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ROATS AND COUGHS

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The True Witness



Vol. LIX., No. 8

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

Celtic Cross To Tell Of Sad Irish Chapter.

Great Memorial to Ship Fever Victims Unveiled on Telegraph Hill at Grosse Isle in Presence of Church Dignitaries, Canadian Officials and Representatives of A. O. H

Granite Pile Unveiled by Mgr. Sbaretti, the Papal Delegate, After Unusual and Impressive Ceremonies of Religious and Patriotic Character.

Not all monuments are signs of faith; some serve only to mark sinful pride, but that memorial which last Sunday was unveiled on Telegraph Hill, Grosse Isle, will stand for firm faith and inspired courage so long as time lasts.

Peace has its victories, peace has its victims, and the huge Celtic cross that now rears high from its island foundation will serve to remind men that there are more noble heroes found in lowly places than in the dramatic din of the battlefield.

This particular memorial has an unusual story to tell and, because of its coin of vantage, will tell that story to wandering thousands who otherwise might not have an opportunity to learn of the dreadful fate of thousands of Irish men and women who fled from famine to encounter another scourge, that of the terrible ship fever. It will serve, too, to make known the heroism of brave men who stood by those poor people in their hour of need; and, again, it will cause to be spread far and wide the tale of the priests who walked in a living death that the children of the Faith might be administered to.

It was an impressive scene that caught the eye of the spectator at Grosse Isle on Sunday. Here were the high dignitaries of the Church—the true Church—to which these people have given intelligent allegiance; representatives of the free government of a liberal country in which those who had escaped the plague, and other Irishmen, had found that opportunity for which they had fled across the sea; men from another land, a land which had proven a haven for distressed and harassed Irishmen, all these people were gathered to revere the dead and honor the living. Voices spoke in three tongues to testify to the faith and courage of the dead and to speak of the heroism of those who served them; and to bear witness, too, of the harmony which exists in this province between the Catholics of Irish origin and those of another fair land—What a picture for the world to look upon!

On board of the C.G.S. Druid were the official representatives of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, including Mr. Matthew Cummings, National President; Mr. James T. Regan, National Vice-President; Mr. James T. McGinnis, National Secretary; Messrs. C. J. Foy, J. D. O'Meara, John F. Quira, P. T. Moran, Major E. T. McCrystal, National Directors. In addition were the provincial and local officers, including Hon. C. R. Devlin, Hon. J. C. Kaine, Rev. Father Hanley, C. S.S.R., Rector of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec; Rev. Father Maloney, C.S.S.R., St. John, N.B.; Rev. Father Maguire, Provincial Chaplain of the A.O.H.; Mr. Ed. Reynolds, one of the organizers of the A.O.H. in Quebec, and many others.

Among the Montreal representatives of the A.O.H. were Messrs. P. Kaine, Provincial President; P. Scullion, Provincial Vice-President; J. O'Neill, Provincial Treasurer; P. Doyle, County President, T. Heavers secretary; C. G. Gleason, McMorow, J. McGrath, M. Brogan, P. Malone and W. Kennedy.

proved them, and as a victim of a holocaust, he has received them, and in time there will be respect had to them. (Wisdom Ch. III., v. 6.)

Your Excellency, Your Grace, My Dear Brothers: What a strange picture, unique in history, does the vast assemblage present. From near and distant parts of the broad and free Dominion of Canada and the great United States of America, men of humble calling, men holding high stations in church and state, especially honored and favored by the distinguished presence of His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, by the gracious presence of the venerable Archbishop of this great diocese. All animated and impelled by the strongest

sentiments of religion and nationality we have met in this quarantine island as representatives of the Irish race to pay loving tribute to thousands of our brethren whose dust forms the soil we are treading; to honor their graves with the incense of prayer; the sacrifice to feast our eyes with the sight of that emblem of faith and nationality the Celtic cross, which to-day is to be dedicated and blessed by His Excellency,



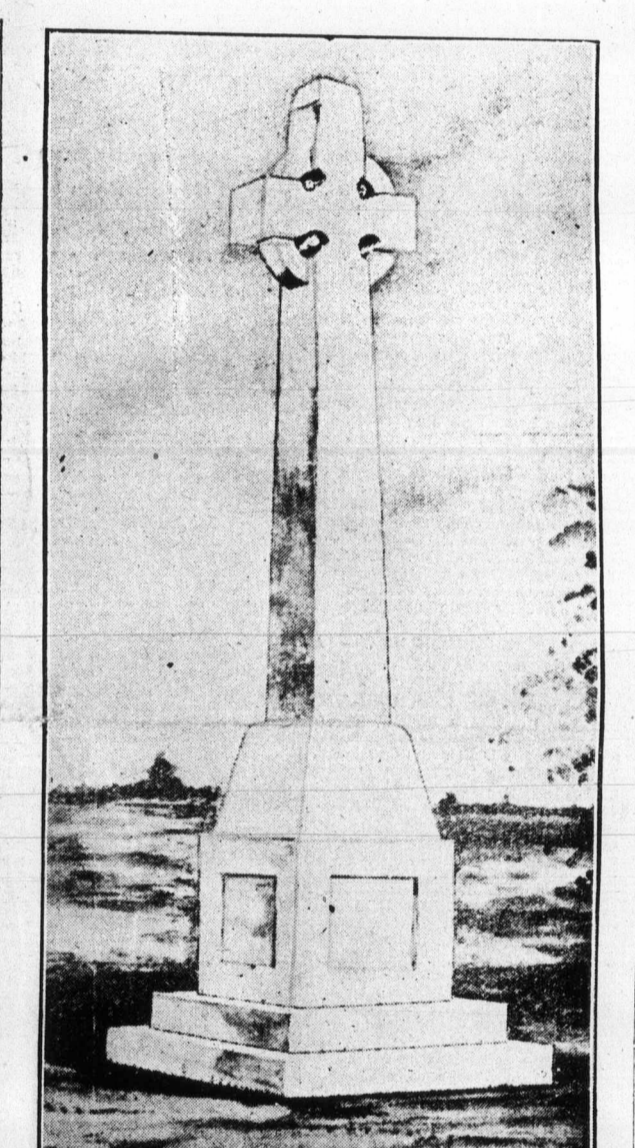
MR. P. KEANE, Provincial President.

the delegate of the Holy See. A WORTHY MONUMENT. For years has been often repeated the wish of our people that this spot be marked by a monument worthy of the thousands of our down-trodden race who here fell victims of the famine and ship-fever of 1847, but for want of organization the pious prospect had not materialized, when the Ancient Order of Hibernians nobly took the matter in hand. Last year the chief officer of this great society, in words glowing with religious patriotism, portrayed to the hundreds of delegates in convention at Indianapolis, Indiana, the scenes of the awful tragedy of Grosse Isle. "I consider," he said "the grave containing so many thousands of our race the most sacred spot in America." The answer was unanimous and hearty and to-day we pride ourselves that a national and sacred duty has been grandly fulfilled.

But this cross is not alone a memorial of the Irish exiles who died here, it is also a monument of lasting gratitude, and a memorial bearing to future generations the names of that band of forty-two priests, soldiers of Christ, than whose heroism none greater was ever witnessed on any field of battle. The Catholic priest responds, he must respond, to the most perilous duty, there is no shirking when called to the plague house or bed of contagion to console the sick and administer the sacraments to the dying. Thus it was with this noble band most of whom were Canadians of French extraction, comforting, like the Good Samaritan, the robbed and wounded stranger, working without flinching among the dead and dying. True it is they were consoled in their performance of duty. The manifestations all around them of that deep Irish faith, or that perfect resignation to God's holy will, which accompanied their lamentations, their exclamation, "How long, O Lord, how long" yet willing to drink to the dregs the chalice of their sorrow. Yes, this and the prayers and blessings heaped upon the welcome priest consoled and fortified him. Father Taschereau, then professor of rhetoric at the Seminary of Quebec, late Archbishop of Quebec and cardinal, one of those who contracted the contagion, writes from the scene of hor-



MGR. SBARETTI, Papal Delegate



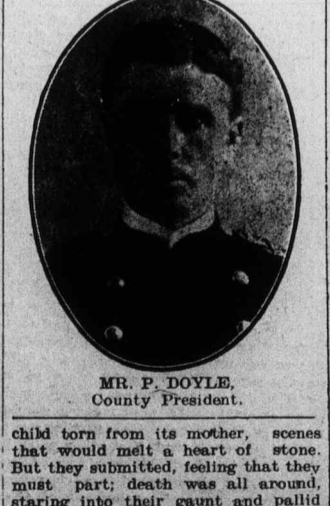
MONUMENT TO FEVER VICTIMS

ror that he is filled with a happiness he never felt before and that the only sorrow that he can experience at Grosse Isle will be brought to him by the letter that shall order his recall. These priests have gone to their eternal reward, only one remaining whom God has left to see this day. He has made the long journey from New Brunswick to be with us, and to-day all eyes are turned, all hearts are drawn to the old priest of '46, the venerable Father Hugh McQuirk.

A SAD CHAPTER. This occasion naturally brings us back to one of the saddest chapters of Ireland's sad history under foreign rule, that which recalls the loss to Ireland of two million of her people, whether by death or exile. History teaches us that legislation and tariff regulations made to benefit England's commercial enterprises had so discouraged agriculture that the only food of the Irish peasantry was the potato. Hardly in any country coming within the pale of civilization was the peasant population relying for their food on one vegetable. When the crop failed in the fall of 1845 it was ominous, the outlook was serious. Two repeated failures absolutely deprived the people of the country and the poor of the towns of their only means of sustaining life. An agonizing cry went up all over the land, famine stalked that beautiful isle. People were dying everywhere, at home, in the fields, on the roads, in the churches.

SYSTEM WAS DOOMED. The Irish poor law system was now doomed to destruction, it could no longer stand the demand, the

rush for food. Until 1846 work-houses were held in abomination. Mothers would suffer the direst poverty rather than allow the breaking up of home, separation from their children. But soon the harrowing fangs of starvation made them submit and even the jails were a happy refuge; therein, at least, they hoped to be fed. Then commenced the cruel breaking of nature's closest bonds, the brutal separating of husband and wife, the



MR. P. DOYLE, County President.

child torn from its mother, scenes that would melt a heart of stone. But they submitted, feeling that they must part; death was all around, staring into their gaunt and pallid features; they parted half willing, knowing it was departing for a better home beyond the skies. "They separated," says Sullivan, "as victims at the foot of the guillotine."

THE IRISH EXODUS.

What has been called "the Irish Exodus," had now truly begun. The cry to America resounds everywhere. There is a mad rush for the emigrant ship. The emigrant ship of black '47. What feelings are stirred up in the soul by that word. It recalls the separation of dearest friends, the tearing away of brother from sister, of sons from aged parents, the father's God bless you and last farewell; it recalls the breaking of hearts, the vain effort of faltering and grief-choked voices, the last glimpse of the waving handkerchief watched through a haze of tears, the last glimpse of Ireland.

In those days of the sailing vessel, when the rapid ocean greyhound was unknown, the ocean voyage lasted from six to as many as twelve weeks. When we consider that the vessels were all without sanitary precautions, that the food was not only the poorest but insufficient, that water was had and rarely given, sometimes refused for more than a day, that the passengers, men, women and children, were packed together to a stifling degree, it is wonderful then that every one of the eighty-four ships that had reached here at the opening of navigation, were all reeking with pestilence and that the priests who boarded the vessels and penetrated under deck with smoking lanterns to pick their way, were almost immediately forced back, only being able to remain below after several efforts, and then only for short visits. Some of these vessels had not yet thrown all their dead into the sea, and these would be piled as cordwood upon the deck.

SPREAD OF THE DISEASE. The condition of things was at first only a trifle better on land; the few sheds were crowded as was the little chapel that stood on yonder hill. The patients lay in hundreds for some time under the canopy of heaven and the death rate rose at times to 200 a day. Before quarantine closed many were sent to Montreal, where the disease made thousands of victims. Bytown, now Ottawa, Kingston and Toronto, suffered dreadfully by the epidemic, and the inhabitants of these cities know of the tale of woe. Orphans to the number of 600 were adopted into kind French-Canadian families. Father Cazeau, later Vicar-General, used his great influence with the priests to have homes provided for these children, many of whom afterwards became priests and nuns. By his constant kindness to these children he was called the father of the Irish. Pages most pathetic have been written on this subject, so familiar that they need no repetition here. Considering the late hour and the beautiful discourses with which you are to be regaled I have perhaps overstepped the limit assigned me. But before abandoning this altar let us lift up our eyes on this day of the Assumption to our home in heaven, where our Divine Saviour greets His blessed mother and ask her to intercede with her Divine Son to shower His blessings upon us and upon the land of our fathers and hasten the day when the eagle spirit of old Ireland, arising from the sepulchre, may set its gauge on the never setting sun of freedom.

SUNG THE LIBERA. A solemn Libera was sung at the conclusion of Father Maguire's sermon by Mgr. Begin, who was assisted by Rev. Father Maloney, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father O'Farrell.

