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Witness

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1906.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Letter of Daniel O'Connell to the Protestants of Ireland.

Mr. P. J. Coyle, K.C., has handed us for publication the subjoined interesting letter of Daniel O'Connell. He is the fortunate possessor of several volumes of the "Truth Teller," published in the interest of Ireland in New York 76 years ago, from the tenth volume of which this letter is taken. Its national sentiments are very much appreciated today, and might be committed to fond memory by every true lover of the Green Isle. Needless to say, we thank Mr. Coyle, and gladly grant the request.

To the Protestants of Ireland.
Merrion Square,
14th December, 1833.

"Oh! union how social, oh! union how rare!
All sects and religions may equally share!
Unites in one cause,
Both the rich and the poor—
Makes the fate of our tyrants
Denied and sure."
Antrim Weaver's Song.

Fellow Countrymen—Such were the strains which, sung to an old Irish air, beguiled the labor of the sturdy Presbyterian weaver, ruminating upon what his native land might be, if well governed. It was before the criminal and secret union of traitorous import had plunged the country into confusion and blood, to leave behind long-continued discord and ungodly rancor. He as he sung, mused on the convention of Dunganon, and on the glories of the great leaders of the first Protestant families of Ulster, who, leaning on their ready-drawn swords, unanimously declared

That a claim of any body of men—other than the King and Commons of Ireland, to make laws to bind this kingdom, is unconstitutional, illegal, and a grievance.

This declaration was re-echoed by the Protestants of the county of Cavan, of Tyrone, of Londonderry, of Armagh, of Down—in short, of all Ireland. I would fatigue you were I to repeat one-fifth part of the resolutions, in tone and import similar, which were adopted in every district in Ireland. I will confine myself for the present to one more voluntary resolution, and will select it because the Earl of Charlemont was in the Chair. It runs in these words—

"That we will not acknowledge the jurisdiction of any Parliament, save only the King, Lords, and Commons of Ireland; and that we will, in every capacity support them with our lives and fortunes in asserting our rights against any pretended authority of the British Parliament.

Such were the terms in which Irish Protestants were accustomed to speak in by-gone times, and when Ireland had a Parliament of her own. Where is that spirit that fled? Are you not Irishmen? Protestants, are you not, I repeat, Irishmen? Is not Ireland your country? Is not this fertile and luxurious soil—is not this beautiful, this lovely island, the land of your birth, and of your affections? Think you was she destined by nature to be a pigmy province; or, rather, does she not disclose before you all the features of a great—of an independent nation? Shall any man presume to address the Protestants of Ireland in the words of the poet,

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself has said—
This is my own—my native land?

I disclaim the thought, that the same pulse which beats in my heart at the name of Ireland does not throb with equal violence in the breast of my Protestant fellow-countrymen.

Protestants of Ireland, I do, therefore, address you with confidence. It is not a favor or a courtesy which I require. I want nothing from you as a kindness to any party to which I have been attached, or to any religious persuasion to which I be-

long. My present object is altogether devoid of any partisan feeling, or sectarian advantage. I want nothing from you personally. The Catholics have nothing to ask of you. Placed on the same political level as yourselves—having attained political equality—they desire no more, as Catholics. We only call on you, as Irishmen, to assist to restore the legislative independence of Ireland.

I will be quite candid with you. I do at once acknowledge that much as I desire the repeal of the Union, I would not at present consent to that repeal unless a large majority of the Irish Protestants joined in the desire to restore our native Parliament. Without such a combination of Repealers, much, very much, of the result of legislative independence would be lost. The object—my object, to give to all the people a country—to augment the comforts of all—to promote and cherish industry—to increase the security of every Irishman from personal injury—to enhance the value of the property of every Irishman. Now, these advantages can be gained only by a peaceable and nearly unanimous alteration of the present system, for a better. They cannot be procured by force and violence, and, above all, it is utterly impossible to procure them by bloodshed.

It is, therefore, in the interest of all, the working classes especially, that we should avoid all violent and forcible change in our political system. How is this desirable end to be obtained? Is it by submitting to the evils and oppressions which are so numerous and so grievously inflicted on the land? By no means. It is true that some may contrive to submit, from what has been called philosophic motives, and several from the impulse of refined religion; but the multitude cannot continue to submit to continued wrong and contumely—individuals may submit, but the nation cannot, and the postponement of the proper remedy only insures a little later a violent and sanguinary struggle—a guilty, an ensanguined, and a totally destructive social revolution.

Protestants of Ireland, your duty is—the duty of us all—to obviate the frightful approach of convulsion and crime, and whilst there is yet time, to arrange and nurture that tranquil, peaceable, legal, and constitutional plan of alteration which will ameliorate the condition of all without injury to the person or property of any one individual.

Protestants of Ireland, it is to participate in such an alteration—in precisely such a revolution as was effected in 1782—that I now invoke you to combine with your fellow-countrymen who differ with you in religious opinions. It is to make your native land and ours once again an independent kingdom, connected with England by the golden link of the crown, but sustained and ordered by a resident and native legislature.

Is there one man amongst you that does not admire and venerate the memory of the glorious Volunteers of 1782? Had you a father, an uncle, an ancestor in the ranks? Oh, do you not boast of him in your private and domestic circles, as the pride and ornament of your family? Give, then, to your children, to your descendants, an equal cause to be proud of, and to vaunt your patriotism.

Is there one amongst you who does not know and feel that Ireland would be better attended to by a Parliament of her own than she can possibly be by a British Parliament? Would not Irish trade, Irish industry, Irish manufactures, Irish agriculture, be more safe under the protection of Irishmen than of the men of any other country? Is it not repugnant to common sense and common experience, to imagine that others would take better care of our domestic affairs than we should ourselves.

But I mock you and myself by wasting my time in asking such questions. The answers are of obvious truth, and, indeed, of palpable necessity. Still there are so many and such irresistible reasons in support of "the Repeal," that I will, in my next letter, enter into some details of the principal motives which should induce all of us to insist, peaceably, legally, and constitutionally, on the restoration of a domestic parliament. It is a matter of supererogation to enter into lengthened arguments to prove that which is as clear as the noon-day. He who requires it to be proved to him that his native land ought not to be subject to any other, has not the faculties necessary to comprehend reasoning—neither is he of the class of beings who are worth the labor of conviction.

Protestants, are you not Irishmen? Is not Ireland your native land as well as mine? Are you not friends of liberty? Are you not insensible to the prosperity of Ireland?

Why should Protestants neglect, desert, or hate the land of their birth? Is not the love of freedom and of national independence, a Protestant virtue? Alas! alas! did you Protestants but stand by Ireland as we Catholics are ready to do, there would be an end to our national degradation, and Ireland would once more spring forward in the career of prosperity, really emancipated and disenthralled.

Protestants of Ireland! Shall we be told that there is in England, or in Scotland, a race exalted above us? But I will not pursue the degrading topic. Submit to this reflection if you can—I would almost say, if you dare—and then, Irishmen, go to your homes, and tell the sweet and chaste sharers of your most secret thoughts, that there are human beings before whom you veil your heads and acknowledge your paltry inferiority. All gentle as these partners be, I leave you to the punishment of their scorn.

This is, however, too painful a subject to be dwelt upon—yet the Union—the Union—speaks in trumpet tongue—and had you witnessed the scenes I have beheld, and heard the cheers and the shouts of derision and their Irish vassals.—But it drives me mad, and I desire to be considerate and cool.

Something must be done for Ireland, else we go on from bad to worse, until the calamities of the people become unendurable, and, in despite of all the influence of present popular leaders, and of humanity and religion, some violent convulsion will scatter the elements of social order, and leave behind crime and devastation, bloodshed and ruin.

Hitherto we have been divided. The people of Ireland have been divided. Dissension and discord prevailed. It was useless to argue—reasoning would not be heard. The passions, stimulated by adverse interests, kept us asunder, and prevented the possibility of a reconciliation. There was a substantial and solid motive to prevent conciliation. Our contest was about solid and substantial interests. The Protestants possessed a valuable monopoly. The power and emoluments of all offices were theirs, by law and practice. The legislature was exclusively Protestant. A Catholic lord was only a gentleman with a nickname. No Catholic could be a member of the House of Commons. They were all Protestants. The judges were all Protestants—the law officers of the Crown and the King's council were all Protestants. The sheriffs were all Protestants. The law required all this. The corporations were essentially Protestant—none but Protestants could hold any of the offices in the corporations. I need not proceed further. See what a body of power, authority, wealth, and influence was concentrated in the comparatively smaller class of Protestants.

In general the Protestants clung

with clasps of steel to their valuable monopoly. It gratified their pride as well as their avarice and ambition. They, therefore, naturally clung to the monopoly with desperate tenacity. It is true there were some Protestants who, actuated by the noblest feelings of patriotism, and by the most cherished principles of Christian benevolence, joined the ranks of their excluded countrymen, and sought with us to substitute equalization of civil rights for political exclusions.

On the other hand, the Catholics—and I was one of their leaders—insisted on breaking up that monopoly or repealing the laws which sanctioned and maintained it, and obtaining a perfect equality of civil rights and franchises.

Whilst this contest continued, it was impossible to conciliate the jarring interests with each other. But the contest is over—the controversy is at an end. We Catholics have gained the prize—you, Protestants, have lost the monopoly. We have attained all we desired—political equality—you have nothing more to withhold from us. We have nothing that is yours, no matter on what title, to require or to desire.

The contest is over—the march of practical equalization is still on its progress. The last remaining of the Protestant monopolies is about to disappear—the corporations are about to be reformed.

We have nothing more to contend among ourselves. Why, then, will you not join us for our common country? The heat, the resentment, or defeat, is gradually diminishing and dying away. Why should they be continued? Let us tread out together and extinguish for ever the last sparks to be still found amongst the dying embers of our former dissensions.

I propose—if I get time, to canvas with you my plan of a restored domestic parliament, and to discuss, more at length, the leading reasons which should impel every Irishman to be a "Repealer."

But there is one subject of vital importance upon which it is necessary we should first understand each other. I mean the Protestant Episcopal establishment. I may dispense you, Protestants, or at least many of you; but I will not conceal from you my opinions or plans. There shall be no charge of delusion or deceit.

The principle I go on is this, that no Christian should be compelled to contribute to the support of any religion which he believes not to be true—that is, in other words, that no person of one sect or persuasion should be compelled to contribute to the maintenance of the ministers of any sect or religion. The Catholics should not be compelled to maintain the clergy of the Presbyterians, nor the Presbyterians the clergy of either of the other two religions.

This is explicit. It goes to the very root of the temporalities of the Protestant establishment. I am decidedly for taking away these temporalities, for extinguishing a great part of them, such as tithes, and for employing the remainder to other public purposes. These are changes which will certainly take place—perhaps before the "Repeal"—beyond a doubt soon after.

If, therefore, this view of the result of the Repeal deters any portion of the Protestants from joining the struggle for that measure, I cannot help it. I would rather lose "the Repeal" for ever than obtain it by deceiving or deluding any of my countrymen. I will not do it. One of my great objects for the good of Ireland is depriving the established church, by legal enactments, of its enormous and oppressive temporalities.

Let that be distinctly understood between us. And now, shall this basis on which I seek Protestant support, prevent them from joining in "the Repeal"? Why should it alienate the Episcopalians? Will not their Protestantism be as pure, as persuasive, without its generous temporalities as with them? It may not to the selfish, the interested, the worldly-minded; but it assuredly will to every Episcopalian Protestant who is so in conscientious belief.

Again—why should it alienate the Presbyterians from seeking "Repeal," which would certainly and for ever, free them from the payment of tithes to a clergy from whom they derive no spiritual assistance—

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Be Careful

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

25c. and 60c. bottle.

tance—I mean the clergy of the law-established church.

One word more on this subject. I am decidedly in favor of respecting the vested rights of individual clergymen. I will not turn any living Protestant clergyman adrift on the world without adequate support and maintenance. But I would give that support at and from the public treasury.

For the present I close. Protestant fellow-countrymen, you see the basis on which I solicit your co-operation to restore to our common country a domestic legislature. I ask not the co-operation as a favor or as a kindness—above all, I ask it not as a boon to the Catholics. No such thing—I seek it for our own sakes—for your own benefit and to secure the peace and prosperity of Ireland.

Accept the invitation in the spirit in which it is given—the spirit of Christian benevolence and universal charity—of conciliation—of peace—of perpetual harmony.

