



## A Morning in the Vatican Grottoes.

(P. L. Connellan, Rome Correspondent Dublin Freeman's Journal.)

On the octave of the feast of St. Peter, a numerous crowd of Romans and a few strangers—mostly Americans—gathered near the high altar in St. Peter's. On the arrival of Commodore Marucchi, the entrance to the narrow marble stair leading down to the Vatican Grottoes, or crypts, was opened, and one by one the people descended into the electric light-illuminated subterranean chapels and corridors and crypts. In a tiny, richly-adorned chapel, almost immediately over the tomb of the Apostle, Mass was celebrated. On its conclusion, Commodore Marucchi, followed by the crowd, proceeded to that portion of the Grottoes known as the "Grotto Vecchie," or Old Grottoes, and there he delivered a most interesting account of the historical evidences from the earliest centuries regarding the existence of the tomb of St. Peter in Rome.

The lecture of the learned professor was absorbing and convincing. To those who were satisfied with the statement of the case, other attractions were found within reach. If one wandered about on his own account amidst these sepulchres, he might study them at his leisure by the brilliant electric light. A few years ago it was different; and, indeed, for a long time no visitors—not even Romans—were allowed to enter these Grottoes, except in the rarest cases. Information had been received by Leo XIII. from the London detective force that the Anarchists were considering the blowing up of these Grottoes, and the consequent destruction of St. Peter's as a feature of their programme.

In the olden days, however, the impressions made upon the visitor who all alone—accompanied only by a boy bearing a waxen torch, wandered into these corridors and chapels, were extremely vivid. This is the most venerable of all the Catacombs of Rome, that city so rich in graves. The very coolness of the place suggested the icy breath of death. By the trembling light of the flickering torch you read pages of ancient history, as it were by flashes of lightning, which were imprinted on the mind like the views seen in the intervals of a thunder storm. The silence that pervaded the place added to the solemnity of the scene; for the sounds and rumors of the outward world are as rare here as a ray of sunshine. Sometimes indeed the chants of the clergy in the upper church and the sounds of the organ and the choir are heard faintly, as if they came from a distant world.

And here to-day as you tread on the fragments of porphyry and rare marbles that probably constituted the original pavement of the old church of St. Peter founded by Constantine the Great in the first half of the 4th century, you feel that the spot is one associated with great memories. Whatever else has changed in the world during the sixteen centuries that have elapsed since then, as you look down on these slabs, now set rather loosely, you feel that they at least are in much the same position in which they were originally placed.

No city in the world, it has been said, is so much of a graveyard as Rome is. For miles before you reach it, on every high road, the shapeless ruins of tombs to her great men line the route on each side. The names borne by these battered and weather-beaten mounds of stone and brick are occasionally of world-wide fame, and are known even to the modern tourist; while the names attached to others remain in your memory as subjects of future investigation.

It is in the churches, however, that you read the names of men and women known throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. The Church of St. Peter has a celebrity that is universal, for here is the tomb of the Fisherman of Galilee the bearer of the Keys, to whom the Lord committed the care of the whole Church. Of his successors in the See of Rome, it is asserted that no less than 180 were buried in St.

Peter's; but, as a modern writer puts it, a large number of their tombs perished during the rebuilding of the church in the 16th century. Those that remain in the crypts of the Vatican are the tombs of Pontiffs interred here before that great event; since that time the majority of Popes have been buried in the new church.

Some of the tombs here are of strange forms. The most noticeable are constructed of huge masses of red porphyry with a top like a hooded wagon. The carving on these, from the adamant nature of the stone, is very limited. Others are of still more ancient date, being the sarcophagi of the early Christian period—of the 4th or 6th century—taken from the Catacombs or from primitive churches, and adapted to their new purpose. This great structure of red porphyry, with the bas-reliefs of masks and wreaths on the side is the tomb of Adrian IV., Nicholas Breakpear the solitary Englishman who sat in St. Peter's Chair, the son of very poor parents, who, in his early years, was a servant in the Monastery of the Canons of St. Ruf Avignon, and afterwards became a religious and Abbott of the same monastery. The sarcophagus bears no inscription.

Here you are attracted by a tiny fragment of marble set into the wall and surrounded by the long epitaph of Pope Boniface II., who reigned from A.D. 530 to 532. This, indeed, is early enough for ordinary seekers. The marble fragment of the original inscription, containing one word and a date, dovetails admirably with the rest of the inscription painted around it. Naturally one feels surprised at what might at first sight appear a difficult reconstruction of an epitaph. The difficulty disappears when you learn that the original epitaph was copied in the seventh century, and again in the eighth century, by two pilgrims who came to Rome and beheld it intact in its original site. The copying of epitaphs in the Catacombs and in the churches of Rome was one of the duties which these early travellers imposed upon themselves; and though the period in which they lived has been frequently described as the darkest of the Dark Ages, nevertheless these were capable of copying accurately whole series of long Latin inscriptions—an achievement to which many a modern tourist is unequal. And thus when the long-enduring marble was broken into fragments that were scattered here and there, the parchment copy made by the pious pilgrim enlightened the scholars of a later age; and when the tiny fragment of the old marble inscription was brought to light, its place in the reconstructed epitaph painted on the wall was not difficult to find.

A very interesting fragment of a document is the first part of the donation made by the Countess Matilda of Tuscany to the Holy See, which is carved in marble. The text is known to scholars and has been published. This Royal and generous benefactress to the Church of Rome after having already—in the Pontificate of St. Gregory VII (1073-1085)—given all her possessions to the Holy See, reserving only the usufruct to herself, desired that an authentic copy of the transfer of the deed should be drawn up. It is probable that during her lifetime a copy of this was engraved on marble and placed near the tomb of St. Peter. The fragments embedded in the wall here belong to the upper part of this copy. Pope Urban VIII. desired, through gratitude to the memory of this great woman, that her remains should be transferred from her grave in Mantua and brought to the Vatican, where they were entombed in 1635. The tomb, surmounted by the noble marble statue of a queen-like woman, in the right nave near to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, is the monument which that Pontiff raised to the "Great Countess."

Away in the distance near the end of this crypt there is a heavy con-

struction of masonry made in the form of a huge sarcophagus, and upon it, within a circle, is the inscription: "OTTO . SECUNDVS . IMPERATOR . AVGVSTVS," with a cross preceding and following these words. The grave of this Emperor, who had not attained his 30th year when death overtook him, was in the "atrium," or court, before St. Peter's, and was richly adorned. His remains were transferred here at the building of the present church. Among the adornments of his tomb, which have been dispersed, was the grand mosaic representing the Saviour between the Apostles Peter and Paul, and which is now to be seen at the foot of the great staircase leading to the Christian Museum of the Lateran. In this mosaic St. Paul is on the right hand of the Saviour, and St. Peter on the left; but Christ has His arm around the shoulders of St. Peter, and the Apostle holds three keys instead of the two with which he is usually seen. I cannot recall any other example of St. Peter with three keys in all the Christian art with which I am acquainted; it is unusual if it is not unique.

The tombs of the last members of the Stuart race are here: James III., Charles Edward, and Henry. In the church above there stands the monument which Canova carved, "and at the charge, I believe," writes Lanciani, "of the house of Hanover." It bears the inscription: "To James III., son of James II., King of Great Britain; to Charles Edward and Henry, Dean of the Sacred College, sons of James III., the last of the Royal House of Stuart." When Prince Charles Edward, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of Jacobite song and romance, died, his brother Henry, Cardinal Duke of York, had a medal coined on which he assumed the title of Henry IX., King of Great Britain, etc. Henry VIII., was a theologian, and as a reward for his theological ability received from the Pope the title of Defender of the Faith. It would be a strange sight to have seen the next Henry casting off the Cardinal's robes to don the royal mantle!

The voice of Marucchi is heard faintly in the distance, but there are still other attractions here which claim attention. The thought comes to one how little remains here of what once adorned the church which Constantine built. The destruction of that church was indeed necessary, for the foundations of the left wall were giving away, built as they were on the walls of the Circus of Caligula, in which Nero held his nightly orgies illuminated by the burning of Christians. But in the taking down of the old building sufficient respect was not paid to the numerous memorials and monuments it contained. Lanciani tells us that the Popes were occasionally buried in pagan sarcophagi, or bath basins, cut in precious marbles; their bodies were wrapped in rich robes, and they wore the "ring of the fisherman" on the forefinger. It is certain nowadays that the ring of the fisherman is broken on the death of the Pope, and a new one made for his successor, whatever may have been the custom in the fifteenth century and earlier.

But the other parts of his story is probably too true. Innocent VIII. (1484-1492), he says, "was folded in an embroidered Persian cloth"; Marcellus II. wore a golden mitre; Adrian IV., Breakpear, is described as an undersized man, wearing slippers of Turkish make, and a ring with a large emerald. Callixtus III. and Alexander VI., both of the Borgia family, have been twice disturbed in their common grave, the first time by Sixtus V., when he removed the obelisk from the Circus to the Piazza; the second by Paul V., on Saturday, January 30th, 1610, when their bodies were removed to the Spanish Church of Monserrat, with the help of the Marquis of Billena, Ambassador of Philip III., and of Cardinal Capata. Grimaldi's Diary of the events of the time contains many strange stories of the recklessness of the workmen in the removal of monuments.

For this and similar reasons the Vatican Grottoes are now a sort of museum, filled with the fragments that have survived many disasters. Here on one wall you have an inscription of Pope Damasus, who

## Pope's Encyclical Condemns Separation.

### Message to the Clergy of France Made Public.

The text of the Pope's long-expected encyclical to the archbishops and bishops of France concerning their future conduct in view of the enactment of the law providing for the separation of Church and State appeared in the *Osservatore Romano* on Tuesday. It refers to the previous encyclical condemning the general principals of the law, and says the time has now arrived to indicate what should be done to defend and preserve religion in France.

"We deferred our decision," the document continues, "owing to the importance of this grave question and particularly through a charitable feeling for the great service your nation has rendered to the Church. Having heretofore condemned this iniquitous law, we examined with the greatest care its articles to see if they permitted the organization of religious life in France without jeopardizing the sacred principles of the Church."

