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day of September, 1908, at 10

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No. 200, James, in the

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J. E. COUTT, R.S.C.

September 2, 1908.

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The True Witness



MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Note and Comment

The Hon. Nicholas Fitzgerald, who died in Melbourne, Australia, last week, was the last survivor of that band of notable Catholic Irishmen who sought their fortunes in Victoria about the time that the young colony received its constitution, and who played such a valuable part in the shaping of its destinies. He was an able debater, and took a prominent part in the many contests between the two branches of the Victoria legislature, defending with vigor and eloquence the rights and privileges of the Second Chamber. An ardent Federationist, he was one of the delegates of Victoria in the first Australasian Federation Conference in 1891, and represented Victoria in the first Intercolonial Conference held at Ottawa in 1894.

Mr. Seumas MacManus, the Irish poet and novelist, has been appointed special lecturer in English at the University of Notre Dame, Ind., the second great Catholic University of America. Mr. MacManus is to give a course of lectures which will run for one month of each session, and a special series will be devoted to the art of story writing, but generally he is to be allowed to range at pleasure over the fields of poetry, fiction and folklore.

After the lapse of fifteen years, London will again have in November a Catholic Lord Mayor in the person of Sir John Stuart Knill, Bart., grandson of the Bridge ward, who stands next in succession for the office. The last Catholic Lord Mayor was the coming mayor's father, and it will be remembered that he paid an official visit to the Lord Mayor of Dublin during his year of office. The Knill family are of Belgian extraction, but two or three generations of them have been merchants in the city. The present Sir John Knill is held in wide respect, and he and Lady Knill are very active in Catholic charitable, educational and philanthropic work in London.

Lord Clifford of Chudleigh's intervention at the sale of the historic Abbey of Marmoutier, by Tours, France, will earn the gratitude not only of his co-religionists, but of archaeologists of all religions. Under the law for the liquidation of the property of religious orders, Marmoutier was in the market, and but for Lord Clifford, partition would be the end of it. And this Marmoutier represents one of the oldest religious foundations. It dates from the fourth century, and has been a very mother of monasteries, and was one of the richest. Its Abbots number among them some historic names. The last, for instance, was Louis de Bourbon-Condé. The original foundation was suppressed in 1719. France then had two of these abbeys of St. Martin. The other Marmoutier, by some three centuries the younger foundation, was in Alsace, by Saverne, and is still an object of interest.

Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., of New York, so long a member of the editorial staff of the American Messenger, will spend a year in Canada continuing his researches in the history of the early missions and missionaries of North America. His first volume on the subject, "Pioneer Priests of North America," which appeared in May, has been very favorably received by the press, and is selling rapidly, one-half the first edition of 2,000 copies having already been disposed of.

Considering the constant service of the Catholic press to the Catholic schools, its insistent advertisement of their work and worth, the complaint of the Sacred Heart Review in regard to the small return made by the Catholic school to the Catholic press is well-founded. "We think," says our contemporary mildly, "that at least in the Catholic high schools the pupils should be told once in a while what the Catholic press is doing."

It is devoutly to be hoped that there is some authority for the statement made in the Paris Univers that at the recent conference between King Edward VII and Clemenceau in Paris the English monarch refused to further the famous "entente cordiale" between France and England without a formal guarantee that the churches would not be closed by the French Government and that there would be a cessation of religious persecution in France. While the formal guarantees of the French Government are not documents to bank on, King Edward's stipulation may be salutary as showing France how her attitude towards the Church is regarded by an ordinarily fair-minded and politic Protestant sovereign.

Sister Augustine of the Chanderma-gore Convent has been awarded the Keshub Chandra Son's prize of the value of Rs. 140, in money and books, as standing highest at the last entrance examination of the Calcutta University.

There are a few people in every congregation who make a practice of standing around the Church entrance for the purpose of gossip. The practice is unworthy of a dignified Catholic and a fruitful source of bringing his religion into contempt. It is little less than a sacrifice to go to church for the mere purpose of idle gossip. If it is indispensable to see your neighbor, wait until services are over. Pay your first debt to God, and your neighbor and conscience will acquit you of any negligence. You will assume also the additional security of a duty performed and the dignity of a man whose education has not been neglected.

English Catholics should not be too hard on the rabble who ruled London last Sunday. Our Saviour told them long ago that they would be persecuted and put to death by people who would think that they were working for God's glory. Our Lord from the cross asked forgiveness for his murderers for the reason that they knew not what they were doing. The poor people do not know what is good for them, they are more at home in their native element. They say that young Napoleon cast away the royal pie things to make mud pies with the other urchins. There is also a pathetic story told of a scavenger who fainted dead away when he first entered a drug store.

The appointment of Mr. Charles Murphy, K.C., of Ottawa, to the position of Secretary of State vice Hon. R. W. Scott, is a very happy choice indeed. For some time it has been urged that there should be better Irish Catholic representation. Mr. Murphy, who is a very clever lawyer, is possessed of a most genial kindly manner, which together with his executive ability makes it certain that no better choice could have been made. We congratulate Mr. Murphy upon his appointment. He will render a good account of himself.

The news that the Earl of Kenmare proposes to sell the Killarney estate, which has been in his family

EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

London, the Scene of Brilliant Assemblage of Clergy and Laity.

Large Meetings Addressed by Prominent Churchmen.

Unfortunate Incident Which Marred the Grandeur of the Procession.

The meetings of the Eucharistic Congress have come to a close, and the general opinion expressed is one of perfect satisfaction and pleasure at the earnestness displayed, the immense throngs in attendance, and the enthusiasm on all sides. It will be interesting to note the meaning of the great Congress as per the official explanation:

The chief purposes of the Congress are the reading and discussion of papers in explanation of the central dogma of the Roman Catholic Church—the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist—for the information of Protestants, and as a means of promoting among Roman Catholics a more intense devotion to the Mass and to the Blessed Sacrament. "We are engaged," writes Archbishop Bourne, in his pastoral letter on the Congress, "in a great and public act of faith, proclaiming aloud to the world our unswerving belief in the central mystery of our religion, the fact that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, true God and true Man, ever offers himself as a Sacrifice on the altars of our churches, and unceasingly dwells in our tabernacles. The sacrifice of the Mass, the Real Presence—these are the facts which the Eucharistic Congress proclaims." It is also hoped to present in this international assembly of ecclesiastics and laity, gathered from all parts of the world, and widely divided by difference of race and language, a visible and impressive proof of the all-embracing and universal character of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Congress at Westminster is the nineteenth that has been held. Hitherto its meeting places have been chiefly in France and Belgium. The first Congress was held at Lille in 1881. In 1883 it met at Liege. The fourth was held at Fribourg, Switzerland, in 1885. Paris was the scene of the sixth Congress in 1888. It celebrated its silver jubilee at Rome in 1905, when Pope Pius X. said Mass at its opening, and was present at the procession of the Blessed Sacrament at its close. The eighteenth Congress met last year at Metz, and the Government suspended the law of 1870 forbidding processions, in order that the procession of the Blessed Sacrament might be held. The Archbishop of Westminster was among the prelates who took part in the proceedings at Metz, and his proposal that the next meeting should be in London was cordially accepted by the international committee of the Congress.

Each year the Congress has become more and more definitely international.

The close of the Congress on Sunday was marked by ceremonies of especial solemnity and splendor in Westminster Cathedral. In all the churches of London at half past ten o'clock there was general Communion. In Westminster Cathedral at half past ten o'clock solemn High Mass was celebrated, at which Cardinal Vanutelli pontificated in presence of the Cardinals, Archbishop, Bishops, Abbots and Generals of Religious Orders, and the

since the reign of James the First, who gave it to his ancestor, is received by most people with much regret. Although English tourists are wont to grumble at the charge made for entrance to these beautiful demesnes, the very efficient manner in which they are kept is apt to cost a large sum, and, whatever the laity might pay, the Earl's instructions were no charge was to be levied on priests in any instance. The estate includes, of course, Killarney House, and the lovely lakes, in addition to Ross island, with its stately castle.

A fund of fifty thousand pennies is being raised by the Catholic children in England for the erection of a monument to the late Cardinal Manning in Westminster Cathedral.

It is stated in the report of the Irish Land Commission that since the passing of the Act of 1903 advances amounting to £1,218,223, in respect of 6703 applications have been provisionally sanctioned, and 6276 loans for £1,152,592 have been issued during the same period.

sermon was preached by Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore. The music was by Palestrina, whose birthplace is the seat of the legate's bishopric.

ROWDY ELEMENT DISTURB PROCESSION.

A despatch from London dated Sunday says: "The scenes to-day at the Catholic procession around Westminster Cathedral were nothing less than a disgrace to London, and an everlasting shame to those who had done their utmost to stir up the always dangerous spirit of religious intolerance. It was with genuine regret that all save narrow-minded extremists learned this morning that Prime Minister Asquith, with a politician's eye upon the Nonconformist and Low Church vote, had succeeded in robbing the procession of its chief and central feature, but none who saw the procession make its way past the spot where the writer was situated, could fail to feel relief at the result of the Prime Minister's intervention, for had the Host been carried it would have been almost impossible at this point to have prevented what would have been a most grievous catastrophe.