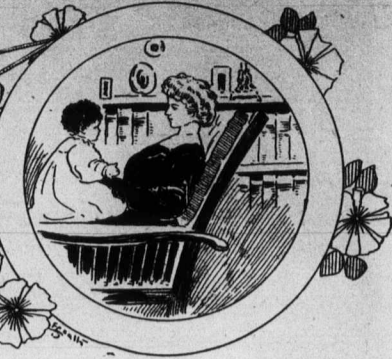
The morning's proceedings were brought to a close by His Grace Mgr. Begin, who delivered one of the most eloquent addresses of the day. My Dear Brethren: This day is truly memorable for the Irish in America. It is more particularly so for our fellow-countrymen of this Province and—might I not rightly add?—for those of the diocese and city of Quebec. You have come here to consecrate by a fitting monument the memory of a sad yet edifying page of your nation's history; that which recalls the exile and death, but likewise the heroism, the constancy and faith of those who in '47 and '48 ended here as one of the sentences engraved on this monument so aptly expresses it—"life's sorrowful pilgrimage."

A BITTER LESSON. A monument according to the true meaning of the word, is a taken, a sign of remembrance. You, of this present generation, have heard from the lips of survivors of that awful period the tale of their trials and sufferings; but your place will soon be filled—if it is not already so—by others who might little dream of the mourning and sadness that heralded the advent of their forefathers to the land of their adoption. Your fellow-citizens of French descent had learned before you, on these very shores, the bitter lesson of hardship and privation; and so as one to forget the heroism of their ancestors, they have chosen for their motto the simple word; Je me souviens, "I remember." Is it not a kindred sentiment that has inspired the organizers of this present im-

(Continued on Page 5.)

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



Fame only comes when it is deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny for it is destiny.

Longfellow.

No girl in this age of the world should be permitted to attain the age of womanhood without having obtained a thorough acquaintance with the methods in vogue in the business world.

HOW TO CURE RHEUMATISM.

To cure rheumatism, it is necessary to rid the system of the excess of uric acid; and to do this a proper diet is even more important than the use of drugs.

The Massachusetts General Hospital of Boston allows the following diet for its rheumatic patients: Graham or brown bread, white bread (limited to one-half slice daily), corn, granum, rice, milk, eggs, flour, puddings, crackers, beans, peas, all kinds of vegetables (except potatoes), tomatoes, and asparagus, rhubarb, fresh fish, butter, cheese, buttermilk, cream, alkaline waters and toast.

The sensibly use of water, both internally and externally, plays a large part in the prevention or cure of rheumatism. One or two glasses, either hot or cold, taken before breakfast every morning is excellent to start the organs of digestion for the day, and at least one glass should be taken between meals.

SKIRT YOKES ARE POPULAR.

The yoke skirt that was looked on a bit doubtfully when it first made its appearance a few months ago has met with the most unparalleled success both here and abroad.

HOW TO DRY CLEAN A WAIST.

Here is a recently discovered way to dry clean a white lace waist that is equal to any dry cleaning process ever tried and one that requires an outlay of only a few cents instead of the dollars usually needed to make a soiled waist again presentable.

TWO FANCY SUMMER DISHES.

Asparagus is extra dainty if served with a Hollandaise sauce to which is added the juice of a blood-orange and a bit of finely grated orange peel. For the Hollandaise, put two

tablespoons of good vinegar into a pan with salt and pepper. Boil down to a teaspoonful. Add to this two tablespoons cold water and the yolks of two raw eggs.

Strawberries are delicious served in a scooped-out pineapple with dice of the pineapple pulp, marinated with a light wine and powdered sugar.

WHAT SHE BOUGHT IT FOR.

Mrs. Smith was showing a visitor a new hat-tree she had recently purchased, when little Samuel came in and neglected to remove his hat.

BUBBLE EXERCISE.

Blowing soap bubbles is an exercise which has been adopted at the advice of a local practitioner, Dr. Ootmar, in order to broaden the children's chests, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun.

A HEALTHY PERSON NEEDS A GOOD BREAKFAST.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, iconoclast-in-ordinary to the medical profession, as usual upsets our previous ideas of bodily health in an article in Woman's Home Companion for August.

HELPFUL HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The pan under the broiler of the gas range may be easily cleaned by sprinkling cornmeal to absorb the grease and then scrape off with a cake turner.

THE DULL CHILD.

There is usually one of a family of children who is slower to learn than the others, just as some develop physically less rapidly than others; and it is for these slow ones that we plead.

BE GOOD TO YOUR OWN.

If you live in the same place, let your steps be, if possible, daily a familiar sound in the old house. If you are miles away—yes, many miles away—make it your business to go to visit your parents as frequently as possible.

WAYS TO SERVE CHERRIES.

Cherry Syrup—This is a most delightful beverage for tea or luncheon. Boil for ten minutes a quart of juice with three cups of sugar; pour in bottles and seal while hot.

Cherry-Fritters—Stir into a cupful of milk two well-beaten eggs, a pinch of salt, three cups of flour that have been sifted with two

spoonsful of baking powder, beat briskly until the ingredients are well blended, add a cup and a half of pitted cherries plentifully sprinkled with sugar.

SCARFS VERY POPULAR.

Never were scarfs used more than now, and the dainty fichu effects coming in with summer will make scarfs more than ever popular.

Spiced Cherries—Dissolve two cups of brown sugar in one cupful of best vinegar, add four pints of large pitted cherries, two pieces of preserved ginger, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, one of ground cloves, and have the two latter tied in bags, cook until the mixture is the consistency of jam, put in wide-mouthed bottles and seal.

Preserved Cherries—In the first place secure rich, ripe cherries, the Morrella seems best for the purpose; to every pound of fruit add an equal amount of sugar. After the cherries are stoned cover in layers with sugar and let remain over night in a deep porcelain kettle.

BEAUTY DIET.

Begin the day with a teaspoonful of grated carrots to brighten the eyes, and a good breakfast. For luncheon eat plentifully of water-cress, dandelion, lettuce, carrots and beautifiers.

The following formula to soften the water is most excellent for improving the complexion, giving that soft velvet appearance so much admired: Half an ounce of California borax, three ounces of fine oatmeal, three ounces almond meal, one ounce of powdered orris root. Mix together and tie securely in a cheese cloth bag. Drop into the bowl of water when required.

TO BE WELL-DRESSED.

Be individual in your style. Do not dress beyond your means. Learn the right times and seasons for wearing your clothes. Make a study, not of your good points but of your weak ones before buying your frocks and hats.

What is Worn in Paris.

For every smart function, both at home and abroad, it has been noticed that tailor-mades have reigned supreme. The long coats in tussore and linen, varied by those in blue and white serge, practically all cut alike, may possibly become monotonous, but at least they are practical and eminently smart by sea, rail or river.

Very Smart Lingerie Gowns in Broderie Anglaise—Short Pleated Skirt and Loose Sacque Coat Quite Popular.

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Linens, if very simply made, look especially nice at such places as Trouville and Dieppe; but once really aloft, serge and flannel are infinitely smarter and more practical.

Among the tailor-mades of to-day there are no indications that the short coats will make their appearance; but the long coats are more cut away. It has been noticed that the old-fashioned riding jacket of the eighteenth century is being worn by two or three good dressers in satin or coarse silk, and in curiously beautiful eighteenth century color-

A LAUNDRY BAG.

A laundry bag that will be found of more than ordinary convenience is made of two large bordered towels with three sides sewed and a drawing string run through at the top. For holding large pieces of laundry such as table linen and bed linen, a circular laundry bag is more serviceable.

ARTISTIC DARNING.

Darning is the bane of the average housekeeper's life, if she be a woman who is not fond of sewing. And the results of her half-hearted work in this direction are unattractive and awkward. For the woman who prides herself on her needlework, however, here is a valuable suggestion. Do not use silk or thread in darning tears or holes.

SEPARATE FLOUNCES ON THE SUMMER PETTICOAT.

A most economical notion is that of having two or three separate flounces for the same petticoat top. Everyone who packs a suit case for a short visit knows how bothersome it is to have to take petticoats in various lengths for various frocks.

THE GARDEN OF ABSOLUTION.

There is a garden, far, oh, far away, Kept for the souls who sinned and suffered most. The sword of God forever guards the way.

THE GATHERING PLACE.

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven: At first we think of streets of gold, Of gates of pearl and dazzling light, Of shining wings and robes of white.

A LITTLE MORE CROSS.

A little more cross and a little less creed, A little more beauty of brotherly deed; A little more bearing of things to be borne, With faith in the infinite triumph of morn.

POET'S CORNER

There is a garden, far, oh, far away, Kept for the souls who sinned and suffered most. The sword of God forever guards the way.

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Advertisement for 'Surprise Soap' featuring an illustration of a woman washing clothes and text describing its benefits for cleaning and softening fabrics.

do Of the simple sweet service each day brings to view; A little more cross with its beautiful light.

Its lesson of love and its message of right; A little less sword and a little more rose.

To soften the struggle and lighten the blows; A little more worship, a little more prayer.

With the balm of its income to lighten the care; A little more cross and a little more trust.

In the beauty that blooms like a rose out of dust; A little more lifting the load of another.

A little more thought for the life of a brother, A little more dreaming, a little more laughter.

A little more childhood and sweetness thereafter; A little more cross and a little less hate.

With love in the hands and a rose by the gate. MAGIC.

An ancient wood showed its heart to me, (O Little Wind that brought me what it said!) I went within its fastness reverently.

There lived the silence elsewhere long led Captive by sound. There the persuading green

Took ancient citadels with soundless tread. Was not the opening blue of bud between

Soft solitary leaves a lyric set To airy music of the things they mean?

My hands were mother tender of the net Of silk they found. My feet were filial light To lose no dew from the heart violet.

The element formed of dissolved night, Seemed in the air. A million little minds Kept concert just without the bourne of sight.

Oh, and suddenly as morning finds White towers I heard the ancient wood unfold Its murmuring secret piped by little wind.

'Behold... behold Listen... to me?'... And then it told!...

The whole world, like a bell, heard echoing That which I lost. I found a fairy bed And saw that which the wildwood let me see.

(O Little Wind that brought me what it said!) -The Forum.

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven: At first we think of streets of gold, Of gates of pearl and dazzling light, Of shining wings and robes of white.

And things all strange to mortal sight, But in the afterward of years It is a more familiar place: A home untried by sighs or tears, Where waiteth many a well-known face.

With passing months it comes more near. It grows more real day by day; Not strange or cold, but very dear-- The glad home land not far away. Where none are sick or poor or lone, The place where we shall find our own.

And as we think of all we know Who there have met, to part no more, Our longing hearts desire home, too. With all the strife and trouble of it.

A Standard Medicine.—Parmele's Vegetable Pills, compounded of entirely vegetable substances known to have a revivifying and salutary effect upon the digestive organs.

Vertical advertisements on the right margin including 'THURSDAY', 'MORRISON', 'HONORABLE', 'LAWRENCE', 'D. H. WELLS', 'ST. PATRICK'S', 'HOMESTEAD', 'HAD GIVEN ALL HOPE', 'HEART TROUBLE', and 'PARMELE'S VEGETABLE PILLS'.

News by the Irish Mail.

(Special and Exclusive to the True Witness from Our Correspondent.)

At a sitting of the Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians (Board of Erin) in the Mansion House, Dublin, Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., National President, presiding, the following resolutions were passed unanimously: "That this convention authorizes the National Board to take steps to suppress the sale of and distribution in Ireland of indecent newspapers, postcards, books, novelettes, and other printed matter of a similar description, as well as consider such to be dangerous to the moral and Irish home life."

This sane and sensible utterance was very wrongfully converted into a warning to Catholic priests.

IMMORAL LITERATURE DENOUNCED. His Lordship the Most Rev. D. O'Neill, Bishop of Dromore, has been denouncing the literature of a gross description that is being poured throughout Ireland at such a cheap price as to put it within the reach of all classes. These evil and immoral books and other publications bring untold spiritual and moral ruin to their readers and unwary and unsupported minds are polluted and poisoned by the false principles thoughtlessly imbibed by reading these evil publications, but his Lordship particularly advised as an antidote the reading of publications of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY. At the quarterly meeting in Dublin of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul it was announced that the Society continues to make gratifying progress. The number of conferences now in operation are 153, this figure being the highest on record, and the number of active and aspirant-active members is 3252. The Society's income and relief work increases steadily. The Brother of St. Vincent de Paul takes to the poor man, in addition to bread tickets, words of kind sympathy, which is the strengthening bread of the soul, and as he comes in the name of God, an angel of peace and compassionate love, the wounded soul of the poor man will open to truth and virtue, under the persuasive charm of his visit, just as a flower frozen by the cold blast revives and blooms in the warmth of the sunshine. Bread appeases hunger, charity alone can heal a broken and bleeding human heart.

CHURCH GAINING GROUND. Father Bernard Vaughan is becoming nearly as well known in Ireland as he is in England. Preaching at Belfast last Sunday he said that compared with the state of affairs when he was a child, the Church is gaining rapidly. In his past period of her life she has the Church been in a more healthy or vigorous state than she is to-day. She lives the charmed life, not of the fabulous talisman, but of the unerring promise of Christ.

