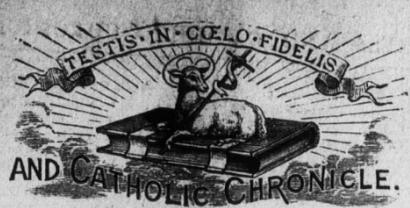


The True



Witness

Vol. LVI The Senate, Jan 1 1908

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1907

PRICE FIVE CENTS

ST. ANTHONY CHAPEL CAR

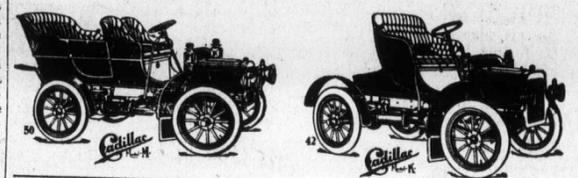
For Propagation of the Faith -- Great Event in History of Catholic Church.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Clergymen Need Just such a Tonic as Abbey's Salt. It gently regulates stomach, liver and bowels — helps appetite and digestion — strengthens and invigorates the whole system.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 and 60c. BOTTLE.

Buy a Cadillac!



Anyone at all interested in automobiles will find the Cadillac the most dependable of popular-priced cars, to which is added the incredibly low cost of maintenance.

We're selling these machines as low as \$1100 and recommend them for all sorts of service in town or country. There is more certainty of good value and thorough satisfaction in a "Cadillac" than in any other car in sight.

The simple fact that more Cadillacs were sold last year than any other car in the world carries its own argument.

The Canadian Automobile Co.

Garage, Thistle Curling Rink. Office, 242 Craig West.

A great event in the history of the Catholic Church in America took place Sunday, June 16, 1907, when the first Catholic Chapel Car was blessed and dedicated to the service of God by His Grace, James E. Quigley, Archbishop of Chicago, assisted by the Right Rev. F. J. Muldoon and about one hundred priests of Chicago and other cities. It was a great event—we are almost tempted to designate it the greatest event of the present or past century in the history of the Catholic Church. Recently, the corner-stone of a \$2,000,000 cathedral was laid in one of the northern cities. In other cities magnificent houses of worship are being reared in honor of the Most High. It is only meet that in localities where there are many wealthy Catholic men and women they should liberally give a tithe of their wealth to the service of the Almighty and build for Him a fitting dwelling place. And yet, we are disposed to claim that the dedication of an humble Chapel Car is of more importance in the annals of the Church than the building of an edifice costing millions of dollars. Yes! just an humble Chapel Car; no lofty spires; no deep-toned bell swinging in the belfry; no architectural dream—just an humble chapel where everything used in God's service is of the simplest design. And yet we make bold to say that this chapel is as pleasing in the sight of Almighty God as the most pretentious pile of marble surmounted by a golden cross. For the priest in this chapel will go forth, as the missionaries of old, preaching the gospel, administering the sacraments, and offering up the holy-sacrifice of the Mass, bringing consolation and peace to thousands of souls, comforting the sick, ministering to the dying, and blessing the living. Ah, yes! Let this truth, dear reader, sink into your mind, that in the remote, Western country and in the Northwest and the South there are hundreds of thinly populated settlements, and a considerable portion of the people there are Catholics. They have no church, the priest visits them only occasionally; for, you must remember that the supply of priests in the West, the Northwest and the South is by no means adequate. There are some places where the people have not seen a priest for years; and it goes without saying that consequently they have not heard a sermon, attended Mass, nor received the sacraments. It is no fault of theirs, it is the fault of us who live in the big cities and towns too busy to give them even a thought. This condition has obtained for a goodly number of years now, and it is the aim to carry the light where hitherto there has been only darkness. These poor almost God-forsaken people cling for awhile to the faith of their fathers; but in course of time other denominations encroach and one by one they fall away, and are lost forever. Through the agency of the Chapel Car it is proposed to collect and bring back the sheep that are scattered, that have strayed from the fold. "The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep."

under his protection, for the reason that Mr. Petry is specially devoted to this Saint. Thousands of people passed this car after it was dedicated and here is the pleasing part, the evidence of the beautiful simple faith of the people who visited the chapel, not as curiosity seekers, but to offer up a short prayer before the altar. And another thing we deem worthy of mention was the fact that P. Jennings, of Cleveland, Ohio, one of the original founders, Doctor Melody of the Catholic University, Washington, and the Hon. William P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, Ind., Treasurer of the Society. Certainly, the event was one which will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to witness it. St. Anthony's Chapel Car is equipped with everything necessary for a long journey over prairie and de-

every particular, the entire effect being one of extreme simplicity. A set of stations will be added within a few weeks. Another compartment of the car is the bishop's room, for the bishops of the various dioceses will travel in this car as often as their manifold duties will permit them, to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to their scattered people. This room is not of large size, is in reality composed simply of two seats such as are found in the ordinary Pullman car and at night is converted into a bed chamber. The adjoining room will be occupied by the priest who will accompany the car on its travels. In this room there is a combination book-case and writing table. This room, too, has sleeping accommodations for two persons—all beds to be "made up" in the regular Pullman style. The car has a small kitchen completely equipped and the services of a porter, who is also a cook, have been engaged. This is an important feature, for to conserve the health of the itinerant priest a suitable fare is necessary; and in view of the fact that the car is intended to traverse the wild and isolated regions of the West and South, a number of storage boxes and refrigerators are provided, which will enable the occupants to carry supplies and provisions for a journey of several weeks. All these things were carefully considered in planning the car, with the result that no essentials for comfort, convenience and serviceability have been overlooked. While it is the first Catholic Chapel Car in the world, it is well to remember that several religious demonstrations long ago inaugurated the idea of the "Church on Wheels," and, as far as we have been able to ascertain, they have been very successful. Well, the idea is as yet experimental. Within a few months we will be better able to point out the many advantages of the Chapel Car for the people in the rounds of the Wichita, Kansas, diocese, and Bishop John J. Hennessey will accompany it for some time. The diocese of Wichita comprises one-third of the entire state of Kansas, covering an area of 42,915 square miles. The total Catholic population of the Wichita diocese is 30,000 and for this number there are only 74 priests, 53 churches with resident priests, and 62 missions with parishes with schools with a total attendance of less than 2000 children. These few figures indicate that there is plenty of opportunity to use the Chapel Car to good advantage in Bishop Hennessey's diocese; and this holds good in many other dioceses in the South and West. It is expected that the car will be in service in the Wichita diocese for fully two months, after which time it will probably make the rounds of the mountainous regions of Kentucky. As the Church on Wheels rolls over prairie and desert, pierces mountain-tops, crosses rivers or climbs the steep, and at the end of its journey is cut off from the rest of the train, of which it forms a part, and switching for service, its arrival will be either the beginning or the restoring of great things for many a soul in the little isolated settlements, hitherto neglected and unhelped by Catholic ministrations. The accompanying illustrations will give the readers of the True Witness a clear view of the Church on Wheels and a good insight into its possibilities and the excellent provision furnished for the propagation of the Faith.

ST. ANTHONY CHAPEL CAR—INTERIOR VIEW. Courtesy Extension Magazine.

while no appeal was made for donations, voluntary offerings of varying amounts, from the child's penny to the more munificent sum of the rich man, poured in until quite a sum had accumulated. The Count of Santa Eulalia, Portuguese Consul at Chicago, presented a beautiful crucifix with ivory corpus made in the sixteenth century and valued at a high price. And many gifts from other persons were received. It was pleasing to hear the good wishes of the visitors and the enthusiasm with which they commented upon the idea of a Chapel Car. They seemed proud of the achievement for the faith and they listened with intense interest to the brief addresses delivered on this occasion by the Rev. Francis C. Kelley, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the U. S., and A. Rev. Gilbert



ST. ANTHONY CHAPEL CAR—EXTERIOR VIEW. Courtesy Extension Magazine.

sert and through mountainous regions. The length of the car is 72 feet. Most of the space, of course, is given up to the chapel, which has a seating capacity of 50 and will probably accommodate a total of 65 persons. The altar, specially made for the car, is so constructed that in its many drawers and receptacles may be stored the sacred vessels and vestments. In the center of the altar is a beautiful painting of St. Anthony. The altar utensils, such as candles, crucifixes, etc., will be held in place by screws. The communion railing is converted into a confessional. There are two rows of pews, which slide along a grooved rail, seating two or three persons and divided by a narrow aisle. The appointments of the Chapel Car are complete in

where his father occupied a post in the Coastguard service. Prominently identified with the "Young Ireland" movement of 1848, he became an exile and eventually settled in Canada, where his gifts and attainments soon carried him to the highest position in the State. In April, 1868, when in the prime of his manhood, he was assassinated after about to enter his residence after leaving the Senate. His "History of Ireland," and the "Irish Settlers in America," are well known works.

ULSTER. Wm. Lavelle was fined 40s in Belfast Custody Court for assaulting Wm. Kelly, a hatter in a Ravenhill establishment, by throwing a water glass at him. Abraham Marshall, a permanent-way man, was run over and killed by a goods train near Trew and Moy station, on the G.N.R. line on Saturday. The remains were laid to rest on Saturday at Newry of Mrs. Lamb, 83, widow of the late Mr. Neal Lamb, and mother of Mr. G. A. Lamb, Monaghan street. It was announced on Sunday in St. Patrick's Catholic Church, Belfast, that Catholics are henceforth forbidden to attend the "preaching" at the Custom House steps. Alexander Baxter, a farmer of Ballykildigan, near Camber, County Down, went bathing on Sunday evening, and had scarcely entered the water when he sank. The body was recovered in nine feet of water.

DERRY. The new Catholic Bishop of Derry, the Rt. Rev. Charles McHugh, was born in 1856 in the parish of Termonamangan, County Tyrone. At college he was class-fellow with Dr. O'Dea, Bishop of Clonfert. He was ordained in 1881 by Bishop Kelly, and he served several months as curate in his native parish, when he became Professor in St. Columb's College, Derry. Five years later his health somewhat failing, he applied for the curacy in every church in the diocese, and the paper is mailed to all who contribute to this collection. Many pastors see to it that the paper is sent to every family in the parish. If this plan were adopted in every diocese there would be no such thing as a straggling Catholic weekly.—Extension Magazine.

Early Buying Profitable. There is a profit in buying some things out of their season, and fuel coal is one of the necessities to be catalogued. At this season of the year, when supply is equal to the demand, and prices are the lowest of the year, when prompt delivery can be made, people should avail themselves of these advantages in securing the cold-weather supply. The Canadian Coal Co., whose advertisement appears in another column, is an enterprising firm, where good treatment in the matter of coal supply is assured. Look up their adv.

A Good Plan. Hartford Diocese has an unique plan for building up the subscription list of its diocesan organ, the Catholic Transcript. A newspaper collection is taken up in every church in the diocese, and the paper is mailed to all who contribute to this collection. Many pastors see to it that the paper is sent to every family in the parish. If this plan were adopted in every diocese there would be no such thing as a straggling Catholic weekly.—Extension Magazine.

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SOME IRISH NEWS.

CORK. Very Rev. Canon Sheehan, P.P., of Doneraile, the author of many notable books on Irish life, is anxious to make some absolutely necessary repairs to his little church, but lacks the wherewithal, so the men of "generous Cork" will contribute something to so worthy an object, and relieve the anxieties of the good "Soggarth" of Doneraile.

ANTRIM. A remarkable and most important development in the shipbuilding world—namely, the amalgamation of the great firm of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, of the Queen's Island, Belfast, with the firm of Messrs. John Brown & Co., of Clydebank, Scotland, and Sheffield, Eng.—there are

thus brought together two of the largest firms in the world forming the greatest ship-building combine in existence. This announcement is likely to be sad news for Antrim's great industrial center.

KING'S. A remarkably skillful surgical operation was recently performed in the workhouse hospital, Edenderry, by Dr. J. J. Kinsella, the medical officer, on a little child who was suffering from intussusception, or slipping of the intestines. The child, a girl of about eight years old, was brought to the workhouse in a state of collapse, and very little hopes were entertained of her recovery. Dr. Kinsella removed the obstruction, located the place where the obstruction was, and brought the bowel to

its normal state, with the result that the patient is now completely recovered. Cases of this sort are very rare, and the success of Dr. Kinsella is a high tribute to his abilities as a medical practitioner.

MUNSTER. The Queenstown Urban Council at their meeting last Saturday, appointed a deputation to wait on Admiral King-Hall with a view to getting a supplementary grant for employment for a number of men who have been lately dismissed, and it was also decided to communicate with Captain Donelan, M.P. The Cork Evicted Tenants' Association, at a meeting on Saturday last, passed a resolution reiterating

their protests against the methods by which their cases have been investigated and reported upon, and demanding an impartial investigation before a public tribunal. They also recognized Mr. Birrell's good intentions, and suggested that he would give careful consideration to recommendations by Mr. D. D. Sheehan, M.P.

LOUTH. The Hon. John J. Magee, of the Privy Council, Canada, a brother to the late Thomas D'Arcy Magee, has kindly given a generous contribution to provide a treat for the children of the parish of Taroat, County Wexford. Thomas D'Arcy Magee, who was a former editor of the Pilot, was born near Carlingford,

and he served several months as curate in his native parish, when he became Professor in St. Columb's College, Derry. Five years later his health somewhat failing, he applied for the curacy in every church in the diocese, and the paper is mailed to all who contribute to this collection. Many pastors see to it that the paper is sent to every family in the parish. If this plan were adopted in every diocese there would be no such thing as a straggling Catholic weekly.—Extension Magazine.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Never permit yourself to make any decision of importance while you are in a state of depression.

HABITUAL KINDNESS.

There is no gift of grace that goes further to making one beloved than the art of simple kindness.

FASHIONABLE COLORS FOR THE COMING WINTER.

"Blue will be in high favor this fall and winter," writes Grace Margaret Gould, the Fashion Editor.

"Many brown shades will also be used—russet, Havana and the leather shades. Browns showing a coppery tinge will be modish.

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease.

WHITE SHOES.

Never wear a white shoe with anything but a white gown or one whose surface is white with a flow-er or line of color through it.

RELICS OF THE POET MOORE.

One of the rooms of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, is devoted almost exclusively to relics of Thomas Moore.

HOW TO DRESS A WOUND ANTI-SEPTICALLY.

Apply peroxide of hydrogen to the wound until it ceases to fizz; moisten the bandage with the same.

SOME HINTS FOR THE FRUIT-CANNER.

Before putting fruit in glass jars, wash them in soap suds containing a little soda.

If you want the flavor of the fruit to come out well, do not use an excess of sugar.

Never use poor fruit for canning. The best is none too good.

Handle it as little as possible. Have everything in readiness before you begin operations.

Use the best grade of sugar. It may cost a little more than the ordinary, but it will make your fruit enough better to pay the difference in cost.

Do not stir your fruit when it is cooking. If you want to know how it is coming along, take out a piece of it without disturbing the rest.

Give it a brisk boiling. If allowed to stand and simmer it will not retain its shape well.

When the cans are ready for sealing, see that the covers fit perfectly. Never use one that does not hug down tightly to the shoulder of the jar.

Flammarton, one of the world's greatest astronomers and scientists, writes in a French magazine.

"It is my conviction that the soul of man exists as an entity, independent of his body, and that it survives the destruction of his physical being.

It is certain that one soul can influence another soul at a distance and without the aid of the senses.

There is not the slightest doubt that the soul can act at a distance. Mental suggestion seems equally certain.

Psychic communications between persons who are living is also proved by a large number of cases, observed and carefully investigated.

We see without eyes and hear without ears, while the body is inanimate during sleep.

The soul by its interior vision may see not only what is passing at a great distance, but it may also know in advance what is to happen in the future.

These phenomena, prove, I think, that the soul exists, and that it is endowed with faculties at present unknown.

That is the logical basis of communicating a study which in the end may lead us to an understanding of the after life and immortality.

The great success and reputation that it has already obtained prove that Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer restores gray hair to its natural color.

LUBY'S

woolled goods, ribbons, etc. Piano keys can be cleaned, as can any old ivory, by being rubbed with muslin dipped in alcohol.

A little thin cold starch rubbed over windows and mirrors and then wiped off with a soft cloth is an easy way of producing most shining results.

Hot milk is even better than boiling water to take off fruit stains. A strong solution of salt and water mixed with an equal quantity of camphor will often relieve a tooth-ache.

If suet which is to be chopped is first sprinkled with ground ice it will chop more easily.

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACTION OF WILD STRAWBERRY CURES

Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic and Cramps, Cholera Infantum

AND ALL Fluxes of the Bowels.

It is without doubt the safest and most reliable remedy in existence.

It has been a household remedy for sixty-two years.

Its effects are instantaneous and it does not leave the bowels in a constipated condition.

Do not be humbugged into taking something the unscrupulous druggist says is just as good.

Mrs. Ed. Stringer, Hemmingford, Que., says: "I have used Dr. Fowler's EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY with excellent results.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts.

