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Witness

Vol. Senate Reading Room no 12

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE ELIMINATION OF IRELAND.

(Robt. Ellis Thompson, in N.Y. Freeman's Journal.)

The pious wish of the Englishman, that Ireland should be put under a hundred feet of salt water for twenty-four hours, was not a bad expression of the underlying feeling in the minds of English politicians. It is not so true of the Scotch, who never have acquired that sense of the all-sufficiency of their own country, and of their right to eliminate anything and anybody who came in its way. The Scotchman is deficient in sympathy, but not in intelligence or the desire to understand other people. Mr. Townsend, who edited the Friend of India for many years before becoming editor of the Spectator, says that no Englishman ever acquired such an influence over the natives of India as did the Scotch missionaries, especially Alexander Duff, because the Englishman never hears a native to the end of what he has to say, while the Scotch always do so. And to interrupt a Hindoo is about the same as slapping a European in the face.

So fewer of the Scotch would unite in the wish to have Ireland submerged, though probably Lord Rosebery would have no objection to that way out of the Irish difficulty. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman represent the better Scotch view of the matter, which the Welsh also share. English politicians generally would think Ireland a fine country if there were no Irish in it; and the plan of reducing it to that condition has emerged more than once in the course of English administration of Irish affairs. Elizabeth made a fine effort towards it, and Spenser gives us a glimpse of the approximate success in Munster. Cromwell tried it in his plan for the re-settlement of the country by which the natives were to be imprisoned and starved on the barren west coast. During the period when Manchesterism dominated English counsels the misery of Ireland was traced to the excessive population, and emigration was promoted (especially after the great famine) as the cure-all for the poverty of the people. The London Times probably uttered the thought which lay behind this policy when it talked of the day when a Celtic Irishman would be as rare on the banks of the Shannon or the Liffey as is a red Indian to-day on the banks of the Hudson.

The shallow Malthusianism of the Manchester school of economists has been put out of court first by the sardonic query of Carlyle why a horse should be an addition to the nation's wealth, while a man was a diminution of it? and then by the proofs advanced by Henry C. Carey and Herbert Spencer that a country's strength lies in its men, and its weakness in the loss of population. Nobody to-day talks such nonsense about population as was at one time an assumed truth among educated Englishmen, and was embodied in the policy of Cobden, Peel, Bright and the English statesmen of the early Victorian period. Ireland alone suffices to refute the nonsense. The welfare of the country declined instead of improving with the loss of its people. Every person who emigrated stood for a loss of \$500 on the average, which had been spent in feeding, training, and educating them for the enrichment of a foreign country.

The process still goes forward of eliminating the Irishman out of Ireland, and in the long run of eliminating Ireland out of British politics. The last returns show that while Ireland is a country deficient in women between eighteen and forty, as compared with any other part of Europe, yet the excess of births over deaths last year was 27,761; but that emigration carried off 30,676. This makes a net loss of 2915. The actual loss is far greater than these figures indicate, for 30,676 able-bodied young people, as the emigrants mostly are, have been replaced by 27,761 infants, who will be dependent upon the labor of others

for twelve years to come. Ireland grows more and more the country of the very young and the very old, as the last censuses show; and in spite of all the alleviations of the condition of the farming population by land-laws, the country grows less and less desirable as a field of labor to its own people. Nor is it made more so by a drain of \$15,338,000 from its wealth by the year's emigration.

Manifestly the English have a responsibility for Ireland, which they cannot shirk, but which they are unable to discharge. They are unable for more reasons than one, but one is that they take no real interest in the affairs of Ireland, as they take none in those of India. The House of Commons empties within five minutes after any measure relating to either country has been brought up for discussion. The average Englishman is simply bored by the duty of disposing of the fate of millions of people in the "dependencies" of the Empire; and when he is bored he gets out of the way as fast as possible. The only Irish measure which secures the attendance of a majority is the proposal to suspend the laws of Ireland and "proclaim" the country as a land of outlaws. Under such conditions it is the Englishman's palpable duty to hand over to the Irish people the government of their country and to give up the pretence of carrying it on.

That he must do so is the growing conviction of the civilized world. The right of every people to manage its own affairs is coming to be the first principle of political belief. Even China and Persia are caught by the conviction that the rule of a monarch and a body of officials appointed by him is not the ideal thing they once supposed and are moving toward constitutional government. The Czar lies under the world's censure for resisting the establishment of constitutional government in Russia; and Englishmen of all classes condemn in him just what they are doing in Ireland and India. The British colonies are expressing to the mother country that the time has come for her to give Ireland the self-government they wrested from her as the price of their continuance under her imperial rule. America has been of that mind for half a century and this is admitted even by our Anglo-maniacs of the Pilgrim Society.

Even the stupid party in England has reached the conclusion that "something must be done, you know!" but all parties seem to share the determination that the something shall be as small as possible, and that it shall be given as a "finality" to Ireland. The scheme of "Devolution" put forward by the London Chronicle is probably no more than a guess of an English editor, based upon fragments of information received from various quarters. It is not in accordance with the repeated declarations of the Liberal Party in its national gatherings that it stands by Mr. Gladstone's policy of Home Rule for Ireland, for it proposes to offer the country a mere fragment of what he planned. Practically it requires the Irish members of Parliament to meet in Dublin as the popular branch of an Irish Council, while an upper branch would be constituted of members chosen for larger constituencies and by voters who possess property. At the same time it debars this Irish Council from dealing at all with the most important Irish questions, and places out of their control the most important revenues of the island. Ireland is to be taxed at the rate of paying one-ninth of the revenue of the United Kingdom on property not much over one half of that fraction; and England is to have the spending of the money.

Of course there would be a certain gain from any arrangement which would give Ireland a national organ for the expression of the people's thoughts and wish if there were

only an elective head of the executive. Every advance to that result would put the people in a better position to demand its just rights. But the country is not in a condition to put up with the slow processes of carrying inch by inch the right to self-government. Unless Ireland is to die of depletion she must have a speedy remedy for her wrongs and a prompt relief of her miseries.

The fundamental defect in every plan the Liberals have put forward for the relief of Ireland has been the refusal to allow the Irish people, through their representatives, to deal with the fiscal policy of the country as freely as is done by the British Colonies. So far as I have seen, only Reynolds' Newspaper, the most radical of English journals, has suggested that Ireland should be free to enact such a tariff for herself as her judgment of her own interests calls for. Without that, Home Rule and Devolution would be of worth only as giving a means to demand that, and possibly to secure it. Without that Irish emigration must go on, for the population is still far too dense to live by the land alone; and those who have no land to live by must seek a home in some country which possesses manufactures. Without the process of reducing Ireland to insignificance, by driving out her people, emigration cannot be arrested. The day must come when—as Michael Munhall foresaw—Ireland will be as negligible a quantity as is the Isle of Man in the politics of the British Empire.

Blue Delft in Killarney

The sky that looked so smiling a few minutes ago, now clouded over, grey wrecks of mist trailed down the mountain sides, and the rain that washes the Kerry goats so white began to descend in torrents. We took shelter in a nearby cottage, where we were made welcome by a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman. She lived here alone with her brother. Neither had ever married, and thereby hangs a tale, a pretty romance learned by chance and respected as a confidence, but which showed that the twin blossoms of love and self-sacrifice can bloom as luxuriantly in the poorest cabin as in the palaces of kings. The little cottage was clean, but oh, so poor and bare! An old-fashioned churn with a dasher stood in the corner—evidence that the art of butter-making was not unknown—a spinning-wheel and bundles of knitted socks spoke of thrift and industry. A dresser held some shining pieces of that blue delft whereon is recorded the wonderful Chinese love story. There is hardly a village, even in the remotest part of Europe, where you cannot find some pieces of this blue delft stored away. And here amid the Kerry hills were the familiar figures of the three stiff little Chinese generals on the bridge, the trees with the impossible fruit and foliage, the heathen-looking crew, where the beautiful princess confined, and the two blue swallows on a white ground that brought the message to the prince. I am a little bit inclined to grow enthusiastic over delft, but our hostess listened with not only good nature but a polite interest, and merely remarked that "I seemed to be able to get more than porridge off that slat." That night, with the landlord's aid, we planned our trip for the following day. The trip embraced a variety of methods of locomotion—car, foot, horseback and boat—over the Kerry hills to the Gap of Dunloe, down the rough bridepaths of the Black River valley, boats at the head of the lake and home from Voss Castle by car.—Helen Hughes, in September Donahoe's.

Very many persons die annually from cholera and kindred summer complaints, who might have been saved if proper remedies had been used. If attacked do not delay in getting a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, the medicine that never fails to effect a cure. Those who have used it say it acts promptly, and thoroughly subdues the pain and disease.

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WAS THE POPE WRONG?

Much anti-clerical capital has been made out of an assertion, which has gone the rounds of the English press that Pope Leo XIII. tolerated in Germany what Pope Pius X. refuses to tolerate in France, viz., a new system of parochial organization. Some French writers even draw the conclusion that the present Pope dislikes the Republic and is attempting to embarrass it, so as to curry favor with Germany. That the Holy Father is very proud of German Catholics may be readily admitted, and the marks of his special regard for them are thoroughly well deserved. But that is very far from proving that the conditions of Catholic parochial organization in Germany which were tolerated by Pope Leo are at all identical or similar to those which Pope Pius refuses to tolerate in France. We can only speak to the facts, for we believe that the terms of the agreement is one that speaks for itself, and shows how completely different is the position in Germany from that offered to the Pope by France. Monsignor Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, has done well to publish the details of the German parochial system; nothing could help more to open the eyes of his countrymen to the real nature of the parochial system proposed by their own Government.

In the first place, the German parochial association has the parish priest as its chairman, ex officio, a very weighty matter, as one can imagine. Then, the Bishop of the diocese can revoke the association whenever he pleases. In the case of very small parishes, the Bishop has the right to dispense with an association altogether. When the members of the association neglect or refuse to carry out their duties, the Bishop can dissolve the association. The Bishop has the right to impress upon the association his views about their management of affairs. The association can receive and spend money for charitable and educational as well as religious purposes. The Bishop can dismiss any member of the association who, to his view, fails to act as he should. And at all times the Bishop exercises watchfulness over every important matter coming before the association, and only things of mere detail may be withdrawn from submission to his approval. And while thus completely recognizing the rights of the Bishop to rule his diocese, the German government recognizes the position of the clergy in the social order. Parish priests have a stipend of about £100 per annum, to which will come in addition other voluntary offerings from the Faithful. The Bishops have an annual salary of £1,200. Well may Monsignor Touchet, after reciting these statements, ask what similarity there is between the French Associations of Worship, which ignore the Bishops and priests, rob charitable and educational funds, and withdraw their salaries from the clergy, and the German parochial organization? There is none at all. In Germany the ministers of religion are treated as men whom the State approves, and whose works it admires. In France they are pariahs, robbed here, shackled there, and injured at every possible point. To those who say that the German parochial organization is like that proposed by the French Government the Bishop of Orleans cries, "Give us associations such as these German ones; the Pope will not refuse them!"

