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Vol. LVIII., No. 58 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1909 PRICE, FIVE CENTS

## A Reproachment and Its Removal.

*Commons R. R.  
Dec. 1899*

### A Graphic Story of the Dreadful Cataclysm of '47-'48 in Ireland.

(By Vivian Grey, in Canadian Messenger for August.)

The ancient chronicler, Giraldus, once taunted the Archbishop of Cashel because no one in Ireland had received the crown of martyrdom. "Our people may be barbarous," the prelate answered, "but they have never lifted their hands against God's saints; but now that a people have come amongst us who know how to make them (it was just after the English invasion), we shall have martyrs presently."

Did the archbishop, speaking from the depths of a prophetic soul, see the gaunt spectre stalking forth throughout the land? Did visions of leaner kine than ever troubled Pharaoh's dreams float before him along the Shannon's banks and over against the shores of Killarney's loughs? And was it the portentous shapes discerned in the Angevin dawn which became the grim realities of the first decade of the Victorian reign?

### AN IRISH CATACTYISM.

The years 1846, 1847, 1848 witnessed a cataclysm in Ireland, for at that time a famine fell upon the land. The potato crop failed, a failure that meant the extermination of the Irish peasantry, whose dependence on this tuber dated from events well-known in Irish history. Successive high-handed land-deals—Elizabeth Stuart, Cromwellian—had driven the Irish to the bogs and mountains, where they discovered existence possible only through the cultivation of this esculent, so tenacious of life in conditions hostile to all other species of food-plant.

But a blight came; the crop was ruined. The country soon found itself in the throes of a famine. Who was to provide? who was to act? Ireland had no legislature of her own, nor had she for seven and forty years. In the Imperial Parliament she had but a delusive semblance of representation; and so totally useless was any action of theirs that the Irish members preferred to stay at home. But the politicians in England probably knew nothing about the condition of the country from which the cries of distress proceeded, or if they did, they thought the time opportune for the making of political capital out of a disaster. It is a historic fact that the people were dying by thousands of famine and of fever before England as a nation could see her way to move at all in the matter. Even at the famous monster meeting held in Dublin, in 1846, where a formidable array of lords, commons and land-owners raised their voices in protest and appeal, nothing practical resulted. The answer of the Imperial economists to the solemn warning and demand of this august assembly, was simply: "We cannot interfere with the ordinary currents of trade."

### THE TEMPORARY RELIEF ACT.

True, the Temporary Relief Act was passed and put into force a portion of the year 1847, but its application was made with unappealing humiliation to the Irish race. The Hon. A. M. Sullivan has left himself on record as a witness: "I doubt if the world ever saw so huge a demoralization, so great a degradation, visited upon a once high-spirited and sensitive people. I frequently stood and watched the scene till tears blinded me, and I almost choked with grief and passion."

This Act and a scheme to rid Ireland of its surplus population were really the only means settled on by the Government to cope with the disaster.

But the people, the peasantry, "once the country's pride," were dying, and dying by tens of thousands, of famine and of fever. The alternative now became fight. "To the sea! to the sea!" and the great and melancholy exodus began to the sea, away from the dear old homeland, to the wilds and rigors of the Canadian colony.

### DEATH IN COMMAND.

Who shall depict the tragedy of those scenes? Broken hearts, bitter tears, despairing farewells. The slow-moving ships, whose sails were shrouded, their prows turned westward, and death in command. Vessels laden with thousands of perishing Irish plowed the Atlantic, and no pen can ever describe the nameless horrors of a voyage in one of those floating sepulchres.

Sir Stephen de Vere, who shared the wretchedness of an emigrant ship in the interests of his afflicted countrymen, subsequently addressed a letter on the subject to the Under-Secretary of State. "If the emigrants washed," he wrote, "they could not cook their food from lack of water; they had to stay in bed to feel their hunger less; ardent spirits were sold to passengers once or

twice a week; lights were prohibited because the ship was freighted with powder for the garrison of Quebec, though there were open fire-grates upon deck, and lucifer matches and lighted pipes used secretly in the sleeping berths." And this ship was by exception better than the other emigrant vessels coming to Canada.

### UNSHRIVEN AND UNHOUSELED.

Hundreds died on the long voyage out, unshriven and unhouseled, being necessarily cast overboard to mix with the elements of ocean's depths. Those who survived reached the quarantine stations at Partridge Island, New Brunswick, and at Grosse Ile, below Quebec, enfeebled by long lack of proper nourishment, and infected with disease either from this cause or from the foul insanitary conditions of transportation. They found no adequate preparations made for their coming, and they were obliged to remain on the ships at anchor, suffering untold misery.

At the end of the month of May, 1847, the chief agent for emigration at Quebec, sent a report to the emigrant vessels at Grosse Ile to the Earl of Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada, in which he says: "The number at present detained there is twelve thousand, the greater part of whom are still on board the ships." He considers the question of feeding this large body of people a great and serious problem, the supplies being low, and the regular ration being too scant anyway properly to support human life. "The mortality," he adds, "is truly alarming, the number of deaths averaging from forty to fifty a day."

### GOVERNMENT METHODS.

Again in a memorandum to a letter from the Governor of Canada to Earl Grey, dated "Government House, Montreal, June 28, 1847," we read: "The number of emigrants already arrived at Quebec, up to the 20th June inst., is 28,452. The number of deaths among them has been truly fearful, and of those who have not been attacked by disease, a large proportion have become so weakened and emaciated from various causes that they require almost as much attention as the sick, and will require it for months to come." Earl Grey, in his capacity as Secretary of the Colonies, answers that the representations on this important subject will receive the serious consideration of Her Majesty's Government, etc. He then recommends economy and the guarding against a too generous provision, lest the emigrants come to consider themselves as wholly dependent on the Government.

From May 24, 1847, to October 16th of the same year, about one hundred thousand Irish emigrants or more properly speaking, British subjects, if not indeed, full-fledged citizens, were reported to have been landed in the country, and were lying helpless in the sea and river ports of Canada."

### NO IRISH WANTED.

It seems that the German and other emigrants to the Western States, at this particular period, found no difficulty in proceeding to their destination; but the Irish who were desirous of joining their relatives in the United States were not permitted to land at the seaports along the frontier. The American steamboats on Lake Champlain refused to take them; and the authorities at Ogdensburg invariably sent them back. At Oswego and Sackett's Harbor, the same course was adopted; at Lewiston, the ferryman was imprisoned for landing Irish immigrants at that place. The United States Government naturally objected to having their country made a dumping ground for the victims of Great Britain's "Clearance" policy in Ireland and they had legislated with a view to self-protection. A law was enacted limiting the number of persons which each passenger vessel was allowed to carry, and raising the passage price so that destitute persons were excluded. A law previously in existence in the State of New York was more strictly enforced, which obliged the owner of a vessel to give bonds that no emigrant brought out by him would be chargeable to the Commonwealth for a period of two years after arrival. The enforcement of these laws helped to augment considerably the number of diseased and destitute persons to Canada.

### AWFUL CONDEMNATION.

In the official accounts of the time one meets certain depositions made by the incoming on their arrival at Grosse Ile, which carry awful condemnations of some Irish landlords, the demolition of houses, the separation of families, and other instances

of cruelty and treachery that make the Acadian tragedy of 1755 pale into insignificance. Sweeping generalizations are, of course, not to be indulged in. It is a fact that sympathy and assistance were given by many landlords and by hosts of individuals, both in Ireland and England, but, in the main, Government methods had to prevail. The calamity was exploited for the making of political capital, with the dire result that two million people, mostly the peasantry, perished in those dreadful famine years.

### A CRY OF DISTRESS.

The nations of the world responded to the cry of distress which went forth from the British Isles in 1847. John Mitchell told the truth, however, when he wrote the words that every son of the Celtic race would endorse: "I solemnly affirm that neither Ireland, nor anybody in Ireland, ever asked alms or favors of any kind, either from England or any other nation or people; it was England herself that sent round the hat." He wished that the world should know this, even while Ireland was trying to show her eternal gratitude to those nations and individuals who came forward with help:—to the Czar, the Sultan and the Pope, for their roubles and their paus; to the Pashas of Egypt, the Shah of Persia, the Emperor of China, the Rajahs of India, and above all to the United States which did more than all the rest of the world—Philadelphia taking the lead in conspiring to do for Ireland what her so-styled rulers refused to do—her her young and old people living in the land."

### THE TIDE TURNS WEST.

Westward on to America continues to turn the tide of a hopeless, hapless migration. The quarantine station of Grosse Ile reeks with the squalor and the horrors of deadly disease and enforced degradation. Physicians, clergymen and private individuals, devote themselves heroically, but their efforts to cope with the exigencies are in the proportion of a loaf to a hungry army. Suffering and death, fever and panic on all sides. At Grosse Ile alone, the total number of deaths is estimated at nearly six thousand.

With the opening of navigation in May, 1847, it was decided to send on to Montreal the corvalescent at Grosse Ile and Quebec, as well as the new arrivals who were not yet attacked by the typhus; so that Montreal now became the head center of the trouble. Obedient to the instructions of the encyclical of Pius IX, on the Irish Famine calamity of 1847, Bishop Bourget, of Montreal, addressed a circular letter to his parish priests, requesting the immediate assistance and co-operation of all the faithful in the fearful emergency which the colony was facing. The response was prompt and generous, considering the circumstances and the population of the country.

### ARRIVAL IN MONTREAL.

A committee was immediately formed to prepare for the arrival of the unfortunate people who were soon to be cast upon the shores of the Upper St. Lawrence. Temporary hospitals, or sheds, were hastily prepared by the municipal authorities, and by the middle of June six thousand Irish had been landed at Montreal. Of this number thirty-five hundred were at once assigned to "the sheds"; the others being sent up the country to Bytown, to Kingston, to Toronto, and adjacent points. But as was to be expected, before the early days of July the epidemic was raging in Montreal. The average daily number of deaths went as high as thirty and forty, the disease being no longer confined to the strangers, but having spread among the inhabitants of the city.

### THE RELIGIOUS AID.

The Sulpicians closed their college to allow their staff of professors to give the dying the benefits of their ministry; the Jesuits of New York City sent a contingent of their members to fulfil the pressing duties of the hour. At the request of the emigration authorities, the Grey Nuns of Montreal took up their position at the front, and never flinched during the ordeal, though all it may be said, contracted the disease, and many laid down their lives in the field. The Sisters of Providence joined their assistance; even the cloisters of the Hotel Dieu were thrown open, by episcopal order, to allow these Religious to serve in the moment of imperative need. Bishop Bourget was there with Bishop Pellan, of Kingston, not only to alleviate spiritual sufferings, but to alleviate physical suffering as well.

Matters continued thus for several weeks, the pestilence abating at times, only to break out anew, until the scourge had at last spent itself and the ordeal was over. In the month of August of this "Black '47," whose gloom thus extended to all America, the Bishop of Montreal wrote a second pathetic letter, wherein he invoked the Virgin Mary, under the title "Our Lady of Good Help," to come to the assistance of

(Continued on Page 8.)

## Dr. Eliot's New Religion.

### Keen Commentary Upon Senseless Argument of Harvard's Late President.

There is a summer school of theology connected with Harvard University. Dr. Eliot, the retiring president of the institution, lately addressed the pupils of that wonderful school, preachers of all shades and temperatures, and the fact that he did it is enough to immortalize the halls of Harvard in the eyes and minds of every paltry preacher in America.

It is old news to learn that Doc. Eliot wants a new religion; even the "Podunk Bugle," edited by our friend Si Slodden, knows that, and so do its readers. It may not be amiss, however, to take up Doc. Eliot's "New Religion" for a short study.

Among other foolish things, Eliot says (addressing the famous theologians of Harvard) is this:

"As students in this course you have attended a series of lectures on popular education and the modern spirit of enquiry, on religious departments and organization. You have also listened to lectures on psychology, and by that I mean the scientific doctrine, which after fifty years has perceptibly modified the expectations of thinking people."

### RELIGION A FLUENT THING.

"The general impression you have received from this course must surely be that religion as personified is not a fixed but a fluent thing. It is, therefore, wholly natural and to be expected that the religious conceptions prevalent among people should change from century to century. Now the nineteenth century immeasurably surpasses all preceding centuries in the increase of knowledge, the spread of scientific enquiry and the passion for truth seeking. Hence the change in the religion of this century is more extensive than ever before in the history of the world."

So religion is no longer a "fixed" thing. It is as changeable, in Eliot's lovely mind, as a shirt. Still, self-same cultured individual of Massachusetts, notwithstanding his inherited Unitarian standards, will speak to us of Our Saviour Jesus, and tell you that he, Eliot, is a Christian. Withal, even a man in whose mind but feebly glimmers a dying spark of Christian sense, knows and understands that the Eternal Son of God, would never have become man to found a "fluent" religion, one adapted to blow the way every wind would have Doc. Eliot's whiskers blow.

### THIRTEENTH CENTURY GREAT-EST.

Of course, as Eliot is not of the "Dark Ages," the nineteenth century was the era of human glory and grandeur. People slept in the past; but some of the nineteenth-century elected Eliot to Harvard's supremacy! That is the whole trouble! All the greatness of today fell from a cloud, and was, in work, thought, and improvement. In all probability, the Unitarian professor of Harvard has had no time to either read or learn that the thirteenth century was the greatest of all. He is a Rationalist, and yet he will not hear the scholars of his school. He does not know, it is plain, that the philosophical mind of to-day is living on the past.

In the thirteenth century, the Catholic Church controlled things and men; there was peace and there was order; there was strong intellectuality and there was sound morality. But the fact that Rome led is enough to set Eliot preaching and prating about "new religion." Has not every youth of twenty years been given a new lease of life, since Eliot wrote or talked to the "yellow" press?

Eliot's "New Religion" will suit the young man with an old man's face who wants none. It is certain, too, that no class of citizens will welcome the day of "Eliotism" in religion more heartily than the vast army of crooks in the slum-capitals of America, and that, in spite of Dr. Eliot's personality, in spite of his own integrity and in spite of his strict living of which he has always afforded an example.

Dr. Eliot says his point of view is that of a well-read American layman. That may be; but he forgets to tell us to what degree his head is now swollen. Nor did he give us any proof of his extended sanity, a few days ago, when he cited the names of the books everybody should read. We think he is evidently failing, and so, are sorry that he refuses to be silent. Notwithstanding his nonsense of the past, in newspapers and pamphlets, he really deserves a better fate at his own hands.

torals of our bishops! A Newman and a Benson were won to the Church through our Bishops and their wise and pondered words. Hosts of men shall fall and dwindle into nothing through utterances such as Harvard's god delivers.

Meanwhile, preachers will have nothing to say or save. They will simply stand in awe and amazement, Gallant men, like Bishop McPaul, of Trenton, N.J., will come to the front to protest. Many will read what he says, but few will listen. Honest young men will go to Harvard in the strongest years of their lives, listen to what they are taught, and fall by the wayside. Daily papers will continue to inflict upon their honest readers the offal of diseased minds. Many will read and many prove failures.

All Doc Eliot needs is the contempt of silence. He is stepping from Harvard a more foolish man than when he first donned the gown of its presidency.

PADRAIG.

## Stolen Sacred Vessels.

### Found in a Peculiar Way After Lapse of Two Centuries.

Sacred vessels stolen from a monastic church nearly two hundred years ago were discovered the other day in a singular manner. In the neighborhood of Lake Constance, Switzerland, a hunter wounded an old she-fox. The fox took refuge in her hole. The hunter succeeded in drawing the creature with her two young from the burrow, and in doing so heard within the den a peculiar metallic noise. Securing a pick, he loosened the soil around the hole, laying bare the cavern. What was his surprise to find a large number of gold and silver vessels—chalice, ciboria and the like—all forcibly bent and indented. The sacred vessels were several hundred years old, and undoubtedly belonged to the nearby Monastery of St. Gerold, which was robbed of its ecclesiastical goods on the night of August 21st, 22nd, 1721, and which had never afterwards been recovered.