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

THEY HADN'T GOT IT. The visitor to London was seated at a table in one of the expensive restaurants in the West End.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed to the waiter. "haven't you got any conscience at all in this place?"

"Beg pardon?" returned the haughty waiter. "Haven't you got any conscience—conscience—conscience? Don't you understand?"

The waiter picked up the bill of fare and began looking over it. "I don't know if we have or not," he said. "If we have it's on the bill, if we ain't it's an extra. Them's the rules, sir."

MORE CONVENIENT FOR BOTH. A lady had engaged a Chinese cook and at her first interview with him in the kitchen asked his name.

"My name," said the Chinaman, "is Wang Hang Ho."

"Oh, I cannot remember all that," said his mistress, "I will call you 'John.'"

"Welly, welly," agreed the Chinaman. "What you name?"

"My name," said the lady, with some dignity, "is Mrs. Melville Langdon."

"I no memble all that, Misses Melv' London. I call you 'Tommy.'"

Mother's Anxiety. The summer months are a time of anxiety for mothers because they are the most dangerous months in the year for babies and young children.

Stomach and bowel troubles come quickly during the hot weather and almost before the mother realizes that there is danger the little one may be beyond aid.

Baby's Own Tablets will prevent summer complaints if given occasionally because they keep the stomach and bowels free from offending matter.

They also cure these troubles, if they come suddenly. The wise mother should keep these Tablets always at hand and give them occasionally to her children.

The Tablets can be given with equal success to the new born babe or the well grown child. They always do good, they cannot possibly do harm, and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or harmful drug.

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Funny Sayings. A teacher had been telling her class of boys recently that worms had become so numerous that they destroyed the crops, and it was necessary to import the sparrow to exterminate them.

The sparrows multiplied very fast and were gradually driving away our native birds. Johnny was apparently very inattentive, and the teacher, thinking to catch him napping, said:

"Johnny, which is worse to have, worms or sparrows?"

Johnny hesitated a moment and then replied: "Please, I never had the sparrows."—Young's Magazine.

NEEDED A CHISEL. The struggling author boldly entered the editorial sanctum.

"I have come with my latest story," he announced.

"That so?" ejaculated the busy editor. "Let us hear how it runs."

"Well, this is from the first chapter: 'Casper had been standing as motionless as a block of granite. Suddenly he dropped on his knees before the beautiful girl with the alabaster brow and boldly proposed. It was then that she answered 'his story heart and handed him the marble stone.'"

But the busy editor reached for the slipping shears.

"Young man," he thundered, "you have made a mistake. Take that story down to the nearest stone-yard. This is an editorial office."

SHEER LIMITATIONS. She was versed in Greek and Latin. She was versed in German, too. She was versed in all the classics.

And she poets old and new. She had studied art and music. And in culture she was graceful. But I note her weary husband. Had to button up her waist.

She could talk of bygone heroes. She could tell offhand their names; She could tell when Rome was founded.

And the date it fell in flames. She could tell of styles and fashions. At a mile a minute rate; But she had to ask her husband. If her hat was pinned on straight.

ICED BLUE RIBBON TEA. THE MOST DELICIOUS OF SUMMER DRINKS. BREW IT THE SAME AS IF YOU WERE GOING TO SERVE HOT TEA, THEN POUR IT OFF THE LEAVES INTO A PITCHER AND PLACE ON THE ICE.

WHEN QUITE COLD SERVE WITH A SLICE OF LEMON (DO NOT USE MILK) AND ADD SUGAR ACCORDING TO TASTE. THE MOST REFRESHING AND WHOLESOME SUMMER BEVERAGE KNOWN

"WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?" There is no form of disease more prevalent than dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high living and rapid eating of the present day mode of life.

Among the many symptoms are: Variable appetite, faint, gnawing feeling in the pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, headache and constipation.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case of dyspepsia, by regulating the bowels, and toning up the digestive organs.

Mrs. Geo. H. Riley, West Liscombe, N.S., writes: "I suffered for years from dyspepsia and could get no relief until I started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. After I had taken three bottles I was completely cured and can eat anything now."

Their Hope is in the Catholic Church. (Right Rev. Mgr. Mundelein to Graduates of Manhattan College.)

The thinking men of the time gaze with admiration at the Church founded by Christ. They recognize its wonderful power; they see that it is the only force that can stem the tide that every day grows stronger and threatens to overwhelm our civilization and plunge the social order into chaos.

They admit that it is the only institution which is immutable and unchangeable in this age of rapid changes. Is this perhaps just a fancy or a boast? Less than two years ago I met on shipboard one of the men who are to-day moulding public opinion, a conspicuous figure among the journalists of to-day.

In the course of conversation he suddenly said to me: "I was brought up a Methodist,

THE POET'S CORNER.

THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

Scatter your petals, sweet garden rose, Hum softly, wind, through the woods;

Summer is tossing her gams away And dropping her amber beads; Adown the path to the western gate She walks with pensive grace,

And over her glittering hair is bound A fillet of pearl-gray lace.

Bid her a rollicking "Au revoir," Sunflowers, cheery and bold, And solanago, hasten ye on, To make her a path of gold;

Asters open your amethyst eyes And lend her their tender light; Show her the sign of your crimson fruit, Wild plum tree, up on the height.

Cover her breasts with a toga wrought Of sunshine and lilac shade; Bring her a veil of vagrant mist From milk pods on the glade;

Sumac and sassafras hang for her Your lanterns along the lane. Silvery clouds in a bay of blue, Cool her with glistening rain.

A hint and a whisper rustle up From weeds grown shaggy and tall; And out of the russet hollows sift The nut-rich scents of the fall.

Saucy, bright thistles have set their camps Where the dainty primrose grew— The latch of the Autumn's gate is loosed, And Summer is passing through.

THE SORROWING MOTHER. Last night I dreamed he came to me; I held him close and wept and said, "My little child, where have you been?"

I was afraid that you were dead, Then I awoke; it almost seemed As though my arms could feel him yet.

I had been sobbing in my sleep; My tears had made the pillow wet. I cannot think of him at all As the bright angel he must be, But only as my little child Who may be needing me.

Do not make him grow too wise, Angels—ye who know; I am dull and slow to learn, Tolling here below.

Do not fill his heart too full With your heavenly joy, Lest the mother's place be lost With her little boy.

Last night the air was mild; The moon rose clear, though late, And somehow then it did not seem So very hard to wait.

There seemed so much to learn, So much for me to do, Before my lessons here were done And I was ready, too.

but to-day I am nothing; I have absolutely no dogmatical beliefs or tenets. Unfortunately for the country, nine out of every ten professional or business men outside the Catholic Church are in the same position as I am to-day.

And this is a bad thing for the country. We men who hold the public pulse, we feel that a revolution must come; we must go back to positive belief, to revealed truth, to obedience to authority; and there is no institution, no Church that can bring about that change, but the Catholic Church.

That is the question, gentlemen, will you be ready? It does not depend on the Church; she is always ready. It depends on men like you, graduates of our Catholic schools and colleges. Are you ready now to do your share, even in a humble way, by clean, honest Catholic lives and careers to help bring about gradually this great change? Are you ready to make use of your talents, to barter with them, to do as much for your spiritual advancement, for God's cause, for the spreading of His Kingdom on earth, as you would for your material interests? It does not mean that you must accomplish what the world regards as great things. Your name need not be emblazoned large on the pages of history. It does not matter whether you have arrived at the top rung of the ladder and occupy a high place in the State, in your chosen profession, or in business. But it does mean that what you have acquired, you have acquired honestly. It does mean that money or the promise of advancement has not been used suc-

cessfully to prostitute your talents for an unworthy cause. And it certainly makes every difference if, to obtain fame or happiness, you have sacrificed that which your forefathers have preserved inviolate, which they have guarded even with their life's blood—your faith and the practice of your religious duties.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS. The kidneys form a very important channel for the outlet of disease from the system, carrying off accumulations that are the poison of the body.

The kidneys are often affected and cause serious disease when least suspected. When the back aches, specks float before the eyes, the urine contains a brick-dust sediment, or is thick and stringy, scanty, highly colored, in fact when there is anything wrong with the small of the back or the urinary organs then the kidneys are affected.

If you are troubled with your kidneys DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS will cure you. Mrs. Frank Fox, Woodside, N.B., writes: "I was a great sufferer with backache for over a year, and could get nothing to relieve me until I took two boxes of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, and now I do not feel any pain whatever and can eat and sleep well; something I could not do before."

Price 50 cents a box or 3 for \$1.25 at all dealers, or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

For New and Old Subscribers. Rates: City, U. S. and Foreign \$1.50. Newfoundland and Canada, \$1.00.

FILL OUT THIS BLANK AND MAIL TO THE TRUE WITNESS, MONTREAL.

Please send me "The True Witness" for.....months from.....190.....for which I enclose \$.....

Name of Subscriber..... P. O. Address.....

If you are a new subscriber, write "new" here.....

Those may dare to doubt who have Their loved ones here below; For me, I do not now believe, I do not hope—I know. —Katharine Pyle, in Harper's Bazar.

A PRIEST'S DAILY EXAMEN. The day is o'er: "Was it well spent?" (The world replies, "Yes, yes!") But, Lord! Thou dost reprove my beat For ease and idleness.

The world applauds and says "Well done!" (How insincere its cry!) But Thou, dear Lord, dost know Thy son, And tearfully Thine eye

Reproaches me: for I am not As Thou wouldst have me be; Thy glance discerns the leper-spot Which keeps me far from Thee!

The world commends my daily work And deems my lot too hard, But, Lord! how much Thy tasks I do, No vessel mine, but shard.

My prayers, dear Lord, from lips untrue How scant of holy thought; My heart with worldliness undue Is filled, and oft distraught.

When I, at meditation's hour, Should scale Thy Holy Steep, Sloth lures me like a lotus-flower, And, traitor-like, I sleep.

The world proclaims: "A shepherd this, Who whelms his flock attends!" A hiring, Lord, am I, reminds, Who oft betrays Thy friends.

And thus my stewardship, dear Lord, Seems always unfulfilled; Thy heart and mine do not accord, With fear should mine be thrilled!

Have patience with me, dearest Christ, My soul sustain anew; That I may keep with Thee my trust, And merits thus ensue.

O make Thy priest a Christ, indeed, Whose zeal will ne'er relax; Who will not break the bruised reed, Nor quench the smoking flax."

O lead me to Gethsemane, That I may vigil keep; And all my guilt let me then see, That I may keep with Thee weep.

And for this grief grant amnesty; And when from sleep I'll wake, To shores of dread Eternity, To Heaven, me, Christ, then take. —F. A. Gaffney, O.P.

HER V. Miss Bush never knew how low from home, who sent how he got there; but he was in defiance at the glimpse they closed in deadly battle.

Miss Bush's heart ached to poor creature's cries, as if the worst even at the beginning of the battle, but she may not him. "Terror none more stern—surely she was emerald-strength heroine; by the field, we Olive now in her now in Bess's, for the girl forsake them, at the hand of things of the dawn received, or, rather the dawn of dawn interposed between them; their foes and hid them; and that hides, who can find! The crew of gipsies were beating down, but our three heroines; they were in the wild leading to the shore and the sea town, and they could half take breath, and think. "The moon was rising over the sea—ing moon that would shimmer dawn."

"Can't I live with you? They had carried the youth off but for me. They hid him from the police, they did, but thought it best not to try again; they were off with the of the night. Hal! hal! they got her," laughed Bess.

"But, my dear, who plays a and found the way into the lady's room, and so to rob house?" said Miss Bush, standing her own doorstep, ringing her bell, and feeling something in herself again.

"I did," was the candid "but I didn't mean to. I tell mother—leastways her as mother; she ain't no mother of though," quoth the child, with sorrowful ring in her voice—"I promised my own mother to tell her to me when she was told about the young lady's pretty and—and they made me come show 'em, and they found out trick of openin' the window, did, and they made me watch garden. You know what they and they took Miss Olive here, she woke, and they thought she on them."

This was Bess's story, told outside the house, partly with her, and she gave up her life, to cast in her lot with part. For Miss Bush took her but the police could swoop upon her friends, the next morning they had fled, and the downs then no more.

Poor Roll came home at day—like a wounded warrior from a contested battle, so wounded he was piteous to behold.

"Will he die?" sobbed Olive morning, lying on her divan in drawing-room, where Miss Bush tending and feeding the poor, so terribly torn and mangled that no wonder anyone sobbed he him.

"I hope not, dear," said her very gently, "for your sake."

"Why for my sake?" faltered child.

"My little girl," said Miss Olive sitting down and taking her in arms, "have you learnt your son?"

"What lesson?" asked the careful voice.



CUDDLE TIME. As the evening shadows Then 'tis cuddle time, When my baby, dressed in land, Comes a-romping to me Comes and begs of me to On my knees and 'tuck As the purpling sun sinks In the gleaming western

And he cuddles to me in As the firelight softly And across the dusky pool Ghostly flickering shades And two dimpled arms are Are clasped tighter for Ah, was richer, rarer need Placed about one's neck

And I chisp and hold him Little tousel head so As he begs dad for a "Which a hundred times Begs to have me 'tell it to Of the quaint Red Riding Or the bears—that happy Living in the deep, dark

Soon the drooping, drooping Cover up two eyes of it And the tousel head so On my breast sinks low Lower yet, till, deep in a Cuddled close to me he With the glory of the sun In his sleeping, dreaming

In his eyes, in whose rare Shines the beauty of the Till I know that into Dre My eye golden-head has Ah! the sweetness of the Making life one golden r With a dimpled babe to feed When it comes to Cuddle —Los Angeles Express.

CHAPTER X.—Continued

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"What lesson?" asked the careful voice.



Our Boys and Girls

BY AUNT BECKY

CUDDLE TIME.

As the evening shadows gather,
Then 'tis cuddle time, I know,
When my baby, dressed for Dream-land,
Comes a-rumping to me so;
Comes and begs of me to hold him
On my knees and "rock-a-bye,"
As the purpling sun sinks lower
In the gleaming western sky.

And he cuddles to me nearer,
As the firelight softly glows,
And across the dusky portals
Ghostly flickering shadows throws,
And two dimpled arms about me
Are clasped tighter for a kiss—
Ah, was richer, rarer necklace
Placed about one's neck than this?

And I clasp and hold him closer,
Little tumbled head of gold,
As he begs dad for a "tory"
Which a hundred times I've told.
Bids to have me "tell it over"—
Of the quaint Red Riding Hood,
Of the bears—that happy family
Living in the deep, dark wood.

Soon the drooping, drooping lashes
Cover up two eyes of brown,
And the tumbled head so golden
On my breast sinks lower down;
Lower yet, till deep in slumber,
Cuddled close to me he lies,
With the glory of the sunset
In his sleeping, dreaming eyes.

In his eyes, in whose rare lustre
Shines the beauty of the dawn;
Till I know that into Dreamland
My wee golden-head has gone,
Ah! the sweetness of the pleasure,
Making life one golden rhyme,
With a dimpled babe to fondle,
When it comes to Cuddle Time!
—Los Angeles Express.

WE HOPE.

We hope all our readers will read this from a Columbus (Ohio) paper: Two horses stood, yesterday, hitched near each other on Gay street. One of them was patient, comfortable, and in good temper; flies lighted upon his back occasionally, but he drove them away with a switch of his long tail. The other horse was impatient, restless, and in bad humor. He was stamping the ground and moving back and forth the vehicle to which he was hitched. Occasionally he would throw his head around angrily, and he had been champing his bit till his mouth was covered with foam. The flies alighted on him and stayed there. He could not dislodge them. He moved his tail but it was only a stump. It had been docked, its usefulness destroyed in order that some person's foolish or cruel fancy might be pleased. There was in the contrast of those two horses a lesson that ought to have been sufficient to convince any person of the barbarity of docking horses' tails and leaving the animals at the mercy of insects. Any person who saw and still could not understand should try the experiment of sitting out in a field with arms bound and all means for keeping flies away removed. Docking is a blight on our civilization. The beauty and usefulness of the tails are destroyed, and the man who does it or countenances it is marked as thoughtless or brutal.—From Our Dumb Animals.

HER WILFUL WAY.

By the Author of "Dolly's Golden Slippers," "Claimed at Last," etc.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Miss Bush never knew how he got loose from home, who sent him, or how he got there; but he was sporting defiance at the gipsies' camp, they closed in deadly battle. It made Miss Bush's heart ache to hear the poor creature's cries, as if getting the worst even at the beginning of the battle, but she may not tarry by him. "Terror once more lent her strength—surely she was enacting the story-book heroine; by the way she fled, was Olive now in her arms, now in Bess's, for the girl did not forsake them. All the shadowy nothings of the downs received and hid them, or rather the hand of Providence interposed between them and their foes and hid them; and when that hides, who can find! The whole crew of gipsies were beating the downs, but our three heroines escaped; they were in the winding road leading to the shore and the nest of a town, and they could halt, and take breath, and think. The moon too was rising over the sea—the waning moon that would shimmer until dawn.