The crowds, which throughout the forenoon had been swarming to the narrow side street which made the mile long route round the Cathedral, by three o'clock had in several places reached the danger point, and thousands were still trying to force their way through the choked approaches. At one place where the procession was to take an almost right angle turn, for an hour before it was due, the crowd surging in through three narrow approaches threatened through sheer and ever-increasing weight to overcome the cordon of police. The latter, mounted on foot, charged time after time and managed to keep a fairly adequate open space for the expected procession. Its approach was heralded at last by the mounted police, behind whom the banners were visible. Then followed a scene the like of which one who has taken part in every great crowd in London in the past eleven years has never seen equalled. A hurricane of boos and yells went up to greet the advance guard to the procession. The mob swept forward, but the police drove them back foot by foot. They used all the force that was safe, but in a few minutes they had been forced back until they had themselves to occupy the narrow space they were trying to clear for the procession. Through these yelling mobs Cardinal Vanutelli walked slowly, with a calm smile on his face, his tall figure towering above the others. Equally calm, indeed, were the dignitaries following him, they paying little heed to the surplised priests, who at the request of the police had fallen out of the struggling procession and stood with their robes touching the police behind them and being brushed by the passing members of the procession, asking the latter to make all the haste they could, while assuring them that there was no danger.

And around this dangerous corner, thanks to the almost superhuman efforts of the police, they managed in time to pass, cheered by some, hooted and execrated by many of the crowd, whose tempers by this time were thoroughly roused by the punishment received from the police.

That the feelings of an ignorant public had been inflamed by the efforts of the anti-Romanists was evident from what could be heard all round.

Elsewhere the procession had an easier progress. Happily the riotous scenes were not repeated throughout the route, and the point nearest the Cathedral witnessed much fervor and enthusiasm. This was especially displayed when Cardinal Vanutelli appeared in the doorway. Then there was a great outburst of cheering and handkerchief waving. Yet here, as throughout the route, the density of the throng of Catholic devotees made things dangerous. Numbers of minor hurts were suffered from the pressure of pushing and in some instances the police suffered as much as anybody. Nevertheless the enthusiasm did not abate. Hundreds risked injury by kneeling as Cardinal Vanutelli passed with his head raised in a blessing. Throughout, even when the

cheers predominated, there was an undercurrent of hoisting and such cries as "Go back to Rome" were heard.

When the procession reached Westminster cathedral on its return journey, its members showed traces of the struggle they had been through, but they cheerfully sang "The Faith of our Fathers" as they filed into the basilica, and comparative silence fell upon the waiting multitude. Then Cardinal Vanutelli appeared on the balcony above the great door to bless the faithful. Here he bent over holding in his hands the golden monstrance. The silence was almost weird in its intensity. Slowly the Cardinal turned the gleaming symbol to each point of the compass, and then suddenly re-entered the cathedral. The immense congregation thereupon burst into wild cheering, which was renewed again and again after which they slowly dispersed.

THE PREMIER'S REQUEST.

Archbishop Bourne has sent to the newspapers a copy of the correspondence which preceded the change in the plans for the procession, in which Premier Asquith sent on Thursday to the Archbishop, through the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Privy Seal, the first intimation of his wish that the ceremony of carrying the Host through the streets be abandoned. Archbishop Bourne, in reply, sent to the Premier a long statement of his views, protesting against changing the plans, and declining to accede to the Premier's request, unless the latter asserted full responsibility. He pointed out that a similar procession had taken place in many parts of England without demonstration of any kind, and said he would under no circumstances accede to an arrangement that would place Catholics in the position of being tolerated under certain conditions. The Archbishop, in conclusion, said: "Are you prepared at this moment, when special trains have been ordered from the provinces, thousands of poor people having paid their fares to come to London, when the press of the world is watching this congress, to put to dishonor not only myself but the Catholic bishops of the whole Empire, and make us avow before our colleagues of the United States and every quarter of the globe that the hospitality of the capital of the Empire is not what they supposed it to be and that your ministry is unable to face the threats of a few fanatical persons."

On Friday Home Secretary Gladstone wrote from Scotland to Archbishop Bourne, supporting Premier Asquith's request, but admitting at the same time that he did not think any reasonable person could object to such a procession. From that on, the negotiations were continued through an official of the Home Secretary's office and when the matter was settled, both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Gladstone, whose communications all were couched in most courteous terms, expressed their personal thanks to Archbishop Bourne, assuring him that every precaution would be taken to protect the procession from insult and annoyance and to insure respect and courtesy to the distinguished guests.

PROTESTANTS MEET.

An interesting meeting of the Protestant Alliance was held in Caxton Hall, Westminster, on Sunday night where speeches were made rejoicing at the success of the Alliance's campaign against the Eucharistic procession and a solemn league and covenant to defend the Protestant religion was voted.

HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESEI PLEASED WITH CONGRESS.

In a special cable to the Star His Grace is reported as thoroughly satisfied with the great Congress as expressed in the following: "The Congress was a glorious success. To be able as Bishop of Canada to stand up here in the heart of the Empire and openly speak of my faith to sympathetic hearers from all corners of the Empire and the world, under the fullest protection of the British flag has been to me supreme happiness. You know what would have happened to me not many years ago for doing this very same thing. Always I have spoken beneath two flags, the Union Jack, symbolizing our loyalty, and the Papal flag, symbolizing our faith. The happenings of the past few days recall to me so vividly the splendid manifestations of Rome itself and

that all should happen thus in the metropolis of this great Empire is to me a matter of the deepest satisfaction and great pride."

"But was not yesterday's procession, shorn of its central feature, the Blessed Sacrament, a disappointment?" "Yes, a bitter disappointment. We were eager to proclaim our faith under the open sky and full aegis of the British flag and especially eager were we of Canada because as I told the great gathering in Albert Hall, if Canada is actually one of the most Catholic nations of the world amidst general Christian degeneracy, it is just because of the solid and profound devotion of our people to the Holy Eucharist. It would have been inexpressible joy to make this solemn act of faith on the banks of the Thames almost under the shadow of the tombs of the martyrs and in the face of the British flag, which more than any other flag covers itself with glory by its protection of all legitimate liberties, but as the Pope himself says, perhaps it was the wisest to avoid the possibility of misunderstanding. If even only two or three unruly persons had attempted to lay rough hands on the emblem of our faith the consequences might have been deplorable. The result was that what was intended to be a solemn, silent, devotional procession became an enthusiastic cheering demonstration. The congress as a whole has been the proudest moment of my life, a souvenir I shall never forget."

GUEST OF LORD STRATHCONA.

It is learned that on his arrival in London, His Grace Archbishop Brucechesei was invited by telegram from Lord Strathcona to go and pass several days at His Lordship's residence, Colonsay House, on the Island of Colonsay, Scotland. Lord Strathcona also invited Archbishop Brucechesei to go in his yacht to his other residence at Glenora. During the few days they spent together His Grace was treated in a friendly manner by Lord Strathcona, a testimonial of the friendly relations which exist between the Archbishop and Lord Strathcona.

CATHOLICS ON THE WHOLE ARE SATISFIED THAT ENGLISH GOOD WILL IS WITH THEM.

It may be said at once that the great mass of English Protestant people have received their Catholic visitors in a spirit of broad-minded tolerance and courtesy and with an absence of narrow prejudice highly creditable to them.

Cardinal Vanutelli, the Papal legate, on his arrival in London, expressed, through his secretary, his gratitude for the warmth and cordiality of his reception. "The broad-minded, tolerant views expressed in the leading London journals," said the Cardinal's secretary, "have been most gratifying to His Eminence. Especially when we consider that this is a Protestant country. Religious toleration and liberty could go no further."

Not only the London papers, but even the provincial journals, which might have been expected to betray some of that feeling which gave rise a few years ago to demonstrations against Catholics in the North of England cities, have shown themselves conspicuously free from prejudice.

Such circles as those of the Protestant Alliance overshoot the mark they aimed at. The newspapers ignored, when they did not condemn them, and their language, which to Catholic ears sounded blasphemous, was deprecated by the majority of Protestants. Father Bernard Vaughan, the Jesuit preacher, has entered the arena against the Protestant Alliance.

The public interest, of course, centres on the question of the outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament. One section of the Catholic Emancipation Act of George IV. provides:

"If any Roman Catholic ecclesiastic shall exercise any of the rites or ceremonies of the Roman Catholic religion, or wear the habits of his order save within the usual places of worship for the Roman Catholic religion, or in private houses, such an ecclesiastic or other person shall forfeit for every offence the sum of £50."

Consequently it is clear that a Catholic procession in the streets is a technical offense against the law under the very act which removed so many Catholic disabilities. Amending acts have been passed since the Catholic Emancipation bill became law. For instance, it is now not illegal for Catholics to assume episcopal titles made use of in the Church of England; but the professional clause still stands.

Cardinal Vanutelli, in an interview after the procession, said: "It has been an admirable affirmation of faith and sympathy, which will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The demonstrations of sympathy came spontaneously and were well accepted by all non-Catholics."

The London morning papers, in their editorials, take the line in most cases of careful avoidance of anything calculated to fan the flames of the controversy, and they en-

(Continued on Page 4.)

Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Don't forget that we are receiving contributions for the Father Holland Birthday Fund. September 10th is the day on which presentation will be made. No matter how small the sum, it will be most gratefully received and acknowledged in issue following its receipt. Help along a most worthy work—The St. Joseph's Home for Boys.

in Papal Coins.

New York Sun.) The most interesting of the gifts was the unique one of Pope Innocent IX., which was examined at Acquafredda by the coin collector, Victor Emmanuel, and found to be a successful counterfeit.

Ancient Bells in Ireland.

We know from the authentic lives of St. Patrick, and of other early preachers of Christianity in Ireland, that they constantly used bells in their ministrations, which were sometimes made of iron, sometimes of bronze.

freed from a varicose cancer which had rendered him unable to walk.