That is a plain challenge to the French Ministry. But it is a challenge which the Ministry will decline. They would decline it because the last idea they would dream of entertaining is that of doing anything to the advantage of the Church or of those who believe in her or her creed. The whole history of France since the fall of the Empire is one continual record of acts, covert or overt, against religion. And perhaps, too, the one lesson which the French Catholics have been so slow to learn is that they were in face of a determined effort to root out the Church from the land. But

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Some People's Lives

are ruled and ruined by their livers. The least indiscretion in diet causes a vigorous protest of their liver.

ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT

they are scarcely to be blamed for their failure to recognize that fact, it is a lesson which Catholics everywhere are slow to learn. They cannot conceive that modern states should desire to destroy the very foundations of all belief in the supernatural. They wonder what can have led any level-headed statesman to dislike the Pope, the hierarchy, the Church. Yet the proofs are so evident that anti-clericalism is a moving spirit in nearly every European Government that only a person willingly blinded can fail to note it. With the causes of existence growth and endurance of that spirit of hatred towards the ministers of revealed religion we are not concerned here. All we need to say is, there it stands, a power to be reckoned with. No concession satisfies it, no compromise stops its demands. It marches on from move to move, its appetite growing with what it feeds on. And it has become a question with upholders of religion whether they will not be wiser to meet the enemy now, and join battle with him before his forces are strengthened by fresh recruits. The Holy Father, viewing the position from on high, has in his discretion decided that the fight may come on now rather than later. He has told the French Government, in terms of unmistakable clearness, that he can yield no more to their insidious attacks on the frame of ecclesiastical authority. One after another the Vatican has seen grave difficulties created for the Church in France, and for the sake of peace has forbore to act. Now the list of concessions has ended. The demands of the French Government are of such a character that the very constitution of the Church is at stake. Strange to say, even English journals, and those by no means of an irreligious tone, advise the Pope to yield. That they should misunderstand the position from the Catholic point of view is pardonable; what is less pardonable is their failing to see that the Pope is fighting the battle not merely of the Church in particular but of Christianity in general. He is resisting the destruction of the spirit of religion in France, and those who know the influence of France upon the opinion of Europe will readily realize the effects upon Christianity as a whole of the lapse of that country for the country of Christian peoples. Nor must it be forgotten here that principles which underlie the Separation Law, and govern the clauses regarding the Associations of Worship, are not the end of a movement, but simply a stage in its progress. The spirit of hatred for all things that speak of religion is insatiable. And it is world-wide, too. The nationalism which alarmed our fathers in the renaissance times has been replaced by the more dangerous internationalism of these latter days. Europe has now become a small corner of the world, in which the various nations are as contiguous provinces peopled by men of different speech but of similar spirit, all eager for the emergence of that new ideal of social welfare which they believe will bring the millennium. It is for Catholics all over Europe to see to it that the millennium shall not be without God. And the Pope has done what he can to defend the sacred cause of religion in the country where it is threatened most. Who, remembering this, shall say that he has not done well?

Nothing Short of Complete Home Rule will be Accepted.

In a speech, delivered at Grange, Limerick, Mr. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish party in the house of Commons, referred to the importance and critical nature of the epoch opening for Ireland in the near future. He said that the Irish party had thought it good policy to give the ministers time to mature their plans. The Irish party and people had now forced an extraordinary political situation. The ministers, with two or three exceptions, were avowed home-rulers. He had been told on the highest authority that the government would introduce a bill next year dealing with self-government for Ireland, but he was also told that this home rule government would only introduce what was called administrative home rule. Mr. Redmond was anxious that the Irish people should understand that the Irish Party and he could have no responsibility whatever, direct or indirect, for the proposal of any such makeshift. Neither his colleagues nor he had been consulted. He heard of men being consulted, but he knew neither the leaders nor any representatives of Ireland who had been consulted. The Irish people declared that nothing short of a complete measure of Home Rule, that is, a parliament freely elected, with an executive responsible to it, could ever be accepted.

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HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A reasonable amount of ambition certainly is a good thing, and should never be discountenanced in anyone. Many a young woman, gifted with natural talent and capability, and who might take the highest position in life if she only knew it, sits and sees the procession go by, instead of leading it simply because it never occurs to her to try.

AN IRISH TYPE.

"The Irish women never worry," said a woman who has mixed much in the upper circles of the little green isle; "therefore they preserve their youth better than the women of other nations. A peculiar type of personality has been left in Ireland. England and America have drained off the progressive and hustling—England from the upper classes, America from the lower. Those who are left are of the placid, contented type, from whom the restlessness of present day civilization seems far removed.

A LATE FAD.

Glove handkerchiefs are tiny squares of embroidered linen just large enough to tuck away in the palm of the glove, when out calling, at the theatre, or attending a reception. They are popular with women this summer for there is less chance than ever of a pocket in the skirt of the fashionable gown, and now that short sleeves are the vogue there is no chance of carrying the handkerchief tucked in the wrist of the sleeve, according to the old way.

THAT HANDY POCKET.

Have a large pocket for wrapping paper in some accessible place. Make it of denim or such serviceable material. binding the edges, make the bottom rounding, and slope the top

to a point, finishing with rings. Hang the pocket up by the rings, which will leave the sides open, forming two places to slip in the folded pieces of wrapping paper. Add a little pocket with a flap to the front, for strings of all sorts, and you have a great household convenience.

GIRL WHO SUCCEEDS.

Two busy business men earnestly discussed the young woman employed by one. "Such a nice girl," he said, his tone and brow dubiously puzzled. "So bright, so quick, so industrious, so reliable, so obliging. She's worth every cent of the large salary we pay her. But she spoils it all by being too ready to talk. "I daren't pass the time of day with her pleasantly for fear she'll pour out a perfect flood of gay chatter. Witty nonsense, you know, and she's a good talker; I'll be glad to listen in a parlor, but that kind of conversational enjoyment is out of place downtown."

The listener nodded in a way that showed his sympathetic comprehension of the situation. "I know what that sort of thing is, and it's a great pity," he answered. "I've had women like that work for me before now, and I always get rid of them as soon as possible. But it isn't easy to do this when there's no fault to find save a tendency to excessive chatter; one can't well tell a woman she'd be a more valuable employe if she could learn to hold her tongue. And yet I sometimes think it would be kinder to the girl."

The state of affairs suggested by this talk is by no means uncommon. Many a business man feels inclined, or even compelled to discharge a valued and trusted employe because of her apparent inability to acquire reserve or reticence. It is not always a girl's fault that her office associates lean toward frequent talks with her, but she should remember that few employers regard with favor the feminine employe who always has one or more uncanonical masculine decorations hanging over her desk.

Why, then, should she indulge in the gay social chatter equally out of place and unsuitable in the downtown region? Merely because, being a woman, the chatty social impulse is strong within her, and it does not occur to her, especially if she is young and merry, to curb it during office hours and occupations.

Other things being equal, the quiet, reserved business woman who, though friendly with all, says comparatively little while engaged in business, is the one most likely to reach the top of the ladder. Nor need opportunities for sympathy and kindly assistance to fellow toilers be laid aside.

There are men who must have some one to talk to, who exact sympathy and advice from all who come near them, who, failing a patient wife or a tender mother, will insist that the stenographer, bookkeeper or other feminine employe reap the worry harvest of all their troubles. There are other men—though these are not so numerous—who must share their joys with all about them. A girl habituated to working with a man of either description will, especially if young when undergoing the experience, respond rapidly and even bear the unfortunate business ways thus acquired to offices marked by more desirable modes and conditions.

"Talk only when you must and then to the point," is a good and safe rule for all business women to follow. A woman's wit and intellectual social instincts often lead her

into mistakes that her common sense should correct sharply. Retain the merry heart, the joyous outlook, the friendly impulse always if you would keep young and of value to yourself and your fellows, but sternly repress all tendency to social chatter downtown.

TIMELY HINTS.

A small piece of paper of linen, moistened with turpentine and put into the wardrobe or dressers for a single day or two will keep out the moths.

Although good sunning is the best thing in the world for the hair, it is not particularly good for it to be dried in the sun after shampooing. The sun seems to make each individual hair stand out separate from the others, and, as consequence, it is difficult to arrange it nicely. See that the hair is thoroughly dried and then given a sun bath.

Wipe off furniture with a cloth wrung out in hot water before applying furniture polish. A high polish will result and will not show finger marks.

All hooks used in bathroom, kitchen or pantry should be dipped in enamel paint and thoroughly dried before being screwed in. Then there will be no rust spots on towels or cloths that are hung on them when damp.

A useful thing to remember is that the iron will not stick to the clothes if the starch used has been mixed with soapy water.

RECIPES.

Crab Soup.—Boil one dozen crabs and pick out the meat. Put four ounces of butter in a frying pan; add to it one large onion, sliced. Cook until the onion is a golden brown; then add the crab meat and four tomatoes, sliced; cover the frying pan and stand it on the back of the stove to cook slowly for thirty minutes. Do not use an iron frying pan or the delicate flavor of the soup will be destroyed. Put one pint of stock and one pint of milk in a double boiler, add to it a bay leaf and a sprig of parsley. When the ingredients in the frying pan are tender, press them through a colander and add to the milk in the boiler. Moisture two tablespoonful of corn starch in a little cold milk; add it to the contents of the boiler; stir constantly until it thickens; season highly with salt and pepper, and serve very hot.

Bordeaux Cutlets.—Any two kinds of meat can be utilized. Finely mince the meat, season to taste with salt, pepper and a little Worcestershire sauce; add about one-third the quantity of mashed potatoes; mix with enough white of egg to make the mixture of such consistency as to be easily formed into small chops; stick a small piece of macaroni in each to imitate the bone, dip in beaten egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry a nice brown in beef fat and butter.

Almond Jumbles.—Blanch and chop nut too fine one pound of almonds. Beat one-half pound of butter to a cream; add gradually one-half pound of sugar and beat until creamy; add the yolks of three eggs beaten light and three-quarters of a pound of pastry flour. When well mixed stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Roll out lightly, cut into fancy shapes or small round cookies, sprinkle with white sugar. Place on greased tins and bake until a delicate brown in a moderately quick oven.

FUNNY SAYINGS

HE WONDERED.