Even should you refuse, the Union will be repealed. The Catholics alone are seven millions at the least. It will be possible—that this nation should consent to leave its rights, liberties, and prosperity, in the hands and under the control of any save Irishmen. If you, Protestants, do not join, still—the Union will be repealed!—not so soon, I admit, as if you aided—not so well or satisfactorily. I do avow and proclaim, as if you co-operated, but with unerring certainty notwithstanding.

Protestants, if you think fit to co-operate with us for "the repeal" generously and speedily, before twelve months we may, without difficulty, have the Irish parliament in College Green once again.

I have the honor to be,
Your faithful and obedient servant,
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a widespread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

"MASTER, SAVE US!"
Primeval Cry of a Suffering World
(By Henry F. Copé.)

It is the question of every soul in sorrow or testing, "Does God care anything about me?" It is more than a speculative inquiry then. Theologians may have drawn up their specifications of the Most High and, in the peaceful ways of their lives, they may be satisfied with their handiwork. But when, even into their cloistered walks, some great sorrow or grim death has come stalking, then, with dry lips and moist brow they cry, "Master, are You asleep? Do You not care?"

What is there at the helm of this great ship of life? Is there any one, or is it steered automatically, blindly holding its way and heeding neither waves nor rocks nor other craft? Has this universe a heart or only an engine at its center? The inquiry becomes pressing and pertinent, indeed, when inexplicable distress and anguish that seem all unnecessary break down all the man's strength and courage.

Is there any answer to the great question: does any greater one care for our lives? If we are looking for an answer as susceptible to de-

monstration as a mathematical proposition we are doomed to disappointment. It is possible to believe in providence without being able either to prove or fully comprehend it. The child must become the parent before he can understand the ways of the father or mother with him; yet he can know their love before he can comprehend their ways.

Nothing could do more harm than to have the absolute assurance that an Almighty Friend would fly to our aid and protection in every time of danger and need. A friend whose power relieved us from the necessity of prudence or courage or endeavor would be a foe indeed. The All Wise loves man too well and too wisely to make plain always His ways of caring for him and His purposes of protection.

The furrowed faces and whitened heads of men may be the will of love as truly as the smooth ways of ease and complacency. There is One at the helm, but His concern is more for the making; of strong sailors than for the securing of smooth sailing. The best evidence of the care of the Most High for all the sons of men is not in the immediate unbaring of His arm for their protection, but rather in the manner in which He causes the wind and the waves, the struggle with the tempest, the need for the nerving of the soul in the hour of peril all to work out his will, the will of great love, the bringing of the marines to His likeness in character and soul.

A Sure Cure for Headache.—Bilious headache, to which women are more subject than men, becomes so acute in some subjects that they are utterly prostrated. The stomach refuses food, and there is a constant and distressing effort to free the stomach from bile which has become unduly secreted there. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are a speedy alternative, and in neutralizing the effects of the intruding bile relieves the pressure on the nerves which cause the headache. Try them.

Why a Teetotaler

Edward W. Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, gives the following among other reasons for having never tasted liquor:

"Another thing which led me to make up my mind never to touch liquor was the damage which I saw wrought by it upon some of the finest minds with which it was ever my privilege to come into contact, and I concluded that what had resulted injuriously to others might prove so to me. I have seen, even in my few years of professional life some of the smartest, yea, brilliant, literary men, dethroned from splendid positions, owing to nothing else but their indulgence in wine. I have known men with salaries of thousands of dollars per year occupying positions which hundreds would strive a life-time to obtain, come to beggary from drink. Only recently there applied to me for any position I could offer him, one of the brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who years ago readily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that the editors are now afraid of his articles, and although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar per thousand."

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders guaranteed, 50c.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

We must make it a habit to talk to our children in order to get from them an expression of their feelings. We cannot understand the character of these little beings committed to our care unless we do. And if we do not know what they are we shall not be able to govern them wisely or educate them as their different natures demand.

TOILET TIPS.

Bathe the face every night with equal quantities of warm milk and water. It keeps the skin fair and smooth. Powder is bad for enlarged pores. Twelve drops of tincture of benzoin in a basin of water used after washing the face will tend to contract them.

PRETTY TABLE DECORATION.

A pretty and inexpensive table decoration can be made by filling a shallow dish with dry moss, obtainable at any florist's in five cents packages, soaking the moss with water; sow quickly with canary or wheat seed, preferable the former.

HOW TO WASH RIBBONS.

Wash silk waists and ribbons, it should be remembered, by no means stand careless laundering. For white silk waists, the last rinsing water should be very slightly blue, and no waists or ribbons ever washed in very hot water.

GREAT IRISH-ARGENTINE.

Wherever the Irish settled down they do something to make themselves known. The Southern Cross of Buenos Ayres, Argentina, presents this record of a great Catholic woman of that country who had Irish blood in her veins.

RECIPES FOR UNCOOKED DESERTS.

Prune Jelly.—Soak eight large prunes over night in warm water; remove pits and place a salted almond in each prune.

and never a deed to do. What days were those when the patriot gladly answered the call to arms with no expectation of reward beyond the consciousness of noble effort and the hope of seeing his country free!

"Senora de Costa, in the far-off days, was a remarkably beautiful girl. Her life was uniquely strange, considering that for sixty years before her death she lived in the utmost seclusion in her San Isidro home. During all those years she never came to Buenos Ayres except on one sad occasion—the death of her son, Eduardo Costa.

TIMELY HINTS.

Rust stains may be removed with salts of lemon, obtainable from any druggist. Large pieces of silver, such as urns, baskets and the like, should be kept in cotton flannel bags when not in active use.

MICHAEL DAVITT'S KINDLINESS

An English woman reporter relates her experience interviewing Michael Davitt. He was out, and she left a card explaining her business. "The next morning's post brought me a handsome bit of copy written by Mr Davitt himself, and a note inviting me to see him at the House if I required further information."

A Merry Heart Goes all the Day.—But one cannot have a merry heart if he has a pain in the back or a cold with a racking cough. To be merry one must be well and free from aches and pains.

MILBURN'S

LIVER PILLS

Are a combination of the active principles of the most valuable vegetable remedies for diseases and disorders of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

CURE CONSTIPATION

Stick Headache, Jaundice, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, Diarrhoea, Nipples and Pimples.

CURE BILIOUSNESS

Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Water Brash, Liver Complaint, Sallow or Muddy Complexion.

CLEAN COATED TONGUE

Sweeten the breath and clear away all waste and poisonous matter from the system. Price 25c a bottle or 5 for \$1.00. All dealers of The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ounces of powdered sugar; beat this with a whip until it is light and frothy. Serve in glasses and sprinkle blanched or powdered almonds over the top.

FUNNY SAYINGS

ITS ALTERED STATUS.

Little Clarence—Papa, what is the Golden Rule? Mr. Callipers—Well—er—h'm—at any rate, my son, it is not what it used to be.—Watson's Magazine.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

"Ma," said a newspaper map's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.' " "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."—Sacred Heart Review.

THE TIME IS SHORT.

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender. That soon for me the fabric will be wrought; Then would I live with sympathies more tender; The time is short.

HOW ECZEMA IS RECOGNIZED

AND THOROUGHLY CURED BY

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

There are many kinds of eczema, but all have such symptoms as redness of the skin, with a yellow tinge, heat and inflammation, swelling, discharge of a watery matter and the formation of a crust.

MOONLIGHT.

O'er the gently creeping twilight Lady Moon holds forth her sway. Her sweet company to gladden And cheer the traveler on his way.

THE HEALTHY GLOW

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; it is an effectual medicine.

THE POET'S CORNER

GOD IS NOT FAR.

God is not far from any of us! He speaks to us in every glad surprise; His glory floods us from the noon-day skies; The stars declare, His love when daylight dies; Can men not hear His voice!

THE MESSAGE.

Soul speaks to soul in myriad ways— Few know its hidden speech; A gleam from out the folding haze Revealing each to each;

THE TIME IS SHORT.

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender. That soon for me the fabric will be wrought; Then would I live with sympathies more tender; The time is short.

THE TIME IS SHORT.

So, when the dissonance of time is ending, To peace rewarding may thy soul be brought, Like the worn reaper to the Master wending.

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Dear Girls and Boys

I guess the warm ing on us all, as the so numerous. Mar have a very hospita seem to have ente deal of company this fred E. makes enqui fred D. I was wonde had happened that written to us for suc I wish I was with A she was picking war are so delicious fresh Although we enjoy th still we have to tak them a certain an Annie O'N. looks for write to the corner. see that interest and page really gives ple for whom it is inten I was not at Ste. A I was there two year joyed my visit to the very much. Love to and nephews.

Dear Aunt Becky:

How are you this ve ther? I am not ver this great heat. We great deal of compan and I would fath come to see us in the is too hard to work am still busy with my like it very much. Aunt Becky, I do not tice, but I like when piece and papa comes play it. That is bet tising. Good-bye, dear From your affection M.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We were very sorry of your letters that yo busy. We know you great deal to do becau such a large family. the little cousins find as warm as we do. V to see our aunty next been in the convent if we have not seen her fo I guess she will not kn were quite small then. other Winnifred D. nov is cool where she is.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Well, haying is nearly this part, and it is a considering the dry we grasshoppers are quite which makes it nice for keys. They are very fo and it makes them gro keys are a fowl that tr the day looking for suc return when night come says they do not care grain when they can get that to eat. Time no not permit me to write Your loving neph Warden, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

How quickly the time it is the last Friday in not be long until hol over. The raspberries w gone. I got about two black ones Wednesday n only wish you were he some of them. We expect home Sunday morning. glad to have her home, busy time now. Two of are coming with her. W glad to see them. One o do not remember, but th was here four years ag tied to see some new wr corner last week and will keep writing every hope Ethel T. will have visit to Quebec. This is

LUBY'S For restoring gray hair to its natural color and beauty, for cleaning the skin and curing dandruff, in a word, for preserving and restoring the hair LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RESTORER is unequalled. Its composition is such that it never falls if the directions are followed. The numerous demands for Luby's and the large quantity sold prove that it gives satisfaction to all who use it. See a bottle.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I guess the warm weather is telling on us all, as the letters are no so numerous. Mary E. D. must have a very hospitable home, as they seem to have entertained a great deal of company this summer. Winnifred E. makes enquiries about Winnifred D. I was wondering, also, what had happened that she had not written to us for such a long while. I wish I was with Agnes McC. when she was picking raspberries. They are so delicious fresh off the bush. Although we enjoy them in the city still we have to take along with them a certain amount of dust. Annie O.N. looks forward eagerly to write to the corner. I am glad to see that interest and know that our page really gives pleasure to those for whom it is intended. No, Anna I was not at Ste. Anne's this year. I was there two years ago, and enjoyed my visit to the famous shrine very much. Love to all the nieces and nephews.

AUNT BECKY.

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

How are you this very warm weather? I am not very strong since this great heat. We have had a great deal of company this summer, and I would rather have people come to see us in the winter, as it is too hard to work these days. I am still busy with my music, and I like it very much. Do you know, Aunt Becky, I do not like to practice, but I like when I know a new piece and papa comes to hear me play it. That is better than practicing. Good-bye, dear auntie.

From your affectionate little niece,

MARY E. D.

Warden, P.Q.

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

We were very sorry to see by one of your letters that you were very busy. We know you must have a great deal to do because you have such a large family. I wonder if the little cousins find the weather as warm as we do. We are going to see our auntie next week. She has been in the convent five years and we have not seen her for three years. I guess she will not know us, as we were quite small then. Where is the other Winnifred D. now? I hope it is cool where she is.

Your loving niece,

WINNIFRED E.

Warden, Que.

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

Well, haying is nearly finished in this part, and it is a fair crop considering the dry weather. The grasshoppers are quite numerous, which makes it nice for young turkeys. They are very fond of them, and it makes them grow fast. Turkeys are a fowl that travel a lot in the day looking for such things and return when night comes. Mamma says they do not care much for grain when they can get such as that to eat. Time nor space will not permit me to write any longer.

Your loving nephew,

JOSEPH.

Granby, July 28.

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

How quickly the time passes. Here it is the last Friday in July. It will not be long until holidays are over. The raspberries will soon be gone. I got about two quarts of black ones Wednesday morning. I only wish you were here to have some of them. We expect our sister home Sunday morning. We will be glad to have her home, as it is a busy time now. Two of my aunts are coming with her. We will be glad to see them. One of them I do not remember, but the other one was here four years ago. I was glad to see some new writers to the corner last week and hope they will keep writing every week. I hope Ethel T. will have a lovely visit to Quebec. This is all this

time. Love to cousins and auntie.