After approving the recommendations of the French hierarchy disapproving of the law, the encyclical says:

"Therefore concerning cultural associations such as the law prescribes we decree absolutely that they cannot be formed without a violation of the sacred rights which are the life itself of the Church. Putting aside, therefore, these associations which our conscience forbids us to approve, it is opportune to examine if some other kind of organization, both legal and canonical, can avert the threatened dangers of the Church."

The encyclical then examines at some length the old forms of organization.

The Pope says that nothing causes him greater agony than the eventualities menacing the Church in France, and, therefore, he hopes to find some other kind of association not endangering divine rights, adding:

"But as this hope fails us and the law remains as it is we declare it is not permissible to try these other kind of associations so long as they do not establish in the most legal and most positive way that the divine constitution of the Church, the immutable rights of the Roman Pontiff, and the bishops, and their authority over the temporal welfare of the Church, particularly the sacred edifices, will be irrevocably protected by such associations. We cannot wish otherwise without betraying our sacred charge and producing the ruin of the Church in France."

The document urges the bishops to adopt all means within the law to organize their forces, assuring them of the papal co-operation and support.

"It is not difficult," the encyclical says, "to foresee the retributions which the enemies of the Church will make against our present decree. They will seek to persuade the people that we do not seek the salvation of the Church, but that the form of republic in France is odious to us. We denounce with indignation such insinuations as false. The makers of this law have not sought separation but oppression. While affirming their desire for peace they have made atrocious war against religion. They hurl a brand of the most vehement discord, thus arraying one citizen against another, to the great detriment of public welfare. We have supported patiently injustice after injustice through love of the French nation and are finally asked to overstep the last limits of our apostolic duty, and we declare our inability to overstep them. Let the responsibility rest with those whose hatred has gone to such extremes."

The Pope counsels against seditious or violent actions and says firmness will give better results than violence. United action, he says, can be learned from those who have imposed the stigma of this criminal law upon the nation.

In conclusion the encyclical says:—"In the hour of hard trial for France if all unite in defending the supreme interests of the country the

### Abbey's Effervescent Salt

**Be Careful**

Take no medicine, pills or purgatives that will rack the bowels and finally cause constipation, the result of which may be most disastrous for you. A gentle purgative such as Abbey's Salt does the work and leaves no after unpleasant effect.

**25c. and 60c. bottle.**

salvation of the Church is far from desperate. On the contrary, it is to be hoped that her dignity will be raised to its former prosperous height." The document was signed August 1.

## TOTAL ABSTINENCE

### Pius X. hopes that Catholicism will stand for sobriety

A general convention of the members of the Catholic Union of Total Abstinence of America was held at Providence, R.I., last week, under the presidency of Bishop Canevin, of Pittsburg. This society has a membership of 100,000, and 800 delegates were present at the meeting.

The basis of the Association is total abstinence, and every member must bind himself to abstain from alcohol in every shape and form.

In his opening address the president of the convention read a letter from Pope Pius X. expressing the hope that the Catholic religion will become pre-eminently the religion of sobriety, and granting indulgences to all those who become members of the association. In his concluding remarks the Pope says: "It is our hope that by granting such numerous favors, not only the bishops, priests and members of religious orders, but also the rest of the faithful will make the resolution to show proof of their devotion to the union and become members thereof."

Commenting on the above, the Patrie says: "This communication from the Pope to the Total Abstinence Catholic Union is a manifesto addressed to all the Catholics in the world. The evil must be great to require the head of Catholicity to personally come down into the arena of reform. Religious methods, although perhaps less powerful than formerly, are still the principal arm against abuses and neglect of duty. It rests with the state, that is, the government, and with the citizens who have a right to vote, to join their efforts and the resources and influences at their command with the teachings and counsel of the head of Catholicity."

## ST. JOSEPH'S HOME

The month of August opened well for this thriving little institution, as will be seen by the following letter and list of donations:

964 Dorchester St.  
Montreal, 31 July, 1906.

Rev. D. J. Holland, C.S.S.R.

Dear Rev. Father,—It is now some time since you opened your St. Joseph's Home, for boys, and you have been laboring since to make it a success, and that in spite of difficulties.

Your work is one which I admire, and which I think will do considerable good. We have, it is true, an orphanage for boys under the care of the Grey Nuns, but they are called upon, at the tender age of twelve, to bid adieu to the good Sisters; these children are surely not ready for the battle of life in which they are called upon to take part. Your work, then, calculated as it is to prepare indigent boys of good will for the world, and enable them to gain an honest livelihood, is a work that I would gladly see prosper and succeed in every way. In order to continue such an undertaking, I quite understand that you need something more than good wishes from those who hear about it. I feel pleased, therefore, to be able to make known to you that the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis desire to give expression to the interest they take in your work by donating towards its

support the sum of \$100, which will be forwarded to you.

That God may inspire others to help you in your noble efforts to continue your work is the earnest prayer of

Yours fraternally,

F. CHRISTOPHER, O.F.M.

Dir. T. O.

## ANTI-RELIGIOUS FRENZY IN FRANCE

The Mayor of Sainte-Cecile, in France, in the Vaucluse, made a decree to forbid the smallest manifestation of the religious idea in his domains. Hence a perfect avalanche of summonses against the cure. The latest judgment against him of the police court of his canton condemns him to five days imprisonment. Here are the items as given in the judgment of M. Manivet, justice of the peace at Bolleze: 1. For having, "alone," in front of his church, "in his cassock," "his hat under his arm," called for cheers for the Christ, for Religion, for France, for Liberty ("Vive le Christ," etc.); 24 hours imprisonment. 2. For having, according to custom, accompanied the children to first communion from the chapel of Sainte-Cecile to the parish church, across the little square between them—24 hours. 3. For having, on the Rogation days, proceeded to the rural crosses, reciting his Breviary, his "surplice on his arm"—72 hours. The sworn statement against him added that he "proceeded to the Benediction"; this, however, was untrue, the "sworn" witness not having taken the trouble to follow him across the fields.



HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Many of us know from experience what a comfortable thing it is to be around a capable woman.

If among the girls there is one who promises to be "capable," her genius should be as much encouraged and appreciated as that of her sister who dives into Greek and higher mathematics.

USELESS KNICKKNACKS.

One so often finds oneself the unwilling or possibly the ignorant possessor of a collection of knickknacks acquired by degrees, generally through thoughtful thoughtlessness of friends—a few pieces with some slight claim to beauty, others valued because of their association, others, alas, because of their cost, all with little in common to each other or with the room—a collection of trivial "pretty things" of a former day retained simply because they are there and no one has had the moral courage or possibly recognized the need of weeding out the good from the bad, giving the good their true worth by that means.

BRASS BOWLS.

It is unwise to use too much brass or copper about the room or hall. It has a tendency to look shabby. But just the right amount—a bowl or two here and there for plants—in hallway or room give an excellent effect which no other receptacle quite attains.

TOASTS TO FRIENDSHIP.

(Compiled by the Baltimore Sun.) In the days of philosophers Pythagoras said: "To Friendship; 'One soul in two bodies.' And with slight paraphrasing we may make Sôphocles say: 'Here's to virtuous

friends; To cast them away is as bad as to cast away one's own life, which one loves best."

Here's to friendship—the wine of life—better than any juice of the grape, for its effect is not only exhilarating but enduring, and it leaves no bad taste in the mouth.

Here's to true friendship—a sheltering tree beneath whose branches the storm-tired thanks God for shelter.

Here's to true friendship, that prevents itself by its wise considerations as much as by its loving helpfulness.

Here's to old friends, for none other is so dear. On old friends we know that we may depend, while on new ones we can only hope to do so.

"Here's to you; there's no one like you, and no one likes you better than I."

"Here's to the heart of friendship, Sincere, twice tried and true. That laughs in the hour of triumph, And laughs at its joy with you.

"Yet stands in the night of sorrow Close by when the shadows fall, And never turns the picture Of an old friend to the wall."

"A health to you, And wealth to you, And the best that life can give to you, May fortune still be kind to you, And happiness be true to you, And life be long and good to you, Is the toast of all your friends to you."

"While we together jovial sit, Careless and crowned with mirth and wit, We'll think of all the friends we know And drink to all worth drinking to."

"Here's to the tears of friendship! May they crystallize as they fall And be worn as jewels In memory of those we love."

"The joys we have but make us think the more On those we have not, while the griefs we bear In lonely silence force us to deplore The absent friends whose sympathies we share."

There seems to be little reason for doubt that the short waist line will survive the summer, for it has caught the fancy of the most fashionable women and has not yet become common, though a few short waisted coats found acceptance here in the spring. The general tendency is, as has been said, to run the waist line down very sharply enough to give length and slenderness to the figure, while in the back the line is much shorter, sometimes running up to the shoulder blades.

HOT WEATHER DRINKS.

Tea with fruit and without the addition of any liquor whatsoever can be made into a most delectable and wholesome beverage that is at the same time refreshing. Make two quarts of rather weak tea by pouring that quantity of freshly boiled water over two heaping teaspoonsful of tea and let it draw for five minutes. Strain and dissolve in it a pound of lump sugar. When cool, add the juice of eight lemons, three oranges peeled and cut into slices, one small pineapple shredded, three or four bananas thinly sliced, and strawberries if in season. Let stand in a cool place until well blended, chill with ice and serve.

A simple wholesome drink that can be given children ad libitum is always in demand during the summer months. An excellent one can be made with good currant jelly that is home-made, as the main flavoring. For the foundation boil two pounds of sugar and a quart of water together for five minutes; skim thoroughly; then add the juice of two lemons and a large orange; strain carefully, and finally stir in a full

pint of the best currant jelly, continue stirring until the jelly is entirely dissolved; then place on ice until very cold. At the moment of serving, add a bountiful supply of chipped ice and a quart bottle of apollinaris water.

The French are noted for their delicate and delicious drinks. The advantages of such a one that is non-alcoholic is apparent to every one. A favorite Parisian recipe calls for five pounds of raisins, five pounds of dried apples and five gallons of water.