"I'd like to know why it is," mused Willie Waffles, "that when I act



Perfect Brightness and Clearness. 4

KINKORA, F. H. Island. Mrs. Mary Jane Greenan who used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic assures me that she has received wonderful benefits from it. She used to take it very frequently, but since using this remedy has not had an attack since early spring, and then not accompanied with its usual terrible effects. Perfect brightness and clearness, of intellect returned after the use of the Tonic. REV. J. J. MACDONALD.

125 Elizabeth St., Toronto, Ont. I cannot sufficiently express my thanks to you for the good Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done me, only the fervent wish that you may continue in your humane work. I owe you a debt of gratitude that I shall always remember. ALEXANDER McLEOD.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

Burdock Blood Bitters CURES Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Burdock Blood Bitters

Burdock Blood Bitters

like thunder, I'm 'cross and disagreeable,' but when ma's that way, she's just 'dreadfully nervous.'"

PROFITIOUS.

An English daily had the following advertisement:—"Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."—Christian Register.

Mark Twain tells a story of a minister who had a call in the country. He had to ride nine miles over a rough road. The horse was spirited and the cart had no springs, and the dominie was jolted up and down until he wished he was dead. Finally the horse ran away, and the minister was dumped in the road. When he was picked up with his collarbone broken, he said: "If I ever go to hell, I want to ride over that road, as I shall be glad when I get there."

NOT ON HER LIFE.

An Irish woman walked into a large department store. The floor-walker, who was very bow-legged, asked her what he could do for her. She told him that she would like to look at the handkerchiefs that were advertised. "Just walk this way, ma'am," said the floor-walker. The woman looked at his legs. "No, sir," indignantly replied the old lady. "I'll die first."

THE IRISHMAN AND THE MULE.

General Phil Sheridan was at one time asked at what army incident did he laugh the most. "Well," he said, "I do not know, but I always laugh when I think of the Irishman and the army mule. I was riding down the line one day when I saw an Irishman mounted on a mule which was kicking its legs rather freely. The mule finally got its hoof caught in the stirrup, when, in the excitement, the Irishman remarked: "Well, begorra, if you're going to git on I'll git off."

STILL ABLE TO FIGHT.

A Scotchman, who had got inebriated, in his peregrinations accidentally stumbled against the pump, the handle in its upward bound striking him on the nose. He put his arms around the pump, and on feeling the handle, exclaimed: "Now, sonny, pit doon yer stick an' I'll fight ye."

"Give me some familiar proverb about birds," said the teacher. Tommy Tucker raised his hand. "The early bird"—he paused a moment, and tried again. "The early bird"—"Yes," said the teacher, encouragingly. "That's right." "The early bird gathers no moss." "Chicago Tribune."

An old Pennsylvania farmer, while on a visit to Philadelphia, was taken with a violent toothache, and calling on a dentist, was informed that the tooth must be extracted and that he had better take gas for the operation. The patient agreed to this, and then started to count his money.

The dentist remarked, "Oh, you need not pay me until I have finished."

"I reckon not," replied the farmer, "but if you are going to make me unconscious, I thought I'd jest like to see how I stand."

THE POET'S CORNER

THE CHILDREN'S CRY.

A ceaseless, plaintive cry goes up to God, To rescue from the clutches of the mills The pale, dwarfed children stooping 'neath their load, Slaves in the shadow of our blood-bought hills— "The death that feeds on darkness and on dust Sucks from our cheeks the birth-right of our years, The endless din of wheel and chain and bar Shuts from our ears Life's song, and leaves us tears.

"The sad, sad tears of ignorance and toil, They fall unnoticed from our weary eyes;

We know not what we miss, we only feel If Death means rest, then Death were paradise.

We have known nothing in our narrow lives, But restless nights, and still more restless days; The ceaseless clanking of the tireless looms The only music that attends our ways."

Sometimes a tired child drops from its place, Its pallid hands are still, their task is done; But ere the wheels have paused the empty space Has claimed another, and the mills go on.

"Oh ye who fill the halls of State, give heed! Give ear unto our cry for Liberty: Strike off the shackles from our helpless hands, Bind fast man's greed of gain, and set us free!"

—Kato G. Laffitte, in September Watson's.

ENVY.

'Tis true that dogs will bark and bay Because the moon o'er them doth shine; And so, 'tis often, too, the way With human folks,—they snarl and whine

Because, with selfish instinct strong, They can not bear their neighbor should To brighter sphere than they belong, Although to shine these folks ne'er could!

O, foolish dog, the moon shines on Despite your valiant labor lost, And, envious heart, when you are gone, And learn, to your most bitter cost, How futile all your efforts proved, Your neighbor still, in his high plane, Will move and smile, as e'er he moved

And smiled at your endeavor vain! —Amadeus, O.S.F.

ACHREE.

Your face is ever with me, I see it in the mist That rises on the moorland

Where we used to keep our tryst. In the red, red clouds at sunset, Where our castles used to be— O, my lover of Glangariff, I am missing you, achree!

Through the patter of the raindrops On the thatch at evenfall, I hear a saddened moaning Like the eerie banshee call, 'Tis your voice forever sighing As the wind upon the sea: "I am wanting you, alanna, Come, follow me, achree!"

In the dusky glow of peat fire I can see you, misty, stand; I can see your mantle gleaming And the beckon of your hand. On the border of the shadows You are waiting but for me— O I'm coming fast to meet you, For I'm missing you, achree! —Elsie Cassaigne King, in The Reader.

THE COUNTRY FLOWER.

She could only thrive in sunshine, This daisy from the plains, When shadows dark loomed o'er her She sank to earth again.

A plain little flower from the open field, Child of the Light and the Sun, Should the shadow stay o'er the daisy's way, The frail little life is done.

Give freely of love, and light, and joy, Guard and shield her everywhere, In her own sweet way will the daisy pay For your kind and loving care.

She can ne'er forget the sunlight Or the country green and fair, Or the honest hearts and loyal friends Who bloomed around her there.

Then cherish the daisy fondly Shield her from care and strife For the sweet little flower from the country Is the wearied city wife. Julia Sullivan.

UPON THE THRESHOLD.

It stood upon the threshold of the door, The little ghost of him we loved of yore; "Come in, come in!" we said; It smiled at us, and gently shook its head.

The firelight filled the room with warmth and cheer, There lay the toys that he had loved, and here The wee dog wagged its tail At that small image, standing dim and pale.

It noticed all, with dreamy, wistful eye, Then vanished with the semblance of a sigh; The great door slammed, and grand-ma raised her head, "The North Wind is abroad to-night," she said.

—Mary Small Wagner, in September Watson's.

What Doctors Say About the Nerves AND THEIR CURE BY THE BUILDING-UP PROCESS AS ILLUSTRATED BY

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Avoid fatigue, hurry, worry, and excess. Seek fresh air, rest, and the best means of increasing the nerve force of the body, or, in other words, use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

These are the instructions the best physicians will give you as the most effective treatment to overcome diseases of the nerves, for, if they do not recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food in so many words, they give you a prescription containing practically the same ingredients.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an up-to-date, scientific preparation, composed of the most powerful nerve restoratives known to science. It is bound to prove effective as a treatment for weak nerves, because it supplies the very elements of Nature

which are necessary for the formation of new nerve force. It is only by this building-up process that you can ever hope to entirely cure sleeplessness, headache, neuralgia, nervous dyspepsia, irritability, brain fog, and the discouragement and despondency which tell of exhausted nerves. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A MODERN SAINT

Rev. Denis P. O'Flynn, of New York City, who died on August 22, used to say that priests ought to die poor and he practiced what he preached. Aside from a valuable library given to the Paulist Fathers he has no discoverable estate—no money in bank, no money in the rectory. "He died as poor as the proverbial church mouse," says his assistant, Father Corrigan. "What little insurance he carried will barely cover the funeral expenses. He never saved a penny for himself. After keeping the house on his meagre salary he gave away all he had."

OUR BY

WINNER OF PI Miss Annie O'Neill, LO

HONORABLE ME Agnes McCulloch, Lon Joseph Caroline, Gran

Dear Girls and Boys: We have come to the at last. I am sure anxious to know who Well, the prize awarded regular and neatest w Miss Annie O'Neill. While her composition

actly up to the mark, prize by her regularity Miss Agnes McCulloug second, but she too fro on pages torn from which, let all my litt remember, is very ba is the general comp make. Remember, no all. In writing a let have a good pen and able letter paper. It cessarily be of expensi must be clean, and nee ly written upon. O must never be allowe have received letters v erasures upon them. must not think me ex all for your own goo You have splendid opp learn how to write which is an art in fresh courage. Try to interestingly as you car forget the rules I hav for you.

Your loving AU (The book awarded warded to-day to O'Neill.)

Dear Aunt Becky: As I am not very b I would write. It is look very much like leaves are dying and d trees. All my flowers dying also. I go to every day and have lo long. The weather is We have not had any ly, only a shower the The pears are ripe no Aunt, as it is gett time, I guess I will Love to all the cous Becky.

Your loving Dear Aunt Becky: As I am afraid I w I wish to put in my I will write to-day, I eight dolls, three of won't let me play with my best dolls; the ot with in turns. Two from Chicago, and o Louis, Mo. I got the to the World's Fair with mamma. One o doll, and it has met cidents and I wou would tell me wh Hospital" is that w the True Witness I Auntie. I will hav put in to have his lim I think that the doc to make him artifi arms. I am going now for a car-ride. I mas when Agnes come up to Montrea at our house as we room. With love to and you, Aunt Becky

Your loving Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky: You cannot imagin felt when I saw so the corner last wee, this all the cousins and their letters week. I wonder wh to Annie O'N and Jo such regular corres did not write last w Agnes McC is the on

LUBY'S The great success and reputation that it has already obtained proves that Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer restores gray hair to its natural color, and, from its balsamic properties, strengthens the growth, removes all dandruff, and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. Can be had of all chemists. 50 cents a bottle.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

WINNER OF PRIZE.

Miss Annie O'Neill, Lonsdale, Ont. HONORABLE MENTION.

Agnes McCulloch, Lonsdale, Ont. Joseph Caroline, Granby, Que.

Dear Girls and Boys:

We have come to the great decision at last. I am sure you are all anxious to know who is the winner. Well, the prize awarded for the most regular and neatest writer goes to Miss Annie O'Neill, Lonsdale, Ont. While her composition was not exactly up to the mark, she won the prize by her regularity and neatness. Miss Agnes McCulloch was a close second, but she too frequently wrote on pages torn from a copy book, which, let all my little friends well remember, is very bad form. This is the general complaint I must make. Remember, now, once for all. In writing a letter be sure to have a good pen and ink, and suitable letter paper. It need not necessarily be of expensive style, but must be clean, and neatly and legibly written upon. Of course, blots must never be allowed, although I have received letters with blots and erasures upon them. Now, you must not think me exacting. It is all for your own good, little ones. You have splendid opportunities to learn how to write a nice letter, which is an art in itself. Take fresh courage. Try to write as interestingly as you can and do not forget the rules I have laid down for you.