Your loving niece

AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, July 27.

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

I like very much to see Friday coming to write to the corner. My sister and I were away last Sunday to a little visiting party. We had lots of fun playing. As my papa is so busy at the hay, my sister and I have to help mamma to milk. The hay is a great crop in the country this season. There was so much rain and hot sun this summer that some of the barley is ripe already. Our turkeys and chickens are growing very nice. I have to keep them from going away. There was a terrible thunder and lightning storm here not long ago about 12 o'clock at night. It did not rain very much, but terrible thunder and lightning. But it is very nice weather here just now. Well, dear Auntie, as it is getting near supper time, I guess I will say good-bye.

Your loving niece,

ANNIE O.N.

Lonsdale, July 27.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

As I promised to write to you in my last letter, I must do so. I returned home Saturday and was welcomed back. My cousin and I started from Read about seven o'clock and didn't get to Stoco till Sunday morning. We got astray and went on the wrong road. Harvesting time has come and the farmers are very busy. Did you take in the trip to Ste. Anne's, Aunt Becky? I go picking berries now as there are plenty of them around here. Our school opens the first Monday in August. We are getting a new teacher, as the teacher we had before holidays left. I have a bicycle and I often wheel to the cemetery to visit mamma's grave. I am busily engaged taking care of the lawn and flowers at present. I have a lovely big dog and I call him Rover. My sister and I often go out rowing on Stoco lake, and enjoy looking at the magnificent scenery very much. Well, dear Auntie, as news is scarce at present, I will close with love to yourself and cousins. I remain,

Your loving niece,

ANNA E. M.

Stoco.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

It is vacation now, and I am going to write a letter to the True Witness. I hope all the little cousins are enjoying themselves. The weather is fine. The gardens are growing good. We picked some field strawberries and canned them up. We would like to get some raspberries; they will soon be ripe now. We have some red and black currants in our garden, and we will soon be picking them. We have our haying done. We have two cows and a heifer, and a horse to feed this winter. I am ten years old. I made my first Communion June 2, and was confirmed June 8. We have fourteen little ducks and twenty-seven little chickens. My sister may write a letter also. So hoping you are well, Aunt Becky, I will close now, so good-bye.

Your loving niece,

Agnes L.

Ogdensburg, N.Y.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

I often think of writing, and I have not written for so long. The little cousins all seem to write nice letters. I hope they and you are all well and enjoying the vacation. This is such a nice time, fine, a little warm, sometimes. We had a much needed rain yesterday, that freshened everything up to grow. It has been a good haying, and we all like to work in the sweet smelling new-made hay. Gardens seem to be good. We have some currants in our garden, black and red. Wild strawberries and raspberries are not plenty near us, so we will have only a few quarts of each to put up for the winter. This is a long letter now, so with love to you and good wishes to the True Witness, in which I hope to see this letter in print, I am, as ever,

Your niece,

ANNE L.

Ogdensburg, N.Y.

IN THE SCHOOL OF I'LL TRY.

Oh, there's many a smile and many a sigh In the school of I'll Try. And there's many a wish and there's many's a why, In the school of I'll Try.

But it's being and doing that win after all. Though many a failure and many a fall: For they never drop back very far beyond call In the school of I'll Try.

It's the truant and dullard that never get far In the school of I'll Try. But the wise and the willing keep safe above par In the school of I'll Try. And it's Hopeful that asks just a bit of a start.

And it's Purpose that knows every line of his part, And it's Caring and Daring that never lose heart In the school of I'll Try.

A PRETTY LITTLE PLOTTER.

Thelma Winters sat at the window seat in her room, with a most interesting book lying, quite forgotten, in her lap. She was thinking busily. A scrap of conversation from the next room had drifted into her, and kept repeating itself over and over till she was forced to give it consideration.

"You're not looking well, Marian; you ought to have a rest. Why don't you take a vacation?"

"Oh, pshaw! I'm all right; don't worry about me!"

The questioner was Aunt Emily; and Marian was Thelma's mother. The remainder of her talk was not heard; but what had come to her would not be ignored.

Thelma had been studying hard her junior year at high school in a neighboring town. She was quite worn out, and a change was advised. So as soon as examinations were over, she was to go to visit her father's people in Boston. It would be an expensive trip, for there would have to be a good many new things bought. A guest in a large city must be well dressed.

And so, while Thelma was away at school during the week, her busy mother planned new gowns and wraps, to be made by her own skillful fingers, and economized in every way possible, to meet the extra expense of the Boston visit. She did it willingly and gladly; a village lawyer's wife is not unused to economy.

Thelma had always taken it for granted that her mother should do her sewing; sometimes she pitied herself because she could not afford to have her best gowns made by a fashionable dressmaker, but it had never occurred to her to pity her mother. Someway Thelma's mother was not one who invited sympathy; she had a cheery, forceful way which seemed equal to any emergency.

"Not looking well—need a rest," insistently the phrases repeated themselves to Thelma's consciousness. She well knew Mrs. Winters could not afford a vacation that year; one was all that could possibly be provided for. And yet—could not that one be divided? It was this suggestion that would not be downed.

And on the other hand, the fascination of the city, which Thelma but dimly remembered, urged themselves upon her. Uncle John and Aunt Eleanor were expecting her, and had made great plans for her entertainment. It was all settled about her going; would it be right to disappoint them? Perhaps it was all imagination, anyway, about her mother; she was her old cheery self, and Thelma had not noticed any change.

Nevertheless, at supper time, the anxious young girl looked at her mother critically. She discovered tired lines and a wearied pallor on the dear face. And all those weary weeks of sewing still to be done!

"Mother, I'm going to do up the work," Thelma said briskly. "You go and lie down. I need exercise." "Oh, nonsense! I'm not tired. You need rest more than I." This reply had in days gone by often sent Thelma away with a clear conscience; but to-night it was different, she was a very determined young woman.

Lying back among the cushions of the divan too tired even to consider why, Mrs. Winters fell into a dreamless slumber. Thelma found her there, and a sudden pang seized her. What if anything happened to mother while she was gone? Suppose the pretty new gowns and the delightful vacation trip were bought at too dear a price? What would anything be without her mother? She went softly to her desk, wrote

Some of the Strong Features Brought Out at the Recent Investigation of

The Mutual Life of Canada

This Company Has Been Examined by the Royal Commission

and the investigation proved thoroughly honest management. The company is sound to the core and its affairs are conducted along scientific and popular lines, solely and economically in the best interests of its policyholders.

Gilt-edged Assets, Dec. 31st, 1905—\$9,296,092

Not a dollar of stocks. Not a dollar of unauthorized securities. Not a dollar of speculative investments. Not a dollar with subsidiary Companies. Not a dollar "written up" in its list of securities. Not a dollar for stockholders; every dollar for policyholders. The Company is in the enviable position that it can convert on demand its entire assets into gold and at the same time largely increase its surplus.

The Real Estate

held by the Company (outside of Head Office Building) IS LESS THAN \$1000.

Expense Rate Unusually Low

Being the LOWEST OF ALL Canadian Companies for the year 1905, notwithstanding that the LARGEST VOLUME OF NEW BUSINESS in the history of the Company was written in that year.

Remarkably Favorable Mortality Experience

The losses by death in 1905 were only 49 per cent. of the losses that were normally expected to occur. The fine quality of the Company's business is shown by the notable fact that during the past 15 years the death losses AVERAGED ONLY 53 P.C. OF THE EXPECTED.

The Rapid Growth of the Company's Income

The income for 1895 was \$735,079, while in 1905—ten years after—it reached the large sum of \$1,956,519. The interest income exceeded the death losses during the same period by \$568,945.

The Mutual Life of Canada

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But baby just worships her old rubber doll.

A hundred times a day when our little one sighs for it, A hundred times a day our little one cries for it; A hundred times a day she lets it fall,

Then she catches it and hugs it up, And drowsily she snugs it up, And then drops off to slumber with her old rubber doll. —Sunday Companion.

++ ++ ++

ARMOR-PLATED BOYS.

One of the chief means of protection to great battleships are huge armor plates. It is important in these days that there should be armor-plated boys. A boy needs to be iron-clad on:

His lips—against the first taste of liquor. His ears—against impure words. His hands—against wrongdoing. His feet—against going with bad company. His eyes—against dangerous books and pictures. His pockets—against dishonest money. His tongue—against evil speaking. The Christian armor on her citizens gives more security to the nation than all the armor plates that are on her ships.

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LIGHTNING FROM BROWN PAPER

Thoroughly dry before the fire a quarter of a sheet of rather strong

holding it at the edge, while, with the cuff of your sleeve on the other hand you rub it smartly backward and forward for about a minute.

If the knuckle be then placed near the paper it will emit a brilliant spark, accompanied by a snapping noise, the prongs of a fork similarly placed will produce three distinct streams of light.

The experiment must, of course, be performed in the dark, and the trousers and coat be of woolen cloth.

HARVEST IN THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA AND SASKATCHEWAN.

Twenty-five thousand men, women and young men are wanted for the harvest of some 200,000,000 bushels of grain in the extensive prairies of Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

Excursions have been arranged for transportation of those who would wish to go; that from Montreal will leave on the 30th of August next, Windsor station of the C.P.R.

The fare going is \$12 from any of the stations in the Province of Quebec, as far as Winnipeg, and from there to any point east of Moose-jaw, Yorkton and Estevan, without extra charge.

Return tickets will be issued prior to 30th November, to starting point at the rate of \$18, upon presentation of a certificate of having worked at least thirty days.

For more information, about Manitoba in particular, apply or write to the office of the Commissioner for Manitoba, room 22, 107 St. James street, Montreal.

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All Communications should be addressed to the TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., P. O. Box 1138.

NOTICE.

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



THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1906.

THE LATE REV. L. W. LECLAIR.

"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me, although he be dead, shall live."

There has just passed peacefully away, full of years, good works and kindly deeds, a man the like of whom only passes our way once. The late Rev. L. W. Leclair was a man among men. Quiet, unassuming, patient, appreciative to a marked degree, tender as a child, ever ready to listen to a tale of sorrow, always eager to stretch out his hands to the erring, submissive, in all the perfection of the spirit of obedience to his superiors, such were the qualities of the dear departed priest.

Yet it was not these that were greatest in the character of the man, nor which endeared him most to those who knew him best; but what impressed even the most casual acquaintance was the spiritual element in his nature, developed and nurtured in an infinite degree because of his close communion with God.

Of a delicate constitution, he had baffled the most severe illness, and even this last he had hoped to be able to conquer; but the all-wise Father ordained otherwise, and a few days before his death, his condition becoming alarmingly weak, he was anointed by his superior, Rev. Charles Lecoq. Having somewhat rallied, the hope was entertained that the end was yet far off, but the already weakened constitution could no longer withstand the strain and last Thursday evening at 11 o'clock, like a tired child he gave his gentle spirit back into the hands of its Maker, falling into his dreamless sleep as the consoling words of the last absolution were uttered.

It was hard to associate death with Father Leclair; we who had known him from the intimacy covering many years could not accept the thought that he was growing old. He is deeply mourned by those who were privileged to call him friend, and though it is but natural to grieve as one beholds the circle of friendship grow smaller, still there is the glorious hope of the bright resurrection, and the soul-sustaining assurance that all is well with him.