"Can't I live with you, lady? They'd have carried the little lady off but for me. They hid but they thought it best not to try it on again; they were off with the turn of the night. Ha! ha! they ain't got her," laughed Bess.

"But, my dear, who played spy and found the way into the young lady's room, and so to rob my house?" said Miss Bush, standing on her own doorstep, ringing her own bell, and feeling something like herself again.

"I did," was the candid reply; "but I didn't mean to. I did but tell mother—leastways her as I calls mother; she ain't no mother of mine, though," quoth the child, with a sorrowful ring in her voice—"she as promised my own mother to be mother to me when she was dyin'; she told what I, like a silly, told her about the young lady's pretty room, and—and they made me come and show 'em, and they found out the trick of openin' the window, they did, and they made me watch in the garden. You know what they took, and they took Miss Olive here, 'cause she woke, and they thought she'd tell on them."

This was Bess's story, told partly outside the house, partly within, on that night when all was changed for her, and she gave up her vagrant life, to cast in her lot with those for whom she had played so noble a part. For Miss Bush took her in; but ere the police could swoop down upon her friends, the next morning, they had fled, and the downs knew them no more.

Poor Rolf came home at day-dawn, like a wounded warrior from a well-contested battle, so wounded that he was pitiful to behold.

"Will he die?" sobbed Olive that morning, lying on her divan in the drawing-room, where Miss Bush was tending and feeding the poor creature, so terribly torn and mangled that no wonder anyone sobbed to see him.

"I hope not, dear," said her friend very gently, "for your sake."

"Why for my sake?" faltered the child.

"My little girl," said Miss Bush, sitting down and taking her in her arms, "have you learnt your lesson?"

"What lesson?" asked the little fearful voice.

ous was.
"Aunt Olive, when do you think I may go back to Uncle Fred and Ellie?"
It was the next day Olive put this question, when Rolf was better, and taking a gentle turn with the two ladies in the garden, among the shrubs and late flowers. Miss Bush had been telling Olive that the police had failed as yet in finding out anything about the gipsies, and what she intended to do with them—"Train her to be your maid some day," she told her.

"Well, I should like you to go back soon, dear."
"To-morrow?"
"Yes, it shall be to-morrow," sighed Miss Bush.

And to-morrow saw her off—not to sail on the Pretty Sally blithely over the sea, but just like any common-place little girl in a railway carriage. Still, it was to home, sweet home; even if it was to loss, mystery, to another tragedy to be enacted ere the sea gave up its secret.

CHAPTER XI.—OLIVE'S HOME-COMING—OLD JACK'S ESCAPE—BROWNIE.

"So your father tells me Miss Olive is coming to-day, Master Duke," said Marjory, as he passed her in the hall, bent on a day's fishing.

"Yes, and I wish she were bringing another with her," he replied, going on to the door. "I'll try to meet the train," came back to her as into the street.

Anon Guy came wandering in by the way of the garden, and mounted up to the nursery, there to find Marjory crying, and wiping her eyes on her apron.

"She's coming"—so much the boy heard—"Miss Olive's coming."
"Who'll go to meet her?" asked he, gravely.

"Master Duke and Tom."
"I shall ask mamma if I may go," said Guy.

"Yes, Master Guy; the more the merrier—if merry's the word to use. How's your mamma?" inquired Marjory.

"Better, Marjory, thank you; she calls me the clever doctor and Dr. Guy," laughed he. "Fancy Jim Raace's letter not reaching papa at all. It must have been lost in the post somehow, for papa has made every inquiry, and of course, Jim posted it all right. Poor old Jim! how he cried over it all, that first evening of my coming home, he, and I, and papa together, and mamma shut away from us, too ill to hear I was come."

"Ay, Master Guy, I think she'd have died if you hadn't come back."
"Isn't it beautiful to be loved so much?" said Guy gently.

"Ay, dearie, and you ought to make your life beautiful to crown such a love."
"I mean to," whispered the boy. "Then he cried 'Heigho! I must be going,' with a grown-up air of gravity."

But loss and mourning were for the time forgotten by them; and Tom and Guy drove to the station along the well-known lanes and field-ways. Marmaduke had not returned from his fishing excursion, so the two had it all their own way. And a funny way it was, too! Tom, like a very Jehu, whipping up old Jack to a canter, and driving into every rut and over every unevenness in the road. He had attained to a good stretch-gallop, when who should come into view round a corner but Duke and Markham, his friend, making for the station.

"I say, Master Guy, here's Master Duke, and old Jack like mad!" cried Tom, trying to rein him in.

"Well, give him his head, and let's show Duke how we can drive."
"Ay," quoth Tom, "I'll show him a trick. This is the way to drive, Master Duke," cried he, flourishing his whip, and grasping the reins more firmly, Guy holding on to the seat with both hands, Jack more skittish than ever.

Out came the pin of the wheel, off came the wheel itself; no wonder at either, seeing over what they had driven. Jack swerved a moment, then over the wheel, head over heels, the boys into a dry ditch, and Jack a prostrate hero on the hard road, kicking in his traces. Oh, how the two beholders laughed at the discomfited charioteers, for boys fall lightly, boys' bones are not easily broken. They soon scrambled to their feet, very shame-faced and rather dizzy.

"So that's how you drive, Master Tom?" said Duke, he and Markham springing forward to befriend poor struggling Jack.

"It weren't the drivin' in fault, Master Duke, but the wheel," muttered Tom.

"Yes, bed workmen always quarrel with their tools," scoffed Duke, trying to liberate the donkey, kicking and struggling in his harness.

"I ain't a workman, Master Duke, and the cart ain't a tool, nor the donkey neither," dissented Tom comically, scratching his head.

"Hold the creature while I cut the traces."
"Oh! don't cut the traces, sir; I knows a better way than that."
"Don't teach your granny, but just do as you're bid."
At this Tom grinned and Markham laughed. "That's coming down the ladder with a vengeance, Sir Duke; owing to being granny to a—what shall I say?"

"A doll if you like," said disdainful Duke; "twas only a figure of speech"—and he cut the traces.

"Now for the old apple-cart," cried Markham. "Here, you Tom, come and put your shoulder to the wheel and help to turn it over."

"There goes the train, Master Duke—what'll I do about Miss Olive?" cried the lad, putting out wonderful spurts of strength under the cart and trying to turn it over.

"I don't know—a pretty fellow you are for a lady's charioteer!"

"Could she ride old Jack?"

"No," snapped Duke; "you and

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Guy go and meet her, and we'll come up with the donkey."
Of course the wee maiden had been lifted out by some one, and was standing all forlorn on the platform, when the two boys rushed into the station to rescue her.

"Good afternoon, Olive, I'm glad you've come," said Guy, shaking hands with her like a little gentleman, while Tom went whistling off to see for her luggage.

"Duke is coming with the donkey cart, but we had a spill on the road and got late," he informed her, as they walked out of the station.

"A spill?"
"Yes, got upset into a ditch!"
"And Ellie too?"
"Why, Olive, don't you know?"
Guy forgot that he himself did not know till he reached home after his wanderings.

"Know what?"
"That it is feared she was washed off the rock on that terrible afternoon," said the boy in a whisper.

"No, no, no!" so Olive protested, as they went round the corner to where Duke, Markham and the donkey and cart waited for them.

"Now, Guy, do the civil and introduce us to this lady," said Duke, with a solemn bow to the puppet; which Guy did with the air of a courtier. Oh! a courtly party they were, surely, as they trudged homeward, with poor dejected Jack and his broken knees dragging along with Olive in solitary glory in the cart, Tom banished to follow as best he could with her trunk and belongings.

"Uncle Fred!" "My little Olive!" this was how the wee wanderer was received into her uncle's arms, thence taken to the nursery. But she wept with a child's weep over the supposed fate of Ellie, when she saw her empty chair, her empty bed, and missed her silvery tongue.

On the morrow Guy came early to fetch Olive to see his mamma, to sit once more in the bay window, and to pay a visit to his pets. As for Nigger, he eyed the little girl rather shyly with his bright black eyes, but Silverwing fluttered down upon her shoulder, as she was wont to do with Ellie.

"Look, Guy, she thinks I'm Ellie," cried the delighted child.

"No," returned Guy gravely; "Silverwing would never make that mistake."

"How do you know?"
"Because she loved poor Ellie best," Guy was missing his friend sorely this morning, with Olive come back, and she still lost to them all—it hurt him to speak her name.

A silence fell as Olive stroked the dove, and out of the silence came her request, "Guy, may I call Silverwing my very own?"

"Oh, Olive, how can you ask?" cried heart-sore Guy; "she never could be anyone's but hers."
"Very well, then, I won't want her—I'll try not; and, Guy—"
"Well?" said Guy, half petulantly.
"I promised Aunt Olive something—not to be selfish."
"A very good promise, if you keep it—but, Olive, that wasn't keeping it to ask for Silverwing."
"No, and—"
Mrs. Rainsford now joined them; it was something like the fear old days to sit in the summer-house, Guy at his mother's feet, Olive at her side, if only Ellie had been there to nestle in her lap.

"Mamma, could you sing us something, do you think? something just a little sad, you know, because of—"
so far Guy spoke his request, halting at the dear name as at something sacred.

His mother stroked his head as it rested on her knee, and looking away over the sea, sang weakly, yet most sweetly, an air in gentle response—
"Come out, little maiden, come out to me."
Called a fair mermaid o'er the deep blue sea,
As she reared her head from the rainbow foam,
And the deep, deep depths of her ocean home.
But the maiden answered, 'No, here I stay;
Why do you call me away, away?'
"Lo! I call thee to see my ocean cave,
With its coral floor, which the waters lave,
And gem-decked roof, the rich spoils of the sea;
Oh! why wilt thou tarry? Come out to me."
But the maid still answered, 'Nay, here I stay;
Why will you tempt me from home away?'
"Then the mermaid beckoned with jewelled hand,
And her siren call echoed in to land,
'Come out, little maid, on the tossing sea;
Come out, little laggard, come out to me.'
Still the maiden tarried, the maiden stayed,
'Nay, I dare not venture,' was all she said.
'Come out, and I'll deck thee with jewels rare,
And with priceless sea pearls I'll

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bind thy hair,
Of ocean green fabric thy robe shall be—
Oh, a mermaid's life is boundless and free!
Then the maiden launched on the emerald foam,
From her childhood's loves and her childhood's home.
"One sad little heart 'mid the mermaid hand
Ever hungered and sighed for home and land;
One voice came ringing across the main,
'Oh, wavelets, carry me home again,
And anon, white arms in the gleaming bore
A dead little maiden to the sandy shore."
(To be Concluded.)

Will Build Ten Little Chapels.
(From Extension.)
May was kind to us, in spite of the weather, for behold, as she slipped off in a bedraggled mackintosh and with a last and drenched country, she thought of Church Extension and dropped a little gift into our lap, which made sunshine in spite of leaden clouds and torrents. We have had our first good-sized legacy. Mrs. Alice Hobbs, late of Dover, New Hampshire, made the society

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Drill Hall, Sherbrooke," will be received at this office until Thursday, August 29, 1907, inclusively, for the construction of a Drill Hall at Sherbrooke, P. Q.
Plans and specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and from the caretaker of the Post office at Sherbrooke, P. Q.
Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the ten per cent is not accepted the cheque will be returned.
The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary,
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, August 28, 1907.
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

the residuary legatee of her estate, amounting to over five thousand dollars. It will probably place a new name on the Founders' Tablet. What a good thought it was to leave money to such a cause, for it will assure the building of some ten little chapels.

doubt who have are below; yw believe, now. Harper's Be. LY EXAMEN. Was it well "Yes, yes!" "I must not have me be; the leper-spot from Thee! my daily work too hard, ch Thy tasks I & shard. rd, from kpe thought: illness undre distraught. o's hour, Holy Steep, a lotus-flower, sleep. "A shepherd attends!" I, remiss, y friends. ship, dear Lord, filled; do not accord, ine be thrilled! me, dearest new; These my trust, ue. Christ, indeed, or relax; eak the brutied bking flax." nane, eep; hee weep. ant amnesty; p'll wake; erinity, then take. e your talen; d its ce- fference if, o'ness, you have our forefathers' te, which they with their life's the practice of e kidneys form very important nnel for the out- system, carrying PLAINTS in affected and when least suc- aches, spots urine contains or is thick and colored, in fact wrong with the urinary organs. th your kidneys

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1907.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

OUR RELIGION

The Catholic religion is worthy of God. It gives a reasonable explanation of life, of the mysteries of sin and sorrow, and of the ways of Providence. It brings God down to dwell among his own, verifying His statement that it is his delight to dwell among the children of men. Its sacrifice offered up at the Mass is the most awful that the mind of man can conceive, and the most acceptable that could possibly be presented to the Divine Majesty. Its sacraments are channels of grace by which the mercy of God and the merits of Christ are applied to souls. Its power to forgive sin uplifts the repentant sinner and endows him with courage to amend his course. Its possession of the Holy Eucharist is its chief treasure, a gift that only almighty wisdom could have devised and a celestial food that unites its worthy members to the very God-head. It blesses its members from the cradle to the grave. It enables them to attach a supernatural merit to their every action. It invites them to growth in holiness and provides the means for this sanctification. It has a salve for pain and a balm for grief. It makes perpetual use of the redemption wrought by Jesus Christ. It lives in His presence. It leads up to the great white throne.

A NEW SERIAL FOR TRUE WITNESS READERS.

Commencing in next week's issue, we will run Maurice Francis Egan's great story, "A Marriage of Reason." Mr. Egan, as our readers are no doubt aware, has written some of the most successful stories the country has ever had. He is just now leaving the faculty of the Catholic University at Washington, where he has been professor of English literature for eleven years, to accept an appointment as minister to Denmark, tendered him by President Roosevelt. Some of Mr. Egan's works are "The Land of St. Lawrence," "Tales of Sexton Maginnis," "The Fate of John Longworthy," "Songs and Sonnets," "The Ghost in Hamlet," etc., etc. "A Marriage of Reason" has recently been revised by the author, and we are sure it will be highly appreciated by our readers.

CHURCH AND STATE IN CANADA

Mr. Louis Armand has an article in Le Correspondant, in which he deals with the Church and State in this country, although they are totally separated. When Catholic France is tortured on all sides, he says, by the difficulties of her situation, she has but to look at separation between Church and State as it exists in other countries, in order to convince herself that her troubles are not beyond the possibilities of solution. The organization of the Church in

Canada is, moreover, an instructive study which cannot fail to bring material for consideration to those who care to contemplate the universality yet unity of the Church under different ethnic conditions. M. Armand studies his subject thoroughly, with reference to: the clergy, the faithful, the resources of the Church and instruction.

The Bishops are proposed by a diocesan chapter and nominated by Rome, the Curia choosing freely from the three names submitted in the regular way. For an archbishop, the selection is made by the bishops of the given province, virtually supervised by a council of the archbishops of the Dominion which meets yearly at Ottawa, the name being finally chosen by Rome. As for the parish priests, they are appointed directly and spontaneously by the Bishops and not according to a list submitted by other parish priests in the diocese, as in Ireland. They are removable, with one exception, the titular parish priest of Quebec.

Between the clergy and the faithful, the closest relations exist, as one may suppose in a country in which civil marriages do not exist, the clergy holding the registers and forwarding duplicates to the government. Particularly is this custom an important one among the Catholicized Indian tribes, the marriage-bond serving to strengthen family unity and consequently to consolidate society and attach it to the State.

In order to marry, children under age require the consent of their parents, and a priest who should marry a couple without this consent is liable to a fine of \$500.

Mixed marriages constitute the difficult problem for the Catholic authorities; these marriages are not performed in the church, but at the presbytery, the non-Catholic contractor giving a pledge to allow the Catholic contractor to perform all Catholic duties and to educate all the children as Catholics. These marriages, which frequently end in apostasy, are more frequent in the West than in the Province of Quebec. Divorce is permitted by the Federal Senate, but it is necessary that a special enactment sanction each case.

Religious burials are also in force in the Dominion. In the case of those who refuse the last rites, burial in a private part of one's own estate or farm is allowed by the law. In the case of priests, as, for example, those of Saint Sulpice of Montreal, they are buried beneath the chapel of their seminary. Burial being impossible during the five hard months of winter, coffins repose during those months in especially morgues in the cities and are buried in due course when the fine weather allows.

How does the Catholic Church in France maintain itself, since there is no State appropriation? By the tithe, no less. This tithe subsisted in France till the Revolution, when it was abolished. In Canada, it still prevails, but differs in many localities in the method of conveyance. The proprietor of a farm may pay yearly from 8 cents to 12 cents per acre, according to the official valuation. In some cities the proprietor is officially taxed at an average rate of 30 cents on every \$100 worth of property. A city of 5000 inhabitants will on an average bring in some \$3000 yearly.

In certain cities the Bishop imposes a tax of \$2 per family; a young man fit to work will pay \$1, as will likewise a young girl. Again, there are the returns resulting from pew-rents, alms and gifts. Almsgiving is not a frequent phenomena in Canada, says M. Armand, and except on the fourteen or fifteen feasts of the year, are the alms plates ever looked for. On the whole it may be said that if a parish priest receives no special gifts or has no private income, he hardly does more than make ends meet at the end of the year. The usual amount required by a parish priest is \$1250; the payment of the curate from \$250 to \$400.

