



True



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A "RELIGION" WITHOUT A CREED

(By REV. P. A. SHEEHAN, D.D.)

(Continued from Last Week.)

What are the disputations of sects, or churches, or schools, to me? For three hundred years in the beginning of the Christian era, the whole Eastern Empire was torn asunder by wars, treachery, revolutions—Emperors fighting against emperors, Pope with Patriarch, Councils torn asunder, Churches warring with Churches, and nations with nations—for what? One single word and one word in the Creed. And since that time has not all European civilization been threatened with extinction through religious wars? Nay, Protestants though we are, we cannot help condemning Luther for that he revived an interest in dogmatic religious by defying its central authority just at the time when Europe was slowly but surely drifting back from the misery and squalor of the Dark Ages to the sweetness and light and natural lives and happiness of ancient Paganism. Yes, let us alone! We want to hear no more about dogmas or disputations—Arian or Anglican, Calvinist or Socinian, High Church or Low Church, Irvingite or Swedenborgian. We bend our necks to no man, no Church, no Creed. We claim the privilege of unshackled intellectual freedom. We pin our faith to no formulas. We subscribe to no articles. Within us is the light of reason. Without us the laws of society. That we shall follow these we obey. But Churches, Creeds, Confessions of Faith—

This theory, although admitting the necessity of some restrictions on human freedom, grants the widest latitude to that liberalism of thought which is claimed as the dearest privilege of humanity. We admit, it is said, the necessity of curbing human passion, of restricting desires within bounds compatible with the safety and comfort of others. But our thoughts must be free. We must be at liberty to believe, or not believe. Society may tie our hands and lock our lips; but no human authority shall or can restrict the God-given privilege of intellectual liberty. What is it to any man whether in the secrecy of my own soul I believe there is a God or no-God; a Trinity or no Trinity; a God-man, or a mere sage and philanthropist; a soul within me with eternal destinies before it, or I—a mere animal, with just the instincts, desires and end of the brute creation? I shall allow no man to put shackles on my intellect. The law will punish me if I break it. Quite sufficient then for me is the moral law, the law of society, my own conscience! I shall have none of them. If we want to worship, the expanse of Nature will be our sanctuary; the dome of Heaven our Temple; the interchange of courtesies with our kind our Ritual; the poets will be our Apostles; History our Evangelist. We shall worship in temples, not made by hands, and our Apotheosis shall be our final return to the inorganic creation. We are content to be merged in the universe of matter.

So say in speech and book and pamphlet, from press and platform, in prose and verse, essay and lecture the adherents of this the newest and most widely spread and the most specious and attractive form of atheism which has appeared in our time. And yet the inconsistency of those who argue thus is apparent. The consequences, if pushed to logical conclusions, would be calamitous.

For this "moral sense," innate or acquired, must rest on some principle. If the precept, "Thou shalt not kill," is accepted, the principle from which it originated and on which it depends must be accepted also. Surely it is not a mere whim or caprice of humanity that keeps men's hands from being imbrued in the blood of their fellow-men. It is not a sentiment of mercy or compassion or mere humanitarianism that protects the world from promiscuous murder. How valueless such sentiments are in a whirlwind of rage and passion, such as is let loose in war, or in a theatre panic, we know well. There must be some underlying prin-

ciple, tacitly acknowledged by the entire race, and which is formulated in the theory or statement in which all men acquiesce: "It is wrong and criminal to shed the blood of another." But that is dogma. Therefore, in accepting the common religious and social principle, you put the yoke of dogma around your neck.

The same rule applies to every moral principle by which society is cemented and solidified. The Church says: "Whoever declares or holds that it is right to steal, or rob, or murder, or bear false witness, let him be anathema." The non-dogmatist says: "Every man possesses a moral sense, and this declares that it is criminal in se, and subversive of all moral order, to steal, or murder, or bear false witness; and whosoever holds this criminal theory is only fit to be put outside the pale of civilization." Where here is the difference in the formula? The veriest non-dogmatist has "anathema" on his lips as well as the dogmatic church.

Yes, but we are not speaking now of moral precepts, is the reply. There we are at one. We admit that the basis of all morality is the dogmatic principle. What we repudiate is your Councils, your decrees, your fine-drawn definitions and distinctions about articles of Faith, of whose inner meaning you can know nothing, much less teach us. We freely admit that the moral teachings of Christianity are very beautiful; and we try to fashion our lives thereon. But we stop there. As to the person of Christ, His origin, His nature, His mission, His miracles, His power, we know nothing. We accept His moral teachings as quite in consonance with our "moral sense." We reject all dogmas connected with His person, His mission, or His miracles.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE INCARNATION.

But does not all the force of the supreme moral teaching of Christ come from the fact that He was a Divine teacher? Why do you not accept the teachings of Confucius, of Socrates, of Seneca, of Marcus Aurelius, of Epictetus? Because they were men, liable to error; and because they spoke without authority. What has given weight to the words of Christ, such weight that even today, after nineteen hundred years, they are accepted as the supreme embodiment of all ethical teaching? The answer is, His authority. The authority of a mere sage or philosopher? Certainly not. This would bring Him down to the level of Socrates. What then? His authority, as God. There is no denying it. There is no possible suppression of that faith, latent and dormant in some minds, but existent in all minds that Christ is the Son of the Living God. The very hatred men bear to Him, their blasphemies against His adorable name, prove this. If He were a mere sage, the world would bow its head and pass Him by. But the world knows He is much more, and hence it rages against Him. It cannot separate His teachings from His mission. It cannot separate His mission from His person. It cannot separate His person from His Godhead. Whether it accept His teaching as the supreme moral code for humanity, or rejects with hatred His teaching and His Person alike, it admits unconsciously and unwillingly, by adopting His moral law to its own moral sense, the dogma of the Incarnation.

In the same way, non-dogmatists have to confess their belief in God, His attributes and His perfections. The moment they accept the natural law or the guidance of reason, they profess their faith in the goodness and omniscience, the mercy and justice of God. For if there be a moral code, or conscience, innate to the human soul, it cannot spring from mere animal nature; nor from instinct; nor from experience; nor from the habits of advanced civilization; without some external inspiration. This is the voice of God, and behind it is the dogma of Divine Providence. If there be a moral

law directing the will, there must be some dogmatic influence controlling the intellect. Law is universal, inexorable. In the organic and inorganic kingdoms it is the one thing that is most clearly in evidence. All things are controlled by law, and bow to its behests. Can the intellect of man alone break away from the Universe and be uncontrolled? Is man's intellect the one exception to the Cosmos that reigns throughout the universe? Who emancipated it from the universal order, and gave it a charter of unlicensed liberty? Or, who flung the reins over its back and bade it go forth, uncured and unbridled, while all things else, even the paramount will of man, have to suffer themselves to be dragged into discipline and obedience by that tremendous centripetal force, which we designate Law in the inorganic and lower animal creation, and conscience or the moral sense in man? The suggestion can be advanced only to be rejected. Such an irregularity would be opposed to all known laws. It would be a deordination in a world of order.

But if the intellect, like all things else, has to be curbed, it is quite clear that, from its very nature, that curb must be intellectual; that is, the intellect must submit to accept some primary truths, formulated by some authority, external to itself. And these truths, thus addressed to the intellect, can take but one shape, that of dogmatic truth. What Law is therefore to the organic or inorganic creation—universal, inexorable, imperious and necessary; what the "moral sense" or conscience, is to the will of man, even that is dogma to the intellect. You may reject Nicene or Athanasian Creeds; you may spurn the Thirty-Nine Articles or other formulas. You cannot get rid of dogma. Even Carlyle, who raved the changes of unlimited scorn on the early controversies of Christianity, was compelled to admit at last that on the acceptance or non-acceptance of that one vowel in the Creed of Nicene the whole of Christianity depended.

ATHEISM BEGETS ANARCHY.

But, if we suppose that dogma could be suppressed, or public morals made independent of it, political economists would be compelled to fall back upon the monistic theory and the consequences of Natural Selection pushed to the extremes by the proletariat, or on some theory of social ethics or humanitarianism, which would be equally calamitous. Nay, we are witnesses in these latter times of such disasters coming down upon society from the denial of dogma and the repudiation of authority. For what is Saint-Simonism, with its ugly brood of Socialists, Nihilists, Communists, French "Soldiers," Italian Anarchists, etc., but the logical consequence of the denial of any dogmas binding the intellect and the denial of moral law binding the will of man? It is easy for a modern doctrinaire, seated at his writing desk, surrounded by his books, or lolling in his reading chair, to sweep away creeds and formularies, and ridicule rites and ritual, that really belong to humanity, and must take form in some shape to satisfy man's needs. But, when the apparently harmless, speculative denunciations of existing beliefs or governments take root in the minds of the vast army of the disappointed and discontented, and altars are overturned and governments upset, men begin to perceive how easily theories pass into practice and how evil a crop may develop from poisonous seed. Between Carlyle, fulminating from his sound-proof attic in Chelsea against all existing creeds, governments and social life; and Karl Marx, accepting all this denunciation as the righteous condemnation of existing shams and chimeras, where is the difference? The appeal to "Verities" and "Unverities," when men are told there is nothing true nor genuine, nor honest under the sun, will have the effect of sharpening the hunger and quieting the conscience of the mob, which demands an equality that it will not concede and a common proprietorship in goods that are not its own. And when all fear and hope and reverence are removed from the minds of men by the deliberate denial of every dogma, and therefore of all moral restraint, what can be expected but Atheism in theory and Anarchy in practice?

HERBERT SPENCER'S LAST WORD.

"Whilst the current creed was slowly losing its hold on me, the whole question seemed to be the truth or untruth of the particular doctrines I had been taught. But, gradually, and especially of later years, I have become aware that this is not the sole question. Partly, the wider knowledge obtained of human society, has caused this. Many have, I believe, recognized the fact that a cult of some sort, with its social embodiment, is a constituent in every society which has made any progress. The masses of evidence classified and arranged in the Descriptive Sociology have forced this belief on me independently, if not against my will, still without any desire to entertain it. There seems to be no escape from the inference that the maintenance of social subordination has peremptorily required the aid of

some such agency. * * * Thus I have come to look more and more calmly on forms of religious belief to which I had in earlier days a profound aversion. Holding that they are in the main naturally adapted to their respective peoples and times, it now seems to me well that they should severally live and work as long as the conditions permit; and further, that sudden changes of religious institutions, as of political institutions, are certain to be followed by reactions. Largely, however, if not chiefly, this change of feeling toward religious creeds and their sustaining institutions has resulted from a deepening conviction that the sphere occupied by them can never be an unfilled sphere; but that there must continue to arise afresh the great questions concerning ourselves and surrounding things; and that, if not positive answers, then modes of consciousness, standing in the place of positive answers, must ever remain. By those who know much, more than by those who know little, is there felt the need for explanation. Thus religious creeds, which in one way or another occupy the sphere that rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails, and fails the more the more it seeks, I have come to regard with a sympathy based on community of need, feeling that dissent from them results from inability to accept the solution offered joined with the wish that solution could be found."

GOD OR THE MOB MUST RULE.

It is impossible to disprove that logical and peremptory sequence—No dogma, No ethics; it is impossible to bind the conscience of men with shadowy abstractions and vague appeals to phantom virtues, undefined by doctrinal truth and unsupported by some supreme authority, which makes the practice of such virtues imperative. It lends but sanction to human vice and passion to say: Live noble lives, and quit yourselves like men in the fight! The question will recur: "What are noble lives?" and what means "to quit ourselves like men?" Robin Hood and his merry men had their own code of morals, because

"the good old rule Sufficed for them, the simple plan, That they should take who have the power, And they should keep who can."

But Robin Hood and every pirate and freebooter that ever lived, believed that they were living free, noble lives; and that certainly "they" quitted themselves like men in the fight." And who can now deny that the world, in spite of its lip-Christians, has always had a secret sympathy with these children of the road, or with the footpads and homelides on a larger scale, whom it calls its heroes and its conquerors? But, will this do? Can society hang together on such theories? Or must there not be some voice, as of Sinai, to pronounce first the everlasting dogma:

"I am the Lord, thy God,"

and then, as a consequence, the inexorable precepts:

"Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not."

Yes, it is perfectly futile to pretend that men must lead clean, just, honorable lives unless some one defines what are purity, justice and honor. But, behind that definition there must be authority; and behind that authority must be its credentials founded on dogmatic truth.

It may be said that all this is so manifest that while the multitude still clings to its pleasant formula: "Religion, but no creed, no church," the leading thinkers among unbelievers willingly admit that this idea is neither logical nor reasonable. Hence, the curious change that has come over the tone and temper of certain leading scientists in our time. Instead of the fierce, bitter scorn, cast upon religious beliefs by the whole French school, and imitated, to their eternal shame, by certain English thinkers, there appears now a quiet half-apologetic, wholly deprecatory tone, as of men who boasted incontinently of their security and have found the ground slipping from beneath their feet. We have already seen how Carlyle modified his scornful invectives against the Fathers of the early Councils, and just now we find in Herbert Spencer's Autobiography, which may be accepted as his last word and the expression of his most mature convictions, the following significant, if half-hearted declaration, that a religious creed or cultus of some kind is a necessity. Coming from the pen of so thorough a scientist, who has been all his life preaching the steady progression of mankind by "evolution" and the processes of natural selection" and the perfectibility of the species which is but awaiting time and opportunity for development they bear their own lesson:

"Whilst the current creed was slowly losing its hold on me, the whole question seemed to be the truth or untruth of the particular doctrines I had been taught. But, gradually, and especially of later years, I have become aware that this is not the sole question. Partly, the wider knowledge obtained of human society, has caused this. Many have, I believe, recognized the fact that a cult of some sort, with its social embodiment, is a constituent in every society which has made any progress. The masses of evidence classified and arranged in the Descriptive Sociology have forced this belief on me independently, if not against my will, still without any desire to entertain it. There seems to be no escape from the inference that the maintenance of social subordination has peremptorily required the aid of

some such agency. * * * Thus I have come to look more and more calmly on forms of religious belief to which I had in earlier days a profound aversion. Holding that they are in the main naturally adapted to their respective peoples and times, it now seems to me well that they should severally live and work as long as the conditions permit; and further, that sudden changes of religious institutions, as of political institutions, are certain to be followed by reactions. Largely, however, if not chiefly, this change of feeling toward religious creeds and their sustaining institutions has resulted from a deepening conviction that the sphere occupied by them can never be an unfilled sphere; but that there must continue to arise afresh the great questions concerning ourselves and surrounding things; and that, if not positive answers, then modes of consciousness, standing in the place of positive answers, must ever remain. By those who know much, more than by those who know little, is there felt the need for explanation. Thus religious creeds, which in one way or another occupy the sphere that rational interpretation seeks to occupy and fails, and fails the more the more it seeks, I have come to regard with a sympathy based on community of need, feeling that dissent from them results from inability to accept the solution offered joined with the wish that solution could be found."

There is no need of paraphrasing this singular admission. But why Herbert Spencer did not move a step further, and perceive that if the laws of right and wrong are eternal and unchangeable, the culture which subordinates human passion to such laws must be formed and based on eternal and unchangeable truth, and not allowed to shift and modify itself to suit merely human exigencies, is a problem that his Autobiography does not solve. And remaining insoluble now for ever, it is another proof of the limitations that will always surround the highest philosophic conceptions when unilluminated by Divine faith. But his testimony is at least valuable as a corroboration of our thesis and all the more valuable as the result—the unwelcome result—of an experience of eighty years.

Notes from the Parishes

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

The St. Ann's Young Men's Society held a pilgrimage to St. Placid on Labor Day, which was largely attended notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. At the church Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was imparted by Rev. Father Rioux, P.P., assisted by Rev. Fathers Strubbe and Holland.

Next Sunday the regular monthly meeting of the T. A. & B. Society will be held in the afternoon.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

Last Sunday evening Rev. Thos. Heffernan preached an eloquent sermon to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart, the subject being the intention for the month, viz., The Clergy.

The tickets for the event of the season, the sail to Lake St. Peter, are selling well and a large crowd will be in attendance.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH.

The new school for the parish will open on Monday, and the pastor is anxious that parents should send their children the first day. The place is neatly fitted up, and a successful year is anticipated.

ST. AGNES ACADEMY.

St. Agnes Academy, the new girls' school for St. Anthony's parish, has just been completed. The building is an excellent one. The spacious class rooms, all suitably appointed, the music hall, the library, the hall for calisthenics, etc., all combine to make the new school very attractive. Both pastor and people are to be congratulated. There is yet a missing link in the parish, a boys' school. We hope to see this supplied in the near future.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

St. Patrick's T. A. and B. Society will meet next Sunday afternoon.

The schools have re-opened after midsummer vacation, and large numbers are in attendance.

The Canadian Artisans held their religious celebration on Sunday at Notre Dame Church. After Mass a banquet was served at which Bishop Archambault, of Joliette, presided.

The eclipse at Labrador last week was a complete failure owing to cloudy weather. The party of scientists will reach Quebec to-day, among them being Rev. Father Kavanagh, of St. Mary's College.

LOUIS STRATHCONA'S GENEROSITY.

A few days ago the President of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, Mr. J. H. Kelly, received a letter from Lord Strathcona containing a cheque for fifty dollars as a contribution to the funds of the oldest total abstinence organization in North America.

CONFERRED DEGREES.

