Torrance set look timidly from the depth armchair in which he h ther to seat herself. "So you are my Cou daughter?" said he, pause.

"Yes," said Nelly, won was in all those mystic and whether the monster was full of gold and silver "And you want some?" "Yes, please." "Humph!" said Mr. B. Nelly glanced shyly up "But," she added with "I am not asking for ch willing to work."

"You mean you would canvas, or sew yellow su green plush screens," sa served the old gentlem call that work." "Nor I, either," retort "Then what do you me Mr. Brown. "I mean that I shall l do any sort of honest means of which I can ea living."

"Humph!" again inter Brown. "Can you cook?" "Yes," Nelly answered "I don't believe it." "But I can." "Very well," said Mr. fensing his coat, tails down at his desk, as if was definitely disposed of went away this morning engaged any one in her may come this afternoon what you can do for me. Mr. Brown fully expect young cousin would recoi from his proposal, but nothing of the sort, said, "Yes, Cousin John," for his private address.

"Mind you're punctual," as he handed her the pen "I am always punctu responded Nelly. Mr. Brown watched her office with a quizzical tw corner of his eye. "She won't come," he s self. "I've seen the last relation."

Nelly Torrance went ho the second-floor room, t which the widow and he could find. Mrs. Adrian Torrance in black. She was a fr pie of human china, w like the lilies of the field toiled not neither did she cotta, the oldest daughter ing, unsuccessfully enoug black crepe bonnet by the They had come up fron try at Lucretia's suggesti pool, in their poverty, to cousin of the dead father band, but none of them any very satisfactory r the experience.

"These rich people are a ery," said Miss Lucretia. "And I've understood gentle little widow, "that pleased when poor dea A ried me." "Well?" cried Mrs. Torr ly, as Nelly entered.

"What does he say?" Lucretia, dropping the fol which she was vainly eno fashion into what the fas called an "oblong bow." "I have seen him," said tying her bonnet strings going to his house in Park this afternoon. "You don't mean," cried rance, with a spasmodic her breath, "that he is adopt you?" "Not in the least," sai am to be his cook." "And you?" gasped Mrs "I said yes, of course." "Eleanor," cried Lucretia scandalized by your com perfectly scandalized! Yo nothing of the sort."

"Certainly not," said TREASURE OF THE

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Street

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, big 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 dabble in 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."

"Nery well," said Mr. Brown, re-fusing 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 pencilled 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."

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 impostor 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 clicked 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 Monecero'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?"

"Not 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."

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 blunderbuss 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 Sacheveral, 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 Mingarty, 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.

Kidney Disorders

Are no respecter of persons.

People in every walk of life are troubled. Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly.

A neglected Backache leads to serious Kidney Trouble.

Check it in time by taking

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

THE GREAT KIDNEY SPECIFIC.

They cure all kinds of Kidney Troubles from Backache to Bright's Disease.

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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 were married, but do tell us why you gave up the army when you have done nothing but swear that the military service was the finest of all that 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 one leave after another, leaving the men 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 commandant 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."

"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."

SURPRISE SOAP

The name "SURPRISE" stands for Pure, Hard, Solid Soap. The best value in Laundry Soap.



And not noticing his entreaties I passed on.

"At dinner I related my unfortunate adventure, and the Captain who had warned me before said seriously: 'I told you what to expect! I suppose you think we all wear those enormous boots for the fun of it, but I'll tell you something now that you didn't know before.'

"Old Fatness is a worthy soul, but he has terrible times with his feet, and he suffers from all sorts of bunions and corns, the worst ever. He is obliged to wear special shoes and, more than that, special stirrups, and on this account he is sure to be retired before he reaches the height of his ambition."

"He knows this and, consequently, cannot endure to see anyone with small boots on, and when his blue devils join a fit of indigestion arrests fly thick, I can tell you. You struck him at a bad time, that is all."

"May the devil fly away with his old feet!" I exclaimed, thinking regretfully of the lost pleasures of the evening. "You may be sure I will order a tremendous pair of boots! The mess laughed ironically and I went to my room."