THE JUDGES OF ASSISE in their addresses to the Grand Juries throughout the country, have put to shame, if that were possible, the wretched creatures who represent Ireland as soething with crime. The fact is more remarkable on information received from the constabulary authorities, who, as is well known, have always been prone to blacken the character of the country, probably with the object of currying favor with Dublin Castle. At Naas, County Kildare, Lord Chief Justice O'Brien, addressing the Grand Jury, said the county, as a whole, was in a very satisfactory condition. There was no boycotting, no intimidation, and no cattle-driving. Judge Andrews told the Grand Jury at Carlow that it was very gratifying to find the state of the county continued to be peaceable and satisfactory. The Lord Chief Baron, addressing the Grand Jury at the Derry Assizes, said he had the advantage of having a conference with the respected County Inspector, and he was happy, upon his authority, to inform them that the county was in a normal state of peace and order. Judge Andrews was presented with white gloves in Waterford, and congratulated the Grand Jury on the condition of the county. In Kilkenny there was no business to go before the Grand Jury. Clare, Kerry, Cork, Meath, Donegal, Tyrone, Down, Galway, Roscommon, Mayo, Fermanagh, Tipperary, Cavan, Sligo, and King's County were described by the various judges as being in a most satisfactory condition, and almost exempt from crime.

YOUNGEST PRELATE.

Most Rev. Dr. Duhiq, Bishop of Rockhampton, Queensland, who enjoys the distinction of being the youngest prelate in the world—he is now about 38 years of age—will shortly be the guest of his friend, the Venerable Archbishop Roche, P. P. Glin, Co. Kerry. Dr. Duhiq was born in Broadford, in that county, and when about fourteen years of age emigrated with the other members of his family to Australia. Soon after he commenced his studies for the priesthood, and after a brilliant collegiate course, was ordained. He labored in several parishes, and ultimately was consecrated Bishop.

NOTABLE VISITORS.

Ex-Empress Eugenie, accompanied by Princess de la Mascova, General Sir Thomas Kelly-Kenny, K.C.B., Monsieur Arcos, and Monsieur Petru, has been on a visit to the seat of the Earl of Kenmare. The party drove to Muckross Abbey and thence to the Queen's Cottage at Derryunihy. The hotel boats conveyed them through the Upper Lake, Long Range, shooting the rapids, and visiting Dinis Island, en route. The royal visitor said it was the most enjoyable excursion she had ever had. On July 24th the Most Rev. J. R. Mangan, Bishop of Ardara and Aghadoe, with his Administrator, Very Rev. M. Tuiler, called at the Victoria Hotel, Killarny, and were received by the ex-Empress. In the afternoon the members of the party were conveyed by the royal barge through Lower Lake to Mahony's Point. They were then rowed to Innisfallen Island, Ross Castle, and back to the Victoria Pier.

DEATH OF AGED PRIEST.

Great grief is felt in the locality at the death of the Right Rev. Monsignor Dean Smollon, V.G., P.P., Enniskillen. The venerable clergyman, who had reached the age of eighty-one, had been dean of the diocese of Clogher since the death of Dr. Birmingham a couple of years ago. For many years previously he had been archdeacon of the diocese, and was declared dignus by the votes of the parish priest when selecting a successor to the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly in 1894. The late Dean was chairman of the Tyrone and Fermanagh County Hospital. He was a strong temperance reformer, and was deeply concerned with every thing pertaining to the welfare and improvement of his people. Protestants as well as members of his own flock held him alike in warm esteem. He was in failing health for some years past, but it was thought that he would be spared still for a long time to carry on his clerical labor. Previous to his transference to Enniskillen in 1885, he was parish priest at Clones.

DISCUSSION AROUSED.

Considerable discussion has taken place in Ireland with regard to Mr. John Dillon's speech in London on July 24th. The Conservative Irish and the anti-Catholic press have been trying to make it appear that Mr. Dillon, speaking in the name of the Irish Party, has practically declared war not only on the English and Scottish Bishops and priests, but on all Catholics in Great Britain who are not home rulers. The "Irish Catholic" of Dublin takes the view that the speech was extraordinary, and that it would be interesting to know in a precise degree the number of concessions which would be proposed to allow bishops and clergy of the Church, if he held the same position of authority, in the direction of Irish political and social concerns. As Mr. Briand, for example, occupies in regard to these matters, it winds up a long article on "Enslaving the Church" by expressing the opinion that Mr. Dillon's address was not only anti-clerical but absolutely contrary to both the teaching and the decrees of the Holy See. On the other hand other Catholic papers emphasize the fact that Mr. Dillon's argument was more than anything else that it would be fatal to the Catholic cause if the laity was excluded from the councils of the Catholic party where political questions are concerned, and that

CATHOLICS AND THE PRESS.

ITS POWER APPRECIATED.

Church Makes Headway Where Press is Strong.

The following is a very fine paper by Rev. James Hughes, read at the annual conference of the Catholic Young Men's Societies of Great Britain, at Whitehaven, England. It will prove most interesting. The attitude of Catholics towards the modern press is a subject well worth the consideration of the more thoughtful amongst our young men. Is the modern newspaper, as some would hold, the root of all evils, or is it the source of countless good? The Press is very much what its readers make it. If the readers are thoughtful, pure-minded, honest, faithful, pure-minded, honest, faithful press. If the readers are frivolous, superficial, unchaste, dishonest, and lying, they will bring the press down to their own level.

Now, if one wishes to rouse a person to a higher sense of honor, one can often do this best by thinking kindly of them, and letting them see outwardly manifested that kindly thought. In most men there is more good than evil, and in the press, which is a reflection of the most of men, we shall generally find the goodness outbalanced the evil; and so in speaking of Catholics and the press I would first ask for a proper esteem of the work which it can do. In speaking of the press, I naturally refer to the press as we know it, the press of England to-day. That it has its faults no one can deny. The divorce court reports might well be shortened or suppressed, and their place taken by extracts of a literary or historical character, for what men feed on they acquire a taste for. Gambling news which has been for many a young man the signpost leading him on to folly, to dishonesty, and to ruin, could well be spared. Even the football reports, catering less for those who love the game than for those who are risking money on one of the contending teams, might well be considerably reduced. The hysterical readiness to see an enemy in every bush, and to refuse to other nations the right to see, like ourselves, the motto "Defence, not Defiance," though in ordinary times it may seem only ridiculous, has yet a tendency to plunge us, as it has done before, into unnecessary war.

VIRTUES AS WELL AS FAULTS.

But after reckoning all these faults of the press in England to-day, it is only right to reckon also its virtues. Compare its truthfulness and its respect for the privacy of individuals with the lying gossip which fills so large a portion of the American Press and of some few English newspapers run on American lines. (I think it was Max O'Rell who said that the only thing he ever believed in an American newspaper was the date!) Compare, again, its sense of decency with that of the modern French press, which seems to look at adultery as almost an honor rather than a shame, and when it becomes humorous sees fun only in the stirring up of filth. Take it all in all, we have reason to be grateful that the English press is what it is and to hope that it may not be led to follow too closely in the steps of the Press of neighboring nations. On the whole it is still a Christian Press, and Christian ideas and traditions still rule its Christian workers and enjoy respect for those who worship not the Christian God.

Now, whilst I would ask esteem and courtesy, encouragement and cooperation for the Press in general, and especially for the local press of the town in which we live, on the same principle I would ask a deeper esteem, a fuller courtesy, a kinder encouragement, a more generous cooperation, with our own Catholic Press. "Let us work good to all men," says St. Paul to the Galatians, "but especially to those who are of the household of the Faith." If we take several papers each week, a Catholic paper should be one of them. If we only take one paper in the week, then surely a Catholic paper should be that one. We have to remember that the circulation of the Catholic newspapers is practically limited to Catholics alone, and it is a shame for any Catholic who does not support our Catholic Press. I remember a fervent Catholic once mentioning to me with indignation that in the house of a Catholic friend with a number of grown-up sons he saw lying on the table one Sunday morning no less than eight newspapers, and not a single Catholic paper amongst them!

Even if he and his family have read the Catholic newspaper, it can still do good work.

LEND YOUR PAPER.

There is some well meaning and sincere Protestant friend whose is full of prejudice against Catholicism. To lend him a Catholic newspaper even for one evening will surely him reading Catholic answers to some difficulties and seeing what Catholic teaching is. What an amount of good would be done if an earnest Catholic workman would lend during the six-week nights his Catholic newspaper, to six Protestant friends. It is marvellous what a respect people have for what they see in print. The words of their

Could Not Sleep in the Dark

HEART AND NERVES WERE RESPONSIBLE, SO THE DOCTOR SAID.

There is many a man and woman tossing night after night upon a sleepless bed.

Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system that it cannot be quieted. Mrs. Calvin Stark, Rosmore, Ont., writes:—"About two years ago I began to be troubled with a smothering sensation at night, when I would lie down I got so bad I could not sleep in the dark, and would have to sit up and rub my limbs, they would become so numb. My doctor said my heart and nerves were responsible. I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and got a box to try them. I took three boxes and can now lie down and sleep without the light burning and can rest well. I can recommend them highly to all nervous and run down women."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

friend pass in at one ear and out at the other; but a sermon by some leading Catholic preacher or an article by some distinguished Catholic scientist or historian gives them food for thought. Cardinal Gibbons mentions a striking case of the conversion of a Protestant doctor in North Carolina who knew absolutely nothing about the Church until he read the report of a Catholic sermon. He enquired further, became a Catholic, and through him three hundred others became Catholics, in a place where formerly there was not one. We have to remember that the best way of killing evil is by strengthening good. We must not be satisfied with denouncing bad books or bad newspapers. Let us call attention to good books and good newspapers. There is many a respectable Protestant who would not care for his daughters reading all that comes in the average weekly newspaper; and just as many Protestants send their children to Catholic schools because of their higher moral standard, it would not be very hard to get many a Protestant to take a Catholic newspaper on the same grounds.

ATTACKS MUST BE REFUTED.

Our Catholic young men might also take a more active part in writing to the press. From time to time attacks are made on the Church in local papers, and to leave them unanswered gives others the impression that no answer can be made. Sometimes the clergy may find time to answer these; oftentimes, they find their hands too full to undertake it. The members of our C.Y.M.S., and especially those more intellectual ones who are members of the Literary and Debating sections, should set themselves to deal with this. A series of lectures, followed by discussions, on a number of controverted points would fit them well to deal with these attacks. Take, for instance, a Catholic Truth Society pamphlet, interleave it with a writing paper, give the gist of it as a lecture, and then after the discussion add your personal notes or enquiries. Ask the chaplain or some friendly priest to suggest to you the names of books dealing with the subject; see if those books are in the local library, and if they are not, put their names down in the suggestion book until they are procured. In all these ways we may take up a right attitude towards the Press, striving in every way to increase the power and influence of the Catholic press; for it is beyond all doubt that where the Catholic press is strong and well supported, the Catholic Church makes headway, whilst she is losing ground wherever the Catholic press is divided, timid, or weak. Amongst the great Saints of God there is one particular body to whom the Church gives special honors, and these are the Doctors of the Church. Other Saints, virgins and martyrs, priests and bishops, may have their feast cut down in rank or blotted out altogether in particular years. The Doctors of the Church, even if they keep their feast on some later day, still retain their full rank. Like the Apostles, they have the honor of having the Creed recited in their Mass. These earthly honors from the Church are only a shadow of the far greater honors promised them in heaven. "They that instruct many unto justice shall shine like stars in the firmament for ever." What Chrysostom and Athanasius, what Jerome and Augustine did for the Catholic world sixteen centuries ago, the editors and the writers of our Catholic papers are doing in their own degree to-day; spreading knowledge of the Faith, destroying the darkness of ignorance, and bringing souls day by day nearer to the Truth.—Catholic Herald of India

HOT WEATHER MONTHS KILL LITTLE CHILDREN.

If you want to keep your children rosy, healthy and full of life during the hot weather months give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine prevents deadly summer complaints by cleansing the stomach and bowels; or it cures the trouble promptly if it comes on unexpectedly. The mother who keeps this medicine on hand may feel as safe as if she had a doctor in the home. Mrs. C. C. Roe, Georgetown, Ont., says: "I can heartily recommend Baby's Own Tablets as a great help to baby during the hot summer months. I have used them for summer troubles and am much pleased with the result." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Instability.

Instability is the characteristic of things we see. Neither winter nor summer nor spring nor autumn is permanent; all are running, flying and flowing past. Why should I speak of fading flowers of dignities of kings that are to-day and tomorrow cease to be; of rich men, of magnificent houses, of night and day, of the sun and the moon? For the moon wanes, and the sun is sometimes eclipsed and often darkened with clouds. Of things visible, in short, is there anything that endures forever? Nothing!—no, not anything in us but the soul, and that we neglect.—St. John Chrysostom.

Any time you see a man finding fault with his Catholic paper the chances are ten to one that he hasn't an advertisement in it; five to one he never gave it a job of work, three to one that he does not take the paper; two to one that if he is a subscriber he is delinquent; even more that he never does anything to assist the publisher to run a good paper; and forty to one that he is the most eager to see the paper when it comes out.

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Sale of Ancient Mosaicry.