## Double Jubilee at Montfort.

The jubilee of the twenty-fifth year of the orphanage as well as that of the establishment of the Company of Mary in Canada, was held on Sunday and Monday at Montfort, and was a memorable event, not only at the orphanage, but throughout the surrounding district. The fête began with the arrival of the train on Saturday night bringing Archbishop Bruchesi and other distinguished visitors from Montreal and Ottawa. The front of the building had been gaily decorated with small flags and garlands of evergreen and paper roses, and archways of evergreens were erected at the entrance, while the whole was brilliantly illuminated with electric bulbs and lanterns. The entire establishment turned out to greet the Archbishop, the boys carrying scores of Chinese lanterns, multiplied in reflection in the still water of the lake.

At Mass on Sunday morning Archbishop Bruchesi officiated. A banquet was given at noon, followed by a concert by the children in the afternoon, and visitors were shown over the building.

Mass on Monday morning was celebrated by Mgr. Routhier, of the archdiocese of Ottawa, who also gave the address at the unveiling of the monument to Father Bouchet, erected by orphans of former years.

### Priest With a Record.

Rev. Father Story, of Brockport, N.Y., has never missed celebrating two Masses on Sunday during the past 46 years at his church. He was ordained 54 years ago by the late Bishop Timon of Buffalo.

### Noted Actress Takes Veil.

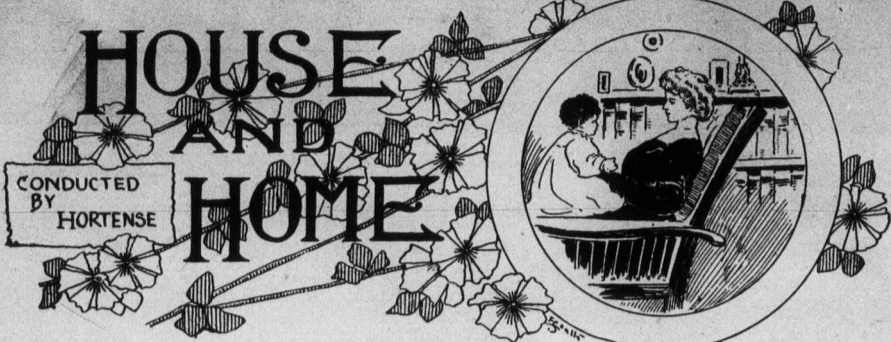
A despatch from New York announces that Miss Mabel Howard has forsaken the footlights and entered a convent.

She is now serving her novitiate, and in a short time she will take the veil. She has entered the convent of the Order of Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd of Angers, New York. Her determination to enter the church came after an illness of three years ago, which forced her to retire for a time from the stage.

Miss Howard has appeared with Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac," and Mme. DuFrano in "Za Za," with Mrs. Leslie Carter. She played the leads in the "Heart of Maryland" with Gillette, in "Sherlock Holmes," and later in repertoire with Otis Skinner and Ada Rohan. Her last engagement was with Ezra Kendall.

It often happens that the man who seems to take most interest in Heaven has the least investment there.

...SAINTLY INVOCATION ATTACK-ED.  
...The Doc. says "secondly," that  
...it is hardly necessary to say that  
...in the new religion there will be no  
...personifications of primitive forces  
...such as earthquake, frost and light.  
...There will be no dedication of re-  
...markable human beings, or wor-  
...ship of ancestors or rulers."  
...And there you are! A sly attack on  
...Catholicism. He was thinking of  
...our prayers to the saints, when he  
...uttered those words. For the time,  
...being, we are glad to be able to  
...tell Dr. Eliot that we shall go on,  
...as before, praying to saints, even if  
...the Doc himself intends sending copy  
...to the New York American at forty  
...dollars a cord.  
...But Dr. Eliot adds that the new  
...religion of his brain "will not im-  
...press one with the necessity of his  
...own welfare or security, but with  
...services to others." That is, in  
...other words, the devotee of the new  
...era may be the most consummate  
...blackguard in the Union personally,  
...and at heart; all he will have to do  
...is to preach to others. He forgets,  
...the dear Doc, to say that if all men  
...adopt his system there will be none  
...left to hear. All must preach, no-  
...body practise; you must think of  
...everybody else, not of yourself. The  
...salvation of one's own soul is se-  
...a secondary matter, Eliot says so.  
...But if a religion is meant for all,  
...it must be meant for all, both talk-  
...ers and hearers. Yet Eliot thinks  
...otherwise, or says so.  
...WE WILL BE GODS.  
...However, Doc Eliot has some-  
...thing to soothe us. It appears we  
...are all going to be gods. So, why  
...not shake hands right off and be  
...done with it? Listen to Harvard's  
...sage again:  
...The new thought of God will be  
...the most characteristic element in  
...the new religion. The multiplica-  
...tion to anybody of all the noblest,  
...tenderest and highest qualities which  
...man has ever seen or imagined in a  
...human being must be the new reli-  
...gion. In this sense every man  
...makes his own God and from it bur-  
...ghers or civilized, happy or un-  
...happy, improving or degenerating,  
...forms his own God out of his own  
...experience and imaginings."  
...Our friends the Jews stand no bet-  
...ter chance than we do, for Eliot  
...excommunicates them in the pre-  
...ceding paragraph. They are even  
...completely exploded at Harvard. The  
...old God of our fathers and our God  
...must cease to exist, for has not  
...Harvard's wonderful ex-president de-  
...creed his uselessness.  
...The only trouble of it all is that  
...Eliot is trying to play the part of  
...Cardinal Gibbons in the eyes of the  
...American people. He is plainly jeal-  
...ous of the fact that the daily news-  
...papers deem it necessary, for the  
...country's welfare, to publish, every  
...month, the contents of some telling  
...sermon from Baltimore's great  
...Churchman. Eliot is leaving Har-  
...vard, and he wants the world to  
...hear of his passage. He tells us, to  
...console us, that God is going to be  
...revealed through the soul of each  
...of us. With all his Unitarianism and  
...Evolutionism, he is still sufficiently  
...a man to admit he has a soul to  
...save, and, while we note his confession,  
...we thank him with our hat  
...off our head.  
...NO DOGMA.  
...Eliot has no dogma of any definite  
...kind to offer his hearers. A man  
...may believe what he likes. Dogma  
...has too much Romanism to it to be  
...part and parcel of the "new reli-  
...gion." You may believe in anarchy  
...or in murder of any kind, as long as  
...you are cultured after Boston meth-  
...ods, you are safe. The great Al-  
...mighty God of our fathers does not  
...enter into Doc. Eliot's scheme.  
...Whatever our differences have hith-  
...erto been with Protestants of any  
...and no shade, at least we have all  
...agreed to think of, believe in, and  
...pray to, Our Father in Heaven, but  
...Eliot wants none of that.  
...What is more, if his system of mor-  
...ality were to grow universally then  
...it might as well serve a man to die  
...the moment after he was born into  
...the world. Immorality and sin in  
...all its shape finds a refuge in "Elio-  
...tism." The home is no longer a  
...home. Our fathers and mothers must  
...cease to be what they have hitherto  
...been. Marriage will be a conven-  
...tionally, and righteousness a farce.  
...The conscience will be given an ex-  
...tra chance of livelihood. You may  
...rob, curse, blaspheme, etc., etc.,  
..."Eliotism" will save you! In fact,  
...you do not need to be saved; all  
...you will have to do is to save your  
...neighbor.  
...ELIOTISM A FAILURE.  
...What a difference, between what  
...Doc Eliot writes and the great pas-



The clashing of creeds, and the strife of the many beliefs, that is vain. Perplex man's heart and brain are naught but the rustle of leaves, When the breath of God upheaves. The boughs of the Tree of Life. —The Divine Tragedy.

Day by day is character formed; day by day it is undermined. Great women are not made in a day. It is the drinking and castaways. It is the adding the right principle here and another there, that rears the characters that are looked up to and admired. It is, on the other hand, the yielding a little one time to wrong, and a trifle more at another, that saps our moral strength and makes us worthless. It is this day-by-day that we need to keep close watch concerning. It is the years that make the years. The grand and queenly in nature if we use the days, as they pass, to make it so; or we shall be dwarfed and stunted if we let them slip unused—rather, let the evil one have them to use, for use them we may be assured he will if he gets a chance.

LISTENING AND SPEAKING.

There is a grace of kind listening as well as a grace of kind speaking. Some men listen with an abstracted air, which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere. Or they seem to listen, but by wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts, as being more interesting, at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some interrupt and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end and then forthwith begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making you case only an illustration of their own. Some, meaning to be kind, listen with such a determined, lively, violent attention that you are at once made uncomfortable, and the charm of conversation is at an end. Many persons, whose manners stand the test of speaking, break down under the test of listening. But all these things should be brought under the sweet influence of religion.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

The spoiled child is a bother to everybody and a trouble to himself. When you give an order to a child or a servant, see that that order is carried out to the letter. If your child refuses to mind you, make him mind. Deprive him of some toy or amusement. Severe punishment is not necessary. A child soon learns if a parent means business.

DOES IT PAY TO BE A FAULT-FINDER?

In the first place, does it pay to be continually finding fault? It is a very easy matter to pick flaws in any piece of work, for no one's work is perfect. Fault-finding often becomes chronic, and grows on a man just as an evil habit does, increasing day by day. There is nothing so disagreeable as to visit a home where fault-finding is continually going on; where at the breakfast, dinner and tea table no pleasant word is spoken, but instead each one is finding fault with the other for some trifling error. Not that error should not be rebuked, but when the twilight is gathering and the work of the day is over, then kindly call the little ones around you, and gently and solemnly tell them of their faults, and see if you are not much better repaid than if the little heads had drooped all day at the angry glances and frowns on your face.

TOILET HINTS FOR TRAVELERS AND MOTORISTS.

Perhaps the difficulty of keeping one's self clean, says R. E. Noble, in Ladies' Field, detracts more than anything else from the pleasures of travel. Of course, a long sea voyage or a train journey broken at easy stages does not come under this category. It is the long train journey, extending over many hours without a break, that is so trying in this respect. There is, of course, provision made for the supply of water, soap, etc., but somehow the process of washing under these conditions is not satisfactory, and, particularly as regards the face, must be supplemented by some other means. Then it is that the luxury known as the dry wash is so refreshing to the traveller. The materials needed to enjoy it are fortunately of the

simplest character and occupy but an infinitesimal space in the vanity bag. First of all, the face must be wiped with a soft linen cloth to remove the particles of dirt that inevitably fall on it on a journey. Then a trace of one's accustomed cold cream or skin food may be rubbed over the face, and this latter is then wiped again. Those to whom this method of washing is new will be horrified at the revelations of dirt removed in this way. Having carefully removed all traces of grease, and with it all the dust of the journey, the skin is ready for a tonic lotion.

Those who approve of the use of powder should then dust a little on a soft piece of chamois leather and pass it over the face. Many travellers make use of powder only as a cleansing adjunct when travelling, but this is not advisable. The powder is soothing and helps to keep the face clean; but if used when the face is dirty it is apt to clog up the pores of the skin and to produce a sense of dryness and discomfort. It is possible to free the face from the dust of the journey and to impart to it a sensation of cleanliness and freshness by saturating a soft handkerchief in rose water and wiping the face with it, and then drying it in a soft cloth.

Another difficulty in travelling is that of keeping the hands smooth and clean. One of the chief causes of the difficulty is the fact that so many women keep their gloves off until they are well started on the journey, and by that time the hands have begun to get dirty. Of course, there is a sort of freedom when busy with ticket-taking, change-counting, etc., in having the hands gloveless, but it is imprudent from the point of view of real comfort later on in the journey.

The value of a good toilet vinegar to a traveller cannot be over-estimated. When one arrives wearied at one's destination and is about to enjoy washing in plenty of water, a few drops of toilet vinegar added to the water will render it much more refreshing. Eau de Cologne can be used in the same way. Another useful hint to bear in mind is the fact that a few drops added to the water placed on the tooth-brush are most pleasant and refreshing as a mouth wash.

It is often difficult to keep the hair in good condition during a journey, but the chief necessity is to brush it well with a clean brush at the first opportunity. Now it is fortunately possible to shampoo the hair satisfactorily with a dry preparation without the necessity for water and the tedious affair of drying it. Failing this it is a good plan to rub the head and hair with a clean towel. This removes some of the dust of the journey, and will serve temporarily. Sometimes the hair feels curiously dry and brittle after a journey, and then the best treatment for it is a few drops of brilliantine. If the brilliantine is put on the hair brush, and then lightly brushed over the hair, this is quite sufficient to restore the hair to its natural softness and glossiness.

For the clearness and brightness of the eye depends, to a very great extent, the beauty of the whole face. Soft lustrous eyes, set well in the head, give an indefinable charm to a face, even if it is ungraced by regularity of feature. On the other hand, features of classic beauty and regularity lose much of their charm if the eyes are dull, lacking in lustre and expressionless. Disposition, cultivation of character and attention to simple laws of hygiene and of health will work wonders in imparting vivacity and brightness to the eye.

A serious menace to the health of the eye, and therefore to its beauty, is the pastime of motoring which enjoys such ever-growing popularity. It is curious to observe the manner in which women screw up their faces during a drive, as if they had no control over their facial muscles. The result of this frowning is the formation of deep furrows between the eyebrows, and of numerous little lines, known as crow's feet, around the eyes. The reason for this "frown" is not far to seek. Latent in the feminine mind lurks a fear of some foreign body entering the eye, and it is to avoid this possible intruder in the form of flint or fly that the fair motorist screws up her face until it is quite unrecognizable! The obvious remedy is to wear well-fitting goggles, even if they are not conducive to beauty, but merely to comfort.

HAVE PATIENCE WITH CHILDREN.

First of all, in rearing children a mother must have patience, for without it it is impossible to do justice to your child, and also to yourself; both suffer when patience is not practised. The mother should command all confidences and absolute truthfulness. Do not be too harsh; yet at the same time be firm, for children

will take advantage, no matter how young. Do not nag. Children of a nagging mother are to be pitied, for it makes them nervous and irritable. Always show love and tenderness to them, for they cling to mother. All their little troubles should be taken an interest in. When punishment is necessary, do it when all irritability has left you; if not, you will be too severe. It has been my experience if I punish when I am angry I am always sorry afterwards, for I feel I have been too severe. If the child is stubborn succeed in conquering that which you desire it to do; divert its attention, if necessary, to something else, going back to the thing the child objects to doing; by that time it has forgotten about being stubborn. Do not bribe with candy or cake, for then it will expect to be rewarded every time it does something the mother wants.

When old enough, teach it to be neat, putting the playthings away when through in a big basket or corner of a room, for as they grow older it is so easy to leave things for mother to pick up and very often mother is tired out after a day's care with the children, for there is nothing that is a greater care and responsibility than the caring and rearing of children, for there are so many little things to do. Yet it is one of the greatest loves a mother has, and the minute they arrive in this blessed world they bring a whole world of love with them.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Don't hunt for unpleasant things. Don't believe all the evil you hear. Don't repeat unverified evil reports. Don't jest at anybody's religious views. Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position. Don't repeat gossip if it does interest a crowd. Don't wander away from the strict line of veracity for the sake of clinching an argument. Each of us should strive for excellence in one thing; but we also need "a little knowledge" in many others. We cannot all be lawyers; but we all need some acquaintance with the laws of the land we live in. We cannot all understand medical science; but we all need some general insight into the laws of health. We cannot all be politicians; but we all want some cognizance of our own public affairs. We cannot all be mechanics; yet we shall all at times want to know how to use tools.

VELVET AS A CLEANER.

Don't throw away your scraps of velvet. They can be used as cleaners for all sorts of things. Anyone who has tried to keep a velvet hat or frock clean does not need to be told that it is a dust collector. This trying trait may be turned to account. A bit of velvet is a fine polisher for brass. It quickly removes the dust from woodwork, or shoes soiled from walking which do not need re-blacking.

One housekeeper even uses a big piece of old velvet to rub her stove to a high polish after it has been blacked.

For dusting a felt hat there is nothing better than a piece of chiffon velvet. It is also good to keep the bottom of a silk skirt free from dirt.

SUMMER DON'TS.