"As soon as I entered, my orderly told me that a lady was waiting to see me in the parlor. I hurried there and bowed to the most charming, the most ideally beautiful young girl I had ever seen. She was no flesh and blood creation, but a living ray of sunshine."

"I have come to ask a favor of you," she began, blushing slightly. "My name is Mlle. de B—. This afternoon you gave four days' guard duty to a poor little private who was walking with my maid, whom he is to marry as soon as his time is up, within six weeks."

"He was going on leave to publish the lanns in his village, and now your punishment will keep him here, and his marriage must be postponed two or four weeks."

"I have come to ask you to relieve him, for I am much interested in this marriage and—"

"But I interrupted her."

"Anything in my power, made-moisele," I said, and, striking the bell, I hastily wrote a few lines and gave them to the orderly, telling him to see that the sergeant relieved the fellow immediately."

"Thank you with all my heart," said the young lady as she arose. "I live with my aunt and we will be very glad to see you at our house on any Saturday afternoon." Then she went out, and the room was dark because of her absence.

"The next morning Old Fatness sent for me."

"Sir," he said, "yesterday you inflicted four days punishment on a soldier who had not saluted you. Today you strike it off. Will you have the goodness to tell me why?"

"I am sure the fellow did not see me, sir," I replied, determined to tell the truth, "and I punished him to vent my wrath over the four days' arrest you had just given me. Then I found it was a poor way to act and I countermanded my order."

"It struck me as useless to speak of the visitor I had had."

"The commandant smiled—his digestion was evidently all right that morning."

"That was my own state of mind when I ordered you under arrest, sir," he said, courteously. "Permit me to profit by the lesson you have involuntarily given me and consider your arrest at an end."

"He gave me his hand and I retired, really touched. Then, recalling it was Saturday, I went to call on Mlle. de B— and her aunt."

"That's the end of my story, gentlemen. Mlle. de B— became Madame de Preval, and I retired from the army in order to be more entirely with her. So was I not right when I told you that the reason was—boots?"

A Notable Religious Painter.

William Bouguereau, the French painter who has just died in his native La Rochelle, the famous Huguenot stronghold, was a staunch Catholic. His name of William came from some English relationship. He was born in La Rochelle nearly eighty years back, was educated at the expense of his uncle, a priest, and was for some time at the Ecclesiastical College of Paris, where he was a fellow-student of M. Combes. The latter is several years younger than the painter. M. Bouguereau was one of the "official" artists, and his work was accordingly artificial and academic. He painted chiefly religious and mythological subjects, always very carefully and smoothly. He was one of those whom the young men detest, for he was successful, rich, and gaited all the honors of the State, including the Grand Cross of the Legion. Bouguereau's "Saint Cecilia," representing the Virgin's body brought out from the Catacombs, is in the Luxembourg Museum. His religious mural work may be seen in chapels at St. Clotilde's and St. Augustin's. He also painted numerous nymphs and Venuses, and a few portraits of contemporaries. M. Bouguereau received the last Sacrament from the Vicar of La Rochelle Cathedral, and he was buried in the tomb of his first wife and his son, a lawyer, who died three years back.

THE FACULTY OF IDLENESS.

Extreme busyness, whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty of idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity. There is a sort of dead-alive hackneyed people about, who are scarcely conscious of living except in the exercise of some conventional occupation. Bring these fellows into the country, or set them aboard ship, and you will see how they pine for their desk or their study. They have no curiosity; they cannot give themselves over to random provocations; they do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for its own sake; and unless Necessity lays about them with a stick, they will ever stand still.

They have been to school and college, but all the time they have had their eye on the medal; they have gone about the world, and mixed with clever people, but all the time they were thinking of their own affairs. As if a man's soul were not too small to begin with, they have dwarfed and narrowed theirs by a life of all work and no play; until here they are at forty, with a listless attention, a mind vacant of all material of amusement, and not one thought to rub against another, while they wait for the train—Robert Louis Stevenson: An Apology for Idlers.