The famous old rectory at Caversham, England, is about to be sold. It is full of historical interest, for it was the gift of Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey. Before the dissolution of the monasteries, the church and tithes of Caversham belonged to the Augustinian Abbey of Notley, and from 1160 to 1538 all the rectors of Caversham were canons of the establishment. When Notley surrendered the rectory it passed into lay hands. It possesses a mulberry tree court and several other features only to be found in very ancient residences.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

AD GATHERING PLACE. All our thoughts of streets of pearl and dazzling light, wings and robes of white, all strange to mortal eyes.

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The True Witness

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THE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us NOT LATER than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

Correspondence intended for publication must have name of writer enclosed, not necessarily for publication but as a mark of good faith, otherwise it will not be published.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST SOLICITED.

IN vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

I heartily believe that you encourage this excellent work. PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909.

SIGNS OF AWAKENING.

All who, for one reason or another, are interested in the changing condition of the Church of France, cannot fail to notice that there are signs on all sides that the Catholics of that country are awakening to the necessity of fighting; while it is pleasant to hear from men of sense and education who have lately returned from a visit in the land of St. Louis, that we may be assured our finding is correct.

Of course, a blow that necessarily means very much, especially through the moral effects it must have surely produced, was the overthrow of ugly little Clemenceau. The daily papers do not say more than they want to, as to what the fall means for the Church: they could not be expected to be either able or willing to grapple with such a question. Nor is it possible the Jews who control the Associated Press are going to permit editors of money-scheme journals to form a straight opinion, when Israel, backed by heathendom and hellum, may easily control what is given to the man at the end of the wire.

Among minor happenings that illustrated our meaning, we may cite the case of three hundred students attending the Lycee Charlemagne, a state institution of France. The three hundred contributed towards a fund to provide an ex-voto commemorative of the Joan of Arc's battle-colors. What is more, a delegation of fifteen among them waited on Mgr. Amette, Archbishop of Paris, to request him to bless the ex-voto, and have it hung from the vault of Notre Dame. It is well to remember that their object is to repair the insults Prof. Thalmas, of their school, offered the name and memory of the holy Maid of Orleans.

FATHER TYRRELL AGAIN.

The daily newspapers, especially over in England, were astray, as could be expected, concerning the death of Father Tyrrell. The London Times thought it had been exceptionally favored, when Miss Maude D. Petre sent it a communication over the priest's dying hours and death. It was not hard, however, for those who have read Miss Petre's "Catholicism and Independence," to think there was something crooked in the matter. It seems strange, too, that both she and Baron Von Hugel should have tried to do their best for the priest just when his speech had left him! The would never heard of such wonderful charity before! It had to come from England!

In her note to the Times (in which note she exhibits her well-known pride and vanity), Miss Petre practically placed the distinguished Prior of Storrington,

Very Rev. Father F. Xavier, C.R.P., in a very awkward position, all to suit her holy fancy, it would seem, as well as to have the world think poor Father Tyrrell had died without having had anything to recant of what he had written. Between Von Hugel and herself, it is nearly safe to say, a clever game was played; but, whatever the ruse and its shadows, not even honest rationalists will be fully reconciled to the thought that Father Tyrrell willingly died the way Miss Petre says he did.

Father Xavier had to write and explain his stand in the case. As a result, Miss Petre, notwithstanding her title to Catholic nobility of old standing, appears in the very unenviable role of one trying to so manage hours and circumstances as to prevent Father Tyrrell from having priestly help and succor, just at the time when he, seemingly, would have wanted it. We hate to think she realized what she was doing, even to the extent only of what the Prior found wrong; for it is plain that, if she was instrumental in keeping back Father Tyrrell's last message from the world, hers has become a terrific responsibility, perhaps, and more than very probably. She ought not to feel proud of the prominence she gave herself.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC EXTENSION.

The Canadian Extension Society of the Catholic Church is young, very young; its existence is reckoned but in days, weeks, months—not years. Yet there it is, strongly started and thoroughly at work. Already it has helped many a poor missionary, and borne solace and comfort to far more than a few struggling missions. Like its American forerunner, it gives promise of working marvels of good beyond ever what the heartiest optimist could have deemed possible a decade ago. But, then, strong men direct the work; and it is the honor and privilege of Prince Edward Island to be able to reclaim them both. The Diocese of Charlottetown gave them to the Church. Very Rev. Dr. Kelly is president of the American Society, and Very Rev. Dr. Burke of the Canadian. Both are young men, but both are exceptionally endowed men, who have turned the gifts of God into astoundingly good use. Their island home may well feel proud of them.

If the two good priests may succeed as they want to succeed, Catholic people must grow interested in the work; they must learn to contribute. Those who are rich can give much, but every little counts. Even a cent, a solitary cent, will do its tiny share of good. There are souls being lost to the Church and Christ, for want of a little help on the part of the faithful who are in cities, towns, or villages where all the benefits of the Church are available at will.

Soon, are we told, both a preparatory seminary and a theological school are to be opened in connection with the work of Canadian Extension. May they and all the works of the Society and its American namesake thrive a thousandfold. Toronto and Chicago have been particularly blessed, in becoming America's mission centres.

AN UNFORTUNATE PARAGRAPH.

In the account of an interview concerning a judge's opinion on how the Montreal Prison for Women is managed and controlled, there appears an unfortunate paragraph. Thanks to the man who wrote it, we learn, if you please, that "over fifty of the nuns in the convent of Sherbrooke street,—of the Good Shepherd,—are graduates of the female (?) jail, who have been reformed and who have taken the veil."

Now, whether jails be either male or female, it still remains true that, if that paragraph was let go through un molested, either the one who wrote it, or the one who found in it nothing objectionable, hardly displays more knowledge, in doing so, than would the Mayor of Tierra-del-Fuego, on the question of nuns and nunneries. For, taken as they read, the words are surcharged with innuendo of a pitiful nature; and we feel sure all the bigots who read the paper must have stroked their beards, or, at least, have bitten the ends of their broken teeth off, in joy and holy oomph.

The fifty girls or women of whom the writer means to speak are not "full-fledged nuns," they are simply sincere penitents who have elected to spend their days behind convent walls, under the guidance and protection of "full-fledged" nuns. They do not teach. They do not wear the habit of the religious. They live by themselves, and lead holy, oh! very holy, lives in the seclusion

of the cloister. No girl may become a nun, a "full-fledged" nun, unless she can prove, beyond a doubt, that while in the midst of the world, she had always been pure and good. The point is clear.

We do not like the word "graduates" in the offending paragraph, for it awfully and awkwardly precludes a thorough chance to prove good faith. The late editor Braun had his own ideas about those who could belittle nuns.

THE END OF THE END.

Aristide Briand, the new Prime Minister of France, and director of the comedy company that rules over France, has now to face a critical problem and solve it successfully: the blackguard atheists want the name of Almighty God taken out of the formula of oath-taking. They have sent Briand their order in the form of a petition. "Considering," they say, "that the word 'God,' inserted in the oath demanded of jurors, wounds the conscience of many citizens, who are now enfranchised from all Deistic beliefs, we request that this be stricken out of the legal oath." Hell is rejoicing over the news, and it expects Briand and all of the "Bloc" to do their duty towards Satan, Clemenceau's father, if we are to believe the statesmonkeys just fallen from power.

The oath will go, but what will become of France? It was easy to become Catholic schools, easy to banish priests and monks and nuns, easy to rob and lie and plunder, easy to drive the name "God" out of the schools, easy to put the whole fools' programme through. But did the fiends pushed on by the stinky lodges (that do their life's noblest work in an under-cellar) ever dream the oath would have to go? They knew all along that they were neither honest nor logical—but the oath!

And there it is: the end of the end! When Briand will have acted as the filthy Followers of the Goat will force him to act, France will have to rank among the civilized nations of Europe as the foolishly criminal country unable to properly conduct and ensure the proceedings of even a police court. Logic is the "Bloc's" worst enemy. Religion has failed to frighten them. God is merciful. But the people are beginning to see that the end of the end is come.

BY WHAT RIGHT?

The Presbyterian Witness (Pictou, N.S.) is up in arms against Dr. Eliot and his "new religion," and we are glad to note the fact. Moreover, for some time past, "Prophet" Dowie, Mother Eddy, and "New Theology" Campbell, of London, have been taken to task weekly by the self-same pages weekly; and, all along, we have been glad to note the like, too. But there arises a question in the midst of all; and so, we ask the editor of the Presbyterian Witness what right he has to blame anybody for having founded, or for trying to found, a new religion. To what religion does the editor belong? To the Church of Christ? No. To the Church of Ages? No. To what one, then? To a religion, we answer, founded by a man, and not by Jesus, God made man. We know that Eliot, Mary Eddy, Dowie, etc., and Campbell are astray; but, even if they are, they have as much right to start a new religion as old Calvin, Mr. Luther, or old Jack Knox had. They have as much right to swear away nine-tenths of the Revelation, as the blackguard Reformers had. And that is no right at all. We are gratified, however, to know and feel that the editor is willing to save what he has of the Revelation, gratified to notice that even preachers are rising against religious fakirs. The whole bubble will surely burst; or, to be more exact, all the bubbles will. If once a man gets into his head he can take the place of Christ, and if the venture proves a good business success, he need not be surprised if told that hundreds will try the game.

'T WILL NEVER DO.

It is truly regrettable to see how some Catholic weeklies in our province seem bound to keep up national bickering along religious lines, and it is deplorably scandalous to notice, too, how easily the names of priests and bishops are drawn into the mire and mud of every cock-fight for supremacy. It would seem there are enough foul pens at work discussing candles, school books, and cassocks, so many indeed, that the columns of no Catholic weekly, truly such, should be open to every little intellectual stripping who believes he has a message for the world. We may rest assured that a like mode of procedure does the work of Satan and his leprous agents, to perfection. The True Witness would go out of

business before it would prostitute its type and paper to the blasphemous extent of lecturing the clergy. Unfortunately, national differences will arise; old issues will not settle down in a day; nor will petty squib-writers renew the face of the earth, with their poor literary baggage and poorer logic. From some of the articles we have read, at times, in papers that deem themselves beyond reproach, to the lecherous columns of the unclean weekly, there is not much more than a good step. If grievances there are, there is a way to remedy them; but the true way, for a sincere Catholic, is not staked after the fashions of ridiculous upstarts. It is about time the nonsense should stop. The harm done the ordinary reader is simply soul-killing in the outcome. There is room in Canada for justice and equity, but there is no place, however, for national cock-fights in the name of religion.

FICTION AND FACT.

Our friend the Daily Witness has opened a special department in its Saturday issue under the title "The Jewish World," interesting to the general readers in a way. In a recent issue a paragraph appeared stating that, what would be an immolation indeed had occurred. In the Roman Catholic Church of Our Father, Detroit, a Jewish Rabbi had preached by special invitation upon a non-controversial subject! Upon investigation we learn from a Detroit Correspondent that the story is a fabrication. The Church in question being Universalist a sect founded by one John Murray at Gloucester, New Jersey in 1774.

Echoes and Remarks.

The world is full of martyrs. Half of it is always worrying itself to death over the other half.

A revised edition of the pamphlet dealing with His Worshipful Majesty T. Augustine Dwyer, B.A., Supreme Ruler of the Exalted Order of Fakirs, may be had at the office of the New World, Chicago.

T. Augustine Dwyer, B.A., has a record of which even old Chiniquy would have felt proud. Dwyer was never a priest, however. His literary success has been so strongly felt that the Canadian Post Office authorities have barred his products from the mails, lest the baggage cars might become contaminated with the germs of leprosy.

If "La Nouvelle France" people will look up some numbers of theirs of a few years ago, we are afraid they will find that Thomas Augustine Dwyer's contributions to their pages were, very likely, translations by a third party of what T.A.D. had stolen from a second, Dwyer pilfers especially from the best of writers.

It is funny how some of the letter-writers to the Saturday edition of the Daily Witness like to meddle with matters beyond their ken and reason. One poor fellow, a short time ago, so wrote as to prove he does not know the difference between a true Bishop and an Anglican prelate. Anglican clergymen are good, very good, men; but they are neither priests nor bishops. Even a Presbyterian fire-eater ought to know that.

Our bright contemporary, the New Freeman, of St. John, N.B., has published a full report of Very Rev. Dr. Thompson's lecture, before the Antigonish Catholic Summer School which lecture dealt with the difficult subject of "Capital and Labor." Dr. Thompson was formerly rector of the University of St. Francis Xavier, the ambitious and successful institution, under whose auspices the Summer School is held. We hope the lecture will be reprinted and published in pamphlet form.

Among others who did not like Bishop McFaul's arraignment of certain godless universities must be the scores of so-called Catholic brats who, by hook or by crook, will not agree to go to a Catholic school, lest, at such a place, they might be forced to go to confession, and thus cease to be the enlightened cannibals they have begun to be. There are scores of such good-for-nothings abroad, but they seldom reach proficiency enough to be able to write a legend on a signboard requesting that dogs be kept off the grass—at least, correctly.