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

(The book awarded will be forwarded to-day to Miss Annie O'Neill.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am not very busy I thought I would write. It is beginning to look very much like autumn. The leaves are dying and falling off the trees. All my flowers are fading and dying also. I go to school nearly every day and have lots of fun playing. The weather is very dry here. We have not had any rain here lately, only a shower the other evening. The pears are ripe now. Well, dear Aunt, as it is getting near bed time, I guess I will say good-bye. Love to all the cousins and Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am afraid I will forget what I wish to put in my letter this week I will write to-day, Sunday. I have eight dolls, three of them mamma won't let me play with, for they are my best dolls; the other five I play with in turns. Two of them came from Chicago, and one from St. Louis, Mo. I got them when I went to the World's Fair two years ago with mamma. One of them is a boy doll, and it has met with many accidents and I would like if you would tell me where the "Doll's Hospital" is that was spoken of in the True Witness last week, dear Auntie. I will have my boy doll put in to have his limbs operated on. I think that the doctors will have to make him artificial legs and arms. I am going out with papa now for a car-ride. I hope at Christmas when Agnes and Aggie C. come up to Montreal they will stay at our house as we have lots of room. With love to all the cousins and you, Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece, ETHEL T.

Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You cannot imagine how sorry I felt when I saw so few letters in the corner last week, and I hope by this all the cousins have braced up and their letters will be in this week. I wonder what has happened to Annie O'N and Joseph, who were such regular correspondents. They did not write last week. I think Agnes McC is the only one who has

not failed in writing to the corner. I am very anxious to see who the lucky little cousin is who will get the prize. I think that Lonsdale must be a grand place. I would just love to be able to go there and visit, then I would meet Annie O'N, and Agnes McC. They both seem to be such smart girls I would love to meet them. I was glad to see that Agnes and Maud C. did not fail to write last week, and I hope they will have a letter in this week also.

Well, dear Auntie, I must close now as I cannot spare any more time for my lessons. I am going to try and go down some day soon and see how the True Witness is turned out. I am living in the same city so I do not see why I should not take advantage of so kind an invitation. With love to all the cousins, and yourself.

Your affectionate niece,

LILLIE T.

Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is getting rather lonesome now to see that our happy summer holidays are coming to an end. These are lovely cool days and evenings, and I am glad it is a little cooler, for it was so warm that we could hardly do anything. I suppose it was the same where you live, Aunt Becky. I suppose it was too warm for my cousins to write to the corner in vacation. I only hope that they will keep on writing. Some of them said they were. We had the threshing machine to-day. I only wish you could have heard me blow the whistle. I was a little scared at first, but I didn't mind it afterwards. These are lovely nights for sleeping as it is not too cold or not too warm, and there are no mosquitoes to bother you. Well, dear Auntie, it is time for me to say good-night as I am sleepy.

Your loving niece, AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, Sept. 21

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was sorry I did not get my letter written in time for this week's paper, but I hope there will be letters enough to fill the corner without mine. I am feeling fine this week weather. I spend the day out of doors in the shade of the trees. The doctor was here to-day, he says I'll have to keep the weight on my foot for four weeks longer. The time won't seem so long if there are lots of letters every week for me to read. Papa went to see my sisters Sunday. They like to be there very much, not at all lonesome. I am anxious to get the True Witness. With love to you and all the cousins,

Your loving nephew, JOSEPH.

Granby, Sept. 20.

THE SCHOOL BELLS.

Ting-a-ling! say the school-bells All over the land: And the children come trooping, A merry band: "The road to learning is long," they say, "And we'll take up our march this very day."

Ting-a-ling! ting-a-ling-ling! The teachers all wait: So you must not be absent, Nor must you be late: "For the road to learning is long," they say, "So take up your march this very day."

Ting-a-ling!" In the school-room All voices are still: And the children are working With eager good will: "If the road to learning is long," they say, "We'll take up our march this very day."

GROWLER.

It was a brave thing for Tommy to do; but, then, Tommy was a brave little fellow, though he didn't look it, with his yellow hair all about his dear baby face. Tommy was a stranger in the town. He had come with his mamma to board in a pretty cottage near the great one where the Chambers family spent their summers.

Tommy had always wanted a dog—a regular-bull, big-jawed bulldog. And when he was awakened that first morning in the cottage by a tremendous roar he jumped out of bed and ran to the window.

Sure enough, there, in the very next yard, was a big white bulldog, with a broad, ugly mouth and a jaw that looked as if it had been smashed.

Tommy was delighted; but it must be confessed that through his delight went little shivers of fear. While he was getting dressed he talked about his dog neighbor, and all through breakfast he could think of nothing else. His mamma did not permit him to eat doughnuts; but he asked her, in a very low voice, if he could have one to take over to the bulldog. She smiled and laid one upon his plate.

There was a wire fence between the two gardens. Tommy and his mother went at once to the gate.

"May we come in and call upon your fine white bulldog?" Tommy's mother asked of the gardener.

"Sure, ma'am, ye may come in. But th' further ye keep from that creature th' better off ye'll be—ye an' th' boy. No one goes near Growler. Th' cook pushes his bones and water up with a rake. He's bin on his chain for a month now; but he's gettin' worse and worse."

The old gardener shook his head toward the big dog, who stood pulling at his chain. The dog knew that something unkind had been said about himself. This made him angry. He gave a terrific growl and tried to get at the gardener. Tommy stood very close to his mother and reached up for her hand.

"Poor creature!" said Tommy's mother. "It will ruin any dog's temper to keep him chained."

"Sure, Growler's temper was ruined entirely long before he was born," said the gardener. "Keep the little fellow back, mum; Growler's cross to boys."

"Perhaps bad boys have teased him?"

"That they have, ma'am. Durin' th' winter th' caretaker of th' cottage didn't mind his business well, an' one day some of th' village boys managed t' throw a coat over Growler's head an' tie a tin can to his stump of a tail. Since then he's been pertickler hard on boys. But he won't be long. We're just keepin' him till young Mr. Graham comes home from college. He'll put an end t' such ugliness. He's a good shot—is young Mr. Graham."

"Has any one tried being kind to him?" asked Tommy's mother. The gardener didn't answer this question. You'd better look sharp after the boy," he said, and turned again to weeding his flower beds.

The dog grew quiet. Tommy's mother did not know whether to go or stay. Tommy pulled her hand and held up the doughnut. "I think he'd like it," he said. "It smells so good."

"Well, wait a minute and you may toss it to him."

They went a little nearer. "Poor dog! good old fellow!" said Tommy's mother.

Growler could hardly believe his ears. Some one speaking kindly to him!

"Poor doggie!" came Tommy's sweet little voice. "Dear old fellow!"

Over and over they said the words as they stepped a little and a little nearer. Tommy held out the doughnut. Growler saw it was something good. Maybe he smelled it. Then, when Tommy tossed it over to him, he jumped on his hinder legs and caught it in his mouth, and swallowed it with a gulp.

"I don't believe he tasted how good it was," said Tommy. His mamma laughed.

They called him "good dog" and "dear old fellow" a good many times. They then went away, and Growler stood looking after them, wishing they had stayed or taken him with them. He wasn't cross that morning. He kept thinking of those two dear people and hoping they would come back. But they didn't come. He was tired of being chained. He wanted to run and stretch his legs. In the afternoon he became cross again, and the gardener shook his fist at him as the poor fellow pulled and snapped at his chain.

But the very next morning, "Hello, Growler, old fellow!" was called out to him, and there they were again! Growler trembled with joy. He really wagged his stump of a tail, and when Tommy threw the doughnut to him he swallowed it quicker than before.

"See him smile!" cried Tommy. "He's surely smiling."

"Sure, ye won't smile if th' chain breaks!" cried the old gardener, and Tommy came close up to his mother and reached up after her dear hand. Strange how a mother's hand helps

to make a little boy brave sometimes!

But the third morning Growler was so glad to see them that Tommy actually went up near enough to let him take the doughnut out of his hand. My! how he ran back to his mother the next minute, though.

After that the three became firm friends. Young Mr. Graham came home from college. He was told all about the matter by the gardener, who begged that Growler be shot before he could do harm to the little boy.

But young Mr. Graham wanted to know more about the matter. He talked with Tommy's mother, and they all went, together the next morning, to make a call at the kennel.

Growler was not very glad to see his new caller; but after a little they became friends. The young man unlocked the chain and led the poor creature out upon the lawn, patted his head kindly and told him to run about.

Growler could hardly believe his eyes or his ears. He ran and jumped and barked and rolled over like a wild dog. And every minute or so he came up to thank his friends by smiling with his big mouth and wagging his stump of a tail with all his might.

Young Mr. Graham gave him a good scrub with his own strong hands. He rubbed and brushed and combed him from nose to tail, and what do you think? Why, when college opened in the fall Growler was taken to college, where he became the pet of the football eleven, of which Mr. Graham was one. And he had a beautiful blanket with a big letter on it, and was made the mascot of the team!

Wasn't it fine? And it all came about because Tommy was brave and his mamma was kind.

MADE MOTHER HAPPIER.

"Mother's cross!" said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a good deal in the night with the poor baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that if anybody spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will!"

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution toward the room where her mother sat tending a fretful teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother?" she asked. "It's such a nice morning."

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

The little sack and hat were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

What a happy heart beat in Mag-

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gie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down the walk. She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words. "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross."

WHAT PATTY SAW.

Such a disagreeable little girl Patty saw! Her eyes looked red, and there was a big pucker right in the middle of her forehead. It looked as if somebody had forgotten to take out the gathering-string. Her lips stuck out as if she were going to have them bored, as some of the women of Africa do, and her hair looked as if she had her head on a pillow for some reason. When she glanced up and saw Patty looking straight at her, she looked very much ashamed, and the puckers drew out of her forehead, the lips went back where they belonged, and she began to smooth the tumbled hair.

And where do you suppose Patty saw her! In the looking-glass.

THE LITTLE LIGHT.

A little boy was visiting at a lighthouse. He had come with his mother that morning in a row-boat, and all day had been delighted with the strange and new things in the home on the rocks. "But the night will be the most interesting time of all," he said to his mother.

When darkness began to gather, his uncle stood at the foot of the narrow winding stairs and said: "Come up with me."