Thomas W. Lawson was illustrating the gullibility of the public in accepting worthless stock.

"It reminds me of Washington White and his watch," he said. "Washington is a Boston colored man. A friend met him in an elevated train where Washington was rocking back and forth like a man who has trouble in his midst."

"How do you do, Washington?" said the friend.

"How do, Calhoun?" returned Washington, continuing his rocking.

"You ain't sick, be you?"

"No, indeed, Calhoun, I ain't enjoyin' no bad health."

"Then why in the name o' common sense is you cavortin' back and forth dataway?"

"Not for a single beat did Washington check his regular oscillation as he answered:

"Calhoun, you know Jerome McWade? Well, he done sold me a silver watch for three dollars, and if I stops movin' like dish yere de watch, don't go no more."

Gaelic Revival a Remarkable Phenomenon.

(Continued from Page 1.)

They feel that the marriage tie is weakened and they see that the Irish are united in the marriage tie, that even the poorest of them, with large families, invariably put their trust in God, and do not, like others, go about trembling and despairing of help and sustenance for the future.

THE AGNOSTIC AND SUICIDE.

I remember that once, some years ago, when I was building a church in Philadelphia, I was speaking with an agnostic, and I said to him suicide will increase as Faith diminishes. For, what object has a man without religion to live on when the sky grows dark and troubles accumulate around him.

was any certainty in religion it was to be found in the Catholic Church, but I was, if you will believe me, afraid to find it, because I might as well have been damned as been known as a Papist at that time.

What impresses the Americans most in regard to the Irish is the certainty of faith, the purity of the marriage relation, the indissolubility of marriage that characterizes our people. They see those qualities of the Irish in their homes, in the remarkable purity of their girls, in the conduct of their young men.

Right Reverend Bishop, I will bring your message to the Irish race in America. I shall tell them of what I have seen and experienced. I shall tell them of the kind words you have spoken of them, and of the manner in which your observations were received by this great gathering of priests representing the various dioceses of Ireland.

Women Defend the Crucifix.

A French contemporary, the Croix de l'Allier, gives a description of a lively encounter which has taken place at Lachamp between anti-Catholic iconoclasts and a number of Catholic women. The enemies of the Church at Nades had resolved to destroy the crucifixes which stood on the route to be followed by religious processions.

Membership of Gaelic League.

Mr. O'Daly, the General Secretary of the Gaelic League, has done well in correcting the erroneous statement of the Times that certain classes of Irishmen are excluded from membership of that body. The strength of the League would be considerably impaired and enemies would rise up against it were there reason to believe that its character is in any way partisan.

5000 CHILDREN'S PRAYER BOOKS, 10c EACH. STATUES—Two feet high, SACRED HEART, BLESSED VIRGIN, ST. ANTHONY, Etc. Special Bargain, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Each. Mail Orders Promptly Executed. J. J. M. LANDY, JEWELLER, 416 QUEEN ST., W. TORONTO, Can. Phone Main 2758.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

On Monday cheese sold for 10 1/2c and 10c and even lower prices are reported from some sections. Today's prices are about 10 1/2c to 11c for Quebecs, and 11c to 11 1/2c for western.

Butter is quiet and prices are steady. There is an inquiry from the English market which leaves room for lots of improvement. Dealers are asking 21 1/2c to 21c for finest creamery, and 20c to 21c for undergrades.

A dairy produce report, week ending Sept. 8, received by mail from Liverpool, says that the cheese market has been quiet, the demand being retail, and of a purely consumptive character. There is no material alteration in values, although holders are showing more willingness to meet buyers, in order to keep stocks moving.

Sherbrooke, Sept. 17.—Boarded, 329 packages of saltless and 229 of salted butter, and 30 boxes of cheese; butter sold for 22 1/2c; cheese at 10 1/2c.

Crysler, Sept. 16.—Boarded, 934 boxes of white cheese; all sold at 11c.