The celebration of the golden jubilee of St. Francis Xavier's College, Antigonish, practically began on Tuesday. Yesterday afternoon the actual proceedings began with an address by the Right Rev. Dr. Cameron, Bishop of Antigonish, Chancellor of the University, after which degrees were conferred in absentia, but the list of those honored with LL.D. includes the president of almost every college in Canada, particularly the denominational ones, besides many other educationists. Among the public men who got degrees were the Hon. R. L. Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Frederick Borden, the Hon. Mr. Murray, Premier.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

The concert room of the Catholic Sailors' Club was thronged to overflowing last evening, on the occasion of the entertainment given by the Young Men's Society of St. Mary's parish. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. O'Reilly, 1st vice-president. The young men were encouraged in their efforts by the presence of the Rev. Fathers Malone, Domelly, T. F. Heffernan and R. E. Callahan. The programme was excellently rendered. The concertina solo by Mr. Cummings, of the ss Canada; the clog-dance by the Murray Bros., the whistle selections of Mr. Mountain of ss Monford, and the singing of the Misses Garry, Henessey, Anderson and Power, the recitations of Miss and Mrs. Pitts, and Mr. Conway were certainly well rendered. Messrs. J. Benoit, our old friend seaman Cameron, Mr. P. Fox and Mr. Caldwell did their parts well. The dancing of the O'Kane Bros. and Mr. Watts, together with an exhibition of the nanby art by the Fisher Minstrels brought to a close one of the most pleasant evenings as yet spent with our friends the sailors. Too much praise can hardly be given to the various organizations which have so manfully taken up the entertainment in behalf of the Catholic sailors, and we hope that other friends will not be slow to follow the noble example placed before them.

PERSONAL.

Miss C. J. Brennan, Hypolite street, returned Tuesday evening from Orange, Mass., where she had been spending a vacation.

The friends of Miss Christine Conroy, of St. Patrick street, will be much pleased to learn that at the summer exams she obtained a full Academic Diploma. Her teachers, the Sisters of the Holy Cross (Centre street) have every reason to congratulate themselves on her success.

Perfection consists not in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well. Christian charity be in your heart your whole life may be a continual exercise of it.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

The river of dreams runs silently down
By a secret way that no one knows,
But the soul lives on while the dreamtime flows
Through the garden bright or the forests brown;
And I think sometimes that our whole life seems
To be more than half made up of dreams.
For its changing sights and its passing shows
And its morning hopes and its mid-night fears
Are left behind with the vanished years.
Onward, with ceaseless motion,
The life stream flows to the ocean.
And when the tide, awake or asleep,
Till we see the dawn on love's great deep,
Then the bar at the harbor mouth is crossed
And the river of dreams in the sea is lost.

—Henry Van Dyke.

FASHIONS.

Among the successful skirts, those of plain cloth or silk with ten or more rows of graduated velvet ribbon are prominent.

The fine, soft, brilliant satin cloths will maintain their prestige and will be used for simple garments; some elegant combinations of fine cloth, worked with eyelid embroidery and trimmed with satin or velvet, are shown.

Passengerette will not be combined with furs; embroidered applications and artistic buttons being the chief trimmings.

There is no more serviceable or more reasonable hat than that made of maline. In black or in white, with trimmings of feathers or flowers in white or colors, it is extremely dressy; while an all-black hat of this type is almost as essential to the well-appointed wardrobe as the all-black gown.

For general outing wear there are soft felt hats of various shapes and colors, gray, white or fawn being in highest favor. Scarfs of striped silk trim these hats effectively.

A charming example of picture hat is adorned with a huge, black, parrot-like egret at the left side, where the brim is flared high. A black tulle ruche for the neck is an attractive accessory.

Many of the Autumn hats will be trimmed with ribbon, and the new ribbons are charming. Quaint effects of the old Empire style; chine ribbons in combinations of deep mauve shot with black and apple-green shot with black; old broche ribbons with tiny rose designs suggestive of Dresden china, are among the best samples. Velvet ribbon, too, will be extensively used on these new models.

TIMELY HINTS.

If there is a deep-set door that is desirable to permanently close, have book-shelves fitted in. Curtains can be hung at the side or not, as one pleases. If one does not wish to fill the entire space with books, the upper shelf can be set in lower down than would be wished for books and china or pewter and brassware placed thereon or a picture hung in the space.

Ebonize old or unpainted furniture, especially chairs or library tables, by rubbing in a mixture of lamp-black and turpentine.

Mustard water is said to be excellent for cleansing the hands after handling odorous substances.

Wet boots are often hardened and shrunk by being left by the fire to dry. Try this method: Lace or button the boots, fill them with dried oats, and leave them in a warm but not hot place. The oats inside will absorb a portion of the moisture and the dry air of the room the rest. The oats may be used again and again after drying.

Salt dissolved in alcohol will often remove grease spots from clothing. Enamelled ware may be safely scoured by the use of finely powdered pumice stone. A few drops of ammonia in a pail of water will perform the ordinary cleansing.

Mud stains on silk can generally be removed by rubbing with a piece of rough cloth or flannel. Sometimes, however, a stain is left where the mud has been. Rub this with a bit

of clean linen dipped in benzine or alcohol.
Shabby curtain rods can be made to look well by painting with a coat of enamel of the color which predominates in the color scheme of the apartment.

RECIPES.

Apple Chutney—Take two pounds of brown sugar, two quarts of brown vinegar, four and a half pounds of good cooking apples, weighed after they are cored and peeled, a pound and a half of Sultana raisins, four ounces of salt, an ounce of mustard seeds, the same of ground ginger, half an ounce of garlic and a quarter of an ounce of pure cayenne pepper. Boil the fruit, sugar and vinegar to a pulp in a jam kettle; cook gently, taking precautions to keep from burning. The apples should be quartered only unless very large. Turn into a pan when done, and add the other ingredients. The raisins may be whole or chopped, as preferred, or half of each. The garlic should be chopped to a pulp. Stir daily for a week, keeping the pan covered to exclude the dust, then put in dry glass bottles with wide necks; cork or bladder them and keep in a dry place. This will keep for years and is a cheap and very wholesome relish. When the fruit is exceedingly juicy, a trifle less vinegar may be used.

A delicious breakfast dish is made from sweet apples from which the cores have been removed and the space filled with chopped nut meats sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, baked until the apples are tender.

Spiced Gherkins—Use the very small cucumbers. Wash well in cold water, cover with strong brine that will bear an egg and let them stand for three days. Then drain. Line a preserving kettle with green grape or cabbage leaves, put in the gherkins with layers of leaves, cover with more leaves, and pour in just enough water to cover the top layer. Spread a clean cloth over top of kettle and place it where it will heat gradually and let steam just below the boiling point for three hours, then lay the gherkins in very cold water for an hour. If one treatment does not green them sufficiently repeat it. Then put in earthen jars and pour over them scalding vinegar, spiced with cloves, allspice, mace, peppercorns, bay leaf, cinnamon and half a pound of sugar to each quart of vinegar. Omitting the spices and sugar and adding only the peppercorns and horseradish will give you pickled gherkins.

Quince Marmalade—Pare and quarter and core the quinces; and cook the cores one hour, strain the juice through a strong jelly bag to extract all the gelatinous substance. The quinces should, in the meantime, have been covered with cold water. Drain the fruit on a cloth, add the juice, mash through a coarse colander, add the heated sugar, and cook about fifteen minutes or until thick and smooth.

WOMEN COLLEGE GRADUATES.

Marion Talbot, Dean of the Woman's College, Chicago University, says that the woman college graduate of to-day is a failure, and she lays the blame on the motives which take her to college. Miss Talbot said, among other things:

"The college girl is not meeting the requirements which her training has put upon her. She is falling below the standard of public service which other women reach."

"We have differentiated ourselves from other women, and it is right we should, because we are different in that we have had a better opportunity than many women."

"We have not made use of that opportunity. We should be in better trim than the average woman to solve social problems. But we are not, for some reason, or at least we do not make use of our fitness. Other women do better than we; with what means they have they undertake and accomplish many things before which we hesitate, although we know our duty lies through them."

"I believe it is our duty to enforce a change in the training of college girls. Girls do not go to college to-day for the same reason that prompted them twenty years ago. And, strange as it may seem, it is to better their social conditions that they, many of them, go to-day. I am astonished to hear girls confess that they have entered college for the

social advantages to be found there. Yet such is the fact."

"The college girl to-day is in college for the fun to be had there primarily and for her education secondarily. Whether the training is less effective than it used to be I am not prepared to say, but I think the situation requires serious consideration."

It seems to be a fact not to be controverted that many girls go to the well-known colleges simply for the social advantages which will accrue to them by reason of the associations which they may be able to form; just as it has been stated that many Catholic young men attend Vassar, Yale or Princeton for the same reason. And it is also true that many of them go "just for fun" to have a good time, and not to study any more than is absolutely necessary. The girls usually who go for the fun of it are those who are backed by plenty of money, and hope to cut a wide swath; while the girl who is there to study and learn something often has had a hard struggle to acquire the necessary funds; and she is the one who is going to make her personality felt later in life's activities. Of course the rule does not always hold good—many daughters of wealthy parents study hard and faithfully too; but there is enough truth in Dean Talbot's assertion to make Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, agree with her, and add that college women suffer from a lack of emotional activity. In other words their ideas are theoretical and not practical; and their remoteness from the actualities of life breeds an indifference to all things not touching their sphere.

It is a somewhat severe arraignment of the present-day college graduates, and it remains for some of them to disprove it.

THE RESPONSIVE WOMAN.

The secret of loveliness in woman is not so often a matter of form and feature or grace of speech as it is of responsiveness. The woman who really gets close to your heart, the woman whose companionship you thoroughly enjoy, is the responsive woman.

She listens to what you say with the look of really understanding what you are telling her. Not only by her interest, but by the varying expressions of her face, she makes you know she is following you through your narrative with genuine sympathy.

She is like a stringed instrument played upon by your words, your moods. She feels with you, smiles at the right time and sighs when she should sigh.

The world is so full of self-centered people, and it is so seldom one encounters an individual who is interested heartily in others, that the responsive woman, wherever she goes, is loved and welcomed.

Other women ask what is the secret of her attractiveness, marvel that she makes so many friends, and wonder by what magic she holds them.

If all women who are eager to make friends and anxious to be admired would only observe the responsive woman and learn of her they would find the seemingly difficult problem a simple one after all. That is, if it is simple to become genuinely unselfish where one has perhaps formerly been inclined to think principally of self.—Angela Morgan.

BUSINESS GIRLS SUCCESS QUALIFIED BY HER LUNCHEON.

The girl who sits in an office or stands behind a counter cannot afford a pastry luncheon, says the Chicago Journal. This does not mean that her twenty cents is too small a sum to be wasted in the succulent "Napoleon" cakes or eclairs. It means that she can not afford to waste her strength and energy instead of replenishing them by proper diet.

The business girl with a fondness for indulgence of this sort is worse than extravagant—she is reckless of her personal appearance as well.

In order to succeed in business in these days of competition a girl must be equipped with a good deal of plain common sense. There is, therefore, no good reason why she should not bring some of it to bear upon the matter of her choice of food for luncheon.

A good soup, a roast beef sandwich, a small steak or chop and tea, milk or cocoa may be had, and sometimes excellent fish. Baked apples or fruit from one of the corner stands will take the place of the custard pie.

Beauty is worth some sacrifices. Certainly it is worth the price of a few greasy cakes at luncheon hour. No amount of cosmetics, no powder and no toilet lotion will be able to cope with the ravages of wilfully brought on indigestion.



CURES

Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels.

Has been in use for nearly 60 years and has never failed to give relief.

The business girl must look at the noontime meal as a necessary process to building up and repairing the morning's wear and tear on her system. It need not be altogether frugal and devoid of enjoyment, but if she will practice discretion in the matter of luncheon menus for only one week, she will be repaid by the difference in her general feeling of health.

A FRENCH FACE CREAM.

An old French recipe for an almond face cream which spoils too soon to be sold in the shops is as follows: Blanch four ounces of sweet almonds and rub until reduced to powder. Mix well with the yolks of three eggs and thin by adding half a pint of cream or rich milk. Boil just as you would a custard and stir constantly until it thickens, when it must be removed from the fire and flavored with some favorite perfume. Seal while hot and keep in a cool place. This will be found an excellent skin food and is pleasant to the face.

DON'T EXPECT TOO MUCH.

If you wish to be young looking and happy adopt as your principle in life never to expect too much of people. A large amount of worry and trouble arises from our too great expectations of others. We expect too much of our children. They must be gifted, beautiful, obedient, little compendiums of all the virtues, and if they are not this we think bitter things and sow wrinkles and gray hairs for ourselves. We expect too much of our friends, and ill nature is the result of disappointments encountered. The housekeeper develops into a domestic pessimist who does not find the orderliness and cleanliness which she expects.

ICE FOR NAUSEA.

A physician advances the theory that the distressing sensation of nausea has its seat in the brain, and not, as is usually supposed, in the stomach; that relief may be obtained by cooling the base of the brain. He claims to have tested this often and thoroughly in cases of sick headache and other ills in which the nausea is a distressing symptom, without a single failure. He states that he once relieved the nausea resulting from cancer of the stomach by the application of ice to the back of the skull. The ice so used should be broken fine and the bits placed between the folds of a towel. Relief may be obtained by holding the head over a sink or tub and pouring a small stream of water on the neck. Some time when you have a sick headache, try this method. It will do no harm, even if it does not help.

HAD THE EVIDENCE.

Irate Father—it beats all where my umbrellas go. I left one in the rack last night, and now it's gone.
Willie—Alice's beam has got it.
Alice—Why, Willie, the idea!
Willie—Well, last night, when he was going home, I heard him say that he was only going to take just one.—Judge.

DANGEROUS GERMS.

A modern instance of avoiding Scylla to dash upon Charybdis comes from the Washington Star, by the way of Uncle Eben.
"Tain't good to be too sneaky," said the old man. "I once knowed a gemman dat got his mind so tore up 'bout germs an' bacillus dat he didn't look whar he were goin', an' got run over by a truck."

A—De Courcy Smythe boasts that he can trace his ancestry back to the time of the early Normans.
B—Well, the Normans are dead, and they won't mind.

The Poet's Corner.

AN IRISH LULLABY.

I'll set you aswing in a purple bell
Of the lady-finger
Where brown bees linger
And loiter long.
I'll set you aswing in a fairy dell
To the silvery ring
Of a fairy song.
I'll put you adrift in a boat of pearl
On a moonlit sea
Where your path shall be
Of silver and blue—
To fairyland, children, sweet girl,
To its rose-strewn strand
Bathed in glistening dew.

I'll make you a nest, a soft, warm nest,
In my heart's core,
Alanna, ashore,
When day is gone,
Where cosily curled on mother's breast,
My share o' the world
You'll sleep till dawn.
—Cahal O'Byrne, in American Messenger.

THE CHILDREN.

(By Charles Dickens.)

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me "good night" and be kissed,
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace;
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine and love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of childhood, too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness
Made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony
Where the feet of the dear ones
Must go,
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them
Of the tempest of fate growing wild,
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households,
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still beams in their eyes.
Oh, those truants from earth and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

Seek not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But the life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun,
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah, a sinner may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God.

My heart is a dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.
I shall leave the old house in the autumn
To traverse its threshold no more,
Ah, how I shall sigh for the dear ones

That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent gloo.
The group on the green and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.
I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their songs in the school and the street.
I shall miss the hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet;

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says the school is dismissed,
May the little ones gather around me
To bid me "good-night" and be kissed.

THE LAST WORD.

Fate takes the pen, and with resistless hand
Sets down man's sum of life—so many days,
So many journeys along destined ways,
So many hopes wrecked on a foredoomed strand,
So many griefs that none shall understand,
And striving none shall pity or shall praise,
So many joys from brief and passionate blaze
Trampled to blackness—all foreknown—
—foreplanned.

Yet man, not fate, decides life's final word;
Still must he add what doubles all the rest
Or makes it nothing—still, despairing write
"Woe is me, unhappy!"—or, with courage stirred
To an unflinching flame, sum up each test,
And set down calmly—"I have fought the fight!"
—Priscilla Leonard, in The Outlook.

THE BELOVED.

They are gone out into the night,
The young, the loved, the wise and gay;
Here whence our joys so soon take flight
Ah, who would stay?—would choose to stay?

Oh, who's in love with life to be,
Life so alone when friends are gone?
The last leaves on an empty tree
Trembling alone, trembling alone.

Oh, who would fear to take the road—
To stay were rather cause for fear—
That the beloved feet have trod
But yesterday, but yesterday!

Beyond the night, beyond the waste,
Where stars yet lift their diadem,
Shall we not, if we go in haste,
Come up with them, come up with them?

Oh, who would fear the night and frost,
Beyond whose mirk their faces shine—
The young, the loved, the early lost?
Oh, yours and mine; oh, yours and mine!

—Katharine Tynan, in Catholic World.

THE WANDERER.

Upon a mountain high, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my listening ear the lonely thing

Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing,
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.
How came the shell upon that mountain height?

Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,
Or whether there cast when ocean swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,
One song it sang.
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,

Wide,
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang:
Sang of the misty sea, profound and height
And as the shell upon the mountain

Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home, sing, O my home,
Of thee!

—Eugene Field.

FORGIVE.

Close to the feet of Christ, near Mary, the Mother of Jesus,
The shade of his folded pinions mid-ling the crimson stain,
A sorrowful Angel stands, forever and ever weeping,
But flowers of Hope upspringing where his tears fall like the rain.

Only one word he speaks—one word, and the Mother of Jesus,
Watching his trembling lips, echoes it evermore:
"Forgive, forgive, forgive!" till it floats through the portals of Heaven,

To fall anew like balm, on hearts sin-scathed and sore.
—Mary B. Mannix.