- Don't drink ice water when very hot; it makes your face break out.
- Don't neglect to eat greens and salads. They thin your blood and make you less red faced.
- Don't fail to shampoo oftener than in winter, or your hair will grow dead and dull-looking.
- Don't let your lingerie bloouses

- "slop" at the neck for lack of bones. Don't wear starched linen collars if you are full-blooded; it will make your face ruddier than ever.
- Don't wear Dutch necks if you have a long, thin throat or one that is muscular.
- Don't eat heavy foods or take alcoholic drinks on very hot days; you will be hotter if you do—and look it.
- Don't think it smart to neglect your skin by going without a hat in the broiling sun.
- Don't let the mosquitoes get at your face—if you can help it—and don't scratch the bites open if you can't.
- Don't let your face get shiny, when a little alcohol or powder will prevent it.
- Don't fail to keep yourself trim and dainty. Learn to do your own laundry if necessary, but do not wear clothes that are wrinkled and soiled.
- Don't fuss over trifles; it will make you warm and uncomfortable and won't improve your looks.

THE PRICE WOMEN PAY FOR LIBERTY.

To-day the young man of fashion marries the girl with whom he has ridden, rowed, climbed, fished, hunted, played tennis and golf. He knows she's a good sport, and the finest girl in the world, but if he ever thought her a saint that idea is knocked out of his head long before the wedding day. He doesn't boost her by the elbow over every little rock, because he knows she can climb better than he can. He doesn't gallantly give her points in games, because he knows if he does she'll beat him.

And so it is with the women in the professions, in the arts, and in business. There must be men as fellow workers, just as the more idle women meet them as fellow athletes. They are drawn together by common interests, and in the cases where love and marriage result, the common interests remain and form a serviceable and stable background for the romantic foreground. But the man who works in the same office with a woman can't bob up and offer her a chair every time she comes into the room. He wouldn't have time to do anything else. He can't help smoking when she is in the room. If he did he might as well give up smoking altogether. If he happens to keep his hat on in the office it doesn't show any disrespect toward the woman. It's simply a habit that is bad for his hair. This wholesome comradeship in work and play insures a mutual knowledge before marriage which is certainly a more secure basis for permanent happiness than are romantic dreams. There is slight danger that lovers will thus become too practical.

The flowers of chivalry are fading. The old-fashioned lady of ruffs and feathers and perfumes has indeed fallen upon evil days. Elaborate compliments are few and far between. The courtly gallantry of the dominant male for the fair and weaker sex no longer flourishes. The frail parlor girl is no match for the vigorous golf girl. The old dowager of middle-aged woman of sixty. The was. With each few years she becomes less unsmooth and better understood. She is fast learning that the interest of her sex by aping men. She is coming to realize that feminine charm is just as potent a force in the twentieth century as ever it was in the days of chivalry. She is beginning to understand that the sacrifice of her womanliness is far too heavy a price to pay for her independence, and that by no such sacrifice will she ever receive from men the justice she seeks. The old-fashioned woman, on the other hand, like her pug dog, is very fast passing. She will be, in no very distant future, a memory of the past, like the mastodon of bygone geologic ages. She cannot survive in an age in which justice and independence are supplanting flattery and gallantry.

A QUIET HOUR.

"I always make it a rule to shut myself away in my own room for one hour every afternoon," writes "A Mother of Ten." "If I didn't, I really don't know how I should get on sometimes. I look on that quiet hour in the afternoon as an excellent investment, for I come down after it rested, and consequently less worried, which is good for everybody in the house—husband, children, and maids. If by any chance I miss it, I find that everything goes wrong during the rest of the day, and I'm dreadfully irritable and snappish."—Home Chat.

What is Worn in Paris.

The Tailor-Made Very Popular—Modish Country Gowns—Buckskin Very Fashionable for Footwear.

Paris allows us such an enormous latitude that the problem of what is really best to wear on special occasions is an increasing difficulty, and this applies equally to the women with too many frocks as to those with too few. But, after all, even on dressy occasions—the best of all frocks this year have been simple in line, if not in fabric. The same simplicity applies, or should apply, in the selection of clothes for our country and seaside holidays that are close upon us. There is no doubt that nothing looks worse on the river or at seaside watering-places than really

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town clothes. Another mistake made by many women is to "wear out" their muslins and chiffons in the country. Now, one may be quite certain that any muslin or chiffon garment that has done duty in a town cannot face the clear daylight of a country atmosphere. Therefore, when once we have realized the all-important fact that town toilet-lettes must be left behind in town when we are going to sojourn in the country, it next behooves us to study with care what real country garments we shall take into the country.

It is absolutely "the hour of the tailor-made" in every possible way. Take, for instance, the long, very plainly-cut silk coat. This can be worn with a pleated cloth or some thin fabric for the skirt, and these silk coats—immensely "dressy" as they can be—have a wonderful knack of not looking over-dressed at country races and meetings and on such-like occasions. But to return to the country costume, the greatest boon of this year's fashion is the production of the smart skirt; that is to say, unless the frocks be really dressy, the skirts need only just clear the ground. The newest tailor-mades show the short pleated skirt, in serge, flannel or linen, with a plain piece back and front and the coat nearly to the ankles, long, loose, "limp" and plain, and still decorated with buttons or else the square-ness of the back accentuated with outstanding seams. The elongated appearance is emphasised by the enormous length of the revers, starting just below the shoulder-line and finishing about six inches above the knee. The sleeves keep smaller and plainer, and so far in the world of tailor-mades there is no immediate prospect of change. Thus there is noticed here and there the appearance of the bolero of coarse lace, broderie Anglaise and sometimes a self-colored silk embroidery, but they have mostly made their appearance in conjunction with the smart after-noon frock and not with tailor-mades.

But always charming for the country—once we get away from the coat and skirt variety—is the little flannel or cashmere house frock, made with shirt bodice and simple skirt, and, for the young girl, finished with the beloved "Peter Pan" collar and turned-back cuffs of embroidery, with a little fantastic tie of black velvet or lace. The same applies to cottons; any of the plain or striped zephyrs look pretty made up in this simple style. Specially, too, adapted to the short skirt are those taken up high above the waist-line in corset fashion. These are, of course, suitable for slight figures, but admirable for tennis and suchlike violent exercises, which sometimes result in skirt and bodice separating. The short corseted skirts require careful cutting and fitting, but once successful they are certainly a be-

**Suffered More Than Tongue Can Tell From Liver Trouble.**

A lazy, slow or torpid liver is a terrible affliction, as its influence permeates the whole system, causing Biliousness, Heartburn, Water Braish, Langour, Coated Tongue, Sick Headache, Yellow Eyes, Sallow Complexion, etc. It holds back the bile, which is required to move the bowels, and lets it get into the blood instead, thus causing Constipation. Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will regulate the flow of bile to act properly upon the bowels, and will tone, renovate and purify the liver. Mrs. J. C. Westberg, Swan River, Man., writes:—"I suffered for years, more than tongue can tell, from liver trouble. I tried several kinds of medicine, but could get no relief until I got Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I cannot praise them too highly for what they have done for me." Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. per vial, or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ering mode. It must be remembered that country skirts have a shortening effect on the wearer when they begin at the waist-line. Also in the category of country garb may be ranged the ever-beloved lingerie robes. Those are made with the skirt to clear the ground, although a few that are provided with greater length are so simply made that they do duty admirably at such country festivities as cricket matches tennis parties, etc. For the seaside, unless in extremely hot weather, they are seldom required, for there is always sufficient breeze at the seaside to render the wearing of these thin mousselines a failure. Of course, another very important matter in the country is the skirt. If we wear coats and skirts, it means that shirts and blouses are a necessity, so that it is fortunate that we have so vastly improved our methods of turning over these simple garments. The dreadful "blouse" of some seasons back has practically disappeared—that is to say, from well-dressed circles. They are now for the most part neat and inoffensive, with sleeves small and the collar high or turned down. Of course, the craze for the "Peter Pan" collar is a dangerous one for a woman past her first youth; but that is the fault of the individual and not of the fashion. They are charming for the girl and offer a pleasing variation to the house frock or blouse. The lingerie shirts nowadays are for the most part beautifully cut, simply tucked and adorned with a delicate frill of muslin or lawn down the front. The practical silk and flannel mixtures and plain linens are made either with a cricketer's collar, like a man's, or with a neckband to wear with linen collars; but in every way neatness and simplicity are observed, and it is realised that these so-called simple country shirts must be cut by the master-hand.

Luckily, too, the sales fall just at the time of year when the country wardrobe needs to be most seriously considered, and it is possible to pick up huge bargains in neckwear and blouses at a cost appreciably less than their value. Well-cut country and travelling shirts, neckwear, belts, gloves, and all the hundred and one details which serve to mar or make a costume, according as they are ill or well chosen, are among the most valuable of sale bargains, and nowadays surely it is unnecessary to dwell on the necessity for careful study of such details as waistbands, buttons and shoes, as well as collars and hats.

Buckskin footwear is always charming in the country, and nowadays shoes are mostly made to match any costume. Buckskin for white serge and linens has always been de rigueur; but this year buckskin shoes are worn with the elaborate frocks, as well as dainty hosiery dyed exactly the same shade to match. Doekskin and thick gloves in white are the smartest for country wear; some of them show gauntlets lined with a contrasting shade of kid. Country headgear is charming this year; the sailor shapes are very large and flat and worn well on the head. Garden hats are equally fascinating and becoming, trimmed with poppies and corn-flowers.

*Hortense*

Will Become a Monk.

Adolphe Rette, well known throughout France as an anarchist writer and orator, astounded his admirers by giving up the principles of anarchy and becoming seconded to the Church. His conversion created a sensation. Recently he made a pilgrimage to Lourdes, and after his return made a retreat with the Benedictine Fathers, and has applied for admission to their order. His application has been accepted, and he has begun his novitiate.

Pius X. and the Franciscans.

His Holiness has addressed a letter to Father Schuler, General of the Friars Minors, on the occasion of the seventh centenary of the part. His Holiness tells of the part he takes in the joy of the some of St. Francis, recalls the great good done by their glorious Founder, and especially urges upon the Minors to work zealously in order to make the Third Order all that St. Francis would wish it to be.

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SOCIETY DIRECTORY. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West.

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age.

Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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HEAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF LIVING. Heart Trouble Cured by MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

In Commemoration of the Famine Victims.

Graves of the Martyrs of 1847-8 at Grosse Isle, Below Quebec.

GROSSE ISLE MONUMENT. (From National Hibernian) Sunday August 15th, selected for the unveiling.

The monument erected by the Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, in memory of the Irish famine and fever victims, is to be unveiled at Grosse Isle, on the above date, the Feast of the Assumption.

At the last convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held at Indianapolis, U.S.A., in July last, it was decided to erect a suitable monument to the memory of the fever stricken famine victims of 1847 and 48, who perished while on their way to the new homes which they hoped to make in Canada.

The site of the monument, which is 150 feet square, has been ceded to the A. O. H. by Order in Council and is known as "Telegraph Hill."

After a thorough inspection a visit was paid to the cemetery, where an altar will be erected for the purpose of having solemn benediction on the 15th of August, the date set apart for the unveiling.

AT THE CEMETERY. Solemn Libera. His Grace Monsignor Begin, Archbishop of Quebec, officiating.

AT THE MONUMENT SITE. Brother C. J. Foy, National Director for Canada, will preside and introduce the speakers.

Unveiling and Blessing of the Monument by His Excellency Monsignor National President; Sir Charles Fitzpatrick; Rev. Father John D. Kennedy, National Director, A.O.H.

The height of the Celtic cross will be 46 feet 6 inches, erected on an eminence of 120 feet above the level of the river. The base of the monument is to be 16 feet and the height of the cross itself will be 30 feet 6 inches.

The inscription will be in Gaelic, French and English. On the fourth side will be an inscription showing that the A.O.H. in America erected the monument. The site was granted to the Quebec Division by the Minister of Agriculture in May, 1899.

The local committee working in connection with the National Committee, consists of Rev. Father McGuire, Provincial Chaplain; J. Gallagher, County President, and Denis Cooney, Provincial Secretary, A.O.H. Subcommittees on transportation, reception and music have been appointed.

The ceremonies on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument will be of a two-fold nature—religious and national. The details are not yet complete, but the following are under consideration and will likely be the order of exercises.

Sunday, August 15th, the feast of the Assumption, is the day selected for the unveiling. A solemn libera will be chanted by a choir of one hundred voices and thirty musical instruments. A funeral oration will be delivered, followed by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

After the unveiling a public demonstration will be held and speeches will be delivered in Gaelic and English, terminating with the singing of "God Save Ireland."

The Hibernian Cadets will form the guard of honor at both ceremonies.

THE FAMINE VICTIMS. In the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, some thirty miles below Quebec, lies a long, narrow island. It is a beautiful spot, admired by all. Quickly would admiration be changed into hate if only the green verdure could speak concerning the grim tragedies that its history records.

Well would it be for England if the blue waters that drain from half a continent would take away grain by grain, and bury it in the bosom of the deep Atlantic, bury it so deep that even a stray thought could not unearth it.

As long as grass grows and water runs, and as long as Grosse Isle lifts its head above the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, it will remain a monument to England's cruelty, a re- tally, a witness of her unpardonable meanness of that nation's barbarism. It is a stain that time cannot remove. It is a crime that England must answer for before the throne of God.

The consecrated clay of this small island shrouds the ashes of 10,000 Irish victims of the murderous typhus of 1847. There, too, upon that beautiful island with the murmuring waters of the St. Lawrence and the trials of the wild songsters, sing their everlasting requiem, sleep a hundred martyrs of humanity, the bones of the sainted heroes of the brave doctors who perished their lives and gave them without flinching, priests and ministers of all denominations, who breathed in death as they shrived the penitent or comforted the dying.

Sisters of Charity and nurses, who walked like blessed angels in the corridors of death. If the sin of that great suffering is forgiven it will be on account of the suffering of those martyrs and their intercession with God.

From the agonizing and doomed land there has arisen a cry so prolonged and pitiful that it was heard round the world, and the nations became appalled, even the heart of the Turk was moved, and through the Golden Gate there sailed for Ireland a vessel freighted with food for a starving people.

The nation became a last refuge for the hunted animal or despairing man, and so the hegin began: 5000 beings perished from famine and typhus, and 200,000 fled beyond the seas to escape famine and fever only to meet a worse fate. Into floating coffins, the emigrant ship, they heedlessly poured themselves, only desiring to escape death which made the Emerald Isle its un-

the unveiling ceremonies.

As Grosse Isle is 30 miles east of Quebec, in the St. Lawrence river, transportation to and from Grosse Isle is in the hands of the Quebec Hibernians. Large and commodious steamers will leave Quebec at 9, 9.30 and 10 a.m. on the 15th. The ceremonies at Grosse Isle will commence at 1 p.m., and on the return to Quebec the boats will leave the island at 4.30 or 5 p.m.

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New pupils will be examined, and boarders should enter on September 7th. Classes re-open on September 8th, at 8.30 a.m.

Palpitation of the Heart.

One of the first danger signals that announce something wrong with the heart is the irregular beat or violent throbbing. There is only a fluttering sensation, or an "all gone" sinking feeling; or again, there may be a most violent beating, with flushings of the skin and visible pulsations of the arteries.

Mrs. Arthur Mason, Marlbank, Ont., writes:—"Just a few lines to let you know what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. I have been troubled with weakness and palpitation of the heart, would have severe choking spells and could scarcely lie down at all.

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price, by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

sical program the boys from the College Camp, under the direction of Mr. Eugene Boudreau, Commander of the Camp, and Mr. John Egan, director of theatricals, a splendid minstrel was given about the boat.

The mid-session gala theatrical performance on Saturday evening was exceedingly gratifying to all who saw Mr. Harry Beresford with full cast of character in the rollicking comedy "Who's your Friend?"