GRAIN MARKETS.

There are no new developments in the local flour situation and trade is quiet under a slow demand from country and city consumers. Prices are steady with an easy feeling, but unchanged.

The demand for oats is light for local consumption and trade is quiet. Receipts are mostly of No. 3s which are arriving in such quantities as to be a drag on the market. No. 2 are quoted for export at 83 1/2c adroit, and for local trade 34c to 35c; No. 3 are offered on an easy market at 32 1/2c to 33c.

Millfeed is firm and prices remain steady. There seems to be no change in the situation and supplies are still a long way short of the demand.

The local hay market is without any special feature this morning, the demand to fill local requirements is fair and there are no accumulations of stock on spot Montreal.

A PROUD TITLE.

The title of Catholic is the proudest title on earth. Men plume themselves on membership in great associations or institutions, but in the whole record of history there is no institution so mighty, none so durable as the Church of Rome. Nearly two thousand years ago in a remote town in the East, it sprang into existence, and in three short centuries in spite of persecution, and lack of wealth and power, simply by the moral force and truth of its doctrines, it ascended the throne of the world and commenced the most glorious reign in history.

VESTMENTS Challenges Ciborium Statues. Altar Furniture, DIRECT IMPORTERS WE BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto Can.

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED. STORE CLOSÉS AT 6 O'CLOCK. THURSDAY, SEPT. 21, 1905. Display of Fall Styles in Ladies' COATS and COSTUMES. WE are ready in our Cloak and Suit Salon for the most critical of our customers. Never have the Fall Suits, Coats and Costumes been more captivating and, best of all, more pleasantly priced.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EXCURSIONS. SEPT. 21, 22, 23, 1905. Valid to return until October 9th, 1905. RATES FROM MONTREAL: DETROIT, MICH., - \$5.00. BAY CITY, Mich., 17.25. SAGINAW, Mich., 17.15. GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., 18.95. CHICAGO, ILL., - \$18.00. ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS, 34.00. CALEDONIA SPRINGS HOTEL. Will remain open until September 30, 1905.

Cheap Rates. Second Class from Montreal until October 31st, 1905. Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. \$48.90. Spokane, Wash., Nelson, Rossland, Midway, B.C. \$46.40. Missoula, Mont. Salt Lake, Utah, Helena, Butte and Anaconda. \$45.90.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. Western Excursions. Exceptionally Low Round Trip Fares: From MONTREAL to PORT HURON, MICH., \$14.85. DETROIT, MICH., - \$15.00. BAY CITY, Mich., 17.25. SAGINAW, Mich., 17.15. GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., 18.95. CHICAGO, ILL., - \$18.00. ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS, 34.00.

REDUCED FARES. Until October 31, 1905. Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VAN. COVY and PORTLAND, \$48.90. ROSSLAND, NELSON, TRAIL, \$46.40. ANACONDA, BUTTE, HELENA, \$45.90. SALT LAKE, \$45.90. COLORADO SPRINGS, DEN. \$45.50. VER. PUEBLO, LOS AN. \$45.00. GLENDALE, \$45.00. Low Rates to many other points.

CITY TICKET OFFICES. 127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 400 & 451, or Bonaventure Station. Reverse your intuitions.—R. W. Emerson.

HIGHLY COMPLIMENTED. ON OUR NEW FALL CARPETS BY CONNOISSEURS. Our large openings command the attention of all furnishing. Curtains, Shades and Drapes, Hall Carpets, Strips and Rugs to match: Furniture and Bedding, Low Prices, Liberal Discounts. Thomas Ligget, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474-2476 ST. CATHERINE ST.

TAILORED HATS FOR TAILORED COSTUMES. We have just passed into stock a select lot of the very latest ideas in Street Hats. They are worth seeing—Stylish effects in all colors to match any gown. We fully believe we offer you the most exclusive hats to be had in Canada and certainly we give you the greatest choice. \$3.50, \$5, \$6 to \$18.50 each.