About two weeks ago, a young Breton girl made her appearance at the Grotto, with her head bound in flames. She was the daughter of a chemist of Lamballe and had been for four years a professor of the Rensou Institute of Nogent-le-Retroir.

man never spoke before? The Jews, who are a highly intelligent people, would ridicule such a statement.

He has read it in the book, of course; but it may be "error of record," or a bit of "Oriental imagery," or even "pure falsehood." Men read the Sacred Scriptures nowadays as a child reads his book of stories.

The Irish Christian Brothers.

The centenary of the foundation of the Irish Christian Brothers is an event of religious, educational and national interest. When the founder of the Irish branch of this great teaching Order, which has conferred and continues to confer, such lasting benefits upon the country, was born, the penal code was in full force.

henceforward known as Brother Ignatius.

In 1809 the Cork house was established by Jerome O'Connor and John Leonard, precursors of a long line of Brothers, who have had the distinction of enrolling in their ranks Gerald Griffin, the Irish poet and noble, whose remains rest on the slope of Our Lady's Mount.

Frank E. Donovan REAL ESTATE BROKER Office: Alliance Building 107 St. James St., Room 42. Montreal. Telephone Main 2091-3865.

Time Proves All Things One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots. GEO. W. REED & CO., Ltd. MONTREAL.

The Prisoner of the Vatican.

When you are going to St. Peter's if you will look up at the plain wall of the Vatican palace you will see two windows with their shutters open, and these are the windows of the rooms where Pius X., a voluntary captive, the closed blinds are those of the rooms where Leo XIII. died, a voluntary captive.

The Story of Cahal More of the Wine-Red Hand

It was a belief in Ancient Ireland that when a good King reigned prosperity was assured. The good kings generally refrained from war and devoted themselves so thoroughly to the pursuits of peace that happiness was bound to exist.

The Knowing Know-Nothing.

(From the Antigonish Casket.) A Boston paper is publishing a series of articles on religion, and in one of them appears a statement of some reasons why "the average sensible American is not alarmed over the results of the Higher Criticism."

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION In The Diocese of Northampton. FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton. I had then, and I have now, no Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

Catholic Sailors' Club. ALL SAILORS WELCOME Concert Every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening.

NORTHERN Assurance Co'y OF LONDON, Eng. "Strong as the Strongest."

INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908 Capital and Accumulated Funds... \$47,410,000 Annual Revenue... \$8,805,000

FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd. P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

SPECIAL OFFER During the Month of September, 1908, or until our stock is exhausted. FREE: Along with the regular premium we will give One Glass Fruit Bowl on Stand to every one returning more than 3 Dozen 6 lb. empty XXX Self-Raising Flour Bags, and for less than 3 Dozen 6lb. Bags one medallion (picture.)

Brodie & Harvie 14 and 16 Bleury St., Montreal. Was Troubled With His Back for Over Twenty-five Years Got Him Every Kind of Medicine, But DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS FINALLY CURED HIM

the people. The readers stopped their work to hear what the news man had to say. After relating several unimportant matters he came at last to this principal event—that the King of Connaught was dead and that the leading people of the kingdom, having met in council to choose a King, declared that they would have no one but young Cahal of the Red Hand.

Biliousness, Liver Complaint

If your tongue is coated, your eyes yellow, your complexion sallow; if you have sick headaches, variable appetite, poor circulation, a pain under the right shoulder, or alternate constiveness and diarrhoea, floating specks before the eyes, Your Liver Is Not In Order

Your Liver Is Not In Order

All the troubles and diseases which come in the train of a disordered liver, such as Jaundice, Chronic Constipation, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heartburn, Water Braish, etc., may be quickly and easily cured by MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

'Child's Play' Wash Day Surprise Soap Means: To make the dirt drop out, not be rubbed in, use the "Surprise" way without boiling or scalding the clothes. It's a new way and a clean, easy method of doing the wash. Surprise is all Soap; a pure Soap which makes a quick lather.

coins for general not struck after silver piece of five lire was issued in 1878. This piece struck under the reign of the Pope Pius IX. on the reverse of the coin. Not many of these coins have been found in rank in value

doers of all kinds, but most generous to the poor. He died in 1224, in the Abbey of Knockmore, six miles from Tuam, Galway, which he founded in his early life, and the ruins of which still remain. Corns cause much suffering, but Holloway's Corn Cure offers a speedy and satisfactory relief.

The True Witness

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

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST SOLICITED.

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

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

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

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS.

The Daily Witness compares the brazen serpent of old to the Real Presence in the form of a wafer, which shows that some one has been reading the third chapter of St. John where our Saviour tells Nicodemus that "as Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so must the Son of Man be lifted up."

Without giving a definite answer, he suggests that in France the present phenomena fall almost exactly into line with those which, in her history, ever preceded her most momentous upheavals.

There is, he suggests, no normality in the present age, and he judges this from the state of literature as being an appropriate index of the real situation.

A healthy sign in nations is the production of the epic drama. Where now-a-days will you find a specific class which looks to the dramatic managers to supply them with the great epics of the stage?

What do the younger generations look for in literature and the drama, for we know that in art this is the age, par excellence, of the undraped and the suggestive? In their novel-reading or their poetry, the present generation is wholly impatient of the homiletic or the didactic.

The appearance in any country of an author—or better still, an authoress—who is frankly and boldly lewd, in matter and psychology, is the signal for a universal request for translations.

A man may hold in his own mind that "property is theft," that the private ownership of anything is "an outrage on humanity."

Women, as statistics show, says M. Levy, incomparably more than men.

ONE EFFECT OF IRRELIGION.

Irreligion in France is not only breaking up the family, creating dissension between father and son, leading to an increase of the drink habit, adding in a proportion nearly twenty-five per cent to the criminal record, and producing social anarchy in the country, but, if we are to trust M. Levy, writing in the Journal des Debats (Paris), it is also exerting a distinctly pernicious effect upon what France has hitherto considered her own particular province, namely, her literary art.

PREVIOUS CONGRESSES.

At a time when the entire Catholic world is enthusing over the Eucharistic Congress in London, a word or two on the Catholic Congresses which have preceded it may not be amiss.

OUR FAILURES.

In many things we all err. We try the bypaths, and the gleaming ways which seem to lead upward to the heights, seem to scale heaven by a short and hazardous climb.

HOME RULE FOR IRELAND A CERTAINTY SAYS MR. REDMOND.

John E. Redmond, the Irish leader in the House of Commons, Mr. Joseph E. Devlin, M. P., and John Fitzgibbon, who came to the United States to attend the biennial convention of the United Irish League at Boston, were given a warm reception on their arrival today.

WILL ARRIVE IN UNITED STATES THIS WEEK.

Three prominent Irishmen are to arrive in Boston to-day. They are Messrs. John E. Redmond, leader of the Irish National Party in the English Parliament, Joseph Devlin, one of his ablest colleagues and member of Parliament for West Belfast, and John Fitzgibbon, chairman of the Roscommon County Council, one of the foremost leaders in his section of the country in the fight against landlordism by the Irish people.

IRISH LEADERS.

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The Wheat of Christ.

(By Milton E. Smith in Rosary Magazine.)

(Continued.)

The words of her father alarmed Lavinia. While she had no fears for her mother and herself, she grieved at the thought of her father risking his life while still unconverted. With tears streaming down her cheeks, she said:

"I ask but one favor of thee, my father. It is that thou forgive our enemies. Remember, thou mayest be put to death before thou hast time to seek the truth. Thy immortal soul is at stake. Then, grant thy daughter's prayer."

"I can refuse thee nothing, my child, but I would have preferred to lose my right arm rather than to promise to forgive my enemies. As thou art much stronger, I shall go to Rome to-morrow and see Tibertius."

"Do him no harm I beg of thee. Leave him to the anger of God. It may be that, like Paul of Tarsus, the scales shall fall from before his eyes and that he may become a great Christian."

"Thy wishes, my child, shall be respected. Now I bid thee farewell for a time, but I may not say 'the gods protect thee.'"

Verus started for Rome on his arrival he was soon admitted to the presence of Domitian, who received him with every mark of favor because of his heroic deeds in war.

"We honor thee, noble Verus," said the Emperor, "for thy courage against our enemies in distant Britain, and thou shalt tell us of that strange country whose chalk hills invited our fathers to conquer it for Rome. Hast thou recovered so thou canst go back?"

"As soon, noble Emperor, as I have found justice at thy hands. Know thou that whilst I was toiling, fighting, risking my life for thee, a puny sycophant, who is in love with my daughter, plotted treason against my household because she spurned his offer, and that by his orders my noble wife, Marcella, is now in prison and that I, after my long absence, have been refused permission to visit her."

"What is the name of the wretch that dared to insult the noble wife of my brave Verus?" demanded the Emperor in a passion, as he rose from his marble curule chair that he might give force to his words.

"Tibertius, Sire."

"By Minerva, he shall die," roared Domitian. Then he ordered a guard to bring the wretch to the praetorium at once.

Scarcely had the command been given before a Numidian started to find Tibertius. He was presently brought in, and stood on the catasta, trembling with fear.

"Tibertius," exclaimed the Emperor, "hast thou dared to harm the household of my brave Verus? If thou hast, by the gods I swear twenty strokes of the plumbatae shall be given thee by Ulic, the chief of my Numidians."

Tibertius would have fallen, but was supported by a Numidian, who held him while he spoke.