We spend our years as a told;
And which shall this ne
A tale of gladness, or o
ness.
To be told of you and

Will its pages glow
deeds,
With a record undefiled,
A story sweet, with a cl
That would gladden the
child?

Or can it be, when the y
That its record will be
By wasted hours or mis
Or by words that hav
jarred?

God gives us each day
white page
But write, dear heart,
For thy doings all are b
When once imprinted th

THE BLUE PIG WITH T
TAIL.
It was a rainy evening,
cold enough for a fire in
grandma's room, so after
the Adams children went
how, grandma's fires alw
more brightly than any
"It's just the kind of
story," said Tom, thro
pine comes on the blaze.
"So it is," agreed He
nie. "Grandma, won't
tell us one—one we have
before?"

Helen perched on the a
ma's chair, and Tom and
tied themselves on the ru
fire and waited for the
gin.

"Let me see," said gr
thinking. She closed her
moment, but the kni
kept flashing in the
grandma could knit with
at her work.

"Once upon a time," s
"Oh, that's the right
gin," said Helen, clappi
while Tom applauded sof
feet.

"Once upon a time the
heaven king who had
to own a blue pig with
So he sent a messenger
heaven king, who said,
forever! My king says
send him a blue pig with
or—"

"The king thought
like a threat, so he inte
messenger, saying, 'Tel
that I haven't a blue
black tail, and if I had
'The messenger didn't
any more. He went bac
country and told his ste
mediately war was decl
the two nations. After
had suffered much loss,
defeated, and the two kin
matter over.

"What did you mean
to send a blue pig with
or—?" the second king
the first.

"Why, I meant, or as
if you didn't have a bl
black tail. But what d
by sending me word th
none, and, if you had—
"I meant to add th
be glad to send it to y
Then the two kings
and led home what was
armies, feeling very sil
Grandma finished the
usual tone. Then to t
the children she began
different voices—just a
graph, as Tom said af
"Helen, have you see
sition? I left it on t
night. If you don't be
I'll have to take—"

"I guess you won't
position. It's stealing
don't believe you—
"You don't believe
You are a nice sister."
"I haven't touched
you would keep your ey
would—"

"I'm no more of a
than you are."
The children were ve
moment, then Helen sa
"We didn't expect a
lesson, grandma. We'r
prised."

Grandma's eyes twink
"If the shoe fits, pu
said.

"It fits me," said H
"And me," added Ja
"Our feet must be t
for the shoe fits me"—
"We were scratchy t

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

WRITE WITH CARE.

We spend our years as a tale that is told;

And which shall this new year be—
A tale of gladness, or one of sad-
ness.

To be told of you and me?
Will its pages glow with unselfish
deeds.

With a record undefined,
A story sweet, with a cheer replete,
That would gladden the heart of a
child?

Or can it be, when the year is done,
That its record will be marred
By wasted hours or misused powers,
Or by words that have cut and
jarred?

God gives us each day as a pure
white page

But write, dear heart, with care,
For thy doings all are beyond recall
When once imprinted there.



THE BLUE PIG WITH THE BLACK TAIL.

It was a rainy evening, and it was
cold enough for a fire in the grate in
grandma's room, so after supper all
the Adams children went there. Some-
how, grandma's fires always glowed
more brightly than any other fires.

"It's just the kind of night for a
story," said Tom, throwing some
pine cones on the blaze.

"So it is," agreed Helen and Janie.
"Grandma, won't you please
tell us one—we have never heard
before?"

Helen perched on the arm of grand-
ma's chair, and Tom and Janie set-
tled themselves on the rug, before the
fire and waited for the story to be-
gin.

"Let me see," said grandma, as if
thinking. She closed her eyes for a
moment, but the knitting needles
kept flashing in the firelight—for
grandma could knit without looking
at her work.

"Once upon a time," she began.
"Oh, that's the right way to be-
gin," said Helen, clapping her hands,
while Tom applauded softly with his
feet.

"Once upon a time there lived a
heavenly king who had an ambition
to own a blue pig with a black tail.
So he sent a messenger to another
heavenly king, who said, 'O king, live
forever! My king says you are to
send him a blue pig with a black tail
or—'

"The king thought this sounded
like a threat, so he interrupted the
messenger, saying, 'Tell your king
that I haven't a blue pig with a
black tail, and, if I had—'

"The messenger didn't wait to hear
any more. He went back to his own
country and told his story, and im-
mediately war was declared between
the two nations. After both sides
had suffered much loss, a truce was
effected, and the two kings talked the
matter over.

"What did you mean by telling me
to send a blue pig with a black tail,
or—?' the second king demanded of
the first.

"Why, I meant, or any other pig,
if you didn't have a blue one with a
black tail. But what did you mean
by sending me word that you had
none, and, if you had—?"

"I meant to add that I should
be glad to send it to you, of course."
Then the two kings shook hands
and led home what was left of the
armies, feeling very silly, no doubt.

Grandma finished the story in her
usual tone. Then to the surprise of
the children she began talking in
different voices—just like a phono-
graph, as Tom said afterwards.

"Helen, have you seen my composi-
tion? I left it on the desk last
night. If you don't help me find it,
I'll have to take—"

"I guess you won't take my composi-
tion. It's stealing copy, and I
don't believe you—"

"You don't believe I wrote any?"
You are a nice sister."

"I haven't touched your book. If
you would keep your eyes open, you
would—"

"I'm no more of a sleepy head
than you are."

The children were very quiet for a
moment, then Helen said:

"We didn't expect a story with a
lesson, grandma. We're a little sur-
prised."

Grandma's eyes twinkled.

"If the shoe fits, put it on," she
said.

"It fits me," said Helen, slowly.

"And me," added Janie.

"Our feet must be the same size,
for the shoe fits me"—this from Tom.

"We were scratchy this morning,"

said Helen, who was usually the
first to confess. "Perhaps if I had
waited to hear more, when Tom said
he'd have to take my composition—"
"I didn't say so at all," broke in
Tom. "I was going to say that, if
you didn't help me to find it I would
have to take a demerit. But you
said you didn't believe I had writ-
ten any composition."

"No, I didn't, nor I didn't mean
to say so, I was going to say that I
didn't believe you would copy a
composition?"

"Oh!" said Tom.
"But, Helen," said Janie, "what
did you mean when you said, 'My
new storybook is gone again, and
you—'?"

"I was going to say, 'You found
it for me only last evening, if you
had given me the chance to finish
the sentence.'"

"Oh!" said Janie, looking rather
foolish.

"I wanted to know why you said
that about keeping my eyes open,"
Helen demanded. "You needn't have
twisted me about being a sleepy head
if you do get up first in the morn-
ing."

"I didn't twist you. I was going
to say, 'If you would keep your eyes
open you would see the book on the
top of the bookcase, where you left
it.'"

It was Helen's turn to say "Oh!"
then all three children laughed.

"You see," said grandma, as she
rolled up her knitting-work, "that
people who haven't the excuse of
being heathen jump at conclusions.
Often half a sentence sounds very
different from a whole one."

"You children haven't felt quite right to-
wards each other all day because
you did not wait to hear the end of
some sentence this morning. I've no-
ticed this failing before, and thought
it time to call your attention to it."

"We'll try to remember the blue
pig with the black tail," said Tom,
as he picked up grandma's ball and
handed it to her with a courtly bow.
—S.S. Times.

IN APPLE GATHERIN' TIME.

In apple-pickin', years ago,
My father'd say to me;
There's just a few big fellows, Jim,
Away up in the tree,

You shinn'y up 'n' git 'em;
Don't let any of 'em fall;
Fur fallin' fruit is skersky
Wuth the gatherin' at all.

Then I'd climb up to the very top,
O' that old apple-tree,
'N' find them apples waitin'—
My! what bouncin' ones they'd be!

'N' with the biggest in my mouth,
I'd clamber down again,
'N' if I tore my pantaloons,
It didn't matter—then!

Sense then, in all my ups 'n' downs,
'N' travellin' around,
I never saw good apples, boys,
A-lyin' on the ground.

Sometimes, of course, they look all
right.

The outside may be fair;
But when you come to sample 'em,
You'll find a worm-hole there.
Then leave behind the windfall.

'N' fruit on branches low,
The crowd gets smaller all the time,
The higher up you go.
The top has many prizes

That are temptin' you 'n' me,
But if we want to taste 'em,
We've got to climb the tree.
—Farming World.

KINDNESS WINS.

It was a very little donkey to have
such a will of its own, you wouldn't
have thought, unless you know don-
keys, that the small brown animal
with the bright eyes and long ears
could be so stubborn. He stood
there in the road and refused to go
a step further; neither would he turn
his head toward home.

"Oh, dear! What a bad donkey!"
exclaimed little Bertie, in despair.
"How shall we ever be able to make
him move?"

Her brother Lloyd, with the con-
fidence of eight years, ran to the
side of the road and brought back a
short stick, with which he industri-
ously prodded the obstinate animal's
sides. Alas! the donkey bore it
better than he did, and he soon stopped
breathless.

After a moment's thought Bertie,
as a last resort, drew an apple from
a basket in the little cart and held
it up in front of Dick's nose. For a
single instant he sniffed at the rosy
fruit, and then moved forward obe-
diently and took it in his mouth.

"All aboard!" cried Lloyd, and he

and his sister clambered upon the
seat.

And if you will believe it, whether
he had forgotten his late ill-temper,
or because the kindness of his good
little mistress had conquered him,
Dick set off at a lively pace, still
munching the apple, and they had
no more trouble with him during the
remainder of the drive.



EVERY MAN A PAINTER.

"Paint me a picture," said a great
master to his favorite pupil. "I can-
not paint a picture worthy of such a
master," said the student. "But do
it for my sake—for my sake," was
the response. The student went to
his task, and after many months of
labor he returned to his master and
said, "Come and see." When the
curtain fell, the greatest picture of
the age was before them, "The Last
Supper," of Leonardo da Vinci.

"Paint Me a picture," says the
Divine Master to every Christian
worker in this community. Do not
say that you cannot, for His aid is
promised you. "Paint Me a picture
of consecrated service; do it for My
sake." And in the coming time,
when we walk the corridor of the
immortals perchance we shall see on
its jasper walls our pictures of con-
secrated effort, which shall be to the
honor of that name which is forever
best, because it shall have been for
His sake.



WAITING TO BE CALLED.

"When I was a little fellow I was
a trifle inclined to hold back and
wait to be coaxed," said Uncle Eben.
"I remember sitting beside the brook
one day while the other children were
building a dam. They were wading,
carrying stones, splashing the mud
and shouting orders, but none of
them paying any attention to me. I
began to feel abused and lonely, and
was blubbering over my neglected
condition when Aunt Nancy came
down the road.

"What's the matter, sonny? Why
ain't you playin' with the rest?"
"They don't want me," I said,
digging my fist into my eyes. "They
never asked me to come."

"I expected sympathy, but she
gave me an impatient shake and
push.

"Is that all, you little niny? No-
body wants folks that'll sit round
on a bank and wait to be asked!"
she cried. "Run along in with the
rest, and make yourself wanted."

"That shake and push did the work.
Before I had time to recover from
my indignant surprise, I was in the
middle of the stream, and soon as
busy as the others.

"I often feel that I'd like to try
the same plan on some of the stran-
gers who come into our churches.
Some make friends at once. They go
wherever there is work, and they are
at home at once. But there are many
others who wait to be noticed, and
invited here and there; they com-
plain of coldness and lack of atten-
tion, and, maybe, decide that their
coming is not desired. They need
Aunt Nancy's advice: 'Stop sittin'
round on the bank, and go in and
make yourself wanted.'"



CHILDREN FLAGGED TRAIN.

Two little girls, Anna and Mary
Beers, saved three score passengers
on the Marietta branch of the Penn-
sylvania railroad from possible death
or injury two miles east of Canal
Dover, Ohio, on August 8.

A large tree had fallen across the
tracks, and the little girls, knowing
that the afternoon passenger train
was due, hastened up the road and
flagged the train.

The engineer brought the cars to a
standstill within a short distance of
the obstacle. The passengers made
up a purse to reward the girls for
their bravery.



GOLDEN EAGLE'S HARD FIGHT.

(From the London Chronicle.)
A splendid specimen of the golden
eagle has been captured near Ard-
gay, Rosshire, after an exciting en-
counter.

Mr. Archibald Wilson, a farmer of
Badnock, Ardgay, was out on the
hills gathering sheep, in company
with two or three assistants, when
he observed an eagle, apparently in
a state of great exhaustion, soaring
over a neighboring hill.

It gradually sank until it had to
alight on the hillside, and, on being
approached, it was found to have a
trap attached to one of its claws.
Though unable to rise, the eagle
made a desperate resistance with
its free claw, beak and wings, and
for a considerable time succeeded in
beating off its would-be captors, ex-
hausted as it was by its cumbersome
flight.

It was ultimately secured by Mr.
William, the owner of the ground at
Dumfries. The eagle proved to be an

unusually fine specimen, in splendid
plumage, and measured fully seven
feet from tip to tip of its out-
spread wings. It is not known where
it was trapped, but it must have
been a long distance from where it
was found.

LOVE YOUR PARENTS.

Some one said to a Grecian gen-
eral: "What was the proudest mo-
ment in your life?" He thought a
moment and said: "The proudest
moment of my life was when I sent
word home to my parents that I had
gained the victory." And the proudest
and most brilliant moments in
your life will be the moment when
you can send word to your parents
that you have conquered your evil
habit by the grace of God, and be-
come a real victor. Oh, despite not
parental anxiety. The time will
come when you will have neither
father nor mother, when you will go
around the place where they used to
watch you, and find them gone from
the house and from the neighbor-
hood. Cry as loud for forgiveness
as you may over the mound in the
churchyard they will not answer.
Dead! Dead! And then you will
take the white lock of hair that was
cut from your mother's brow just
before they buried her, and you will
take the cane with which your father
used to walk, and you will think and
wish that you had done just as they
wanted you to, and would give the
world if you had never thrust a pang
through their dear old hearts. God
pity the poor young man who has
brought disgrace on his father's
name! God pity the poor young
man who has broken his mother's
heart! Better if he had never been
born—better if in the first hour of
his life, instead of being powerful
enough to heal the heart of maternal
tenderness, he had been confined and
supplanted. There is no balm laid
against the warm bosom of one who
wanders about through the dismal
cemetery tearing the air and wring-
ing the hands, and crying "Mother!
Mother!"

CRADLE SONG.

(Sarajini Naidu, in the Saturday Re-
view, London.)

From groves of spice,
O'er fields of rice,
Athwart the lotus-stream,
I bring for you,
Aglint with dew,
A little lovely dream.

Sweet, shut your eyes,
The wild fireflies
Dance through the fairy 'neem';
From the poppy-hole
For you I stole
A little lovely dream.

Dear eyes, good night,
In golden light
The stars around you gleam;
On you I press
With soft caress
A little lovely dream.

Never be discouraged because good
things get on so slowly here; and
never fail to do daily that good
which lies next to your heart. Do
not be in a hurry, but be diligent.
Enter into the sublime patience of
the Lord.

Children Heap the Bier of Patti's Teacher with Blooms.

(New York American.)

The old piano whose searching,
poignantly sweet melodies used, until
a few weeks ago, to bring the ten-
ement dwellers of Little Italy creep-
ing to the doorstep of No. 422
East Eighty-third street to listen si-
lently in the dark until their hearts
overflowed at their eyes will wake
again to sound the requiem of the
gentle, white-haired old musician who
used to sit in the evenings with his
long, slim fingers wandering over
the keys.

Giuseppe Nicolao, teacher of Ade-
lina Patti, friend and master of the
greatest Italian singers, conductor
for fourteen years of the old Aca-
demy of Music, is dead. The people
whose lives he has made less dull
with his music have piled his simple
bier high with flowers. The child-
ren who used to stand spellbound
outside his door while he awoke
the slumbering melodies in the great
piano that half filled the little par-
lor have brought their little tributes
to lay in his hands, on his breast,
and at his feet.

The walls of the little parlor where
he sleeps are covered with autograph
photographs of kings and queens and
divas and great masters of music and
song, but they have all been dead a
long time. Signor Nicolao outlived
his contemporaries, and died alone,
except for his faithful wife, and un-
known, except to the people of his
immediate neighborhood.

Signor Nicolao came to America in
1851 as conductor of an Italian opera
company in which were some of the
greatest singers of his time. Later
he took a studio in a fashionable
neighborhood, and became the teacher
of Patti, then a girl of about fifteen.
She had, up to that time, never at-
tempted any more ambitious music
than "Comin' Thro' the Rye" and
"Home, Sweet Home," but Nicolao
taught her all the great Italian
operas. Then he took her to Italy
and introduced her to the great mu-
sical world and was made a chev-
alier in recognition of his services to
the country in having discovered such
a voice.

In the old days when the Academy
of Music was in its glory, Signor
Nicolao was conductor of the orches-
tra, and many of the old belles and
beaux of those times can still remem-
ber when Nicolao was called before
the curtain with the enthusiasm
which opera audiences now accord to
Damasch and Franco. Later he
carried his triumphs through many
lands at the head of the greatest
combination of Italian singers of
those days and finally he settled
down in Detroit for seventeen years
as the conductor of the Detroit Phil-
harmonic Society.

Twenty years ago he came back to
New York—but times had changed.
He found himself a stranger in the
home of his former glory. He found
nothing to do but teach and com-
pose, and even in this he found dif-
ficulties and discouragements. New
methods had come into vogue. The
spirit of commercialism had invaded
art. Many of his compositions he
gave away rather than haggle about
prices. Of these his "Ave Maria"
and his trio "Ti Prego O Padre"
will live indefinitely in sacred music.
His magnum opus, an opera called
"Pocahontas," is still in manuscript,
however, and may never be produced.