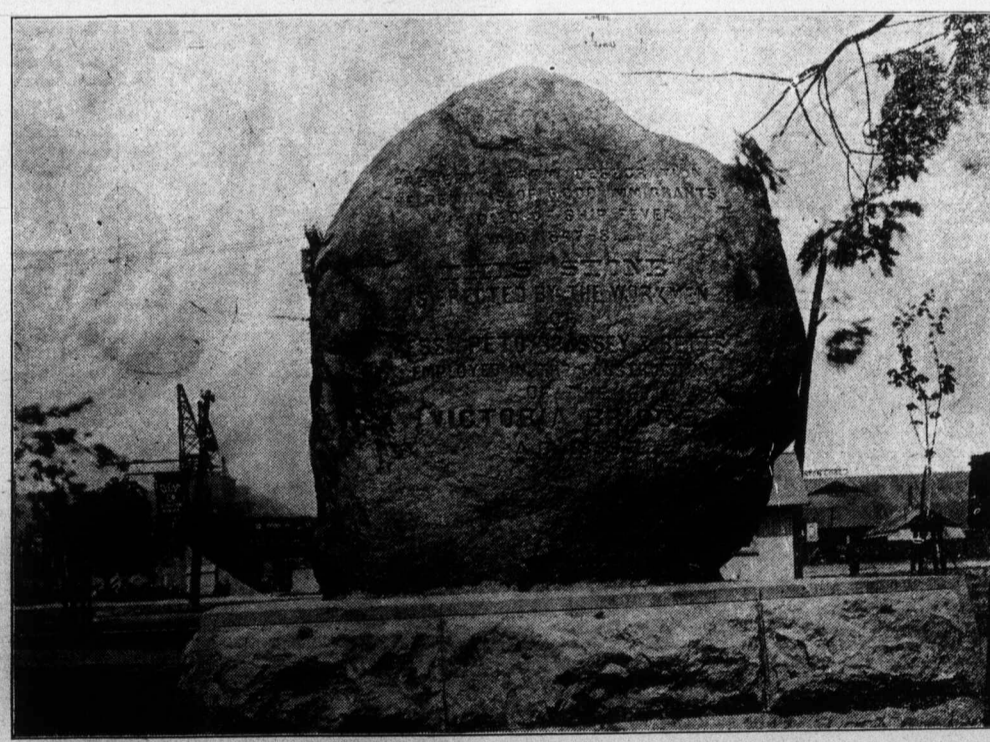
In athletic circles the weather and the attendance have tended to make the outdoor sports very popular. Monday saw the opening of the annual golf tournament for the 1909 competition for the McCall Challenge cup, the beautiful gift of Hon. Edward E. McCall, Justice of the Supreme Court, Appellate Division, New York.

Among those who have qualified are Russell Daly, Carroll Daly, C.W. Zeckwer, F.P. Cummin, Frank Lally, Fred Lally, Harold Lally, George J. Gillespie, John Cassidy, Jack Burke, E. J. Fitzgerald, Joe Reilly, Wm. H. Thornton, John E. O'Brien, Dr. J. W. Crewin, Johnny Galvin, J. Lascelles, Charles Johnny and E. B. Carton.

One of the most interesting phases of Summer School life are the Round Table talks which are held on the verandahs of the cottages after the lectures. At these informal gatherings many questions of interest are discussed by the lecturers and other prominent visitors.

The ladies of the Alumnae Auxiliary Association are busy preparing for the annual bazaar for the benefit of the chapel of Our Lady of the Lake, which will be held at the New York cottage on Wednesday of next week.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Expellent, the best remedy of the kind that can be had.



LO PRESEVE FVOM DESECGATION. The remains of 6,000 Immigrants, who died of Ship Fever A.D. 1847-8 this stone is erected by the workmen of Messrs Peto, Frasey & Betts employed in the construction of Victoria Bridge, A. D. 1859.

Catholic Summer School

Cliff Haven, Aug. 4.—August crowds with June weather seems to be the vogue at the Catholic Summer School. Sunday, which ushered in the month of August, was enjoyable. The celebration of the high mass was Rt. Rev. Mgr. Baker, of Buffalo; the deacon, Rev. Father Porrier of Montreal; sub-deacon, Rev. M. Phillip Boylan, of New York. The high mass was sung by a volunteer choir under the direction of Mr. C. W. Zecker. The solo "O Salutaris," a composition of Mr. C. W. Zecker, was rendered with much beauty and devotion by Miss Marie A. Zecker of Philadelphia. The other soloists of the mass were Mrs. Amelia Devlin of New York, Miss M. Brennan of Buffalo, Miss Elizabeth Welty of Brooklyn, Mr. Bernard Sullivan of Chicopee Falls, Mass.; Mr. Merrill F. Greene of Boston; Mr. William Lyons of Baltimore, Md. Rev. M. J. Rippe, O.P., of New York City preached the sermon at the day, taking his text from Is. 1. IX, 21, he sketched in most graphic fashion the character, life and ideals of the illustrious St. Dominic. The "family gathering" on Sunday evening was the most notable of the season. The evening program was presided over by Mr. Charles Webber of Brooklyn. Addresses were made by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Baker and Rev. Robert Shwickera, S.J., of Holy Cross College, Worcester Mass.

The evenings during the week just closed were given over to song recitals by Miss Marie Zeckwer, who has a most exquisite voice and whose delightful song recitals were enjoyed by the largest audience of the session.

The social functions have taken no small part in the calendar of the past week. The chief social events of the week was the bridge, euchre and dancing party tendered by the guests of the Champlain Club to the friends and patrons of the Catholic Summer School for the benefit of the Chapel building fund.

The moonlight sail on Lake Champlain Cottage, musical parties at the More than 500 took advantage of the beautiful weather to see the historic lake by moonlight. The excursion was given under the auspices of the School, and in addition to a mu-

The week's lecture program has been quite in keeping with the rest of the festivities of the week, and of a very superior quality. The morning lectures were given by the Rev. Robert Shwickera, S.J., professor of History and Pedagogy, Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. An expert in his field, the series of lectures on "The Reformation and its influence on Education" was a most lucid presentation of that important and much misunderstood period of history.

The True Witness

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cities, it is not thanks to the Church, if the Church's truest children must die to appease the wrath of demonaics.

PADRAIG.

FATHER GEORGE TYRRELL.

It was sad and striking news to learn that Father George Tyrrell had been called by his Maker so suddenly to render an account of his life and stewardship.

For years previous to his difficulties with his order and the Church, Father Tyrrell had worked hard in the interests of religion. Men felt, Catholics, Protestants, and Agnostics admitted, that his was a rare genius, mind, soul and heart.

What the Pope do, but infallibly object? We all had thought that, thanks to the fervor of his youth, the noble aim that had led him to share his life with what is best in the Church, the devotion he had often shown the Holy See, he would submit. But no; he cast defiance in the face of God's Church.

Nor were kind souls among the dignitaries of the Church—and they are all kind and good—wanting to appeal. He refused, openly disobeyed. In consequence, he was severed from the fold; for the Church needs no man, not even her most learned priest.

Of course many preachers with those to whom they announce their words of guidance, whose sects permit them to teach and believe what they may, harshly criticised the sentence; but, even if they did, they were not able to draw him into their meeting-houses to calumniate the Church he once faithfully obeyed.

Father Tyrrell's passing could easily have been more consoling. We who had read many a soul-thrilling chapter from his pen and heart sorrowed as we read. Let us hope he has found mercy with the God to whom he offered his early sacrifices.

PADRAIG.

WHY DO THEY WANT IT?

Our esteemed contemporary, the Daily Witness, told us, on August 2nd, that the Freethinkers of Portugal want to see religious orders abolished. Of course, it was only a news item of the Associated Press, but news items are strange at times.

Even if Portugal Freethinkers do want to see religious orders done away with, is there any good motive in the desire? We feel sure that the respectable men responsible for the Daily Witness would never want to share even a sidewalk with the filthy fellows who call themselves the "Freethinkers of Portugal."

May we, please, inform the honest editors of the Daily Witness that, lately, a non-Catholic correspondent of the Kansas "Emporia Weekly Gazette," writing from Rome, was forced to admit that the Catholic Church is a necessary adjunct to civilization to-day, and that if we

were missing, barbarism and anarchy would reign triumphant.

Now, gentlemen of the Witness, did Our Saviour Jesus convince all men in His day? Did not the multitude crucify Him? Are you ready to start with the multitude against Jesus?

Not in your hearts; they are too clean and honest for that. But do you expect to find faith and hope and love and peace, in any sect beyond the Church of Ages? If you do, then sorry, indeed, are your aims and ideals, and quit your peace.

The true Church of Christ is neither Spain's nor England's. Newman saw the light, and honest souls should, at least, investigate. May the finding prove a boon, that is all we hope and all we pray for! May the Church that rejoices in a Benson of to-day meet the most averted one to-morrow! May there be no longer any "separated brethren!"

PADRAIG.

GROSSE ISLE.

In a few more days hundreds of Irishmen will assemble, from all parts of Canada and the United States, on Grosse Isle, in the St. Lawrence, to assist at the dedication of a monument to the memory of those martyrs of our blood, of our kith and kin, who died years ago victims of ship fever.

Sad years were those, in very truth, when legions of men and women, of boys and girls, were made aliens to their own land and strangers in their own home, through iniquitous laws, and through treatment of which barbarians in rule might well feel ashamed. They had heard "whisper of a country that lies far beyond the sea"; they, in consequence, left the vales and glens of their childhood, and set sail for these free shores of ours, where they might enjoy the light of God's day, at least, unharmed and unmolested.

Their offspring have supremely prospered, and have ranked themselves in the forefront with Canada's and America's best. But, then, thousands died after having shed bitter tears at their last glimpse of Erin, without having been able to set foot on the shores of the freeland.

With years, and thanks to our representatives at Westminster, the condition of our countrymen in Ireland has greatly improved; yet, do what we may, we can never forget those who died. The Celt must treasure the wrongs of centuries. The ceremonies at Grosse Isle will teach the world the lesson that the descendants of those who survived can point to some of Canada's and America's greatest citizens as kinsmen and brothers in nationhood, representatives of us all in Church and State, men who will voice our common feelings and sentiments, on the soil made sacred by the dust of hundreds of our martyrs.

PADRAIG.

CLEMENCEAU.

Clemenceau is gone, and it is small loss for France. It is just such parliamentary scoundrels that have reduced France to the state of moral degradation in which the world finds her to-day. His father had desired to be buried standing in his grave, and his father's son has been given a grave even out of the grave. The blow that felled the sickening rascal came at a time when he and his tools were dragging holy bishops before the courts to pick their pockets with a law-book in hand.

Clemenceau is gone, but the rest of the dirt is still there. The Church will yet have to suffer, and the stomach of France will yet endure agony for the kind of rulers she is made accept. The daily press, from Halifax to Key West, has been telling us of Clemenceau's genius and capacity; few of the editors seem to have a word of condemnation for his persecution of nuns and aged-worn servants of God; thousands of readers stand in awe and amazement sufficient to endanger their lives. They all forget that Lucifer fell, too.

At any rate, the dirty fellow is no longer France's first minister; and, even were Satan to help Fulmer find another to take Briand's place, it would be at the cost of

not having one as acceptable to Hell's interests as is the nun-hound-er who was "sent to the floor" by Delcassé.

THE THAW TRIAL.

When are our papers going to be done with New York's profligate, and when is Evelyn Nesbitt to disappear from the map of America? We had thought some months ago, that either the profligate or his name should not bother us or our dailies for a few years, at least; but, with the buzzing bugs of June and the mosquitoes and grasshoppers, he and his giddy wife have returned to help make the dailies interesting for many, and very many.

Thaw belonged to a diseased, over-moneyed class of "society" criminals, one far worse than are the bands of night marauders, and fit to be ranked several degrees lower than the "Black Hand" demons of New Jersey and Chicago. He set out in life well convinced that he was the son of a millionaire, and the world was bound to know he was. Too rich to bother with the question of sufficiently educating himself, he had not even the brains left to know or understand that, after all, he was what he thought he was, thanks to the efforts of others.

Is he a fool, or is he a criminal? So far the New York courts declare he is both, since he is in an asylum for the criminally insane. All he has done for humanity amounts to the destruction of girls' characters and the scandal of a thousand million of readers. He, therefore, deserves oblivion as a befitting share. There are herds of his kind still abroad, and legions of people interested in his disgusting wife's trips and travels. Surely the world is old enough to ignore such people. At any rate, do what we may, our noses can stand neither of them any longer.

A NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

It has seemed strange to more than one observer that the manufacture of church goods should have been neglected, as it has hitherto been, in Ireland. Not that we envy others their honestly acquired profits and fortunes, do we venture our remark; but simply because we would like to see a little of our own money remain in coffers belonging to our own. Each and every season of the year representatives of religious goods firms from every country of Europe swarm our shores, the United States, Australia, and New Zealand, and it is old news to be told that Irish Catholics prove good buyers. A little awakening in the field of endeavor to which we allude would certainly turn out a paying venture, indeed, among our people abroad. Irishmen, whether in the Old Land or in the new, cannot afford to lack industry along honest lines. Ireland and Irishmen have done, and are still nobly doing, their duty in regard to Church building and support; and so, it is only but fitting that our own should reap a little gain from a kind of industry that thrives on our dollars. Do not boycott others, but let charity begin at home.

It is well to add that all Catholics should beware of encouraging certain vendors of religious articles. There are fellows at work selling "pious" objects altogether unwarranted. Beware of their scapulars and their holy pictures. A lot of the peddlers along the road are simply thriving on Catholics, and it is enough to make an angel weep to see some of the objects they succeed in selling to Catholic people at times in the name of piety. Several Jews especially are remarkable for the interest they are taking in the sale of all kinds of ridiculous objects and pictures.

PADRAIG.

OUR CLASSICAL COLLEGES.

There are in no other parts of the world institutions just like the classical colleges in Canada and the United States. What the Quebec classical colleges, to instance one group, have done for secondary education could never be repaid in the money of man. Our French-Canadian brethren have understood the opportunity at their door and have reaped benefits accruing therefrom that no other institutions could have given them.

Whether conducted by secular priests or by priests of religious orders, these colleges are monuments built on self-sacrifice and endowed with the brains, blood and hearts of the country's best. The fees charged could never swell their bank account, and the kind of men who have directed them and have kept them alive could not be outbitten in devotion and success with all the dollars of John D. Rockefeller and twelve associates, even if their good will could be fostered a hundredfold through large money endowments.

WARM WEATHER WISDOM

Eat discreetly, exercise lightly, and wear cool clothing. We only supply food for thought and exercise for judgment; but when it comes to Summer attire we're here with the goods. Don't wait till your vacation begins and buy in a hurry at the last minute or run the chance of getting what you want away from home. We know the taste of our citizens better than a stranger.

WARM WEATHER WEARABLES FOR MEN.

BRENNAN BROS. Hatters and Men's Furnishers. 251 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST. 7 ST. CATHERINE ST. EAST.

Give our colleges, such as they are, the money many neutral schools get and these neutral schools would be minus all we now have.

Unfortunately, our Irish people here in Canada are not, in any sense, sufficiently bent upon sending their sons to classical colleges. We do not hold the place we should in the professions. The French-Canadian farmer will spend his last cent to educate his boys in a college, but hundreds of Irishmen with means will let their sons "paddle their own canoe" at an age when they can hardly sail a diminutive yacht in the Westmount children's pond. So, then, let us wake up. P.

ECHOES AND REMARKS.

It is Mary Eddy's turn to claim St. Patrick. There is just as much reason, in fact, to believe he was a Christian Scientist, as there is to say he was belonging to any one of the other sects, beginning with the Baptists and ascending by order of merit, not omitting the Dove-ites, however, at the top, or near it.

What use is it for Matthew Cummings to undertake to repudiate John Redmond and the Irish party? Irishmen, the world over, should protest. Just think of it: the thousands at the National Convention in Dublin declared for Redmond and his policy, and Mr. Cummings is willing to think he can dictate to Ireland and the Irish and make us believe that we must do without what we want! In all good sense, it is about time Mr. Cummings should cease his nonsense. We have ears and eyes; but we hate to be humbugged.

Many, very many, of our readers have heard of Jules Verne, and have read his books. Much of the wild imaginary description in which he reveled, and which deeply and passionately interested the readers of the two continents, has led to scientific work, on the part of others, along lines plainly hinted at by him in his books; nor could he have written them, had he not been deeply versed in geographical and geological lore himself. A monument to him was unveiled, some time ago, at Amiens, the city he loved and in which he chose to spend his days. Jules Verne did not deem it necessary to play the part of the Agnostic: he lived and died a Catholic, thus proving true to the gallant blood of French Brittany, having been born in the city of Nantes in 1828. A man like Verne left the world his debtor, while one like Zola sullied a fair portion of mankind.

"T. S. B.'s" Irish letter in the Daily Star continues to be what it ever has been; and "Wattie" and "Wundermer" are still cruelly offering us the contrast. Probably "T.S.B." is under the impression that we all celebrated the 12th of July, Toronto's anniversary, with a light heart and to wit, fireworks; that is why brawls, murders and arrests are deemed as fitting to amuse us all. The poor fellow ought to know that Orangemen are not Irishmen, however. What we want is something like a "Wattie" or a "Wundermer" would give us; and so, "T.S.B." could cease regaling us with Belfast sporting news.