As for the system of education, the Catholics (as, indeed, the non-Catholics) control their schools which are organized and sustained by money raised per capita in the population. The State, however, sends its local inspector to supervise the system. In many cases where the cities are poor, a subsidy is granted, and it is a remarkable fact that anything in the way of an adverse spirit on the part of officials is very rarely noted.

In Lower Canada, secondary education is wholly in the hands of the clergy and the religious Orders. In order to be legally recognized, Orders have to ask for "incorporation." Within the past few years the incoming of dispossessed French Orders

has brought about an enactment that no Order shall build an establishment exceeding \$100,000 in value.

UTOPIAN CATHOLIC SETTLEMENT.

Over in our neighbor state, Maine, there is a town with the euphonious name of Benedicta, where the Utopian dreams are realized in their entirety.

Three-quarters of a century ago—between the years of 1825 and 1846—the village was founded by Rt. Rev. Benedict Fenwick, then Bishop of Boston. He was an advocate of temperance, and his remedy was to remove the victims of drink miles away from intoxicating liquors. Thus Benedicta was started. Irish Catholics settled in it. Their descendants, sturdy Americans, run it. Only Catholics live there now, and probably only Catholics will ever live there. It is crimeless, jailless, poorhouseless free from debt and ideally administered.

As a community Benedicta is more ideal than Moore's "Utopia" or Bacon's "New Atlantis." Though forty miles from any other town and 100 miles from a railroad, Benedicta has electric light service, a municipal water supply, macadamized roads, two hotels, several fine buildings, and all the conveniences of a thoroughly modern city.

Benedicta is not only free from debt, but it has a surplus in the treasury. Moreover, there is not a poor family in the place and there has never been any occasion for the institutions for the poverty-stricken or peace-breakers.

When Bishop Fenwick started his colony he bought more than 12,000 acres of the fertile timber lands, comprising the western half of a township in Aroostook county.

THE MISSIONARY CHAPEL CAR.

In this week's issue we give our readers an illustrated description of the work being done by the Catholic Extension Society in the United States. The chapel car is on the road in the western part of the States and is meeting with great success. The prime reason for its existence is to reach the remote sections of the country, where the churches are few and far between. Though new, it has already proved successful beyond the expectations of its promoters. The campaign started under peculiarly favorable auspices. Bishop Hennessy is with it, and while the presence of the Bishop gives to the going of the car the stamp of an official visit, it also enables him to discuss with the people the ways and means that make best for church progress.

The Church Extension Society, as well as Mr. Ambrose Petry, of New York, through whose generosity largely the chapel car was secured, are to be highly commended.

The work of the Society will be eagerly watched by Canadian Catholics. A chapel car going through townlets of Ontario, Manitoba, and Saskatchewan, etc., and staying on a side track for a week or so would bring the claims of the church more powerfully before the minds of the people than dozens of sermons delivered under ordinary conditions of literary propaganda. The chapel car will travel over the whole Rock Island system, says Extension, the organ of the Catholic Church Extension Society. This is a favor which will save the society many hundreds of dollars during the coming year. The western railroads have always shown a generous and liberal spirit towards bishops and priests. They realize that the growth and progress of the Church in the West make for the growth and progress of the territory tributary to their lines. Catholic immigration has been greatly retarded because of the lack of religious facilities. Every little church built along the line of a western railway will be the future nucleus of a Catholic settlement. The chapel car will be a welcome sight to grown men and women who have not put a foot into a church in many years. It will be a delightful surprise to children whose eyes have never rested upon a real Catholic church.

IRISH IMMIGRATION TO CANADA GROWING.

It is a pleasing commentary that the trend of immigration from Ireland is turning toward Canada. We need all of the Irish citizens that we can secure. The Irish immigrant has done so much for the development of the United States that we are glad they go to give us a hand in greater numbers than in the past. The Rev. James Leo, chaplain of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, who recently returned from a trip to Ireland, says: "Everywhere the people are eager and anxious to work, but the oppor-

tunities are scarce. There should be more industry, more factories, not in the large cities, but scattered throughout the island. Many of the young men and women who are now turning toward Canada, the United States and Australia would then remain at home and the island would prosper as it never has.

All over Ireland the Canadian government maintains bazaars at which the products of the country are shown, and men are kept there constantly to relate to the Irish the possibilities of the new Canada. As a result many young Irishmen and women, the sturdiest among the inhabitants of the island, are turning towards Canada and settling there. America and Australia are likewise draining the island of its population.

"On the whole, though, the situation is brighter than it has been for years, and if an attempt is made to develop any industries there the island will prosper. In the north, particularly at Belfast, where great strides are being made in the rejuvenation of the ship building industry, matters look very bright."

"TELL ME YOUR COMPANY"

The "Smart Set" in the United States seem to be degenerating at a rapid pace.

At the fashionable watering place, Newport, last week, the country was presented with the spectacle of the "Four Hundred" going wild over the social debut of Consul. Consul is a chimpanzee and his entree into the most exclusive society of Newport was a great event at the residence of Oliver H. P. Belmont, whose residence is designated as "Bell Court."

A representative of the menagerie which owns Consul accompanied the chimpanzee—and Consul was cordially received by Mr. Dyer and introduced to Mr. Belmont. Arrangements were at once made for a visit to the Belmont residence for breakfast. In the meantime the presence of the distinguished visitor became known at the Casino, and Mr. Belmont invited a number of his friends to meet his guest. The table was set in the bungalow overlooking the inner court of Bell Court, where Consul could be seen by the other guests. The chimpanzee appeared in full morning costume of frock coat and white vest. The Indian servant of the household soon made the announcement that breakfast was ready. Consul looked over the bill of fare. It was excellent and up-to-date. The chimpanzee greatly enjoyed the meal, showing a pleasurable desire for the champagne and eating leisurely with proper use of knives and forks and spoons.

At the conclusion of the meal a cigar was offered Consul and, after taking one taste of the weed, he threw it away. But he was consoled with a cigarette, which he lighted and smoked with very evident enjoyment.

The "Set" is fast getting back to pagan Rome. What an elevating spectacle it is to see rich society bespectacled in everything money can buy, rushing with all the speed of their "red devils" to present their compliments to a monkey. We hope that the poor ape's morals were not affected by his company.

CATHOLICS AND THE YELLOW PRESS.

Are Catholics the chief support of the so-called yellow journals in this country? The Catholic fortnightly Review of St. Louis, presents some facts which seem to answer this question in the affirmative. It says: "The Chicago Examiner and American, one of Hearst's yellow journals, recently instituted a 'coupon contest' for three trips to Palestine, three to Europe, five to Cuba, five to Mexico, five to California, etc., in which most of the winners, as announced in that paper's edition of March 3, were Catholic priests. 'A priest of the Chicago archdiocese says: 'If the money and energy put into this contest were applied to the cause of a Catholic daily newspaper, would not this long-desired and necessary desideratum be easily provided? And to think that all this was done for such a paper! Of the fifty-one clergymen named as winners and as 'coming close' to the winners, thirty-three are Catholic priests! 'No well-meaning Catholic grudges these priests the benefits of their trip to the Holy Land, etc. But is it not awful to contemplate the fact, so clearly indicated by the results of this Palestine contest, that it is largely, if not chiefly, the Catholics of Chicago that read and support the yellowest of yellow journals which disgrace that metropolis? And we have been told on seemingly good authority that similar conditions exist in New York and San Francisco; that there, too, the yellow Hearst papers enjoy the patronage of Catholics—to such an extent that they would probably cease to be profitable were they entirely deprived of Catholic support.'"

THE STATUE OF PARMELO, THE IRISH LEADER.

The statue of Parmelo, the Irish leader, has arrived at Liverpool from Rome, where it was cast from the model executed by the late Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, H.F.R.A., the distinguished Irish-American sculptor. The statue, which is to be erected in Dublin's principal thoroughfare, O'Connell street—better known as Sackville street—was due a year or two ago, but owing to a fire at the sculptor's studio the first model was completely destroyed. Mr. St. Gaudens, who was a native of Dublin, was educated at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Paris, and afterwards in Rome. Most of his best work is in America, but he had once or twice exhibited in England at the International Society. He executed the memorial of Robert Louis Stevenson, whose portrait he modelled in low relief.

Ireland should be one of the healthiest countries on the face of the earth, as Sir John Moore, president of the physics, chemistry and meteorological section of the Sanitary Institute Congress, declared in a paper he read on the climate of Ireland in relation to public health. His contention as a meteorologist and a medical man is that Ireland is blessed with the most temperate climate in the world, and it is, therefore, most conducive to health and longevity.

The very latest discovery by Egyptologists is that Ramesses II., the Pharaoh of oppression, and commonly known as Ramses the Great, was a fraud, and that monuments, buildings and colossal so plentifully carried off with his name really existed a thousand years before him.

lowing letter from St. Marguerite du Lac Masson, signed "A Parishioner":

"Announce to your readers a new triumph for our magnificent national flag, the Carillon Sacred Heart. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday we had the forty hours, and as the people wished to decorate the church and presbytery, there were displayed more than fifty of the Sacred Heart flags, the Pope's colors as well as our own, and to our great honor not a single foreign flag, such as that of revolutionary France or of England, was to be seen. Honor, therefore, to the beautiful parish of St. Marguerite."

The anniversary of the election of Pope Pius X. occurred last Sunday, when the Pope completed just four years of his pontificate. On Saturday all the Cardinals in Rome offered their congratulations to the Pontiff. In his speech in response the Holy Father reaffirmed the recent promulgation of the new Syllabus by the Congregation of the Index and explained the reasons that prompted the issuance of the decree, which was made much sooner than was expected.

The last three men elected to the office of Secretary of State in New York are well known in their respective localities as being representative Catholics and members of the Knights of Columbus—Hon. John T. McDonough, of Albany, Hon. John F. O'Brien of Plattsburg and Hon. John Sibley Whalen.

The Warist Brothers' Chapel in France, which cost about 600,000 francs and is considered one of the most beautiful in that desolate land, has been sold to a business man and is now used as a cafe and cinematograph show. Its high altars form a support to the stage, on which blasphemous and indecent songs are sung to the vilest classes.

James Delaney, of New York, aged 83, the oldest mail carrier in the United States, retired on July 16, after fifty years delivering letters for Uncle Sam. Mr. Delaney says that if he had all the stairs he has climbed in those fifty years to his credit, he thinks St. Peter could easily reach him a hand without much leaning. He has walked more than five times around the earth.

Some idea of the extent of the labors of the priests in the West may be gleaned from an account of the missionary field of the Rev. John J. Gallagher of Hearne, Texas. His parish embraces nine whole counties, and his monthly itinerary exceeds one thousand miles.

In September about 40 Filipino students for the priesthood will enter American colleges. Eight will be received at Dunwoody Seminary, New York.

Father Fortunat de Fours, a Franciscan missionary priest now in India, in an article contributed to the "Etudes Franciscaines," says that Catholicity is increasing very rapidly in that country. The 1,506,098 Christians in 1872 have grown to 3,000,000, half of whom are Catholics.

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Rev. Gerald M... at the Catholic... mer School The Poet of the Habit by Americans That the dialect poem Drummond are highly appreciated our American cousins and memory of the dead green in their country given recently at a lecture on the "Poet of the Habit" delivered by the Rev. Gerald S.S., in the auditorium Champlain Assembly at New York. It was a laudation of a man who had been an American but sympathized that listened to the lecture of Drummond's life-work rendering of the best dialec- tions. Said Father McS.

The author of the Habit considered himself a professional writer. He wrote for amusement. But the publication of his work was not shared by countrymen. It has been educated French-Canadian poems were designed by French-Canada, but nothing remote from the heart and Drummond, as may be seen on introduction and by a cant words of the Poet Louis Frechette.

Drummond's chief merit has been to have revealed to us a man who was a native of our own race, a native of our own soil, a native of our own time, endeavoring to be together for mutual understanding and upliftment, two sections of the community divided by race prejudice. The essential characteristics of the poet are pointed out by Father McShane. He has a deep sense of religion, a deep sense of duty, a deep sense of love for his country, a deep sense of the character of the Canadian peasant. In this he accomplished the work of a poet, endeavoring to be together for mutual understanding and upliftment, two sections of the community divided by race prejudice. The essential characteristics of the poet are pointed out by Father McShane. He has a deep sense of religion, a deep sense of duty, a deep sense of love for his country, a deep sense of the character of the Canadian peasant. In this he accomplished the work of a poet, endeavoring to be together for mutual understanding and upliftment, two sections of the community divided by race prejudice.

"Religion is part and parcel of life; it permeates his life; he loves his faith, his village chapel, with its tapering steeple and its sounding bell. "Drummond has understood and his pictures, far from of religious prejudices, form suitable refutation of those tales and stories of ignorance and superstitions people in by certain caricaturists. "No artist has ever drawn so delicately faithful picture of a home sanctified and ennobled by the influence of Roman Catholicism. "No poet, even of our own time, has sung so sweetly the beauty of our church, the impressive religious practices; none has gazed more eloquently than Drummond at the devotedness and self-sacrifice of the Catholic clergy."

Father McShane spoke of songs of the Habitant at some of these songs were by Mr. Henry Langlois and Bedrice Dehors of Plattsburg accompanied by Miss Alice Langlois. Mr. Langlois sang "Drapeau de Carillon," while "O Canada," was a fire of the French-Canadian "A La Claire Fontaine" was rendered by Miss Dehors. On Saturday evening the lecture was delivered in part by Father McShane. We have shown Drummond the maker of his country by vice as a diplomat. Perhaps contributed more efficiently to the well-being of the nation by his apostolic and true religious habits and honesty and frugality of the first settlers in Canada the country folks. Drummond Kipling, seems to have sounded alarm. "Let us forget, lest we forget. He has been to Canada, where MacManus is to Ireland. Theodore Batrel is to France, the Bard of the people of the hard of our homes, vivifying the home-life of the Quebec-tribe, families full of good-nature, humor and contentment. Drummond thoroughly identified himself with the very soul of the people. He went among the folk, not as a critic, but as a sympathetic admirer of the gay and simple life. Unlike those tourists who after a short stay in a neighborly hotel, have given us caricatures of an ignorant, uncouth people, Drummond lived among the people, till he had learned to love them, interpret their life, and to see himself in their places, and to

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Rev. Gerald McShane at the Catholic Summer School.

The Poet of the Habitant Loved by Americans.

That the dialect poems of Dr. Drummond are highly appreciated by our American cousins and that the memory of the dead poet is kept green in their country was amply proven recently at a lecture recital on the "Poet of the Habitant" delivered by the Rev. Gerald McShane, S.S., in the auditorium of the Champlain Assembly at Cliff Haven, New York.

The author of the Habitant never considered himself a professional man of letters. He wrote for his own amusement. But the enthusiasm that attended the publication of his works was not shared by all his countrymen. It has been objected by educated French-Canadians that his poems were designed to ridicule French-Canada, but nothing was so remote from the heart and mind of Drummond, as may be seen from his own introduction and by the significant words of the Poet Laureate, Louis Frechette.

Drummond's chief merit seems to have been to have revealed to a relatively ignorant public the finest traits of character of the French-Canadian peasantry. In this he has accomplished the work of a diplomat, endeavoring to bring together for mutual understanding for the unification and upbuilding of the nation, two sections of the community divided by race prejudices.

The essential characteristics of the Habitant were then pictured in the tall by Father McShane. The Habitant's deep sense of religion and love for his clergy were aptly illustrated by the recitation of the "Cure of Calumet" and by many interesting anecdotes.

Speaking of Drummond's characterization of the Habitant, Father McShane said: "Religion is part and parcel of the Habitant: it permeates his very life, he loves his faith, his priests, his village chapel, with its pretty tapering steeple and its sweet sounding bell."

"Drummond has understood this and his pictures, far from savoring of religious prejudice, form the most suitable refutation of those silly tales and stories of ignorant priests and superstitious people indulged in by certain caricaturists.

"No artist has ever drawn a more delicately faithful picture of the home life sanctified and ennobled by the influences of Roman Catholic religion.

"The poet, even of our own belief, has sung so sweetly the beauties of our church, the impressiveness of our religious practices, more have eulogized more eloquently the mission of devotedness and self-sacrifice of the Catholic clergy."

Father McShane spoke of the folk songs of the Habitant at some length and several of these songs were sung by Mr. Henry Langlois and Miss Beatrice Defore of Plattsburgh, accompanied by Miss Alice Langlois on the piano. Mr. Langlois sang "Le Drapeau de Carillon," excellently while "O Canada," the national song of the French-Canadians and "A La Claire Fontaine" were well rendered by Miss Defore.