The old musician was of striking
appearance, and despite his poverty
was always beautifully and scrupu-
lously dressed. He had a clear, yel-
low skin, a pair of hawk-like eyes,
overhanging white brows, a sharply
aquiline nose, and snow-white hair,
goatee and moustache. He died as
quietly as a child in the arms of his
physician and lifelong friend, Dr.
Centerno, with his faithful wife and
her brother, Jerome Cannota, by his
side.

IN HISTORIC TULLAMORE.

Recently I saw an engraving of
one of the Columbkills crosses of the
ninth century erected in the old ce-
metery in Durrow, Kings County,
near Tullamore. So many quaint as-
sociations are connected with the pe-
culiar and intricate handiwork made
on them so long ago, and (as is re-
lated) all of them appearing at the
several cemeteries at the same time,
our good ancestors believed St. Col-
umbkill had something to do with
their erection, and hence called them
Columbkills! The passing of so
many centuries has not defaced or
dimmed the cutting of their artistic
work, and if the saint were a stone-
cutter he certainly must be the envy
of all his successors of the craft.

The estate of Durrow belongs (un-
der the English rule) to the infam-
ous Norburys, but so incensed were
the farmers of Kings and Westmeath
counties at the legal assassination of
the Lord.

Robert Emmet, they notified the fam-
ily that none of their descendants
would ever be permitted to reside at
Dunrow Castle! Heedless of their
warning, young Lord Norbury (son
of the infamous judge) came from
England and defied them by making
it his home.

The old cemetery is within a stone's
throw of the castle, and "My Lord"
was accustomed to walk around, ac-
companied by his agent as a body-
guard. On the occasion of a large
funeral one day (this cemetery is sur-
rounded by cypress trees and other-
wise well shaded) "My Lord" and
his agent strolled quite near, when
out jumped the avenger of Robert
Emmet, who bade the agent stand
back, deliberately took aim, and "My
Lord" was wafted "to that bourne
whence no traveler returns." The
avenger rejoined the funeral crowd
and escaped.

After weary months of detectives
searching, one poor fellow was ar-
rested as a sacrifice, but through the
efforts of Edmund Kelly (one of the
jurors) he was acquitted and sent to
America. "Mum" Kelly collected
sufficient on the steps of the court
house to send him on his way re-
joicing. No one was ever executed
in Kings or Westmeath for commit-
ting a political crime.

Ancient this historic ground and in-
asmuch as the present Mayor of Chi-
cago is a descendant of Tullamore
parents, it is a fact that the ashes
of Mary Lawlor Dunne (his Honor's
grandmother) are buried with that of
my father, Hugh Kelly, in the same
lot facing the church, erected by him
in the new Catholic Cemetery (just
across the road from the old) in
Durrow. Requiescat in pace—Hu-
bert Dunne Kelly, in New World.

'LITTLE WHITE SISTERS' ARRIVE IN NEW YORK.

Eighteen white-garbed Sisters of
the Holy Spirit, expelled from their
convent at Saint Brience, Brittany,
were passengers on the French ship
La Savoie, which arrived on Aug. 19
from Havre. There also came six
Sisters of Wisdom, who are en route
to Canada.

The Sisters of the Holy Spirit, who
are called in France the "Little White
Sisters," have been established in
the United States three years, and
their provincial house is in Hartford,
Conn. There are now 150 there,
and more are expected to arrive with-
in a short time.

The "Little White Sisters" not
only teach in the parochial schools,
but they nurse in hospitals, visit
the sick and do many other acts of
mercy which have endeared them to
the peasants of Brittany.

The other night a man gave an
open-air lecture. At the conclusion
he said that, with the permission of
the crowd, he would send his hat
round, and would be thankful for
some little encouragement. The hat
was passed round, and came back to
him empty. He gave a sigh, and
then said:

"Well, when I come to look at
what I've been talking to, all I have
to say is, 'Thank goodness I've got
my hat back.'"

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of Cana-
dian and American patents recently
secured through the agency of Messrs.
Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys,
Montreal, Canada, and Washington,
D.C.

Information relating to these will
be cheerfully supplied by applying to
the above-named firm.

Nos. CANADA.

94,610—Hoadley V. Hillcoat, Am-
herst, N.S. Bearings.

94,869—Henri Harnet, Paris, France.
Electric furnaces for the electro-
metallurgy of iron and its com-
binations.

94,878—James J. Kirk, Maplewood,
Ont. Threshing machine.

94,901—Robert L. Ellery, Ports-
mouth, N.H. Center bearing for
cars.

UNITED STATES.

796,437—Libermond A. Leon, Mai-
sonneuve, Que. Door securing
means.

796,445—Napoleon Niverville, Mont-
real, Que. Loose leaf file.

797,262—William K. Bryce, Sanilac
Centre, Mich. Switch rod.

798,480—James C. Anderson, Vic-
toria, B.C. Jars.

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All communications should be addressed to THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., P. O. Box 1138.

NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1905.

LABOR DAY.

That the people of the United States and Canada have set apart one day in the year to honor and dignify labor in the public eye is a noble and an excellent action. That organized labor utilizes this day not for a mere holiday but for the purpose of making an orderly and impressive demonstration of its vitality is also worthy of new world esteem for labor. Nowhere else on the continent, however, than in Montreal is the labor demonstration given a religious influence and purpose. And certainly nowhere else does the lesson of the day and of the demonstration go deeper into the public consciousness.

The religious character of a people must be judged by the way in which they apply religion. The teachings of the Catholic Church on the labor question are manifest in the character of the labor day demonstration in this city. These teachings have come down through the ages from the dawn of Christian civilization to the present hour when the treatment of the labor question by the successors of St. Peter appeals with irresistible force to all who are engaged in social endeavor.

PROFITOUS FESTIVITIES.

The leading event of the past week in the Dominion was the christening ceremony of the two new provinces—Alberta and Saskatchewan. Christenings are invariably the happiest of domestic affairs when there is plenty in the house and a bright outlook. At Edmonton and Regina last week the father of the family, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was present, and Earl Grey, the Governor-General, was proxy for the godfather, King Edward, whose message of congratulation touched the keynote of the festivities when he wished that great prosperity may be in store for the new members of confederation.

We have heard but a few echoes of the school controversy that raged in Ottawa a little while ago. The school question was not then and is not now an issue in the Northwest for many reasons, the principal of which is that the people have a school system with which they are fully satisfied. Prosperity, by which the Westerners understand active immigration and good crops, alone interests the North-western farmer. All else has been, as adequately as foresight could manage, provided for him by the laws of this Dominion. Facilities for the proper education of

his children is never likely to present itself to the North-western settler as a difficult problem, by reason of the generous provision for the maintenance of public education the Dominion Government has been able to make. But the history of our own country, and indeed of the whole world, teaches us that physical and national prosperity is no endless chain; and the day will come when the settlers of the Northwest may be called upon to bear hardships and dangers. It is to be confidently hoped that they will do this in the spirit of our common Canadian nationality, which they have received as their chief inheritance. Ultimate wealth and greatness must, in the nature of things, be their lot. The people out there have certainly behaved with patience and good temper in face of an organized attempt by busy mischief-makers in Ontario to excite sectarian bitterness amongst them. This in itself is an excellent indication that the population of Alberta and Saskatchewan are worthy of the future assured to them.

RELIGION, SCIENCE AND SELF-SACRIFICE.

The Catholic priests of New Orleans are again giving evidence of that miraculous self-sacrifice, which is the fruit of Christian faith. Speaking at a mass meeting held in New Orleans lately to discuss the yellow fever situation, Rev. Albert Biever, S.J., confessor to the late Archbishop Chapelle, said that if the Catholic priests had not appeared on the lecture platform in the campaign of educating the people to the new doctrine of fever transmission by mosquitoes, it was because they had their duties to perform in going to the homes of the stricken ones, preparing the dying, comforting the living and helping the poor and needy. The graves of the Southland are dotted with the tombs of young and heroic priests who have laid down their lives in the fulfilment of their duties.

Father Biever said that Catholic priests were among the first to support the theory of transmission of yellow fever by mosquitoes. In 1869 an English Jesuit wrote from Honduras that upon accurate and serious observation he had come to the conclusion that "the sickness" (meaning yellow fever) was transmitted by the bite of a mosquito. In Havana Jesuit priests submitted themselves to the bites of mosquitoes to aid in the researches of the scientists. At Tulane Hall, in New Orleans, long before that theory was agitated there, a Jesuit priest lectured on insect life before an audience of 2200 people, and gave illustrations on the screen of the amplex and stegomyia mosquitoes.

The first lantern slides for Dr. Quitman Kohnke's illustrated lecture were made by a Jesuit Father, and the first invitation received by Dr. Kohnke to deliver his now famous lecture was extended to him by Jesuit fathers.

MGR. SBARETTI AND THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

The Apostolic Delegate, who has been visiting the Maritime Provinces, took occasion when visiting the Trappist Monastery to touch upon the sad condition of the religious orders in France. He expressed his profound sympathy with the Trappist Friars as well as the other religious orders who were cruelly expelled from their dear country—France. He dwelt at some length on the present condition of the Church in the world—that we should not forget but rather encourage ourselves with the thought that we are now in the Church, not triumphant, but militant. As the life of man is a warfare on earth, each just one is, as it were, a miniature of the Church and her general life, thus composed of her individual members, is necessarily as a whole a life of warfare.

We are not to be surprised at this, he continued. Indeed, our Divine Saviour forewarned us of it in order that we should be forearmed. "The world will hate you, but fear not, I have overcome the world." It is

against the religious orders that this warfare is now being most cruelly and relentlessly waged. "We are not to repine, but rather rejoice, because we are carrying the cross after our Divine Saviour. And just as certainly as we are engaged in the fight will final victory and triumph be ours. You have been made the victims of the present persecution; you are not to be depressed for that. Exiled indeed you are from the land of your birth but the beautiful and free Canada has received you with open arms. It has given you home and lands on which you can exercise the industry for which you have always been so admirable. I see around me already evidences of your splendid work. I congratulate you on it. I bid you go on, persevere, unto the sanctification of yourselves and the edification of the good people of New Brunswick who are beholding you. In token of my affection for you I give you my special blessing."

LIGHT ON POLITICAL HISTORY.

A correspondent of the New Freeman, published at St. John, N.B., supplies the text of a letter sent by Hon. John Costigan to certain Catholic Bishops after he had broken with the Conservative party in 1896. In this letter Mr. Costigan summarizes the history of the Manitoba school controversy from the final decision of the Judicial Committee down to the "holt" of Hon. Geo. E. Foster and his confidants in the Tupper Cabinet. Light has already been let in upon this history especially during the late session of Parliament; but a new complexion which Mr. Costigan gives to the incident shows that Sir Charles Tupper himself did not act in good faith. In assuming the premiership Sir Mackenzie Bowell relinquished the leadership to Sir Charles only on the distinct understanding that the Remedial Bill should be put through Parliament. At first Sir Charles flatly refused to consent to this, and a deadlock ensued for a brief space. Sir Mackenzie remained firm and Sir Charles Tupper at last consented to assume responsibility for the Bill. He pointed out to the "bolters" that this was the only way in which he and they could obtain power, so for the moment they again swallowed their hostility to the Bill.

Mr. Costigan did not seem at that time to have been satisfied with Sir Charles' attitude and on April 26th, 1896, he wrote him a letter in which he laid down this strict condition of his own adhesion to the new Government.

"In view, however," he wrote to Sir Charles, "of the principle involved in remedial legislation to which Sir Mackenzie's Government was pledged and as to the sincerity of which pledges Sir Mackenzie gave such unquestionable proof, and in view of the fact that your Government is to be formed to carry out the same policy, I feel it my duty to say to you at once that you may count upon my assistance and services if you require them as a member of your Government, always presuming that the policy to be introduced and passed through a Remedial Bill at the first session of the new Parliament will be clearly announced by you on behalf of your Government."

It was after this that the Ontario Conservative leaders deliberately proceeded to kill the bill. In due time Sir Charles himself repudiated remedial legislation. Mr. Costigan says: "I was forced to the conclusion then that Sir Charles had espoused the Remedial Bill simply because otherwise he could not have succeeded Sir Mackenzie, who had made its acceptance as a party plank the condition upon which he was to become Premier."

In closing his letter, Mr. Costigan says: "If I desired any stronger proof of the bad faith of Sir Charles and Mr. Foster in regard to remedial legislation I need only point to the elevation of Mr. Clarke Wallace as leader of the party in Ontario."

The flower of illusions does not bloom on a heart's ruins.

SECULAR SCHOOL TEXT BOOKS.

The Antigonish Casket has some timely comments upon the new set of Nova Scotia Readers. The Province down by the sea has produced many remarkable men who have made their names familiar both in the history of our country and in contemporary note. There is a good deal of variety in Nova Scotia grown mankind. The instinct of originality and the art of imitation alike find remarkable development there. In the making of school text books they keep to the good available within the limitations of secular literature. The Casket says:

"It has been well said that of all books the most influential are those that are put in the hands of school-going children. These books are read and re-read until the thoughts they contain sink into and take deep root in the child's mind as in a virgin soil, there to grow and bring forth fruit in due season. Plainly the seed thus early sown must be good seed if it is to bring forth good fruit. The men who prepared our new readers have kept this great truth steadily in view. In making their selections of reading-matter they have sought to set before the eyes of our children, both in song and in story, true and noble ideals, apt to fashion true and noble lives. It will be the child's own fault if he or she does not gather from the pages of our new reading books the lesson inculcated there, under so many forms, that, in the words of the poet,

"Tis only noble to be good."

These pages, it is true, contain no definite religious teaching; the mixed character of our schools precluded this; and yet we venture to think that certain portions of the Gospel story might well have been reproduced. But, at any rate, there is nothing to sap Christian faith, while there is much to help the formation of Christian character."

Antigonish Casket.—The Catholic societies of the archdiocese of Montreal must hold no more Sunday excursions. An excellent regulation.

OBITUARY.

EX-ALD. SAVIGNAC.

The death of ex-Ald. Savignac, a well known resident of Montreal, took place on Saturday last at Berthierville. The deceased was born there in 1849. In 1889 he became alderman for St. Louis ward, a position he held for nine consecutive years. In 1900 he was again elected representative of his ward, but was defeated two years afterward by Ald. Payette. Mr. Savignac was the president of La Mutuelle Fire Insurance Company, a member of the Chambre de Commerce, a member of the Catholic School Board, and honorary member of several patriotic and benevolent societies, but had retired from active business life three years ago. He leaves a son, Mr. J. R. Savignac, notary public.

The funeral took place on Wednesday from the family residence to the Church of the Immaculate Conception and was attended by a large concourse of citizens, including members of the City Council, Catholic School Board and business men. Interment took place at Cote des Neiges. R. I. P.

TRIDUUM.

A solemn triduum in honor of Saint Gerard Majella commences on Friday of this week at the Redemptorist Fathers' chapel in Hochelaga, and will finish on Sunday next at the evening service. The masses during the three days will be at 5, 6, 7 and 8 o'clock, the last a high Mass. The evening service will be at 7.30 each evening. Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., will preach the sermons, which will be followed by solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Fathers are sparing no pains in order to honor their sainted lay brother, and a large attendance is expected.

CATHOLIC BISHOP KILLED.

Zanzibar, July 18.—It is further reported that, in addition to the Catholic Bishop of Dar es Salam, two Sisters, three missionaries, a German sergeant, and two traders have been killed in the district to the southwest of Kilwa. It is officially stated that in the fighting in the Matumbi region only two native German troops were killed. The other districts are at present quiet.

The Monarch Bank of Canada

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

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

Head Office - - - Toronto.

PROSPECTUS

BANKING IN CANADA.

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

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

NIGHT AND DAY.

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

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

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

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

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

Stock of the Monarch Bank of Canada.

It has been decided to offer the stock of The Monarch Bank of Canada at a premium of 25 per cent. This premium, it is confidently anticipated, will allow the Bank to commence business with its capital intact, together with a considerable reserve fund after paying organization expenses.

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

The terms of subscription are \$10.00 to be paid on account of \$25.00 premium on each share upon the signing of subscription and \$5.00 on account of the \$25.00 premium on each share upon allotment and \$30.00 on account of each share of stock upon allotment and the balance of stock to be paid in seven equal monthly payments immediately succeeding the date of such allotment, and the balance of \$10.00 on the premium on each share on the first day of the month next succeeding the date of the last monthly payment hereinbefore mentioned. Interest at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum up to the date fixed for payment will be allowed on payments made in advance of such date.

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

APPLICATIONS FOR STOCK.

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

SUBSCRIPTION FORMS.

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

Provisional Directors.

DAVID J. COCHRANE, Montreal; Secretary of the Sicily Asphalting Company, Limited.
DAVID W. LIVINGSTONE, Publisher, Toronto; Vice-President of the British-Canadian Grocery Company, Limited; President of the Real Estate Agency, Toronto; Director of the Monarch Life Assurance Company.
THOMAS MARSHALL OSTROM, Toronto; Managing Director of the Monarch Life Assurance Company.
THOMAS HENRY GRAHAM, L.D.S., Capitalist, Toronto; Vice-President of the Monarch Life Assurance Company.
EDWARD JAMES LENNOX, Architect, Toronto; Director of the Manufacturers Life Assurance Company.
ALFRED HARSHAW PERFECT, M.B., M.D.C.M., Toronto Junction; Director of the Monarch Life Assurance Company.