Put all together in a small cask or large earthen jar and let stand uncovered for three days, stirring occasionally from the bottom. At the end of that time bottle, with half a teaspoonful of sugar and a stick of cinnamon in each bottle. Cork tightly and store in a cool place. The fruits having fermented, the drink will keep for a considerable length of time and is really delicious when served ice cold.

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TIMELY HINTS.

All who have attempted to clean coat collars and cuffs with benzine know that this requires much tedious rubbing with cloth in order to prevent the ring that otherwise would form in place of the obliterated spot. To avoid this labor, dip a tooth-brush into the benzine until it is well soaked, then brush the collar briskly.

In a few moments all stains will have entirely disappeared. The most costly velvet can be cleaned in this way without much rubbing. Never use a tooth-brush on satin or soft silk.

A rug sometimes becomes badly creased. To remedy this turn it upside down and wet the crease with a moistened broom until the rug is quite wet. Stretch the rug tight and let it remain overnight after tacking it with tinned tacks, which do not rust.

If a drop of olive oil is rubbed on dinner knives before putting them away, they will keep their brightness.

For the rusty nail wound, scrape a fresh red beet and bind the pulp on the wound; when this dries, bind on another. It will stop the pain and cure the hurt.

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RECIPES.

A good substitute for cream for coffee or fruits may be prepared in this way: Beat the whites of two eggs very stiff, add a teaspoonful of sugar and one of corn starch, beating well. Then add gradually a cupful of cold milk beating steadily until the milk is all used. Heat another cupful of milk with a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut in it, and when at the boiling point, set on the back of the stove and pour in the egg mixture, beating very smooth, or until the milk thickens to the consistency of cream. Strain through a fine sieve and let cool.

Raspberry Punch.—To one quart of ice cold water add five teaspoonsful of raspberry vinegar or raspberry royal. Turn it into a large pitcher or punch bowl and stir well. Put into each glass a generous supply of ice and fill from the bowl. If raspberries are in season a cupful of them may be added, or, if not, use in their place a cup of shredded pineapple or a banana sliced.

Spiced Cherries.—Boil a pint and a half of cider vinegar with an ounce of stick cinnamon and an ounce of cloves, each tied in a bag. Then add four and a half pounds of sugar and boil ten minutes more, skimming well. Put in seven pounds of stoned cherries and cook gently for half an hour; lift out the fruit with a skimmer and boil the syrup down until it is thick. Put the cherries into jars and keep hot, add the syrup, then close and seal. These are very nice with cold meats.

Apple Omelet.—Mix one tablespoonful of flour to a smooth paste with one-third of a cupful of milk, add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter and four well-beaten eggs. Pare, core and chop fine four large apples, melt one tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, and when very hot turn in the apples, stirring them until steaming hot and slightly soft. Pour over them the mixture in the bowl and shake well, lifting the edges to prevent sticking. When set dust with sugar, roll and turn out on a hot dish.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

The Fatality Of Indigestion Which almost invariably arises from Liver and Kidney disorders. DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

From insurance records it has been found that about 85 per cent. of the deaths of policy holders was attributed to diseases of the digestive system.

To persons who have been accustomed to think lightly of indigestion, biliousness and liver derangements this statement will be rather startling, but it can not be refuted.

To a large extent the liver controls the digestive system by supplying the bile to insure the prompt passage of the food along the intestines, where the difficult part of digestion takes place.

Because of their immediate and direct influence on the liver, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills insure a good flow of bile, and by doing so positively overcome constipation and intestinal indigestion.

Wind on the stomach, rising of sour taste in the mouth, smothering sensations in the chest, pains about the heart, headaches and dizziness, drowsiness and discomfort after meals, and sluggish action of the liver, kidneys and bowels are symptoms of this serious and dangerous form of indigestion.

Mrs. H. Husband, Moore street, St. Catharines, Ont., states: "I was seriously afflicted with indigestion and stomach trouble for sixteen years. Finally I became so bad that I could scarcely eat anything without suffering terrible distress. Gradually I grew weaker and more emaciated, and though treated by three doctors and a specialist I received no benefit.

"After a time a pain began in my right side which medical men said was liver trouble. I never got relief until I began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and they helped me at once. By using about a dozen boxes I was entirely cured. I owe my cure entirely to this treatment, and make this statement with the hope that some poor sufferer may benefit by my experience.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills will promptly overcome these symptoms. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

FUNNY SAYINGS

THE QUICK OR THE DEAD.

A schoolmaster asked a small urchin the other day the meaning of "The Quick or the Dead."

TIT FOR TAT.

I have just received the following quaint story from a reader who is apparently unperturbed by the recent earthquake:

A lady in San Francisco engaged a Chinese cook. When the Celestial came, among other things she asked him his name.

AWAITING HIS REFORMATION.

The ladies of a certain parish were busily engaged decorating the village church, when they were informed that a goat was making a meal of a "Peace on earth, good will to men" design in yew leaves which was standing in the churchyard ready for removal into the building.

The beadle, who was assisting, immediately rushed to the rescue; but the goat, resenting the interruption, repelled his attack vigorously.

"Let him eat, ma'am," gasped the beadle. "I'n gaun tae wait till he's got some 'guid will tae man' inside o' him."—Catholic Fireside.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE ASSUMPTION.

The gates of heaven stand open wide, And hosts of angels wait around To greet our Blessed Lady's soul, Which even now is heavenward bound.

Lift high your heads ye golden gates; She comes—the Father's chosen one; The Holy Spirit's sinless spouse, The mother of the Eternal Son!

She comes, all fair and full of grace, By many sorrows beautified; For at the cross she stood and wept At her Son's cross, whereon He died.

And lo! He comes to welcome her; And cherubim and seraphim With glorious voices sing songs of joy, And all in heaven join in the hymn

But she sees only Him, her Lord, Her joy, her very own, her Son; With tenderest love He crowns her brow And seats her near His own white throne.

Below, on earth, a flower-filled tomb Tells of her body glorified; And that she lives for evermore, In infinite joy, by His dear side.

GRANDMOTHER.

(By Arthur Wallace Peach.) Nearer to heaven as the years go by, Led by the guiding Hand; Silver the locks that once were gold Watching the dropping sand; But dearer and fairer than ever before

To the heart of her stalwart son, Who sees in her eyes of faded blue— His boyhood's love,—the eyes he knew.

Slower the hands in the knitting work, Stiff with the clasp of Time; Fading the home scenes meet her now Under the old home-vine; But dearer and fairer than ever before

To the gray head bent at her side, Who sees but the hands he pressed so tight, One far, far eye, on his wedding night.

Clearer the Sabbath church bells sound, Down through the hush of yore, Bidding her come in the early morn; Where loved ones meet once more; But dearer and fairer than ever before To husband and wife as one, The face of the Christ and His promise true: "Some day, beloved, I come for you."

MONG THE HILLS OF ERIN.

(Suggested by reading a letter in which an American lady expressed a wish that she might find a last resting place "among the hills of Erin," which she had visited and had learned to love.)

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults.

DR. FOWLER'S Wild Strawberry Extract of

is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Mrs. GEORGE N. HARVEY, Rosemeath, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best medicine I have ever used for Diarrhoea and all summer complaints. I always keep it in the house and praise it highly to all my friends."

OUR B...

Dear Girls and Boys: What a nice long letter sends this week. I am to learn of her father's am sure all the cousins representing kind sympathy May will call at my office comes to Montreal. Actually says she will when school commences. —and little boys, two— vacation too short. I O.N. will enjoy the visit making with her cousin though Joseph is not a about like other little boys to be a very happy little jolly fun they must have haying and coming rich on a great big load. I uncle intends killing his kindness. What do y Agnes McO. has just h ride on the train and w with it. What a glorio is having in the country has returned from Quebe happy she is to be home true, little girls, home all. I guess Tippy was for his little mistress a for him. Where are the who used to write so re miss them. Your loving AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: I would have liked to go you long before now, but vacation is such a joyous sometimes even without take a little too much l are you this summer, de For my part I am feelin as there is no pleasure row, I am left fatherless 18th May; my dear paping mamma and five w mourn his loss. We al house very big since he is One of my little frien Asselin, who is our pe niece, spent part of last me; we had a great time I go out picking raspb often; there has been a this year. I expect to at Montreal very soon. to see my uncle, Rev. and several of my other intend to have a good thing happens. We are k rain just now. The far glad to see it come on a soil being so destitute We will soon be eating my favorite dishes. I guess you will find ter is rather long, but you, I am going to a bo in Montreal when vacat and I don't think I w to write, unless on the would not do at all. I would come and spend in the country before I certain you would have time. With love to you, dear all the dear little cousin Your loving little n Sherrington, Aug. 7th

Dear Aunt Becky: It is so long since I to you I thought I wou has been raining all day is fine now. We had this morning in Hull; th were burned. I suppose enjoying herself very m bec. I think it is a lo School will soon begin be sorry, as there is Well, dear Aunt, as my getting long I think I w night. Love to all my remain Your loving nie

Dear Aunt Becky: It has been beautiful ther here this last week are covered with gra shocked up. As my sis this last week visiting, body to play with. The of my cousins visiting a last Sunday and Mond lots of fun while they place playing. We wen Sunday evening. I am their place next week

LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RE-NEWER needs only be applied as a hair dressing when its valuable properties will be appreciated. It imparts a most beautiful gloss and color to the hair, and keeps the head cool and free from dandruff. For sale by all chemists. 5 c a bottle.