Countless souls were led by him to a higher life, and we have the scriptural assurance that "they who lead others to justice shall shine as stars in the firmament." As the orphan's friend will be, too, be missed. Their welfare was

his first and last consideration. In nothing was he happier than in planning for their comfort. The brightest moments of his life have been those spent among his little ones, and when he became too weak to leave his room their visits to him there were events which cheered his heart and of which he never failed to speak to those afterwards calling upon him. At the time of his death he was engaged upon what to him was a labor of love, the erection of a large orphanage at Outremont. He had cherished the hope of spending his declining years among the little orphans, but he willingly made the sacrifice of his unsatisfied wish. In a very short while there will stand a monument to his memory and within its walls children's voices will rise in prayer to the dear Saviour who so loved the little ones to bless their late director, and to grant him the rest he so surely earned. His labor of a former day among the people of St. Patrick's when "life was young and fair and sweet," is a happy memory, and there are hundreds who had occasion to bless his name either as the angel of the sick room, as spiritual director, or as simple friend. His good deeds were countless as the sands, for which he has already heard the "well done" of the Master. Whose most exemplary follower he was. He had often said he trembled when he thought of the responsibility of the priestly office, and of the long years he would have to render a terrible account. As the signs of approaching dissolution gathered upon him, as his eyes no longer beheld the things of this world, we feel confident the effulgent rays from the great white throne illumined the mysterious valley of the shadow through which his holy spirit passed into the eternal sunshine of the Master's presence. He to whom he brought a record of a life spent devotedly and unselfishly in His service. The beautiful sentiment expressed in "The Dead Priest," from the pen of the gifted poet priest Father Ryan, justly applies to him who has just fallen on sleep:

A shadow slept folded in vestments, The dream of a smile on its face, Dim, soft as the gleam after sunset

That hangs as a halo of grace Where the daylight hath died in the valley And the twilight hath taken its place—

A shadow! But still on the mortal There rested the tremulous trace Of the joy of a spirit immortal Passed up to its God in His grace.

A shadow! Hast seen in the summer A cloud wear the smile of the sun? On the shadow of death there is flashing

The glory of noble deeds done. On the face of the dead there is glowing

The light of a holy race run, And the smile on the face is reflecting

The gleam of the crown he has won. Still, shadowy, sleep on, in the vestments Unstained by the priest who has gone.

Yea, sorrow weeps over the shadow, But faith looks aloft to the skies, And hope, like a rainbow, is flashing

O'er the tears that rain down from their eyes, They murmur on earth "De profundis!"

The low chant is mingled with sighs, "Laudate" rings out through the heavens— The dead priest hath won his faith's prize.

There is nothing left for us to add but the simple prayer of supplication that rest eternal may be his.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

There is little to record as to the general situation of ecclesiastical affairs in France. The bishops have presented their views to the Pope, and everything is now in a state of suspense till His Holiness shall speak. But what is lacking in news is more than made up for by reports flying about in the press. All sorts of curious reasons are given for the Pope's delay. He is blamed for keeping the country waiting so

long; but had he waited earlier it is certain that he would have been blamed for procrastination, and would probably have been charged with having his mind made up and his course of action determined upon before the meeting of the bishops and in utter disregard of any expression of their views.

It is said, on the authority of the Stampa of Turin, which professes to have obtained its information from Rome, that a large volume relating to France has been prepared at the Vatican containing a statement of all that has been done since the passing of the law of separation, along with the necessary documents. It is furthermore reported that the Pope will publish his decision on the whole question next month, and that whilst inviting the bishops to form parochial associations in accordance with the Canon law, the heads of these associations will be told to organize them within the limits of the civil laws of the country. Thus there would be neither acceptance of nor submission to the Law of Separation, but a middle course which would leave untouched the provisions of French law, and would at the same time save the face of the Holy See.

The report is too indefinite to pass any comment upon it, but as far as one can judge of its meaning, it would scarcely seem to be a very intelligent anticipation of the Pope's forthcoming decision. For this much is clear, that a parochial association is not the association for public worship contemplated by the act, and it is only to such associations that the use of the churches will be granted.

A statement attributed to the Abbe Lemire, the priest deputy for Hazebrouck, was published in the Matin a few days ago, and in this he is represented as speaking to the following effect on the matter of the law: "A priori the separation law is not schismatic, since the Pope convoked a conference of bishops to examine its consequences. That is an important point. The law certainly might have been better, and it would have been desirable to leave the administration of certain property in the hands of the church. It would, moreover, not have amounted to a very large sum. The misery is that, on the one hand, the Pope is the prisoner of a coterie which prevents him from hearing and from speaking, and that, on the other, Catholics are in many instances blinded by bad newspapers which maintain between Rome and Paris a complete system of telegrams and biased news."

In conclusion the Abbe expressed it as his opinion that the law would in the end be accepted, a consummation which was hoped for by all good Catholics. Against this may be set certain words uttered by Cardinal Coullie, Archbishop of Lyons, to a number of his clergy who had come to congratulate him on his feast day. His Eminence said that in his opinion they could "no longer cherish any illusions as to the future in store for them." Therefore in presence of such a situation their first duty was calmness and a readiness to obey, at all costs, like good soldiers, as soon as the word of command should be given. "It is God who calls us to a struggle which we have not provoked, but which must be carried on in His honor."

The Cardinal bade his priests to make a careful study of the text of the law and the commentaries published upon it, as well as of the Encyclical of the Holy Father. "Weigh well their conclusions and hold yourselves ready." These exhortations certainly read as if the call would be one to resist. But, on the other hand, there is nothing in them which is inconsistent with an exhortation to be ready to obey what might be equally commandment to the personal feelings of many—a call to submit to the law, and make the best of it.

President Suspenders, Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere. Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders.

CHERRY SIGNS.
Cherry signs at last reaches us regarding the decrease of emigration. For the first time since 1851 emigration from Ireland is on the decline, and it was with heartfelt feelings of thankfulness that every patriotic person learned this consoling tidings from the statistics just published. The emigration question is the most vital of all for Ireland, as if the exodus had continued at the same alarming rate as it has been going on for the last half-century there would soon be an end to all possibility of an Irish nation. When the exodus began it was a painful necessity, but conditions have so much improved of late years in Ireland that most recent emigrants have left, not from compulsion, but from choice. Earnest-minded patriots have been doing their best to point out to those thoughtless emigrants the folly of their ways, and the injustice they are doing their country in deserting it.

The welcome change in emigration statistics is attributable to two causes—a moral and material one. The moral pressure brought to bear upon public opinion by the Anti-Emigration Society and the Gaelic League should, in the first place, be given credit for the improvement, and in the next place economic conditions have much improved. The land is fast coming into possession of the people; sturdy, independent peasant proprietors are taking the place of the miserable tenants at will, whose conditions were so selflike. The movement for fostering of Irish industries is giving more opportunities of employment than hitherto existed. Finally the working of the local government act has placed in the hands of the people more power and responsibility than they ever hitherto enjoyed, and this gives them an interest in their surroundings and makes them anxious to stay at home and work for the welfare of the country. The larger question of self-government is by no means lost sight of, the new powers and responsibilities yielded by the Irish people only act as a fresh lever stimulating their exertions for the attainment of a full measure of freedom.

MURDERED PRIEST LAID TO REST.

Few more pathetic sights could be imagined than were to be witnessed at the funeral of the aged Father Corsi. The body, stabbed in seven places, was laid to rest in the Campo Verano, after obsequies performed in the presence of several Bishops and various members of the Roman nobility, including Prince Doria-Pamphila and family, who insisted upon bearing all expenses incurred. On all sides fervent demonstrations of love and veneration were exhibited for the memory of the deceased, whose goodness had found a way into thousands of hearts.

The wretched murderer is said to be insane, but this plea is put forward so often now that we take it at present cum mica salis. He is still in prison awaiting identification by a Roman prelate whom he is charged with wounding some weeks ago.

The terrible crime of murdering Father Corsi cannot but recall to us that dark night in 1881, when the Catholic Church was outraged in the corpse of Pope Pius IX. As the hearse bearing the Pontiff's body left the Vatican for St. Lorenzo's—where, at the last hour, the dying Pope declared "he should be buried among the poor," and not in the mausoleum prepared for him in St. Mary Major's—it was set upon by a mob of Socialists and Italian off-scourings. To throw the body into the Tiber was their awful design. The Government had promised to send a guard, but at the critical moment its soldiers were conveniently absent, and it was left to the laity to beat off the rabble.

And the venerable bones were laid safely to rest in the Church of St. Lawrence (which stands upon the spot where the saint's martyrdom took place), beside the remains of St. Stephen the Protomartyr, and the Deacon St. Lawrence, only a

ANEMIA
Neurasthenia, Weakness, etc., cured and relieved by the Phosphated Wine of Chichewa Bark, made by the Rev. Trappist Fathers of Oka.
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few yards away from the ashes of the primitive Christians in the catacomb.

And then the Catholic world spoke. From the north and south, from the east and west messages of condolence poured in upon Leo XIII. bewailing the outrage upon the memory of his saintly predecessor. And France, America, Ireland, Italy, Austria, Bohemia, Belgium, parts of England and Scotland, Poland and Germany came forward and demanded permission to adorn the Pope King's tomb. The traveler from each of these countries may see to-day the arms of his diocese around that grave to testify the part it took in converting that part of this sixth century church into a fairy-like chapel, resplendent with delicate mosaics, beautiful frescoes, precious marbles—in short, all that worldly wealth could procure to show love for the memory of Pius IX, and indignation against his enemies.

MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA MAKES GOOD SHOWING.

Notwithstanding the careful investigation into the several insurance companies, the Mutual Life holds its own. The splendid financial position observed during the investigation, made it quite evident that the company was managed by an honest and efficient staff. At the end of last year assets totalled \$9,296,092. The expense rate was remarkably low, yet its income showed a rapid growth. In 1895 its earnings were \$735,079; in 1905, a decade later, its income was \$1,956,519, or more than double the former figure. The interest income for the same period exceeded the death losses by \$568,945. It is apparent that nothing but good can accrue to a concern with such a record from any amount of investigation.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

By order of the Kaiser, the sarcophagus in which the remains of the great Charlemagne repose was opened the other day for the purpose of examining some precious cloths and MSS. which it was known to contain. The draperies were found to be in excellent condition, notwithstanding their great age. Three MSS. were also found, all in good preservation. Several high dignitaries of the Catholic Church were present at the investigation. Charle-

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A new firm offering to the public every thing in their line of the best quality and most modern style. The hearses supplied are built upon the latest and most elegant models. Charges moderate. Special arrangements made in favor of C. O. F., C. M. B. A., A. O. H., and K. C. members.

magne was a wonderful personage, considering the fact that his period is included in the "dark ages." He was the founder of schools and universities, as well as empires and kingdoms, and he was a loyal son of the Church as well as the mightiest of monarchs of his age.

A Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.
Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.
Average weekly Collection...3s 6d.
No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader, Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO A LITTLE. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."
"ARTHUR."
"Bishop of Northampton."
Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.
P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.
This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

He washed his feet times every day.
Also changed his socks daily and still could get no relief. "Foot Elm" relieved that he could wear one year a week with comfort. It cured his unhealthy feet, his vigorous, joyous feet. send his address if you do it. 25 cts. invested in Foot Elm will do as much for you. mail if your druggist does it. We pay the postage. Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

The average pounds of tea used entirely be required. use Red Rose
RECEIVE DEGREES OF PHILOSOPHY
The Rev. Fathers Geo Pinault have just received Canadian College at Rome of Doctor of Philosophy brilliant examinations.
FEAST OF PORTU
To-day being the feast of the Holy Spirit, large crowds are to be seen at the special grange for every visit to Franciscan Church. The grange between 2 o'clock until sunset to-day.

RECEIVE DEGREES OF PHILOSOPHY
The Rev. Fathers Geo Pinault have just received Canadian College at Rome of Doctor of Philosophy brilliant examinations.

NEWS ALREADY PUBLISHED
successor to the late O'Brien of Halifax is coronator Dr. E. J. McCarthy, rector of St. Mary's, Halifax, received the Propaganda in Rome day informing him of his appointment as Archbishop.

LUBY'S HAIR RESTORATIVE
As a tonic for falling hair, cleaning the scalp, and restoring the hair to its natural color, Luby's Parisian Hair Restorative is the best. Directions must be followed, when the use of the product will result. The benefits to be derived from its use, is small, but at druggists. See advt.

ST. MICHAEL'S GARDEN
On Aug. 13 a garden more properly speaking, will be opened at St. Michael's, on the last of August, or on the 1st of September, at 11 o'clock. They will be held in the garden of the parish. The Rev. J. J. O'Brien, pastor, will be in charge. All those who can do so, are invited to be present in order to show their appreciation of one of the most zealous and hard working of the Irish clergy in the city.

FEAST OF ST. JAMES MAJOR.
Sunday, feast of St. James the Greater, the patron of the diocese, will be celebrated in full pontifical morning service, Bishop Routhall presiding. The Rev. Abbe Plette, vicar of the Champlain Guard, officiating. Montreal.

He washed his feet times every day.
Also changed his socks daily and still could get no relief. "Foot Elm" relieved that he could wear one year a week with comfort. It cured his unhealthy feet, his vigorous, joyous feet. send his address if you do it. 25 cts. invested in Foot Elm will do as much for you. mail if your druggist does it. We pay the postage. Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

RECEIVE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY.