One of the most damnable customs in cities is that tolerated of young women sacrificing their honor and virtue as would-be evangelists in opium dens. Work among Chinese must be done by the right kind of convert-makers, by men evidently chosen by God for the work, and not by silly girls. The men and women who are so hard at work to-day rescuing or preserving young women from the vultures bent upon their destruction ought to rejoice to hear that Vancouver and Victoria have decided to keep girl-evangelists (? out of their respective Chinese quarters. The Chinese have their faults; but they do not deserve to be tempted by foolish maidens, whose safest headquarters must be around the house, and within it at that.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS DEADLY TO LITTLE ONES

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather months give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the child may be beyond cure. These Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to the well child, and will promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly. For this reason Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in every home where there are young children. Mrs. P. LeRoche, Les Fonds, Que., says: "Last summer my baby suffered severely from stomach and bowel troubles, but the prompt administration of Baby's Own Tablets brought him through splendidly. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont."

Abolition

Eugene... one we're... is worth... my wish... that it n... myself."

In a s... Eugene... one we're... is worth... my wish... that it n... myself."

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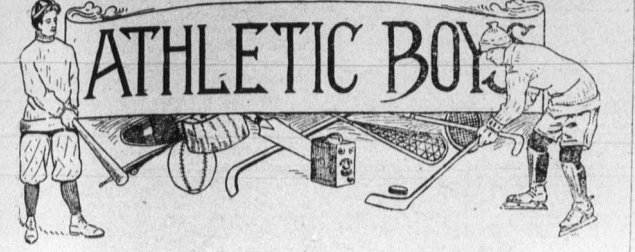
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MONTREAL

**Abbey's FURTHER KIND AND WILLING WORDS.**

**Salt**

In a subsequent letter from the Rev. Father Eugene L. Gervais, Notre Dame de Grace, to the one we recently published, he writes:—"Your Salt is worth fifty times its weight in gold to me, and my wishes are that its value may be known, and that it may be used by all similarly troubled as myself."



**Much Work, Little Play.**

**A Discussion as to the Recreation of Children.**

The question whether the modern youth plays too much is now being raised in many quarters in order to reassure ourselves that our "play and playground enthusiasts" are not running away with themselves—and the public, writes Phillip Davis in *The Boston Globe*.

To answer this question intelligently let us consider whom we mean by the "youth." Does the modern country youth play too much? Certainly not. The farm, village and even town communities of our land have hardly been reached by the newer play and playground ideas. So far as we know, boys and girls still do their chores, or our vegetables, milk and eggs would not be at hand. The country youth, therefore, plays no more (and we hope no less) than he did a decade ago. This eliminates more than 65 percent of the youth of the land living in the country.

Considering next the youth of the south, surely he does not play too much. There the pressing question is, does not the youth work too much? Child labor rather than child play is the problem in the south. The majority of the million and a half of the working children will be found in the mills and on the cotton fields of the south rather than on the playground.

There are other sections of the country, such as the great north-west, that may be eliminated from this discussion, because the idea of the play and playground has not yet begun to penetrate these regions. Indeed, this question strictly applies only to our large cities, where the population counts in hundreds of thousands, crowded into less space than the meanest homestead which Uncle Sam gives away freely every year out west. These cities, having learned the lesson, are now compelled, in some instances, to tear down the tenements and clear a block at enormous cost in order to give the children a place to play. This cost, more than anything else, is that which makes the playground movement subject to so much discussion, pro and con, and is doubtless also

the cause of the reaction which has recently cropped out, and is well exemplified by the very nature of this question—"does the modern youth play too much?"

Considering then our large industrial centers, cities like New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Boston, again we ask whom do we mean by the youth? Surely, not the girls. Whatever may be said of our boys, our girls do not play half enough. Whoever heard of a "girl's" baseball nire" except in mocking terms? The girl athlete is as rare on the playground as the woman voter is in the polling booth. Yet, the girl without play is as unfit to be their bread winner.

As to the city boys, do we mean the rich or the poor boys? The rich boys always had more fun and less work than is good for them. They can even play truant without ever being committed. The majority of our city boys can take no such liberties. They are expected to be either in school or at work. The working boys surely don't play too much, but many of them loaf too much, which is worse, far worse. Of course, it is not always their fault. There are at the present time in every large industrial center, owing to a poorly organized system of industry, altogether too many boys over 14 who are not working, but should be, and too many under 14 who are working, but should not be. In Boston alone, there are doubtless 10,000 schoolboys working before or after school hours. Our school newsboys, bootblacks, pedlers, errand boys, wood pickers, food scavengers often don't get enough time to sleep, let alone play.

The only remnants of our youth still unaccounted for are the schoolboys of what we might call the middle classes of our large cities. Do they play too much these days? Frankly, I think that in the long run a crowded city devoted more to business than to manhood takes greater risks in having its boys play too little than rather too much. Speaking generally, the danger of our cities at present lies in its tendency to overwork our boys both in school and factory, thus robbing them of their youth, which nature dedicated not to work, but to play. Let us remember that child labor at worst is an evil, child play at best is non-evil at all, but rather a condition easily rectifiable by a few changes in the play schedule.

**News From Catholic England.**

**Evidences That Many Persons From England, Scotland and Ireland Will Attend Eucharistic Congress in Montreal.**

(From our Correspondent.)

London, July 22.—So large has been the response to the invitation issued by the Catholic Association to provide special facilities for British delegates to the Eucharistic Congress at Cologne, that an English section has been arranged at which papers on "St. Boniface and the Blessed Eucharist," "The London Congress and After," "The Ven. Pere Eymard, Apostle of the Eucharist," will be read by Monsignor Courtenay, V.G.; Monsignor Brown, V. Y., and Father Joseph Lomax respectively. It is estimated that the English contingent alone will total some thousand persons, and to these must be numbered the Irish and Scottish parties who will form a prominent addition. The heart of every Catholic who was fortunate enough to participate in the glorious celebration of last September will turn with longing to the famous Cathedral by the Rhine, and with not a little envy at the liberty enjoyed by the Catholics of Germany, who have already full permission for the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament which is to close the Congress.

**MANY FOR MONTREAL.**

The signs are, too, that the Montreal Congress will be attended by a still larger deputation from the Mother Country than that which has already been organized for Cologne. The remarks of the Duke of Norfolk some two or three weeks back at the annual meeting of the Catholic Union of Great Britain are already bearing fruit in many directions although the days are yet early. At that gathering His Grace read a letter from Archbishop Bourne reminding the Union of the sympathy with the Catholics of Montreal on this great occasion—words which were endorsed by the Duke, who stated he had been greatly impressed by the strong sympathy manifested by the French Catholics of Quebec on the occasion of the last Congress, when they assured him that they had felt more at home in London than in Paris. Already the railway and steamboat companies have been approached, and in addition to the deputes which the Catholic Union will send out, the Catholic Association is organizing a conducted party at the lowest possible rates, so that the year 1910 is likely to witness the British invasion of Canada, in addition to the American invasion of Ireland.

**A SAD EVENT.**

A very sad event, which owing to the circumstances which accompanied it, has awakened universal interest and stirred up dormant controversies, occurred last Friday at Storrington, where Father Tyrrell, late of the Society of Jesus, breathed his last, at the house of Miss Maude Petre, a member of an old and illustrious Catholic family, which has given many sons and daughters to the Church. The event might have passed with little stir in the outside world, had it not been for the mistaken action of the lady, who was a firm supporter of the late Father Tyrrell's Modernist heresies. While much controversy rages over the facts described by the lady's letter to the Times, most people are unanimously of opinion that such a communication as she had to make, if made at all, should have been addressed direct to the ecclesiastical authorities, and not scattered broadcast over the country by means of secular, and in many cases, anti-Catholic press. In a rambling epistle, the purport of which is a vain desire to "make it right all round," the lady states that Father Tyrrell, who, it will be remembered, was excommunicated for his refusal to withdraw his writings and teaching of Modernist doctrines condemned by the Holy See.—was taken ill about ten days ago, almost immediately losing the power of speech. Miss Petre and Baron Von Hugel, a Catholic, decided in consultation to send for a priest, a personal friend of the patient—the name is not given.

**CONDITIONAL ABSOLUTION.**

On his arrival he was met by these two persons, who made the very unsatisfactory statement that he would have to rely entirely on their interpretation of Father Tyrrell's dispositions in his dealings with the sick man, who was incapable of expressing his own mind. According to these, the conditions of things was far from satisfactory, for while they averred that Father Tyrrell was deeply repentant for any sins he had committed, and desired to receive all the rites of the Church he did not wish to retract "what he had said and written in all sincerity, and still believed to be the truth." The priest was admitted to the sick chamber, and a surmise is offered that the patient probably made his confession and received conditional absolution. But it is noticeable that the same priest was not called in again, for on the 18th the Prior of Storrington was sent for and administered Extreme Unction, so we are told, and from the 18th to his death the Abbe Bremond, another Modernist, whose books are on the

index, and who was an intimate friend of Father Tyrrell, was in close attendance, and, we are told again, "gave him a last absolution."

**THE ONLY WAY.**

An Italian ecclesiastical paper, commenting on the position, remarks that only from the Pope's hands could Father Tyrrell receive absolution, and be admitted once more to the Sacraments of the Church, and although his illness lasted ten days, and modern means of communication afforded every opportunity to approach the Holy Father at so critical an hour, apparently no attempt was made to do so. Neither has the Bishop of the diocese, Southwark, received any communication on the subject, and much as the Catholic public would desire to believe in the reconciliation of this brilliant but misguided son of the Church, they must first await some statement by his executor, the Abbe Bremond, which should authorize a public retraction of his errors, and this does not appear to be forthcoming. Moreover, if we are to be consistent, we must wonder how these various clergymen, though imbued with the same doctrines, should, if they were in full communion with the Church, attempt to impart the Sacraments to a man who had been placed outside the pale of Christian ministrations for good and sufficient reasons. Had it not been for Miss Petre's letter, written she says "to obviate the danger of false reports," such delicate questions as these would not have been paraded before an unbelieveing public all too ready to scoff at the sacred teaching of the Catholic Church.

**A NEW BISHOP.**

The new titular Bishop of Sebastopol, and assistant to the Bishop of Salford, Monsignor John S. Vaughan, is well known in London, though for the last few years he has been resident in the Eternal City. He is a half brother of the late Cardinal. Tall and slight, of easy bearing, and possessing some of the characteristics of the Vaughan line—his was the progeny of one of the earliest and most successful efforts to bring the claims of the Catholic Church before the "man in the street." Gathering around him a band of Catholic priests, learned in argument and skilled in oratory, he organized a series of Catholic Evidence Leagues, given in some of the most prominent town halls of London. The course in each district extended over some eight lectures, each bearing upon some simple doctrine of the Church usually misunderstood by Protestants, such as "Do Catholics worship angels and saints," "The infallibility of the Pope," "The Sacrament of Penance," and the like; the lecture was allowed to extend over an hour, while the second hour was reserved for answering written or oral questions and difficulties proposed by the audience. Admission was free, all expenses being borne by the lecture committee, and the result of the movement was a marvellous success, every hall was crammed with people, a large proportion of whom were men; many of the audience in one locality followed the lecturers to their next district, got into correspondence with one or other of the priests, and as a result placed themselves under instruction, and were finally received into the Church. On the death of Cardinal Vaughan, and the subsequent departure of "Father John," as he was affectionately called by the Catholics of London, to Rome, the work fell through, and its only survival is to be found in the open air lectures to non-Catholics given by a band of earnest laymen on Sunday afternoons in Hyde Park. Curiously enough the diocese to which Monsignor Vaughan goes as coadjutor is that of Salford, from whence his illustrious brother came to rule over the Church in England, and lay the foundation stone of Westminster Cathedral.

**A GLASGOW SOCIETY.**

The Glasgow Society of St. Vincent de Paul has received a gratifying letter of encouragement from the Paris Council General. In the ninety parishes of Glasgow there now exist sixty-three branches of this estimable society, which is doing a great work, particularly amongst the children of the city, for the more neglected of whom they have established shelters, homes and refuges. This is only one of the many Catholic institutions in Scotland which every day that passes imparts fresh vigor. In fact the faith in the North is advancing by leaps and bounds. Last week saw a new church opened at Aberlour in Banff, the most pleasing feature of the occasion being the interest and goodwill shown by all sections of the townfolk towards the Catholics of the district, a non-Catholic having given the site for the church, while several Protestants and others had contributed towards its erection.

**ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.**

Last week, too, the Anglican authorities were celebrating the foundation of St. Paul's School, four hundred years ago, by Dean Colet, in 1508. The history of this noble Catholic foundation which has given so many splendid sons to London, and to England, goes back further than this date. It was in 1111 that the Bishop of London first granted a house for the purpose of education, within the precincts of the Cathedral, and here among its long list of illustrious scholars we may trace the name of Thomas à Becket and that of his friend William the Lion of Scotland, who founded the picturesque and once powerful Abbey of Arbroath. Dean Colet, in the sixteenth century, having inherited some money from his father and considering, as he quaintly puts it, "there is nothing better in the world nor more commodious to Christ's Church than the good institution and bringing up of children in wisdom and good living, in good letters and laudable conversation," erected the school which still survives, for the accommodation of "an 153 scholars to be taught free." Mark the fact that the Church Catholic had instituted free education some hundreds of years before board schools were dreamed of!

**A CURIOUS CONDITION.**

Naturally there is great talk of

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priest tyranny, etc., from the other side, and as a section of the Gaelic League is siding with Mr. Partington, under the mistaken impression that this accommodating gentleman who is so ready with his promises, is a warm advocate of Home Rule, the contest threatens to be a keen one. It was this same by-election which led to the Duke of Norfolk being called over the coals by Mr. Dillon on Tuesday in the House. The Duke had written a private expression of goodwill to Mr. Profumo, who is pledged to save the Catholic schools, which that gentleman saw fit to read on his platform. This was contended by Mr. Dillon to be a breach of the Standing Orders of the House of Commons, which provide that no Peer must take any part in an election in the lower House. On a large majority the matter was referred to the Committee on Privileges.

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**THE CHILD IN THE GARDEN.**  
When to the garden of untroubled thought,  
I came of late and saw the open door,  
And wished again to enter and explore  
The sweet, wild ways with stainless bloom inwrought,  
And bowers of innocent with beauty fraught,  
It seemed some purer voice must speak before  
It dared to tread the garden, loved of yore.  
That Eden lost unknown and found unsought.

Then just within the gate I saw a child—  
A strange child, yet to my heart most dear—  
He held his hand to me, and softly smiled  
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear:  
"Come in," he said, "and play awhile with me;  
I am the little child you used to be."  
—Henry Van Dyke.

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**The Catholic Foresters.**

**Convention Being Hold Throughout Week.**

Tuesday last witnessed the opening of the nineteenth International Convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters at the Monument National. A hearty welcome was accorded the visiting delegates, numbering some three thousand.

The hotel headquarters of the delegation is at St. Lawrence Hall. The official programme is as follows:  
Monday, Aug. 2.—Special train arrived in Montreal at 3 p.m., delegation met the delegates, ladies and their friends and brought them to their respective hotels. At 7.30 p.m. trip by special electric cars of all delegation and their friends to Dominion Park and return, reaching hotels at 11 p.m.

Tuesday, August 3.—Delegates met at Monument National, convention hall at 9 a.m., to march in procession, headed by "La Musique de Montreal" band, and the Foresters of local courts, to Notre Dame Church, where solemn high Mass was celebrated at 10.30 o'clock sharp. After the religious services they formed in procession and marched to convention hall, where the official opening took place, adjoining on time to take special train at G.T.R. station at 1.30 p.m. for Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q., arriving there at 2.30 p.m., where lunch and refreshments were served while waiting for the boat leaving at 3 o'clock p.m. to run down the magnificent rapids of the St. Lawrence river, reaching Montreal at 7 p.m. After dinner committees met at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Wednesday, Aug. 4.—Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Patrick's Church for deceased members at 8 o'clock a.m. sharp. After Mass the delegation was photographed in front of

The Provincial Court of P. Q. Committee in charge is as follows: Bros. J. Camille de Martigny, chairman; F. X. Bilodeau, secretary; Rev. Canon G. M. LaPaillure, W. J. Brosseau, Dr. J. U. Lalonde, E. J. Broseard, W. J. Cherry, Dr. I. Laviolette, W. D. Guilfoyle.