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

In addition to the above Provisional Directors and Incorporators the following gentlemen have consented to act as Directors:—
MATTHEW WILSON, K.C., Chatham, Ont.; Director of The Union Trust Company, Toronto; Director of The Northern Life Assurance Company.
CONSALVE DESAULNIERS, K.C., Montreal; Director of The Monarch Life Assurance Company.
COL. S. S. LAZIER, Master of the High Court of Justice, Belleville; Director of the Monarch Life Assurance Company.
JOSEPH MARCELLIN WILSON, Wholesale Importer, Montreal.
The list of Directors is subject to vote of Shareholders at their first meeting, who may then at their option increase their number.

SOLICITORS.

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

PROVISIONAL OFFICES.

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

Religious

Sunday evening with imposing ceremonies, rick's and Notre Dame occasion being the religion in connection with the vast edifice of held nearly 15,000. hour arrived the church its utmost capacity. sound of human voices at the sacred edifice with was soul-inspiring. ary were His Grace Arch-chesi and His Lordship Chambault, of Joliette. was preached by Rev. F. S.S., director of the Mon-lege.

Father Labella, in his marks, said that Chris the world to preach to th at a period when the manual labor was in its He raised the dignity of Himself choosing a trad known as the carpenter's zareth.

"Workingmen of Montre on, "render homage to y workingman, the Christ adopting a trade He has workingmen the most modern societies as we most respected and digni

"Now, as He has bless established labor, what want of us? The answe words of my text, 'Venit

"It is only through B Church that you will kee guard the knowledge at rights that you have g power in the world can more exactly, more rightl impartially your duties men than the church. In in harmony, in respect and in charity will be f finite and true solution problems of to-day.

"The Church knows it teaches all to be good, j ful and patient. It is church shows the worki duties while she teaches powerful in terms still s practice of consideration, pacification. If her pulp itened, how much troubl ist? Who can foresee consequences which will

loss to the individual ar life if the Church wou ing out the path of duty rich and to poor, to the the classes alike?

"She found the laborer meath the burden of his izing in all the horror tent and slavery, she li and taught him his right the light of hope and kn his dark night of ang sternly pointed out the w vice to his master. Tr and unbearable burden, know has been placed or ders of the laborers in s tries, will never be his Province of Quebec.

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Religious Celebration in Honor of Labor Day.

Sunday evening witnessed two imposing ceremonies, in St. Patrick's and Notre Dame Churches, the occasion being the religious celebration in connection with Labor Day.

The vast edifice of Notre Dame held nearly 15,000. When the hour arrived the church was taxed to its utmost capacity. The mighty sound of human voices as they filled the sacred edifice with a sweet hymn was soul-inspiring. In the Sanctuary were His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi and His Lordship Bishop Archambault, of Joliette. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Labelle, S.S., director of the Montreal College.

Father Labelle, in his opening remarks, said that Christ came into the world to preach to the multitude at a period when the practice of manual labor was in its lowest stage. He raised the dignity of labor by Himself choosing a trade. He was known as the carpenter's son of Nazareth.

"Workingmen of Montreal," he went on, "render homage to your fellow-workingman, the Christ God. By adopting a trade He has made the workingmen the most powerful of modern societies, as well as the most respected and dignified."

"Now, as He has blessed and re-established labor, what does He want of us? The answer is in the words of my text, 'Venite Omnes.'"

"It is only through Him and His Church that you will keep and safeguard the knowledge and sovereign rights that you have gained. No power in the world can teach you more exactly, more rightly and more impartially your duties as workingmen than the church. In conscience, in harmony, in respect, in justice and in charity will be found the definite and true solution of the great problems of to-day."

"The Church knows it, and she teaches all to be good, just, respectful and patient. It is thus the church shows the workingman his duties while she teaches the rich and powerful in terms still stronger the practice of consideration, justice and pacification. If her pulpits were silenced, how much trouble would exist? Who can foresee the fatal consequences which will follow the loss to the individual and to social life if the Church would cease pointing out the path of duty to all, to rich and to poor, to the masses and the classes alike?"

"She found the laborer crushed beneath the burden of his woe, agonizing in all the horrors of discontent and slavery, she lifted him up and taught him his rights, she shed the light of hope and knowledge on his dark night of anguish, and sternly pointed out the way of justice to his master. The crushing and unbearable burden, which we know has been placed on the shoulders of the laborers in some countries, will never be his lot in this Province of Quebec. When the Church speaks, the people listen. The Church recommends moderation, goodness and respect for the rights of others. Master and servant recognize the obligations they owe to each other. While human nature exists, there will always be some points in dispute between capital and labor. But you will settle these disputes amicably, in all patience, in all justice, and in all prudence; or you will arbitrate, giving to the Church entire confidence in her decision. Listen to the church and abide by her, and your security and happiness will be guaranteed, for the Church not only teaches your duties, but she defends your rights. It is an incontestable truth that you have as many rights as duties. Nevertheless this truth, so clear, has not always been seen as it is to-day. It has cost the Church not a little agony to right the wrongs of the laborer."

"Whenever new chains were forged on the anvil of injustice by the hammer of selfishness, the Church interposed. Christ being the workingman's brother, both by nature and by divine redemption, the Church claimed it a crime against Him to use the workingman as a mere machine. He should be treated as a man, as a husband, as a father, as the fellow-worker of Christ—as another Christ."

"Owing to the revolutions in the industrial world, capital and labor exist as two separate, distinct classes—the Church does not want antagonism, for antagonism is opposed to the natural law and to reason. She wants harmony. Remember that in 1891, when the question was asked whether the workingman should receive the price of labor or the sum necessary to all his needs as a fa-

ther and a husband, the late Pontiff Leo XIII. answered that wages should be calculated on the basis of the necessities of life, 'Salary is a bread-winner,' said Leo XIII. in his famous encyclical, 'and all contracts that do not assure a workingman his needs and the needs of his family should be revised.'

"Thus the Church without being hostile to the rich is favorable to the poor. She appeals to justice when others only appeal to charity. She is a mother devoted to her children, and be not deceived by those who teach otherwise. She has a right to your love. You should love the Church and prove it by being submissive to her doctrines, but especially by the perfection of your Christian lives."

"The weakening of the Christian life is the principal cause of the social conflict between capital and labor. It is sad to relate that in this hunger and thirst after worldly pleasures eternal happiness is lost sight of. The rich want to increase their wealth and the poor covet the fortunes of the rich. Behold, then, the two classes in battle array, in the clutches of a bitter conflict though they are destined by nature to live harmoniously! It should not be thus if the evangelical law of justice and love were better observed."

In conclusion, the preacher said: "Be honest Christians. Seek your last ends, not by sensual pleasures. You will be happy even in this world, if you seek your eternal happiness. As in all things, we need a model. Turn again your eyes to Christ the Workingman! Companions of His laborers, you will also share His eternal happiness."

In answer to the request of the preacher to bless all present, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi arose and from the Sanctuary spoke very feelingly.

"Dear workingman: Yes, from the depths of my soul, I bless you. Again this year, as last year, you have come in thousands in answer to my appeal. It is the Church which you honor, who invited you by my voice; it is to her you come to seek guidance and counsel, while you profess your faith, your submission and your love. You are the army of workingmen, who pray and direct their hopes towards things superior to the perishable things of this earth. Workingmen, Notre Dame was eager to open wide her doors for you, to hold you again for one hour. A few minutes ago your singing shook the mighty roof of this church. We also shook with happiness and with holy pride, and, in the tabernacle, the invisible God, hidden in the Host, the Man-God, who deigned to become a workingman like you, sees you also; He hears you and showers on you at this moment the treasures of His Sacred Heart. Behold, then, established the desired feast, the religious feast of labor! You might include it in your programme. It will be a source of grace and a title of glory for the workingmen of Montreal. But why should a cloud hover over this incomparable demonstration? Is it true that employer and employee cannot live in concord and peace?"

"Alas! strikes exist in our midst; we behold them with regret and we are filled with fear that they will become too general in the near future. 'Strikes are a misfortune for the individual, for the family and for society; and I know that the employee deplores them as much as the employer. I had a new proof of it yesterday in the touching letter a large number of you sent me. Is there not then some means to stop and to prevent them?'"

"On all sides the difficulties between capital and labor are discussed. But who will solve them? I will tell you. There is only one and He is the Master of all, our Lord Jesus Christ, who has in all truth said that without Him we can do nothing. Yes, He has solved the problem, by the simple words which fell from His divine lips and which men seem to have forgotten: 'Love one another; love your neighbor as yourself.'"

"Ah! If men only loved truly each other, order would be observed, justice respected, and the rights of all, employer and employee, would be recognized; the employer would pay his employee his proper salary, and the employee would not put forth pretensions and demands which could not be approved by justice and reason."

"Without doubt, the right to unite

exists among all professions, all industries, all trades; and the abuse which may be made of unions does not prevent us from voicing the right of unions."

"If, then, workingmen wish to unite, as other groups of society, they may do so freely. Is it not from unions that sprang forth those admirable corporations of the Middle Ages from the maternal breast of the Church and which Leo XIII. praised in his immortal encyclical? But it is essentially important that these corporations or unions, neither by their by-laws, nor in their organization, nor in their acts, be opposed to rights clearly established, and that they do not claim what is evidently opposed to the social order. And notwithstanding the good intentions of men, faults and imperfections may creep into all their enterprises. There must be found a sure and efficacious means to solve those difficulties, be they what they may, whether questions of principal, questions born of accidents, of particular facts, regarding time or place."

"The means for this solution, my friends, I have already proposed, a conference of the respective delegates of the parties interested, and, if need be, the final decision of a board of arbitrators, recognized and accepted by each party. This is the secret of a lasting peace, this is the solution of the problem, which interests us all, this is practicing the divine precept of brotherly love."

"The happy results which would follow such a conference, you have just noted in that memorable event which closed the most bloody war of modern times and obtained for the two nations a peace which made the whole world rejoice. How many times already have not the wise and conciliating arbitration of the Popes prevented disastrous results and produced inestimable benefits for peace?"

"Why, then, cannot the same exist again in our midst? And if sacrifices and mutual concessions are needed, why not make them? It is the wish of thousands of families that I express at this moment: it is the wish of the Church; it is also the wish of my own heart. May it be realized and we will sing to God a hymn of our joy and of our thanksgiving."

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was imparted by His Grace, during which the act of consecration to the Sacred Host was read.

AT ST. PATRICK'S.

At St. Patrick's Church the scene was one of magnificence and grandeur. The beautiful church was seen at its best with its many gorgeous decorations and brilliantly illuminated main altar. In the sanctuary were Bishop Racicot, who presided at the ceremony, assisted by Father Kiernan, of St. Michael's, as deacon, and Father Fahey, of St. Gabriel's, as sub-deacon. There were also present Father Strubbe and Father Holland, of St. Ann's; Fathers Donnelly and Shea, of St. Anthony's; Fathers Casey and Singleton, of St. Agnes; Father Oullinan, of St. Mary's; Father McCrory, of Cote St. Paul; Father Robert Callaghan, Father Martin Callaghan, parish priest, Dr. Luke Callaghan, and Fathers Polan and Peter Heffernan.

The ceremony began with a hymn by the choir, which was followed by the sermon of the evening, delivered by Rev. Martin Callaghan.

"We are on the eve of Labor Day," began Father Callaghan, "a great day, one of the greatest days of the year. A day which should be hailed with universal joy and pride; a day I trust, which will not be marred by any unpleasantness. I hope it will be marked by all that is calculated to leave only the sweetest and noblest memories. May your parade tomorrow be most imposing and impressive. You are preparing yourselves for the coming day by manifesting a spirit of religion, which is immensely to your credit, and by displaying a most commendable zeal for the important cause in which you are engaged."

Father Callaghan then paid an eloquent tribute to His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi and His Lordship Bishop Racicot for organizing the religious part of Labor Day.

"Let us," continued the preacher, "without further delay, turn our attention to the workingmen. Let us hasten to proclaim them the heroes of the hour, as the greatest heroes in the civilization of the world, in the development and aggrandizement of our race. They may be ranked as knights of the most exalted type, and should be niched in the Temple of Fame. By the working men may be understood not only all those who work with their hands, but likewise all those who work with their brains. Labor may be considered something obligatory, something dignified and meritorious. Labor is a law which

cannot be denied or doubted. This law is binding upon all men.

"God is our legislator. He has a right to tell us how we should live. It was He who made us from nothing and for Himself, not for this earth, but for Heaven. His will can not with impunity be ignored or disregarded. He does not wish us to spend our days in idleness. He has decreed we should work. In the book of Job we read: 'Man is made to labor as is the bird to fly.' Not only does He let us know what He wants us to do by the pen of the inspired writer, but also by the trumpet-notes of the creation. Nature inculcates a lesson which we should follow. Look at the sun, does it not rise every morning to dispel the darkness of night and illumine the globe we inhabit? Look at the stars see how they shine in the firmament as so many sentinels. Look at the earth, does it not yield every year in abundance all the fruits we need? Are not the animals and the angels submissive to God's will? Do not the former supply all our wants, and the latter glorify their Maker in the sublimest manner? How can we, the other beings of the divine Omnipotence, claim any exemption from the divine obligation of labor? 'Go to the ant, oh sluggard,' says Holy Writ, 'and she will teach you to labor.'"

"Christ," continued the preacher, "placed labor on a pedestal of glory from which it can never be removed. 'Christ,' says Cardinal Gibbons, 'has shed a halo of glory upon the brow of the workingman.' St. Joseph was a carpenter. Till his thirtieth year Christ was subject to St. Joseph as an apprentice, though reproached for doing so by His enemies. What a sight enrapturing for men and angels. Behold Jesus, true God and true man, the Creator, Preserver and Ruler of the universe, earning his bread by the sweat of His brow, and helping His aged guardian in providing for the wants of the little household by his daily and poorly required toil. He could build millions of worlds better than our own. See Him handling the saw, plane, chisel and other implements of His trade! With King David He in all faith could say: 'I am poor, and in labors from my youth.' Many eminent men have walked in the footsteps of our Divine Lord, and did not disdain labor. Several of the Apostles lived by the fish they caught. St. Paul was a tent-maker. The monks of old tilled the soil and copied manuscripts."

"Labor is not degrading. Vice and irreligion are the only things that can plunge a human being into the lowest abyss of degradation. Labor is not unmeritorious. It may have a root which is bitter, but the fruit which it bears is sweet. It is preferable to prayer, inasmuch as it is a penitential act—an act by which sin can be expiated. At times St. Francis of Sales was obliged to discontinue his devotions, owing to the press of business. He excused himself by saying: 'In this world we must pray by work and action.'"

"Labor is rewarded both in this world and in the next. What a striking contrast between the man who works and the man who does not work! The latter is discontented and restless. He has upon his shoulders a weight he cannot carry, and he is in the way of everybody else. The former is not unhappy. What tranquility in his soul! He is not disturbed or alarmed. Trusting in God, he is satisfied with his day's work and always hoping for the future. He can by himself verify the words of our Lord: 'My yoke is sweet and my burden light.' He is not without a home, though it may be of the humblest description. The bees that gather honey in the summer have always a sufficient provision for the winter. The industrious run no risk for the future. They will not be in want. They will have a competency."

"Employees, fulfil your obligations. Show deference to your employers. They are the visible representatives of the Most High. Pity them. They must have their own sorrows and trials. Do the work assigned to you, and as well as you can. Economize. Save your earnings without stinting yourselves. Do not pamper your children. You were not spoiled by your parents in your early years. Do not spoil your offspring by endorsing their follies and by encouraging their caprices. Avoid all manner of excess. It is not altogether the sum of wages that will benefit you or yours. It is the way in which you spend the money you may earn. How many of both sexes who earn what you will never earn, and still complain of having anything but enough, with twice or three times your salary—who have not at the end of the week, month or year a cent to their credit—who cannot pay their bills and who sink deeper and deeper into debt."



How Big Is Two Cents?

The average consumption of flour, per year, by each person in Canada, is about one barrel (196 lbs.).

Suppose you use an inferior flour at a saving of say 75 cents over the cost of a barrel of Royal Household Flour, that is just 6½ cents a month—less than two cents per week.

But an inferior flour can yield only a portion of the nutriment you get out of "Royal Household" because cheap flours are poorly milled, contain a greater proportion of bran and shorts—the granules are not uniform—the bread is heavy—the texture is coarse—the flavor is tasteless or poor—the nutriment is not in it.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR, being perfectly milled, is uniform in texture—makes bread that is light and waferlike—white as snow—finely flavored—highest in nutriment

"Royal Household" is electrically purified and sterilized—backed up and guaranteed by its makers' reputation.

Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.

CHAMPIONSHIP LACROSSE. Capitals vs. Shamrocks.

(CHAMPIONS)
S. A. A. A. GROUNDS,
SATURDAY, Sept. 9, 1905.

1½ Hours' Play, Rain or Shine. Game to start sharp on time, 3 p.m.
Admission 25c and 35c. Grand Stand, 50c. Reserved Seats, 75c.
Reserved Seats on sale at BRENNAN BROS' Gent's Furnishing Store, 1907 St. Catherine street, JOHN T. LYONS, Bleury street, and at the office of the Sec.-Treas. Members' coupons, 25c.

W. J. McGEE, Hon. Sec. S.L.C.

"Employers, give to those whom you employ the wages they should have. Bear in mind that the times are not what they used to be. Rental is always on the increase. Food is dearer and clothing higher. Though you have a right to a proper compensation for all that you may do, still consider it your bounden duty to see that by the wages you pay your employees do not lack the necessities and ordinary comforts of life."