Now, that Dr. Eliot has thought out a new religion, he has joined the ranks of the Amalgamated Federation of Pious Bankers. His name must now rank with those of Dowie, Mother Eddy, Horner, Campbell, Prof. Booth, and Mrs. Tingley. The faithful throughout Canada, in

YOUNG MEN

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accordance with the wishes and behests of our chief pastors, should pray hard, especially during the holy sacrifice of the Mass, in order to bring God's blessing down upon the work and deliberations of the National Church Council. Quebec, as we know, is where the Fathers will meet; and it is well and fitting that the cradle-city of Canadian faith should have been chosen. Momentous questions will be discussed, and telling measures of good resolved upon for the Church's welfare. As true children of Holy Mother we should be, therefore, heartily and soulfully interested in what makes for the further weight, influence and importance of God's Kingdom.

CHILDREN AND READING.

It is an old truth that parents, especially mothers, love their children. But there is love and love. If a parent really bears the affection he or she should towards the children God gave them, surely the children's eternal welfare will be a concern of the first order on the part of father and mother. And yet, parents think nothing of letting youngsters hardly emancipated a year from the apron run about the streets at all hours and in all kinds of doubtful company. At school the child learns to read, and then there soon follows in his or her heart a longing for newspapers of all descriptions, but especially for the ugly sheets illustrated in tar, ochre, and Indian red. Can children even handle such stuff without being inoculated with the virus of moral dirt? Can even many a polished daily be put in their hands, with stories of scandal and infamy, with accounts of murder and rapine? The old people often remark, nowadays, that the youngsters are sorely proficient in all questions pertaining to evil and corruption. But where do they learn it all? Where? In the daily newspaper, to begin with, the daily newspaper, which, for them, is simply a stepping-stone to Nick Carter and the Police Gazette, and then come Damozel Corelli and the horde of worm-artists. True that no city in the world has cleaner dailies than has Quebec or Montreal; yet columns of newspaper reports were never meant for boys of thirteen or fourteen or for old women of fifteen. We need good dailies; grown-up people need them for more than one reason. We need a Catholic weekly, too. Rest assured that the families whose boys and girls read trash seldom or never think of a Catholic paper before one of the boys enters jail triumphantly.

The press despatches tell us that the Pope has examined Doctor Eliot's new religion. Another despatch will, in all probability, appear later, to the effect that the Holy Father has something else to occupy his leisure moments.

The evidence of Mr. Leopold Copee intimates that when the aldermen select from among their friends gentlemen to serve the city as paving inspectors, foremen and the like, they are not always happy in their choice. He told us, for instance, that a baker was chosen to act as road inspector and that a clerk who could not hold a hammer was appointed foreman in a quarry. Now if the baker had much previous professional experience with good paving material, he must have been a very bad baker, indeed, and no one need be surprised that he was out of a job. As for the clerk in charge of a quarry, he must have been "stone broke" before he took to breaking stone.—Herald.

It may be that, like the landlord in Bill Nye's book, the baker kneaded the money.

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LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

When over the fair fame of friend or foe The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so, Let something good be said. Forget not that no fellow-being yet May fall so low but love may lift his head; Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet. If something good be said. No generous heart may vainly turn aside In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead But may awaken strong and glorified, If something good be said. And so I charge, by the thorny crown And by the cross on which the Savior bled, And by your own soul's hope of fair renown, Let something good be said. —James Whitcomb Riley.

Famous French Basilica Threatened.

Towards the end of 1906, the prefect of the Seine placed the basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre under sequestration. At that time the late Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, appealed from this decision to the Council of State. The affair came up again recently. The attorney for the archbishop insisted that the church was erected by popular subscriptions from all parts of France, and reminded the court that the belfry did not come under the law of sequestration, and it would cost a million francs to purchase it. The decision of the court was deferred for some time, but it looks as if Montmartre was not to escape the fate of so many other of the churches of France.

Abbe... that "play" gish liver. Abbe... diate relief gives new... cious rem... eating or... particular... 25 cts.

Celtic

(Continued) posing celebrati... the rising gen... the noble lesso... tude bequeath... neers of Ireland... country. Let me, therefo... explain to you... your monument... you have erecte... morium to perp... a notable event... bill that comm... of the mighty S... A BLES... It is the cross... our redemption... the dying pilgr... senses in extrom... them for the... loved the grave... laid for eterna... age of the cross... hold in the Hea... of time, the... to call to their... "those that hav... Holy Scripture... this cemetery. It is the Celti... Ireland, of Pat... the cross for... suffered, bled a... cross of granite... the faith of wh... This cross is... of French Cana... the river discov... tal Jacques... should remind y... peas itself. A... France, the the... tion, befriended... saints and sage... listed in her gl... of the valiant s... nation,—some... brought fame... when dire neces... fathers from the... it was on the s... speaking province... them were well... and treated as... and members of... THE HERO... It behooves m... a familiar pag... mind you of the... those priests wh... of the Archbish... Joseph Signay... sistance of the... grants. Of tha... the majority w... dian nationality... zealous directio... McGauran, of b... archives of my... most touching p... voteness, and... in the perform... duties. "I can assure... writes Father M... ver, in all my l... consolation. Th... sick and dying s... My venerable... See of Quebec... then a youthful... same strain: "M... says, "is for no... sooner, and my... have to leave th... A TOKEN O... Are not such... thy echo of the... die Superbund... tribulations no... abound with joy... tion. History has r... of those of our... heroic times, pai... the privilege of... and gave to the... evidence of a "1... which no man h... This cross will... down to posterit... Writ says, "as... on flintstone."... stand aloft as a... attitude towards... at their life's p... of your forefath... of eternity. Let... the grateful tr... orphans, most o... come to the h... Canadian provi... the least-w... tion as those o... and who becam... and pride of the... Let the cross... of that union th... together those v... him of faith, b... sons of one Fat...

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**Celtic Cross to Tell
 of Sad Irish Chapter.**

(Continued from Page 1.)
 posing celebration? They, too, wish
 the rising generation to remember
 the noble lesson of Christian fortitude
 bequeathed them by the pio-
 neers of Ireland's exodus to this
 country.

Let me, therefore, in a few words,
 explain to you the symbolism of
 your monument, of this great sign
 you have erected ad futuram rei me-
 moriam to perpetuate the memory of
 a notable event on the brow of this
 hill that commands a glorious view
 of the mighty St. Lawrence.

A BLESSED SIGN.
 It is the cross, the instrument of
 our redemption, whose sign blessed
 the dying pilgrims, absolved their
 senses in extremum, and hal-
 lowed the graves wherein they were
 laid for eternal rest; it is the im-
 age of the cross which they will be-
 hold in the Heavens when, at the
 end of time, the Redeemer will come
 to call to their everlasting reward
 "those that have slept," as says the
 Holy Scripture, those who are in
 this cemetery.

This is the Celtic Cross, the cross of
 Ireland, of Patrick, of Columbkille,
 the cross for which your martyrs
 suffered, bled and died. It is a
 cross of granite, indestructible as
 the faith of which it is the emblem.
 This cross is planted on the soil
 of French Canada, on the banks of
 the river discovered by the immor-
 tal Jacques Cartier. This fact
 should remind you that history re-
 peats itself. As, in days gone by,
 France, the then most Christian na-
 tion, befriended and honored the
 saints and sages of Ireland, and en-
 listed in her glorious armies many
 of the valiant sons of your Catholic
 nation,—some of whose descendants
 brought fame to Canada—likewise,
 when dire necessity drove your fore-
 fathers from the land of their birth
 it was on the shores of the French-
 speaking province that numbers of
 them were welcomed and harbored
 and treated as brothers in Christ,
 and members of the same household.

THE HEROIC PRIESTS.
 It behoves me not to repeat here
 a familiar page of annals, nor to re-
 mind you of the heroic charity of
 those priests who, at the bidding
 of the Archbishop of Quebec, Mgr.
 Joseph Signay, hastened to the as-
 sistance of the fever-stricken im-
 migrants. Of that missionary band
 the majority were of French-Can-
 adian nationality. Eagerly they
 joined their Irish confreres under the
 zealous direction of Father Fernand
 McGauran, of beloved memory. The
 archaurs of his house reveal the
 most touching proofs of their de-
 voteness, and of their cheerfulness
 in the performance of their trying
 duties.

"I can assure you, my Lord,"
 writes Father McGauran, "that I never,
 in all my life, experienced such
 consolation. The blessings of the
 sick and dying soothe all my pains."
 My venerable predecessor on the
 See of Quebec, Cardinal Taschereau,
 then a youthful priest, writes in the
 same strain: "My only regret," he
 says, "is for not having come here
 sooner, and my only dread is to
 have to leave this island."

A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE.
 Are not such declarations a worthy
 echo of the words of the Apostle:
 Superabundo gaudis in omni
 tribulatione nostra. I exceedingly
 abound with joy in all our tribulation.

History has recorded the names
 of those of our priests who, in those
 heroic times, paid with their lives
 the privilege of their sacred calling,
 and gave to their afflicted brethren
 evidence of a "love greater than
 which no man hath."

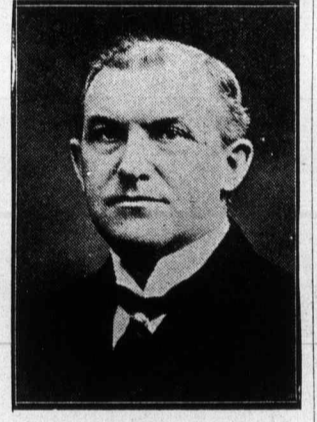
This cross will bear their names
 down to posterity, graven, as Holy
 Writ says, "as with an instrument
 on flintstone." Let it, therefore,
 stand aloft as a token of your gra-
 titude towards the missionaries who
 at their life's peril fortified the souls
 of your forefathers on the threshold
 of eternity. Let it shine forth as
 the grateful tribute of those 600
 orphans, most of whom were wel-
 comed to the homes of our French-
 Canadian province and treated—
 some the least—with the same affec-
 tion as those of their own blood,
 and who became later the flower
 and pride of their adoptive country.
 Let the cross stand as the symbol
 of that union that should ever bind
 together those who are of one bap-
 tism of faith, because they are all
 sons of one Father, God, of one Mo-

field from Dunkirk to Fontenoy they
 proved their appreciation and loyal-
 ty to France, and so we can say
 to-day to the French people of Can-
 ada that the scattered and exiled
 Irish race has not forgotten the
 kindly assistance and support given
 by them to our dying kindred dur-
 ing the famine years of '47 and '48.

FROM A MOTHER'S LIPS:
 I have heard the story of the fam-
 ine from my mother's lips, the sad-
 dening and maddening story, people
 dying by dozens on the road side,
 while the proselytizer traveled
 among them offering food and cloth-
 ing to all who would deny their
 faith, but English statistics prove
 that not more than one in ten thou-
 sand denied their faith, but on the
 contrary died martyrs, having refused
 food and clothing to be had at the
 expense of denying their religion.
 For sixty-two years this grave con-
 taining the remains of twelve thou-
 sand of our race and blood has re-
 mained unmarked and practically
 uncare for.

In the year 1900 your good Fa-
 ther Maguire and the other delegates
 from Quebec who attended the Na-
 tional Convention of the Ancient
 Order of Hibernians at Boston
 brought the matter to the attention
 of the Convention and asked to have
 a suitable Celtic cross erected here
 at this grave.

At that time our organization was
 not in a position to accede to their
 request, but at the last National
 Convention, be it said to the credit
 and honor of the Ancient Order of
 Hibernians in America, it was vot-
 ed unanimously to appropriate \$5000
 to be expended by the National Of-
 ficers for that purpose. To-day we
 are here assembled to unveil and
 dedicate this magnificent Celtic cross
 to the memory of those poor Irish
 immigrants who were hunted like
 wild beasts from their native land
 and who died victims of pestilence
 and fever on this bleak island, far
 from the land they loved, far from



HON. CHAS. MURPHY,
 Secretary of State.

A WORD TO IRISHMEN.
 In sobriety, in industry, in every
 self-respect, in honest pride of manly
 thing that an honest man ought to
 be proud of—in all these and in re-
 spects for the laws of our respective
 country lies the secret of your hon-
 or and mine and of our national ex-
 istence. Let Irishmen in Canada, in
 the United States, in the whole
 world, be faithful, be Catholic, be
 practical, be temperate, be indus-
 trious, be obedient to the law, be
 respectful to the flags under which
 we live, fight for them, if needs be,
 die for them—be all this and the
 day will come, with the blessing of
 God, upon you and me when the ex-
 iles and we, the sons and daughters
 of the Exile of Erin, will live to see
 the hope and aspirations of those
 dear departed fulfilled, and we will
 see a glorious, a free and an unfet-
 tered Ireland.

THE BEST TRADITION.
 In the erection of this monument
 our organization has lived up to its
 best traditions. It has fulfilled a
 duty it owed to the memory of those
 poor exiles who died here seeking
 shelter from the misery that was
 forced upon them. By this act we
 demonstrate to the world that here
 in America we have not forgotten
 our kindred who died the victims of
 a Government made famine sixty-
 two years ago.

That terrible famine scattered the
 Irish people to every corner of the
 earth. Lady Wilde wrote at that
 time:
 A million, a decade, what does it
 mean?
 A nation dying of inner decay,
 A churchyard silence where life hath
 been
 The base of the pyramid crumbling
 away
 A drift of men gone over the sea,
 A drift of the dead where men
 should be.