"Divinity," he said, faltering, "in the fulfilment of thy royal commands to bring to justice all who in the name of the Christus conspire against thy empire, Marcella hath been arrested. The centurion who brought her to Rome from her Antium villa reports he thrice offered to release her if she would sacrifice to the gods, but she most stubbornly refused. He also reports that she is a Christian and hath defied thy power to punish her. If I have offended thee, Divinity, I most humbly beg thee to remember that I only tried to be loyal to thy commands, that are to me the commands of the gods, of whom thou art most worthy to be the chief."

The face of Domitian was scarlet when he addressed Tibertius; now it was white with rage as he turned on Verus, saying in a loud voice:

"Hast thou, Verus, nursed treason in thy house while pretending to be loyal to my empire? By Apollo, it will go hard with thee if Tibertius hath not lied. Speak, tell me on thy honor as a soldier whether thou hast permitted thy wife to become one of that treacherous set of Christians?"

"Sire," replied Verus firmly, "to be looked defiantly into the face of Domitian, I know nothing of these things. My life has been spent upon the field of battle amidst charging squadrons, so that I know nothing of what men believe, nor does it concern me in the least, so they are ready to serve the Empire when called upon. I am a soldier, not a philosopher."

"Silence!" thundered Domitian in a rage. "Tell me what I wish to know from thee. Hast thou permitted thy wife to become a Christian?"

"Sire, I have neither permitted nor denied to her the right to be guided by her own conscience. When she became my wife she did not become my slave, but I became her friend and protector. She hath the right to worship as she thinks best."

otherwise, all worship is a sham and cannot be pleasing to the gods. But he who says the noble Marcella is a traitor, lies, and this sword, never drawn but in the defense of Rome, shall avenge her."

"Be cautious, Verus," replied Domitian, surprised at the bold spirit of the old soldier; "if thy wife is a Christian she shall die, and unless thou burn incense in honor of the gods whom thou hast offended, thou shalt suffer. I now command thee to throw incense into the vase before Juno, that thou mayest purge thyself of all suspicion."

"Sire, were I a Christian I would not deny it, were all the gods ready to strike me dead. I fear neither the gods nor man, but have served thee through love. If thou hast lost faith in me, and my country hath no further use of my services, I am willing to die, now that thou hast given me cause to believe that my battles, my hunger, my thirst, my wounds, and my separation from my home have been in vain. I have no objection to burn enough incense in yonder urn to strangle the entire court with the smoke, but if my long services in the field are not sufficient testimony of my loyalty, I shall give no other."

Turning his back upon the Emperor, Verus walked out of the praetorium, and no one dared try to detain him as he held his sword firmly in his hand, and his sword firmly in his hand.

Tibertius had won, and the Emperor congratulated him for his zeal and promised to advance him.

The following day Verus was admitted to the Mamertine to see his wife. He found her, to his great surprise, happy and willing to die. She begged her husband not to attempt to rescue her, as it would be useless; for should they escape they could not live in any portion of the Roman Empire.

"Had I but my legions with me," exclaimed the old soldier, "I would pull down this prison, stone after stone, and teach the tyrant how to govern his people. He thinks I fear him—I who for years have led my men into the thickest of the fight, fiercest. I who fear neither the gods nor man, will show Rome how a soldier can die. As long as I have the use of my arm, I'll fight for thee, my love, my life."

"My noble husband, think not of showing Romans how a soldier can die, but how a Christian can give his life to God from whom he received it. This is to be thy wife's precious privilege now, and later it will be thine, for I shall offer my life for thee. When I am dead the light will come to thee, if it come not sooner. Then thou wilt know how our dear Lord died on Calvary for us, how He, who could have called legions of angels to defend Him, permitted the Jews most cruelly to crucify Him, and at the last moment prayed for His enemies. If the Son of God permitted this, why should we poor mortals talk of resisting those who persecute us. Let us rather accept the teachings of Jesus, and pray for those who would put us to death for His sake."

In that gloomy prison, where the sunbeams never penetrated, the first ray of eternal light came to Verus, and falling upon his knees he cried:

"I believe what thou believest, thy God is my God, what thou sufferest, I will suffer. Never again shall this faithful sword be drawn to fight the battles of thy persecutors. I will seek the truth and confess it in spite of a thousand Domitians. I go, but I will come again to remain with thee."

A few days later Verus entered a small house near the bath of Philip in the Rione de Monti, and was soon in the presence of the Holy Pontiff Clement, who received the stranger with a kind, fatherly welcome.

"I have come to thee as the agent of Christ," said Verus, "to be instructed in the mysteries of thy religion. I am the husband of Marcella, now in the Mamertine. God in a moment made me believe what I do not pretend to understand. I desire to be taught that I may be baptized, so as to be ready for the fate my noble wife craves, and which I fear she will receive before I can prepare to have the crown of martyrdom bestowed upon me—for I am a soldier."

"I have heard of thee, Verus," answered the Pope, in a sweet voice, "and know how true thou art, and as thou hast received such a signal blessing through the prayers of one destined to wear a martyr's crown, thy baptism shall not be long delayed."

Clement then talked to him for some time and sent him to the priest Severus for further instruction, telling him to come back in five days for baptism.

After arranging with Severus as to the time of his instruction, Verus went to his villa to visit Lavinia, who was quite ill. Then he made one or two visits to the Mamertine where his wife, and would gladly have remained with her until the end, but the officer in charge of the prison refused him permission to prolong his visit or to come again. When he said good-bye to Marcella, she remarked:

"Farewell, Verus, but it will not be for many days. The time is coming when we shall be together for eternity."

"God grant that thy words are prophetic," replied Verus as he went out of the prison.

When the water of regeneration had been poured upon the head of Verus, all fear of death for himself

or wife disappeared, if it had not previously left him, and his only fear was for his daughter, left with Sylvia and the servants at Antium. He knew that Tibertius had caused the arrest of Marcella, that he might force Lavinia to accept him for a husband, so that he would inherit the estate. But Verus was too busy in Rome to make an extended visit to his villa at that time, for Marcella was to be tried by the Emperor within a few days. So the old soldier had to be contented with a hasty visit to his daughter, feeling that it might be the last, for he knew that he would soon be accused of being a Christian and he was prepared to suffer the consequences.

THE FLIGHT.

Verus was on his way to Antium, and had stopped at Laurentum to feed his hungry horses when he was approached by a young Roman whom he did not recognize.

Bowing gracefully to the General, the young man said:

"I would talk with thee, noble Verus, on a question of great importance. I am Demas."

"The son of Hypothes," interrupted the General. "I am glad to see thee, for all the reports I have had of thee are most flattering. But my stay here will be brief, so we must talk quickly. I am on my way to Antium and must speedily return to Rome."

"It is of thy noble daughter I would speak with thee. I was at one time a friend of Tibertius, but he deceived me; now he seeketh my life because I have spoken freely of thy noble wife to accept the teachings of Christ. I implore thee to send thy daughter away or she will be seized by Tibertius against her will and forced to marry him."

"Demas, I know the noble Marcella will soon receive the crown of martyrdom, and I hope also for the same. But I think we should do as thou advisest and try to guard our lamb from the wolves. But how can this be done?"

"I have for thee, noble Verus, a letter from the Holy Pontiff. Here it is. He commendeth thy humble servant, and asketh thee to place thy daughter in my care to be taken to Pontus, where she will be safe until the pretorian hath spent its fury. If thou wilt consent, I will go with thee to Antium, and when thou hast taken leave of the noble Lavinia, I will sail with her and the faithful Sylvia to Pontus. I shall go at the request of the Pontiff, who knoweth that I prefer to remain in Rome and share in the glory awaiting the followers of the true God."

Verus read the letter hastily, and turning to Demas, said:

"It is well, and I thank the good Lord that Holy Pontiff has spared for, as the Holy Pontiff says, she may be reserved for a great work. We will now hasten to Antium. Tonight thou canst start for Ostia, where thou wilt find a ship to take thee to Chalcidion in Bythinia. From there thou canst go to Cherson where I have a friend who will protect thee with his life. I saved his family from extermination, and he has never forgotten my kindness. Remember, my friend, that I confide to thee a precious jewel, knowing that thou wilt guard her from all danger, and that thou wilt keep in mind the fact that she hath been deprived of her natural protectors by the enemies of our Divine Lord."

"With my life, noble Verus, will I guard thy daughter, not only on account of my respect for thy family, but as an act of obedience to our Holy Pontiff, who hath charged me with this important mission."

Lavinia was suffering terrible distress on account of the imprisonment of her mother and the absence of her father. When Sylvia announced the return of the latter, she rushed to greet him, before he had passed through the atrium. Throwing her arms around his neck, amidst her sobs, she cried:

"Tell me, my dear father, of my noble mother. Will she not soon return to us?"

"My child, forget not that thou art a Christian, and ready at all times to bow to the decrees of the Most High. Thy mother is happy, though still in prison, and may not be released until her soul is permitted to enter into everlasting rest. Her only cause of sorrow is her concern for thee. She is persuaded that it is not the will of God that thy trials are to end as speedily as her own and those of thy father."

"Art thou, too, in danger, dear father?" interrupted the weeping girl.

"Not in danger, my child, but in the line of promotion. You know how proud we were when the Emperor advanced me in grade. Now I trust the great King will advance me to a place in comparison to which no earthly honors are to be thought of. I have not been arrested, but await calmly the will of God. I know that thou, my child, like thy mother, wilt not rebel, let His decree be what it may. Once my chief delight was to do the will of the Emperor. Now it is to do the will of God. I have lived many lustres, but have just learned the meaning of happiness and where it may be found. We should be thankful that we have found it, and that no earthly power can rob us of it. But my time is limited, and we must now arrange for thy departure. Thou wilt go with noble Demas to Pontus, where thou wilt be protected by a friend of mine until the storm is past and the Church enjoyeth peace once more."