The Rev. Fathers Geoffroy and Pinault have just received at the Canadian College at Rome their degree of Doctor of Philosophy after brilliant examinations.

FEAST OF PORTIUNCULA.

To-day being the feast of Portiuncula, large crowds are taking advantage of the special grace conferred, that of obtaining a plenary indulgence for every visit made to the Franciscan Church. The privilege is granted between 2 o'clock yesterday until sunset to-day.

NEW BISHOP OF HALIFAX.

News already published as to the successor to the late Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax is confirmed. P. V. Dr. E. J. McCarthy, rector of St. Mary's Halifax, received word from the Propaganda in Rome on Saturday informing him of his appointment as Archbishop.

LUBY'S HAIR RESTORER.

As a tonic for falling hair, for cleaning the scalp, and for restoring hair to its natural color, nothing excels Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer. Directions must, of course, be followed, when the utmost satisfaction will result. The price, considering the benefits to be derived from its use, is small, 50c a bottle at druggists. See advt.

ST. MICHAEL'S GARDEN PARTY.

On Aug. 13 a garden party, or, more properly speaking, a series of festivals, will open at St. Michael's, lasting four days, or until the 16th, when a monster euchre will take place. They will be held commemorative of the 28th anniversary of the ordination of the pastor, the Rev. John Kiernan. All those who can should make it a duty to be present in order to show their appreciation of one of the most zealous and hard working members of the Irish clergy in the city.

To Those of Sedentary Occupation.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

FEAST OF ST. JAMES THE MAJOR.

Sunday, feast of St. James the Major, was the patron feast of the Cathedral. Archbishop Bruchesi officiated in full pontificals at the morning service, Bishop Racicot with the full body of canons being present. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Abbe Piette, who extended a hearty welcome to the members of the Champlain Guard, of Quebec, to Montreal.

He washed his feet 2 or 3 times every day

Also changed his socks so frequently and still could get no comfort or relief. "Foot Elm" relieved him so that he could wear one pair of socks a week with comfort. It changed the unnatural, unhealthy feet into healthy, vigorous, joyous feet. We will send his address if you don't believe it. 25 cts. invested in Foot Elm will do as much for you. Sent by mail if your druggist does not keep it. We pay the postage. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

As usual, many of those in the habit of seeking an evening's enjoyment among the Catholic sailors each week, were to be found last night, and certainly they were not disappointed. Shortly after eight o'clock the chair was taken by Mr. John J. Meagher, who, on behalf of Prof. Corey and his pupils, under whose patronage the concert was given, extended an eloquent and cordial welcome to those present. The programme was a lengthy one, and showed marks of careful training and a lively interest, both on the part of the teacher and pupils, in the pursuit of a study as well directed as it is charming and enlivening. Special mention is due to Misses Cronche, Whitlock, Williams, Holborne, Lidstone and Bond, as also to Messrs. Sinclair, Edwards, Lidstone, Cribb, Koffman and Dixon, all of whom did much credit to their own natural talent and also brought out with splendid effect those convincing and distinctive marks so easily traced to the caretaking and patience of trained and ever-ready intelligence.

Next week's concert will be given by Branch 50 of the C.M.B.A.

It is not pleasant to tread on corns, especially if they are your own—"Foot Elm" prevents corns

The use of Foot Elm stops pinching, chafing, etc., makes tight shoes comfortable, thus preventing and relieving corns.

JESUITS RECEIVE APPOINTMENTS.

Tuesday was the feast of St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Jesuit Order, and on that occasion the appointments for the ensuing year were made. The Rev. Father Jos. Lalonde remains rector of St. Mary's College. The Rev. Father David Dante, formerly of St. Boniface College, becomes disciplinarian of St. Mary's College, and the Rev. Father A. Melancon is transferred from the Indian mission of Caughnavaga to St. Mary's College, where he will teach syntax. The Rev. Father A. Monet is appointed prefect of studies and the Rev. Father T. Lusserer economy in the same institution, and the following is the list of professors and attendants: Rev. Father J. Schmidt, Bourgeois, Lamy, Loiseau, G. Courteau, H. Gauthier, Lefebvre, T. Hudon, J. Archambault, A. Couture, H. Madore, W. Chartrand, L. Laurendeau, E. Guilbault, R. Vandandaigne, E. Fontaine and B. Bisson.

The Rev. Father Divine is appointed editor of the English version of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, and the Rev. Father Jones is given charge of the archives. Rev. Father Michelet is transferred from St. Mary's College to the Church of the Immaculate Conception, where Rev. Father Louis Lalonde will also take up his residence. Rev. Fathers C. Gonthier, George Kenny, and L. Lemire will have charge of the Church of the Gesu. Rev. Fathers G. Lebel and J. Pare go to continue their studies at the Immaculate Conception. Rev. Fathers E. Labelle and S. Bourrette go to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and the Rev. Fathers J. B. Plante and M. Malone are appointed professors at Loyola College. Rev. Father J. Grenier will go to Port Arthur, Ont.

A reasonable theory about cancer.

There is a peculiar condition of the blood that favors the growth of cancer, and neither knife nor plaster will effect a permanent cure without the aid of a constitutional treatment such as ours. Send six cents (stamps) and get the booklet and names of those cured without knife, plaster or pain. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Death of the Orphans' Friend.

Rev. L. W. Leclair, S. S., Passed Peacefully Away Last Thursday.

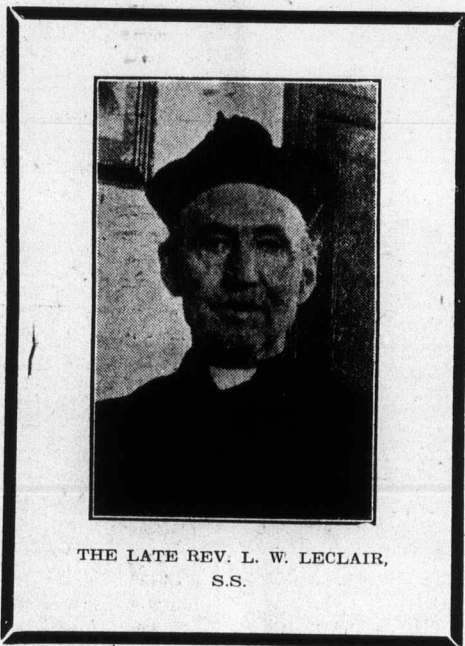
On Thursday evening last, the Rev. L. W. Leclair, S.S., died at the Hotel Dieu. Almost three years ago he had gone to that institution to recuperate, and after a short stay regained his strength. Recurring attacks of illness, however, led his superior, the Rev. Charles Lecoq, who did everything possible to comfort his declining years, to advise his permanent stay there, to which he assented with his wonted submission and exemplary obedience.

At his death he was director of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, the continuation of his former work at St. Patrick's, which was given into his hands upon his return to the city some five years ago. His latest effort on behalf of the asylum, performed when on the very threshold of the allotted span of years, and when the condition of his health was such as to call for repose, the erection of a new home for the institution, will constitute his monument. He had hoped to witness the completion of that home, but it was otherwise ordained. Father Leclair, however, had the consolation of having completed all arrangements to assure the success of the undertaking before his last illness. Two brothers, Mr. Alexander Leclair, North Lancaster, and Mr. Adolph Leclair, Brockville, and one sister, Mrs. Z. St. Amour, of this city, survive him.

Louis William Leclair was born in North Lancaster, Ont., on the 21st of October, 1837, and was the son of Charles Leclair and Marie Therese Guindon, the former well-known and highly esteemed for his integrity and

factors. In 1880 Father Leclair was attacked with a severe illness, and, in consequence, had to relinquish his post. This illness continued for several months, during the course of which it was thought he would succumb to its effects. He rallied, however, and, while convalescent, the then Superior of St. Sulpice, Rev. Father Colin, intimated that he desired Father Leclair to go to Oka, to relieve Father Langan, S.S., pastor of that place, who was indisposed and unequal to the task of rebuilding the establishments which had been destroyed by fire. Father Leclair, ever ready to respond to the call of duty and hearken to the voice of his superior, expressed his willingness to go. He had been only a few months at Oka when Father Langan died. Father Leclair was then named pastor, and entered with enthusiasm upon his duties. The new buildings were completed during his term. It was also during his pastorate that the transfer of a band of Indians from Oka to Muskoka occurred.

Father Leclair had many delicate matters to adjust while at Oka, but his good judgment, calm demeanor and kindness of heart enabled him to meet each situation in a manner which won for him the admiration of all interested. He left Oka in 1885 to go on a mission to Rome. For many years the superior of St. Sulpice and his colleagues in this city had discussed the idea of establishing a college in the Eternal City, and in 1885 the plan of its organization was made and adopted. Father Colin, the superior, appointed



THE LATE REV. L. W. LECLAIR, S.S.

enterprise in business circles of the surrounding country. He received his elementary training in the schools of North Lancaster, conducted by Mr. Sutherland and Mr. Campbell. At the age of 11 years he left his native town and came to Montreal, where he entered the Montreal College and took the first step that ultimately led to the priesthood. After having spent a decade of years in the establishments of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, he went to Rome, where he continued his studies until the 21st of December, 1861, when he was ordained to the priesthood by His Eminence Cardinal Morlot, Archbishop of Paris. He then entered the distinguished order of St. Sulpice.

In August, 1862, Father Leclair came to Montreal, and was appointed vicar of St. Ann's Church, then under the jurisdiction of the Seminary of St. Sulpice. He was associated at various times in this parish with Rev. M. O'Brien, S.S., Rev. Father O'Farrell, S.S., (late Bishop of Trenton, N.J.), and Rev. Father Hogan, S.S., and made hosts of friends during the course of his seven years of spiritual endeavor in old St. Ann's.

When Rev. Father Bakewell died, at St. Patrick's, in 1869, Father Leclair was called to that parish. A year later, Rev. M. O'Brien, director of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, died, and, at the request of Rev. P. Dowd, S.S., pastor of St. Patrick's, Father Leclair was appointed to assume full charge of the asylum. For eleven years he discharged the important duties of his new office. Much progress was made and the asylum had a large number of sympathetic supporters, who subsequently became its bene-

dicted Father Leclair vice-director of the new undertaking. His duties during the opening years were in connection with the erection of the new building, and it was admitted by all that he acquitted himself of his task with marked ability. In 1888 the college was inaugurated under the auspices of His Eminence Cardinal Howard. Father Leclair remained fifteen years in Rome, and came in contact with many dignitaries of the Church and thousands of young priests. Visitors of all classes had intercourse with him. He was in Rome at the time of the election of the late Pope Leo XIII., and was a spectator at many of the imposing ceremonies, for which the great centre of Catholicity is famous. The Canadian College was a most attractive place for visiting prelates, priests, students, and the laity from all parts of Canada, as well as from other countries. While in Rome he was again attacked with a severe illness, and received the last sacraments.

In 1903 he returned to the scene of his young manhood, "dear old Montreal," as he so often affectionately styled it, and was stationed at St. Patrick's Church. In 1902, when Father Quinlan died, the then superior of St. Sulpice, Father Colin, appointed Father Leclair director of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, for the second time, and the nomination was received with sincere pleasure by all interested. During his second term as director, many reforms were accomplished, but the most striking feature of his administration was the realization of his cherished project of a new home for the institution. Father Leclair saw with clearness the encroachment of manufacturing establishments in

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the vicinity of the present asylum. He had observed during his visits to other cities that asylums were situated in suburban districts on large areas of land. He noted that his little ones were limited for playground, and realized that to remain at the old site would mean to continue in the old rut and despair of all hope for expansion in future. He longed to have a site for the asylum, where those difficulties could be removed, and where the possibilities of increasing the usefulness of the institution in years that were to follow could be facilitated economically. He was full of anxiety to afford the inmates an opportunity of learning some useful occupation to enable them to earn their livelihood and become useful citizens after they had gone from the institution. He also realized that in a few years the city boundaries would be extended and land values would increase to such an extent that it would be beyond the resources of the asylum to effect the change.

The proposal to transfer the asylum to a new site occupied the attention of the trustees for nearly three years. In 1905 a site was purchased on the boundary line of Outremont, containing 45 acres, with a large frontage on St. Catherine road. It is not only admirably adapted for the purpose of the institution, but is an investment which will yield good results. Plans for the new building were prepared by Mr. William E. Doran, architect, last year, and contracts were awarded to Messrs. John Quinlan & Co. and Ald. T. O'Connell several months ago. Two storeys of the building are almost completed, and it is expected that possession of the new home will be had on St. Patrick's day next.

On Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock the remains were removed from the Chapel of the Hotel Dieu, where a solemn Libera had been chanted, to Notre Dame Church. The plain pine coffin, emblematic of the simple life and rule of the members of the Sulpician Order, was placed on a catafalque, where the deceased, clothed in his priestly vestments, lay in state. The office of the dead was chanted at 5 o'clock by the clergy present, Very Rev. Abbe Lecoq, S.S., officiating. On Monday morning at 9 o'clock the solemn requiem service was chanted. Very Rev. Abbe Lecoq, S.S., officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers Lamarche and Piette, two former students at Rome of the deceased. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi assisted at the throne, being attended by Right Rev. Mgr. Masterson, V.G., representing the Archbishop of Kingston, Ont., and Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's, the assistant priest being Rev. Abbe Clapin, of Rome. His Lordship Bishop Racicot was also present. In the sanctuary were two hundred priests from the city, from the archdiocese, as well as from several dioceses in Ontario. The Bishop of Hamilton was represented by Rev. Robert Brady, the Bishop of Alexandria being also represented. Rev. Fathers P. Brady, P.P., St. Mary's; A. Cullinan, St. Mary's; J. P. Kiernan, P.P., St. Michael's; W. O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's; J. E. Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's; F. Rioux, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; J. Filatrault, S.S., Notre Dame; J. Hebert, S.S., Notre Dame; T. O'Reilly, chaplain Hotel Dieu; Luke Callaghan, St. Patrick's; D. Holland, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; Rev. Cure Belanger, St. Louis de France; Rev. Cure Adam, Sacred Heart Church; J. Flynn, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; Rev. Cure Corbett, St. Joseph's; Rev. Abbes Kavanaugh, Mousseau; J. Salmon, Kings-

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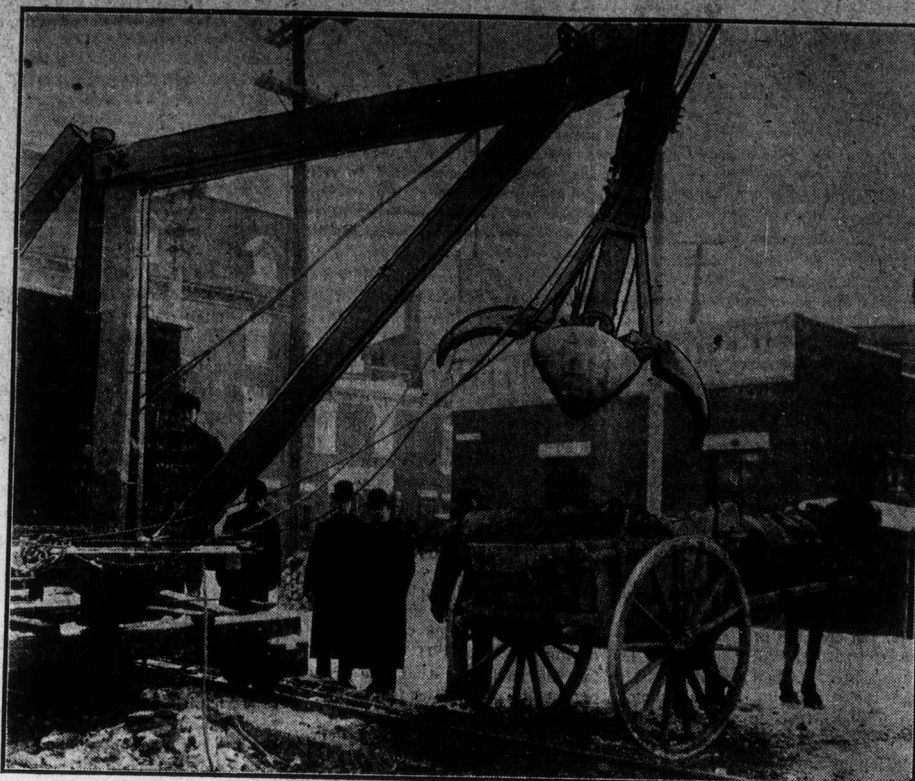
ton; Rev. Cure Dubuc, Rev. Abbe Cherrier, S.S., St. James; Rev. J. B. Ouellette, S.S., St. James; Rev. Canon Le Pailleur, St. Louis Mile End; Rev. Canons Dauth, Gauthier, Cousineau, of the Archbishop's Palace; Rev. James Killoran, St. Patrick's; Rev. Abbe St. Jean, S.S., Hotel Dieu; Rev. Fr. Lelandais, Director of the Seminary, besides representatives of the Dominicans, Jesuits, Oblates, Franciscans, Redemptorists, Holy Cross and Blessed Sacrament Orders filled the sanctuary, many of the clergy present being personal friends of the deceased, having known him during his forty-five years of priestly career.

The service was Gregorian, being feelingly rendered by the ecclesiastics of the Seminary and the priests. After the Mass the priests lined up on either side of the catafalque, when the last absolution was pronounced by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi. The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame attended in large numbers. The Grey Nuns of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, with their orphan girls and boys occupied seats beside the bier. At the close of the service the cortege wended its way to the Grand Seminary, where, after a Libera had been sung by deceased confreres, at which His Lordship Bishop Racicot presided, the remains were laid to rest in the Sulpician burying ground beneath the chapel. Immediately following the hearse were the relatives of the deceased priest, then a large number of his fellow priests, followed by the little orphans, the Grey Nuns, and finally the trustees of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum and other friends among whom were noticed Mr. Justice Curran, Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty, Messrs. M. Burke, secretary of St. Patrick's Asylum; C. A. McDonnell, Patrick McCrory, B. Tansey, F. J. Curran, James Rodgers, Robert Warren, John O'Leary, Thomas Callaghan, John McConiff, John Quinlan and T. Butler.

At 8 o'clock on Tuesday morning a solemn requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, to which the late rev. gentleman had been attached for many years. The Rev. M. Callaghan, S.S., P.P., officiated, assisted by Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D., as deacon, and Rev. Father Killoran as sub-deacon. The Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame and those of the Grey Nunnery were represented in great numbers, as also the orphan boys and girls of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, to whom the deceased gentleman had been a father in every sense of the word. The musical portion of the service was in charge of Prof. Fowler. The choir rendered most impressively the harmonized requiem. Mr. Lamoureux's rendition of the "Dies Irae" was particularly touching, and at the end of the mass the organ solemnly pealed forth "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The J. W. HARRIS EXCAVATOR A GREAT LABOR SAVER

At the present time there is a great shortage of labor in all parts of the Dominion. Especially is this true of the building trade, railroad construction and all branches which call for unskilled labor. Contractors are often at their wits' ends to get laborers, and often building work is kept back by their inability to find sufficient men on excavation work. And when they do get that sufficient number of men at work they are faced by inclement weather, sickness, strikes, and all the irritating delays to which the contractor is subjected. It seems an easy matter, the digging of a cellar, the trenching of a sewer, or construction of a roadbed, but in no work is there so much liability of loss to the contractor as in these works. He may underestimate the hardness of the soil; he may be out in calculation of the time in which the work will be done; he is "up against" a strike, perhaps; or rains fill up the excavation so that he cannot work, or has to keep the pumps going night and day to enable him to carry on his operations.



THE J. W. HARRIS EXCAVATOR AT WORK.

THE J. W. HARRIS EXCAVATOR.

The invention of Mr. J. W. Harris eliminates all these uncertainties which are the bane of the contractor's existence.

This machine, the operation of which is shown in the accompanying illustration will do the work of at least 100 men. It takes but three men to operate it—an engineer, a fireman, and a man to attend to the brake. It is operated by steam, and is self-contained, the power being mounted on the machine itself, the fuel costing very little. It is set on its own wheels making it easy to transfer from place to place without any trouble of loading and unloading. This is a great advantage over other excavators, many of which are "dead" machines, their power being supplied by a separate engine.

The great claim for this machine is that it does the labor of 100 men. With one plunge of the pole the machine can grab from one-half to two cubic yards of earth, according to the size of the bucket and the nature of the earth to be excavated.

Not only does this device dispense with the labor of a large number of men, but it saves in a dozen ways. A contractor can judge beforehand exactly how long a job is going to take, therefore can be correct in his estimates and has nothing to fear from penalties for delay. He knows that it can work in any kind of soil, including quicksand (which no

other machine can do), but not in hard pan asphalt, macadam or frozen ground. Often on a job in the country, where laborers are scarce, or unaccustomed to such work, the trials of a contractor are such as cause him loss on his contracts. With the machine he has no strikes, no insurance on his workmen, no shirking, as the machine is always ready to start at the sound of the whistle, no scaffolding, no penalties for delayed work, and the weather never bothers him. It can rain torrents, but as long as the means for removing the excavated earth are at hand the machine is there to supply it. The machine can operate at any depth from the surface and in any direction. It will take the earth up even if the excavation is full of water.

IN TRENCHING WORK.

where pipes or conduits are being laid, it can go on doing the trenching, and with a swing of the derrick it can back fill as the pipes are being laid, thus saving a great deal of unnecessary handling. For large trenches the larger machine is used, there being two. The larger

machine has a bucket swing of two yards, that is, the orange peel flanges open up to a width of six feet and gather in everything within reach, coming up with closed flanges, in the shape of an orange. This excavator is principally suited for railroad work, by reason of its adaptability to a wide range of service taken in connection with its extremely light weight. A machine with a one yard bucket will not weigh over twelve tons, besides which the buckets and booms are easily removed, so that the entire machine may be transferred over the roughest roads by horses. Another feature that will appeal to the railroad contractor is the fact that the machine can be placed on the crown of the bank where a cut is to be made and it can dig down to grade, thereby eliminating any preliminary track laying, being a distinct advantage over the steam shovel. Again, by its extreme light weight, the excavator is specially adapted to hill-side excavating, the low side of the machine being carried on light timber shelving or trestle work. The Harris excavator is a great advance in all such operations and

it is proving so successful that experts have come from the irrigation fields of California to see it in operation, and are negotiating for the rights of exploiting it in that state. The J. W. Harris Co. will, in all probability, exploit the machine on a contract basis at a figure which will enable the contractor to save from 100 to 200 per cent. over hand labor. When one considers that the machine will do the work of 100 men with such a saving in time and money, it is not surprising that the Harris Co. are receiving orders from contractors all over the country. To show how the machine is appreciated by railroad constructors, the Canadian Pacific Railway has made arrangements with the J. W. Harris Co. to place one of their improved Railway Excavators on the construction of the new line from Cote St. Paul along the south side of Lachine Canal. The machine was an attraction while in operation on the excavation for the Montreal Light, Heat and Power building, corner Craig and St. Urbain streets, excavating to a depth of 19 1-2 feet down to the bed of the old St. Pierre River.

The Best Educated Country in the World

"What country," asks the Bishop of Limerick, "is in the van in education, and has set the standard for all other countries? Is it not Germany, where education has been the passion of the people, the dream of her statesmen for generations? I dare say no one will gainsay me when I assert that Germany is, at this moment, the best educated country in the world, and I might also add, so far beyond all others that there is no second. But is German education mixed? Is Secularism its ideal? Has the State, in order to produce the marvelous results which are the wonder and admiration of the world, been driven to banish religion from the schools in order to educate the children of different religions? Everyone who has given any thought to these questions knows the facts. "Education in the German schools is religious and denominational." The Government recognizes three religions, the Protestants, the Catholics and the Jews. Whenever any of these bodies is in sufficient numbers to form a school of their own, they do so, and it is accepted as a State school, and every pupil in it must be thoroughly instructed in the faith of its Church, according to an elaborate syllabus drawn up by the authorities of the Church." His Lordship quotes at some length from "Special Reports on Secondary Education in Prussia," and goes on to say: "These regulations, it is true, refer to higher schools, but the spirit of them governs the Prussian Government's regulations for all schools. Its principle is that every child within its jurisdiction should be taught the religion of its parents; and as far as that can be done in school, taught it thoroughly not merely as a piece of knowledge, but as a living influence which goes to form the character and to shape the future

conviction of the child. But my special purpose in dwelling on it at such length is to refute, by the greatest living example, the absurd theory that the State cannot make provision for teaching religion in schools without going outside its own province and lowering the standard of secular instruction.