POOR OLD IRELAND.
 Here are the fever sheds where
 those poor people died and you are
 now looking at the rocks that the
 gifted poet mentioned in her sad
 verses. The flower of Irish man-
 hood and womanhood were forced
 to leave their native land to seek
 a living on foreign shores, and from
 1860 up to the present day a half
 million a decade have sailed from
 Ireland. The first five months of
 the present year nearly twenty thou-
 sand young men and women emi-
 grated from the old land. Poor old
 Ireland is sad and lonely, almost
 every family is scattered and sepa-
 rated, but wherever the people go
 they carry with them the faith of
 their ancestors, and respect amount-
 ing to veneration for the Catholic
 priesthood. Whenever you find a
 dozen Irish families you will find a
 Catholic Church with its cross
 pointing heavenward symbolic of
 man's redemption.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE.
 Hon. Charles Murphy was given
 an ovation upon rising to speak.
 He said he wished to premise his re-

marks by reading a message which
 he had received, and which was as
 follows: "Vancouver, B.C., Aug.
 13, 1909.—Hon. Charles Murphy,
 Secretary of State, Ottawa.—Our
 grandmother, Mrs. Graham, county
 of Louth or Antrim, was one of the
 Grosse Isle victims. Ten dollars
 for flowers to place on the monu-
 ment to victims. James Harrison
 Brownlee, Arthur Graham Brownlee,
 Mrs. Stanton." While those people
 were, like many others who found
 death at this place, not of our re-
 ligion, yet like Robert Emmett,
 Charles Stewart Parnell and others,
 they yielded not one jot in their
 admiration and love for the Irish
 home land. The present occasion
 was one of pathetic and historic in-
 terest—pathetic in that it recalls a
 terrible incident, and historic in
 that it not only bridges the past
 with the present, but also marks a
 new era in Irish history. Hon. Mr.
 Murphy made a brief but eloquent
 reference to the famine which result-
 ed in the starving people crowding
 into ships rank with malignant germs.
 He pictured with striking phrase the
 horrors of the plague-smitten ships
 and the sufferings of the emigrants,
 those who survived the ocean voy-
 age only to die on the shores of
 Grosse Isle by the thousands.

FRENCH-CANADIAN SYMPATHY.
 The sympathies of the French-Can-
 adians, who out of their great
 charity adopted the greater part
 of the orphans of Grosse Isle, created
 a bond of friendship which can never
 cease. Mr. Murphy then referred
 to the work of the clergy and said
 that while no special monument
 or tablet told the world of their
 brave deeds, their memory is en-
 shrined in the hearts of the Irish
 throughout the world. The A.O.H.
 had earned the gratitude of the Irish
 race for the erection of this Celtic
 cross. He had the pleasure of
 being associated with the Canadian
 Government in the erection of this
 monument, and he wished to be as-
 sociated in another movement. Clergy
 of all denominations had laid
 down their lives in ministering to
 the wants of the fever victims. Was
 not another duty laid upon the Irish
 race? He suggested that the A.O.
 H. take charge of the erection of
 another monument to the Catholic
 and Protestant clergy, who had laid
 down their lives. He said that if
 such a movement was inaugurated,
 he would ask to be allowed to be
 associated with it by a gift of \$100.
 The present monument would im-
 press in many ways, one of the
 greatest of which would be the
 stranger who sailed up the St. Law-
 rence would realize that this is a
 land of liberty and a land of brother-
 hood.

CHIEF JUSTICE PAYS TRIBUTE.
 Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Jus-
 tice of the Supreme Court of Can-
 ada, said he had come to express
 his testimony of honor to the mem-
 ory of those who had died within
 a few feet of where they stood. Sec-
 ondly, to show forth his faith in
 the communion of souls, and thirdly
 to testify his recognition of the
 great work of the A.O.H., who had
 saved the Irish race from a lasting
 disgrace. He paid a high tribute to
 the Catholic and Protestant clergy
 who labored among the fever vic-
 tims, names which will ever receive
 all honor, and which include the
 names of so many French-Canadian
 martyrs. An Irishman never for-
 gets and their names are engraved
 on something more durable than a
 granite shaft or a marble tablet. He
 would like to add to those already
 mentioned, the names of the Sisters
 of Charity of Montreal, who died
 to testify his recognition of the
 great work of the A.O.H., who had
 saved the Irish race from a lasting
 disgrace. He paid a high tribute to
 the Catholic and Protestant clergy
 who labored among the fever vic-
 tims, names which will ever receive
 all honor, and which include the
 names of so many French-Canadian
 martyrs. An Irishman never for-
 gets and their names are engraved
 on something more durable than a
 granite shaft or a marble tablet.

AT THE MONUMENT.
 A number of handsome wreaths
 were placed on the monument during
 the course of the ceremony, includ-
 ing one from the A.O.H., one from
 the Provincial Government, one
 from St. Jean Baptiste Society of
 Quebec, one from the St. Jean Bap-
 tiste Society of Montreal and one
 from the Brownlee family of Vancou-
 ver.

The proceedings at the monument
 closed with the singing of "God
 Save Ireland," led by Mr. Lawrence
 Fitzhenry and accompanied by the
 band. The Hibernian Knights and
 Cadets again acted as a guard of
 honor around the monument.

THE MONUMENT.
 The monument stands on Telegraph
 Hill, the highest point on Grosse
 Isle. It is constructed of grey gra-
 nite and is 48 feet high, surmounted
 by a Celtic cross. The cross faces
 the St. Lawrence, and can be seen
 from a great distance from the
 decks of all steamers proceeding up
 and down the river. It is a most
 imposing and impressive structure,
 and, while a fitting commemoration
 of the sad and terrible events of
 which the island was at one time
 a witness, it reflects the greatest
 credit upon the Ancient Order of
 Hibernians, through whose patriotic

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effort it has been raised.

THE COMMITTEE.
 The arrangements for the erection of the monument was carried out by a joint committee of the National Board and the local organization in Quebec, and which was composed as follows:
 National Board—Mr. Matthew Cummings, National President; Rev. J. J. Kennedy, National Director and Mr. C. J. Foy, National Director for Canada.
 Local Committee—Father Maguire, J. Gallagher, D. Coveney, T. J. Murphy, P. Ward, P. W. Brown, W. T. Egan, Jos. Shields, J. W. M. Wallace, Jas. Donovan, E. A. Bartterton, R. Timmons, D. McGlory, J. E. Walsh, Jos. Ahern, M. Arkinson, J. W. McDermott, Wm. Murphy, J. J. Boyce, W. Delany, J. Brown, R. H. Hartley, M. Labbe, G. Mulcair, P. Hanrahan, J. A. Collier, E. Reynolds, P. Hogan, P. Kirwin.

INSCRIPTIONS ON MONUMENT.
 1st Inscription.—Sacred to the memory of thousands of emigrants, who, to preserve the faith, suffered hunger and exile, in 1847-48, and stricken with fever, ended here their sorrowful pilgrimage.
 Erected by the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America and dedicated Feast of the Assumption, 1909.
 2nd Inscription.—Thousands of the children of the God were lost on this island while fleeing from foreign tyrannical laws and an artificial famine in the years 1847-48.
 God Bless Them.
 This stone was erected to their memory and in honor of them by the Gaels of America.
 God Save Ireland.
 French Inscription.—"A la pieuse mémoire de milliers d'Irlandais qui, pour garder la foi, souffrirent la faim et l'exil, et victimes de typhus, finissent ici leur douloureux pèlerinage, consolés et fortifiés par le prêtre Canadien.
 Ceux qui sèment dans les larmes moisseront dans la joie.—Ps. xxv, 5.
MEMORIAL TABLET.
 Friends who voluntarily minister-

YOUR DANGER BEGINS WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES.

It is the First and the Sure Sign of Kidney Disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills

care the aching back by curing the aching kidneys beneath—for it is really the kidneys aching and not the back.

They act directly on the kidneys and make them strong and healthy, thereby causing pure blood to circulate throughout the whole system.

Mrs. Frank Fox, Woodside, N.B., writes:—"I was a great sufferer with backache for over a year, and could get nothing to relieve me until I took some boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and now I do not feel any pain whatever, and can eat and sleep well; something I could not do before."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.50 at all druggists or sent direct on receipt of price by The Doan Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



THE ALPHABET SHOP.

A queer little man kept an alphabet shop, And out from his counter, hippy-hop, He danced until he was ready to drop...

THE ANIMAL SCHOOL.

Did you ever hear of the animal school? No? Then I will tell you about it. Miss Willow was the teacher, and the reason she was chosen was why do you suppose? Because she had so many switches about...

can get at it. 6. Boys who drive donkeys or horses should remember that they must go slowly when they have loads to drag, and that the poor animals are made of flesh and blood...

THE PURPLE GOWN.

(By Helen Augusta Moses, in The Leader.)

"Have you noticed Miss O'Connor's gown?" asked Margaret Conroy of the group of girls with whom she was leaving St. Mary's one afternoon in late October.

ting for the first time that Margaret had two large ones in her lap. "O, some coxes and a box of Huelers," was the careless answer; "hope the roses won't freeze."

"Why didn't you wear your coat?" he asked sharply, "you wore it this morning. I thought you had more sense!" Her guardian was worried and consequently cross.

"I didn't think it was so cold," stammered Margaret, blushing. The doctor looked puzzled; but he only touched Captain lightly with the whip, saying: "Well, be more careful next time; and you can soon warm yourself; we have only half a mile farther."

In a few moments Margaret saw a low, red farmhouse, at the gate of which Captain stopped of his own accord.

No one answered the doctor's rap; so he opened the door, and Margaret found herself in a large, old-fashioned room. It was very bare, and would have been uninviting, if the large stove had not glowed with a welcome light.

To the shivering Margaret it looked delightful, and with a little squeal of joy she held her hands out toward it.

Leaving her to warm herself, the doctor left; and Margaret heard him go upstairs and enter the room over head. For a few moments she heard the murmur of voices, then an exclamation of surprise, and hurried footsteps.

Some one was coming downstairs—it was not her guardian's step, and Margaret was wondering what she ought to say; when the door opened, and—no, it couldn't be—yet there was the identical purple gown, only carefully covered with a check-bib apron.

Poor Margaret was so astonished, she could only stare; but fortunately Miss O'Connor was too nervous and pleased to notice. Her usually pale face was flushed; and even in her amazement Margaret noticed that she looked prettier than she had ever seen her.

Miss O'Connor came forward, saying delightedly: "Dear Miss Conroy, you do not know what a charming surprise this is! I am so glad to see you—and so will little Marie."

Margaret never could remember what she said or did till she found herself upstairs.

"See, Marie," began the doctor, "here is a—"

But at the sight of Margaret holding out the bunch of roses, Marie could not wait, but screamed with delight. And Margaret forgot Miss O'Connor—her guardian—got everything, except that Marie had never walked a step in all her life—and never could.

The candies Marie only tasted, but the flowers she couldn't stop looking at and talking about.

When Dr. Conroy finally said that this time Margaret really must go—she must not tease—Marie begged that the "pretty girl would come again soon and tell more stories."

And not until Margaret had faithfully promised to come could they coax her to loose her new friend's hand. Poor little Marie—she was not quite five years old.

While Margaret stood getting thoroughly warmed before starting out, Miss O'Connor brought a big shawl. "Really, Miss Conroy," she insisted, "you must wear this home. It is a fearful fire, and you are not made for it. And you have such a beautiful fur-lined coat!"

Margaret Conroy, on a bitter cold day, only wore a short jacket and small fur collar, when she had a long coat—with collar and cuffs, and lining of fur.

As the doctor watched them, he remembered saying: "You must promise not to ridicule their clothes, Margaret," and the hurt look that came into her great brown eyes. And he knew why Margaret, not only had changed her coat, but had worn her oldest dress and hat.

Her guardian saw all this for the first time, and knew that it was the greatest sacrifice she knew how to make; and that his rich, spoiled little ward had a kinder heart than any one suspected.

At first Margaret refused the shawl, but the doctor and Miss O'Connor said she must, so she gave in.

When they were left alone, Miss O'Connor said, penitently: "I am so sorry that I misjudged you, dear. You've made two people very happy. Please come again soon."

"Oh-I am so glad," was the happy answer, "and please forgive me—for I have misjudged you more, and with hurried good-byes Margaret ran out to the doctor.

The Dangers of Summer.

Many dangerous and distressing diseases prevail in summer and fall, and as they occur suddenly, often terminate fatally before aid can be had.

Complaints such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaints, etc., are quickly cured.

This wonderful bowel complaint remedy has been on the market for 64 years and it has been used by thousands of homes throughout the country during this time.

You do not experiment when you buy an old and tried remedy like this. Ask your druggist for Dr. Fowler's, and insist on getting what you ask for. Do not take some substitute which the unprincipled druggist says is "just as good."

These cheap imitations are dangerous to your health. Mrs. Jeff Flaherty, Belfontain, Ont., writes:—"In the month of September, last, my youngest child took Summer Complaint and the doctor had very little hopes for her. My neighbor told me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, so that night I sent my daughter to get it, and when she came home I gave the baby one dose, and in half an hour there was a change for the better, and after the third dose she was completely cured. We feel it is far and beyond any other remedy for Summer Complaint and besides it saves paying a doctor. I advise everyone to use it. Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Fowler's. The original and only Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont., Price 35 cents.

ret ran out to the doctor. "Cousin John," began Margaret, as Captain started off at a brisk trot, "you don't know how ashamed of myself I am! And I'll never make fun of any one's clothes again. Never."