At the conclusion of Father Callaghan's sermon, Bishop Racicot advanced to the communion rail and addressed the congregation as follows:

"My dear Brethren, I must begin by congratulating you on the large attendance at this beautiful ceremony to-night, and I am sure your pastors must be proud as they gaze on your strong ranks. I can add nothing to the counsels you have just heard from your parish priest, except to advise you to always hear such directions with respect and attention and to follow them carefully. If you do so, you will be sure to reach the goal of your desires, if not in this world, then at least in the next, where the mistakes and injustices of this will all be rectified. You must never forget that man is not created for merely material happiness here below. His end is higher."

"We must die, and all this world about us will pass away. It behooves us, then, when we see men surrounded with wealth and rolling in luxury whom we know to be unworthy of such favors, to remember that man was not made for this only, but that there is a heaven above, where each is to be rewarded according to his deserts. Besides, if you act up to the advice you have received to-night, it is probable that you will meet with worldly success as well as spiritual happiness. I pray God that He may grant you every blessing of this world and the next and I will now give you the Pontifical blessing."

ABOUT TIME

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During Benediction, at which the Bishop officiated, assisted by Fathers Kiernan and Fahey, Father Martin Callaghan read aloud the act of consecration to the Sacred Heart.

GUESTS OF THEIR ALMA MATER.

The former students of the 35th classical course of L'Assomption College, having at their head Hon. Mr. Archambault, president of the Legislative Council, are at present the guests of their Alma Mater. The college authorities have prepared a special programme of amusements for the occasion.

Secretary Bonaparte on the Defunct Know-Nothing Party.

Long will members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Baltimore remember Aug. 17. Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte was the centre of attraction.

Mr. Bonaparte had been allowed a free rein in his choice of subjects, and diplomatically he chose the Know-Nothings as a target. As an introductory he remarked that if there were any Know-Nothings in the audience he would alter his speech and criticize some person or thing more ancient. He said:

"Gentlemen of the Order: It is, I hope, needless for me to say how heartily I thank you for your cordial and hospitable welcome, or to add how well I know your courtesy and kindness to me voice first of all your unfailing loyalty to our great Republic, unworthily represented by me this evening.

"I have always thought that one invited to speak on an occasion such as this should try to make a fair return for the compliment by saying something worth hearing. It is much easier, however, to lay down this principle than to act upon it. We have excellent authority for the proposition that there is nothing new under the sun, but no one can so thoroughly realize its truth as a speaker sufficiently presumptuous to aim at telling his audience what has not been often and better told already.

STORY OF A YOUNG MINISTER.

"My present predicament reminds me of a story I once told on the stump, but which bears repetition here as it is in nowise political. It tells of a young minister who was to preach on trial before a congregation of multi-millionaires at a very fashionable watering-place, and who ran over his most carefully prepared sermons with a judicious friend to select one suitable. He thought himself a discourse on the 'Evil of Divorce' might do, but his adviser shook his head—every third woman in the congregation had been divorced at least once—that sort of talk wouldn't fill the bill at all.

"He offered in its place one on 'The Evils of Gambling,' but this was pronounced even worse; all his expected hearers of both sexes played 'bride' during most of their spare time, and three-fourths of the men put out big money at poker besides. "He had a third on 'The Evil of Drink,' but the wise counsellor turned it down likewise. Too many of the parish every night walked into the casino and were carried out of it; the topic would seem 'personal.' "At last he fished out an old thesis of his college days on 'The Sin of the Scribes and Pharisees.' That's it exactly," cried his delighted friend, 'Pitch into the Scribes and Pharisees for all you're worth: hit them hard, the harder the better, for they ain't got no friends, nowadays.' So the young man gave the Scribes and Pharisees hail Columbia, hurt nobody's feelings, pleased everybody and got his place.

KNOW-NOTHINGS RECALLED. "Now what class of people will this evening serve my purpose as the Scribes and Pharisees did his? I have thought over this question and concluded that I could find a substitute for the convenient and serviceable Scriptural characters in our Know-Nothings of the 50s. If I hurt anybody's feelings when I pitch into them it must be the feelings of somebody who has no business here tonight.

"The Irish-Americans have done much for America, and with good reason, for America has done much for the Irish-Americans. In gaining their service, in earning their affection, in making of them, not aliens, or outcasts, but her citizens and defenders, our country has but reaped as she sowed, it is because she deserved well of them; that they have treated them as children that they treat and love her as a mother.

"And yet there was a time, not so very long ago, but that many of those I see before me may yet know it as a memory of childhood, when some Americans by birth sought to bar Americans by adoption from the name and rights of Americans, and these first apostles of race prejudice and privilege of birth, while they hated all foreign-born Americans, hated Irish-Americans worst of all.

"The Know-Nothings of fifty years ago believed, or at least said they believed, that in America a man whose grandfather was a voter had a better right to vote than a man whose grandfather wasn't a voter. They were the first Americans to say this, and, stated very briefly, that

belief, or pretended belief, was the essence of Know-Nothingism; and, here in Baltimore, they gave practical effect to their principles with awls and bludgeons, repeaters assured of impunity and election officers for whom perjury was a pastime.

DANGERS AS HE SEES THEM. "A few years since I did not think I should live to hear the same doctrines proclaimed and even the same practices excused in America, and least of all in Maryland. I am not so sure of this now. But this evening I am not concerned so much with what may be in the future as with what has been in the past and what might have been in the present; I wish to ask how would you have felt to-day towards our common country had she dealt by your grandfathers and fathers, perchance dealt by some of yourselves, as those designing or misguided men of a half-century ago urged her to deal by them and by you.

"Would you love the Stars and Stripes if it were for you an emblem not of justice and protection, but of partiality and exclusion? Would you be as ready as you have ever shown yourself to shed your blood, to give your lives for this Union, if it had stamped you as unworthy, by reason merely of your grandfather's birthplace, to share in its government or have a voice in its laws?

"Insult and oppression will never foster loyalty, and those treated with scorn and distrust by the laws of the land wherein they dwell are, ever have been, and ever will be, a source of national weakness and of national danger.

"Had the Know-Nothings prevailed a half-century ago, there would have been to-day a little America, made yet more little in all that should make a nation great, by the festering sore of a great national folly and a greater national crime.

"Thank God! my fellow-countrymen, humanity was spared this grave this far-reaching calamity. The spirit of our orderly freedom was then and is now too just, too sane to suffer, or at least suffer long, such perversion of our laws. Many, too many, Americans of those days were deafened to the voice of reason and conscience by appeals to prejudice and passion. It may be that many, too many, Americans of to-day are no better able to reject the like incalculable and unworthy appeals; but the heart of the nation was then and is now sound and true.

"SQUARE DEAL" WANTED. "Americans want a 'square deal' for every man, want a President who will give every man such a deal in national affairs, want a Governor who will give every man such a deal in State affairs, want a Mayor who will give every man such a deal in city affairs. They gave your grandfathers and fathers a square deal, took them in to share their own ups and downs, their fair weather and their rain, their good and their ill fortune, with the same duties and the same burdens, the same rights and the same privileges which fall to the lot of all other Americans.

"And, as our country hath dealt with you, so have you dealt with her; you have given her the same square deal she has given you, have repaid her confidence, her respect, her just and equal protection, with such reverence for her flag, such devotion to her institutions, such faith and joy in her greatness as show you to be her own worthy, her own prized children. Because she treated you and those who begot you with righteousness, in you she has citizens of whom any land may well be proud."



THAT'S THE SPOT! Right in the small of the back. Do you ever get a pain there? If so, do you know what it means? It is a Backache.

A sure sign of Kidney Trouble. Don't neglect it. Stop it in time. If you don't, serious Kidney Troubles are sure to follow.

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It makes towels and all such material white, clean and sweet, without any harm from harshness.
Don't forget the name.
SURPRISE SOAP

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

What is the meaning of the inspired words of the Psalmist. Of These shall I continually sing—Let my mouth be filled with praise that I may sing Thy glory. Thy greatness all the day long. And again, My lips shall greatly rejoice when I shall sing to Thee? (Psalm 70.)

These words appeal to Christian humanity down all the ages. No one will deny the universal call expressed so frequently in the sacred writings. Let all the people sing! "Young men and maidens, the old with the younger!" "Sing to the Lord a new canticle."

But how, when and where, ask the timid of to-day. With so few fine tenors and altos our choral work would be ill-balanced; with so many distractions and opportunities for pleasure we could not get the people to attend rehearsals. Even those who might respond are usually poor readers of music, and singing from notes is so hard to master!

Granting the truth of these conditions, it is well to remember that after all, the standards of musical acceptability proposed and established by man should not interfere with the singing of God's praises by the multitudes of His children, upon each of whom He has bestowed an equipment sufficient for the promotion of His honor and glory. Let those in charge of their spiritual interests only realize the fervor of devotion and the contagion of enthusiasm aroused by the singing in unison of an entire congregation, and they will acknowledge the possibilities of an influence whose claims will strengthen as they are dwelt upon.

The expression of deep feeling in song is everywhere and at all times characteristic of the race. We read of the Jews of old singing psalms as they rested by the wayside during their pilgrimage. Columbus and his sailors renewed their energies and forgot the discouragements of their momentous journey while raising their voices in praise of the Immaculate Mother of God; and of even the poor, worn-out refugees of the Mayflower we are assured that

"Amid the storm they sang
And the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
With the anthem of the free!"

On all occasions of public joy or triumph the singing of the multitude formed part of the pomp of celebration. And shall we, with so price-

less a treasure, so ever-glorious a celebration on our altars, neglect an element so well adapted to prove that we are no uninspired gathering of mere spectators?

Let us look at the subject practically. Our people are possessed of voices, our churches have zealous pastors and, usually, fair musical equipment. The children of any parish or school or sodality can easily be interested and taught, first, the hymns suitable for use at low Masses and at Benediction. The "young men and maidens" easily respond to tactful effort from the proper authorities, and co-operation among those to whom detail is entrusted; the adult congregation, slower, perhaps, at first, learn unconsciously as they listen. The experiences of daily life, its disillusionments and preoccupations, especially in our time, leave little margin, to be sure, for the average adult to break forth into spontaneous song, but before the altar, in the presence of the living God, divested of artificiality, he offers a promising field for the cultivation of this flower of devotion. And let us all realize that the propagation of the faith we hold so dear is best secured by the deepening and strengthening of that faith where it already exists.

A non-Catholic, conversing with the writer after a recent trip to Italy, speaks thus of the impression made by an Ave Maria sung in chorus by the Italian steerage passengers one evening at sea: "They stirred me so deeply that the impulse to fall on my knees in worship with them sent me into quiet meditation, where I experienced such a feeling for the Mother of God as I had never known." And this from a cultivated speaker, familiar with the best afforded by modern art, describing the performance of so humble an assemblage!

No one denies the mysterious power of music. It is much more eloquent than words. Indeed, its message only begins where words reach their maximum. The mechanisms and devices of the most resourceful and successful workers in the literary field form only the cheapest element in the power wielded by the mighty magic of tones. Under the spell of music, the soldier goes forth undaunted, glad to sacrifice his all. Instances of its power from the experiences of each of us could be multiplied, quotations innumerable cited. Knowing well the strength of this ally, Luther took great care to fortify his so-called reformation by the constant

(Continued on Page 7.)

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

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

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

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

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

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

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

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A NIGHT

No one could have expected a church in the spot. You went down a entered by a field gate from across a grass-field, skirted a corn-field, opened a gate and went down, down a lane of green leafage. At bottom, in a cup of the ground the church.

There was a crowded pressing up to the gray church. The newer port churchyard lay beyond, ascent to the fields. The earth there where a new been filled yesterday.

People approached the different ways. The way led in, dark with leafage, was something very weird. The flutter of a ivy was enough to startle person. There was such of the dead from the church was closed all the on Sunday did the foot living sound there, unless a funeral, or a wedding, or perhaps a curi seeing stranger.

Such a one was Hugh, a solitary tramp that and Sussex, with a knapsack for all luggage, spent nights, taking his meals in cottages, enjoying himself in his isolation. He was a person. The girl had been taken from him on their wedding. It had not of his nature, this innocent had made him fond company, of solitude in his eyes and voice could him, undisturbed by the of other people. He was py any longer. He was in a manner of speaking that life as it appeared to was over for him—at this

A pink-faced child had the way to the church, he won out of her first shy ness. He had sent her mother with a great silver sixpence. He lo It was a thousand pities like him held himself from chill nuptials of the dead.

He had no great curiosity the church. His guide-broed nothing of interest ex of the ancient yew trees whose riven trunk was to contain a little house of ston's spades and rakes were locked away. The was uninteresting, and he chet by profession. At had left him he hesitated that he should climb down cup of the valley to visit church of Okehurst after

The evening was May's, valley the hill was purple phire against a benignant earth's censor swung in a breathing odors of lilac, honeysuckle. The cool sw delightful. He had found close at hand where he s that night, or waken to songs of the nightingale.

In the shadow of the h were golden, the deep gold cups, the pale gold of the Such an exquisite line to against the peaceful sky. not a sound but the sing birds. When he had seen the would go back to the supper of cold meat and cheese and beer, and to quaint attic, heavily bedd honeysuckle to the eaves gales would let him sleep.

He whistled softly to h went down the field path muncation of the mortal had brought him a cheerfu He walked round the chu down by the weight of it whistling.

Down here the shadows their own way. The hill the clear, shining of the ed sky.

Ah, there was the tree! over graves to reach it. fear of death since the gre his hopes. Yet he was startled wh came from the tree, a voice. For a second he t was Muriel's. It had to like Muriel's. "Who are you?" the voice ploringly. "Can you get am locked in the tree." For he had whimsical thought thrays, but they were creatures of the twilight of in which there was no dea

A NIGHT IN THE YEW.

No one could have expected the existence of a church in that particular spot. You went down a leafy avenue entered by a field gate from the road, across a grass-field, skirted two sides of a corn-field, opened another gate, and went down, down through a tunnel of green foliage. At the very bottom, in a cup of the valley, you found the church.

There was a crowded churchyard pressing up to the gray gables of the church. The newer portion of the churchyard lay beyond, nearer the ascent to the fields. There was red earth there where a new grave had been filled yesterday.

People approached the church by different ways. The ways were covered in, dark with foliage. There was something very weird about the place. The flutter of a bird in the sky was enough to startle a nervous person. There was such an isolation of the dead from the living. The church was closed all the week. Only on Sunday did the footsteps of the living sound there, unless it might be a funeral, or a wedding, or a christening, or perhaps a curious, sight-seeing stranger.

Such a one was Hugh Dampier, doing a solitary tramp through Surrey and Sussex, with a knapsack on his back for all luggage, spending his nights, taking his meals at inns or cottages, enjoying himself hugely in his isolation. He was a lonely-natured person. The girl he loved had been taken from him on the eve of their wedding. It had not embittered his nature, this immense loss. But it had made him fond of his own company, of solitude in which Muriel's eyes and voice could be with him, undisturbed by the interruption of other people. He was not unhappy any longer. He was placid, and in a manner of speaking content, now that life as it appeared to other men was over for him—at thirty-three.

A pink-faced child had pointed him the way to the church, having been won out of her first shy speechlessness. He had sent her running to her mother with a great treasure of a silver sixpence. He loved children. It was a thousand pities that a man like him held himself bound to those chill nuptials of the dead.

He had no great curiosity about the church. His guide-book indicated nothing of interest excepting one of the ancient yew trees in England, whose risen trunk was great enough to contain a little house, where the sexton's spades and rakes and brooms were locked away. The architecture was uninteresting, and he was an architect by profession. After the child had left him he hesitated as to whether he should climb down into that cup of the valley to visit the parish church of Okehurst after all.

The evening was May's. Beyond the valley the hill was purple as a sapphire against a benignant sky. The earth's censor swung in a soft wind, breathing odors of lilac and May honeysuckle. The cool sweetness was delightful. He had found the inn close at hand where he should sleep that night, or waken to hear the songs of the nightingale.

In the shadow of the hill the fields were golden, the deep gold of buttercups, the pale gold of the charlock. Such an exquisite line the hill had against the peaceful sky. There was not a sound but the singing of the birds. When he had seen the church he would go back to the inn for his supper of cold meat and bread and cheese and beer, and to sleep in a quaint attic, heavily beamed, with honeysuckle to the eaves—if nightingales would let him sleep.

He whistled softly to himself as he went down the field path. His remembrance of the mortal joys of life had brought him a cheerful quietness. He walked round the church pressed down by the weight of its roof, still whistling.

Down here the shadows had it all their own way. The hill blotted out the clear, shining of the citron-colored sky.

Ah, there was the tree! He stepped over graves to reach it. He had no fear of death since the grave held all his hopes. Yet he was startled when a voice came from the tree, a woman's voice. For a second he thought it was Muriel's. It had tones in it like Muriel's.

"Who are you?" the voice cried imploringly. "Can you get me out? I am locked in the tree."

Locked in the tree! For a moment he had whimsical thoughts of hanged draymen, but they were the joyous creatures of the twilight of the world in which there was no death.

He approached the tree and passed his hand over the door.

"How did you get locked in the tree?" he asked. He had the oddest sense that Muriel was there, at the other side of the door.

"I was sketching it, and I stepped inside. Then the wind slammed the door, and when I tried to get out it was locked. I have been here four hours, and no one has come. I have shouted myself hoarse. I was terrified at the thought of being here all night with the graves all about me."

"Poor child!" he said compassionately. "It is horrible to be frightened. Are you sure you cannot unlock the door on your side? There is nothing on this side but a keyhole, no sign of a key."

"I have tried over and over again. It must be a spring lock. There is no way of opening it unless we had the key."

"Why, that is easily got," he said. "I will go as quickly as I can to the village, find out who has the key, and release you."