It is useful for us, however, to remember that this position which the Catholic religion holds in the schools of a Protestant country such as Prussia, was not altogether the spontaneous gift of the Government. It was won by a splendid fight. In 1773, when Bismarck at that time the most powerful statesman in Europe, picked a quarrel with the Catholic Church, one of his first points of attack was the schools. But, powerful as he was, he reckoned without his host. He met a force greater than the armies of France when he attacked the Church. Archbishops and Bishops were thrown into jail, priests in hundreds were imprisoned and exiled, Catholic school teachers were driven out. Yet it was all in vain.

The touch of persecution touched the true chord in the hearts of Catholics, and made them vibrate with the spirit of martyrs. The whole Catholic laity rallied to the cause, and to their eternal honor be it recorded, none more staunchly than the working men. Then the German Catholic party was formed in the German Parliament. A hundred good men and true with ten millions of Prussian Catholics at their back, confronted the minister. Parliament was dissolved, other parties lost, but the Catholic Party came back stronger. Session after session they fought the cause, until at length Bismarck, as many a man before him, found that force cannot subdue us Catholics, and that he was wrecking himself on the solid rock of our convictions. It was thus the Catholic Church made herself felt and respected in Germany."

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as none." 50c.

The Confessional.

Non-Catholics make confession the great bugaboo, says a contemporary. It is not at all uncommon to hear a non-Catholic say that if it were not for the tribunal of penance they would become Catholics. They say they are afraid to confess to the priest. They protest that they do not think it right to tell their sins to a mere man, and so on. After a non-Catholic has become a Catholic and has approached the tribunal of penance his whole notion of confession changes. He wonders why he ever dreaded the procedure. Such a load is lifted from his heart. Such a peace enters into his soul. Such contentment envelopes him. He has told God's earthly representative all about his innermost feelings, about his temptations to which his poor weak nature had succumbed and those which had been resisted, of the doubts and the fears, none of which he would have even hinted to every-day friends. He has listened to the kindly advice of the priest who has heard the stories of so many penitents and has counseled so many. He has knelt in the dimly-lighted church and looked up toward the high altar in front of which burned the red fire, signifying that the Lord of heaven and earth was in the tabernacle and thought that on the morrow the dead Lord would come to him in the sacrament of the altar and would be a help to him in every time of trouble. After one of these experiences the non-Catholic that was wonders how he could have been so blind as to steel his heart to the truth because of a foolish feeling of pride in connection with one of the most helpful, satisfying institutions of God's church, Catholic Home Companion.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.—C

He fell into a reverie, both stood silent, with the water mingling with thoughts. The hermit was more than ordinary, and mitted it to be seen; but, grateful for his mistake, he served back to settle over. He picked up his paddle and entered the boat without a "I shall see you again?" knowing he could not be d "I s'pose—I dunno," he absent, and pushed off shore.

With a sigh Ruth returned house, where Billy and the still wrangled over Barbara and Peter's letter. There was now one of the disappointed squire and political knuckles with indiscriminate "His career from first said the pere, "reminds me "Just so," the squire in "you are always reminded by any ridiculous trifles that mentions. But you won't story on this veranda nor presence if you lived for forty The pere laughed softly at Ruth to his assistance. "I saw you talking with moment ago. How is he?" "There is something strange him," Ruth said. "He seemed ried or disturbed, and acted for him."

"He's probably just learned phabet," said the squire, about women learning nothing experience—I don't believe it that man, dull, placid, stumpy-pine-tree, hasn't learned an twenty years. If he's getting up now it must be because found out that he's alive Florian is running for governor some other new fact."

"Oh! he knew about Florian the pere; "and, moreover, tells his utter defeat. " "Oh! he does, does he?" the squire in leonine mocker you hear that, Billy? This of the islands, this wild squ unatched egg, stands up me and all the men who kn thing about politics in th that the old ticket will go cause he knows it will."

"Papa," suggested Ruth, was a good friend of yours a when you needed one."

"And I've paid him be owed him, my girl, long ago him live. I never said a about his foolishness to st I upheld him in his idea alone when he ought to ha married. But let him keep h I can't stand ignorance, an he shows it before me I'm g stamp it out every time."

"He has a right to his op said the pere, "and I rather you wouldn't dare the wagger large sum on yours."

"I'll put my best horse your ancient cob," said the "That Florian is governor State on the 5th of November now. You're pretty obstin your own side; let's see you up for it."

Pere Raugevin laughed at nothing.

"I know what you are thi continued the squire. "Y ready to swear that these dists and their kind will ser name on the ticket. I don't it. Our people have religion e that they're not so mean as that. What do you say, You're known both parties, f belonged to 'em."

But Ruth shook her head dis as appealed to Billy.

"I'm afraid," said Billy, wh ly deserted his friend in an ment, "there'll be some of it but not enough for that."

"Precisely; that's what I me course there will be some mean to do it. I believe Buck will mean to watch him. He is a disappointed to think Sara v the prince's daughter as well a sa, so that he might come in share of the money."

"Florian, I suppose," said priest, "has said nothing saying you a visit after the tion."

"I mean to invite him. He i in his last letter, and the fr of a campaign will drive him to rest."

"I wish he would think it while to call on me when he come, or shall I meet him. At invitation, here?"

"You can come with the c suppose," the squire replied.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

He fell into a reverie, and they both stood silent, with the splash of the water mingling with their thoughts. The hermit was excited more than ordinary, and had permitted it to be seen; but, as if regretful for his mistake, the old reserve began to settle over him again. He picked up his paddle suddenly and entered the boat without a word.

"I shall see you again?" she said, knowing he could not be detained. "I s'pose—I dunno," he answered absently, and pushed off from the shore.

With a sigh Ruth returned to the house, where Billy and the squire still wrangled over Barbara Merion and Peter's letter. Père Rougevin was now one of the disputants, and rapped squire and politician over the knuckles with indiscriminate zeal.

"His career from first to last," said the père, "reminds me—"

"Just so," the squire interrupted; "you are always reminded of a story by any ridiculous trifle that a man mentions. But you won't tell that story on this veranda nor in my presence if you lived for forty years."

The père laughed softly and called Ruth to his assistance.

"I saw you talking with Scott a moment ago. How is he?"

"There is something strange about him," Ruth said. "He seemed worried or disturbed, and acted queerly for him."

"He's probably just learned the alphabet," said the squire. "Talk about women learning nothing from experience—I don't believe it. But that man, dull, placid, stupid as a pine-tree, hasn't learned anything in twenty years. If he's getting worked up now it must be because he's found out that he's alive or that Florian is running for governor, or some other new fact."

"Oh! he knew about Florian," said the père; "and, moreover, he foretells his utter defeat."

"Oh! he does, does he?" snorted the squire in leonine mockery. "Do you hear that, Billy? This muskrat of the islands, this wild squash, this unattached egg, stands up and tells me and all the men who know anything about politics in this State that the old ticket will go down because he knows it will."

"Papa," suggested Ruth, "Scott was a good friend of yours at a time when you needed one."

"And I've paid him back all I owed him, my girl, long ago. I let him live. I never said anything about his foolishness to strangers. I upheld him in his idea of living alone when he ought to have been married. But let him keep his place. I can't stand ignorance, and when he shows it before me I'm going to stamp it out every time."

"He has a right to his opinion," said the père, "and I rather think you wouldn't dare the wager a very large sum on yours."

"I'll put my best horse against your ancient cob," said the squire, "that Florian is governor of this State on the 5th of November. Come, now. You're pretty obstinate on your own side; let's see you stand up for it."

Père Rougevin laughed and said nothing.

"I know what you are thinking," continued the squire. "You are ready to swear that these Methodists and their kind will scratch his name on the ticket. I don't believe it. Our people have religion enough, but they're not so mean as to do that. What do you say, Ruth?"

"You've known both parties, for you belonged to 'em."

But Ruth shook her head dismally, and appealed to Billy.

"I'm afraid," said Billy, who rarely deserted his friend in an argument, "there'll be some of it done, but not enough for that."

"Precisely; that's what I mean. Of course there will be some mean enough to do it. I believe Buck will, and I mean to watch him. He is awfully disappointed to think Sara wasn't the prince's daughter as well as Linda, so that he might come in for a share of the money."

"Florian, I suppose," said the priest, "has said nothing about paying you a visit after the election."

"I mean to invite him. He hinted in his last letter, and the fatigue of a campaign will drive him here to rest."

"I wish he would think it worth his while to call on me when he does come, or shall I meet him, at your invitation, here?"

"You can come with the crowd, I suppose," the squire replied jokingly.

ly, "and make what you can out of him. He's away beyond you, père, now. My! but he's a smart lad."

"Too smart," murmured Billy, in spite of Pendleton's frown.

"Lemme see," said the squire, "this is the 27th and Wednesday is the 30th. Yes, exactly. Now, père, you come over Wednesday evening, and I'll see you through a little game of checkers or block until four o'clock in the morning, if you want to. I'm not going to sleep from now till after election."

Père Rougevin accepted and was going down the steps when an afterthought stopped him. The père always had an afterthought of this kind, and it was usually as important as Padgitt's postscript in Armadale.

"By the way, Pendleton," he said, "you have not seen or heard anything of that Russian lately—the fellow, you remember, who—"

"Oh! I remember him," said the squire, "and he'll remember me should I lay hands or eyes on him. What would he be doing in this town, I'd like to know?"

"It's hard to say," the père replied lightly as he started off; "but he has been seen as late as yesterday in this vicinity, and means mischief."

The squire swore a little at this information, but Père Rougevin was beyond hearing.

Wednesday night was boisterous and stormy and had a wintry odor when the three old gentlemen, under Ruth's superintendence, sat down in the cosy parlor to a game of dominoes. "The wind was howling in turret and tree," and there was a mighty roar from the waves on the beach, while the distant light-houses twinkled weakly through the thick darkness. But these evidences of an ugly night without made the scene within only the more delightful, and the party prepared to pass a merry evening.

"It would be just like some old grandmother to take ill," said the squire, "and call you away. There's one thing, though—no mortal man can cross the bay to-night, and you're safe from that direction. It puzzles me—and he looked at Père Rougevin's round, cheerful outline humorously—"to know what there is in you that sends people rushing after you, at all hours and under all circumstances, to doctor their sick souls. Can't a man die comfortably and quietly without you, and is it necessary that you must shout him into heaven, or pray him in, or what do you do, anyway?"

"Why, papa—" Ruth began appreciatively.

"Just so, girl. It's a fair question, an' he's goin' to answer it; and you needn't look daggers at me for asking it."

"He reminds me—" said the père, smiling.

"No I don't," the squire roared. "Keep clear of your anecdotes. You don't spin any more yarns on me. Why, Ruth, he has me posted all over the country at the tail-end of forty stories."

Père Rougevin was silent for a moment, fairly weighed down by the force of Pendleton's lungs, and before he could speak there was a knock at the outside door.

"There it is," said Billy, "the sick call."

The servant brought Père Rougevin a card with a few pencil-marks upon it. He jumped up without much ceremony after reading it, and ran out into the hall. They heard a few hurried remarks from him and the stranger, and immediately he returned, bringing his visitor with him. His face was quite pale, but no one save Ruth noticed it, for all eyes were turned on the new-comer. The latter bore a curious resemblance to Scott, the hermit. He was dressed in the hermit's manner, had much of his silent, stern reserve, and wore his light beard in the same fashion; but over his eyes the peaked cap threw such a shade as to leave his face a mystery. He stood quietly at the door and neither removed his hat nor took a chair.

"Pendleton," said the père in some excitement, "I have a bit of bad news for you. Scott has disappeared. This man lives near him, and says he has not been home since Friday. That Russian has been in the neighborhood, and foul play is feared."

Only Ruth saw the revelation that lay behind the père's words and manner, and she burst suddenly into a fit of uncontrollable sobbing. A thousand insignificant incidents of the past ten years rushed before her

mind.

"Oh!" she cried, "I see it all now. It is terrible!"

Her father stared.

"If any harm has come to Scott," said he, "that's enough. We'll avenge him. But what's the use of being frightened? If a man stays from home three or four days there's no harm in it. So dry your tears."

"O papa! don't you see? Scott is Florian's father."

"Yes," said Père Rougevin with emotion, "he is the lost prince, and we fear this Russian has been hired to injure him, and may have done it."