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

What a nice long letter May O'M sends this week. I am very sorry to learn of her father's death, and I am sure all the cousins join with me in presenting kind sympathy. Perhaps May will call at my office when she comes to Montreal. Amy McC. actually says she will not be sorry when school commences. Little girls—and little boys, too—generally find vacation too short. I hope Annie O'N. will enjoy the visit she intends making with her cousins. Even though Joseph is not able to run about like other little boys, he seems to be a very happy little chap. What jolly fun there must have been out haying and coming riding home on a great big load. I am afraid uncle intends killing his plants with kindness. What do you think? Agnes McC. has just had her first ride on the train and was delighted with it. What a glorious time she is having in the country. So Ethel has returned from Quebec and how happy she is to be home again. Very true, little girls, home is best after all. I guess Tippy was as lonely for his little mistress as she was for him. Where are those cousins who used to write so regularly? We miss them.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I would have liked to have written you long before now, but you see vacation is such a joyous time that sometimes even without willing we take a little too much liberty. How are you this summer, dear Auntie? For my part I am feeling well, but as there is no pleasure without sorrow, I am left fatherless since the 18th May; my dear papa died leaving mamma and five children to mourn his loss. We all feel the house very big since he is gone. One of my little friends, Lucienne Asselin, who is our parish priest's niece, spent part of last week with me; we had a great time together. I go out picking raspberries pretty often; there has been a great many this year. I expect to go to visit at Montreal very soon. I will go to see my uncle, Rev. F. O'Meara, and several of my other friends. I intend to have a good time if nothing happens. We are having a nice rain just now. The farmers are all glad to see it come on account of the soil being so destitute of moisture. We will soon be eating corn, one of my favorite dishes.

I guess you will find that my letter is rather long, but I will tell you, I am going to a boarding school in Montreal when vacation is over, and I don't think I will be allowed to write, unless on the sly, and that would not do at all. I wish you would come and spend a few weeks in the country before I go. I am certain you would have a nice jolly time. With love to you, dear Auntie, and all the dear little cousins, Your loving little niece, MAY O'M. Sherrington, Aug. 7th.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is so long since I have written to you I thought I would write. It has been raining all day long, but it is fine now. We had a big fire this morning in Hull; three streets were burned. I suppose Ethel T. is enjoying herself very much in Quebec. I think it is a lovely place. School will soon begin and I won't be sorry, as there is no fun here. Well, dear Auntie, as my letter is getting long I think I will say good-night. Love to all my cousins. I remain Your loving niece, AMY McC.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It has been beautiful harvest weather here this last week. The fields are covered with grain cut and shocked up. As my sister is away this last week visiting, I have nobody to play with. There were two of my cousins visiting at our place last Sunday and Monday. I had lots of fun while they were at our place playing. We went for a walk Sunday evening. I am going to their place next week of holidays.

We did not get any teacher for our school yet, but I hope soon will. Well, dear Auntie, as I have not much news to tell you I guess I will say good-bye. Love to the cousins and Aunt Becky. Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, Aug. 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Oh, you are just lovely to say I am improving in my writing. I tried very hard to write a long letter so my cousin would read it in the paper. Papa finished haying last Monday; he was very glad. You ought to see the crowd on that last load—my three sisters and my cousin and a man rode up on it. Most everybody is happy when haying is over, but I think I am sorry because the girls are out with the horses all the time. I can't go, so I'm lonesome while they are away. I have just been laughing at my uncle. He has some tobacco plants growing out in the garden. He is watering them now after a big shower. Don't you think he is wasting time? Good-bye. JOSEPH. Granby, August 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am visiting at my aunt's I thought I would try and write to you. My cousins and myself have lots of fun playing. We have to hunt the eggs first and then we play hide and seek. There are quite a number of hiding places around where we hide. It is always nine o'clock when we get in from playing. We have to go to bed then. My cousin and myself went to Napanee Thursday. We went down on the train. It was my first ride on the train, and how I enjoyed it! It went so fast and it was so cool that I couldn't help but enjoy it. We went down early in the morning and got back at night. It was not as nice coming home as it was going down. It looks so strange to see that all the grain is ripe and the corn fit to use. Well, dear Auntie, as I have no more to tell you this week, love to all the cousins and yourself. Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, Aug. 10.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I came home on Tuesday after a month's visit to Quebec. Papa and mamma met sister and I at the train, and, oh, it was so good to see our dear ones waiting for us, and there is no place like home, and dear mamma had such a spread for us; everything she thought we would like, and dear papa did not say much, but I know he was very pleased to have me home. Tippy, my little dog, was so glad to see me home. I don't think I will go away for so long a time again. I am so glad to be home. Trusting that all my dear cousins and Aunt Becky are well, and hoping to see my letter in print. Your loving little niece, ETHEL T.

A LULLABY.

Rockaby, baby, the sun has set, The world has gone to rest; The robin has ended his sunset hymn And lies asleep in his nest. The heavens are dark but the golden stars Shine forth to brighten the sky. So rockaby, baby, and lullaby, love; My dear one, rockaby.

The leaves are asleep on the forest trees, The bees have gone to rest; The sun is asleep behind the clouds, And you on your mother's breast.

Hark, how clearly the night wind sings, As he goes rushing by; Rockaby, baby, and lullaby, love; Dear lambkin, rockaby.

The owls are awake and clearly hoot, From their perches on the trees, Singing their night song shrill and loud To the tickle evening breeze. But the breeze speeds by and listens ne'er

So they sing to the stars in the sky, While mother holds her babe to her breast And sings a lullaby.

The stars they list to the owls' shrill shrill hoots, Caressing them with their beams, While troops of fays steal down to earth And weave 'round you their dreams. But the moon shines on serene and fair On her starry throne on high, While mother sings her sleeping babe Her evening lullaby. —Brooklyn Eagle.

WATCH YOUR OWN WAYS.

Nettie Graves, coming into the house on a beautiful summer day, sank wearily into a chair, and her mother, looking up from the book she was reading, asked: "Tired, dear, and warm?" "Yes; both," Nettie answered, "and the worst of it is, I feel that my visit to Stella's, instead of having refreshed me as I hoped it would, has only made me feel more the heat of the day."

"How is that?" asked Mrs. Graves, closing her book and preparing to enter into her daughter's troubles.

"I think it is Stella's ways that tire one so," Nettie said thoughtfully. "When one goes to see her one ought to take a cool day and be ready to stand a great deal. Have you ever felt, mamma, the difference between being with a restful and un-restful person?" "I think I have, dear," Mrs. Graves answered. "Well, the first thing that Stella did after having jumped up twice—the first time to take my hat, the second my parasol—was to interrupt herself in a description of an interesting account of her trip as a delegate to the society's council, by leaving her chair and adjusting a tidy on the back of the lounge. A minute later it was to re-arrange a piece of bric-a-brac on the side-board. And all the time she was talking her eyes wandered restlessly around the room as though in search of something to straighten, until finally I said—

"Stella, how I wish you'd leave off fidgeting, and tell me the remainder of your trip without breaking off to arrange things in the room. I should enjoy it so much more."

"Of course you would, dear," she answered laughingly. "I don't wonder this dreadful habit of mine tires you; mamma is so anxious I should try and break myself off it. I am glad you spoke as you did; I'll give you my whole attention now."

"And so she did, mamma, for a while. Then she interrupted herself again to pick up a pin she saw on the carpet beneath my chair, and I had to move in order to allow her to reach it. Of course they were just trifles that broke in upon our pleasant time, but I could not help wishing that Stella was more restful."

"It would be a comfort if she were," Mrs. Graves responded sympathizingly. "But it may be, dear, that it is within your power to help Stella to overcome this habit of hers. At any rate, you should watch and try. It may also prove a lesson to you and teach you to be careful of your own manner. If Stella sees that you give her your undivided attention when she is in your presence, it may have the effect of teaching her to return the compliment. So do not think that your afternoon has been wasted, but rather that you have profited in two ways."

"You find good in everything, mamma," Nettie said gratefully, as she arose to lay aside her hat. "I shall remember what you have said and try to be helpful to Stella, and also to be watchful of my own ways."

BEAUTY THAT LASTS.

"Mamma," said Nelly Brown to her mother one day, "do you think I am really beautiful? Mrs. Wilson said to me this morning, 'Nelly, you are very handsome, and you will be and by be a very beautiful woman.' Do you think so too, mamma?"

Mrs. Brown gazed at her daughter in silence for a few moments, as if at a loss for a fitting answer to Nelly's question. She knew that Nelly was indeed beautiful; yet she regretted that Mrs. Wilson had praised her beauty so unparingly, because she feared that such praise tended to feed vanity in her daughter's heart. At last she replied: "Yes, my child, God has given you

a beautiful face, and you no doubt found its praise by Mrs. Wilson was like a sweet morsel under the tongue; but let me repeat to you the words of a thoughtful old writer who said, 'As amber attracts straw, so does beauty admiration, which only lasts while the warmth lasts; but virtue, wisdom, goodness, real worth, like the loadstone, never lose their power. These are true graces.' You know that beauty may be defaced by disease and lose its power to attract admiration; but beauty of the soul outlasts the life of the body and commands the lasting admiration of men, of angels, and of the King of moral beauty Himself. Therefore, dear Nelly, be grateful to God, who has given you a lovely face; but don't fail to ask Him to adorn your soul with a beauty like his own."

A BIRD LESSON.

All around us the birds are fluttering cheerily back and forth. Now they are in the garden, the meadow, or by the river-side. But they do not linger long in any one spot. As soon as their bright, watchful eyes spy a fat worm or grub, they snatch it up and are off, generally to some tree or thicket where a nestful of small fledgelings open wide, hungry mouths at their coming.

How very seldom a discordant note mars the beauty of their happy warble and bits of bird-talk! Have you ever thought what a sunny language most of our feathered friends have, anyway? Their vocabulary of grumbly, fault-finding words is small indeed. But how many ways they have of expressing their delight at living in such a beautiful world.

Yesterday, on the lawn, there was a little chirp from a robin, that was not at all expressive of disappointment, or worry, when an angleworm eluded his bill. "That fellow got away from me, but I'll be more successful next time," he seemed to say. "There must be a lot of worms in this thick sod."

"Wouldn't it be funny," laughed a small girl one day, "if the birds fussed about doing things the way we girls do? What a lot of music we'd miss! They seem to have such good times in spite of the cats, and having to hustle out early after their breakfasts." The speaker was watching three young robins perched on a bough waiting expectantly for their mother. "I wonder if they ever hate to do things?" she added.