Appeal From India.

Bishop Cardot is the Vicar Apostolic of Southern Burma, India. An alumnus of the Paris Seminary, he has been out in foreign parts for the past twenty-five years, silently cultivating the soil. He was consecrated Bishop in 1893 at Rangoon. He has this to say of his charge: "Our efforts here are progressing slowly but steadily. To extend the work and push it out to broader fields we must place our trust in a native clergy. At present we have eight old native priests all more than sixty, but we have also a new generation growing up. Since 1907 I have ordained six of them, and year by year I will have more to ordain. They all belong to the Karen race, from whom the American Baptists have succeeded in gathering a hundred thousand souls. They began early in the last century, when no Catholic priests could be sent from Europe. Our work among the Karen may be said to date from 1856 only, when our Society took charge of Burma. We have now 50,000 Catholics, of whom 30,000 are Karen, and each year we are getting about 800 converts. We would like to establish new stations, but for want of priests we cannot. Later on when our native priests increase we will succeed but what we do to do for their support I do not know. I am giving each priest now five dollars and fifty cents a month to live on, just about enough to keep body and soul together. Besides this, I have to support our Seminary, pay our 62 Catechists, and defray all other general expenses. America is rich; will it not help this poor unknown Bishop and his struggling priests? I am not complaining, because it is God's work, and if it be His will to have us suffer in doing it, His blessed will, not mine, be done.

An Oil of Merit.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is not a jumble of medicinal substances thrown together and pushed by advertising, but the result of the careful investigation of the curative qualities of certain oils as applied to the human body. It is a rare combination and it won and kept public favor from the first. A trial of it will carry conviction to any who doubt its power to repair and heal.

The Assumption.

(Maurice Francis Egan.) She sees no splendid thrones or cherubim That crowd the space which is not earthly space. As she arises; there is but one face Before her eyes—the happy face of Him— The little child that smiled; the world grows dim And very small, the sea a thread in lace Of many threads—at last she shall embrace The Child that waits beyond the vague world's rim. The blood-stained brow, the thorns she sees no more— Has she not seen them long by day and night? The fainting body and the cruel art! No crown she sees, but on the golden floor, Clothed in the raiment of the white, soft light. The Child she lost, the Heart of her own heart!



PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY

given that letters patent have been issued, in accordance with the first part of "The Companies Act" (Chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906), dated the fifth day of August, 1909, under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, incorporating GREGOIRE MELOCHE, contractor of the City of St. Louis; ALEXANDRE CLAVE, glass stainer; ALBERT VERMONET, glass stainer; HENRI PERDRIAU, journalist; and H. AVILA GAUTHIER, accountant, all four of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, for the following purposes and objects, namely:

(a) To manufacture, sell and install altar materials, via dolorosa, statues, and other devotional objects for religious buildings and devotional institutions;

(b) To manufacture, sell and set all kinds of glass required for any building, either public or private, civil or religious;

(c) To manufacture, sell and lay terrazzo mosaic required for any building, either public or private, civil or religious; art castings; to decorate dwellings for the covering of any building, either public or private, civil or religious; mural decorations of all kinds;

(d) To manufacture and sell embroideries and imitation embroidery of all kinds;

(e) To manufacture and sell pictures on glass, advertising specialties of all kinds, statues, busts and all kinds of artistic and decorative specialties for either public or private, civil and religious, buildings, for streets, public parks or private gardens;

(f) To paint all kinds of buildings public or private, civil or religious; and sell all kinds of monuments for various purposes, and more especially for cemeteries; To import everything of prime necessity to the company to carry out the heretofore recited objects, as well as all those things which the company may rent or sell in the ordinary course of business;

(g) To apply for, purchase, or otherwise acquire, use, sell and all patents of invention, rights, copyrights, trade marks, improvements, privileges of using certain machines, appliances, or processes relative to the art or business of the company; to issue in payment for such patents of invention and other rights, fully paid-up and non-assessable shares of the Company, or debentures or other securities, as may be deemed best in the interests of the Company;

(h) To build, construct, buy, operate and exploit all such workshops and manufactures which the Company may need for the purposes for which it is hereby incorporated;

(i) To buy, acquire, hold, transfer, and sell shares, stock, debentures and guarantees of any other partnership, company or corporation, whose objects are similar in whole or in part to those which this Company is hereby authorized to carry on, and do dispose of the same;

(j) To issue and give, as fully paid-up and non-assessable, shares of the capital stock of the Company hereby incorporated, in payment for all franchises, undertakings, property, rights, privileges, leases, hypothecs, patents, contracts, real property, stock, assets, and all other property, rights or things which this Company can acquire from any person, partnership, company or corporation;

(k) To consolidate with any other partnership or company having similar objects to those which this Company is hereby authorized to carry on;

(l) To remunerate all persons or companies for services rendered in the placing of capital stock of the Company or its debentures or other securities, or for the promotion of the Company or the exploitation of its industries, to pay for them in cash or in fully paid-up and non-assessable shares of the capital stock of the Company hereby incorporated;

(m) To do all things which the Company may deem useful, and which may increase the value of the holdings or property of the Company, and to do all things which may lead towards the accomplishment of the purposes and businesses which this company is hereby authorized to carry on;

The Company to carry on its business throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Compagnie d'Art et d'Industries" (Ltee), with a capital stock of FORTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, divided into NINE HUNDRED shares of FIFTY DOLLARS each, and the principal place of business of the said Company will be in the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this sixth day of August, 1909.

(Signed) THOMAS MULVEY, Under Secretary of State for Canada.

ANTONIO FERRAULT, Attorney for the Petitioners.

Small But Potent.—Farnelle's Vegetable Pills are small, but they are effective in action. Their fine qualities as a corrector of stomach troubles are known to thousands and they are in constant demand everywhere by those who know what a safe and simple remedy they are. They need no introduction to those who may not know them they are presented as the best preparation on the market for disorders of the stomach.

Public notice is hereby given that, under the joint stock companies' incorporation act, supplementary letters patent have been issued under the great seal of the Province of Quebec, to the "Thetford Asbestos Mining Company," dated 23rd and 28th day of June, 1909, by which the following additional powers are granted to wit:

To carry on the business of mining and manufacturing asbestos or any mineral in all its branches, and to purchase, hold, lease, acquire and sell mines, minerals and mining and other property rights, easements and privileges, and to mine, quarry, get, work, mill and prepare for sale by any process, asbestos and all other mineral or metallic products and to manufacture and to smelt such ores and other metallic substances, and to trade in the products of such mines or hold, use, occupy, sell, convey, lease, exchange, hypothecate and otherwise, deal in real estate, mills, machinery, vessels, vehicles propelled by steam, electricity or otherwise, smelt, dress, and in every way or manner, and by every or any process, to manufacture ore, minerals, and metallic or other products, and to do all necessary and proper works, acts, and to erect and maintain all suitable furnaces, forges, mills, engines, houses and buildings, and if necessary to acquire any patent, privileges or by assignment, license or otherwise, the right to use any patent invention connected with the purpose aforesaid; and to construct, alter and maintain and operate any roads, ways, barges, vessels, or steamers for the transportation of goods, minerals or other property manufactured and unmanufactured, from and to the mines and works of the company, and from or to any other mine to any places of transport or elsewhere, and to do all other business necessarily and to do usually performed on the same, and to construct wharves, docks, and other works and machinery in connection with the business of the company. To act as general storekeepers and provide board and lodging, clothing and provisions and generally all supplies, to those engaged in or about any of the company's works, and to contract for the providing of same. From time to time to apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire by assignment, transfer or otherwise and to exercise, carry out, and enjoy any statute, ordinance, order, license, power, which any government, or authorities supreme, municipal or local, or any corporation or other public body may be empowered to enact, make or grant and to pay for aid in contributing towards carrying the same into effect, and to appropriate any of the company's stock, bonds and assets to defray the necessary costs, charges and expenses thereof. To carry on any other business, whether manufacturing or otherwise, but germane to the foregoing objects which may seem to the company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with the business or objects of the company. To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire any patents, brevets d'invention, licenses, leases concessions and the like conferring any exclusive or non-exclusive or limited rights to use or any secret or other information as to any invention which may seem capable of being used for any of the purposes of the company, or the acquisition of which may seem calculated to benefit this company, and to use, exercise, develop or grant licenses in respect of or otherwise turn to account the property, rights, interests to in formation, or other things which this company is hereby authorized to carry on, and while holding the same to exercise all the rights and powers of ownership thereof. To lease, sell, alienate or dispose of the property, assets or undertaking of the company or any part thereof; to give or grant in connection therewith options of purchase to any person or persons or other company for the working or development of the property of the company; to do any of the foregoing things upon such terms and conditions as may be deemed advisable, and particularly for shares, debentures or securities of any other company having objects similar altogether or in part to those of the company. To enter into any arrangement for sharing profits or union of interests, with any person or company carrying on or engaged in any business or transaction which this company is authorized to engage in or carry on, and to take or otherwise acquire shares and securities of any such company, and to sell, hold, re-issue with or without guarantee or otherwise deal in the same. To amalgamate with any other company having objects similar to those of this company. To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects and to carry on such operations through the Dominion of Canada, or any part of the said Dominion or elsewhere.

Dated from the office of the secretary of the Province of Quebec, this seventeenth day of July, 1909.

L. RODOLPHE ROY, Provincial Secretary.

Only those, know something of our great C, salvation such into operation, lives of many I know case of families, many a year after repair and doggy in such a its train, and the good Bro the Parish Pr continue in a tion and conti Why? Because rity they need be had! Ever crowded, and the borer, or the t turn his hand laps has the b brown earth o ward his hand is nothing. A there, and v which breaks wears out stre and incapacity where and m by his own c know that the Father Hudson sition of being magnificent v neda, for truly her hand to th ly, the children days to come r call her blessed

EXHIBIT AT

The contemp Plains of the Ne meadows ripe v Peopled by str women who w the light and a world to bring one's mind one year at the Roy gle farwell visit the other day t crowd about t canvas "Am I er". It was the vas of a scene nessed every nig embankment, b chosen one of t slush laden nigh his atmosphere, the ghostly l light seen thro lay a group of The huddled fig men were pathe and expressed b ment every stag despair. On the whose threadba ly buttoned, gl medal, while n attempted to sh ed shawl a thie her weary head band's shoulder, were there, whil

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News From Catholic England.

Catholic Emigration to the Canadian Northwest Arouses Interest--Beautiful Studies at the Royal Academy.

Considerable interest has been aroused here by the article of the Rev. G. V. Hudson in one of the leading Catholic journals on "Catholic Emigration to the Canadian Northwest." It is a very clear and practical exposition of the requirements of Canada in the matter of emigrants and the way those emigrants are met, the whole subject being treated from the special point of view of Catholics, who naturally desire to see an increase in the Catholic element of the population which is beginning to spring up in the great territories of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. The conclusion came to by Father Hudson is, that while he sees the difficulties of organizing a Catholic Emigration Society in England which should advance money to Catholic Emigrants, he suggests it would be quite possible to organize a Catholic Emigration Agency, which should work in conjunction with the Canadian Church Extension Society of Canada. Such an agency should be worked gratuitously, and its duties should include, advice as to destination and travel; to arrange with shipping Companies that a Priest may accompany each group of emigrants, and, by advertising and other means, to collect such groups into parties of fifty or a hundred, who would, when they found themselves in a strange land, have the consolation of passing to a colony of their co-religionists and would enjoy through the dangers and difficulties of the voyage the aid of a Minister of the Holy Faith.

SCHEME MEANS SALVATION.

Only those who, like the writer, know something of the dark places of our great city, can imagine what salvation such a scheme as this put into operation, would bring into the lives of many of our Catholic poor. I know cases upon cases where whole families, many of them Irish, struggle year after year against the despair and degradation which penury in such a city as this brings in its train, and despite the efforts of the good Brothers of St. Vincent, the Parish Priest, and Nuns, they continue in a state of semi-starvation and continual anxiety of mind. Why? Because it is work not charity they need, and work is not to be had! Every market is overcrowded, and for the unskilled laborer, or the man who is ready to turn his hand to anything and perhaps has the traditions of the good brown earth of Ireland, to help forward his hand at the plough, there is nothing. An odd job here and there, and months of idleness, which breaks down resolution and wears out strength, leading to drink and incapacity. Machinery everywhere and man driven to the wall by his own creation! It is good to know that there is a possibility of Father Hudson's important proposition of being taken up. What a magnificent work for Catholic Canada, for truly if she stretches out her hand to the needy and the lonely, the children of these shall in days to come rise up about her and call her blessed.

EXHIBIT ATTRACTS CROWDS.