The silence which transfixed the squire for half a minute was so deep that the ticking of the clock sounded like the strokes of a hammer. The roar of the storm beat up against the house. He sat there with his heavy face void of expression, his eyes turned on the priest in a vacant stare, while he tried to realize all that those astonishing words meant.

"Good God," were his first hushed words. Billy could say nothing, and Ruth was still sobbing. Père Rougevin and the stranger grew impatient for practical suggestions.

"I'm beat," said the squire; "but I've got my breath again. I suppose it's so, and I don't doubt but that if we had our eyes open we might have known it before. And now when he's most wanted he's gone, and that sneak is after him and means him harm. Well," said the squire ponderously, rising, "we'll look for 'em both, and deal with 'em according to law. Young man, what have you to say about it?"

"The islands ought to be searched," said the stranger, "and a watch set on the waters, so that if foul play has done away with him his body may be found."

"And word should be sent immediately to Florian," said Ruth.

"I don't know about that," Pendleton remarked. "To-morrow will be a busy day for him, and he can't do anything more than we can do."

"Not the slightest need of sending for him," Père Rougevin said hastily. "It will be time enough to notify him when we have found Scott or what has happened to him."

Ruth said no more on the matter, but when the squire had put on his great-coat she was in the hall ready to go with them and prepared to put into action some ideas of her own. They raised no objection to her company, and all rode up together to the village, where the squire began his search for a boat able to stand the fury of a southwest wind. Ruth in the meantime had sent to Florian the following telegram: "Come at once, if you would save your father's life." By the time she reached the pier again Pendleton had engaged a tug for the search and the vessel was getting up steam. A crowd stood about, curious to know the reason of a water journey on so tempestuous a night; but the squire sailed away with his party in lofty silence, giving only a hint to his hungry neighbors that it was concerned with the coming election.

Once on the water he called a council in the small cabin.

"We're going this thing rather blind," said he, "and I would like to hear your opinions and get a little more reason and certainty into it. I suppose we can search all the small islands to-night by ourselves with lanterns; but if we don't find him we must get help to-morrow, if we mean to do the business thoroughly."

"There are certain places," said the stranger, "which Scott frequented, and it might be worth the trouble to examine them. I know them all. But it is more likely that he avoided them when pursued by the Russian. You must know that Scott expected his identity to be some day discovered, and provided



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hiding-places among the islands. The principal of these was under his own house; but its secret the Russian discovered a few days ago, and he abandoned it. If he fancies that the others are known he will not go near them."

"Ah!" said the squire, "now you are giving us a fair start, young man. We must begin with his own house on the island first, then take the others in succession."

He went out to the pilot-house and the père followed him, leaving Ruth and the stranger alone in the cabin. The boat rocked and plunged uncomfortably in the heavy sea and the great waves dashed against the windows. Nothing was visible outside save the twinkling lights of the shore.

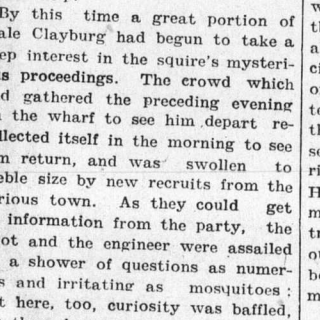
"You will pardon me, Mr. Rossiter," she said, "that I did not recognize you until you spoke this evening. I am very glad to meet you and to see that you are well."

"Thank you," said Paul, nervously, and was silent. Not a word was uttered concerning his long and mysterious absence from the world, and both were glad of it, for the greatness of the calamity which seemed to threaten them overshadowed minor things completely. A sudden quieting of the waves and the rushing of wind through the tree-tops signified that they had entered the tortuous channel leading into Eel Bay, and in a half-hour more they were sailing opposite the hermit's cabin. All went ashore save Ruth, who felt that she would be a hindrance in the search, and she remained leaning against the dock-rail, watching the movements of their lanterns as they walked over the small island. They returned to the boat unsuccessful, and steamed to another spot, which was searched with the same result; and so through the whole of the stormy night they continued their vain pursuit of the lost prince, returning to Clayburg for breakfast and additional help.

By this time a great portion of male Clayburg had begun to take a deep interest in the squire's mysterious proceedings. The crowd which had gathered the preceding evening on the wharf to see him depart recollected itself in the morning to see him return, and was swollen to a treble size by new recruits from the curious town. As they could get no information from the party, the pilot and the engineer were assailed by a shower of questions as numerous and irritating as mosquitoes; but here, too, curiosity was baffled, for these knew no more than that their employers had sought among the islands for somebody or something they did not know what and did not care. When the squire and his friends had breakfasted and made ready for another start by bringing loads of provisions to the boat and fitting it out for as long a stay as possible on the water, a mob of men and women were standing on the dock in the cold November morning fairly eaten by curiosity. From among them the squire made a selection of ten good fellows to aid him in the search. They went on board indifferent to the direct and indirect questions fired at them, and sailed away mysteriously, to the utter disgust of the crowd. Ruth did not accompany them. She had been overcome with weariness, she said, and did not feel equal to the fatigue of a twelve hours' journey—

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which was strictly true, but her real reason for remaining was the telegram which Florian sent her that morning announcing his arrival in Clayburg for that evening.

It was a dull, stolid day. The wind had died away, and the sun was buried in thick clouds before he had been two hours shining, and such a bitter suspicion of snow was in the cold, heavy air! At ten it began to rain, and the thick mists shut out the river and brought a deeper chill to the atmosphere. Time hung the heavier on her hands. She could not read, and thought was distressing. A few old gossips came in to hear the news of the day and discover the cause of so much mysterious running about in the quiet town, and she replied in dark and secret language, with many hints of greater surprises yet in store for them, and sent them away satisfied and yet unsatisfied. In the stores and saloons and kitchens that day the squire's movements were thoroughly canvassed. A mystery so important as to require a tug and fifteen men to carry it out was a delightful morsel in dull November, and the peaceful citizens enjoyed it; but when the telegraph messenger passed the word that a special train was due in Clayburg at four o'clock that afternoon, nearly three hours ahead of the regular train, the excitement spread to the highest grades of town society, and even the ministers trotted down to the depot under the same umbrella to examine this second wonder of the day. But Florian knew his native village well. Half a mile from the depot Ruth met him with the carriage, and the train moved into the station without a soul save the employees on board. So with every disappointment the mystery grew.

A more wretched man than Florian Ruth had never seen. His proud bearing was gone, his proud self-possession had melted from him like snow, and his pale, drawn face and listless manner showed what he had suffered since receiving her telegram and what he was suffering. He took her hand gratefully as he entered the carriage. She tried to speak, but her own sobb were too powerful.

"You need not tell me," he said. "We are too late. I know that, and I might have saved him; I might have known long ago."

He repeated the last words over and over like one in delirium. When she had grown calmer she told him all the circumstances of the last few days, beginning with her last talk with the hermit, and he sat with his head bowed, listening, nor made any comment for a time.

"Where were our eyes," she said, crying, "that we did not see through this loving imposture long since? A spy could discover him, and we could not."

"The spy had exceptional resources," he answered; "and yet it would have been so easy to have reasoned. You remember the interest he took in me, and I recall the dreams I had of him kissing me, poor father! in my sleep; and how in the graveyard here one night he held me in his arms with his cheek against my own; and the time he came to New York, risking so much for love of me. Then his behavior towards Linda on her death bed. I believe she knew it, for she looked from him to me so strangely—I see it now; I could not see it then. And my mother's behavior when he was present or spoken of. What a life!" and he added after a pause, with a shudder of horror and grief, "and what a death, after so much self-denial and love!"

"Oh, be patient!" said she, attempting cheerfulness. "They are searching for him bravely, and he is so cunning and active that it will take an expert woodsman to overmatch him."

"His pursuer," said Florian gloomily, "is by profession an assassin. He has but one instinct, that of death, and he will follow, follow, follow like a hound, never wearying, never stopping, cunning as a devil, pitiless as hell, until his victim is dead. I can see him now crawling through some lonely patch of timber in the rain with that white face of his shining in the gloom."

She had to admit that the picture was not overdrawn, and they came

to the house in silence.

"I will not go in," he said; "I must get a boat and join in the search. I am going mad, I think."

"But there is no wind, Florian, and you can get no tug, for there is none here. Better wait until the rain stops; there will be a wind then strong enough to make the boat of use."

He held up his hand in the air.

"There is wind enough," said he, "I could not stay; I must go."

She went into the house and brought out some oil-cloths for him to put on as a protection against the rain. With a servant to manage the boat they started, taking a course straight down the river in order to meet the tug; but the wind soon died away almost entirely when they were opposite the well-known channel leading into Eel Bay, and Ruth proposed, seeing how impatient he grew, that they would go to the hermit's cabin and wait there for a favorable wind. It was done, and for the first time in years he entered his father's house.

"What a palace for a prince!" he said, and a great bitterness filled his heart as memory after memory connected with the old cabin rose before him.

Darkness came on, and the servant lighted the old candle and the fire was started in the fire-place. He sat reading Isaac Walton or wandering uneasily to the shore, while Ruth, wearied, lay down to sleep in the inner room. The night passed in a dead calm. At four o'clock in the morning the clouds parted in the northwest and the first suspicion of a wind stirred the water. He waked her, saying gently: "We must be going."

It was cold, and unpleasant in the damp morning air, but a few stars shone faintly overhead. As before, they went straight down the river, taking the wider channels in order to intercept the tug if she should be returning. At daylight they reached Alexandria Bay, and in the distance later on, as the sun was rising, they saw the tug steaming further down the river.

"They have not found any trace of him yet," said Ruth. "They are searching still, or they would be returning."

"Why do they take the islands below instead of those above?" he asked.

"I believe they have a guide, on board who lived for some time with your father," she replied, "and he thinks he must have fled in that direction. When I last saw him he was going down the river."

They sailed on, the wind still cold and feeble as before, and in two hours they had reached the island. Florian would not go near the tug or make himself known to any one, but went ashore in his oil cloths and silently joined in the search, while Ruth sailed to the tug for information. No success yet and no clue! When she returned Florian was waiting for her on the shore.

"They will never make anything of this," he said. "It is too wild and they have to cover too much ground. Let us go back and search the islands above."

(To be continued.)

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first it was thought that she was injured by the fire, such was the fearful condition of her head and face, but an examination disclosed that to such a depth of degradation had drink brought her that she was actually eaten alive with vermin.

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His Memory (By the G) While men of all nations creeds throughout the speaking reverent word uncovered heads over made grave in Straide may not be unfitting a word of the dead. We are moved to the question raised in the the patriot's life and t since his untimely death ther he was an Irish Ir that we are going to botanize" over the grav patriot, for that would give as it is unnecessary any event the question ficiently answered in the That Michael Davitt's sion in life was an Irish posed of a free, prosper and happy people, with there is no need to asser to how few of those of prone to weaving theori others what they should the questioning and cri men of force and of ac given to do so much fo tion of our hopes and t our country, as has cro efforts of Michael Da many of us, or rather h point out as a result o much less of our philo step taken by our coun freedom and nationho perity, one shackle thr people, one comfort add lives, one inspiration le sonal independence and dom of their country. hooves us to approach Michael Davitt and to s and his life and his wor with respect, veneration tude, but with humilit Davitt did not turn his and passion for Ireland cial fields of the restora Irish language and civil did Father O'Growney a las Hyde, but he himsel the noblest exemplars of zation which have enrich our country. Were Fat ney and Dr. Hyde born circumstances which surrou birth and early years of they been heirs as he w hardships which inquit ment, wanton injustice a exaction wrought upon were they as he was the these destroying tyrann would undoubtedly as h secrete their lives to th of such intolerable condi whose existence the peop emerge from abject sl less be prosperous, intel pendent builders of an land. Some time ago v an Irish provincial paper view between a landlord ants, the chief spokesma ter being the Catholic c consultation with the t priest politely but firmly landlord's terms for the property. The landlo for the maintenance of f lations at least if the come to terms, and the plied that there was not the slightest feeling of r emunity, but that the th the past were intolerabl his people owed it to th their children and to th to secure possession of land upon livable terms. lord was the applican and for friendship. A sh fore we were reading on milliating but vivid desc William Carleton of "ga the landlord's house. I rain the tenants wait side the door, hatless an each awaiting in lear mixed with an abject ren the privilege of hearing rent would be accepted the "sentence of death" passed upon him and hi home. Nothing suggest fighting rats in that s ture. What a change i in a life time, in a g most. That it seems t