Ever since early spring there have been dazzling shimmers of violet and blue blending with the green of the elm leaves screen our study window. What a lively, insistent family that brown, canopied dwelling shelters! Mother Bluebird, do you ever worry? Two cats were driven from your tree last night, that were watching with fierce, greedy eyes. Suppose one of your family, the dearest and naughtiest, should stretch his wings a little too wide—and—oh! little mother, do you ever suppose? There is a soft whirr and a flash, and the nest mother swings on the tip of a bough in a moment's breathing spell, and, with a cheery note, is gone.

If she could give us an answer, do you not fancy it would be something like this: "Why, don't you know, I'm too busy looking after my family to worry. I'm on the wing the most of the time getting worms, to make them strong—then they can care for themselves. If I stopped to fret, they might get hungry and fall out of the nest; then the cat would get them." And with a spread of her wings, she is skimming lightly over the treetops.

"Now, girls, is not vacation a good time to emulate your bird neighbors? You may be disappointed in your plans for the summer, there may be unexpected duties and small trials to test your patience, but if you try to get above them, into the world of wings and song, where in a sweeter, higher atmosphere you can stoop to take up gently, and with loving patience, the duties that come to you, the singing birds will not all be outside your home. And the summertime will pass all too quickly for yourself and the dear home folks."

KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS.

One morning the Queen of Sheba started back to her home in the South. King Solomon and all his court went with her to the gates of the city. It was a glorious sight. The King and Queen rode upon white horses. The purple and scarlet coverings of their followers glittered with silver and gold. The King looked down and saw an ant hill in the path before them. "See yonder little people," he said, "do you hear what they are saying

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office Building at St. Johns, P. Q.," will be received at this office until Monday, August 27, 1906, inclusively, for the construction of a Post Office Building at St. Johns, P. Q. Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the office of J. A. H. Benoit, Esq., Architect, St. Johns, P. Q. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent of amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By Order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary.

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Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 2065. Dame Philomène Martin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of Joseph Mantel, formerly shoe manufacturer, and now foreman of the same place, has this day, instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband. Montreal, 8th August, 1906. L. E. BEAULIEU, Attorney for Plaintiff.







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### Ordinations at St. Gabriel's

Last Sunday was a gala day in St. Gabriel's, when three young men received Holy Orders within the walls of the parish church. Two of those were strangers, viz., Rev. Arthur Magnan, of St. Boniface, who was ordained priest, and Rev. Arthur Marsan, of Montreal, raised to the diaconate, but there was one who was well known to all present, a boy of the parish, the Rev. Martin Patrick Reid.

The ceremony was placed for 9.30, but long before that time friends of the young men were seen crowding on all sides, and when His Lordship Bishop Racicot entered, accompanied by his assistants and the elect of the occasion, upon whom all eyes were centered, a more sublime scene would be hard to imagine.

After the ordinations were over, High Mass was sung by His Lordship, assisted by Rev. Father Polan, also of St. Gabriel's, as deacon, and Father Perreault, of l'Assomption College, as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Marsan, brother of the rev. gentleman who had just received deaconship, acted as assistant priest.

After the Gospel, an eloquent and impressive sermon was preached by Rev. Father Thos. Heffernan, of St. Anthony's, which, through the never-lacking kindness of this respected gentleman, it is our pleasure and privilege to publish in its entirety:

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." Fittingly may these words of my text be used on a day like this. God the Father set his stamp of approval upon the mission of His Son, when in the waters of the river Jordan—Sacred altar Christus. Today the heavens open, the voice of the Father resounds throughout this vast temple, commanding this, his other son—"alter Christus"—to go forth, to offer up sacrifices, to preside over the people, to teach, to absolve, to bless, to preach the glad tidings of redemption. Hear ye him.

Assuredly, dearly beloved, this day must be one of great rejoicing for every man, woman and child in dear old St. Gabriel's. For the first time within the walls of this sacred temple have we been called upon to witness the sublime and solemn ceremonies of the Church's sacred liturgy in the creation of a Levite.

One thought must influence now. Some ten years ago a little boy, the son of a widowed mother, betook himself from the halls of his everyday school to those of the more advanced one—St. Lawrence College. As every other boy of good will and determination, success added to success brought it about that he came under the notice of his superiors. He was accounted blessed of God. Certain signs had already appeared in his firmament of intelligence and morals that pointed to a priestly calling, and then he went on more and more assured until to-day he hears—"Thou art a priest forever."

Why not, then, rejoice, dearly beloved. You who have seen him from his earliest infancy; you who have witnessed him in his goings and comings; you who have seen in him the true gentleman in the little boy; you who now see him a priest of God, but not to remain with you for a little while yet. No, but about to go off to the city of Rome to drink in more knowledge from the purest wells of ecclesiastical learning.

It is a day of great rejoicing for the Rev. Father O'Meara, your pastor and his. He has seen his boy grow up to be a man, his little acolyte a priest. He rejoices because he sees his work of pastor blessed; in three or four months more he will see still another of his boys raised to the dignity sacerdotale. In truth may he wait to hear from the Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant, because faithful over few I shall be more and more honored; you and you more sanctified. Amen.

will place you over many." But among the many who may rejoice we look in a particular manner to his good, pious mother. Yes, there as she sits before that altar, in the presence of the Pontiff who has just laid hands upon her dear boy, she must recall the moment when for the first time her maternal eyes rested upon her little infant. What a change twenty-three years have brought! Mother of the newly ordained, you have reason to rejoice. God has blessed you. Every day at the altar your memory will be kept fresh, your name will be pronounced in the presence of the only Son of God as beneath the species of bread he rests upon the altar stone. And you, his brother and sisters; you have a brother a priest. It means much. Thank your dear Lord for the favor conferred. The glory upon your roof is a great one. Praise to the Lord. But am I forgetting? Ah, no. There is one whom I should have named. It would be no fault of the head did I not name him; it would rather be a fault of the heart. I would save the young priest, his mother, brother and sisters the slightest movement of sorrow. But can sorrow exist to-day? Ah, no. Then I shall name him. How must the father of the young priest rejoice this day! Some years ago it pleased God to call him away, but we are told that death is but the beginning of eternity. Where is the poor father then, to-day, if not in the city of God. He was a good man, just and true. I picture him in his well-wishes and blessings looking down upon this ceremony within these walls. I picture him feasting his eyes of saint upon the placid brow of his one-time consort and joining with her in heaven, she on earth—in thanking the Most High for his many and signal favors and blessings upon their baby boy. But enough. For the young priest himself, "This is the day which the Lord hath made." Let him rejoice and be happy. He is a priest. A priest is a man taken from among the sons of men. "I have chosen you," are the words upon the lips of the Saviour. O priest of God, your selection is of great consequence. You who stand take care lest you fall. From him to whom much is given, much is expected.

And now, dearly beloved, we shall consider, but I must be brief, what is the priest. Ambassador, representative—alter Christus. His dignity, his power, his responsibilities, his fidelity, his being all things to all men, his call to give an account of his stewardship, his sentence. Fondly does he hope to hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

And now, my dear brother priest, I come to a close. May God spare you for many many happy and fruitful days. May you never forget your allegiance: God first, God always, God last. What will a man give in exchange for his soul? What would it profit you to be wrapped up in your devotion for others and forget your own? Personal sanctification, therefore, must be your watchword. May it never be in the mind of the Father to say to those entrusted to your care: Do as he says, but not as he does. May you never sacrifice the head for the heart. May you never neglect duty for love. May you be a good and a true general in the army of Christ, and lead your people on to the rewards of victory in the city of God.

And now, dearly beloved, a last parting word. In your mercy have pity on the dear young priest. Recommend him to God. Call upon the Virgin Mother to take a care lest her boy should falter, lest he should grow weak, lest he should forget his God, and what you do for him I beg of you to do for the Pontiff ordaining, for his pastor, for me, and for all the priests of God. In doing this the truest ideal of Christian charity shall become operative. God shall be more and more honored; you and you more sanctified. Amen.

shall be more and more protected, and you more and more sanctified. Amen. The choir rendered the usual chants for such occasions with good effect. Besides Rev. Fathers O'Meara, Fahy and Polan, were noticed the following priests from the city and its surroundings: Rev. Father Brady, P.P., St. Mary's; J. Bonin, P.P., St. Charles; F. Lelandais, Director of the Grand Seminary; V. Fauze, Director of l'Assomption College; Alf. Crevier, sup. St. Laurent College; Duchene, Gearostex and McShane, P.S.S., T. F. Heffernan, St. Anthony's; F. M. Elliott, Verdun; L. J. H. Jamin of St. Jean Baptiste, and J. M. Demers, secretary to His Lordship.

Our Lady was carried in solemn procession through the streets in the neighborhood of the church with flags flying and bands playing. Large numbers of Italians assisted, also many Catholics of other nationalities.

Our Lady was carried in solemn procession through the streets in the neighborhood of the church with flags flying and bands playing. Large numbers of Italians assisted, also many Catholics of other nationalities.

### CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Sarsfield Court No. 133, Catholic Order of Foresters, had the management of the concert last evening at the Catholic Sailors' Club, and they have every reason to feel proud of the result, the large hall being filled with a very appreciative audience of sailors and citizens, who encored the various items heartily. The chair was occupied by Mr. Simon McGarry, who in a neat little speech eulogized the splendid work the club is carrying on. Miss Kennedy and Miss Breslau, Messrs. George Holland, Benoit Bros., R. J. Hiller and J. Taylor and Mr. Gray represented the city talent, each of them giving a good performance. Chief amongst the sailor talent was our esteemed friend Mr. John Cameron, of the steamship Pretorian, who sang four songs in his own inimitable style. W. Ball, Maher, Brooks, were the other sailors who helped to make the evening enjoyable. Special mention must be made of Miss Kennedy, who sang in the manner of a first class artiste.

The concert of the 22nd Inst will be under the auspices of Division No. 1, A.O.H., who are putting forth great efforts to make the evening a success.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST

#### PARISH PRIESTS ON RETREAT.

Over one hundred priests, pastors of the different parishes in the diocese, are at present making their annual retreat at the Grand Seminary, Sherbrooke street, under the presidency of Archbishop Bruchesi. The Rev. Father Hago, Dominican, is the preacher.