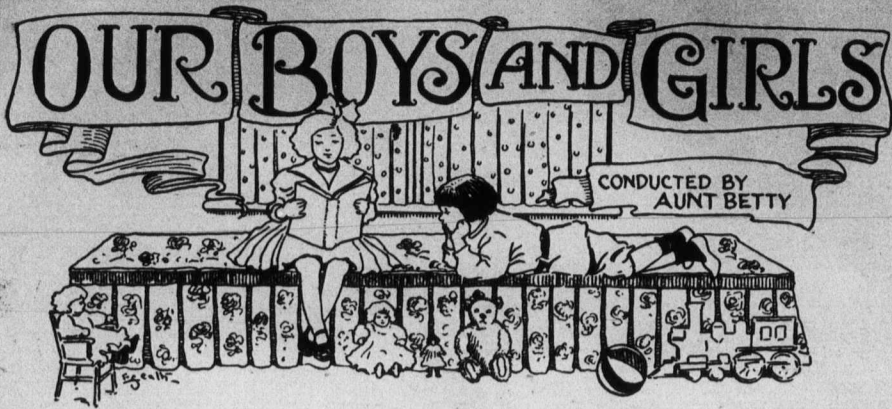
The local president is Mr. J. Camille L. de Martigny, and the secretary is Mr. F. X. Bilodeau.

**CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.**

The usual weekly concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club took place last evening, with a very good attendance. It was under the patronage of the executive of the Club, and was presided over by the Hon. Mr. Justice Mathieu. The program was well carried out by the Misses McDonnell, Messrs. Anglyn, O'Neill, Crimes, Crews, Kelly, Maguin and Master Gossain. At the close of the entertainment it was announced that the next concert would be under the auspices of Division No. 1, A.O.H., when a pleasant evening and a big attendance are expected.

**WISDOM**

For this reason you should always come where there Mrs. P. Le- suffering severely bowels troubles, administration of him brought Williams' Medi-



**FIVE LITTLE FAIRIES.**

Five little fairies went out to take tea  
Under the shade of a juniper tree.  
Each had a cup from an acorn ball cut,  
And a plate from the rind of a hickory nut;  
And the table was spread with a cloth all of lace,  
Which the spider had woven the banquet to grace,  
Oh, such good things as they all had to eat!  
Slices of strawberry—my, what a treat!  
Honey the sweetest the wild bee could give,  
And a humming bird's egg for each one of the five.  
Then they pledged their host's health in their favorite drink,  
Which was—well, what was it? Can anyone think?  
Why, the dewdrop that comes from the heart of the rose  
Is the drink of the fairies, as everyone knows!

**WHY THEY ARE RED.**

The picnic was a success but now the children were tired and they sat around on the grass eating their peaches.

"Apples and peaches are both red, but their color is not the same," said Milly, "I wonder why?"

"I know a little story about it," said Aunt Eunice quietly.

"A story?"

"Please tell it?"

"What is it?"

Such was the encouragement from the eager children.

And this is what Aunt Eunice told:

In the garden of the Fairy Queen, all the fruit was of a pale green and the queen decided a little red or pink would add color and variety to her orchard, for now it was difficult to tell the fruit from the leaves so she offered a prize for the best color.

In the whole, wide world, there was only one place where red could be found, and as it was a long hard journey, none of the fruit wanted to go, but at last the little Peach spoke: "I will go," she said, "I am so stupid I could never become a pretty shade of red or pink if I had all the color in the world."

The other fruit consented to this, for all were afraid they might spoil their beautiful green if they ventured into the road where the sun might touch them.

Away went little Peach, and after a long, weary walk, she came to the Carmen well; here her courage almost failed her, for the well was guarded by a hideous witch.

"I have come for a little of your beautiful red, if you can spare it," the little Peach said timidly.

"What do you want it for?" gruffly asked the witch.

When Peach told her of the Queen's prize and of the toilsome journey to the Well, the witch was so pleased that she gave to little Peach all the red she asked for and even drew it herself, that tired Peach might rest before she started for home.

At last little Peach reached the Fairy's garden and stopping for a moment to quench her thirst from the clear water, and with a low moan, she dropped upon the grass. The sun had painted her cheeks a brilliant pink and she feared that this color would not compete with that from the Carmen Well, so all her hopes were crushed. Suddenly she remembered that the witch was waiting, so she hurried on.

The Plum met her inside the gate, and seizing the red, she threw it over herself, but, alas, she took too much, and, instead of red she became purple. The Apple polished her cheeks until they became a hard red color, while the Cherry and Currant jumped into the pail and each one tried to get all they could; some of the others (among them the gooseberry) seeing how pretty the Apple was, turned so green with envy that no amount of rouge would make them red, or even pink.

There was some who thought red was not as pretty a color as yellow, so hoping to win the Queen's favor by another color, they became various shades of yellow.

When at last Peach arose from the ground where she had fallen from fatigue, there was not even one tiny drop of red left.

From the Fairy's palace sounded a burst of music and the fruit hurried to their trees to arrange themselves among the green leaves as prettily as possible.

As the Queen viewed the beautiful array, she laughed with delight, as it was all so lovely she was perplexed to know which one should receive the prize, and even forgave the yellow fruit for choosing a color she had not suggested. And at the end of the row was little Peach, and as the Queen's eye fell upon her she the loveliest, with her sun-kissed cheeks gave a cry of joy, for even among

those painted beauties, Peach was cheeks and long drooping leaves.

Clapping her hands, the Queen called for her butterfly attendants, and forming a ring around little Peach, they danced around her singing:

"Pink and green, pink and green,  
The prettiest colors ever seen,  
Green and pink, green and pink,  
That Peach is the prettiest  
Is what we all think."

**LARRY'S OPPORTUNITY.**

Larry was working on an ambitious-looking rabbit pen when Mr. Dane stopped.

"Could you carry a note back to the bridge, boy?" he said. "I've forgotten something, and I haven't time to go back."

"Yes, sir," said Larry, eagerly. He would only be too glad of an excuse for going out to the bridge across the Gorge. It was a fascinating place to him, and the workmen did not like to have boys hanging around. They drove them away as quickly as they saw them. And indeed, it was rather a dangerous place for an irresponsible boy. But if he came with a message from the boss, Larry reasoned that they would surely let him stop awhile and watch the work, if he was very quiet and did not get in the way.

"You'll be sure and take it?" questioned Mr. Dane. "I don't want you to go off to a ball game and forget it."

"I wouldn't," said Larry indignantly. "I'm fourteen." He knew he had to tell people his responsible age because he was so small that they took him for eleven or twelve.

"Do you want me to take it for you?" "I carry uncle's dinner?" he added, a little anxiously.

"Oh, no! If it's there by three o'clock it will be all right."

"Then I'll start right after I get back from carrying the dinner, and I'll have it there before half-past two, sure. I can do that easy."

"All right," Mr. Dane tore a leaf out of his notebook and wrote. Larry took the note and tucked it in the safest of his pockets. Then he hurried into the house to see if the lunch was ready, so he could carry it at once.

The people in Sharon said Larry hadn't had a real chance and you couldn't expect too much of him. He had been orphaned in babyhood, and had been left to the care of a hard-working aunt and her dissipated husband. Surely Larry did not have a very good example before him. But he had never found out that there was not much expected of him. He made his great plans like other boys. He expected to be honest and studious, and to work his way up in the world.

His aunt packed the luncheon for him, and he set out for the distant factory where his uncle was working for a little while. When Larry reached home again, a most threatening storm was gathering in the west. The sky was quite black, and the lower clouds were swirling along before a strong wind. Frequent lightning tore through the black veil.

"I'd not start, Larry," said the aunt. "He'd not expect it in the face of a storm like that."

"I said I would," said Larry quite simply. Why, the very last talk at the boys' club had been about honor and how a man that was worth anything would regard a promise as absolutely sacred.

"It's lucky I've nothing to spoil," laughed Larry. "I think I'll start right away, and get as far as I can before the storm breaks. Then I can take shelter through the worst of it."

The new Gorge bridge, then being constructed, was three miles out of town. Larry started on the easy trot that he had learned when running with the boys' club at the church. He was not more than half a mile on his way when the storm let loose. He took refuge in an open barn, for he could not advance against the wind-driven rain. Larry had no watch, but presently he grew uneasy. It was too dark to judge of the time, but he was sure he had lingered as long as he dared. So, though the storm had abated but little, and the roads were seas of mud, he felt that he must start out. With head down, he plodded through the driving rain and deep mud for the two and a half miles remaining. He found the bridge workers in the little cabin that served as a shelter. They exclaimed in amazement at the forlorn-looking lad that burst in upon them. Larry handed his note to Mr. Benson, the assistant. The note was water-soaked, but Mr. Benson made it out.

"Huh!" he said, "you're a fool to come out in a storm like this for such a trifle."

Larry felt something colder than the wet clothes that were clinging to his tired body.

"I see," Benson went on, "that Dane says I'm to give you fifty cents for bringing this. Was that what you paddled out here through the

mad for?"

Several of the men laughed loudly. Mr. Benson drew a fifty cent piece from his pocket and held it out. Larry had not known he was to be paid, but ordinarily the fifty cent piece would have been more than welcome. But now he stayed in his place near the door.

"I didn't come for that," he said sullenly. "I came 'cause I said I would."

In the back room a young man was poring over some drawings by the light of the single lamp. Now he rose suddenly.

"Bully for you, kid!" he said. "That's the way to do things. Come in here and get some dry clothes."

Larry felt warm again. He hurried after his new-found friend. A change passed over Mr. Benson's face. He had not meant to belittle the boy's motive. But the message was not a very important one, and his judgment told him that it could have gone until another day without harm.

Larry was wrapped in some very large garments while his own were put to dry by the fire. Before he was ready to go, Mr. Dane returned, having transacted his business sooner than he had expected, and since he was anxious about the bridge in the heavy storm, he had hurried back.

"Whew! Are you here?" he said, looking at Larry. "Why, boy, I didn't expect you to come out in a storm like this. I don't see how you got here, anyway."

Larry looked down uncomfortably. "I thought you had to do what you promised, whether it stormed or not," he said in a low voice.

"Oh!" said Mr. Dane blankly. "Well, I guess you do. I'm sorry, though, I didn't tell you to make allowance in case of anything of that kind."

When Larry was ready to start back that night, the young man with the drawings looked at Mr. Dane and said: "Anything for Casabianca?"

"Sure! We'll find something if he wants it."

Then to Larry, "Do you want a job, youngster?"

"Oh, yes!" breathed Larry fervently. How many times had he sought jobs, and been refused because he was so small! Here was his chance at last. And to work at the big bridge that! Already he was resolving to find out just how bridges were made.

"Report to-morrow morning, then. You can ride out with me each morning and back at night."

And that was the beginning of Larry's great opportunity.

**The Martyr's Mountain.**

A little to the right of the Amakusa Islands rises a high mountain whose top is usually hidden in mist. In "The History of the Christian Religion in Japan," the author gives the story of the persecutions that wiped out the Christian belief in Japan.

There thousands of Catholics received the martyr's crown in the beginning of the seventeenth century. They were put to death either by fire or by means of the sulphurous boiling waters of the springs which abound there. When the confessor of faith was condemned to death by fire, he was stretched on burning coal and slowly roasted until the end came to the torture. In the ordeal of boiling water, the Catholics were either thrown into hot springs or suspended by the feet or shoulders over the boiling water. By means of pulleys the victim was lowered and then withdrawn, prolonging the agony of the sufferer in the hope that he would apostatize. The originator of this ordeal afterwards committed suicide by casting himself into one of the springs called "The Mouth of Hell," where so many valiant Japanese Catholics had been done to death.

**PORTUNICULA.**

O, wondrous favor shown to thee,  
For souls throughout the world  
So vast—

O, pardon grand, whose worth shall  
be  
While all the years of time shall  
last.

To thee, dear Saint, our gracious  
Lord  
Could not refuse what thou hast  
sought,  
And so, with Mary's glad accord,  
This prodigy of love has wrought!  
Saint Francis, by the Love Divine  
Which forced our Lord to grant to thee  
Such privilege to pray'r of thine,  
May it our pleasure ever be,  
To rain for those who suffer,  
May not effect their own release,  
The blessed help that soon may  
bring  
To them the light of Perfect  
Peace!  
—Amadeus, O.S.F., in Franciscan  
Review.

### ARE LIBERTY LOVING PEOPLE.

### NO EXTREME POVERTY EXISTS.

These Finnish People are Refined and Contented.

Helsingfors, Finland, July 31.—When I arrived here I felt something as must have Pochontas when she found herself among the fair-haired Saxons. The streets are thronged with blue-eyed, flaxen-haired men and women, the latter with complexions rivaling the apple blossoms now in full bloom. They are a handsome people, these liberty-loving Finns, and their personal cleanliness and as pleasant to live in as a field of sweet clover. Small danger of cholera making any headway in Helsingfors, which has the additional advantage of being, in a comparatively new European city. It was built not more than a hundred years ago.

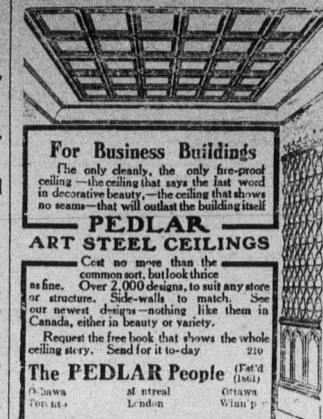
It seems as if I had traveled thousands of miles, so far removed from Russian cities is this in its general tone of refinement and contentment. Education is compulsory, mendicancy forbidden and drunkenness detested. Twice the Finnish diet passed a bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drink, but the emperor of Russia, the Grand Duke of Finland, refused to sign it. Should it be sent a third time and the royal signature withheld, then according to the constitution granted by Alexander I, it becomes law. But just now the socialistic party is causing trouble and it may be difficult to get a united voice—hitherto Finland's strength—on even the liquor question, though the social party is also temperate.

Disaster seems to threaten the good times which followed the uprising after the Russian-Japanese war when the Finns used imperial difficulty for their opportunity and all business ceased, and a bloodless revolution resulted in regaining the rights guaranteed by the constitution, and which had been gradually taken from them. Now there is no longer a Finnish minister of state at St. Petersburg, and instead of home matters passing through his hands direct to the Emperor, they go via the Russian cabinet, which mutilates them sadly on the way.

Since the strike of the police, which are Finns, have donned a national uniform, discarding the hated Russian one. It is a trim-looking suit very similar to that worn by the British police. Neither are there Finns in the Russian army service. They refuse to enlist unless it be a purely Finnish regiment officered by their own countrymen, and this, of course, Russia is afraid to permit. The country has no Russian settlers excepting families of military men, and when some time ago a Russian official wished to lease a house, the Finns refused to rent. Finally a man was found willing to sell at a big price, but it cost him dearly, for he was ostracized by the citizens and forced to leave Helsingfors.

The capable and honest manner in which the affairs of Finland have been managed by its diet have disbanded the wealth of the country, which is not great, so that no extreme poverty exists. One-third of the land is under water—"country of a thousand lakes"—and the people depend chiefly upon the timber and fishing trade. To aid the poor there is no duty on flour, the largest import coming from the United States.

Helsingfors is very beautifully situated. It is on a tongue of land reaching into the Baltic and broken by a number of small bays. Scattered in front of it are several little islands, green beauty spots on the blue water. Here and there in the city are hills which lend themselves admirably to landscape architecture. And the citizens have so splendidly assisted nature that parks, squares



and inviting streets adorn the seacoast capital. Leading from the quay through the principal part of the city is a boulevard that is a garden of delight. It has six rows of grand old trees, flower beds, fountains, statuary, and best of all, a throng of pleasant, refined people. Near to a monument of the nation's favorite poet is a bandstand where every afternoon during summer a band plays. The city would be even more attractive-looking if the private grounds were kept as are the public parks, but the summer is so short—two months—that owners haster away to their country villas to the neglect of the town lawns.