On Saturday evening the second lecture was delivered in part as follows: We have shown Drummond to be the maker of his country by his services as a diplomat. Perhaps he has contributed more efficiently to the well-being of the nation by recalling the habits and honesty and frugal life of the first settlers in Canada and the country folks. Drummond, like Kipling, seems to have sounded the alarm.

life as they do. The Habitant, though content and self-sufficient in his obscure surroundings, feels a sense of admiration and hero-worship for his countrymen, who have distinguished themselves before the world.

In the poem, "When Albani Sang," it was shown that the Habitant is proud of the Diva, the sweet Chambly girl, and his Laurier, famous on two continents, he claims, whether his political color be red or blue. "Mon Frere Camille," the would-be hero and Americanized Canuck, was well rendered by Father McShane, and showed the humorous side of the Habitant, as also a collection of witty stories, ending by a laughable poem, "Miss Lizzie Brown," not from the authorship of Drummond.

The rendering of some pretty folk-songs and choruses helped to give the audience a vivid idea of the "pleasure" of a "grande soiree" around the mythical fireside of a peasant of French Canada.

RECEPTION TO FATHER McSHANE After the recital a reception was given to Rev. Gerald McShane, the lecturer, at the Albany cottage. Miss Sloane sang and Miss Collins gave a recitation, Miss Marie Rose Rogers rendered a violin solo, Miss Gennon, of Dallas, Tex., gave a vocal selection, and Rev. Father Blunt of Boston sang several songs.

Qui Vive?

(By Loretaw.)

DULCIMER STREET ORGANS.

A great surprise is in store for Londoners. The famous barrel organ which is such a feature of their streets is to undergo a complete change shortly. The piano-like music which is ground out of the organ is to be done away with, and instead dulcimers are to be fitted. The result, it is said, is much sweeter music and mitigate the nuisance which it is claimed the barrel organ constitutes. The idea comes from Italy, that great home of the organ grinder, where dulcimer organs are already in use. One or two have already been tried in London and pronounced such a success that the step of changing them all immediately recommends itself.

Let us hope the "sweet music" will find its way to Montreal.

TRIFLES.

The martyrdom of the modern world consists of a long array of thousands of trifling annoyances. These things are in themselves insignificant, but multiplication makes them a great power.

THE LESSER EVIL.

Mr. Nervous—What's all that noise? Mrs. Nervous—Noise? That's Vina playing the piano. She's in the parlor with George. As long as we hear the piano we may be assured he isn't holding her hands, and— Mr. Nervous—For goodness sake let him hold them.

NOA'S ARK.

Where can you find men of brilliant intellect and ability, men who have thought for themselves, in the Church of England? The religious profession, on the contrary, in the Catholic Church is not regarded as a means of bread winning. The priest has no family ties, no worldly cares, and his fitness for his vocation is a matter for much prayer and serious consideration. The Catholic religion is the only one of all others calculated to give comfort in trouble.

THE CATHOLIC PRIEST.

I don't believe there is any man in the world who leads a more self-denying life than the Catholic priest. Here is a man who spends his whole strength in propagating the true religion, willing to leave his home, willing to live without one single luxury, denying himself all that is not necessary to actual health, who spends his whole living—all that he has—in spreading the supernatural religion of Jesus Christ; here is a man who dares to stand up alone in the midst of heresy, in defence of the truth, a man who never flinches. What a beautiful character, what a splendid "Imitation of Christ."

WATER.

The uses of water are infinite, in food, medicine, agriculture, navigation, and divers of the arts. As a food it is one of the most universal drinks in the world; and, if we may credit many of our latest and most judicious physicians, it is also one of the best.

PRaise FROM AN ENEMY.

In 1806, when Geo. Berron, on being asked, on his arrival from Spain, what the religion was there,

Notes From the Ancient Capital.

Quebec, Aug. 7th, 1907.

RELICS OF THE CHIEN D'OR.

Relics reminiscent of the days when Louis XV., King of France, dominated the Canadian colony were unearthed on a farm, which in the days of the French dynasty, was the property of the Bourgeois Philibert, made famous by Kirby's story of the "Chien d'Or," situated on the Ste. Foye road, and now the property of Mr. Alp. Routhier. The relics consist of a massive sabre, a cavalry pistol, a twenty-six pound shot, and two brass candlesticks, all well preserved. Further on were found a stone mortar, a wooden pedestal, and a large number of coins dating back to the time of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

ATLANTIC RECORD.

To the Empress of Ireland belongs the record for the Atlantic's fastest voyage, eclipsing by five hours and twenty minutes the record established by her sister ship, the Britain, a few weeks since. Six days, four hours and thirty minutes was the time elapsing from the ship left her dock at Liverpool until she moored at the Breakwater, that city. This includes stops to land at St. Rimouski and Quatrepoint, and to make the run to Rimouski, was made in five days and seventeen hours.

The Empress also carried the largest number of passengers ever landed at this port destined from Europe to the Far East. They numbered eighty-five and were bound for China, Japan and the Philippine Islands, and left within an hour by the Overseas Limited to the Pacific Coast.

Lord Strathcona, Canada's High Commissioner to Great Britain, was also among the distinguished passengers on the list. He was accompanied by his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Howard, and left immediately for Montreal.

REDEMPTORIST'S CELEBRATE FOUNDER'S FEAST.

The Redemptorist Fathers who labor so assiduously for the spiritual welfare of the parishioners of St. Patrick's Church, this city, celebrated with great pomp and splendor the feast of St. Alphonsus, founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, whose disciples they are. Rev. Father Hanley, rector, presided at the celebrant at the solemn high Mass, with Rev. Father Mulhern as deacon and Rev. Father Hickey as subdeacon. Rev. Father Krickster acting as Master of Ceremonies. Rev. Father Gannon delivered an

eloquent oration on the life of St. Alphonsus, dwelling impressively on the trials and sacrifices of the great saint while pursuing his labors and founding the order which has since become a living monument to his revered memory. In the evening the beautiful edifice was ablaze with electric lights, adding greatly to the solemnity of the Benediction, at which Rev. Father Gannon officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers Mulhern and Krickster. The music on both occasions was of a very high order, Mrs. Edward Foley, Miss May Mahoney, Messrs. R. Timmons and Jos. Shields being the soloists.

BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE TO CANADA'S FIRST BISHOP.

Work has again been resumed on the construction of the projected monument to Mgr. Laval, first Bishop of Canada. This beautiful structure, when completed, will occupy the space covered until recently by a block of antique buildings opposite the post office, whose removal alone embellished the surroundings, or rather allowed the beautiful environments to be seen and appreciated. The surrounding masonry and approaches have been in readiness for some time past, and work is now progressing on the pedestal proper, which will be built of Stanstead granite and stand twenty-six feet high, the base of the pedestal will measure twenty-three by twenty feet. This will bear a bronze statue of the illustrious prelate fifteen feet high, designed by the well known Canadian sculptor, Mr. Hebert, of Montreal. Immediately at the base and in front of the pedestal there will be a bronze group while bas-reliefs bearing a record of the life and achievements of Mgr. Laval will adorn the pedestal on either side. The statue will, it is believed, portray His Eminence in a standing posture, facing Mountain Hill, with the facade of the post office as background. When completed the monument will cost \$50,000, of which some \$47,000 has already been subscribed, the lists being still open. The bronzes are at present being cast in Paris, and will not be placed in position until the time approaches for inauguration of the monument in 1908, a consummation which will constitute a worthy tribute to the eminent Bishop and reflect the greatest credit upon the authors whose efforts deserve the gratitude of the entire community for the gift of such a magnificent work of art. The treasurers of the executive committee are Mgr. Tetu and Mr. Cyrille Delarge.

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replied: "The religion of the Spanish is that of the Romish (sic) Church, it consists of hearing Mass daily, prostrating themselves evening and morning before the crucifix, saying, 'Lord, have pity on me!' in making the sign of the cross before and after meals, or when passing a church, and lastly, in observing Lent."

VOCATION.

Every man who misses his vocation is an unhappy man. He may be to the eyes of others prosperous, but there is a worm which eateth him and leaves him no rest, the worm of suppressed ambition. It is a malady like suppressed gout.

TURN HIM OVER.

Once in a dining car a small boy commenced to giggle at his mother for no reason in particular. "That boy needs a spanking," somebody observed. "I know he does," said the mother, "but I don't believe in punishing a boy on a full stomach."

TRUE.

A good many people sing "Nearer My God to Thee," who never think of getting nearer, except when a mission comes along.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

What we might have done almost always looks to us much fairer than what we have done.

DOMESTIC DISCIPLINE.

"So you've discharged your French maid, Mrs. Comely? I thought she was such a good one." "So she was, but she didn't know her place."

"When I told her, 'Marie, I am going out in the carriage to make some calls,' she had the nerve to say 'I'm going,' and when I repeated 'I'm going,' she insisted 'We, madame,' so I told her to go, if she expected to be made one of the family like that."

Banquet to Dr. Maurice Francis Egan.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, late professor of English literature in the Catholic University at Washington, D.C., the newly appointed minister to Denmark, who sailed on the 3rd inst. spent a few days in New York. While there, a number of literary men took the opportunity of giving him an informal dinner at one of the clubs. Edward Clarence Stedman proposed toasts in honor of President Roosevelt, and the King of Denmark, and the health of the new minister, speaking with particular reference to the guest's achievements as a writer of sonnets, and expressing the pleasure felt by the literary fraternity in Dr. Egan's selection. Other speakers were: David Munro,

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This Institution occupies a very picturesque site. The building is commodious, and all in comfort of the students have been introduced. The ample grounds attached to the Institute afford every opportunity for physical development.

STUDIES. The course of studies pursued in the Institute is intended to give young men a complete Commercial and Scientific education. It covers the ground usually gone over in the best Business Colleges and prepares the student for matriculation in Science. The curriculum embraces three Departments: the Preparatory, the Intermediate and the Senior. New pupils will be examined and boarders should enter on September 3rd. Classes re-open on September 4th, at 8.30 a. m.



If we are not your FLORIST We Want to Be!

TWO STORES

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editor North American Review; Chas. DeKay, former consul-general at Berlin, who referred to Dr. Egan's expertness as an Irish scholar; James McArthur, of Harper Bros.; R. U. Johnson, Prof. Asbury, of the Texas State Agricultural College, Harrison B. Hodges, who, as a former instructor of Mr. Roosevelt, at Harvard, facetiously claimed credit for the appointment, and R. W. Gilder, editor of The Century.

President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.

Students Hall For Laval.

Plans are under way which will give Laval University an up-to-date students' hall, such as most of the leading universities and colleges have. Two floors of the university will be utilized for the purpose.

One plan was considered to buy the convent in the rear of the university, but it was realized that \$40,000, the price demanded, would be rather too much, and the other plan was adopted.

Mr. Justice Lafontaine is the promoter of the scheme, and he has been warmly seconded in his efforts by Mr. Honore Gervais. Judge Lafontaine states that the idea of the establishment is to furnish the students with a meeting place and recreation rooms, which will be a means of bringing the students together, strengthening the ties between them. The hall will contain gymnasiums and reading rooms and a lecture hall.

PERSONAL.

Miss Johanna Weis, of New Hamburg, Ont., was the guest of Mrs. Lynch of Basin street on her way home from St. Anne de Beaupre.

Father P. Ryan, Rector, and Father John Ryan, Mt. St. Patrick, are in town en route to Ireland, and are guests at St. Ann's Presbytery.

Rev. T. F. Heffernan and Rev. P. Heffernan have returned from their vacation.

An Eloquent Tribute.

Eloquent tributes to the Catholic Church from secular newspapers now a-days are becoming quite frequent. The following from the editor of the Columbian Statesman, a Missouri paper, by William Hirth, himself a Protestant, is worthy of note: Whether one agrees with all the orthodox tenets of the Catholic Church or not, it must be admitted that it is the most wonderful institution the world has ever known. The history of the Catholic Church however, is indissolubly interwoven with the history of the world. Its leaders have been an unbroken chain of intellectual giants and it is little wonder that they have made an unmade empires and that kings have often bowed in humility before their mandates. It is, however, the purpose of this brief commentary to discuss this great organization as a church rather than to dwell upon its conquests in the affairs of states, for these, after all, have been a mere incident to its never ending crusade to bring mankind to the foot of the cross. If a Richeieu or Mazarin schemed and planned, deeply, in their heart and brain, they ever understood the desire to bring men to their faith. I look back through the hoary centuries in whatever epoch you will and there through the mist of the ages beams the kindly face of the priest, tall, straight, the story of the cross and proclaiming the doctrine of "peace on earth, good will toward men." Undeterred by



This Institution occupies a very picturesque site. The building is commodious, and all in comfort of the students have been introduced. The ample grounds attached to the Institute afford every opportunity for physical development.

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Commission of Montreal Catholic Schools

THE RE-OPENING OF The Schools under the control of the Commission will take place

Monday, September 2nd.

For further information apply to the PRINCIPAL or to the DIRECTOR of each school.

A. D. LACROIX, Director General.

desert sands, the treacherous deeps and untamed wilds, they labored on and on until their cathedral spires pointed to the stars in every nook and corner of the earth and the music of their sweet tongued chimes echoed in every clime; pestilence, famine and hardship awed them not and when one sank wearily by the wayside there were a dozen who with willing hands took up his burdens; no dungeon was ever too dark or lonely for his kindly ministry and no keeper of the keys ever barred his coming and his going, he has been upon every battlefield—back in the time of the cross bow and spear and amid the shot and shell of later days, ministering with gentle hands and soft words of sympathy to the wounded and dying.

Dr. Fortin, Paris, has reported to the Academy of Science a new contrivance which is to be of great service to eye diagnosticians. The physician found that the light from a mercury vapor lamp, passing through two sheets of blue glass and refracted into the eye by a large lens, reveals the internal condition infinitely better than the ordinary white light. By placing a screen with a pinhole between the light and the eye a magnified image of the vessels at the back of the retina, which has hitherto been almost invisible, has been obtained.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled, when awake, with loss of appetite, pale countenance, sticking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

Principals and Resolutions

Adopted by the Sixth Annual Convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies.

PRINCIPLES.

The American Federation of Catholic Societies is an organization of Catholics in the United States for the purpose of advancing their civil, social and religious interests.

It is not a political organization, and does not control the political affiliation of its members, it asks no favors or privileges, but openly proclaims what is just and fair.

It aims at the creation of a sound public opinion on all important topics of the day; it stands for the Christian life of the nation itself; for the proper observance of Sunday; for the Christian education of youth; for the sanctity and perpetuity of Christian marriage; for the safeguarding of the Christian home.

It asserts the necessity of Christian principles in social and public life, in the State, in business, in all financial and industrial relations.

It combats all errors which are in opposition to Christianity and threaten to undermine the very foundations of human society.

It is willing to co-operate with all loyal citizens and with all civil and social energies which work for truth and virtue.

It exposes falsehood and injustice, whether in misrepresentation of history, doctrine, or principles of morality.

The aims of Federation, therefore, are religious and patriotic; they are the interest of all American citizens, and especially of those who believe in a Divine Law-giver and in the revelation of a Divine religion through Christ our Saviour.

RESOLUTIONS.

We reaffirm the declaration and resolution of the fifth annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies on the subject of divorce, and in this connection we are gratified to note the reform movement that has set in against this evil in the past few years and the reforms already enacted into law in a few of the States.

As Catholics we do not recognize the principle of absolute divorce. For very grave causes the Church has always allowed its members the remedy of a separation from bed and board.

We therefore call particular attention to the following:

Under the existing laws of many, if not most, of the States liberty of conscience is violated, in that the injured spouse is compelled either to apply for absolute divorce, though this is opposed to the conscience of the applicant, or to receive no protection at all. Hence, as citizens we may demand, and in justice we do demand, that provision for such separations from bed and board be made by all States, so that what applicant is opposed in conscience to absolute divorce, be not coerced to appear in court as if denying his religious convictions.

SOCIALISM.

It is the firm conviction of this Federation that the grave problems confronting modern society in the domain of economics and industry can not be solved except by the application of the fundamental Christian principles of social justice laid down in the Encyclical Letters of Pope Leo XIII.

We admit that some of the practical demands advocated by socialists for the betterment of the condition of workmen are quite reasonable and just. It should, however, be distinctly remembered that these reforms and demands have for years been championed by Christian economists, and are by no means the distinctive program of socialism.

We emphatically condemn those philosophical principles on which the leaders of international socialism base their economic demands, these principles constituting rank atheism and materialism.

We are in sincere sympathy with and will encourage all reasonable endeavors of workmen by organized efforts to promote their moral and material well-being. We also heartily support any legislation beneficially regulating labor hours, factory conditions, etc. On the other hand, we urge upon Catholics, who belong to labor unions to use their utmost influence to prevent those organizations from being used by unprincipled demagogues as instruments of political and social revolution.

We likewise recommend the formation of Catholic workmen's societies, wherein our Catholic workmen may be well grounded in the Christian principles of social justice, as set forth by Pope Leo XIII. in his Encyclical on the "Condition of Labor."