Freddy was surprised, for in uncle's hand there was no big, blazing light—just a candle burning away with its tiny flame.

"Why are you going into the glass room?" asked the little fellow.

"I'm going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is," answered his uncle.

"No ships could see such a little light," said the disappointed boy.

But by that time they were in the glass room, and a great light was streaming across the sea. The little candle had lighted the big lamp. You cannot shine very far for God, perhaps, but keep your little light bright, and trust him to make use of it.

A ROYAL FIRST COMMUNICANT.

The first communion of that particular Duke of Burgundy, who was Fenelon's pupil, was an event that filled the whole court with admiration and edification. The young prince ever retained a vivid and profound impression of the piety with which he accomplished the important act; and well he might, for that act affected a veritable change in his character. "Little by little," wrote one of the followers of the court,

"we noticed the disappearance of those faults which, in his childhood, inspired anxiety for his future. His progress from year to year was marked, and he continued to do violence to himself in order thoroughly to destroy those faults. Communion, piously received, so changed him that, from being violent and hasty, he became gentle and mild. So uniformly were these latter epithets merited by him that one would have thought mildness a fundamental quality of his character, and virtue quite natural to him."

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Among the Persians at the time of Cyrus the boys were taught to ride, to speak the truth and to draw the bow. That meant manliness, truthfulness and courage, all essential to the character of a gentleman. The knights of chivalry, who were gentlemen of their time, added the duty of rescuing the oppressed and distressed, and this completed the ideal by teaching unselfishness and service. If a boy is taught to be always self-respecting, courageous and truthful and invariably considerate, not outwardly but as the expression of true kindness of spirit, of the rights and feelings of others, he will grow up, whether he be rich or poor, a professional man or a laborer, to have the right to claim not in his own right, all that it implies, "the grand old name of gentleman."

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills. Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nerve system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Brain Fog, etc. They are especially beneficial to women troubled with irregular menstruation. Price 50 cents per box, or \$ for 12 boxes. All dealers, or THE T. MILBURN CO. LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1906

IS THERE TRUTH IN THE RUMOR? Dame Rumor has much time to be abroad. Though denial of all knowledge very often follows from quarters where there is reason to believe the rumor emanated, still there is the old axiom: "There is never smoke without fire."

MORE TROUBLE IN OTTAWA. Ottawa is the storm centre of Catholic educational troubles these days. In addition to the university outbreak, the difficulties between French and English-speaking supporters of the Separate Schools is being fiercely ventilated.

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON HOME RULE. Cardinal Gibbons has been interviewed in Baltimore by a representative of the new organ of the Campbell-Bannerman Government, The Tribune.

mirer of the Irishman in America. Pointing to the success of Irishmen in the United States Cardinal Gibbons says that with similar conditions at home the same type of successful men would be produced.

ABUSE OF TRUST. The insurance Commission has uncovered in Toronto during the past few weeks many instances of the most reckless covetousness on the part of the custodians of trust funds.

EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND. The report of the Irish Registrar-General for 1905 indicates the drain of emigration in every line. The actual decline in the population during the year was about 3000 souls, as against 15,000 in 1903 and 12,000 in 1904.

LUGGING IN BRITISH HOME POLITICS. Sir Howard Vincent is on one of his regular trips through Canada campaigning for Joseph Chamberlain, "the first gentleman of Birmingham."

C. R. DEVLIN. Rumor is busy with the name of Mr. Charles Devlin, M.P. for Galway. It is said he may re-enter public life in Canada with a view to taking the front place as an Irish Catholic representative.

LIBERALITY OF BRANDON CITY COUNCIL. Appreciating the good done by the Sisters of Notre Dame of the missions at Brandon, the City Council has voted a by-law by which it exempts the Sisters' school from taxes for twenty years.

EDITORIAL NOTES. The Catholic papers published in Rome hold that a regular manufactory of false reports has been set up in Paris. The Osservatore Romano devotes a special article to the subject.

The Matin says that the Jesuits are buying or leasing houses with the intention of transforming them into chapels. It is asserted that they intend to organize privately in all places where there is an income for religious purposes after the removal of the secular religious leaders.

Roman news of the week contains the list of assistants to the General of the Society of Jesus. They are Fathers Freddi (Italy), Fine (France), Ledochowski, nephew of the Cardinal, (Germany), Abed (Spain), and James Hayes, of Liverpool, representing all Anglo-Saxon countries.

of extraordinary ability and rector of the Gregorian University in Rome. He studied canon law in England, where the German Fathers have a university founded when they were expelled from the Fatherland.

Sir Antony MacDonnell, in a speech recently delivered at a banquet in the City of Dublin, said of the prospects of Home Rule: "My firm belief is that the coming year of 1907 will see the fruition of many of the hopes which the best Irishmen have for many years entertained."

A brilliant two days' sham fight between English and Irish forces has just been concluded, in which the Irish force swept through the channel, captured Portsmouth and annihilated the entire British force.

By the new French law journalists, doctors, lawyers, actors, artists and members of the liberal professions may work Sunday, but printers, machinists and errand boys may not.

A Struggling Infant Mission IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRIBT, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week. Average weekly Collection... 3s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader.

TO THOSE OUTSIDE THE CHURCH. It is to me a consolation and a joy—I say it again and again, and more strongly as I grow older—to know that, in the last three hundred years, multitudes of our own countrymen who have been born out of the unity of the Faith, nevertheless believe in good faith in all their hearts that God has revealed Himself in Jesus Christ, and that what they have been taught from childhood in His revelation, and that He has founded upon earth a Church, which, in their baptismal creed, they call the Holy Catholic Church, is the Church in which they themselves have been baptized, reared and instructed.

OBITUARY. The Rev. W. J. McNab, supreme chancellor of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, died on Sunday last at the age of 62 years.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE. Solemn Anniversary Service will take place in St. Ann's Church on Thursday, October 4th, at 8 a.m., for the happy repose of the soul of Mr. John Kane, who died on October 4th, 1905.

Pale and Weak Young Girls. Suffering from Anaemia, caused by the Impure Air of Offices, and run-down by the excessive work of the shops, remember that the "Trappists' Phosphated Wine of Cinchona Bark" is the Sovereign Remedy, is able to cure Debility and Chloro-Anaemia.

Sadlier's Catholic Complete Speller. Oral and Written. The Appendix contains Words Pronounced Similarly, Facts in Pronunciation Rules in Spelling, Prefixes and Suffixes, Capital Letters, Punctuation Marks, Abbreviations, Names of Persons, Test Words, and Roman Catholic, English, and Dominion Titles and Forms of Address.

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COWAN'S COCOA. GIVES AN ASSURED TREAT ALWAYS.

believe that multitudes of such persons are in good faith, and that God in His mercy will make allowance for them, knowing what are the prejudices of childhood, of an education studiously erroneous, what is the power and influence of parents and of teachers, of public authority, and of public opinion, and of public law; how all these things create in their minds a conviction that they are right, that they believe the one Faith, and are in the one Church, in which alone is salvation.

More than one best? When you ask your grocer to send you the best flour, he sends you—his best. When you know the best flour, and order by the name, the choice is not left to the grocer. Many grocers handle Royal Household Flour as their leader. They have found it the safest flour to recommend because its results are sure and its purity is unquestioned.

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J. J. GARLAND. GRAVEL ROOFING and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Work. Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty. Also Portland Cement Work. 27 & 29 St. James St., Montreal.

The Oblate Fathers, who have elected a new general order at Rome in the person of Pere Lavillardiere, of France Canadian delegates at the was Rev. Father Tourange vicinal. Other delegates went from the United States other countries. The order founded in 1816 and approved Pope Leo XII in 1826. In branch house was established.

English-speaking clients Francis and Franciscan Tert particular will be pleased to that this year for the first time will have an opportunity of celebrating the feast of their Seraphim, Thursday, October 4. day a special service will be for them in the lower church Dorchester street west, at m. Panegyric of the saint, of the Transitus (or Passing) Francis, Solemn Benediction creation of the saint's relic.

BISHOP RACICOT BLENDING LAND FOR CHURCH. Mr. Racicot, auxiliary bishop of Montreal, on Sunday evening, the land for the new church parish of Ste. Cecile de Ville. Rev. Abbe Desnoyevs has been named pastor of the established parish, and Rev. Belanger, of St. Louis de Frs, assisted His Lordship.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOARD. At the weekly meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners Tuesday evening, a letter was from the Hon. Rodolphe Roy the opening of the Catholic schools for Oct. 1, the class remain open until the end of the year.

Mr. Maurice Cullen was appointed drawing teacher at Sarafield in succession to Mr. Henri Belanger who has gone to New York.

The last number of the "U" the principal organ of the clergy, tells us all that the possibility of learning concerning important deliberations of the

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The following sums have been received for transmission to missionary in India: Already acknowledged\$14.00 Mrs. E. M. Law 7.25 (Collected in Hamilton, Ont.)

NEW OBLATE GENERAL

The Oblate Fathers, who have several religious houses in Canada, have elected a new general of the order at Rome in the person of Rev. Pere Lavillardiere, of France. Among Canadian delegates at the chapter was Rev. Father Tourangeau, provincial. Other delegates were present from the United States and other countries. The order was founded in 1816 and approved by Pope Leo XII in 1826. In 1848 a branch house was established in Montreal.

PATRONAL FEAST OF FRANCISCANS

English-speaking clients of St. Francis and Franciscan Tertiaries in particular will be pleased to know that this year for the first time they will have an opportunity of celebrating the feast of their Seraphic Patron, Thursday, October 4. On that day a special service will be held for them in the lower church, 964 Dorchester street west, at 7.30 p.m. Panegyric of the saint, ceremony of the Transitus (or Passing) of St. Francis, Solemn Benediction and veneration of the saint's relic.

BISHOP RACIOT BLESSES LAND FOR CHURCH

Mgr. Raciot, auxiliary bishop of Montreal, on Sunday consecrated the land for the new church of the parish of Ste. Cecile de Tetreaultville. Rev. Abbe Desnoyers who has been named pastor of the newly established parish, and Rev. Abbe Belanger, of St. Louis de Franco, assisted His Lordship. Rev. Abbe Deschamps, chaplain of the Deaf Mute Institute, delivered the sermon, after which Abbe Desnoyers added a few remarks thanking the Bishop for coming to preside over a ceremony which marked the forward progress of the parish. It is expected that the new church will be ready for service for mid-winter mass at Christmas.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOARD

At the weekly meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners held on Tuesday evening, a letter was read from the Hon. Rodolphe Roy, fixing the opening of the Catholic night schools for Oct. 1, the classes to remain open until the end of February. Ald. Vallieres gave notice of a motion providing for the selection of a new set of teachers for the night schools. The Provincial Government grant for those schools is \$5000, and Mr. J. H. Bergeron is maintained in the position of director. The grant to schools under the direction of female lay teachers was fixed at \$6.25 for each pupil during the current year. Mr. Maurice Cullen was appointed drawing teacher at Sarsfield School, in succession to Mr. Henri Beau, who has gone to New York.