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

We have much pleasure in acknowledging from Mr. and Mrs. T. J. O'Neil, St. Antoine street, the sum of \$5.00, and from Mr. W. P. Dunlop, Mackay, Ont., \$1.00 to be forwarded to Reverend R. F. G. Mascaserhas, South Canada, India, who made such an urgent appeal for aid in our columns last week.

#### IN MEMORY OF VICTIMS OF DROWNING ACCIDENT.

A cross to the memory of the five victims of the drowning accident at Lake Aylmer, on the 19th of July, 1905, was erected on the lake shore at Sherbrooke. The ceremony was presided over by Rev. Father Rouleau, principal of the Quebec Normal School.

#### GAELIC SCHOLAR DEAD.

Timothy Lynch, aged 92 years, scholar and linguist, and a resident of Holyoke, Mass., for forty-two years, is dead. Although self-taught, he mastered the Gaelic tongue and was one of the foremost Gaelic scholars in New England. He began the study of Latin at a late age and had read much in foreign tongues. At 80 he undertook the study of French.

#### ST. GABRIEL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY'S EXCURSION.

Come with St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society on their annual excursion to Burlington on Saturday, Sept. 1. Tickets good until Monday, Labor Day. Tickets may be had at 447 Centre street or from members of the society; also at the station the day of the excursion. For further particulars see posters later.

#### THEY DRIVE PIMPLES AWAY.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the kidneys are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are to let you know that the blood protests. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. Try them, and there will be another witness to their excellence.

#### FETE OF ITALIAN CATHOLICS

The Catholic Italian colony of this city celebrated the feast of their patron, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, on Sunday at the Church of St. Jean de la Croix. High Mass was chanted, at which the Italian chaplain, Father Caramello, was the speaker. Afterwards the statue of

### ALD. STEARNS APOLOGIZES FOR JUDGE SPEAR'S ILL-TIMED REMARKS.

At the meeting of the City Council last Monday, Ald. Stearns, as a brother Knight, apologized for the discourteous remarks of Judge Spear at the reception given to the Knights Templar last week in the following words: "Mr. Mayor, I rise on a question of privilege. It is about those unfortunate and uncalled for remarks that were made in this room last Wednesday, on the occasion when this council did the very great honor of welcoming here the Knights Templar of the Dominion of Canada. It is with great pain that one is obliged to apologize for one's guests. But before I make any further remarks, I wish every one of the aldermen to distinctly understand that Judge Spear is not a resident of the Dominion of Canada, but was here as an honored visitor, as an honored guest, of the body which this council honored by receiving it. It is with the greatest regret that I make these remarks. I am charged by the head of the order to say that neither he nor any member of our order in the Dominion of Canada endorses or approves of the remarks made here by Judge Spear. On the contrary, we most emphatically condemn them. I do not know, Mr. Mayor, that I can say more, save that the head of the order has charged me to apologize in the name of the order most humbly for the unpardonable blunder that was made by our guest here."

### ST. ANN'S PILGRIMAGE.

Quite a large number availed themselves of the pilgrimage under the direction of the Redemptorist fathers of St. Ann's parish to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaurup on the 11th inst. The boat left sharp at 4 o'clock, bearing 425 pilgrims. A very pleasing feature of the occasion was the presence of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, who, when he signified his intention of accompanying the good people of St. Ann's, gave them great reason to rejoice. The several items of the programme were perfectly carried out. At eight o'clock, after the usual announcements had been made by the director of the pilgrimage, His Grace addressed the pilgrims in his own fatherly and inimitable way. He began by recalling the memory of the late regretted Father Strubbe, then confined his remarks to these two ideas: What is a pilgrimage, and how should it be made? He called a pilgrimage a manifestation of our faith in the power and intercession of the saints, and especially St. Ann, whom the pilgrims were going to visit during that pilgrimage. He exhorted the pilgrims to go to St. Ann with confidence, and especially insisted on two resolutions being taken. First, to be always temperate; and second, to bring up their children in the fear and love of God. At the close of His Grace's address confessions were heard until midnight. The boat reached St. Anne de Beaurup at five o'clock, Mass being immediately celebrated by

## Frank E. Donovan

REAL ESTATE BROKER  
Office: Temple Building  
185 St. James St., Montreal  
Telephone Main 2001

### EDUCATIONAL

#### Catholic High School

55 DUROCHER ST.  
Re-opening of Classes WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th  
Classical, Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Boys prepared for McGill, Quebec, R. M. C., and other examinations. A scholarship, donated by Hon. J. Curran J. S. C., is offered to the boy passing the best entrance examination in September.  
For particulars apply for the present to  
A. J. HALES-SANDERS, M. A., Principal.

### UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA, CANADA

Conducted by the Oblate Fathers.  
Founded in 1848. Degree-conferring powers from Church and State. Theological, Philosophical, Arts, Collegiate and Business Departments. Over Fifty Professors and Instructors. Finest College Buildings and finest Athletic Grounds in Canada. Museum, Laboratories and Modern Equipments. Private Rooms.  
For Calendar and particulars address  
Rev. Wm. J. MURPHY, O. M. I., Rector

### LOYOLA COLLEGE,

MONTREAL.  
An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers.  
There is a Preparatory Department for junior boys.  
SCHOOL RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 6th.  
A prospectus may be obtained on application to  
The REV. G. O'BRYAN, S. J.,  
68 Drummond street.

### Commission of Montreal Catholic Schools

THE RE-OPENING OF THE Schools under the control of the Commission will take place  
Monday, September 3rd.  
For further information apply to the PRINCIPAL or to the DIRECTOR of each school.  
A. J. LACROIX,  
Director General.

### SMOKE CARROLL'S RENOWNED "PREMIER" COIL TOBACCO

Sole Manufacturers  
P. J. CARROLL & CO.  
Dundalk, Ireland  
Stocked by Joseph Turgeon,  
131 Craig St. West, Montreal  
Canadian Inquiries and Trial Orders will be attended to by  
T. E. KLEIN  
117 Wellington St. West, Toronto

### PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent Business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser sent upon request. Marion & Marston, New York Life Bldg., Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

### MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

August 16.  
Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.50 to \$4.70; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.20, and straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.95; extra, in bags \$1.25 to \$1.50.  
Rolled Oats—\$2.20 to \$2.25 in bags of 90 lbs.  
Cornmeal—\$1.40 to \$1.45 per bag; granulated, \$1.65.  
Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bags, \$18 to \$19; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$21.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$18 to \$19; shorts, \$21 to \$22.  
Oats—No. 2, 38c per bushel; No. 3, 37c; No. 4, 36c.  
Hay—No. 1, \$10 to \$10.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$9 to \$9.50 clover, \$7 to \$7.50; clover, mixed, \$8 to \$8.50.  
Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.45 per bushel; hand-picked, at \$1.60 per bushel.  
Peas—Bolling, in broken lots, \$1.20 per bushel.  
Potatoes—40c to 50c per bag of 90 lbs. (nominal.)  
Honey—White clover in comb, 18c to 14c; buckwheat, 10c to 11c per pound section; extract, 7c to 7.1-2c buckwheat, 5.1-2c to 6c per pound.  
Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$24.00; half barrels, do., \$12.50; clear fat back, \$23.50; long cut heavy mess, \$21.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$11.25; dry salt long clear bacon, 12.1-4c to 12.3-4c; barrels, plate beef \$12 to \$13.50; half barrels do., \$6.75 to \$7.25; barrels heavy mess beef \$11.50; half barrels, do., \$6.25; compound lard, 9c to 9.1-2c; pure lard, 12c to 12.1-2c; kettle rendered, 18c to 14c; hams, 14.2-4c to 15c, according to size; breakfast bacon 15.1-2c to 17c.

### YOU ARE REQUESTED TO TEST THIS

We are so positive that our remedy for sweaty, tender, tired, aching, smarting feet will give you satisfaction that we will cheerfully return your money if you are not satisfied after trying "Foot Elm." All druggists keep it, or we will mail you 18 powders for 25 cents. We pay the postage. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

### OBITUARY.

DEATH OF MRS. CRAIGIE.  
The sudden death occurred on Sunday night of Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbs). The noted writer some years ago became a convert to the Catholic faith.  
CANCER OF THE BREAST  
Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvelous.

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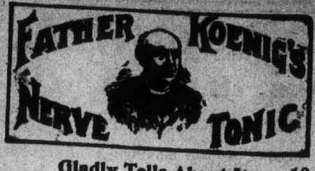


SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Continued.

"You needn't," acrimoniously: "Flory don't want nothin' at all to do with that party. They've completely busted the partnership. You might see him, though, about the other feller."

favor on your father's part, but through an accident. In the ordinary course of my parish business the prince found it necessary to confide in me. If he was more precise in his account of his life to me than to any other, it was because I insisted on knowing the whole story, with every shade that time had cast upon it.



Glady Tells About It. I am glad you have an agent in this city. I have seen several instances where Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been used with great benefit.

While recovering from a broken leg, I was attacked by nervous prostration, presumably due to the shock of the fall. After twelve months I was still in the same condition, had poor appetite, could not sleep or work, not even see or hear, was troubled with melancholia. Then I began to take Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and grew steadily better.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Free patients also get the splendid book, "Prepared by the Rev. Fr. Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1870, and now by the Rev. Fr. Koenig, of Montreal."

time, he told her his secret. "On the very day of her death he told her. He found it hard to make her see the wisdom of keeping it a secret still, from you at least; but with my aid he succeeded."

"The idea of a dead man having such influence over a living one!" he said angrily. "I believe you're all to blame for it, too. He'll die on that island, poking over the remains of that red-headed prince, and persuading himself of nonsense of all sorts. And if he doesn't his affairs in the city will all go to smash. Now, Ruth, see here. We can't stand this sort of thing any longer, and to-morrow—to-morrow, I swear it and I vow it—we'll go over in a body; we'll advance on that island like an army, and we'll forcibly remove him to the village. Come on home. There's no use talking to the père. I suspect he would be glad if Flory took a dose of poison."

himself on familiar ground for the first time that evening, "you'll be apt to stick there if the ice came on too thin to bear ye and too thick for a boat. So you had better make a move on the double-quick. And now see here, Flory, you ain't doing the right thing by the party and by yourself. You ought to be in New York making cover for what is left of your hay. Your father was a good man, but the best man that ever died wasn't worth quite half the fuss made over him."