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

Whereas, it is essential that our parochial schools be as efficient as possible, and that Catholics appreciate that their schools are superior or equal to any others; and

Whereas, increasing efforts are being made to render the public schools more attractive and preferable to Catholic schools by reason of special legislation; therefore be it

Resolved, That our parochial schools be everywhere aided by every financial support that can be given to them, and that we condemn the modern socialistic and paternalistic schemes which seek to make it appear that the public school is superior and better equipped than our parochial school.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

Whereas, juvenile crime is on the increase throughout the country; and

Whereas, Reason as well as experience has established the truth of Washington's salutary admonition, that we must with caution and

the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Federation affirm with all the force of its conviction that religious instruction is an absolute necessity in every department of the school life of the American boy and girl.

LIBERTY OF EDUCATION.

Resolved, That we advocate and defend the liberty of education in all its various grades, viz.: in elementary schools, academies, colleges and universities; that we protect and encourage private educational efforts; that we antagonize and paternalism that we State in education; that we require for private schools at equal standard all the rights and privileges and the recognition of certificates and degrees accorded to public institutions; that we disapprove, on principle, of affiliation with or submission to State control or Catholic schools.

THE DISCOURAGEMENT OF ATTENDANCE AT NON-CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS.

Indorsing the wise conclusions arrived at by the Congress of Catholic Educators in their late meeting in Milwaukee, and viewing with profound regret that many of our young men and women are attending non-Catholic academies, colleges and universities, where the danger to their faith and morals is even greater than it is in elementary schools, the Federation reiterates what it declared at its Buffalo convention, that it is the sacred duty of Catholics to encourage and support Catholic education in colleges and universities, as they have so nobly done in building up and supporting parochial schools.

The Federation would urge, in the words of the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, "the faithful with united efforts to hasten the happy condition in which Catholic academies, colleges and universities will be so numerous and so excellent that Catholic youths without exception will find in Catholic schools whatever they want to learn, either by the will of their parents or of their own choice."

MISSIONS.

We consider it an essential part of a Catholic's religious life that he be associated with some one or other of the various approved missionary efforts of the Church in so far as that would one seek a good test of one's Catholicity, let him ask, how much does he give for missionary work?

We recommend in a special way, among other efforts, the Missions for the Indians and Negroes, the Propagation of the Faith in the Foreign Field, the Church Extension Society of the United States and the Catholic Missionary Union, with its Apostolic Mission House for the training of missionaries at Washington, D.C.

CATHOLIC PRESS.

Resolved, That as the press is a very important power in molding public opinion, it is the conviction of this convention that members of the federated Catholic Societies owe it to themselves and their religion to loyally support the Catholic press: first, by subscribing for the same; and, second, by advertising therein.

We recommend that Catholics call for Catholic papers at news stands and libraries. By creating a demand for Catholic papers, the corresponding supply will be forthcoming.

THE DISSEMINATION OF CATHOLIC BOOKS.

Whereas, Ignorance of the truth is the chief cause of the religious indifference so frequently met with among Catholics; and

Whereas, Misconception of Catholic doctrine and practice is the source of prejudice among so many of our fellow citizens against the Church; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we urge our affiliated societies, our sodalities and kindred organizations, for the love of our holy religion, to make the apostolic work of the dissemination of good Catholic books, and papers among Catholics and non-Catholics one of the most earnest and constant labors of their organizations.

IMMIGRATION.

That the Federation acknowledges with appreciation the good work of the Immigration Commissioners in behalf of immigrants; and be it

Resolved, That the Executive Board of the Federation be requested to co-operate with the Immigration Commissioners for the purpose of improving the condition of immigrants of our Buffalo convention on this subject.

The sixth annual convention of the American Federation of Catholic Societies heartily recommends to all its members and to our Catholic fellow citizens in general a generous support of the several immigrant houses or homes established for the care of Catholic immigrants coming to our shores.

FRATERNAL INSURANCE.

We believe that fraternal insurance is an important factor in the protection and preservation of the home. This is recognized by all is evidenced by the large number of fraternal organizations existing in this country, and the large amount of fraternal insurance in force at this time. We fully recognize, however, the great danger which threatens Catholic homes when Catholics enter and become active members of non-

Catholic fraternal societies, and for the special purpose of warding off this danger, and cementing the bonds of charity among the Catholics of this land, we earnestly urge all Catholics to join none but Catholic fraternal organizations.

THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Whereas, The appearance of the first volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia has fully justified the highest hopes conceived for it, and it is so splendidly and perfectly fulfills the purposes of the Catholic Federation; therefore be it

Resolved, That a public indorsement be given to this great work, and that the strongest efforts be made, both by the convention as a body and by individual members, to insure the widest possible circulation of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

AID SOCIETIES.

Resolved, That we indorse the formation of Catholic Aid Societies to take care of our poor and needy, and we especially recommend that homes and employment bureaus be opened for men and women seeking employment. We also recommend the establishment of homes for working girls to be conducted under Catholic influence.

CHILD LABOR.

We heartily approve the enactment of laws to prohibit child labor.

SUFFERED FROM HEART AND NERVE TROUBLES FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS.

If there be nerve derangement of any kind, it is bound to produce all the various phenomena of heart derangement. In

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is combined treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorders, as well as act upon the heart itself.

Mrs. John Riley, Douro, Ont., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from heart and nerve troubles for the past ten years. After trying many remedies, and doctoring for two years without the least benefit, I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial. I am thankful to say that, after using nine boxes I am entirely cured and would recommend them to all sufferers."

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

Changes in Faculty at Loyola.

Extensive changes were made in the faculty of Loyola College last week, this being in accordance with the annual custom of the Jesuit order. The position of rector, which was vacated by the death of Rev. Father Gregory O'Brien, is yet unfilled. The new appointments are as follows:

Rev. F. Wafer Doyle, S.J., minister and prefect.
Rev. Father Malone, S.J., nunsur.
Rev. Isidore J. Kavanaugh, S.J., lecturer in physics, mathematics and astronomy.

Rev. Martin Fox, S.J., prefect of studies; lecturer in ethics, political economy and evidences of religion.

Rev. Fathers John J. Cox, S.J., rhetorician; Joseph McCarthy, S.J., S.J., first grammar; Lawrence Drummond, S.J., third grammar; Henry Cormier, S.J., Latin rudiments, Nicholas Quirk, S.J., second preparatory, assistant prefect; Emile Fortaine, S.J., and J. B. Plante, S.J., prefects and teachers in French; M. C. Malone, S.J., prefect and tutor in Latin.

Fathers Dunn and MacMahon, for several years connected with the college, leave for the scholasticate, in the Immaculate Conception, Vimont, avenue; while the Rev. Joseph Desjardins goes to St. Boniface College, Manitoba.

Father Malone, bursar of the college, remains chaplain of the Catholic Sailors' Club and visiting chaplain to the Royal Victoria Hospital.

What a Help to the Pastor.

It is a well known and lamentable fact that Catholics are too prone to the sensational news of the daily papers, and too little given to reading the church papers. It ought to be the pride of every Catholic to have his diocesan paper in his home.

What a help it would be to the pastor were his diocesan paper in the families of his parish. The people would become more united, and there would be aroused an esprit de corps that would be a tower of strength to the priest. Then, in each home, would be a constant, persistent insidious advocate of no mixed marriage, of Catholic schools, of submission to Holy Church, of loyalty and support of pastors, of generosity in charity and of liberality in maintaining all church institutions.

These teachings would be inculcated by examples from the news of the Church all over the world, and in a thousand other ways impracticable in sermons, but successful in the church papers in the land. Whatever a pastor does for a diocesan paper in his parish comes back to him a thousandfold in the help he receives in his own work.—The Augustinian.

Pope Receives Americans.

Rome, Aug. 3.—The Pope to-day received a representative pilgrimage of over a hundred Americans from all parts of the United States. The pilgrimage is being conducted by John McGrane, of Brooklyn. In spite of the great heat, the Holy Father looks to be in the best of health.

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With a diamond ring I reveal free how to secure a beautiful complexion. Diamonds and exquisite complexion are both desirable. An opportunity to every woman is now offered for obtaining both. For \$2.00 I offer a 12 Kt. Gold Shell Ring, shaped like a ketcher, with a Tiffany setting, set with a genuine diamond and will send free with every order the recipe and directions, for obtaining a faultless complexion, easily understood and simple to follow. It will save the expense of Creams, Cosmetics and Bleaches. Will free the skin from pimples, blackheads, etc., and give the skin beauty and softness.

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HELP! HELP! HELP!

the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation?

The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a GARRET. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE.

What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done.

In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, when the great apostasy of the sixteenth century is reaching the full extent of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very up-hill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal
"May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."
ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton.

FATHER H. W. GRAY,
Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. Constant prayers and many Masses for Benefactors.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

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

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

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

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

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. P. Gunning; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Donnell, 412 St. Paul street.

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"Yes, it seems that it is Alicia, since you wish it. I thought you suggest will do proper." She had not said wished it, but, having so calmly put the burden upon her, she had taken her faltering suggestion. In pride there was a thing to be done but to me way as best she could to do it, and being very careful to do it quietly after her, to stumble in one's own room. She had closed more than a door of her life, that had been in the bloodless polite which had accepted the suggestion, she had quietly locked her out. He, for all, his hint at an amount, meaning money, had less than an insult, for he had less than she neither wanted his money.

Even locked doors, though not always stay shut. Proprietor was putting her new order, pushing her thoughts to the new life, the must do was which, instead, the door was quietly locked her out. He, for all, his hint at an amount, meaning money, had less than an insult, for he had less than she neither wanted his money.

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CLOSED DOORS.

"Yes, it seems that it is better so, Alicia, since you wish it. Any arrangement you suggest will be quite proper." She had not said that she wished it, but, lawyer-like, he had calmly put the burden upon her and had taken her faltering suggestion as a request. In pride there was nothing to be done but to make her way as best she could to the door and being very careful to close it quietly after her, to stumble dazedly to her own room.

Pride, after all, is not much help in one's own room. She knew that she had closed more than the door of that room. She had closed the door of her life, that had been. And he, in the bloodless, polite way in which he had accepted the situation, had quietly locked her out of that life for all. His hint at an arrangement, meaning a marriage, had been less than an insult, for he knew full well that she neither needed nor wanted locked doors, though, will not always stay shut. Properly, she should be putting her new house in order, pushing her thoughts ahead to the new life that must be lived somehow. Instead, the door of the old was creaking open, and the man and the girl, that had been, were drifting together through her thoughts, down the way they had come. There was first a vision of the night at the press association, six years before, when she had seen him first, a tall, impressive figure of a man, pressing and fairly throwing his views, hurling them rough-pointed upon his hearers, and driving them before the logic of his argument. She, a nameless atom in this sea of men and women whose brains forced the thoughts of their city, had been attracted and swept along by the glowing personality of the man. She had responded cleverly, later, to a toast of her college, and he had asked to be presented. From this beginning she was tracing now their work together through months of precious, helpful work, in which the power and mastery of life and in a few months had enabled her to do work which years could not have accomplished. Success came with a promise of which she had never dreamed. Then, in its very bloom, it had turned to nothing in her eyes, for the power of this man had taken a new direction, and she found herself whirling from the ways of her life into a love for him that carried away with it every thought and aim of her old self and seemed to create her a new soul, fashioned purely to love him. Everything else had come in just such a drift of dreams as this she was having now. His wooing, impulsive and boyish enough to be fascinating, but so strong and so sure as to be almost fearful. Their marriage, too, in the retrospect, seemed a drift of tides of emotion, above the surface of which she had risen for only fleeting glimpses of reality. The months that had followed had served still more to break down every vestige of the woman who had been, to cut her away from every standard and landmark by which she had led her life, to drive from her mind every finger-post pointing to such things as career and work, and to resolve her, in the crucible of emotions, into the very primal elements of womanhood. Yet even then there had been times, she knew, when the ghost of all that she had prayed and worked for in the past, independence, freedom, fame, applause, too, maybe, rose up in haughty jeer at her surrender of her best to this man. But that had been only for moments, and even now, in the wreck, she knew that he had been worth them all to her.

When the mystery of motherhood had come, enfolding her life and soul in its grip, the ghosts, laid securely by the exorcism of baby fingers clucking at her hair, had walked no more.

The little Alicia had been left her just long enough to toddle through the house and to babble "mamma," to learn to hug the big, grave man who was "daddy," to grow herself as a reality into the hearts of these two. She had gone away then. It was a neat little mound in Mount Olivet from which the mother had turned away, half praying that she might leave her reason there with her heart.

In those other months that had followed he had been kind, trying to spare her things, to make her forget. If she did, what else was there to remember? Everything which she had ever recognized as belonging to her life had been thrown into this love of hers, and now, when she was asked to forget this it was to ask her to forget her very life. He had been kind—had perhaps hurt her more than all, that he could be kind; that he could come back to their home and go quietly into the routine of work, that he would take up the ordinary interests of life and pass this as an accident which was the sum of her life. She had passed her days in numb, silent grief, sitting in the blue voice of her little ones, her nights in fitful dreams, from which she would be awakened by the clucking of little fingers in her ears. He had thrown himself, body and soul, too, as he seemed, into work. She had seen him one day in court, when she had been obliged to wait for him, one moment, watchful, keen, crushing, powerful, bearing down upon the commission at whom he was arguing as though he would sweep from them every conviction that they

had ever owned. She did not know that this was his man's way of carrying sorrow as great as hers, to throw himself at things. She saw only the fact that his mind seemed to be swept clean of everything but his work, and he came to be to her and only a mighty engine, crashing through loads of work day and night and stopping now and then to console her a little, or maybe to try to coax her into forgetfulness.

He had finally closed and locked the door of the nursery, telling her that she must not allow herself to be morbid. She knew that he was entirely right. It was the very course she herself would have taken in another's case. He was truly sympathetic and tender to her, but that was just what she could not bear. He was sorry for her in her grief; she knew that he would cheerfully have made any sacrifice of self to lighten it if he could. But he did not share her sorrow; he did not seem to have part in it. She was glad, too, of this, for his sake; but always this knowledge served to set him apart from her. Where always till now their entity had been one, their emotions single, she saw a rift coming between them and widening, widening, till it placed them farther apart it seemed than when they had been strangers.

It was not that she was coming to care less for him, for she loved this tower of a man; the steel and blue light of his eyes was lodestar to her heart, but she had come to have even him and think of her maiden love as a man bearing things and living in the ways of others of his sex. It was impossible that they could ever reach back to the relations of those early days, when there had been nothing in their world but their two blended selves. Content only, she argued, and such comfort and strength of love as comes to the gray paths of life could be theirs.

The three years that had passed since those days had only, day by day, served to widen the rift. The closed door that little room seemed to place itself even more firmly between them, a barrier to perfect understanding. He had plunged more and more fully, almost viciously, it seemed, into his work, as the years followed each other, while she had kept her numb grief near her heart until it had come to be almost a passion with her to keep it alive. She did not want it to soften or die, for it seemed the only thing left to her. All things which she had thought meant life had been thrown to him in her love, and now that he did not seem to need that, but seemed to be so sufficient in his crushing work, her place seemed to be gone, her only niche in life to nurse the dying memory and to walk in unceasing rounds past a closed door.

The feeling of being crowded out of his life by injunctions and traction cases, of being so utterly unnecessary to him, had grown into her very soul, till she was almost able to convince herself that he no longer wanted her, a useless appendage to his busy life. His unflinching, even gentleness, too, seemed an argument—a mask it must be, worn by the gentleman of pure honor, which she knew him to be, to hide his impatience with her. Surely he could not but be grieved at the failure she was constantly making of her life and his. Why would he not sometimes lift the mask and show the real feeling and make her suffer? It would be better than the dull wearing of his steady, accusing kindness. Lately it had come to that point where she felt that she could not go on longer in this way. With no apparent chords of interest, with nothing but gentle tolerance revealed on his side, to greet him morning after morning and watch his kindness, to sit evening after evening in silence, watching after him in bed, till she would be forced to go to her own room and to lie in the dark, next to the closed room, listening to the occasional rustle of a paper or to his pacing footsteps far into the morning; it could only be borne to the point of breaking. She knew that she was forcing herself, step by step, in her reasoning to an action which would break her heart, and incidentally her heart, if there were any capability of more suffering in that heart. It did not seem to matter, though, for she could no more prevent her mind from moving in the circles in which it turned than she could prevent herself from thinking. This life, the living presence of its future, was unbearable to her; how much more so must it not be to him in the constant effort to soften and cover the truth. There seemed but one way to end it by going quietly away. It was no mock heroics, none of the self-pity of a conscious martyr, only the acknowledgment of a failure and the wish to end an impossible situation. He neither felt nor understood the sorrow of her life, but had drawn into himself and away from her constantly. He had cared not at all, but thrown it behind him as an unpleasant happening and had expected her to do the same, though he knew it was the fullness of her being. It were better to take from him the depressing presence of her life, with its spent energy.