He had turned to go on his errand. He remembered how in his college days he had been a famous runner. He wondered how long it would take him to do a bit of sprinting to the village and back again to release the tree's captive. He had something of eagerness to see the face of the girl whose voice was like Muriel's. For a long time he and eagerness had been strangers.

He had taken a few steps from the tree when a dolorous cry recalled him.

"You are not going to leave me here in the dark among the dead?" the voice said.

"It is not dark," he answered gently. "There is still the afterglow in the western sky, but the hill shuts it out. I shall be back as soon as I possibly can."

"Don't leave me."

"My child, how am I to get you out if I don't leave you?"

"I was nearly mad with fear when you came. Did you see the new grave over there? The man who lies in it hanged himself on Tuesday. Don't leave me."

The obscurity was greater in the churchyard. Soon it would be quite dark, the short darkness of the summer night. He felt no impatience at the girl's unreasonable-ness. Muriel had been a nervous creature, easily terrified. There was no hardship in being in the open this night of May. Still, a thought came to him that it was not usual for girls to spend the night out of doors. He had to be careful for her.

"What will they think if you are not returning?" he asked. "Your people, I mean. Isn't there somebody who will be wild with fear? You had better let me look for the key."

"I have no one. I am staying at an old woman's cottage in the village. I have been sketching about the country, bicycling hither and thither. Sometimes when I have gone too far I have slept at an inn and not returned till next day. At ten o'clock Mrs. Pitt will blow out her candle and go to bed. She will have made up her mind that I am not coming back."

"If you won't let me go for the key I must see if I can't burst the door and its lock. I am only afraid of hurting you. Will you stand back as far as you can?"

"There is only room to stand upright."

Dampier whistled.

"Ah; and the door opens inward. We must give up the idea of violence."

"Do not leave me."

The voice, muffled by the wood of the door, was more than ever like Muriel's. There was a rush of tenderness to his heart. He felt as though Muriel was there beyond the door, in mortal terror.

"Do not be afraid," he said, and there was passionate pity in his tones. "I am not going to leave you. Not till the sun rises. Do not be afraid."

"I wish I could see you," said the voice, tremulously.

He struck a match and it flared up. "I can see the light," the voice said joyously, "over the top of the door. Fortunately it fits badly."

"You poor little thing! Must you stand bolt upright all night?"

"It is not so bad. I can lean against the wall. The discomfort is nothing. One grows quite used to it. After the terror of the night among the dead it is like Heaven to know that you are there. You won't steal away and leave me?"

"I won't steal away and leave you."

Shake fingers on it. I believe I can get my fingers in over the top of the door."

He climbed into the fork of the yew tree, and, leaning down, felt for the interstice and slipped his fingers through. They were touched by other fingers, soft as a rose-leaf; the touch thrilled him oddly.

"You won't be afraid to stay in the churchyard all night?" said the voice close to his ear.

"Not in the least. I am so glad, so grateful I came this way. Presently I am going to sit down on the old flat tombstone just facing this. I have spent the night in more uncomfortable circumstances."

"You won't fall asleep?"

He laughed at the misgivings in her voice.

"I have years and years in which to sleep," he said. "I promise you I shall keep awake."

"Will anyone miss you?"

"No one will miss me. Like yourself, I am in the country for my pleasure."

"I have a holiday." The voice had a little pride in it. "I work very hard all the year."

"What do you do?"

The fork of the tree was capacious. He settled himself in an easy attitude to listen. Her voice came up to his ear, soft, with sad tones in it, like Muriel's voice.

"I write stories. Perhaps you know my name, Muriel Gascoigne. I have a serial running in the Daily Pratter. It has been running for three years. It rather broke me down, but they wouldn't let me leave off. It is trying, having to keep the excitement up for so long. But I have closed down now. I said I couldn't keep the villain alive any longer."

So she was also Muriel. He was so amazed at the coincidence that he hardly took in what she was telling him about her feats of authorship.

"And you?" she asked.

"I am a man without history. I am an architect, but I don't do much at my profession. I have enough money to do without it, and to gratify my tastes, which are simple enough except that I collect bric-a-brac, furniture, silver and prints, in a small way."

"Oh," she said, and there was a little austere reproach in her voice that delighted him. "But you ought to take delight in your work. You are young, aren't you? Your voice sounds young. You oughtn't to be contented to live on your money."

"I wasn't once."

"Why are you now?"

He had not talked about Muriel to his dearest friend. His love for her had been all reticence. Now he could not tell what impelled him to answer as he did.

"Because—I lost the woman I was to have married. She was another Muriel. She took my foothold in the world with her. Since she left I have had no abiding place. One-half of me is dead, you see, only half of my body and my soul."

As he said it he had a feeling as though the youth in himself cried out against the bitter sentence he had passed on it.

"I am sorry," said the voice at his ear; and then there was silence between them for a while.

After that pause the talk recommenced. A big white moon hung above the churchyard now, and presently nightingales began in all the coppices. They were singing at their wildest, while he listened to Muriel Gascoigne's simple story. Nothing could have been simpler, lonelier. She had had only her father, and he was dead. While he lived she had striven to supplant her slender income by doing typewriting. In typewriting the manuscript of authors, she had discovered a faculty for weaving tales of wonder herself, and she had been successful in a way.

"It isn't literature," she said;

"and yet I've heard two girls talk about 'The Beautiful Friend'—that's my Pratter's story—in a 'bus, and they said it was lovely. It has brought me in a hundred and fifty pounds."

"That is success," he said, keeping the smile that was on his lips out of his voice.

After midnight the talk dropped, finally ceased. He had an idea she was asleep, even in her standing position; and once or twice he nearly dozed himself, and started awake, hearing her soft voice call him in a sudden terror.

"Sleep if you can," he said to her at last. "I give you my word that I shall not leave you. Very soon now it will be daybreak. I can see already a pale line in the east."

A few moments later, leaning to the open space at the top of the door, he heard her regular breathing and was filled with a great joy. It was as though Muriel had been given back to him, was close at hand, a warm, living woman, and not the gentle ghost who had smiled at him from the other side of the grave. For the time he yielded to his joy, reminding himself at the same time that the morning would bring his waking. He would discover that this Muriel was not the least bit in the world like the Muriel he had lost. The enchantment of the night would be gone, and the day would have no illusions.

He must have slept at last, for he started up suddenly to broad daylight. The early morning sun was shining on the dew of the grave grasses. All the birds were singing in full chorus. He felt cramped and uncomfortable.

As he climbed out of the tree she called to him.

"What o'clock is it?"

Something jingled at his foot.

"Half-past four, and I have found the key. It lay at our feet all the time."

He put the key in the lock and turned it. It was like the dreams come back in which Muriel had been his again, while he had told himself all the time that it was a dream; and a cheat, holding the skirts of his joy with both hands because he knew they were slipping from him.

He opened the door and she came out blinking into the strong sunlight.

"How good you have been to me," she said.

They were Muriel's words to him as he sat fanning her in that last illness. This girl was about Muriel's height; she was slender in her white frock with its broad green sash. Her eyes and her hair were of a red-brown color. There were a few freckles on her pale skin. She had a soft, pale mouth like Muriel's. Her expression was simple and innocent.

"Do not forget me," Muriel had said as she lay dying; "but remember that where I am I shall be glad of your joy. Above all things I want you to be happy without me."

Well, he had thought that he had attained happiness in that nerveless, sapless living. Now his heart began to beat in his side as though its beating had been suspended for long.

"We shall not lose sight of each other forever, we who have become friends in one night," he said. "We are both such lonely people."

"Yes," she answered, and he saw her breast flutter. "We are both such lonely people. And we shall not lose sight of each other forever."

Katharine Tynan in M. A. P.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING

(Continued from Page 6.)

exercise of choral singing, using the fine, old, inspired tones of Mother Church, which he appropriated and caused to be printed for future preservation and identification with his new doctrines.

Notice how this idea still governs outside evangelical work. Leave out the hymns and the prayers and exhortations accomplish comparatively little. But in choral singing, the real meat and the real woman are reached, and for even the brief time devoted to this unifying, leveling, fraternizing power, surprising results are achieved. In the zeal thus evoked for the spiritual, the material side is, too, assured.

Now, if with the help of song, the mere shadow can be so developed that the heart-hunger for the Divine is thus allayed for the time in a deluded multitude, what hopes and aspirations may we not cherish, who have indeed the glorious substance!

Collections of printed prayers are, no doubt, useful and convenient; a fine sermon is indeed an excellent thing; the recitation in concert of the rosary and the litanies is also most edifying; but for eloquent obedience to the Divine injunction: "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say,

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rejoice," nothing compares with congregational singing for possibilities in fervor, sincerity of thanksgiving and abandon of joy.

This mode of devotion affords little scope, of course, for the display of modern skill in the art of music, or for that attention to detail and the elaboration that distinguishes the composition written for the musical ly experienced. The cultivation of this too has its place, and can be depended upon to develop from the soil indicated. But in urging upon the attention of pastors this potent ally among the laity, it is purely from the devotional side that this appeal takes impetus. The standards of ordinary musical criticism should not be applied where the achievement of these is not the main object. We do not smile at the mother who listens with pleasure to the imperfect attempt of her little singer; and the poet finds ready appreciation and sympathy when he discourses of the joy of him who

"hears his daughter's voice

Singing in the village choir."

And have we not reason to believe that Almighty God will accept in Fatherly indulgence that homage poured forth to Him from His children, in the sincerity and enthusiasm of which they approach, perhaps, most nearly that childlike attitude so pleasing to Him that He warns us: "Unless ye come as little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Who shall undertake to say that the singing of His praises in the early ages of the Church bore less fruit than the more ambitious musical effort of later times? More than fifteen hundred years ago a regiment of soldiers were ordered to pillage a church in Milan and destroy its Christian worshippers. History tells us how the savage marauders "were so deeply moved by the divine hymn that went up from those fervent hearts that they became converts on the spot!"

This mightily weapon is as ready for use to-day as in those days of old. To destroy the singers and the songs dear to a cause is an old device of the enemy; and the arch enemy of all dear to the honor and glory of God raises to-day obstacles, objections, limitations—and obtains a hearing and gains an influence even in high places. The votaries of art, unfortunately, often withdraw their sympathies from the levels of everyday humanity, but enough of their standards reach down to discourage those whose zeal lies all in the direction of their Creator. It should be remembered that though large numbers of our people have had little musical training, many of them have, nevertheless, fine voices, good ears and enough musical instinct to sing a melody after a few repetitions. Because most of them can go no further,—this is far enough for devotional purposes—is it well to ignore or underestimate an agency so suited to universal use and need?

But, we are told, singing in unison is so primitive—and the single melody is quite out of date. Yet no one denies a certain charm in the feathered songsters of creation; and just remember how poets of all ages rhapsodize over the nightingale, with its seven or eight notes in melodic succession, endlessly repeated! Even with skillful musicians and frequent rehearsals, the performance of some splendid work will fall short because of an acoustic deficiency; or worse still, it may not be, and sometimes is not, executed con amore. Beauty of voice, of workmanship, of technique, count for little with this lack.

Now, this con amore quality our holy religion can be relied on to supply. What profoundly moves a large number with a common sentiment of religion or patriotism is an agency, not of man, but of God. Two of the other three qualities we possess in abundance, so let us then not waste time trying to secure for the gratification of the human artistic sense conditions and accessories that may still fall far short of the ideal. This same artistic human sense manages to exist all week despite frequent and flagrant violations of its code on all sides. If Sunday public devotion is to be regulated by just that standard, let us be consistent—let us refuse to tolerate all Sunday exhibitions of out-of-date

tailoring, unbecoming costume and frantic millinery. Make them follow the old-fashioned music, and with the lame, the halt, the blind, and all else that deviates from classic standards, let them be banished far out of sight and hearing till Monday.

For ceremonial designed to impress by solemnity, contribute the best that can be devised by human genius and executed by human skill; but withhold not from the people participation in every way possible. Attendance at Vespers and Benediction would surely increase with this new help to devotion and good results may be predicted where now the outlook is gloomy.

A point to be emphasized in favor of such a movement is the contagion of enthusiasm. Men and women who could not otherwise be induced to sing will join their voices in a general assemblage with comparative confidence; and experience proves the statement that groups of young people will attend more faithfully rehearsals for singing in church than for secular purposes.

And in this beautiful form of devotion there is certainly a power that lifts the creature out of the surroundings of earth into realms where faith, hope and charity truly prevail. Texts, even when inspired by the deepest fervor, lose their power after frequent repetition unless actually sought, or approached in the mood of grace. Like the perfume incense, or the spiritual magic of the stained glass window, and other details where the supernatural is only the suggestion, they impart all the dangers of routine. But voice joined to voice, poured forth in song, the light of the original inspiration reappears, and a new appeal is made to the heart with every successive entrance. The story of Divine love and human dependence on Divine mercy can never be either haphazard or half-hearted in the telling when helped by this heaven-born ally.

It is indeed surprising that a talisman so sure, so easy of access, should be so long and so generally neglected. Especially as its efficiency in other fields is a matter of common knowledge. Gregory the Great established magnificent schools of singing which flourished for over a thousand years. These can again be planted and from them in time can be drawn material to which may be entrusted the artistic rendition of the liturgical parts of the Mass, as well as that element that may be relied on to form the mainstay of congregational singing. The official approval of His Holiness now as in the days of Gregory would go far toward their successful and universal establishment.

Meantime the sodalists of Mary might make their especial care, and unite in a federation loyal to the cultivation of this divine art. Let its perfection be their constant endeavor and from their combined initiative great results may be expected. Let it be their work to form bands to print and distribute literature on this subject, to interest good leaders, secure efficient help or supervision, to plan and carry out the details for practice and study, and to devote to this splendid propaganda some of the time it really deserves.

Under the patronage and inspiration of Her who gives to womanhood the most glorious example both of initiative and co-operation, what may not the children of Mary accomplish? Every word of her inspired canticle finds echo from the heart and in the life of each of us—Catholic women of to-day. "He that is mighty hath done great things to me!" It would seem as though the force and glow of this truth shut out all else from our vision! And when in the near future, as God grant it may, the opening strains of the Magnificat are poured forth with that zeal that everywhere distinguishes the sodalists of Mary, may their united appeal gain such strength with her assistance that the blessing of God will descend on every congregation, which, fired with ardor, refuses to relegate to the voices of the few the canticle inspired for the mighty rejoicing of the many: "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour!"—Angela Gallagher, in The Messenger.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions.

Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.



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BAULT, and of Quebec, ME STREET, DENIST

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CHURCH BELLS

Etc.

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ED & CO

& C. Street

MONARCH BANK PLANS

"I did not see your exhibit during the National Exhibition, on the Fair grounds," said our reporter to Mr. T. Marshall Ostrom, manager of the Monarch Bank, yesterday morning.

"No," was Mr. Ostrom's response. "We could not get sufficient space for our exhibit, but when we go into business we will get there."

"Then the prospects for the Monarch Bank are satisfactory from your point of view?"

"It is perfectly satisfactory," said Mr. Ostrom, "and could not possibly be more so."

"You have then had a good response to your prospectus, and have made such progress as has satisfied you in all details?"

"We are more than satisfied. The subscriptions for our stock are from all parts of Canada, and include all classes of the community, for the business people, as well as the private citizen, seem to realize that the new ideas in banking which we will introduce are such as the public requirements demand."

"Then the Monarch Bank will strike out on new lines, Mr. Ostrom?"

"Certainly. A bank to-day must be different to what it was fifty years ago. The conditions of business have changed, and conditions of every-day life are vastly different to what they were, but banks maintain the same hours, and all that has been done to meet the new conditions has been the opening of a few branch banks and the keeping open one or two nights a week of the savings branches of an old branch bank."

The great businesses which have grown into such magnitude of late years and largely transacted after the regular banking hours have no banking accommodation to speak of. Walk along any of the streets where people congregate at night, see the business done in ice cream parlors and lunch rooms, look then at the amounts paid in at places of amusement, and add to all this the big amounts of cash taken in stores between 3 and 8 p.m. any day, and one can form some idea of the value to the community of a bank with branches in all parts of the city ready to receive deposits from or pay out cash to its customers during the whole evening."

"Then you hold that it is as much the business of a bank to remain open for the benefit of its customers as it is for any other class of business which can and should be successfully conducted at night?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Ostrom. "The masses of the people are gradually learning that banking might be to them a great advantage if it could be done at night. Nine-tenths or perhaps more of the salaries and wages of the city are paid long after the ordinary banking hours. In Toronto particularly thousands of these people are laying aside weekly or monthly small sums to enable them to pay for their homes. There is no good reason why these people should not have the chance to deposit their savings in a bank any evening, or why they should not have facilities for withdrawing these deposits any night after their day's work is over."

"Then you think these stores and other places of business, as well as many others, would be customers of a bank which opened its doors all day or all night if necessary to accommodate them?"

Mr. Ostrom: "I certainly do. Then just imagine how many people in such a large and rapidly growing city as this are suddenly called on to pay money or to leave the city early in the morning or after the banks have closed, and who have plenty of money on deposit but cannot get it at the time they require it. They have to borrow money or get some merchant or saloonkeeper to cash a check for them before they can start on their journey. The Monarch Bank will be open early and late, and its customers will not have to seek favors from anyone under such circumstances."

"Then your bank will be an accommodation bank, so to speak?"

"Only in the sense that it will accommodate itself to the growing needs of the community. It will be run on the strictest business principles, but its doors will not be closed at a certain hour daily simply because such has been the general banking custom for generations. Banking institutions are properly guarded carefully, so far as financial affairs are concerned, but the hours during which a bank does business are no more sacred than the hours of any other business house, and the bank which recognizes this first will meet with popular favor. The idea of the Monarch Bank is to guard its customers' interests and to meet its customers' requirements regarding

5000 CHILDREN'S PRAYER BOOKS, 10c EACH.

STATUES—Two feet high, SACRED HEART, BLESSED VIRGIN, ST. ANTHONY, ETC. Special Bargain. \$4.00 and \$5.00 Each. Mail Orders Promptly Executed.