FINE FRENCH TAFFETAS. You can be absolutely confident of the reliability of the qualities of the silks we offer, especially these Colored French Taffetas. We have gone to considerable trouble in securing the best makes from Europe—those makes that have the right touch and appearance, and have succeeded in procuring a taffeta that will give the wearer every satisfaction.

BLACK CLOTH WALKING SKIRTS. If there is one thing we can make to perfection it is a lady's skirt. Possibly you did not know that the best fitting skirts we have were made by ourselves; in fact, therein lies the secret of their satisfactoriness. Being our own, we paid more attention to them than anyone else would. You will see the "Simpson" name on the inside of the waist band. Prices \$5, \$7.50, \$10, \$12. We took upon the \$5.00 Skirt as the very best ever offered in Montreal.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB. ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Saturday evening. Open week days from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. ST. PETER and COMMON STS.

CARD OF THANKS. REV. M. T. O'BRIEN and his parishioners, St. Mary's Church, Orange, Mass., desire to thank the rev. clergy and the people of Montreal, who so kindly contributed to the subscription for the magnificent statues which were purchased here through the untiring efforts of Miss C. J. Brennan and Miss N. O'Shaughnessy, and presented to his parish church.

NOTICE. Applications will be considered for rental of furnished house near Montreal. Reply to "Bural" care TRUE WITNESS Office, Montreal.

ONLY FULL-BLOODED PRIEST IN THE WORLD. Father Albert Neghanquet, a Potawatomi Indian, and the only full-blooded Indian priest in the world has been transferred by Bishop Meunier from Eufaula, I.T., to Anblers, I.T., where his parishioners are mostly Italians. He is succeeded at Eufaula by Father Glynn, of New York city.

Vol. LV., No. 1. BOSTON. Enthusiastic Thron. Striki

It was a novel yet successful expedient that was adopted by the United Irish League in Boston in behalf of Ireland, and which was the result of a grand raffle. William H. Redmond and a tournament of about six weeks. The big crowd that unfurling enthusiasm that the proceedings and the able sentiment voiced by the tions unanimously adopted close of the half-day of test continually and in striking way not only of the patriotic spirit that every man of Irish birth tions in Boston, but also mity with which by far part of that great class proposes to support that constitutional agitation freedom, started by Parnell of a century ago and promising vigor at the p by the Irish Party in the liament, of which Mr. R present visiting Boston, brilliant member. When the enthusiasm had in a measure exhausted, Mr. Redmond began He said: I thank you for the ma ception you have given me thank you for it all the m I know that your cheers a tended for me personally you wish to show me, as of the Irish Party, that has the confidence and est masses of the Irish peopl great city. (Applause "That is true.") I desire to utter a speci thanks to Mr. Welch for welcome that he read to the Clare men of the city. It is naturally a gratifying me to find that men from constituency are here to w I thank them for their we tell them what is well kn land—that the proudest h life is to-day that I repre stalwart, the sterling mat that county which emancip land by returning Daniel to fight for her. THE IRISH PARTY GARRISON IN PARLIA The fathers of the men w me fourteen years ago wer who returned Daniel O'Co the British Parliament, the enabled him to stand ther heart of England and to and refuse to take that b oth which England impos to insult and degrade the Ireland who proudly held t St. Patrick. The sons of who elected O'Connell in C ed me and men like me to the British Parliament as there that until Ireland is a rule herself we will hold the Parliament as an Irish gem the cause of Irish freedom. IRISHMEN IN PARLIA I know there are men who approve of Irishmen going liament. Well, it would b grace for any Irishman to British Parliament to help or to assist her, but we w the Parliament of Englan are, as it were, encamped o land's heart, and every day the Irish garrison in Englan the British people that wh is not free Ireland is hostil British Empire. I thank these brave men I have represented during twenty-two years many par land. My own County of the gallant men who hold t of Ireland for the Nationa for Innekillen and Fermans stood. For fourteen years I presented the County of Cla