All this she had tried to say to him to-night, tried to make him see that for him and for the better of his life she was willing to make a sacrifice of her home and of her po-

sition, and take upon herself that loneliest of all phases of life, the way of a separated wife. Maybe, she had thought, there might be some hope in speaking, maybe something of the boyish love of this man for her might come back to him, and it would yet be well. But, no, for she had listened without a word and with no helping softness as she had stumbled on from position one to another, until it had come to seem even to herself that it was she alone who wished to be released from her life. Then he had accepted the situation with a quiet dignity, which put her own fevered, hurried words in the wrong at once. Not one accent of hurt or regret had he shown. If he had even shown pleasure or relief, it would have been something that she was right. He had merely assumed that she wanted to be free to live her own life, and had acquiesced without showing his own feeling, putting the weight of it upon her.

In any case, the definite step was taken, and, obviously, there was nothing to be done but to go on, with what plans she might, piecing together such fragments of life as seemed to be left. But plans would not come, for materials were lacking, and the soul of the builder was torn and swept in the rush and swirl of broken hopes and the cinders of burnt dreams, and now and then through the night, by the rustling of papers or the tramp of a man in the room across the hall, he was working calmly after the incident! She might pass from his life, even as her baby had passed, and he would turn to his work.

The morning brought the same man and woman to face each other across the breakfast table; he urbane and kindly, but lined and a little pallid, as she thought, watching him—she wondered if he had not suffered a little.

There were the same commonplaces to be observed before the shrewd eyes of the servant, the same forced turn of observation, and all show of the interest to be kept up, though one's heart might break unheeded while pouring the coffee. She realized this moment, looking at the strong, immobile face opposite, that never in their days had she so absolutely loved this man as she did this morning. Yet he would let her treasure out of his life without a detaining look. And if she should not go to him now and say that she would not go, he would make her welcome to stay in the same tone of action, indifference, heartlessness, what you would, that was driving her to wish to hate him, while the love of her whole heart welled up and beat around this tower of a man.

Now he was gone, with a simple "good by" on his lips, as on any other morning of these three years, down to his work in the city. She was free now to think.

At first it seemed that she cared for nothing but to go away quietly with what money she had of her own—fortunately it would be plenty—and live for herself and with the memory of her little one for company. But her knowledge of herself told her that she could never live out a life of that kind. Work she must have, work that would be strong enough and would put demands upon her mind and strength and would take her out of herself.

Curiously enough, the old longings for a name and a position in the world of work, for fame in its measure, things long ago buried in her soul, were the last solutions of

her problem to come to her. When they did come, however, they showed her, as it seemed, a way through her maze. She could take a few months in Europe; some sleepy old village of Tuscany, maybe, would serve to drug her mind into comparative order, and then she could come back and settle somewhere in the East and begin her work. She had had literary associations in New York, and enough of a name in the old days to make a beginning easy. Now, though, with sudden reversion, she saw that she could not make any use of these. She would not take back the name of her girlhood, and she was too tenderly sensitive of the name she now bore to bring attention to it in the way of notoriety. She must put away every vestige of her identity and make a new name, which should have the old. It would not be easy, this beginning, as she knew, to win success over again for another name; but it could be done. The friends, too, of the old life must be forgotten entirely in order that her dropping from the present life might be as noiseless as possible.

They were dining that evening at the Posters, a quiet party, the men, with the exception of Professor Jordan, all men of John's world; forceful, contained men, every one of some note. Unconsciously she was measuring him against them in the easy talk or the occasional deeper word of a basic truth that cropped out, and easily in his simplicity and strength he overtopped them all so completely that her pride in him sang to her heartache. From light to serious, and on again the talk ranged, she rising as best she could to vein of it, until, by some quirk of the blind thing that leads people's tongues, it came to a discussion of the arranging of broken homes. Once she had heard John, in kindness to her as she knew, catch the ball and turn the talk in a new direction, but Jordan had perversely brought it back. "The two should each by every means," he was saying now, "get as far from each other as possible. Leaving divorce, of course, out of the question, they should for peace of mind, cut from their paths everything which would suggest the other." But—the hostess, looking down from the vantage of twenty years of unclouded marriage, felt called to defend her ideals—"you are wrong in presuming that they would wish to be rid of the thought of each other. That isn't true at all. Instead, even though they must admit the impossibility of living together, they would still be each to the other the dearest memory of their souls; neither would wish to be relieved of the thought of the other." "That just runs with my theory," the professor was now full tilt on one of his hobbies—"that is just it. Their memories and ideals of each other will be, through the shading years. Therefore, these things be left intact, and should not be marred and ruined by any concrete association or tie whatever. They should never again cross each other's path, for, as we know, it is by contact that ideals are broken, and ideals will be all that they will have. I would argue that they should, for the sake of never being brought near each other, obtain a legal separation. Kibbrain, you agree with me, I'm sure. It's the only common sense way."

If Alicia, listening with her heart choking her, expected any revelation or expression of personal view from John, she was disappointed. Impassive, as if the question could have no possible interest to him personally, he shelved it, and the whole subject, by—

"You seem to forget the personal equation. It would depend altogether on the wishes of one or both of the parties interested."

Again, as though she herself had made the question to him, he placed it upon the head of one of the parties who should suggest the idea. There was no inkling of his own wish in the matter, any more than there had been of a real answer to Jordan's question.

The talk had furnished her now with a new phase of her question. It had seemed simple that they should live apart, each going to the work that must take the place of the rest of things for them. But now, riding home in silence beside John, this new idea had its obsession for her. Maybe Jordan was right. Might it not be better that there should never be any embarrassing ties between them? She knew too thoroughly that, once apart, there would never be any possibility of their coming together again, so maybe they had better arrange things in such way that nothing ever come up to force them to meet again. Maybe he would wish it. And while these things were turning her mind to every opening, under it all there was rumming the consciousness of her love for this silent man beside her, tingling through every nerve of her body. If only she might struggle up to him! If only he would show the least sign that he wanted her or that he cared whether she went or stayed!

She could not gather courage to-night to open this question to him, and she knew the suggestion would never come from him, no matter how much he might wish the result. His attitude of calmly agreeing to every proposal from her, assuming that it was her desire, left every initiative to her. Yet he must see that this very stand of his was just the one to drive her from one ground to another. It must be that he saw this, and was deliberately taking this stand to force her onward. It was

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not like John to do that, and to seem to lay everything to her, but what else could it mean?

Anyway she would not say anything to him until the next night; that would be her last night in her home; she would be leaving the day following for New York.

The morning of what was to be her last day together brought no change in him. He went away with the same kind word, a little subdued, perhaps, on his lips. She had not told him of her immediate departure, leaving everything to the last interview of this evening. Her packing was merely the gathering of a few treasures, for which, in her rather detached life, she had come to care for—a matter of a few hours. The door of the room which had been locked on the memory of the little Alicia she would not open. Everything that had belonged to the life of theirs in common, or at least should have been, she would leave as gently as might be, out from the midst of it. He would not care, of course, if she should take the keepsakes of her little room, but she would not do so. She would not tear up or seem to disturb the sacred memories of the dead years as they lay about the home. Her baby's little shoes, she thought, she would like to have, but no, she would leave them all. Not that it would matter to her, but merely to leave untouched the life of the past.

Their dinner was the same subdued effort at the usual that so many others had been. From it they passed over the stairs together, going to their separate rooms, she to finish packing and to give her final instructions to Sarah, who was to go with her, he to his nightly work. As the evening wore on she was nursing herself to the interview with him, for since he seemed to insist that she should take the initiative, bravely into the matter and leave the outcome to the odd chance that seems to rule the end of all human crises. What she could say on the question of legal separation she would not say. The prejudice they both had against the public profanation of their life, which, though it was a too obvious failure, was still sacred to both; the appearance of scandal which it would have to those outside their own Church, and even to many within it, for the world does not stop for distinctions—everything, she felt, in their training and atmosphere, of thought was against it. Yet it might be that he would wish it, and, too, it really did seem that neither could bear to be forced to any relations with the other in the future.

His even "Come in" in answer to her frightened knock at his door was characteristic of their differing temperaments.

"I have come to tell you that I am going away to-morrow, John."

It sounded so flat and inadequate to herself that she wondered if she had spoken at all.

Kibbrain, for answer, wheeled a chair near to her and offered it gently—"Won't you sit down, Alicia?"

"I think I would rather stand, thank you, John. I—I suppose you are not interested as to where I might be going?"

For an instant the soul of John Kibbrain was in his eyes, and her heart would have danced in its joy could she have read the message of that glance; but she was not looking. His answer was what she would have expected:

"If you wish to tell me, I shall be pleased to hear."

He was making it harder always; she felt herself weakening under the strain and hurried to the worst. It had better be over.

"John, do you remember what Mr. Jordan was saying last evening? Maybe—would it not be better that we should be separated finally—I mean—legally?"

There was no more a revelation of his real thought now, in their privacy, than there had been in his answer to Jordan's stray question as he replied:

"That is, of course, entirely a question of personal wishes. If you should find it too trying, as you might, to take the necessary steps, I could, perhaps, arrange it myself. You probably could not bear the embarrassment of proceeding yourself. I will do this in time, since you wish it, Alicia."

Since she wished it! And she was there praying for one word or look or even a tone of encouragement, that she might throw herself at his knees and beg and plead with him to keep her, to make her stay with him! Yet it would be foolish and weak, for he would merely quiet her, and humor her, and go on tricking that she had given up at the last moment because she had been a weak coward. She must get from the room as quickly as possible.

"That is all, then, I think," she

faltered, retreating.

"Is there anything in the matter of—finances that I can do?"

"No, thank you, John"—she wished he had spared her that—"good night."

"Good night, Alicia. Shall I take you to the—"

But she was gone, and his only answer came in the soft closing of a door across the hall.

Alicia had thrown herself at her bedside. The breaking point of her courage had come for its own day. Tomorrow must bring its own strength with it. She had not deceived herself at all; she knew that she was, according to all the rules of her own thought and according to what she would have said in the case of another, wrong in leaving her husband and her home. She knew that her place was with him until the end, but the very force of her love for him could not bear the mere tolerance which he seemed to have for her; the plainness of the fact that she was purely a fixture in his life. And the hopelessness of it all in his calm misrepresentation of her motives!

She must have cried herself to sleep, for it seemed hours after when she grew conscious of being still on her knees. A sound was coming from somewhere in the dead stillness half a breathing, half a sobbing, it seemed, as of a soul in agony. She was awake now—it was surely coming from the little room next to hers. She stole out into the hall, to the closed door—it was open!

There were no lights, but into the tiny room moonbeams were stealing in silver-gray splashes, falling just short of a figure sitting in the half-shadow. Her husband! He whose strength she had all but feared! A figure of a man's broken grief, half-leaving with one arm over the rail of baby's bed; and against the white of the little coverlet she could just make out his hand turning over and fondling two little baby shoes!

A little she saw, much she prayed for as she stole across the room to kneel at his side.

"John, don't you need me? Won't you let me stay with you?"

As one stirring from the toils of despair, he turned, and his arms folded about the clinging woman.

"My darling! God knows how I need you—need you every moment of my life. But how can I keep you when—when it is hard for you to stay?"

"Oh!" she breathed, snuggling for very comfort, "if I could only have known that you cared! I thought you would be relieved to have me go."

"Licia," he said, and the boyish gladness of his voice was the sweetest music she had ever heard, "where was I before you were going?"

"To Florence first, I think."

"Let me go with you, dear; and we'll try all over again."

"Not all over again, John, for we'll never again have to learn the lesson of this night."

The same thought came to both, and by an instinct they knelt at baby's crib, looking at the little shoes lying there, and learning of the ways of love and life and death. Rising, they passed out and down the hall—neither had thought to close the door—Richard Amerle, in the New World.

The "True Witness" can be had at the following Stands:

J. Tucker, 41 McCord street.
Miss McLean, 182 Centre st., Pt. St.
Miss McNally, 345 St. Antoine st.
H. McMorro, 278 Carriers st.
E. Watkin Etches, 44 Bleury st.
Miss White, 680 St. Denis st.
Charles.
C. J. Tierney, 149 Craig st. west.
M. Shaw, 739 St. Catherine st. west.
Mrs. Ryan, 1025 St. James st.
A. W. Mulcahey, 825 St. Antoine st.
Mrs. Levac, 1111 St. Catherine east.
C. A. Dumont, 1212 St. Denis st.
Mrs. Cloran, 1351 St. James st.
M. Lahaie, 1097 St. James st.
Jas. Murray, 47 University st.
Mrs. Redmond, 438 Notre Dame west.
Milroy's Bookstore, 241 St. Catherine west.
James McArin, 28 Chabouille Squ.
Aristide Madore, 2 Beaver Hall Hill.
Miss Scanlan, 63 Bleury st.
Miss Elms, 875 Wellington st.
Mrs. Stootie, 149 Dorchester st.

"By Medicine Life May be Prolonged."—So wrote Shakespeare nearly three hundred years ago. It is so to-day. Medicine will prolong life, but be sure of the quality of the medicine. Life is prolonged by keeping the body free from disease. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil used internally will cure coughs and colds, eradicate asthma, overcome croup and give strength to the respiratory organs. Give it a trial.

Put the Blood in Condition

By the Restorative Blood Forming Properties of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is weakness that causes most of our sufferings—weakness of the heart, weakness of the liver, kidneys and bowels.

The result is feelings of languor and depression, and impaired action of the vital organs, headaches, indigestion, spells of dizziness and weakness, sleeplessness, irritability, and a general rundown condition of the system.

Put the blood in good condition by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and you have a foundation for health to build on. Weakness and disease will give way to new strength and vigor, and languor and discouragement will yield to new hope and happiness.

Mr. Ferguson Conn, Lily Oak, Ont., writes:—"As a result of the severe winter and an attack of la grippe, I was all run down this spring. I soon improved very much by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. My appetite is better than it has been for years, and though sixty years of age I am able to do a man's work on the farm following a team. I believe that I owe my good health to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Mrs. George Beattie, Carr's Brook, Colchester Co., N.S., writes:—"Last spring I was very much run down, felt tired all the time, and did not seem to have life or energy enough to do my work. Three boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food did me a world of good and made work a pleasure to me. I have not had occasion to use any medicine since, and have recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to all my friends."

"We always keep Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house to be used for constipation, pains in the back and stomach troubles."

By means of good blood only can nature make weak people strong, and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the most powerful blood-forming elements known to medical science. Every dose is bound to be of some benefit to you; 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



The thoroughly safe and mild purgative for family use.

Cure biliousness, sick headaches, constipation—they purify the blood and stimulate stomach, liver and bowels.

Purely vegetable, do not gripe or distress, a scientific compound of concentrated extract of Butternut and other potent vegetable principles.

Reliable in any climate, any time, for children, adults and the aged. Get a box, 25c, at dealers or by mail.

THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Limited. MONTREAL, Canada.

CHURCH NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ANNUAL RETREAT.

The yearly retreat for the priests of the diocese will open at the Cathedral on Sunday evening.

ST. ANTHONY'S.

The picnic in connection with the Young Men's Society of the parish will take place Thursday, the 8th inst. Judging from the programme and the number of prizes on exhibition, nothing is being left undone to make this as enjoyable an affair as possible.

ST. GABRIEL.

At the masses on Sunday last, reference was made to the coming excursion of the Juvenile T. A. & B. Society of the parish to Otterburn Park on the 10th inst. The unanimous wish is expressed that the boys will have the success they deserve. All who find it in their power should aid such a worthy object, and judging from the fine programme of games as well as the list of prizes offered for competition those who take part in the day's amusements will be amply repaid.

SACRED CONCERT.

Mr. Paul Dufault will be the principal performer at a sacred concert to be given in Ste. Cunegonde church this evening at 8 o'clock. Madame Desmarais, Mr. and Mrs. Paquin, Miss Blanche Hardy, and Messrs. Albert Chamberland and Clovis Landreau will also take part. The occasion of the concert, which is for the benefit of the church, is the installation of the new organ, which will be played by Miss Victoria Carter.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS GRACE'S CONSECRATION.

To-day is the tenth anniversary of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi's consecration as Archbishop of Montreal. Pontifical High Mass will be celebrated by His Grace, assisted by the Canons of the Cathedral, the Superiors of Colleges and Seminaries and the parish priests generally of the Archdiocese. Members of the different communities of the city and the laity will assist at the ceremony. A banquet will be held at which His Grace will preside.

OUR LADY OF THE SEVEN DOLORS, VERDUN.

At nine o'clock Mass on Sunday last, Rev. Father Elliott took occasion to speak to the English-speaking people of the district relative to the spread of the True Witness in their midst. He urged them most eagerly not only to subscribe, but to do all in their power to encourage its spread among their friends. This is the second occasion that Father Elliott has spoken in the same strain, and we feel deeply grateful to him for his kind solicitude.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S EXCURSION.