ASSEMBLY OF FRENCH BISHOPS

The last number of the "Univers," the principal organ of the French clergy, tells us all that there is possibility of learning concerning the important deliberations of the French

bishops: "The last assembly of the bishops was held this morning (the 8th). This afternoon the ceremony at Notre Dame will take place according to programme already published. Some papers have been giving more or less detailed accounts of proceedings, which were held in secret. All that we can say is that the bishops having taken cognizance of events which will call for resolutions, will make them public at a propitious time and in proper form. It is, however, possible that they will address the Catholics of France in a collective document in which it will be made plain that their Lordships will unanimously decide to remain in statu quo. Bishops, priests and the faithful will remain in their different establishments while awaiting the Government's orders banishing them."

OPENING MEETING OF LOYOLA CLUB

On Wednesday, October 3, 1906, the first regular meeting of Loyola Club will be held in their rooms, 96 Alexander street, at 4 p.m. sharp. Mrs. F. H. Waycott, President of the Montreal Women's Club, 1903-'06, has kindly promised an informal talk; Miss Cecile Quirk will recite, and tea will be served.

An invitation is cordially extended to the young lady readers of The True Witness to be present. The year-book for 1906-07 will be ready for first meeting, and the programme included therein is one of great attractiveness. Many papers on Church history have been promised by clergymen who are famous for their eloquence as well as learning, but owing to uncertainty of date it was thought advisable to leave subject and contributor to be announced by the secretary.

Any one wishing to become a member will please address Miss Mary Tansey, 14 Drummond street, who will gladly send year-book and give all information.

ST. PATRICK'S BOYS' SCHOOL GAMES

Last Friday afternoon was the annual field day of St. Patrick's Boys' School on the Shamrock grounds. Perfect weather lent itself to make the day most enjoyable, and well contested games were witnessed by the large gathering attending.

The following gentlemen acted as field officers:—Starter, Mr. F. Lukeman; Judges, Mr. J. L. Murphy, Dr. Prendergast, Mr. B. Tansey; Clerk of the course, Mr. John Brophy; Referee, Mr. Frank Maguire; Umpires, Mr. E. Ryan, Mr. James Rowan, Mr. Jas. McMenamin.

The special championship prize was won by Master Leslie Dann, the senior championship going to Master Richard Lynch, and the junior championship going to Master J. Graham.

The following were generous donors to the prize list: Rev. Father P. Heffernan, St. Patrick's School; Dr. W. J. Prendergast, Mr. R. Walsh, Mr. R. Kiley, Mr. J. T. Murphy, Mr. Bert. Hyland, Mr. J. Gallery, Mr. F. Lukeman, Mr. Jno. Warren, Mr. Frank Brady, Mr. M. Delahanty, Mr. Frank Brophy, Mr. J. Brophy, Mr. J. Dawson, Mr. J. Rowan, Mrs. J. P. Nugent, Mr. W. Altimas, Mr. J. A. Ryan, Mr. John Graham, Mr. Jno. Nugent, Mr. H. Hoobin, Mr. F. Donovan, Mr. Thomas McCracken, Mr. Jos. Primeau, Mr. Lea Hale.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT

Last night witnessed a state of things in the Catholic Sailors' Club seldom recorded to the credit of our social gatherings, viz. that the hall was altogether too small for the number of people that sought admission. The evening's entertainment

was in the hands of St. Patrick's Society, and certainly nothing was left undone to make it a success in every respect. Mr. Frank Curran, president of the society, occupied the chair, and at the opening of the concert a more encouraging outlook would have been hard to expect. The programme was well furnished. Mention is due in a special manner to Misses Fitzgerald, Furlong, Patterson and an engaging little companion, as also to Messrs. Jackson, Boston, Wilson, Miller, Brown, Forrester, Hurst and Corrigan.

Rev. Father Killoran, of St. Patrick's Church, in a few well-chosen words of praise and encouragement, eulogized the courage and general work of the sailor, pointing out graphically and forcibly the part played by him in the extension of all the resources of the many countries it is his mission to pass through, as well as the dangers and privations which it necessarily becomes his lot to suffer in the fulfilment of his manifold duties.

On the whole the concert was one of those events which should serve to show the solid feeling of appreciation and friendship which exists in the heart of the general public of our city in recognition for the signal services bestowed upon the human race through the work of the sailor. Next week's concert will be in the hands of Father Dowd Court, C.O.F., when, let us hope, as large a gathering will attend.

IMPORTANT MEETING AT TOWN OF ST. LOUIS

A largely attended conference was held in the St. Louis town hall on Tuesday night, the outcome of a petition, bearing one hundred and fifty signatures, asking the town council to reduce the number of licenses for the sale of intoxicating drinks in the town, and further requesting that all the saloons should be compelled to close at 7 o'clock every Saturday evening and at ten o'clock on other evenings in the week, to re-open only at 7 o'clock the following morning.

Mayor Gelinas presided, and there were also present Aldermen Godon, Chalfoux, Neville, Grignon, Dubinville, Desjardins and Turcot. The clergy were represented by the Rev. Canon Lepailleur and the Rev. Messrs. D. J. Graham, T. Brown and J. F. Flanagan. The hotel interests were represented by Messrs. Laing, Garipey, Gagne, Dupras and Cloutier; and those who signed the petition were represented by Messrs. Lewthwaite, Gladston, McFarland, Drysdale, Blachford and Miller.

Canon Lepailleur, after emphasizing that there were altogether too many licenses in the town, took occasion to remind the Council that on May 9 last a by-law was brought before them on this question of licenses. That by-law, which had not yet been passed, contained the following clause:

"Any hotelkeeper who is convicted twice of keeping his premises open on Sundays, shall lose his license." "If that by-law had been adopted," added the curé, "the request which has called us together tonight would not have had its raison d'etre. I ask, then, that the town Council shall adopt that by-law without further delay. Though I deplore the too great number of saloons we have in this municipality, I do not ask for their suppression purely and simply, because, as I have already said, that might be an injustice, but I do say there should be a diminution when the circumstances are such that there would be no injustice."

"As to the earlier closing of the saloons, I am in favor of the principle, but I appreciate that it is not practicable unless the same measure is adopted in Montreal." In conclusion, Canon Lepailleur suggested that a committee be formed to interview the City Council of Montreal and the Councils of the neighboring municipalities with a view of carrying the question before the Quebec Legislature, demanding a reform of the Licensing Law.

The Rev. D. J. Graham endorsed the remarks made by the Rev. Canon Lepailleur, and heartily supported the suggestion to carry the question to the Legislature.

TEMPERANCE CONVENTION

Although it is a well known fact that the temperance movement as we have it to-day is essentially the outcome of the expressed wish of His Grace the Archbishop, yet his manifold duties have prevented him from being present at any of the meetings. However, at Tuesday night's gathering in St. Pat-

rick's Hall, he was represented by His Lordship Bishop Raciot, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal.

Touching the question of the meeting proper, it was certainly a most interesting one, Questions of vital interest were dealt with, and much animation and interest were evinced throughout.

The various English-speaking parishes of the city were well represented. Besides His Lordship Bishop Raciot, there were present on the platform the following: Rev. Father James Killoran, chaplain of the union; P. McDonald, St. Mary's; P. Heffernan, St. Patrick's; R. E. Callahan, St. Agnes; President J. Kelly; vice-president P. Polan; recording-secretary J. J. Collins; treasurer R. J. L. Cuddihy; Delegates E. J. Colfer, W. H. O'Donnell, St. Gabriel's Senior T. A. & B. Society; E. Foster, J. Redmond, St. Gabriel's Juvenile T. A. & B. Society; J. Easton, St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society; P. Marnell, C. Shanahan, St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

Rev. Father Killoran welcomed His Lordship Bishop Raciot, and explained to him the aim and object of the new Union. His Lordship said that he was glad to be present as the representative of the diocese to give his hearty support to the work of the Union. His Grace the Archbishop had inaugurated a temperance campaign, but it was a heavy task. The drink habit was the crying evil of the present day, as it not only destroyed the soul of its many victims, but their bodies as well. Bishop Raciot was glad to see that the Archbishop was receiving worthy support from the temperance societies of the city and the union also.

The payment of employees by cheques, which were afterwards cashed in saloons, was discussed at length. Rev. Fathers Heffernan and McDonald, Messrs. Easton, M. J. O'Donnell, E. J. Colfer, giving their views on the matter. His Lordship Bishop Raciot said that he had not studied the question.

A motion was passed that a special committee, consisting of the parish priests of the English-speaking parishes, the chaplains of the different societies, and a representative of each of the total abstinence societies represented in the union, wait on His Grace the Archbishop to discuss the matter so as to adopt ways and means to put a stop to the evil.

A message from Rev. Brother William, director of St. Ann's School, was received, announcing that he was about to establish a juvenile total abstinence society for the pupils and ex-pupils of the school. Chief of Police Campeau had been written to by the Union on the Sunday liquor traffic, the side doors for women and young girls, and the selling of liquor to minors, but the Chief had not acknowledged the receipt of the document.

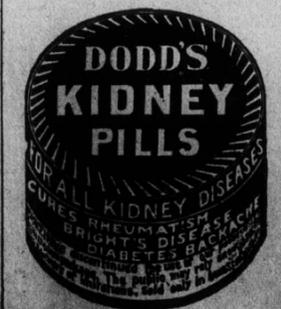
Letters of regret were read from His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, who was called away to attend a meeting of the Council of Public Instruction at Quebec; Rev. Father Rioux, P.P., C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; Rev. Bro. Prudent, director of St. Patrick's School.

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PERSONAL

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi is in Quebec, where he will attend the session of the Council of Public Instruction.



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NOTICE

The Annual General Meeting of the members of the Equitable Mutual Fire Insurance Co. will be held in the building known as St. Jean Baptiste Market, corner St. Lawrence and Rachel streets, Montreal, at 10 a.m. on WEDNESDAY, the THIRD October, 1906, for the election of directors, transaction of general business, and to ask the Provincial Government the power to transfer the Head Office to Montreal and also to convert the said Company into a stock company.

S. T. WILLET, President.

Death of Mother Mary of the Rosary.