The tears were dried on the cheeks of the poor girl by these words of her father, which he uttered with a calmness surprising to all who do not know how perfect was the faith of the early Christians.

After greeting Demas, Lavinia began to prepare for her departure for the Far East. At any other time, and under other circumstances Lavo-

nia would have been sorely grieved to go away from the home of her childhood, but now her heart was filled with a holy peace because she was doing the bidding of the Supreme Pontiff, and she did not for a moment ask herself whether she had better go or remain.

Verus appointed his steward, Sembar, his agent, and instructed him to take care of the estate until he or Lavinia should come to claim it.

While the golden sunset was changing into purple tints, and the shadows of advancing night were gathering over the villa, Verus took his last walk through the beautiful grounds. For a moment he stopped before some favorite tree or lake where he had often spent happy hours with his wife, planning for the future, never dreaming that the day would come when she would be in prison and he longing for the time when he could join her there. Tears gathered in the old veteran's eyes; but faith triumphed, and he thanked God for the light that had made him a changed man.

The chariot was brought to the courtyard, and Verus, Lavinia, Demas and Sylvia started on their night ride for Ostia. Arriving there about midnight, they found a ship ready to sail. The final farewell was spoken and the father and child saw each other for the last time. Verus stood motionless on the shore gazing into the darkness, which was only dispelled by the light of the twinkling stars. He saw the ship glide gracefully away like a shadow, while in the gloom a white object was observed gently moving amidst her masts and cordage. It was Lavinia, waving her handkerchief as a last token of love for the father she would meet no more this side of the tomb.

After a long voyage, which to Lavinia seemed unending, they landed at Chalcidion, from where they took another ship for their final destination in Pontus. It would indeed be impossible to describe the suffering of the maiden on that long journey; her mother in prison awaiting trial which was almost certain to end in a cruel death, her father in danger, and she an exile, flying at their bidding, from her parents. Gladly would she have gone back to Rome to share their fate and with them receive a martyr's crown.

At Cherson Lavinia was received kindly by the old Greek, who escorted her to his house and expressed great pleasure in being able to show a little courtesy to the daughter of the man who had saved himself and his family from assassination. Demas longed to return to Rome to prepare for ordination, but his instructions were to remain near Lavinia and watch for her enemies, who, it was expected, would follow her in exile. He soon discovered, no matter where his lot was cast, there was work to do for the cause of Christ. Quietly he commenced to teach the truth and soon he had the satisfaction of seeing many become Christians. Lavinia had brought a number of jewels with her which were sold and the money used for works of charity. Among the first to listen profitably to her words of instruction was her father's old friend Euerus. For six months Demas and Lavinia remained in Cherson, employing their time principally in spreading the faith. When they found how many souls they could lead to Christ, they no longer wondered that their desire for martyrdom had not been gratified.

A few days after the flight of Lavinia, a man clad in a long toga, with a scarf wound round his head and face, stood late at night on the bridge Emilius. His eyes swept the sky, and he riveted his attention on the stars that had just emerged from the dark vapors, clouds which hung over the Palatine as though he would read the secrets of the silent sentinels of night. He was thinking of his own land and of his father's.

"Hath it come to this," he thought, "that Nicassius, the son of a Greek noble, should be engaged in a conspiracy against a noble maiden whose only crime is that she will not marry a base Roman noble? Would that I could consult the Pythia of Delphi and learn what evidence Tibertius hath of my complicity in the murder of one of the Pretorian Guards. It was my brother who struck the fatal blow, although I shared in the booty. Did I know that he could not have the punished, I swear by the gods of Olympus that I would have nothing to do with this matter. Lavinia was always kind. Now I must abdicate her before she is spirited away by the Christians. Well, it may be for her own good that I should seize her and hide her in some dark place in the Campagna until she is willing to become the wife of the noble Tibertius; otherwise, she might become food for the beasts of the amphitheatre or meet with a still more horrid fate." The thoughts of the Greek were disturbed by the approach of a chariot, which stopped not far from the place where he was standing. In a few minutes he was addressed by a well-known voice:

"So, my man, thou hast been faithful for once. It is well, and thou wouldst have found that Tibertius knows how to punish as well as reward. Art thou ready for the trip to Antium?"

"Nicassius hath told thee, noble Tibertius, that he would serve thee; that is sufficient. Unfold thy plans, and they shall be carried out to the letter."

"Thou appearest surly to-night. Art thou plotting treason? Beware."

"No, I would not need to plot to rid myself of this work, did I not fear thee. But this will be the last service Nicassius will render thee; for after to-night thou wilt be as much in my power as I am in thine."

"What meanest thou, wretch?"

"The noble Tibertius can call me hard names now, but not after to-night, for I swear by Demas that the time will come when I shall be in fact, as in name, a freeman. But we waste words. Tell me what thou

wouldst have me do."

Tibertius was angry, but he knew from experience that he would gain nothing by a war of words with the Greek; so he controlled his wrath and said:

"Thou wilt go in this chariot to Antium and conduct the noble Lavinia to my villa at Caricles, and there have her confined with no companion but her maid, Sylvia, until thou hearest from me. On thy life be careful that she is treated as her rank and her dignity as the future wife of Tibertius demand. Here is a purse to defray thy expenses, and remember that the most extreme prudence must be shown at every step. Now go, and may the bright goddess Venus help thee."

Without making reply, Nicassius sprang into the chariot and ordered the charioteer to proceed by a secluded route to Antium. He arrived at the villa early the next morning and was agreeably surprised to discover that Lavinia and Sylvia had flown. He was informed by a servant that they had departed a few days previous to his arrival, going in the direction of Ostia. Nicassius returned to Rome and reported the facts to Tibertius. He was ordered to go at once to Ostia, and ascertain from the shipping men whether Lavinia had sailed for a distant port. He was also instructed to pursue her as soon as he learned where she had gone, and to communicate with Tibertius, who said he would follow as soon as he had the estate confiscated and turned over to himself.

Fearing the power of Tibertius, Nicassius determined to serve the young noble until he had secured possession of Lavinia, and then he would defy him. The Greek went to Ostia and there met a former slave of Verus, who told him that Lavinia and Demas had gone to Chalcidion. While he was at Ostia Tibertius arrived, and at once ordered Nicassius to take a ship for Chalcidion, to keep watch on Lavinia, and, if necessary, to kill Demas.

VI.

THE MARTYRDOM.

The day of the trial of Marcella had come, and Domitian determined to be her judge, hoping that he might induce her to deny her faith and make libations to the gods. He did not wish to lose the services of such a skilful general as Verus, and he feared the old soldier would no longer lead his legions to battle should Marcella be put to death. The trial took place in the pretorium. Domitian sat on his curule chair, and Marcella stood on the catasta. Scarcely had the Emperor taken his seat before there was a slight disturbance. He rose that he might see the cause, fearing that an effort might be made to assassinate him. Seeing the pretorians trying to hold back Verus, who was endeavoring to reach his wife, Domitian commanded that the old soldier be brought before him. When he approached, the Emperor said:

"Verus, what meanest thou that thou createst a disturbance before my face? Hast thou forgotten where thou art?"

Without changing his defiant attitude, Verus replied:

"Sire, I was trying to approach to the side of my wife, where duty calls me; for no man is worthy of the name who abandons his wife in the hour of her trial."

"Thou speakest well, Verus, and thou hast a right to be with the noble Marcella, and it is my wish, nay, my command, that thou in thy mature judgment counsel thy wife that she may answer properly the questions I shall ask her before restoring her to thee."

Order having been restored, the trial commenced. The Emperor said: "Noble Marcella, it hath grieved me that thou hast been disturbed at thy home and brought to Rome, and I have especially ordered that thy trial should not take place until I could preside. Thou wilt now gladly purge thyself of the charge of treason and renew thy loyalty to the gods. Dost thou deny being a Christian and an enemy to the Empire?"

Marcella raised her eyes towards her imperial master, and a light came into them as though it were reflected from an ethereal lamp. Not a sign of fear was visible on her pale cheeks, and in calm, distinct voice she replied:

"Sire, I shall never deny my Savior. He died for me and for thee, and those who deny Him show how unworthy they are to have been made the objects of His love. That I am a traitor to the Empire I most emphatically deny, for Christ teaches us to be obedient to our lawful rulers in all things not sinful. He commands us to 'render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.'"

A shadow passed over the face of the Emperor, and in a loud voice he said:

"Knowest thou that neither thy position nor thy husband can save thee if thou refusest to honor the gods?"

"Sire, I know that neither thou nor thy false gods could save me, did I deny Christ."

"Then thou darrest to brave my wrath? For the sake of thy noble husband I will again give thee the opportunity to clear thyself of this charge. Throw a few grains of incense into that urn in front of the statue of Mars, and thou shalt be free to go with thy husband."

"Not for all thy possessions—not for all the world—would I barter my soul. What is this life compared to the one beyond the grave? The wisest men of their age, Socrates and Plato, believed in the immortality of the soul, although they lived in an age of darkness. How then, can we, who have seen the light, refuse to let it enter the windows of our soul? Now thou knowest why I will deny the one, true and living God."

Domitian was by this time in a rage, and with flashing eyes he said: "Silence! I will give thee one more chance to save thy life. If thou hast

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West Homestead Regulations

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

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land is each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of the homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon such land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

not been bewitched, thou wilt gladly accept of my mercy. It is only for the sake of thy brave husband, who is overcome by his grief, that I give thee one more chance. Once more I command thee to cast a grain of incense into yonder urn. If thou dost not, thou shalt go to the Amphitheatre, and then thou wilt repent when no power shall save thee from the lions." (To be continued.)