Florian received this lecture as pleasant badinage, nor did he make any reply to Ruth's kindly invitation, but, wishing them all good-night, politely withdrew. The squire snorted as the door closed after him, and looked severely at nobody.

"The idea of a dead man having such influence over a living one!" he said angrily. "I believe you're all to blame for it, too. He'll die on that island, poking over the remains of that red-headed prince, and persuading himself of nonsense of all sorts. And if he doesn't his affairs in the city will all go to smash. Now, Ruth, see here. We can't stand this sort of thing any longer, and to-morrow—to-morrow, I swear it and I vow it—we'll go over in a body; we'll advance on that island like an army, and we'll forcibly remove him to the village. Come on home. There's no use talking to the père. I suspect he would be glad if Flory took a dose of poison."

Florian made his way across the river in a dreamy, unsettled way, as if he had started for no place and forgotten the harbor he had left. He was very eager to know something of the real life of his father, and somewhat bitter at finding himself left out so regularly in the cold. This one knew and that one knew some trait or incident of the hermit, and Linda had received a full measure of knowledge at the last moment. He alone knew nothing. His thirst—and it increased every day—was always unsatisfied. His father spoke to him only through cold, unsympathetic channels of dead letters or of outsiders who cared little for him. It was a hard condition. He accepted it in his usual matter-of-fact way, but it hurt him nevertheless.

When the island was reached and the door closed on all the world—on all his cares and disappointments, on all his ambitions—he pulled the curtain over the window, replenished



Makes Child's Play of Wash Day. SURPRISE SOAP A PURE HARD SOAP

the fire, and, with Isaac Walton at his elbow, sat down to read his father's last communication to him. Just as his father had sat often during the nights of twenty years! The old charm of the place was not yet lost to him; it had increased rather, because of its pathetic associations. Here he had slept and dreamed that his father kissed him; here the hermit had made a last attempt to keep him in Clayburg; here he had tried to discover, without much if any help from God, what his vocation in life might be. The warning which the prince had given him still haunted his memory, but he had not gotten over his old scepticism on that point, and recalled it with a smile. By the light of the old tallow candle he opened his father's letter and read it reverently:

My son, my most dear son: I have little time to speak to you. I fear, I am sure, our enemy is on my track. I thought you had forever averted the danger. It is not so. These people will not be satisfied until they have killed me. God's will be done! When you read this I shall be dead. Much obscurity hangs over my life. It will never be removed in this world. It will pain you, but it was ordered so for your good. Believe me, your father, every moment of my life was a study to save you from what will befall me, every word that I have said to you dictated by the strongest love. Be content with what you may learn of me from strangers. I give you my love and bid you adieu. I return to you, according to promise, a well-known document. My most dear son, a stranger to me all my life, your father hopes and prays to meet you in heaven.

He read it over three, four, ten times, with a more vivid picture each time of the circumstances under which it was written, until the long-suffering of his father's life and the condensed agony of that farewell was tearing his own heart into shreds. until sobs and tears came to show him that he was no more, after all, than a son of man. He felt humiliated, but only before himself. When self-possession returned he glanced idly at the other document—a bit of writing, signed, as his father's letter was, "Florian"; but the handwriting was his own, and a more careful scrutiny discovered the manuscript to be that famous declaration of his views on everything which the hermit had received from him ten years ago. He read it with a sad yet tender curiosity. His father had preserved it so carefully, had read it many times, no doubt, and pondered as a father would over the workings of the young soul which God had given to him; had kissed it—many times, and wept and prayed over it for him, and besought a daily measure of blessings on his son. Therefore he read it considerably, smiling at the boyish enthusiasm which every line displayed, and frowning at the declaration of beliefs and practices some time discarded. The contrasts which it showed to exist between the boy and the man he did not see, or seeing, did not take heed, but put it away between the leaves of the Isaac Walton and gave himself up to hours of profitless thought. In these moments of meditation that peculiar twisting of the features took place, which had been noticed during the funeral, as if his very vitals had been seized by the grasp of intolerable pain. With his strong will he reasoned its cause down, but still the shadow haunted him night and day.

CHAPTER XXXVII. After a defeat the vanquished naturally hides his head for a short time, the quicker to restore his bruised features to their natural shape and color. This very just reflection did not at all soothe the anxiety of Barbara over her dear, devoted Florian's absence. Twenty times a day she tried to read between the lines of the passionate letters he sent her from Clayburg, and because she found nothing her anxieties increased tenfold. Ruth was there, and who could tell what would happen?

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, overworked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. F. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plaster and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."

Don't "Grin and Bear It" when your feet sweat and ache, burn and smart. Just Try "Foot Elm". Foot Elm never disappoints—it makes feet healthy.



A Morning in the Vatican Grottoes.

Continued from Page 1

died in 384, and there a half figure of Pope Benedict XII, about a thou-

And there are bas reliefs of exquisite workmanship from the chisel of Mino da Fiesole, and there a mosaic picture of an angel from the pencil of Giotto; here in brilliant electric light you may study the carvings on the sarcophagus of Junius Bassus, who was Prefect of Rome in 359, and who became a Christian while he still exercised this office.

Thus it is that here one's thoughts are carried from an inscription to a mosaic, and from a statue to a fresco with an overwhelming rapidity. Marucchi has said that the objects collected here constitute a real museum, "in which reigns the most perfect disorder. It is impossible to guess what principle presided at the classification of the 288 pieces. Inscriptions, sarcophagi, paintings, mosaics, and statues follow one another without any care or any chronology; an inscription of Pope Damasus follows close on a mosaic of Giotto and precedes a fragment of sculpture of the 15th or 16th centuries; epitaphs of the 6th century are neighbors to a tomb of the 13th; furthermore, the fragments of one monument are scattered on different sides, while monuments which have absolutely nothing in common are united under the same number."

Correspondence.

JUDGE SPEAR AND CATHOLIC WORSHIP.

Editor of the True Witness: Dear Sir,—I noticed in the columns of the local daily papers last week a few remarks made in public by Hon. Judge Spear, Past Grand Commander of the State of Maine Priory Knights Templar, during the civic reception at the City Hall, an extract of which is reported as follows:

"I noticed particularly a painting representing the Resurrection, and I could not help considering how different was the viewpoint of the worshippers there from that of the Knights Templar. The impression forced itself upon me that that form of worship, instead of being enlarging and educative, is restrictive in its teaching, while the work of the Knights Templar is devoted to extending the federation of the world and the brotherhood of man. I heard with surprise since of the difficulties that have in the past been experienced by our order here, when it has even cost a man his political influence to become known as a member. In my own state of Maine our citizens have always felt proud to become Knights, and I was astonished to find a different feeling here."

It seems strange that a gentleman of the Judge's culture and intelligence should have fallen into the only too common error of our Protestant brethren. He attended Mass in Notre Dame Church, and during the service noticed the painting and people praying before it. He was there as a Protestant, as an unbeliever, and consequently could not understand the sublime mysteries of a society far superior to the one he represented—the society of the Holy Catholic Church. He formed a quick and evidently preconceived opinion that the people were "worshipping the painting," while ignoring the God above, and with this fallacious idea of "Ca-

tholic idolatry" he found material for comparing the work of the Catholic Church with the "work" of the Knights Templar, which, recognizing no religion, government or politics, is anything but Christian or patriotic in its sentiments.

So much for the "enlarging, educative but restrictive form of worship" of the Catholic Church, and now for the "work of the Knights Templar, devoted to extending the federation of the world and brotherhood of man."

In the eyes of devout Roman Catholics and even of fair-minded Protestants it is impossible to compare the work of the Knights Templar with the work of the Catholic Church. The one stands as a huge, immense mountain range, ponderous, solid and substantial, defying the elements and that arch-destroyer, Time, while the other is an insignificant band of selfish toilers, picking, shovelling, boring, blasting in hopeless endeavor to level the mountain to the earth, but all their work is in vain, for the mountain stands solid and secure on eternal foundations!

The work of the Catholic Church is the work of Jesus Christ, while the work of the Knights Templar is the work of poor insignificant man—man without Jesus Christ! How, then, can the work of godless man be compared with the work of God Himself? Such a comparison is blasphemous, and that is the comparison which the learned Judge has made.

Then again he "heard with surprise of the difficulties experienced by the Order here, when it has even cost a man his political influence to become known as a member." The writer sincerely sympathizes with the Judge in this grievance, for it has cost him (the writer) two good jobs to have been known as a Roman Catholic, and that right in Montreal!

The writer also personally knows of a case in Bedford, Maine, the state which the learned Judge represented, where a young Irish Catholic Canadian worked for a firm of painters and decorators as book-keeper for a period of three years. One day two nuns entered the store placed an order, and one gave her name as "Sister —, of the Sacred Heart." After the Sisters had departed the head of the firm began to speak disrespectfully of them and of Catholics in general. Of course the young man's Irish blood was aroused at the insult, and he gave his employer "a piece of his mind."

"Oh! you're a Papist too, eh? Well, I'll be d— if I'll allow a Popish schemer to have anything to do with my books, so ye can just put on yer hat an' git! Here's yer money!" That's the way it is in Bedford, Maine, the State the Judge came from.

"However," he continued in his remarks, "Nature is exactly the same in Canada as it is in the United States." It certainly is. When the Judge was informed that his remarks at the City Hall were occasioning comment in the city, he replied that he regretted that what he had said should lead to any one feeling grieved, as he had not intended to single out any particular form of worship. But the learned Judge certainly made it distinctly understood that it was the Catholic Church and no other at which he aimed his undiplomatic remarks. There can be no mistake about that. He also feels that there is no apology to make, because, he said, he "simply spoke as a Mason to Masons. In our order there is neither church nor creed. In our state it is not at all uncommon at the public installation of Masonic officers for speakers to compare the breadth of views of the Masonic order with those of any sect or church."