During the last few years there has been a revival of old Finnish architecture and all the new buildings are after this style, turrets, towers, low doorways and queerly-fashioned windows, altogether medieval in aspect. Finland's multiplicity of quarries furnish ample granite, of which the larger portion of the city is built. A roughcast mortar is also used with good effect. The new National Museum is built of gray stone and old Finnish architecture; a church nave and square bell-tower are embodied in the design. The socialists have erected a large stone structure on quite another plan, bare and severe. They call it the People's Building, but the money with which it was raised was not quite so unselfish as Finnish money has always been. It is the socialistic element that gave women the ballot and elected nine women members of the diet. These feminine members of parliament are by no means representative of Finland's well-bred, cultured women.

Summer and winter the most animated corner of Helsingfors is the quay where the barges and market produce and fish. Hundreds of persons gather there, the peasant women's heads covered with neat white handkerchiefs. In this section is held also an open-air market, each seller having a little tent. It begins at 5 a.m. and at 11 a.m. all is removed and the quay clear. Just now the city fathers are agitating to have this open-air market put to an end as it is not as hygienic as it is picturesque.

Up from the quay, there past a high and lovely summit upon which stand the observatory, a group of round-towered buildings, and Brunsparken reached, the handsomest park and residential section of Helsingfors. Right here is the Catholic Church, a neat little red brick Gothic structure. Over the door is a statue of St. Hendrick, who gave his life for the faith of Finland. As Russia is steeped in schism, so is Finland in Lutheranism. When the so-called Reformation was sweeping over the northlands, Swedish proselytism invaded Finland and, finding the peasants' faith could only be undermined indirectly, they pretended to celebrate mass and gained the confidence of the simple Finns.

Catholicity might have completely died out had not the intermarriage of Finns and Poles helped to keep the flickering light burning. Until three years ago there was but one Catholic church in Finland. Now there is a second at Viborg and a chapel in the interior. The Catholics of Helsingfors number but 500, but there is every sign that the wandering sheep are coming back to the fold. Socialistic principles rampant in Finland have so disgusted earnest thinking men and women that they are turning to the only creed which stoutly resists materialism. The pastor of St. Hendrick's, Rev. Wilfrid von Christerson, a Rev. of Finnish-Irish extraction, and patriotic as he is priestly, educated at St. Sulpice, France, he has the polished bearing of a university man. When he spoke of the conversions being effected, he picked up a book, saying, "This is the greatest help I have." It was a Finnish translation of Cardinal Gibbons' "Faith of Our Fathers." "I have a school of twenty-two children," the boyish young pastor proudly told me; "when I began there were only seven."

Later I visited the French nuns in charge of this little Catholic school, which may in the far-off future become a college, sending out graduates with high degrees. The sisters, there are but four, belong to the Franciscans of the black habit. Only in the house do they wear the religious garb. Protestant Finland, like orthodox Russia, being as yet opposed to any style of dress approved by Rome. Besides the day school, the sisters take care of five orphans. As I came out of the house I met these small pensioners, pretty little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girls that any mother might envy the possession of. School, church and pastor are chiefly supported by friends abroad who are interested in this struggling mission working for the salvation of the handsome stained glass windows, the gift of an American friend, Miss Mary Ryan, of Philadelphia.

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

To carry on the business of mining and manufacturing asbestos or any mineral in all its branches, and to purchase, hold, lease, acquire and sell mines, minerals and mining and other property rights, easements and privileges, and to mine, quarry, get, work, mill and prepare for sale by any process, asbestos and all or any other mineral or metallic products and ores, and to manufacture products and by-products therefrom, and to smelt such ores and other metallic substances, and to trade in the products of such mines or manufactures; to purchase, acquire, hold, use, occupy, sell, convey, lease, exchange, hypothecate and otherwise deal in real estate, mills, machinery, steam, electric or otherwise, and other property, and to mine, smelt, dress, and in every way or manner, and by every or any process; to manufacture ore, minerals, and metallic or other products, and for such purposes to make and execute all necessary and proper works, and to do all necessary and proper acts, and to erect and maintain all suitable furnaces, forges, mills, engines, houses and buildings, and if necessary to acquire any patent, privileges or by assignment, license or otherwise, the right to use any patent invention connected with the purpose aforesaid; and to construct and make, purchase, hold or lease, alter and maintain and operate any roads, ways, barges, vessels, or steamers for the transportation of goods, minerals or other property manufactured and/or unmanufactured, from and to the mines and works of the company, and from or to any other mines to any places of transportation or elsewhere, and to do all other business necessarily and usually performed on the same, and to construct wharves, docks, and works and machinery in connection with the business of the company. To act as general storekeepers and provide board and lodging, clothing and provisions, to those engaged in or about any of the company's works, and to contract for the providing of same. From time to time to apply for, purchase or acquire by assignment, transfer or otherwise and to exercise, carry out and enjoy any statute, ordinance, order, license, power, which any government, or authorities supreme, municipal or local, or any corporation or other public body may be empowered to enact, make or grant and to pay for in all contributing towards carrying the same into effect, and to appropriate any of the company's stock, bonds and assets to defray the necessary costs, charges and expenses thereof. To carry on any other business, whether manufacturing or otherwise, but germane to the foregoing objects which may seem to the company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with the business or objects of the company. To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire any patents, brevets d'invention, licenses, leases concessions and the like conferring any exclusive or non-exclusive or limited rights to use or any secret or other information as to any invention which may seem capable of being used for any of the purposes of the company, or the acquisition of which may seem calculated to benefit this company, and to use, exercise, develop or grant licenses in respect of or otherwise turn to account the property, rights, interests to in formation so acquired. To acquire the undertakings, assets or properties of any individuals, firms or corporations now carrying on a similar business incidental thereto, to pay for the same either wholly or partly in cash, or wholly or partly in bonds, or wholly or partly in stock of said company; to acquire and hold shares, bonds or other securities of or in any other company or corporation, carrying on business similar to that which this company is authorized to carry on and while holding the same to exercise all the rights and powers of ownership thereof. To lease, sell, alienate or dispose of the property, assets or any part thereof; to give or grant in connection therewith options of purchase to any person or persons or other company for the working or development of the property of the company; to do any of the foregoing things upon such terms and conditions as may be deemed advisable, and particularly for shares, debentures or securities of any other company having objects similar to those of this company. To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects and to carry on such operations through the Dominion of Canada, or any part of the said Dominion or elsewhere.

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

L. RODOLPHE ROY,  
Provincial Secretary.

**Shelley and Frank**

It was said of Shelley that he had left so much of himself in his minor degree that served of France (1907), who had with him, and who, it is said, founded him. The necessity of the thing, though the form of the guised form, as "Sister Songs," constant cry of often read the check our mission. Thompson's post-essay on Shelley, himself who loved Shelley and indeed, the writer has poetry and the may regard as a Thompson.

The essay (now from) by Burns (ed) opens with observations on the Church. "Poetry's widest sense general animating (Arts) and when religious, has been long among man misperceived or dis and too generally been that it is a at worst pernicious." Yet it "Once poetry was the lesser sister of the Church, as the Church to the place of loving holism, cast before the feet of the separation is try; it has not been gone." Then follow the real and erring, mired wanderer, beauty, the which through the the light—G Poetry indeed shipped and sung refused to see G the Beauty. "To felme poetry, to range the wilds, heath of your cl the rafter of your household, feed I your table, soft fondle her, cherish longer than need she to wait on, s her to play around Cross." From and food is to be when the poet sings, be it ever of God. And expression of Shelley's spirit of light-foot.

The plea for poetry and song, of the prodigal, that in Thompson following from Lap:

"Ah! let the sw Lord  
With earth's work Teach how the Carven from the Fruit of the Hesi Burnish take on The Muses sacred With the red-dew And Sappho lay In white Cecilia's Shelley was "tanuous"; his th and slipt easily conventionalities sion of his soul. In his art over inspirat soul—the defect, of modern poetry, was a true sism more often affect "both as a poet, sentially a child, ceasing to produce cannot produce a but not childish. It is to be a child believe in love, t

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### Then let Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills prove their power to Cure.

Let urine stand for twenty-four hours and if at the end of that time there are deposits of a brick dust variety, or if the water becomes smoky and cloudy, you may be sure the kidneys are deranged.

Another very marked symptom of kidney disease is pain in the small of the back.

The letter quoted below tells how these symptoms were overcome and kidney disease cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Because of their direct and combined action on both liver and bowels these pills cure the most complicated cases.

Capt. W. Smith, a veteran of the Crimean war, living at Revelstoke, B.C., writes: "I can testify that for years I was a sufferer from chronic kidney disease, which was the verdict after the doctor examined me and analyzed my urine. As his medicine did me no good I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and was benefited so much that I kept on taking them until I can say that I am perfectly cured, which the doctor certifies."

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**PAGE WALKER**  
"Tougher and stronger THE PAGE WALKER"

THE BOOKLOVER'S CORNER

Shelley and Francis Thompson.

It was said of Shelley—"No writer has left so clear an image of himself in his writings..."

The essay (now published in book form by Burns and Oates, price 1s 6d) opens with some beautiful observations on the place of Poetry in the Church.

Poetry indeed sinned when she worshipped and sung of the Beauty and refused to see God as the author of the Beauty.

The plea for this reunion of sanctity and song, for the home-return of the prodigal, is echoed now and then in Thompson's verse, as in the following from "Love in Dian's Lap":

"Ah! let the sweet birds of the Lord With earth's waters make accord; Teach how the crucifix may be Carven from the laurel tree, Fruit of the Hesperides"

Shelley was "aboundingly spontaneous"; his thought bubbled up and slipped easily into words, defied conventionalities so that the expression of his soul might be more perfect.

ness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches and mice into horses, lowliness into loftiness and nothing into everything; for each child has its fairy god-mother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space; it is

"To see the world in a grain of sand And heaven in a wild flower; Hold infinity in the palm of your hand, And eternity in an hour"

It is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death."

And such an enchanted child was Shelley to the end of his days; ever a child, and, as a child, afflicted and tormented in unsympathetic surroundings, so that he "fled into the tower of his soul" and there kept his dream unbroken.

In actual circumstances of life the comparison between Thompson and Shelley is not very close; the welcome fact of material prosperity was not always Thompson's, but on the other hand he did not possess in so great a degree the spiritual restlessness of the earlier poet.

"Ay, if men say that on all high heaven's face The saintly signs I trace, Which round my stolid altars hold Their solemn place, Amen! Amen! For oh, how could it be—"

"I sang of the dancing stars, I sang of the daedal earth And of heaven and the giant wars And love and death and birth. And then I changed my pippings— Singing low down the vale of Maenalus I pursued a maiden, and clasped a reed; Gods and men, we are all deluded thus; It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed. All wept—as I think both ye row would, If envy or age had not frozen your blood, At the sorrow of my sweet pippings."

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HEADACHE.

In all cases of headache the first thing to do is to unload the bowels and thus relieve the afflicted organs of the overfull blood vessels of the brain; and at the same time to restore tone to the system, re-establish the appetite, promote digestion and invigorate the entire body.



will remove the cause of the trouble and restore the system to healthy action and buoyant vigor.

Mrs. J. Priest, Aspdin, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with headache for several years and tried almost everything without results, until a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I got two bottles, but before I had finished one I was completely cured. I can never say too much for B.B.B."

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POET'S CORNER

PARTINGS.

There be all kinds of partings—some which rend The very soul with bitter sense of pain, And, tearing from us the beloved friend, Leave wounds which gape while life and thought remain.

And some, which lightly met and lightly passed, Like cloud-wreaths tossed beneath a summer sky, A moment's shadow on the spirit cast, But leave the clear sun shining as they fly.

Yet some there are, more blessed than the rest, Which know of parting but the name alone, So deeply in each tried and faithful breast The spreading roots of mutual trust have grown.

So fairly, through the swiftly passing years Has friendship bloomed, with changing time and breath, With holy thought that strengthens and endears, With love that mocks at chance and laughs at death. —Mary Elisabeth Blake.

THERE'S MUSIC IN MY HEART.

There's music in my heart to-day. The master hand is on the keys, Calling me up to the windy hills And down to the purple seas.

Let time draw back when I hear that tune— Old to the soul when the stars were new— And swing the doors to the four great winds, That my feet may wander through North or south, and east or west; Over the rim with the 'belled sails, From the mountains' feet to the empty plains, Or down the silent trails—

It matters not which door you choose; The same clear tune blows through them all, Though one heart leaps to the grind of seas And one to the rainbird's call.

However you hide in the city's din And drown your ears with its siren songs, Some day steal in these thin, wild notes, And you leave the foolish throngs. God grant that the day will find me not When the tune shall mellow and thrill in vain— So long as the plains are red with sun And the woods are black with rain.

"I WILL."

I will start anew this morning with a higher, fairer creed; I will cease to stand complaining of my ruthless neighbor's greed; I will cease to sit repining while my duty's call is clear; I will waste no moment whining and my heart shall know no fear.

I will sometimes look about me for the things that merit praise; I will search for hidden beauties that elude the grumbler's gaze; I will try to find contentment in the paths that I must tread; I will cease to have resentment when another moves ahead.

I will not be swayed by envy when my rival's strength is shown; I will not deny his merit, but I'll strive to prove my own; I will try to see the beauty spread before me, rain or shine— I will cease to preach your duty and be more concerned with mine.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

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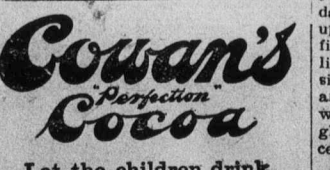
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The Feast of Ste. Anne

Thousands of Faithful Crowd New York Church. Thousands of worshippers, including hundreds with ill and infirmities, attended the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, No. 159 East Severly-sixth street, New York, on the occasion of the Feast of Ste. Anne on Monday.



Let the children drink all they want. Healthy, nutritious, delightful. Absolutely pure. That rich chocolate flavor. Very economical. The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto.

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The feast had been preceded by the annual novena, or nine days of preparation. Throughout this time, as well as on the feast day, a wrist bone and part of a finger bone, relic of St. Anne, were exposed for veneration and were applied by priests to the ill. Crowds were waiting in the street for the opening of the church at six in the morning, and throughout the day a constant procession was kept up. Almost all day the church was filled to overflowing, and a long line was waiting outside. Down the side aisles were passed the cripples and sick, while down the centre went a stream in health to kiss the glass covering the relics and to receive the blessings of the priests. Waiting at the side doors were found lame and aged women, exhausted with the efforts of reaching that far, resting alongside mothers with children, bemoaning that because of the multitude they could not get in. In the panegyric on Ste. Anne, Father A. Letellier said that many had told of benefits received physically as well as spiritually. Many stories of cures were told in the crowd and crutches and traces were left behind in the church. A boy wearing a brace as a support to his spine left the brace in the church and was able to walk out without it. A little girl, who used a steel appliance to support her leg, left the apparatus beside the boy's.

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A Sure Corrective of Flatulency.—When the undigested food lies in the stomach it throws off gases causing pains and oppression in the stomachic region. The belching or eructation of these gases is offensive and the only way is to restore the stomach to proper action. Farnelle's Vegetable Pills will do this. Simple directions go with each packet, and a course of them taken systematically is certain to effect a cure.

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the office of the secretary of Quebec, this of July, 1909. ODOLPHE ROY, Provincial Secretary.

EARLY VOYAGES BY BOLD SAILORS.

CATHOLIC DISCOVERERS' WORK

Father Kenny Points Out the Paths of These Explorers.

Discussing the erroneous statement of a writer that it was in 1666 and at the old fort of St. Anne that "the Roman Catholic Church first touched the soil which is now the northern United States," Father Michael Kenny, S.J., writes in America: "In a recent book Dr. Joyce, M. R.I.A., concludes that there is a solid historical element behind the St. Brendan legend, and that not only St. Brendan in the sixth century but St. Cormac in the eighth and other Irish missionaries, landed and labored on our shores. Dr. Joyce is so mean authority nor lightly to be set aside, but, waving his contentions, it is practically accepted now that the Scandinavian Colonists of Greenland visited New England or "Vinland"; and they were certainly Catholics, christianized by apostolic navigators from Ireland.

CATHOLIC EXPLORATION.