THURSDAY, SEPT 17, 1908. WHY TIGERS C...

The tale is of the T... who is the cat; They dwell among shade of Araby; The cat was very; He couldn't catch th... heavy Buffalo; His claws were long; his wit was strong; He barged his nose; struck him how

The cat on velvet Pa... the quiet hill; "Now this," she whi... is the way to st... The cat drew up his... moss—forest cou... "And this," she sai... Is the proper wa... She hurried through... a missile from a... "And that, my lovin... only way to sprin...

Oh, hungry was the N... Aunt was sleek as... The Tiger at his Te... first apprentice ju... He did very ably... more quick than... Escaped his clutche... up a cedar tree... "Hush on which S... "How glad I am, na... I didn't teach you...

And since that curial... rudiments of crime... No outspraying Tiger... how to climb.

IT WAS a critical poi... between two teams re... high schools. The las... ing had been score... stood five to five... Plainfield, two men... war on bases, and... catcher for the Green... the bat.

One strike had been... He struck at the nex... and drove it into rig... quick stop and a go... ball was fiddled to s... only a fraction of a s... to catch Ransom, wh... great run and had sh... The two bases—numb... with the tw... to win the game for G... The voice of the fi... however, was heard al... that arose.

"Hold on!" he shout... "He was out, but I... I'll leave it to him... The umpire raised his... walked over to first b... "Ransom," he said, "... you. How was it?" "Tell him the bat... painted the first ba... bright, now, did you h... on the bag whom I put... you?"

Ransom hesitated a s... eyes of all Greenvill... him. On his answer l... game. "No, I didn't," he sa... "Out!" proclaimed th... The two runs, of cou... count. But the game... Plainfield had won. T... honors of the game b... Dick Ransom—Youth's... WHAT FATHER K...

"I'm going to get a b... Sunday," the smaller g... older one. "My father... Doesn't yours?" "Why, I don't know," g... answered, staring... member his saying wh... or not."

"Mother and I are... right after luncheon," t... girl prattled on. "Be... to get home in time to... ple-pie for dinner. Pat... apple pie hot. Does yo... "I don't know," said... "Two again. I never t... thing about it." She f... puzzled annoyance. The... strange, she reflected, t... Mattie Hill had all her... ting by heart. How o... seem to keep so constan... the thought of what fat...

Yet, after all, it was... whose conduct was str... by the natural thin... daughter should study... father's tastes and to g... And if her father is n... insist on his own way... more reason why she sh... to discover his preferen... who does not take the p... what her father likes, is...

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BOYS and GIRLS

WHY TIGERS CAN'T CLIMB.

The tale is of the Tiger and his Aunt who is the cat. They dwelt among the jungles in the shade of Araucaria.

The Cat was very clever, but the Tiger he was slow.

He couldn't catch the Nighau or the heavy Buffalo.

His claws were long and pointed, but his wit was short and blunt.

He begged his wise relation to instruct him how to hunt.

The Cat on velvet pattens stole along the quiet hill.

"Now this," she whispered, "Nephew, is the way to stalk your kill.

The Cat drew up his haunches on the moss-forest couch.

"And this," she said, "my Nephew, is the proper way to crouch."

She huddled through the shadows like a missile from a sling.

"And that, my loving nephew, is the only way to spring!"

Oh, hungry was the Nephew, and the Aunt was sleek and plump.

The Tiger at his Teacher made his first apprentice jump.

He did it very ably, but the Puss, more quick than he,

Escaped his clutching talons and ran up a cedar tree.

"To get upon the Snarler from the bough on which she sat.

"How glad I am, my Nephew, that I didn't teach you that!"

And since that curtailed lesson in the rudiments of crime

No enterprising Tiger has discovered how to climb.

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

It was a critical point in the game between two teams representing two high schools. The last half of the ninth inning had been reached. The score stood five to four in favor of Plainfield, two men were out, two were on bases, and Dick Ransom, catcher for the Greenvilles, was at the bat.

One strike had been called on him. He struck at the next ball pitched, and drove it into right field. By a quick stop and a good throw the ball was fielded to first base, apparently a fraction of a second too late to catch Ransom, who had made a great run and slid head foremost.

The two bases-runners dashed across the plate with the two runs needed to win the game for Greenville.

The voice of the first baseman, however, was heard above the yell that arose.

"Hold on!" he shouted to the umpire. "He was out, fair and square. I'll leave it to him if he wasn't."

The umpire raised his hand and walked over to first base.

"Ransom," he said, "he leaves it to you. How was it?"

"Tell him the truth, Ransy!" shouted the first baseman. "Honor bright, now, did you have your hand on the bag when I put the ball on you?"

Ransom hesitated a second. The eyes of all Greenville were upon him. On his answer hinged the game.

"No, I didn't," he said, simply.

"Out!" proclaimed the umpire.

The two runs, of course, did not count. But the game was over and Plainfield had won. But the real honors of the game belonged to Dick Ransom—Youth's Companion.

WHAT FATHER LIKES.

"I'm going to get a blue dress for Sunday," the smaller girl said to the older one. "My father likes blue. Doesn't yours?"

"Why I don't know," the other girl answered, starting. "I don't remember his saying whether he did or not."

"Mother and I are going down right after luncheon," the younger girl prattled on. "Because we want to get home in time to make an apple pie for dinner. Father likes his apple pie hot. Does yours?"

"I don't know," said Girl Number Two again. "I never thought anything about it." She felt a sense of puzzled annoyance. It was very strange she reflected, that this little Mattie Ellis had all her father's likings by heart. How odd it would seem to keep so constantly in mind the thought of what father would like.

Yet, after all, it was the older girl whose conduct was strange. Certainly the natural thing is that a daughter should study to know her father's tastes and to gratify them. And if her father is not inclined to insist on his own way, it is all the more reason why she should be alert to discover his preferences. The girl who does not take the pains to know what her father likes, is convicted of being a thoughtless daughter, if no more.

AT MARY'S FEET.

"Oh, Louise, aren't they beautiful!" exclaimed Grace rapturously, with her arms full of lovely lilies and looking with delight at the luxuriant profusion in which they lay on every chair and table in the sacristy—the offerings of her loving children to decorate our Blessed Mother's altar on the opening day of May.

"Wan't father good to let us have entire charge of the flowers all this month?" said Louise. "We must try to make the altar really lovely each day so he won't have any reason to be sorry that he did. If we are always as rich as we are this evening it won't be a hard task, will it?"

"Oh, we'll beg, borrow or steal

COUPLE OF DOSES CURED.

Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Tessier, Sask., tells of her experience in the following words: "I wish to tell you of the good I have found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Last summer my little girl, aged two years, was taken ill with Summer Complaint, and as my mother always kept Dr. Fowler's in the house when I was a child, I seemed to follow her example as I always have it also. I at once gave it to my baby as directed and she was at once relieved, and after a couple of doses were taken was completely cured."

THE GIRL WHO ASKS QUESTIONS.

There is no better way to find out about things we do not really understand, says an exchange, than to ask questions of those who are wiser than ourselves. But the girl of whom we are going to tell you asks another kind of questions, and about things she has no need to know.

"How much did your dress cost a yard?" she asks her neighbor, Nannie, when she comes to school some morning in a pretty new frock. Instead of answering, Nannie's face grows red, for the new dress is made over from some things that belonged to a cousin in another city. Before Nannie can make up her mind what to say to that first question, others come thick and fast: "Where did your mamma buy it?" "Well, if she didn't buy it, who did?"

This girl who asks questions never stops till she gets to the bottom of

WEAKNESS IN THE SPRING.

Weakness is the word which best describes the condition of most people in the Spring.

It may be bodily weakness, tired, draggy feeling and lack of energy and vigor.

Or it may be weakness of the heart, the nerves, the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels or other vital organs.

Wherever the trouble may be located, the cause is the same, failure of the blood to supply proper nourishment for the maintenance and restoration of the cells and tissues of the body and its organs.

Stimulants only give temporary relief. What is absolutely necessary is rich, red blood such as is found by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, to nourish the organs back to health and vigor so that they can derive nourishment from the food.

Because of its blood-building qualities Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is marvelously successful as a Spring restorative. 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., on every box of the genuine.

SIGNS THAT TELL THE GIRL.

Much of a girl's nature is betrayed by the little act of brushing a speck off a man's coat. If she picks off the thread, or imaginary bit of lint, very carefully between the thumb and forefinger, it is an indisputable

street without any sign of recognition on either side, though hearts were aching with loneliness and two handkerchiefs hastily wiped away a few tears a moment later.

What ravages time works in us; how little it changes the things about us!

Many years had passed. The statue of the Blessed Virgin still smiled lovingly on all who gathered at its feet, the graceful altar was once more a mass of fragrant blossoms and when the May devotions began the same sweet prayers were said, the same hymns sung, but Father O'Boyle was bent with the burden of years of ceaseless labor and those who were gathered about him—how they, too, had changed! The children of that other May day were men and women, their fathers and mothers enfolded by age, moved slowly up the aisle and sank heavily and gratefully into their seats, while the old people of long ago God had gathered to Himself one by one till all were gone. "each in his narrow cell forever laid."

In a dimly lighted corner not far from the altar knelt Grace, her face merry still, though worn with care and privation and though the soft dark hair that outlined it was fast turning gray. Her clothes were of the plainest, but neat and dainty.