The contemplation of the grand plains of the North West—"boundless meadows ripe with golden grain" peopled by strong healthy men and women who were only waiting for the light and air of God's unspiced world to bring them back to life and hope,—naturally raises up before one's mind one of the pictures of the year at the Royal Academy. I paid a farewell visit to the exhibition the other day and found the usual crowd about this terribly striking canvas "Am I my brother's Keeper?" It was the transference to canvas of a scene which may be witnessed every night upon the Thames embankment, but the artist had chosen one of the dreary frost and slush laden nights of last winter for his atmosphere. On a bench under the ghastly gleam of an electric light seen through the driving sleet, lay a group of London's derelicts. The huddled figures of men and women were pathetically true to life, and expressed by attitude and raiment every stage of privation and despair. On the breast of a man whose threadbare coat was tightly buttoned, gleamed a soldier's medal, while next to him a woman attempted to shield with her tattered shawl a tiny infant, and leant her weary head against her husband's shoulder. Old and young were there, while across the road-

way flashed the faint suggestion of lights from one of the brilliant hotels that fringe the river's bank. It was a picture which most people stared at in silence, some wandering at the temerity of George Dollman who had dared to intrude such a terrible reality before the delicate sense of Society. I spoke before of Frank Dickson's magnificent conception, "The shadowed Face" the title implies one of those moments when we are without comfort either from our own, or from on high. The wonderful dim greys and browns of old carved stone and delicate woodwork are marvellously reproduced, softened by the faint radiance of painted windows, while without the chapel, where the nun kneels silent at the foot of a great crucifix, there burns one deep crimson flame, like a ray of hope in the gathering gloom. It is the sanctuary lamp before the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament.

BEAUTIFUL STUDIES

To do justice to the Academy would need a letter devoted to the subject, so we must leave unmentioned many magnificent landscapes and seascapes, many graceful figure studies and charming conceptions if we are to mention those which by reason of their subject, associations, or their creator appeal to us as Catholics. A fine small canvas is Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Ego et Rex Meus" a fine light study of Wolsey, in silence and alone. It is certainly true that few modern artists—I paint sacred subjects, or portray those figures beloved of the old Masters with anything of the inspiration which faith gave to skill in the days that are gone. But sometimes we catch a gleam of the fervor and though Lybhart's "L'Inferno Divin" is merely a very human infant surrounded by symbolical roses and lilies, there is an exquisite spirituality about "Ave, Maria Stella" of F. Dvorak, she comes to us across trembling iridescent waves, holding her tender smiling infant pressed against her breast, while stars of ocean follow her in a misty aureole. The beautiful "Procession of boasts across the Lagoons of the Setti Castelli, Dalmatia" by Wallace Rivington, has a reminiscence of the yearly scene which may be witnessed in Brittany at the pilgrimage to St. Anne d'Auray, and which is one of the loveliest sights of a summer.

FOREIGN ARTISTS SCORE.

There is a quite original and wonderfully pleasing "Joan of Arc," by Gaston Bussiere. It is the child of Domremy not the maiden of Orleans whom the artist has chosen to represent in the first days when the call came to her. She is standing alone in a wood, a dreamy-eyed child in a plain red peasant's dress, she has been suddenly awakened to half a startled surprise, by the glorious forms which are dimly suggested in the foliage about her. She leans against a tree trunk, while her little naked feet hesitate on the brink of a tumbling streamlet, her hands are pressed against the knobby trunk, and she turns to gaze upwards through the leaves at the glorious form of St. Michael, while about her are folding wondrous wings and as we gaze at the picture we suddenly realize there is a radiant angel whispering in the little maiden's ear. Granville Manton illustrates the "first verse of one of our hymns to the Blessed Sacrament" "Jesus my Lord, my God, my All" by the black clad figure of a girl kneeling before a tiny oratory, a rapid expression upon her upturned face; and Gwilt Jolley's "Garden of Nazareth" though ideal, is exquisite in its delicate symbolism, as Mary and Joseph—mere silhouettes in an eastern doorway—watch the lovely childish figure passing in a maze of light which throws the shadow of a cross through tall pale lilies, and crimson roses, while about his head hover soft white doves, and to his feet draw near clouds of butterflies, like souls white, black, and gold. Sigismund Goetze who has so often made Academy audiences think, paints with all his accustomed beauty and finish, the noble figure of St. Catherine of Siena supporting upon her breast a condemned prisoner of whom she writes to Fra Raimondo; and Frank Salisbury has a magnificent and crowded canvas in "The Quest of St. George" the knight passing in splendid panoply before the Bishop and his train of monks and attendants, to receive a blessing. There are many more but space

precludes further mention. On the whole it is a good year, and it is well to see that Catholic interests and Catholic art are well sustained, for of late years we have been reforming a not unimportant place in the Nation's art.

ENGLISH SECTION LARGEST.

It is said that the English speaking section of the Eucharistic Congress now in progress in Cologne is to outnumber all the other sections, a remarkable fact when we remember that such a section comes entirely from Protestant countries with the exception of the Irish contingent. Speaking of the latter, it is interesting to note that St. Martin's Church in the great German city, will soon ring with the language which was spoken by its founders some thirteen centuries ago. For it was an Irish Monk who founded the Abbey of St. Martin here in 690, and in commemoration of that event the Irish pilgrims to the Congress are to hold a Gaelic service and hear a Gaelic sermon within the old walls. In 975 the Abbey became a Benedictine foundation under another Irishman, Mimbrius, who was succeeded by St. Helias, (born in Monaghan). This great Abbot introduced the Gregorian Plain chant and did much for the music of the Church in Germany, so much that Berno of Richenau, when compiling his great Book on the laws of symphony and tone, dedicated it to the Irish Saint. Here too came many pilgrims from the Green Isle, and here some of them died and were buried, notable amongst whom are the Abbot of Dunshaughlin, and Bran, King of Leinster both in the eleventh century.

BROAD MINDED EMPEROR.

For the honor of our country one cannot help looking with a feeling of envy at the broad minded toleration which has been shown by the Ruler of Germany and his successors towards this vast and cosmopolitan religious gathering in the city on the storied Rhine. On Sunday next the streets will be lined by the military—not to pander to the tastes of a handful of bigots, or "to prevent bloodshed," but to present arms to the King of Kings as He passes on His royal way. At the assemblies of the Congress the Emperor and his Government will be represented, and the distinguished guests will receive all the traditional and noble hospitality of the Fatherland. Those who know Germany's great river can picture the beautiful and inspiring scene which was witnessed on Tuesday last when Cardinal Vannutelli came up to Cologne, met at every town and village on the way by fresh fleets of pilgrims, until the noble Rhine presented the appearance of one vast floating raft of people, all come to do honor to the Ambassador of Peter.

The noble Jesuit Church of Farm Street was crammed to its utmost capacity last Saturday, when Archbishop Bourne attended for the solemn High Mass of thanksgiving which marked the sixtieth anniversary of the opening by Cardinal Wiseman of the then modest little chapel hidden away in a nook amongst the houses of the great city. The preacher was the Very Rev. Monsignor Cooke Robinson, who spoke upon "The Mind of Christ." It was obvious to many that this well known convert was thinking of the late Father Tyrrell, once an ornament of this distinguished Order, as he spoke of the great works done by the Fathers and emphasized the simplicity and oneness of the Mind of Christ. Turning at the close to the sanctuary, the Preacher exhorted the Fathers, to whom he said he owed his own conversion, to keep ever close before their eyes the Mind of Christ, that their good work and their great learning might never go astray after other ideals that these simple ones left us by the great example of Our Divine Master.

UNFORTUNATE CONTROVERSY.

The controversy on this painful subject still rages in the secular press and threatens as the Times correspondent in Milan says, to date Father Tyrrell's real power from the day of his death. The Italian paper both clerical and Liberal, are full of the subject. Naturally the "Osservatore Romano" supports the action of Bishop Amigo, and even the Liberal papers are guarded in their remarks and appear to feel that Father Tyrrell himself would have been the last person to desire to have a sensational controversy behind him. Baron von Hugel has written an account of matters to the "Corriere della Sera" which does not at all correspond with the facts as known to the clerical authorities. Miss Petre has again rushed into print to uphold the abominable effusion of Robert Dell, and to declare on her own unsupported testimony that she and she alone is the expositor of Father Tyrrell's inmost feelings. The Rev. A. Fawkes, of Hereford writes to the Times to say that the case should have been judged by the Church under the rule "odiosa restringenda" which permits the best construction to be put upon the dispositions of one who is beyond the power of articulation, and therefore deduces that Father Tyrrell should have received the last rites, but Mr. Clutton who by the way is a relation of Miss Petre's by marriage—points out that the authoritative statement made by that lady and Baron von Hugel were the primary cause of the refusal of Catholic rites. By the way Miss Petre has discovered at this late season a written statement by the deceased which plainly shows,—she says—his dispositions, but so far she has not produced this interesting document.

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Ignorance Among Protestants.

The following remarks by Rev. J. B. Hemmen, a Methodist minister of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, are rather to the point:

"When a person of common sense wishes to obtain information about anything, whether political, religious, scientific, or it matters not what it may be, he goes to headquarters for authentic information—never to those who seek to destroy, or who are the enemies of that which he wishes to study. Not one Protestant in thousands ever seeks information concerning the Catholic Church from Catholic sources. The history of Christianity, from the apostles to the fifteenth century, is not taught in any Protestant theological seminary, nor anywhere else amongst Protestants, as far as I am amongst. Nor is it possessed by Protestants. I have never seen or heard of such work, except in Germany. I studied theology, passed my examinations for the Methodist Church, and knew absolutely nothing of Christianity, or whether there was any, during this period. When I awoke to the fact of my dense ignorance, I felt resentment; and I confess I do to this day.

"Protestants never think of such a thing as reading Catholic books or periodicals or anything that smells of Rome." I never did; and yet I was, of all men, not a bigot.

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OBSERVED FEAST OF ASSUMPTION.

CEREMONY AT SUMMER SCHOOL

Beautiful Procession at Cliff Haven Was Striking.

Cliff Haven, Aug. 19.—The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin has come and gone. Throughout the whole Catholic world August 15 is set apart by the Church for the honor and glory of the Mother of God.

THE TRIDIUM.

The celebration of the feast of the Assumption this year most beautifully concluded the tridium begun on Thursday and ushered in the eighth week of the session.

The sermon of the day, one of the most masterly and eloquent ever heard in the chapel of Our Lady of the Lake, was delivered by the Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P., of New York, editor of the Catholic World, New York City.

THE OTHER CEREMONIES.

The afternoon and evening ceremonies on the feast of the Assumption were quite beyond any similar commemorations of the event noted at Cliff Haven.

The lecturers for the week were Rev. Thomas P. Fehan, Chaplain of the Knights of Columbus, New York; James J. Walsh, M.D., Dean of Fordham Medical School, New York; Dr. J. Bird and Mr. Camille W. Zeckwer of Philadelphia.

IRISH LAND BILL MAKES PROGRESS.

NINE CLAUSES WAS ADOPTED.

Discussion Centered on the Graduation of the Bonus.

Nine clauses were added to the Land Bill in Committee of the House of Commons last Friday, says the Weekly Freeman of August 7. There was a long debate, but there were only two divisions, seven of the clauses being passed, either because everybody approved them, or because Mr. Birrell promised the necessary amendments.

PRINCIPLE OF GRADUATION.

Mr. Birrell proposes to introduce the principle of graduation. He has the Irish Party heartily with him, and the proposal commends itself to common sense. It will enable the mortgaged estates comprising poor land to be sold at a reasonable price; it will not act as a stimulus to extortion and a reward to the extortionate.

WYNDHAM'S REPUDIATION.

Now he declares that that price was what he aimed at. We believe it was; but why did he repudiate his intention in 1903? is repudiation was evidently on the same plane as his profession of concern for "the rotten and rigid communities" of the West.

IMPORTANT CONCESSION.

Another important concession was made by the Chief Secretary in consenting to drop the proposal to limit the amount of bonus payable to a tenant for life to 5 per cent. The equity lawyer, rather than the student of Irish land purchase statistics, was responsible for that proposal.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.

These are great improvements in the bill. Only two divisions were challenged. The principle of graduation was affirmed by nearly five votes to one, a majority of 206. But only 69 votes were found in the majority that imposed the payment of the advance dividend upon the tenants. Unanimity marked the repeal of Mr. Wyndham's enactment imposing the cost of the discount

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LOCAL AND DIOCESAN. CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT Wednesday evening drew despite the unfavorable weather, quite a large gathering to the concert room of the Catholic Sailors' Club.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT \$12.00 ST. JOHN AND RETURN Going 26, 27, 28 and 29th August, Returning until Sept. 11th, '09.

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Tribute to Mgr. Bruchesi New York Catholic Weekly's Warm Praise. Last Sunday, August 7, the Most Reverend Paul Bruchesi observed the twelfth anniversary of his elevation to the archiepiscopal See of Montreal.

Better Leave it Alone. Excessive indulgence in alcohol is notoriously destructive of body, mind and soul. A moderate use is deemed in some quarters to be beneficial. The following taken from an article written for McClure's Magazine by Dr. Henry Smith Williams may be considered expert opinion and not the mouthings of a fanatic.

Irish Emigration. The total number of persons who left Ireland during the months of June was 2786, as against 2334 in June last year, and the total number for six months ending June 30 was 21,828, as against 18,873 for the corresponding period of 1908.

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