Again our shores were explored by Catholics within a few years of Columbus' discovery. In 1498, John Cabot sailed down our coast from Newfoundland as far as Cape Hatteras and visited various points. Noticing the wealth of the Newfoundland fisheries, he carried the news to Europe and soon sailors from Portugal and the Basque provinces of Spain, from Normandy and Brittany, flocked to the Newfoundland fishing grounds. They were certainly there in 1504, and they would scarcely refrain from cruising along the mainland and entering the mouths of large rivers in quest of further gain. One such instance seems settled beyond dispute.

DISCOVERY OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

The local annals of Dieppe and a chronicle printed in Paris in 1512 record that two ships from Dieppe entered on the coast of St. Lawrence, August 10, 1508, "a mighty river" which they named after the patron saint of the day; that they ascended the river eighty leagues, and having made a good trade in peltries, returned with seven natives to France. The two captains from Dieppe were Jean Aubert and Jean Verassen. Jacques Denys and the Parmentier brothers soon followed in their track, and Jean Verassen returned not only to touch our shores at many points but to discover the Hudson before Hudson was born, and pay the first recorded visit to Coney Island.

FOUND NEW YORK FIRST.

Jean Verassen was the French form of Giovanni da Verazzano, who like Columbus, Amerigo and Cabot, was a native of Italy. A scientific geographer and naturalist as well as trained seaman, he had been at twenty-eight, captain of a vessel at Dieppe, then one of the most important French ports. Returning to France with Aubert, he offered his services to Francis I, who sent him in 1523, again from Dieppe, to discover a westward passage to Cathay. After many mishaps he sighted land north of Cape May on May 10, 1524, which he called "Diepa," a new land never before seen by men. Sailing northward he landed and spent three days at what would seem from his brother's map to be Accomac peninsula. In April he passed Sandy Hook, which he named Cape Mary, and entered New York Harbor, which he compares to a beautiful lake.

FURTHER DISCOVERIES.

What corresponds to Coney Island on the map of his discoveries he called Angoulême, the name of Francis I's countship; he christened Block Island Looche, after the King's mother; and Point Judith, Cape St. Francis. He spent a fortnight exploring Narragansett Bay, which he named Refugio and declared "situated on the parallel of Rome in 41 degrees 40'." This is correct almost to a second. He left Refugio May 6, then rounded Cape Cod, where he went ashore and had an encounter with the Indians. The region including Pennsylvania, New York and New England, he called Francesca. He seems to have reached as far as the Penobscot, whence he returned to Dieppe. From his letter to Francis I in July, 1524, and the Mallole map of his discoveries drawn in 1527, it is clear that he explored the coast from North Carolina to Maine. His is the first description of New York and Narragansett bays, of the White Mountains and the islands of the Maine coast, which he happily compares to those of Illyria.

The following year, 1525, Estevan Gomez, a Spaniard, landing at Labrador, coasted southward to Florida, searching also for a westward passage to Cathay. He noticed Cape Cod, Narragansett Bay, the Hudson, which he named San Antonio, and the Delaware; and he "touched" at various points of our northern coast. From 1505, and perhaps 1504, French skippers were seldom absent from our waters. They ascended as far as Albany, and in 1540 built a fort near the present southern limits of the city. This is mentioned by Jean Alfonse in the journal of his voyage of 1542. He had come with Admiral Roberval to the relief of Jacques Cartier, who had wintered at Montreal in 1535. Such an enterprising mariner as Cartier could not have failed to cross the river and touch our northern territory during his long sojourn on the other side.

J. J. SHEA, Late Musical Director of K. E. Theatrical Syndicate New York City. ORGANIST ST. AGNES CHURCH Violin, Vocal and Piano Tuition MUSICAL STUDIOS: 727 St. Denis St., Montreal. 80 Notre Dame St., Lachine

LOCAL AND DIOCESAN.

FEAST OF ST. IGNATIUS.—On Sunday last the Jesuit Fathers celebrated solemnly the feast of their founder, St. Ignatius.

FIRST MASS.—The Rev. C. Beaudin, only son of Mr. Simeon Beaudin, K.C., of this city, celebrated his first high mass in St. James Cathedral last Sunday.

MONTFORT ANNIVERSARY.—His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, pontificated at high mass at Montfort on Monday on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the opening of the Asylum there.

NEW JAIL CHAPLAIN.—The Rev. Father Garceau, S.J., has been appointed Catholic chaplain of the Montreal Jail, in the place of the Rev. Father Dugas, S. J.

HOLLAND SCHOOLS ON A MODEL PLAN.

The law relating to primary and secondary education in Holland might well serve as a model for other countries where the vexed problem of public instruction causes so much embarrassment to those charged with its solution.

The principles which have guided the Dutch legislator in this matter are unquestionably just, and their application can involve no hardship whatever on any section of the community.

School attendance in Holland has been made legally compulsory, but then this compulsion is tempered by conditions which render it quite unobjectionable.

In the first instance, no father of a family is obliged to send his children to school if within a radius of four kilometers from his home there is no school in which instruction is given in harmony with his religious convictions.

He represents his case to the official authority, and if, on inquiry, his objections are found valid, he is released from the obligation imposed by the law.

Again, should twenty heads of families in any district agree to demand a school of a denominational character, their request must be acceded to, although other schools public, or private, may already exist in the locality.

Religious minorities are thus adequately protected, and wherever they insist on having their own special schools they can easily support them, thanks to the Government grants-in-aid.

The primary schools, both public and denominational, being placed on a footing of equality as regards the amount of government aid and the conditions under which it is given, Catholics have little or no cause of complaint on this score.

To the commune for its public schools, and to the governing bodies of private schools, the State allows 25 per cent of the total expenditure on buildings; in the case of the latter the payment is made by instalments extending over some years.

Teachers in commercial and denominational schools receive equal treatment on the matter of salaries and pensions, no exception being made; even in cases where the teachers in denominational schools are members of religious communities.

The salaries are fixed by law, the amount naturally depending on the grade of the school and the number of pupils.

If a communal council or the governing body of a private school wish to grant a higher than prescribed salary, or thinks proper to appoint more than the regulation number of teachers, the council or governing body must from its own resources make up the enhancement in expenditure.

As regards pensions for widows and orphans, no distinction is made between the families of teachers in the official schools and those of teachers in the private or denominational schools.

Under conditions so equitable, the grievance of which the friends of denominational education in Holland had reason to complain some years ago no longer exists. And in the healthy rivalry prevailing between the officials and the non-official schools, it is satisfaction to find that the latter are able to hold their own, as is shown by the increasing number of pupils they have in attendance.

In the course of the last seven years the population of the government schools has risen from 508,286 to 563,157, while that of the denominational schools has increased from 281,534 to 316,188—the increase of the latter within the period being absolutely and proportionately much greater.

A Reproach and its Removal.

(Continued from Page 1.)

her stricken city, promising her the tribute of an ex-voto, and at the same time to revive the pilgrimages in her honor to the historic Church of Bonsecours, so popular in the early days of the French colony.

THE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

Hundreds of fatherless and motherless Irish children, whom this catastrophe had thrown on the charity of the public, were looked after by the ever devoted and kindly disposed French-Canadians, who adopted them into their own families, or cared for them until protection could be found elsewhere.

The names and the deeds of many another—clergyman, physician, consecrated virgin—should somewhere be blazoned in letters of gold; but data cannot be found. In those strenuous days, in Canada, chronicling was largely left to the recording angels.

At Bytown—the Ottawa of to-day—the records of the time show the daily average of typhus patients to have been two hundred, between the months of June and October of this terrible year 1847—with a total of four hundred deaths. The Oblate Fathers and the Grey Nuns of the Cross bore nobly their share of the heat and burden of the emergency, in no instance shrinking from the dangers and duties of the hour. At Kingston and Toronto the same humanity and heroism were exercised, and edifying traits could be told of in data were not so difficult to obtain.

DIED FOR DUTY.

What is authentic, however, is that the Right Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of Toronto, stricken while attending to his unhappy countrymen, laid down his life in the performance of his priestly functions. This Christian self-sacrifice was shared also by other denominations, the Rev. Mr. Durie, a Presbyterian minister, succumbing to the disease at Bytown.

The official report of the Montreal Emigrant Society for 1847, embodies this pathetic paragraph: "From Grosse Island, the great charnel-house of victimized humanity, up to Port Sarnia, and along the borders of our magnificent river, upon the shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie, wherever the tide of emigration has extended, are to be found the final resting-places of the sons and daughters of Erin: one unbroken chain of graves, where repose fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, in one commingled heap, without a tear bedewing the soil not a stone marking the spot. Twenty thousand, and upwards, have thus gone to their graves."

A MONUMENT.

Twelve years later, a portion of this reproach was removed by the erection of a monument at Point St. Charles, Montreal. A huge boulder, elemental in composition and form, taken from the central span of the Victoria Bridge, when the men were building the piers was set up and inscribed thus:

TO PRESERVE FROM DESECRATION THE REMAINS OF 6,000 IMMIGRANTS WHO DIED OF SHIP FEVER A. D. 1847-8 THIS STONE IS ERECTED BY THE WORKMEN OF MESSRS. PETO, BRASSEY & BETTS EMPLOYED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE A. D. 1859.

For some utilitarian purpose, this monument has been, in recent years, removed to its present position in St. Patrick's Square, which seems to be a case of making it a monument standing wide of the mark.

A NEW MEMORIAL.

And now happily the remaining portion of the reproach must go. At

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BRANCK. 23 THE PRINCE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. Alaska - Yukon - Pacific Exposition. Round Trip First-Class Tickets will be on sale daily until September 30th, 1909, from Montreal to Vancouver, B.C. Victoria, B.C. Seattle, Wash. Tacoma, Wash. Portland, Ore. \$89.00

San Francisco, Cal. Los Angeles, Cal. \$104.25. Choice of routes to San Francisco, returning via Portland, Oregon, and any regular direct route therefrom, or vice-versa. Visit the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and such famous resorts as the Yellowstone Park, Grand Canyon of Arizona, Colorado Springs, Denver, Salt Lake and the famous Royal Gorge, and many other points of interest. Good to return until Oct. 31st, 1909. CITY TICKET OFFICES, 130 St. James St. Phones Main 6905, 6906, 6907, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC ALASKA-YUKON PACIFIC EXPOSITION. Seattle, Wash., June 1st to Oct. 16th, 1909. Round Trip First-Class Tickets will be sold until September 30th, 1909, from Montreal to Vancouver, B.C. Victoria, B.C. Seattle, Wash. Tacoma, Wash. Portland, Ore. \$89.00

San Francisco, Cal. Los Angeles, Cal. \$104.25. Going via any regular direct route to San Francisco, returning via Portland, Oregon, and any regular direct route therefrom, or vice versa. Good to return until Oct. 31st, 1909.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT. TRAIN SERVICE. 7.30 A.M. Except Sunday. MARITIME EXPRESS. 12 NOON. Except Saturday. N. B.—On Saturdays, this train goes as far as St. Flavie only. 4.00 P.M. Except Sunday. SATURDAYS ONLY. 12 NOON. CITY TICKET OFFICE. 130 St. James Street. Tel. Main 618. GEO. STRUBBE, City Pass & Trk. Agent. H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

and historic river, his gaze will rest on that monument, and no sooner will he receive an indelible impression that this is not only a land of freedom, but that it is a land of brotherly love, a land where the races live in harmony, and where each vies with the other in promoting the great work of national unity.

With this project carried out, forgetfulness yields to remembrance; neglect melts away in the warmth of genuine sympathy, even if it brings its tribute a trifle late. Let the Celtic cross arise, then, to the memory of a people who have so clearly proven their right to the title, "Lovers of the Cross," a people whose earthly dereliction sends unflinching to the arms of Christ even as extended on the wood of the Cross. In what other form could their endless ignominies be appropriately commemorated?

The highest form of suffering is endurance. Ireland has borne much and loved much withal. Is not this the test of martyrdom? Are the wild beasts in the arena, the wheel the boiling bath, the bed of steel, more expressive of man's inhumanity to man and more frightful as means of execution, than the prolonged agonies of slow starvation and of neglected disease?

With an approximate two millions of men, women and children, subjected to these long-drawn-out tortures, till death cut the Gordian knot of their trial; with uncomputed thousands awaiting their resurrection in American soil—with these totalings, the martyr-roll of Ireland seems sufficiently full, and the reproach of Giralduis quite amply removed.

S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED. DOWN-TOWN STORE—NOTRE DAME ST. THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1909.

The New Management Remnant Sale. Double the Ordinary Opportunities to Save Money! Profits have seemingly been banished. The point now is to hurry out the "left overs" at any price. Remember this, remnants most surely indicate the popularity of the goods—many remnants mean big selling previously. Thousands of the most useful remnants ever offered await you here including: DRESS GOODS CARPETS FLANNELS, ETC. SILKS LINENS FURNELEMENTS AND TWEEDS SHEETINGS AND COTTONS FURNITURE COVERINGS. AND THE PRICES ARE FROM 25 p.c. to 50 p.c. OFF REGULAR.

A Diligent Effort to Clear Many Lines of Dress Goods and Silks. Reductions of 33 1/3 p.c.!

CREAM TENNIS CLOTH, extra fine texture and very popular for late summer and early fall. New Management Sale Price ..... 35c. CREAM ETAMINE SERGE, only a small quantity left, ideal for summer outing skirts. New Management Sale Prices..... 39c. CREAM ALBATROSS CLOTH, light weight but extra fine weave. At a great savings. Sale price ..... 29c. 500 yard LOUISENE AND TAFFETA SILKS, stripes, checks and solid colors. Regular values up to 65c. At the ridiculous price of ..... 35c. 200 yards BLACK TAFFETA SILK, chiffon finish, extra bright, 16 inches wide. New Management price ..... 69c. 1000 yards FANCY LOUISENE SHANTUNG AND TAFFETA SILKS, in figured, striped and solid colors. Sale Price ..... 59c.

St. Jacobs Oil to cure Lumbago and Sciatica. There is no such word as fail. Price, 25c. and 50c.

Catholic Sailors' Club. ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening. Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. ST. PETER & COMMON STREETS.

MENEELY BELL COMPANY. 22, 24 & 26 RIVER ST., 177 GRANDMAN, TRUY.N.Y., NEW YORK. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELL, SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS.

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Vol. LIX. THE FA... FRANCE H... Nothing But R... the Fal... France had... had proved a... for years kil... of a perform... ings of (what... French Parliam... and existence... and "vive" so... Clemenceau l... the vote that... out having sai... his protector... thunder-clap o... lead-laden spee... the men who l... joined in the... the worst cr... him go and st... the Church, ... did not ask t... loving ministry... even as good... joined at the f... rant who had... with blasphemy... gument of his... Our papers... told us that C... years of po... naught? They... truth? he wo... the quarter of... seen three year... Strange to... French politics... Chamber de D... muskrat had... and ordinary f... case, who has... it, know his h... unmercifully, j... and other frie... were struck... So certain of... had Clemencea... tically began... the hour in wh... opened and in... victim; so, it i... masons respons... ted Press to pi... low in the attit... to resign at an... When Delcass... ceau's first in... fact that he, C... for at the fore... grew all over... House of Franc... came, from the... the Colonies, I... killed, one cou... you wish, but... murderous. He... quote, explain... scribing ridicul... should be descri... guard all the in... When Delcass... with a vengeance... for months, an... who, with any... ence, follow th... happening, the... of France foreg... that as a stat... that as an ord... man discredit, h... der at the wro... pious as the Fr... puties is, the n... club were not... They withered... three-quarters... destroy so easi... learned to adora... came that sent... the oblivion he... ed, with their... the head of a... mentary work—... Canadians—they... vian, even if... voted a slave... M. Delcass... through the ag... that head of a... tigate scandala... the ministry of... duty, not as a... as a man willin... at the expense... sequence, the s... to cease discus... lamps, and su... Delcassé's repor... Nor is it stran... was Sultaz. Ce... disgrace. Among many... Delcassé reproa... mair was an in... liner Tagleblatt... sation the solle... had shown his... poor light. ... denied; but, i... the truth, he p... in the man who... called him. What is more... finally cast, the... despicable state... case's blow, th... even his ch... peace, for he r... and played al... make would he... stroke of hono... painfully prov... in his head th... was not of his