Long, long before her father had met with one misfortune after another until all his wealth had slipped from him, and then Grace had bravely shouldered the burden and for ten years had managed to support him, her mother and herself by her needle. She sewed exquisitely, but the confinement and constant application were a great trial to her high spirits, and a volatile character. Nevertheless, she had battled bravely, suffering countless defeats, making many mistakes, but persevering in spite of all, as only happy natures can do, until at last she had won "that peace which the world cannot give."

This evening, however, her prayers were unusually distracted. Her mind was full of the sweet remembrance of another May, and the perfume of the lilies recalled vividly the clatter of two happy young girls, one so merry and reckless, the other more gentle and thoughtful, perhaps more proud, but both absolutely untouched by care or sorrow.

"It was all my fault," she reproached herself. "I was always so anxious to say something clever that I was not unwilling to do it even at dear Louise's expense, and she was so careful to avoid everything that might wound me. How foolish I was not to have asked her pardon! I knew I ought, and what comfort her friendship would have missed it. I can hardly believe," she mused, "that after having been like sisters half our lives, I have not even known where she is for years" and her thoughts wandered back to the pranks of their childhood, and she dreamed on happily until suddenly awakened to the realization of where she was by the first hymn of the Benediction.

Far back in the church knelt a tall, graceful woman with a pale, sweet face, elegantly dressed in deep mourning. Louise had been married fifteen years before and had never returned to the world. Her husband had been dead for some years, but only son for several months and in her desolation she had gone "home."

Throughout the devotion she kept motionless, her head bowed in her hands, deeply moved by the familiar scene in the church she loved so well, and had so often sighed for even when in the stately cathedrals of other lands.

As soon as the sweet voices of the choir were hushed and the last note of the organ died away, she hurried to the vestibule and there waited quietly, eagerly scanning each face as the congregation crowded through the doors, every one as anxious to push his way ahead of others as if many of the faces were those of old-time acquaintances, but she paid no heed to them, and still watched and waited until the doors swung shut behind the last departing worshipper. She pushed them open again and looked anxiously, until she descried a small, dark figure at our Lady's feet, and then with her heart in her mouth she stepped back into the shadow and waited once more.

Five, then ten minutes of suspense, and finally Grace came out, as positively as of old. She and Louise looked at each other for a moment, then Grace stretched out both hands. "Oh Grace," cried Louise, a sob in her voice, "I am all alone and I have wanted you so much!"

"I have missed you every day all these years, Louise."

"Let's go in and tell our Blessed Mother that we'll decorate her altar every year," said Louise, a few minutes later.

"I think she will believe us this time," assented Grace, happily.

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TORONTO, ONT.

A matter. It never seems to enter her head that people may not care to tell her everything she wishes to know. When she hears that Mollie Lee's aunt has come to live at her house, she cannot rest until she has asked Mollie whether her aunt is home of her own, and as many other questions as Mollie will listen to.

The worst thing about this girl is not her questions, although they are neither courteous nor kind, but the curiosity that makes her ask them. With all the wonderful and beautiful things there are to know in this world of ours, she is interested only to find out little, foolish facts about her neighbors. Isn't it a pity?

SUMMER.

(By Mary Thompson.)

Bright is the sunshine.
Soft is the air,
Freshness and beauty
Smile everywhere.

Gay birds are singing
In all the trees;
And sweetest blossoms
Are scenting the breeze.

All the broad meadows
Have carpets of green,
Brightened with wild flowers
Growing between.

Insects are sporting
In sunshine and out,
Gay little robins
Are hopping about.

Children are laughing
And singing with glee
"Come, sweet summer,
Welcome to thee!"

practical and she is a woman of a very practical and executive character.

On the other hand, if a girl should brush the coat lapel of her fiancé very softly and tenderly with the second and third finger of her hand, in her endeavor to remove an invisible speck, it is a sure sign that she is more sentimental than practical. The man who marries her will live in a continued atmosphere of romance and bad housekeeping.

There is still another type of a girl, who will brush the speck off a man's coat with a broad sweep of the hand, in which all the fingers and thumb play a part. She is in all probability an athletic girl, who excels at tennis, golf and the links, and who will prove a high-spirited strong-minded woman after marriage.

THE CHILD AND MANNERS.

How should the child be taught "manners"—by precept or example? One definition of manners is "the habitual practice of civility," and this seems to contain the spirit of the matter, where the child is concerned. To habituate the children to the practice of civility, it is certain they must see civility practiced habitually by those about them, and always receive civil treatment themselves. That does not by any means imply that the child must always be allowed to do as he likes, the worst mannered children are the ones whose will is law to themselves and too often to the elders of the household. It is not being "uncivil" to a child, for instance, to punish him, deliberately and calmly, when punishment is necessary, but it is being decidedly uncivil to rebuke him openly "before company," for some petty fault. It may be argued that unless the rebuke follows on the offense the child will not understand or be impressed by it. That depends somewhat on the particular child. If the mother says to the boy as soon as she is alone with him, "Tommy, I was sorry to see that you didn't rise when Mrs. C. entered the room. I didn't say anything to you then, because I didn't wish to make you ashamed, but I hope you will remember next time." Tommy is quite apt to appreciate his mother's consideration, and try to remember on future occasions. With other children a quiet word of reproof on the spot may have greater effect. At all events, if a quiet word does not suffice, it is certainly better to bide one's time and give an effective lesson at a convenient season, than to engage in a contest before the aforesaid "company."

"Tell the lady 'Thank you!'" instructed a young mother, to whose little daughter a caller had given the rose she had been wearing. But for some reason, perhaps absorption, in her new treasure, the child paid no attention. "Come, aren't you going to say 'thank you' to the lady for the pretty flower?" the mother coaxed. The baby glanced up at the caller in a bashful, little way that probably meant gratitude, but not having said the proper thing at first, it no doubt seemed very difficult to say it on demand.

"If you don't say 'thank you' to the lady at once, I shall have to put you to bed," was the ultimatum. That settled it. The maid was summoned, and bore from the room a rebellious and wailing lassie, while "the lady" wished in her heart that she had thrown the unlucky rose into the street.

A child who learns the use of "Thank you," "I beg your pardon," "If you please," etc., by hearing

After Doctors Failed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Despondent Sufferer to Health.

"Although it is now some years since I found it necessary to take medicine of any kind, I attribute my present good health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Thus writes Mr. Wm. M. Ferguson, St. John West, N.B. Mr. Ferguson continues: "For years I was a sufferer from chronic bronchitis and general debility. I had always been delicate, but as I grew older I seemed to grow weaker, and at the approach of autumn I commenced to cough and had to remain in the house all winter. With the coming of summer I always got a little better, only to be laid low again when the fine weather was over. During my last and most severe attack my cough became more distressing, and I raised considerable phlegm, while at night I would be bathed in a cold, clammy sweat. The doctor's medicine relieved my cough a little during the day time, but there was no other improvement as I had no appetite, the night sweats continued and I was growing weaker. I changed doctors three different times but with no improvement. Then I began to take cod liver oil, but my stomach had grown so weak that it refused to retain it. It was at this time, when I was trying to reconcile myself to my fate, that a pamphlet relating cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was left at my door. Although my friends thought me in a decline, and although I was feeling hopeless myself, I decided to try the pills. After using several boxes, though I still continued to cough, I felt better in other respects, and my appetite was gradually returning. I was not only surprised, but pleased to find this improvement, and I gladly continued their use. By the time I had taken ten boxes the night sweats and the cough had entirely disappeared, and I was feeling quite vigorous. I took two more boxes, and felt that there was no necessity to continue the treatment as I was in better health than I had ever been before. When I completed the twelfth box I weighed myself and found that I had gained 32 pounds. As I said before, it is some years since my cure was effected, and I have not had a cough in any season since, and have always enjoyed the best of health. I believe, therefore, that it is entirely due to the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I am alive and well to-day, and I trust that others will benefit by my personal experience."

You can get these pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Table listing names and amounts for the Father Holland Birthday Fund, including P. McDermott, James Duggan, R. Biokerdike, etc.

PRESENTATION TO MR. W. KENNEDY.

This evening at 8 o'clock will take place in the new choir practice room adjoining St. Patrick's Hall, a presentation to Mr. W. Kennedy on the occasion of his approaching marriage to Miss May Marnell.

APPEAL FOR CHOIR MEMBERS.

On Sunday last the Rev. G. McShane made an appeal for an increased choir membership. The stipulations are: a voice, and regularity in attendance.

REV. R. H. FITZ-HENRY IN THE SOUTH.

Many friends of Rev. Father Fitz-Henry, late a professor at St. Joseph's, Memramcook, will be pleased to hear of his being successfully established in the mission of Dallas, Texas.

PURSE OF GOLD FOR MR. KAVANAGH.

The executive committee and players of the Shamrock team gathered on Saturday evening to tender their best wishes to James Kavanagh on the occasion of his marriage.

CROSS TO BE ERRECTED BY A. O. H. AT GROSSE ISLE.

It was announced at the biennial meeting on Saturday evening last by the delegates to the National Convention at Indianapolis, that a grant of \$5,000 has been made for the erection of a Celtic cross on the Grosse Isle in commemoration of the 6000 Irish emigrants who died there of ship fever in 1847-48.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS EXCURSION SPLENDID SUCCESS.

Nearly a thousand boarded the steamer Beauce on Thursday afternoon last to take part in the first excursion of the new parish of St. Thomas Aquinas.

HANDSOME GIFT ON OCCASION OF MARRIAGE.