J. J. M. LANDY, JEWELLER, 416 QUEEN ST., W. TORONTO, CAN. Phone Main 2788.

business hours. If a customer has all his business through at noon he will not stay round longer, but if a customer cannot conclude his business till midnight and then desires to make sure that his cash will be safe through the night the doors of the Monarch Bank will be open and he can deposit his cash and go home having no fear of being robbed on the way or his premises being burglarized during the night."

"Then you look forward with confidence and satisfaction to the future of the Monarch Bank?"

"Most certainly," said Mr. Ostrom, "and we are daily in receipt of assurances of most extensive business connections in all parts of Canada. The reports from Winnipeg, Montreal and other centres are of the most encouraging nature. Business people assure us that the new departure will insure a great volume of custom from the outset and that there is practically no limit to the usefulness of a bank run on up-to-date ideas."

"Are you nearly ready to start business?" was the final question.

Mr. Ostrom stated that every preparation was steadily advancing, that no details were overlooked, and that a splendid site was practically secured.

The temporary offices of the bank are at 32 Church street, Toronto.

IN THE LACROSSE WORLD.

Last Saturday afternoon the Nationals were defeated by the Montreal team by the score of 7 goals to 3.

Labor Day furnished two surprises the first being the defeat of the Capitals at Ottawa by the Montreal team by 5 goals to 3, Montreal thus winning the series by 8 goals to 6. This was the first defeat of the Capitals at home this season.

The defeat puts Capitals out of the running for the championship. The second surprise was the large number of goals scored by Shamrocks against Nationals, 19 to 8. The Shamrocks thus established a record in the N.A.L.A., this being the highest number of goals ever scored against an opposing team. Another feature of the game was that it was entirely free from roughness; only one man was ruled out during the whole match, and his offence was a minor one.

The Intermediate Shamrocks won two games, one on Saturday at Alexandria, Ont., when they played the Stars of that town at the Caledonia sports before five thousand people, the score being 6 goals to 3. On Labor Day Balmagouns suffered defeat at the hands of the Shamrocks by 11 goals to 5, thus giving the intermediate championship to the Points.

Saturday afternoon the Shamrocks will meet their old rivals, the Capitals, at the Shamrock grounds, and a brilliant game is expected. The Capitals are three goals ahead in the second series, but the Shamrock team will travel at its best and the players will show the science of the game in every detail. Casey, the new goal-keeper, is a wonder, and the whole team is travelling at its best pace. A record attendance will be on hand, as the Shamrock men want to have the satisfaction of getting even with the Capitals for the two defeats administered by them in Ottawa. The championship for 1905 is safe, and the boys in green have captured it for the fifth consecutive time. It is almost a settled fact that the Athletics, of St. Catharines, Ont., champions of the C.L.A., will be seen here in a couple of weeks battling with the holders of the Minto Cup at the Shamrock grounds for that valuable piece of silverware.

THE PROVISION MARKET.

Live hogs were in fairly plentiful supply on the market yesterday and brought in mixed lots of fair quality. Dressed hogs are a little easier and are quoted locally at \$10 per hundred. A mail advice from Rags Bros. provision merchants, of Liverpool, dated Aug. 26, says that trading in Canadian meats has been quiet and easier prices are anticipated owing to the poor demand. Prices on Canadian bacon are quoted as follows: No. 1 leanest Wilts, 60c to 62c; No. 2 lean, 58c to 60c; No. 3 prime, 56c to 58c; ribs, 58c to 60c; Cumberland cut 54c to 56c; long cut hams, 62c to 65c.

The John Murphy Company Limited

Fine Linens

We think we know something about Linens, with assortments big enough for quite a few ordinary stores, but somehow the stock never seems to get a fair showing, largely because we haven't the room. Many years of painstaking experience are behind this Linen business, and wherever in the world the best linens are made you may know there is a direct path from that place to this store.

There's enough new goods already in to supply any household with all that it requires in the way of Linens. The stock, of course, is too varied to enumerate everything and every price, but here are some values that your attention should be called to:

BLEACHED OR UNBLEACHED IRISH OR SCOTCH DAMASK.

.60, .65, .70, .75, .80, .90, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 yard.

Note—We have a special lot of Bleached and Unbleached Damask, 70 and 72 inches wide, all pure Linen, at .50c a yard—easily worth a third more.

BLEACHED DAMASK CLOTHS.

\$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, \$16.00.

Hemmed or Unhemmed. Finest designs and first-class qualities.

In most of the above lines we have Napkins to match.

GLASS AND TEA CLOTHS, .10, .12, .13, .14, .15, .16 yd. Plain or Checked. We have also these by the dozen in a full range of prices.

The John Murphy Company Limited

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert every Wednesday Evening.

All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Saturday evening. Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

On Sundays from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.

ST. PETER and COMMON STS.

FUNERAL OF MR. ROBERT WARREN.

The funeral of Mr. Robert Warren took place on Friday last from the family residence, 41 St. Famille street, to St. Patrick's Church. The body was received by Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, while Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan sang the Requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. Mr. Elliott as deacon and Rev. Mr. Desautels as sub-deacon. The full choir, under the direction of Prof. Fowler, rendered Perreault's Requiem Mass. At the Offertory Mr. Lamoureux sang the solo "Pie Jesu," with much feeling. In the funeral cortege were Messrs. W. Warren, R. Warren, W. Warren, J. Warren and F. Warren, sons of the deceased; Messrs. R. Warren and J. Warren, cousins, and the following: Mr. Recorder Weir, Senator Cloran, Professor Fowler, Mr. P. J. Coyle, K.C., ex-Ald. Kinsella and Messrs. Owen Tansey, G. McGrail, B. Tansey, M. P. Laverty, J. McCluskey, J. Crowe, W. J. Crowe, G. A. Carpenter, C. McDonnell, F. Curran, P. Ryan, H. McLaughlin, M. Meher, M. Boyd, P. J. McElroy, J. Loneragan, J. Rowan, T. McCracken, T. Mulcair, Jas. Rogers, M. Murphy, F. Chesey, P. Martin, C. Murphy, J. McNally, M. Delehanty, J. McCaffrey, T. Collins, J. O'Leary, J. Hammill, P. F. McCaffrey and M. O'Connor.

Time relieves us of our passions or renders ridiculous those to which we cling.

It is well for men to give good advice when they are too old to set bad example.

Good things have to be engraved on the memory; bad things stick there for themselves.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Exhibitions.

TORONTO and RETURN.

Sept. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1905. Return Limit—Sept. 12, 1905.

Train Service—Leave Montreal 9 a.m. and 10.40 p.m. daily, 9 a.m. p.m. week days. Arrive Toronto 4.30 p.m., 7.15 a.m., 9.35 a.m.

SHERBROOKE and RETURN.

Sept. 6 and 7. Return Limit—Sept. 11, 1905.

Train Service—Leave Montreal 8 a.m. week days and 9.01 p.m. daily, arrive at Sherbrooke 11.33 a.m. and 11.49 p.m. SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Montreal at 7.50 a.m. Sept. 6 for Sherbrooke and on Sept. 6 and 7 special trains will leave Sherbrooke at 10.30 p.m. for Montreal.

OTTAWA and RETURN.

Sept. 11, 12 and 13. Return Limit—Sept. 15, 1905.

Train Service—Leave Montreal 8.40 a.m. and 7 p.m. daily, and 4.1 p.m. week days. Arrive Ottawa 11.40 a.m., 10 p.m., 7.10 p.m.

PORTLAND—OLD ORCHARD.

After September 8 Pullman Sleeping and Parlor Car Service to Old Orchard will be discontinued and Pullman Sleeping Car will run to Portland only. After September 8 Pullman Sleeping Car will continue to run to Portland as heretofore.

MONTREAL—QUEBEC.

After September 9 Pullman Parlor Car leaving Montreal at 8 a.m. for Quebec will be discontinued.

REDUCED FARES

Sept. 15th to October 31, 1905. Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND, ROSSLAND, NELSON, TRAIL, ROBSON, SPOKANE, ANACONDA, BUTTE, HELENA, NA. SALT LAKE, COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, FUELRO, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES. Low Rates to many other points.

CITY TICKET OFFICE

127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 466 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EXHIBITIONS.

MONTREAL TO TORONTO and Return

Sept. 6th and 7th. Return Limit Sept. 12th, 1905. Train Service—9.30 a.m. 10.00 p.m.

MONTREAL TO SHERBROOKE and Return

Sept. 6th and 7th. Return Limit Sept. 11th, 1905. Train Service—8.40 a.m. 11.40 p.m. 14.30 p.m. 17.35 p.m.

MONTREAL TO OTTAWA and Return

Sept. 8th to 16th. Return Limit Sept. 18th, 1905. Train Service—9.40 a.m. 10.00 p.m. 14.00 p.m. 17.35 p.m.

LEAVE WINDSOR STATION:

9.40 a.m. 10.00 p.m. 14.00 p.m. 17.35 p.m.

LEAVE PLACE VIGOR:

8.20 a.m. 15.45 p.m. Daily, except Sunday, 8 Sundays only. Daily except Saturday, 18 Saturdays only.

LEWIS & CLARK

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION,

Portland, Oregon.

Until OCTOBER 15th, 1905,

\$75.50.

Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Wash., Tacoma, Wash., Portland, Ore.

And return from Montreal.

Tickets now on sale, and good to return until November 30th, 1905.

ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA.

EXTRA SLEEPING CAR SERVICE until close of season, Sept. 15th. Sleeping Cars will run four days per week each way, as follows: From Montreal—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, and from St. Andrews—Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.

Farm Laborers' Excursions.

2nd CLASS \$12.00.

To MANITOBA and ASSINIBOIA.

Good Going from Montreal on September 8th, 1905.

Full particulars on application.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS,

SECOND CLASS,

To THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST

Sept. 12th and 24th, 1905.

Winnipeg, Man. \$30.00. Port Arthur, Ont. \$36.00. Brandon, Man. \$31.50. Milled. Alb. \$35.00. Regina, Ass. \$37.75. Calgary, Alb. \$38.50. Moose Jaw, Ass. \$41.00. Strathcona, Alb. \$45.50. Good for return within 60 days.

Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore.

Second class from Montreal. Lower rates to several other points. Tickets on sale from Sept. 15th to Oct. 31st, 1905.

Ticket Offices 120 St. James St. Windsor St. Station, Place-Victoria St.

WANTED.

A GOOD COOK, with references. No washing or ironing. Good wages. Apply at 61 DRUMMOND STREET.

How many go forth in the morning That never come home at night? And hearts have broken For harsh words spoken. That sorrow can never set aright.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

THURSDAY, September 7, 1905.

THIS SAMPLE SALE OFFERS A NEW

Tweed School Suit For The Boy

AT LESS THAN WHOLESALE COST.

That means a big saving for you. These Suits are the pick of a manufacturer's sample line—the best he knew how to produce.

Take one up and examine it. You will be surprised at the quality of the material—the excellence of the workmanship—the thorough attention that has been paid to details. This is too good an opportunity to miss. Come in and investigate. For convenience divided into these two groups:—

\$3.50 TO \$5.00 SUITS FOR \$2.45.

BOYS' FANCY PLEATED SUITS, made of excellent quality Fancy

Tweeds, light and dark shades, pleated back and front, fancy buckle belts, square braid trimmed collars, fancy vestette with emblem, smartly cut knee pants, lined throughout best quality farmer's satin, buttons extra strongly sewn. Sizes 3 to 7 years. Regularly sold at from \$3.50 to \$5.00. Special Sale

Price \$2.45

\$2.50 TO \$3.50 SUITS FOR \$1.75.

BOYS' FANCY TWEED SUITS, light and dark shades, blouse and pleated styles, large sailor collars, smartly trimmed with braid, good quality linings throughout. Some pleated back and front with fancy vestette. To fit youngsters from 3 to 7 years. Manufactured to sell at from \$2.50 to \$3.50. Special Sale \$1.75

CORSET SPECIALS.

LADIES' CORSETS, of good quality French Coutil, in white and

drab, straight front, military hips, solid steel fillings, double pair of garters attached, trimmed with lace and ribbon. Sizes 18 to 30. Regularly 95c. Sale Price 73c

CHILDREN'S FERRIS CORSET

WAISTS, made of heavy White Corded Twill. Sizes 19 to 26. Special 36c

TWO GLOVE BARGAINS.

28 DOZ. PAIRS OF LADIES' EXTRA QUALITY FRENCH KID

GLOVES, in the newest fall shades of tan, gray, mode, also black and white. Two dome fasteners. Sizes 5½ to 7. Special at 75c

GOOD QUALITY WASHABLE

KID GLOVES, in white only, fancy self points, perfect fitting, two dome fasteners. Sizes 5½ to 7. Special value at 68c

BIG VALUES IN MEN'S CLOTHING.

You will find much to interest you in the Men's Clothing Store. New Fall Goods are arriving daily, and represent the utmost value that has ever been crowded into such moderately priced clothing.

MEN'S SUITS, for fall wear, in dark and medium tweed effects, single and double breasted style, 4 button length, long lapels, latest cut, best quality lining and trimmings throughout. Perfect fitting. Special at \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$15.00

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S RAIN COATS, in dark gray waterproof cloth, best farmer's satin linings, splendidly tailored and perfect fitting. Regular \$10.00 coats. Special at \$6.95

MEN'S PANTS, for fall wear, in dark and light stripe effects, perfect fitting, best finish, all sizes. Special value at \$2.25 and \$3.00

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

75 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St. Montreal

Is offering this week a large range of Inlaid Linoleums from celebrated makers. Special designs and low prices.

Fall openings of Swiss and Irish Point

Curtains and Window Laces.

See our new effects in Fall Carpets.

Handsome Rugs, Art Carpets and Hall

Strips with Rugs to match.

New openings in Furniture, Beds and

Bedding—all at special low prices.

THOMAS LIGGET

2474 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

Tablets' Tribute to Sir Wilfrid.

London, Sept. 1.—The Tablet, the leading Catholic organ in Great Britain, says: Not in vain has Canada been termed the great Dominion. Her advance towards a leading place in the development of the western world has just reached a new stage in the inauguration of autonomous government in the Northwest. The calculations of those who predicted her ultimate gravitation to the United States have been falsified, and those prophets have been discredited by the operation of living forces which mould the destinies of nations to the discomfiture of theoretic forecasts. Canada's ambitions have expanded with her material development, and with the presence of future greatness has come the consciousness of a separate mission among the peoples of the earth. If any man has been instrumental in shaping and inspiring these aspirations, it is Laurier, and under his sway they have taken definite form and shape.

By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 23, 1905.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

of the animal killed, the kind of animal, etc. A space was reserved for a reply to the following question: "Disposition of carcass?"

A flagman, whose duty it became on one occasion to report concerning the death of a cow, turned in his written report with the following statement opposite the question last referred to: "Kind and gentle."—Collier's Weekly.

A POST MORTEM.

President Ingalls, of the "Big Four" railway, tells of a system adopted by a division superintendent for eliciting information relative to the destruction of farmers' property along the line of railway.

The superintendent had printed a blank form on which was to be written among other things the name

of the animal killed, the kind of animal, etc. A space was reserved for a reply to the following question: "Disposition of carcass?"

A flagman, whose duty it became on one occasion to report concerning the death of a cow, turned in his written report with the following statement opposite the question last referred to: "Kind and gentle."—Collier's Weekly.

On the passing of a man, the separation of religious authority by the French opens a new chapter in France. The present residence for some years had opportunity to gain less accurately the opinion of the French public and the of the measure on the the Church. He vented here his impressions for are worth.

On and off, for many there has been a formal some kind between France and the Holy See. French king who first temporal sovereignty of and, since the distant demagogue, the monarchs nation have, generally, known the rights of in a practical and consistent. For hundreds of years powers reigned side by side in harmony; the one spiritual functions within in civil freedom; the other the temporal destinies people without unduly human liberty of spirit. There is no reason why religion and the forces should not work in active combination for the good. Religion calls upon society legitimate authority, and in perfect consonance with it. It is the manifest the State to uphold the truth and justice in the the salvation of the human Church prepares the individual infancy to become a citizen and strives for to by lawful methods. The State might be expected to acknowledge its assistance, and tend hand to the Church as may legitimately require Governments, in the maximized the advantage Church's influence, in particular elements which nations, are ready, when offers, to throw off the social order. The ablest of them, Napoleon Bonaparte, forcibly impressed by the he deemed it an essential duty to restore the Church old-time prestige, when a temporary overthrow in days of the Reign of Terror.

By main force the Corsican brought the Cardinals to the capital, and memorable diplomatic himself and the famous which the latter did not defeat, a Concordat was 1801, and soon afterwards the Holy Father. In the Ministry of M. Rouvier its own risk and on its. tive, have cancelled that between the Holy See and daughter of the Church."

Is a formal union between and State always to the of the former? Theoretically partnership seems ideal, but the State usually has and frequently forces the humiliating concessions. The civil ruler maintains against the Holy See, the longer the all-powerful of that used to summon Europe in defence of her prerogative often than not has to yield sheer weakness. Since the beginning of the Catholic path through history strewn with a lamentable broken hopes and false promises of which the State promises by solemn contract enters Pope and King. Concordat have their uses, but often a chain between Church and State, whose every link pretty on the former. Curious letters they are, too, many links be broken, you