During the week just ended, an eminent religious, Mother Mary of the Rosary, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary, whose mother house is at Hochelaga, was called to her eternal reward. Surrounded by her grief-stricken Sisters and attended by the Chaplain of the Community, the venerable Superior awaited her final summons with complete resignation and a childlike confidence.

Mother Mary of the Rosary, known in the world as Miss Henriette Prefontaine, was early chosen by the Master for His special service. Left motherless at the age of eighteen months, she was brought up in her native village, Beollet, by an uncle and an aunt, the grand-parents of the Rev. A. X. Bernard, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe. After attending school for some years at the near-by convent of Beollet, Miss Prefontaine, in her eighteenth year, asked and obtained admission into the Novitiate at Hochelaga. Since that period her religious life of over forty years has been wholly given to the interests of education, and to the up-building of a Christ-like character in the many to whom she has ministered as teacher, as Mistress of Novices, or as the directing spirit of a numerous and widely disseminated Sisterhood.

Her administrative talents led to her being appointed to the headship of houses in Rutland, Vt., Windsor, Ont., and Winnipeg, Manitoba. During thirteen years she exercised the functions of Novice Mistress, and in 1900 was elected, according to the constitutions of the Order, General Superior for the term of five years. Re-elected only a year ago without a dissenting voice, Mother Mary of the Rosary seemed to see before her a lengthened career of usefulness in her appointed portion of the Lord's vineyard. But the malady, cancer of the stomach, which has terminated so fatally, soon afterwards began its ravages, and compelled her, about Easter time, to withdraw almost entirely from active duty. From that period, her sufferings, increasing day by day, made manifest the beauty of a soul to whom God becomes visible in every mandate of His will. Like the saints of old, she did not refuse to die. After the return of the pupils in early September, the dying Superior expressed the wish to see them all for a last time. They filed slowly through her room, each receiving a sweet glance of recognition, a motherly word of advice, or, if new-comers, a gentle smile of welcome. Love for young people had ever been one of her marked characteristics. In each

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youthful student she discerned the Christian woman of the future, wielding an influence proportionate to the training received, and such were her gifts that she was successful in making of virtue the most attractive every-day philosophy. At the news of her death, former pupils, friends of long standing, and a numerous clergy flocked about her to pay a last tribute of respect and veneration. Her funeral, largely attended, was honored by the presence of Archbishop Bruchesi, who officiated at the Requiem Mass, and accompanied her remains to the cemetery of the community at Longueuil. Perhaps, the most fitting close to this imperfect notice will be the reflection made by a visitor to the room where the remains of Mother Mary of the Rosary lay while awaiting burial: "How consoling to remember, now that she is gone, that of the many opportunities she had for making people happy, she lost not one."

A consistently unselfish life seems a palpable manifestation of God's goodness to man. When such a life is transformed by spiritual aims, it becomes a revelation of His holiness, an aid or encouragement to the many who falter by the way.

Among those present at the obsequies, besides His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, were the following: Right Rev. A. X. Bernard; Very Revs. C. A. Beaudry, J. A. Senechal, F. X. Jeanotte, C. A. Choquette, Sup. P. Larose, Sup. St. Hyacinthe; Very Revs. F. L. T. Adam, Ecc. Sup. Sisters Holy Names; A. P. Dubuc, G. M. Lepailleur, Montreal; F. Ph. Beauchamp, Ottawa; Revs. Chs. Le-coq, P.S.S., Sup. R. Labelle, P.S.S., Director, J. Filiatreault, S.J., Rector, J. Jodoin, O.M.I., Sup. A. Fiset, C.S.S.R.; Sup. V. Pauze, Director Assumption College; C. Ducharme, C.S.V., Prov. Sup., also numerous other clergymen, parish priests, representatives of religious communities, sympathizing friends and former pupils of the Sisters of the Holy Names.

There is as yet no culture, no method of progress known to men, which is so rich and complete as that which is ministered by a truly great friendship.—Phillips Brooks.

Thos. Sabin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

Amid the tireless breaking of the billows on the shores of experience, there is no surer anchorage, than friendship, that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things.—Sarah Cooper.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1906

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CHAPTER XLII.—Continued.

"I have done you and your daughter a great wrong, madame," Florian said with simple directness, "and I thank you for giving me this opportunity to express my sorrow and ask your pardon. I deserted Miss Lynch for another far beneath her in real worth. It was a heartless act, but at that time I found such acts of mine easily justified. My eyes are opened. I have no words to express my sorrow for what I have done. I hope you will forgive me."

"You were forgiven at that time," said madame, gently,—so gently that Paul's heart leaped with hope. "I owe it to you to say," continued Florian, bowing, "that my feelings towards Miss Lynch have never changed. They have only been obscured. I believe sincerely that at one time these feelings your daughter returned. Although she has released me from the engagement, I do not think she lost those rights on me which it gave her. I am glad to make the poor restitution of renewing the offer which I once had the honor to make to her. I do it fully conscious of my own unworthiness. I beg of you not to misunderstand my motives."

Madame never hesitated in her reply, although while Florian was speaking she had caught the petitions of three appealing faces, the third being now visible through the half-open door, where Peter was listening, impatient and interested. "I do not pretend to know your motives," she said calmly, "but we reject for good reasons. It is quite impossible that my daughter should ever again consider marriage with you."

The face of Frances grew pale as death, but her lips were pressed tight in determination. Paul growled and Peter started forward, then drew back. Madame crushed these signs of rebellion by her proud and confident indifference.

"Perhaps it is best," Florian said after a pause. He had received her answer without any surprise, as if he considered it a very proper thing. "There have been many changes in my life which might not be agreeable to you. In no way am I the same as when I first had the honor of proposing for your daughter's hand. I will never again be the same, I trust. I have done all that I know how to do in atoning for a great injury. You have forgiven me. It would be a great pleasure to know that in your opinion I have done all that is possible."

His wistful gaze and simple words disconcerted mamma considerably. She was half convinced that the man was acting, but his motives were hidden, nor could she discover them. There was no adequate motive to explain all this masquerade. "You could not have done more," she answered steadily in a tone that closed the interview. Florian rose and bowed his farewell.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A rumor crept through political circles in the metropolis that Florian was closing up his legal business on the point of retiring to a more congenial field of labor. It was only a rumor, and before it could be verified the great politician had utterly disappeared from the sight of men. A reporter was knocking his door out of shape for an interview at the very moment which saw him approaching Clayburg on the evening train. Thus the world would always knock at the door of his heart. Never again would they open to any of its emissaries, and his joy had something of the nature of a relief. He was willing, he was reflecting Clayburg from the south for the last time. Behind him in the distance his burnt ships were smouldering—his fame, his power, his wealth, his memory, his love! Men would nevermore see them in their proud beauty sailing rough seas towards glorious harbors! If they heard of him—and he prayed they would not—it would only be to hear of his conquests over himself, and probably they would shrug, and wink, and smile, and touch their foreheads knowingly to insinuate his mental weakness, a fact which pleased him greatly and drew a smile from him, as showing how often the

world mistook wisdom for folly. He jumped from the train before it reached the depot, and made his way across the fields to the river. It was now the first week of May and the ice was gone, but the chilly air blew sharply across the water, and the shore resounded under the breakers. He stood on the hill for a moment with his eyes fixed on Linda's resting place, where the tall monument pierced the sky. His resolution had been to look no more to the past, to leave its sad reflections in the grave, and to keep his eyes on the future, while his thoughts engaged the present and made what they could out of it. At this moment it was impossible. Back went his recollection to the hour when Linda was in the meridian of her health and beauty, when he was young and full of hope and unstained by sin, when Ruth was his by love's clear title. The intervening years were like a nightmare—ignorance at the beginning, murder at the end, and mystery everywhere. Was he not dreaming now?

At a convenient spot along the shore he found a boat, whose he knew not, but used it as if it were his own. It was a long and weary pull against a north wind until he reached the shelter of the channel; longer and wearier across Eel Bay to the anchorage below the cabin and the night reminded him of that blustering, raw evening when with Ruth he had first set foot on his island. First to the grave and then to the house! He lit the fire and drew the curtain, fondled Isaac Walton, and, settling close to the log blaze, felt himself at home. His home! He was cut off from the world at last and forever. His next flight he hoped would be heavenward.

Ruth quickly received word of his return and the events preceding it, and had a long conversation with Pere Rougevin touching the new hermit. As a part of a plan which she had conceived, and the pere improved and perfected, the squire was informed of Florian's presence in Clayburg.

"Where is he stopping," said the old man doubtfully, "What's he doing here at this time of the year? What's he come for?" "He is living by himself on Solitary Island," said Ruth. "For the rest you had better ask himself." "What!" murmured the squire, and he said a queer word under his breath, "have you Jesuits got hold of him again?" "The news came from New York," Ruth replied indifferently. "I know nothing more about it, papa." "Well, you'll know more after I get back, girl. Living on Solitary Island, hey? I'll build that island to the cats. It's made more trouble, for a little two-acre mud-heap that it is, than old Grindstone! Does the pere know of this?" "I told him, papa." "Of course you did. You and he are always plotting and planning. He's a sneaky Jesuit, that pere, and I'll tell him so when I see him. And mark me, Ruth, don't let me hear of you or the priest visiting that boy without my permission. You're both free and independent, but, by the shade of McKenzie! I'm sheriff, and I'll make you both feel it if I'm disobeyed."

"We have not the faintest desire," said Ruth meekly, "to see Florian; but we fear he is troubled, and we know that there is no one like his old friend to help him. Unless you permit it, we shall not go near him." "You're a deep pair," said the distrustful squire, shaking his leonine head, "but I'm to be ahead of you, anyhow."

What the squire feared and distrusted he scarcely knew, but he was ready to maintain against all opponents, that Florian's proper place at that time was New York City. Not to be there was, in his eyes, dangerous for so prominent a politician. He shook hands with the hermit on entering the cabin, and sat down in a panic. This was the man who had bought the ticket weeks previous in Clayburg station, but surely it was not Florian. "What's happened, Flory?" he asked in a hushed, awed voice. "I've changed my method of living," said Florian gravely. "I should think you had," murmured the squire feebly, "but I don't get the hang of this thing, somehow." The hermit did not seem to care much for his dazed condition, as he made no effort to relieve it. The

squire shook off a tendency to faint with disgust. "Flory," said he sternly, "I've sworn by you since you were born, because there was not a year nor an hour of your life that I couldn't put my hand down and say, He is just so. I can't do that now. What's come over you? Why are you here instead of in New York? Who's been bewitching you? What has happened to you? Good God?" cried he in an excess of feeling, standing up to hit the table into fragments with his fist, "tell me something, or I'll think you've been dead and come to life again."