Mr. James Savage, cashier at the Courton House, was the recipient on Saturday of a purse of gold from his fellow employees, on the occasion of his approaching marriage with Miss Catherine Daly.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The members of St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society held another of their open meetings on last Sunday afternoon. A large amount of business was transacted, and an interesting programme rendered.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

As published in our last week's issue, those in the habit of frequenting the concerts of our friends, the Catholic sailors, expected to have the pleasure of meeting with the St. Mary's Catholic Young Men, but they were unavoidably prevented from taking part.

At the close of the concert, the chairman announced that next week's entertainment would be in the hands of Loyola Court, C.O.F., and from their past record there is every reason to look forward to an enjoyable time in every respect.

HYMENEAL

MCKENZIE-LABONTE.

The marriage of Miss Mary Margaret McKenzie, daughter of Mr. Peter McKenzie, to Dr. J. A. Labonte, of Cambridge, Mass., took place on Tuesday morning at eight o'clock, in St. Anthony's Church, in the presence of a large number of guests.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES GRANEY.

The funeral of Mr. James Graneay, an old resident of Point St. Charles, took place on Sunday afternoon from his residence, 314 Manufacturers street, and was largely attended.

REQUIEM MASS AT LOYOLA.

A solemn anniversary requiem service was chanted on Monday morning at Loyola College chapel for the late Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J., provincial chaplain of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

MR. JAMES GRIFFIN.

There passed away on Monday last a very well known Irishman of this city in the person of Mr. James Griffin.

Mr. Griffin, after receiving his education at the Normal School at Newburg, Ireland, came to this country and immediately associated himself with corporation work.

By virtue of his ability, honesty of purpose, and great capacity for work, he quickly ascended from one position to another, until he was made superintendent of the western division of the Roads Department, which position he held continuously for forty years.

At all times, and under all conditions he has held the respect and trust of the authorities at the City Hall, and when last spring he was obliged, through illness, to resign his position, which he held with such

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Monthly calendar for September 1908, listing days of the month and corresponding feast days.

credit for two score years, the expressions of regret on all sides were an acknowledgment of his worth to the metropolitan city.

He was a prominent member of St. Ann's Church, and every important work which has taken place in that parish during the last half century has received his personal support.

He was connected with the Knights of Columbus, the C.M.B.A. and other organizations, and his death will be deeply regretted by all who knew him.

Mr. Griffin, who was a widower, leaves four children, the Misses Catherine and Mary, and two sons, James and Michael, to mourn their loss.

The funeral, which was largely attended, took place to St. Ann's Church Wednesday morning. The celebrant of the solemn requiem was Rev. Father Holland, with Fathers Dufresne and McDonagh as deacon and subdeacon.

REV. BROTHER EDWARD, C.S.S.R.

Rev. Brother Edward, for many years attached to St. Patrick's Church, Quebec, died in Boston on Sept. 10th.

Honored and esteemed by all during the many years that he labored in St. Patrick's presbytery as clerk, he was ever an assiduous, kind and patient man, who never hesitated when duty called him, and the years he spent laboring for the welfare of the parish have borne fruit, and to him in no small measure is due the present prosperous condition of St. Patrick's parish.

For some years back Brother Edward had been suffering from a disease which he seemed to partially recover from on several occasions but never succeeded in entirely freeing himself from it. Becoming seriously ill a few weeks since, he left the city to retire to the Mother House at Boston, where death claimed him.

History of the Church.

(Continued.)

When this is done, confidence is again restored, the work is resumed and in a few days a new sovereign will receive the homage of the faithful people. There are astounding wonders, the more so because they were discovered in our own day by a blind observer, an Englishman by name Hubert.

"The more we know of creatures the grander God appears," says St. Cyril of Jerusalem, and the wisest of Kings, Solomon, received this knowledge from on high with divine wisdom, "God himself," said he, "gave me the true science of all the things that are, so that I might know the disposition of the universe and the virtues of the elements, the commencement, and the middle, and the end of the times, the alterations of their courses, and the changes of seasons, the revolutions of the year and the dispositions of the stars, the natures of living creatures, the rage of wild beasts, the force of winds and reasonings of men, the diversities of plants, and the virtues of roots, and all such things as are hid and not foreseen I have learned, for wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me." Thus, when particularly in our youth, the same Wisdom, the same Providence, offers us the means of receiving the same instruction, let us beware of guilty indifference or laziness.

We should imitate the son of David; like him we should prefer the lessons of this divine wisdom to kingdoms and thrones. Let us amass in good season these treasures of science which will not only embellish our life on this earth, but also increase our glory in heaven. "The very insects give us the example. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard,'" says Solomon to the lazy man, "consider her ways and learn wisdom. She has neither

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EXCURSIONS

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BAY CITY, Mich. \$17.25

SAGINAW, Mich. \$17.15

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich. \$18.95

Chicago, Ill. \$18.00

ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS, Minn. \$34.00

Via Muskoka route, via Sault Ste. Marie direct, via Detroit and Chicago.

ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS, going and returning via Owen Sound and Sault Ste. Marie. \$37.50

CLEVELAND, Ohio, via Buffalo and boat. \$13.85

CLEVELAND, Ohio, via Detroit and boat. \$17.50

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Detroit, Mich. \$15.00

BAY CITY, Mich. \$17.25

SAGINAW, Mich. \$17.15

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chief nor captain, nor master, nevertheless she provideth her meat for herself in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

In fact the ants have neither king nor queen nor commander; however, they assemble in society, build cities to suit themselves, work together during the day and take their meat together at night.

Their government is a republic in which we distinguish three orders, the same as we have seen in the case of the bees; the males, females and workers. The males and females serve only for the propagation of species; they have wings and mate in open flight.

Afterwards the males disappear or are perhaps put to death as the male bees are; the females go into the ant hills and lay little eggs which under the care of the working ants are transformed into worms, grubs, male and female and common ants; the last mentioned being always the greatest number.

What are usually called ants' eggs are in reality worms in a sort of cocoon which they weave themselves and in which they undergo the last change.

During winter in this country, ants fall into a lethargy and eat nothing. The food that they collect is eaten day by day; it may be also that it serves them at the commencement of the bad season.

Ants make war, tribe against tribe, or species against species; they hold captive in slavery even all the prisoners they take, and make them work inside the hill. Besides this they feed and rise in a sort of stable order of sorts of insects, especially plant lice, which they keep to have a sure food in time of famine, the same as we keep cows, goats and sheep.

Lastly they constitute real republics, where everything is placed in common, property, families, food and cattle.

(To be continued.)

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908

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Mothers will Save Dollars

On Boys' Suits, to-morrow

\$6.00 to \$8.00 Maker's Samples for \$3.69

A special lot of 136 Boys' Fancy Suits, of Buster Brown, Russian and Sailor Suits, in tweed, serge and worsted of fine quality and colorings of gray, fawn, brown, olive and navy; made in the latest cut; pants made in bloomer style, roomy and comfortable, made to sell from \$6.00 to \$8.00. Special sample price \$3.69.

Boys' Knee Pants from 53c.

Boys' Tweed Knee Pants, double knees and seats; just the sort of pants for boys going to school; good patterns, select shadings and strongly sewn. Prices \$3c, 75c, 98c to \$1.25

EXTRA SPECIAL—Boys' Double Breasted Navy Serge Reefers, reg. \$3. To-morrow, \$2.45

Exclusive Styles in Paris Models

Large Paris Model Hat of Canard Blue Silk, faced with golden brown velvet, trimmed with shaded feather bandeau, wings and brown tulle. Price \$13.15

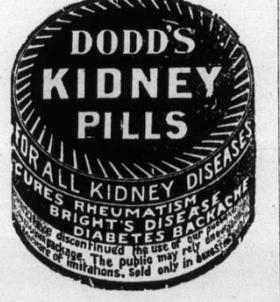
Paris Model Hat of Moroc Brown Velvet, faced with black velvet, large crown trimmed with three shades of moroc brown watered ribbon, paradise bird and large parisise osprey. Price \$8.40

Paris Model Hat of Taupe French Felt, rolled brim and large round crown, trimmed with drape of emerald green velvet and large ostrich pompon on side. Price \$10.95

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 307 Circuit Court, Dame Marie L. Marc Fournier vs. Arthur Clement Def. On the 16th day of September, 1908, at two of the clock in the afternoon, at the domicile of the said Defendant, No. 571 Marianne street East, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of Justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of one piano and household furniture, etc. Terms, cash.

OLIVIER C. COTTELE, B. S. C. Montreal, September 15, 1908.



The Rosary in Ireland.

No one familiar with the Irish at home or abroad will discern any note of exaggeration in this paragraph from a paper by Father Proctor, O. P., in the Rosary Guide: "In prosperity and in adversity, in the evening of sadness and in the morning of gladness, in their joys and in their sorrows, the Beards ever their talisman, the Rosary their anchor of hope which kept them united to Jesus, the Incarnate Son, and to Mary, the Spotless Mother. In the ages of persecution the Rosary was their 'shibboleth,' the password by which they were known to be of Christ and of God. During the dark days the Rosary kept the lamp of their faith ever burning in the Irish heart and in the Irish home. When the Mass was proscribed and the sacred rites were put under a ban, and a price was set upon the head of the priest—the sogaarh aroon so dear to Erin's children—the Rosary under the Sweet Providence of God and the influence of the Virgin, Mother and Queen, preserved that faith in the Incarnation and in the mysteries of redemption which is the very life of the Irish race."

We have often thought that, as Mary has 'put down all heresies,' so Irish devotion to Mary has been the efficient cause of Ireland's having ever been preserved from other heresy or its half sister, schism, says the Ave Maria. Alone among all countries, the Emerald Isle holds the distinction of never having given her adhesion, even for a day, to an anti-Pope.

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