EXCURSION TO CORNWALL

Saturday, August 18, 1906

SHAMROCK vs CORNWALL.

A special Excursion under the auspices of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, will leave Bonaventure station at 1:10 p.m.; returning, leave Cornwall at 8 p.m. Train will stop at St. Henri, both going and coming. Tickets good for stopover at Cornwall until Monday a.m. trains. Tickets for sale at G.T.R. Ticket Office, 128 St. James St.; Brennan Bros., St. Catherine St. East, and at Bonaventure. Tickets—Adults, \$1.15; Children, 60c.

M. J. BRENNAN, Hon. Sec. Shamrock Lacrosse Club.

Ideal Water Trips

Health, Rest & Recreation.

MONTREAL - TORONTO Line - via 1000 Islands and Rochester, N.Y. Daily, except Sundays, at 2.15 p.m.

MONTREAL - TORONTO - HAMILTON Line - via 1000 Islands and Bay of Quinte. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 2.30 p.m.

MONTREAL - QUEBEC Line - Daily, at 7 p.m.

SAGUENAY Line - From Quebec, Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat., at 8.30 a.m.

City Ticket Office, 128 St. James St., Opp. Post Office.

headgear and belt buckles. Imagine a society which does not profess belief in Jesus Christ, which recognizes no church, religion, government, politics, sect or creed, having the audacity to parade before the public with the cross of Jesus Christ, the banner of salvation and the standard of the Roman Catholic Church displayed on their breasts! Could greater dissimulation be imagined? [And the learned Judge had the exceeding thoughtlessness to denounce the holy religion of which he himself wore the emblem on his uniform! Ah! But Catholics can understand and will forgive! Yours truly, JAS. A. WHITTAKER.

For Inflammation of the Eyes.—Among the many good qualities which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills possess, besides regulating the digestive organs, is their efficacy in reducing inflammation of the eyes. It has called forth many letters of recommendation from those who were afflicted with this complaint and found a cure in the pills. They affect the nerve centres and the blood in a surprisingly active way, and the result is almost immediately seen.

THE FIRST JESUIT PRIEST

Jesuits all over the world celebrated the feast of Blessed Peter Faber, S.J., on August 8. Blessed Peter, the first companion of St. Ignatius, was born in a village in the mountains of Savoy. Here as a boy he watched over his father's flock and when opportunity offered carried on his studies under his parish priest, the saintly and learned Pedro Vegliardo. The lad possessed great talents, and his lonely life among the mountains drew him into close communion with God. Desirous of cultivating his talents, he left home and went to Paris, where while applying himself to his theological studies in the college of St. Barbara he met St. Ignatius. Both were strongly drawn to each other and became fast friends. On the advice of St. Ignatius Blessed Peter took sacred orders. He was the first of the Society of Jesus, and when at Montmartre St. Ignatius and his companion pronounced their vows it was Blessed Peter who celebrated the holy sacrifice. By order of the Supreme Pontiff he was sent to Parma and afterward to Germany to defend the doctrines of the Church against the reformers. At Worms, Ratisbon, Spire and Cologne, he met his opponents in public debate; while in the churches of the city he explained the word of God to crowded audiences. Leaving Blessed Canisius, S.J., to continue this work, he journeyed through Belgium, France, Spain and Portugal, exercising his apostolic work. Having been appointed by Pope Paul III. theologian to the Council of Trent, he set out from Spain at the command of St. Ignatius, but died in Rome shortly after his arrival.

FATHER WALSH APPOINTED BISHOP OF PORTLAND.

Pope Pius has approved the decision of the Propaganda to appoint the Rev. I. S. Walsh, of Massachusetts, Bishop of Portland, Maine. The Rev. I. S. Walsh graduated from the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Seaside Excursions

From Montreal St. John's N. B. - \$9.00 St. Andrew's N. B. - 9.00 Portland, Me. - 7.50 Old Orchard Beach - 7.80

Good going Aug. 15th and 16th. Return limit August 31st, 1906.

EXHIBITIONS

MONTREAL TO TORONTO AND RETURN Sept. 1st and 3rd, \$7.00 Aug. 31st, Sept. 4, 5 and 6, 10.00 Return Limit, Sept. 11th, 1906.

Montreal to Three Rivers and Return Aug. 23 and 25, \$1.95 Aug. 29, 31, 14 and 25, \$2.55 Return Limit, Aug. 27, 1906.

TICKET OFFICE: 128 St. James Street Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EXHIBITION

TORONTO.

September 1 and 3 - \$7.00 Aug. 31, Sept. 2, 4, 5, 6 \$10.00 Return Limit—Sept. 11, 1906.

Train Service - Leave Montreal 9.00 a.m., 8 p.m., and 10.30 p.m. daily. Arrive Toronto 4.20 p.m., 6.10 a.m., 7.15 a.m.

Seaside Excursions

From Montreal to Portland and return - \$7.50 Old Orchard - - - - \$7.80

Going Dates—August 13, 14, 15, 16. Return Limit—August 31, 1906.

Trains leave Montreal at 8 a.m. and 8.15 p.m. Elegant cafe car service on day trains between Montreal and Portland. Sleeping car on night trains.

CITY TICKET OFFICES 127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

THE NEW ROUTE TO SAGUENAY



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11.45 NIGHT EXPRESS for Quebec and intermediate stations. P.m. Daily, except Sunday, at 11.45 p.m. A sleeping car is attached to this train, which passengers occupy after 9.10 p.m. SLEEPERS AND DAY CARRIAGES Passengers leaving by the Maritime Express at 12 noon, Tuesdays, and 3 p.m., see Limited, Fridays, all connect at Campbellton with 88. Lady Ellen. All trains of the Intercolonial Railway arrive and depart from the Bonaventure Union Depot. CITY TICKET OFFICE: St. Lawrence Hall—121 St. James street, or Bonaventure Depot. Tel. Main 62. J. J. McCONNIFF, City Pass & Ticket Agent. P.S.—Write for free copy, Tours to Summer Resorts, via Ocean Limited, "Train de Luxe."

THE S. GARSLEY CO. LIMITED THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1906.

Store closes at 5.40 daily.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS

This special offering of Bleached Damask Table Cloths and Napkins comes at a time when most wanted, and this is characteristic of The Big Store's New Management Sale. Bought from a manufacturer, slightly imperfect, comprising all sizes and prices, and will be sold on Monday at a reduction of

33% OFF REGULAR PRICES Bleached Damask Table Cloths Size 1 1-2 yards by 1 1-2 yards..... 78c Size 2 yards by 2 yards..... \$1.35 Size 2 yards by 2 1-2 yards..... \$1.65 Size 3 yards by 3 yards..... \$1.95 Size 2 1-4 yards by 2 1-4 yards..... \$2.95

Bleached Damask Table Napkins 200 dozen of Bleached Damask Table Napkins to clear. In 5-8 size, \$1.10, in 3-4 size, \$1.70, in 3-4 size, \$1.85.

Three Specials in Dress Goods

Considerably Reduced in Price by the New Management. FANCY PLAIDS—10 pieces of Fancy Dress Plaids, in a good variety of patterns, specially good for children's dresses. The New Management price..... 23c NEW SICILIANS—5 pieces of fine quality Navy Blue Sicilians, 44 inches wide. New Management price..... 50c NEW FANCY LUSTRES—10 pieces of fancy check Lustres, in black and white, navy and white, brown and white, and myrtle and white, 42 inches wide. Special price..... 66c

Exceptional Bargains in Ladies' Shirtwaist Suits

All Summer Goods must go regardless of cost or profit. Every summer costume in stock is reduced to a third of its proper price and some less. For instance— 125 Fine Summer Suits, of heavy quality washable Print, skirt very full, waist finished with deep pleats. Regular price \$2.85. Sale price..... 98c 300 Stylish Summer Costumes, of Lustre and American Prints, made with full pleated skirts and pleated waists. Regular price \$5.25. Sale price..... \$1.98

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Vol. LVI., No.

Mr. Redmond

On Friday, July Redmond, M.P., distributed to the students of St. George's College in Holborn (England) Long before 8 p.m. the hall was already filled and friends, who were the doors and marshalled places by some of the wearing-roses of the At the appointed hour the hall entered the hall of the Rector, T. Donnelly, S.J., and with enthusiastic applause. Proceedings began with "Academy" of music and in a spirited prolog (Form I.) reminded him the present crisis of the nation.

Schooled by the M... lore, Whose power, God-giv... her own Two hundred faithful... shown, We stand at the outst... fight That rages round h... right, Scions of sires whose... Has flowed in torre... good, Keeping secure the... knew For their posterity... Who dares demand th... yield Our father's ma... shield?

SPEECH BY MR. J. H. The prizes were then d... Mr. John Redmond, who said that when the invit... tend that function was him he felt, as a Catho... Irishman, that he could... it, when he was told th... sence there would be us... the smallest degree to... religious education. As an old Jesuit boy... ed) and one whose hear... reverence and gratitud... great society to which I... knowledge I owe so mu... vitation came to me no... a compliment and hono... command. I congratula... my heart those who are... for the management of S... College, where is given... sound religious educatio... highest form of literat... (Hear, hear.)

THE STRUGGLE IN... MENT. In Parliament we ha... reached the end of one... controversy about relig... tion in the schools, and... the physical and mental... last few months and ou... disappointments and fa... to obtain justice, or to... tention in the smallest... our Catholic schools in... try. I feel that we can... one great consolation, w... least some reward for ou... ing and seemingly fruitl... is true that up to the... have failed. The Edw... will leave the House o... on Monday next in such... not to offer justice or p... the Catholic schools in... try. But I say to you th... not the end of this contr... (applause). And I say to... fidently, that one of two... inevitably occur—either... will never pass into law... else it will be amended... passed in such a way as... at least tolerable f... schools (applause). Bu... the struggle so far as... we can lay to our credi... achievement—I say that... great debates which hav... ceeding now for months... cation question in Parli... attitude of Catholics tow... question of education in... try is understood by th... Parliament, the English... by politicians, and I h... English public, as it ne... derstood before (applau...