The crash of the broken furniture sobered him for an instant. Florian looked with slight displeasure at the ruin. "There is no need of excitement," he said, soothingly, and the tone cut the squire to the heart. He sat down trembling, almost crying, as a suspicion of Florian's sanity entered his head. "I was dead," continued Florian, "and I came to life again. You are very shrewd, squire."

He paused, and Pendleton waited long for further information, but none came. The hermit sat gazing into the dying embers of a fire, and at times moved naturally around the cabin, arranging odd articles or brushing them. The squire stared at him with a feeling, as he said afterwards, that Rev. Mr. Buck was pouring ice water down his spine. "I suppose it surprises you, old friend," Florian said, with sudden cordiality, "but I have come here to live for good. You know who lived here before me. I am not better than he, am I? It pleases me to follow him, and I don't think the world has any reason to make a fuss over it."

The squire considered this expression of a future policy some moments, and then, reverting to the words, "I am not better than he, am I?" said emphatically: "Yes, you air, Flory, and don't you forget it." Here a pause while he gathered himself for another burst, and then, "Better than him! Why, what was he more than a slave of the Russian Empire—with all respect to him as your father—a fellow that didn't dare call his life his own? And you are an American citizen, a governor, almost, of the greatest State in the Union, and a Clayburg boy. Flory, this looks like insanity. Flory, I don't know what to say to you. I'm groping. Can't you look and talk for one minute as you used to. Flory?"

This appeal made no further impression on the hermit than to illuminate his pallid face with a smile. The squire made a few more weak attempts upon the hermit's defences, and then rushed in sudden and overpowering disgust for the door. "I've got to think," said he, "and I can't do it looking at a corpse." He did not hear Florian's laugh as he banged the door—the first laugh that had passed his lips since the night of Vladimir's revelations. After an hour he returned and resumed his seat with a determination written all over him. "I must know the ins and outs of this thing," he said quietly; "and I'm going to put some questions as the sheriff of Jefferson County, What's to prevent me from jailing you?" "Nothing," said Florian, "unless the consequences—jailing yourself."

CAUGHT COLD ON THE C.P.R.

A. E. Mumford tells how Psychine cured him after the Doctors gave him up

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption." The speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a husky healthy farmer. He works his own farm near Magnetawan, Ont. "I caught my cold working as a fireman on the C.P.R.," he continued. "I had night sweats, chills and fever and frequently coughed up pieces of my lungs. I was sinking fast and the doctors said there was no hope for me. Two months treatment of Psychine put me right on my feet and I have had no return of lung trouble since."

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"Now, Flory, be reasonable and answer squarely. Have you thrown up politics for good and all?" "I have, squire." "Are you going to live on this island for the next forty years or so?" "With God's will, yes." "H'm! that smacks of the Jesuits. What's the reason of this, Flory. Did you get a pious stroke?" "I suppose it was that," said Florian, meditating, as if a new question had touched his soul. "Is it in the papist line, lad, something like your father? I hoped you were working away from the Jesuits?"

A faint blush spread over Florian's face. "I am nearer to the Jesuits than ever, squire, but not as near as I could wish." "So I thought," said the squire, shaking his head—"so I thought. And I must say my opinion of the Jesuits is considerably smaller than it was an hour ago."

He reflected a few moments, and saw that Florian's curiosity was aroused. "Had I been the boss of the Jesuit corporation," said he, aiming his eyes and finger at Florian's reason, "I think I could have done a smarter bit of business than has been done in letting you bury yourself out of sight. When you got your pious stroke and came to me to have it utilized, put in the market, so to speak, I'd have thought in this way: 'Here's a man as clever as the devil, a speaker, a wire-puller, a statesman; knows the ins and outs of everything. Here we are, papists, without much standing, with no politicians to speak on our side, nobody to look after us when the spoils are dividing and the Methodists are gobbling everything; nobody with the ears of the nabobs between his finger and thumb to tell our story there. Here's a man dying to get such a job.' And I'd give it to you and send you out, if you did nothing else than educate young papists to do as you did, Flory," said the squire solemnly. "Could you let me have the name or the daguerrotype of the boss Jesuit? I've heard and seen a great many fools in my time, but I put him down as the completest fool that was ever born."

It was an impressive speech and had a meaning which Florian seized upon quickly. The squire might have retired at that moment with honor. His mission was fully accomplished, and he had sent home like an arrow a thought which had not yet broken upon Florian's mental vision. But the squire buzzed and buzzed a thousand commonplaces in the hermit's ears for another period, and departed, out of humor with himself and the world, only when Florian politely showed an inclination to lead him down to his boat. Ruth rejoiced when she had heard the substance of the conversation stormily poured from his lips. His one sensible objection to Florian's idea of a solitary life tickled him much, and he was never done describing the effect it had upon Florian, all unconscious of how innocently yet successfully he had played the part intended for him by those scheming Jesuits, his daughter and the priest. In fear that he might spoil the effect which he had created Ruth forbade further visits to the island until the hermit had time to revolve the thought in his mind.

"You know Flory," she said to him—"how when you present him a new idea he thinks and thinks about it until he knows it to the core. Let him think upon it for a week. It was such a very good idea."

"Wasn't it now?" said the gleeful squire. "I'd like to present him with one more, and that would fetch him." While he hugged his triumph to his bosom, Florian had time to digest his lately-acquired information, and the way was paved for an assault by the wary Pere Rougevin. No man on a diplomatic errand could look less concerned than the priest, and his "just dropped in" air was perfect. He was well-informed of the squire's late interview when he paid his casual visit to the island. The hermit was not suspicious, but the pere was also careful to arouse no suspicion. Florian's manner had not changed. His thoughts, however, had suffered a serious invasion upon their routine, and he was wishing that the priest would introduce that subject of which they had spoken at their last meeting. Something in his manner must have caught Pere Rougevin's quick eye, or he would not have made his adieu and walked to the door so confidently, leaving the object of his mission in the shade. Florian did not stop him as he went out, but rose up and followed him.

"Do you remember," said the hermit, "of expressing at one time a doubt as to my vocation to this solitary life?"



"I do," said the priest promptly, "and I have my doubts still, but I thought it better to leave this work to yourself." "Would you mind telling me why you think my vocation is doubtful?" "Why," said the pere, with hesitation, "on general principles we need in this country more of the active, less of the contemplative life. With regard to your case we need such a man as you in public life, you can see that without further explanation."

"I have thought of it," said Florian, and there was a touch of sadness in his voice and in the droop of his head. "Your circumstances are so peculiar that I hardly dared decide upon the matter. I think yet it is best to trust it to yourself, and if you need any advice upon particular points I can give it to you."

"Thank you," said the hermit. And with so few words the work was done. The pere said but one sentence to Ruth when he met him at the dock: "The occasion is ripe for you, miss," and went on his way smiling. Ruth had some difficulty in restraining the squire up to this point, and still more difficulty in persuading him to accept her company on the proposed visit to Florian. He declared he had no confidence in her since she became a Jesuit, did not know but that she would intrigue to keep his boy on the island, and had a general feeling against her saying or doing anything in so delicate an affair. Ruth vowed solemnly that her only desire and aim was to restore to a loving and grieving and injured heart the one man who could bring peace to it, and sealed her declaration with an all-conquering kiss on the rough, paternal face.

"You know what'll fetch me every time," said the squire; "and since there's another woman in the pie, come along." Ruth could hear her heart beat as she approached the cabin above the boulder. What would the final result be? They could not keep from Florian the secret of their assault upon his determination to do penance as a solitary. Would the knowledge drive him into obstinacy? She did not yet know the extent of the change which had taken place in him. Florian opened the door for them.

"If your visitors are all as persistent as we are," said she, smiling, "you will not have much of your solitude." "I fear I am not to have much of it anyway," he replied in such a tone as made it hard to tell his feelings. "Your father, here, has disturbed me on that point, and Pere Rougevin has almost settled it that I shall go out into the world and be a hermit there."

"The best thing the pere ever did in his life," said the squire. "Which would be very hard for you, Florian," said Ruth with a gentle sympathy that woke him at once, while the squire was resolved into a thunder-cloud at this treachery. "Ruth, you tell me what to do," Florian said humbly and submissively. "It is easy enough to endure this solitude," she continued; "it may be beautiful to certain natures. But to be alone in the busy world is very trying. Of course duty makes the hard things easy and sweet. That would be your only consolation, Florian."

"Now, papa!" said Ruth, bringing the boiling volcano down to a harmless simmer. "You ought not, Florian, if there would be no danger to yourself in holding a power which was to you so strong a temptation." (To be continued.)

WANTED THE RECEIPT.

A very aggressive and highly successful crusade in favor of temperance has recently been going on in a certain Scottish city, and a young minister, whose eloquence is marred only by the unfortunate remarks he sometimes makes, has persuaded several heavy drinkers to enter the temperance fold. Meeting one of his converts one afternoon he stopped him and inquired how he was getting along. The man kept well back and the minister's suspicions were aroused. "Ah, Robert," said the reverend gentleman, sadly, "I'm afraid you've been drinking. I can smell it in your breath." Robert didn't deny the impeachment—in fact, he couldn't—and just remained speechless, his eyes fixed on the ground in front of him. "Now, Robert," continued the minister, "you never smell the odor of liquor in my breath." "No, sir, I never did," was Robert's reply; then, in a most anxious tone of voice, he added: "What d'ye dae for it?"

OUTSIDE TESTIMONY

The following from the sermon of a Unitarian minister, Rev. O. J. Nelson, of Bellingham, Wash., is a rather notable admission for a Protestant clergyman: "Strictly speaking, none but the Catholic has an infallible Bible, and none but the Catholic can be rightly called an orthodox Christian. Theoretically all other Christians assume the right to exercise private judgment, but in fact what they really have done ever since the reformation has been to select a council, which is but a poor imitation of the Catholic council, to decide what is orthodox. "There is but one Christian church of real and consistent authority, and that is the Catholic Church, so I appreciate the chuckle of amusement from a friend of mine, a Catholic priest, when he commented on the Dr. Crapsey trial. Said the priest: 'Several heretics trying another heretic!' And so it was. I imagine the trials for heresy among the so-called Protestants provide amusement for the thoughtful Catholic. A scholarly priest in Illinois said the time would come when but two churches would remain—the Catholic Church—the Church of authority, and the liberal church—the church of private judgment. I believe that prophecy, and let me say in passing that the Catholic Church commands my intellectual respect, for they are what they assume to be, a church of authority, orthodox, in fact as well as in name, and their priests occupy a logical and consistent position in that they teach in unmistakable terms what they are authorized to teach and preach, the doctrines of the Church."

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