Upwards of seven hundred pleasure seeking friends of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society went down the river as far as Lanorais on the steamer Beupre last Thursday afternoon, returning a little before ten o'clock. They were not disappointed, for the day was an ideal one, and a more sociable gathering of people, young and old, never spent an excursion on the river. The arrangements were excellent, and everybody was delighted with the outing. Rev. Fathers Holland and Walsh, C.S.S.R., were of the party. The Young Men's Society of the parish have the knack of doing things right, and this trip down the river was not an exception.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

Last evening's concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club was in the hands of the executive of the Catholic Temperance Union of Canada, who made a splendid showing. The chair was filled by Mr. P. Polan, first vice-president of St. Gabriel's Senior Temperance Society, as also of the Union.

The programme was very well carried out. Mention is due to Messrs. Halligan and Lynch, as well as to Messrs. Phillips, Hume, Strang, McNaughton, Fletcher, Kelly, Woods and Jones.

On Wednesday evening next, August 14, the programme will be in the hands of Div. No. 1, A.O.H. and promises to be a very successful one. The president on that occasion will be Mr. J. T. Tracey, at whose hands the

ST. ANN'S.

On Saturday, August 10th, the annual pilgrimage for men from the above parish to Ste. Anne de Beupre will take place. The steamer Beupre will leave Montreal about 4 p.m. on Saturday, and is expected to return to the city about 5.30 a.m. on Monday morning. All necessary information may be obtained at the presbytery.

The Juvenile, which was opened some five or six years ago at Ste. Anne de Beupre, is in a most flourishing condition. This institution has for its aim the forming of young men and boys with the ultimate object of their studying for the priesthood. Already about fifty young men have availed themselves of the great advantages which such an institution offers, and their number will this year be swelled by an additional five students from St. Ann's parish, this city.

The members of the League of the Sacred Heart are hard at work preparing for a pilgrimage to the shrine at Lanorais, to take place on Labor Day. On Friday last, the feast of St. Alphonsus, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi paid a visit to the priests of St. Ann's. A banquet was served, at which about twenty priests sat down, including representatives from the various religious orders of the city.

GARDEN PARTY IN AID OF ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL.

A garden party in aid of St. Michael's new school opened Monday and will continue throughout the week. A festival is held each evening, and socially as well as financially is a deserved success. Our readers will remember that St. Michael's is the school which from the first encountered many difficulties and obstacles, but due to the persevering earnestness of the reverend pastor, Father J. P. Kiernan, and his faithful people, it is to-day a reality. It is a gratifying proof of the sincerity of those who co-operated with him whilst the question of obtaining a special act through the Legislature was pending.

St. Michael's will open next September under the direction of the Rev. Marist Brothers and the Rev. Sisters of St. Ann of Lachine. It is the intention of the school board to open three classes for boys and three for the girls.

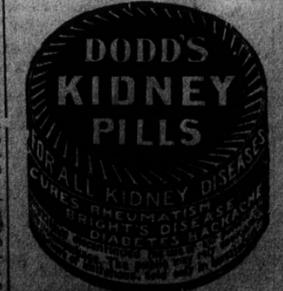
The garden party is being held in the hall of the new school. The ladies of the parish deserve the greatest merit for the energy which they have shown in preparing for the event, and it is most pleasing to be assured of the appreciation which has been shown them.

A large attendance greets them every evening to encourage the good work and enjoy the varied programme prepared. St. Ann's band will have the distinction of being the first to discourse sweet music within the new precincts.

The public must highly appreciate what is being done in St. Michael's parish in the cause of education of the English-speaking Catholics, and we are sure will warmly second the noble efforts of the well-known pastor in placing the new school on a solid and lasting foundation.

To-morrow (Friday) evening will take place the grand euchre, under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Edward O'Neill. St. Denis street cars will take patrons right to the door. Down town societies should go and spend a pleasant evening with the worthy parishioners of St. Michael's and show appreciation of the good work of Father Kiernan.

patrons of the concert may certainly look forward to a most enjoyable time.



Sad Drowning Accident.

Miss Aileen Hingston and Mr. Shirley Davidson Victims.

A distressingly sad drowning accident happened last Sunday at Verennes, a small village about fifteen miles from Montreal, on the St. Lawrence river when Miss Aileen Hingston and Mr. Shirley Davidson met their deaths.

All that is definitely known is that on Sunday morning Mr. Davidson and his cousin, Miss Hingston, left the country residence of Lady Hingston at Cap St. Michel, two miles below there for a sail in a small boat, and never returned. The boat was found three hours later, without the slightest sign of rough usage. No water was shipped, and the equipment of the small craft was all ship shape, and the sail set. But the boat was empty, and that is the sole notification that the two families have to indicate that those who sailed away in the little craft will never return. There was no storm, nothing to indicate the possibility of disaster. The wind was so light, that when the two cousins did not return to lunch it was treated as a joke, the supposition being that they had been boozed, and could not get home in time. Both were experienced in the handling of boats. Mr. Davidson, one of the most noted yachtsmen in Canada, and both could swim. Both are now dead beyond a doubt, and the secret of their end will in all probability be added to the long list that the St. Lawrence already has in its keeping.

THE VICTIMS.

Miss Aileen Hingston was the only daughter of the late Sir William Hingston and Lady Hingston, to whom she was most devoted. She was twenty-four years of age, and was exceedingly popular amongst her friends.

Miss Hingston was a tall, stately young woman, and was her mother's constant companion. Her brothers are the Rev. William Hingston, of Loyola College; Dr. Donald Hingston, Mr. Basil Hingston and Mr. Harold Hingston, the last named being a student at Loyola College, in the third year in arts.

Mr. Davidson was thirty-five years of age, and ten years ago there was, perhaps, no better known sportsman in Canada. He was short of stature, but thick set, and of splendid muscular development, and to whatever branch of sport he turned his hand he was always successful. University men will remember him as one of the finest quarter backs that the McGill Rugby team ever boasted of, and in his final year at college he captained the fifteen in one of its most successful seasons.

Mr. Davidson graduated at McGill as an electrical engineer in 1897. He was for some time connected as a member of his profession with the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. Later he came back to settle down in Montreal as a contracting and consulting engineer, and had built up a successful practice as a member of the firm of Davidson and Von Auberg.

He was the third son of Judge Davidson and a brother of Mr. Peery and Mr. Thornton Davidson.

Christian Brothers to Leave Ottawa Separate Schools.

Ottawa, Aug. 2.—The Christian Brothers have decided to leave this city and their places as teachers in the separate schools will be taken by such supplies as the board can secure. The Brothers are unwilling to accept the conditions under which they would have to qualify according to departmental regulations. They claim that it was understood between the Superior of the Order, Premier Whitney, and Hon. Dr. Fyne, Minister of Education, that the Brothers would have a separate bi-lingual normal school established for them in which they would take a course preparatory to passing the necessary examinations. But this was not provided, and they have decided to leave Ottawa altogether.

The agreement, they claim, was that Guigues school was to be fitted up as a bi-lingual normal for the Brothers and Youville school for the nuns and lay teachers who desired to qualify. Instead, when Dr. Seath, superintendent of education, and Mr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, deputy minister, visited Ottawa, the Youville was chosen only. The arrangement was that, brothers, nuns and lay teachers were to be taught on the same floor, with the Brothers separated from the others by a partition. This arrangement the Superior of the Order refused to accept and in a short time the Christian Brothers will all be taken away from Ottawa.

This will mean a considerable increased expense to the Board, unless some other order will consent to come here and qualify. The Brothers were paid \$250 a year, and lay teachers are not secured at less than \$400. The Brothers taught in Guigues, Garneau, Brodeur and St. Jean Baptiste schools, and to engage full staffs of lay teachers for these means a greater increase in expenditure, and consequent raising of the rates, than the board wishes to contemplate. The Brothers from Guigues and Garneau schools have already been withdrawn, and those from Brodeur and St. Jean Baptiste leave at the end of the year. The English section of the board was last night authorized to engage lay female teachers to replace the Brothers withdrawn.

In the meantime, Dr. D'Arcy Mc-

CANADIAN PACIFIC

TRANS-CANADA LIMITED Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 11.30 p.m. until August 31st. The Fastest Train Across America. ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA.

Train leaves Windsor Station 7.25 p.m. Through Sleeping Cars Tuesday and Friday. PORTLAND AND OLD ORCHARD BEACH Via the White Mountains.

A through Sleeping Car on train from Windsor Station 7.45 p.m. only. Parlor Car on train leaving at 9 a.m. daily, except Sunday. Seaside Excursions MONTREAL TO ST. JOHN, N. B. \$10.00 ST. ANDREWS, N.B. 10.00 HALIFAX, via DIGBY 12.00 PORTLAND, ME 7.50 OLD ORCHARD BEACH 7.75 ST. IRENEE, MURRAY BAY, CAP A L'AIGLE, RIVIERE DU LOUP, 6.00 Good Going August 12th to 15th. Return Limit August 30th.

TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Cheap Seaside Excursions FROM MONTREAL TO Portland, - \$7.50 Old Orchard, 7.75

Good going Aug. 12 to 15 inclusive. Return Limit August 30th.

Portland-Old Orchard Train Service. Leave Montreal 8 a.m., 8.15 p.m. daily. Elegant Montreal and Portland Pullman Parlor Cars on trains and sleeping cars on night trains between Montreal and Old Orchard.

CITY TICKET OFFICES 127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT. CHEAP MID-SUMMER EXCURSIONS

Going August 12, 13, 14 and 15. Returning August 30, 1907. FROM MONTREAL TO

Table listing destinations and prices: RIVIERE DU LOUP \$6.00, STE. IRENEE 6.00, MURRAY BAY 6.00, CAP-A-LAIGLE 6.00, CACOUNA 6.00, BIC 7.50, LITTLE METIS 7.50, RIMOUSKI 7.50, MONCTON 10.00, ST. JOHN, N. B. 10.00, SHEMBAC 11.00, SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I. 12.00, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I. 13.00, PARSBORO, P.E.I. 13.00, HALIFAX 14.00, PICTOU 15.50, MULGRAVE 16.50, NORTH SYDNEY 16.50, SYDNEY 16.50, ST. JOHN'S NID. 30.50

Tickets good by all trains of the Intercolonial Railway, which arrive and depart from the Bonaventure Union Depot.

CITY TICKET OFFICE. St. Lawrence Hall—141 St. James street, or Bonaventure Depot. Tel. Main 615. J. J. McCONNIFF, City Pass & Tkt. Agent. H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent. P.S.—White for free copy, Tours to Summer Resorts, via Ocean Limited.

Gez, chairman of the board, has gone to Toronto to try and have the Government arrange for two bi-lingual normals here. If this is done the Sacred Heart Brothers, with headquarters at Arthabaska, will come to Ottawa to qualify and replace in Ottawa the Christian Brothers.

OBITUARY.

MR. CHARLES H. J. MAGUIRE. The death of Mr. C. H. J. Maguire occurred almost suddenly on Wednesday afternoon, July 31, at his summer residence, "The Glade," Boisbriand. Mr. Maguire had only been ill about five days with inflammatory rheumatism.

The deceased was a member of the insurance firm of Esinhart & Maguire, which two years ago succeeded the late Mr. Walter Kavanaugh as chief agents for the Scottish Union and National and the German-American Insurance Companies. He was a son of the late Judge Maguire, of the Quebec Superior Court, and was born at the Ancient Capital, where he was educated. Mr. Maguire came to Montreal about ten years ago, and entered the insurance business, in which he achieved considerable success.

He is survived by a widow, a daughter of the late Mr. Henry Kavanaugh, of H.M. Customs, two sons, Messrs. C. M. and E. J. Maguire, both of whom are in Colorado, and one daughter, Mrs. Sister Mary of the Annunciation, of the Congregation of Notre Dame. A great comfort to deceased's relatives is that he died fortified by the last rites of the Church. He was a member of the League of the Sacred Heart.

The funeral took place on Monday the 5th instant, from the residence of his sister, Mrs. H. E. Hunter, 686 Gendron street, at 4.30, and notwithstanding the early hour, was very well attended. The chief mourners were E. J. Ma-

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1907. This Store Closes at 5.30 p.m. During July and August, 1 p.m. Saturday

Big successes, were once untried things. One of these successes has proven this statement. We refer to the Management Sale, which is proceeding now.

Clearing High Grade Men's Summer Clothing.

Glance at these striking offers then step into the store in the morning and learn how much it is worth your while to buy a suit or anything else that you need.

- Men's 2 piece Homespun Suits, special price \$6.35
Men's Cream Flannel Pants, striped or plain, special price..... 1.98
Men's White Duck Pants, \$1.00, \$1.20
Men's Fancy Vests99
Men's Straw Hats..... 40, 50, 68, 85, \$1.25
Men's White Yachting Caps, Plain Peaks or black glazed peak45c
Men's White Duck Outing Hats..... 25, 38c up
Men's Knocokabout Caps, Patent Ventilator, light, cool and comfortable, 10c worth \$1.00.

It will pay you to also visit our MEN'S FURNISHING STORE, The new management has made radical changes in the prices of many lines of goods which include:

- Men's Black Cashmere Half Hose.....20c or 3 for 50c
Men's Balbriggan underwear, special for suit80
Men's Silk Bows, worth 20c to 30c for10
Men's Superior Elastic Web Braces, worth 35c for24c
Boys' Silk Bows, worth 15c to 25c, for 05c.

Shirt Waist Suits.

New management prices are certainly a revelation of the fact that one is able to buy more favorably now than ever. Here are— 75 of these suits. A clearing balance of oddlines in plain white duck, blue dimity with white dots, black and white check, a few lustrines in green and white, all must be sold at\$1.35

And then there is a clearing balance of— 100 White Duck Skirts, at \$1.90 wifod odd lines in plain white duck, blue line at \$2.45.

A few white embroidery Muslin Hats in sailor shape, with large Tan crown - Regular \$1.95, for95c
And a few American Sailors in fancy straw with black bands.....55c

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

1185 to 1183 Notre Dame St. 184 to 184 St. James St., Montreal

guire, Hastings, Col., son, Rev. A. E. Maguire, pastor of Silvery; G. F. Maguire, New Carlisle, brothers; H. J. Kavanaugh, K.C., W. W. Caven, brothers-in-law; B. V. Hunter, F. Maguire, nephews; J. H. Semple and G. H. Semple, cousins.

The remains were received at St. Patrick's Church by Rev. Father Doyle, S.J., and the solemn requiem service was sung by Rev. M. Callaghan, assisted by Rev. Fathers Doyle, S.J., and Killoran.

The cortege then proceeded to Place Viger Station, whence the remains were taken to Quebec for interment.

AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS. Augustus St. Gaudens, LL.D., L. H.D., the sculptor, died at his home in Cornish, N.H., on August 3, after a long illness.

Augustus St. Gaudens was at his death America's greatest sculptor. Born in Dublin, Ireland, March 1, 1848, of a French father and an Irish mother, he was brought to New York when six months old. At 18 years he began a life of labor as a cameo cutter's apprentice. He was given such schooling as his father, a small shoe dealer in fourth avenue, near Twenty-third street, New York, could afford, but he supplemented his work in the cameo shop by night courses in the art school at the Cooper Union. Earnest labor and economy on his part and help by his mother, landed him in Paris in 1867, the exposition year, and there it became apparent to the young man that his life work must be that of a sculptor. He began modeling at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and after three years of constant application, went to Rome, where his first statue, that of Hiawatha, was created, and the foundation of his fame was laid.

Through a letter from President Roosevelt, made public this week, it was learned that St. Gaudens had designed the new United States gold coins.

"You will be pleased to know that we are now completing a new coinage of the eagle and the double eagle designed by St. Gaudens, than whom certainly there was no greater artistic genius living in the United States or elsewhere."

The Demon Dyspepsia.—In olden times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

Year Trade Mark D. Susseptant guaranteed, 50c.



The Senate Jan 1 1907 Vol. LVII, No. 2

A Monument

Father A. Jones, S. for the Order in Canada, stationed at St. Mary's Co. treat, is at Wauaubeshen laid out the site and plans for a shrine to the memory of the martyr, done to death by the Iron year 1649, says the Cator of Toronto.

Father Jones is a Canadian member of the same heroi gave a Brebeuf, a Lalemme Joggles to the world and France. He is also well the history of the Order a with the story of the g whose memory it is now help to perpetuate. Surv is amongst the gifts of a dian Jesuit, and on all t to none better could the lotted of identifying the nature of the to be raised to show to p spot upon which those g diers of Christ's army led their lives while fighting side with those to whom brought the faith.

Who that has heard th at the recital? Of gentle plenteous scholarship, of physique and commanding of quenchless faith and simplicity, Brebeuf left the where under sunny skies flilies, and crossing the then ocean, he betook himself to gain forests of the New Wor for, the remainder of his companions were the savag and his only health the can der the open sky, or the ear of the wigwam upon wh the smoking blaze round w thared the heterogeneous

To Our Re

On account of by The True Wit place last Saturda loss from water an This incident and the abbreviated We crave the t advertisers, under t sure will be grante pensate our friends which will appear tion of new features We will be in week's paper appear

This Phenomenal Record of

for 1906 is a guarantee of the worthiness of this Canadian Company. Note it—

New Insurance, \$5,503,547 Year's Income, \$2,072,423.13 Paid to Policy-Holders, \$679,662.20 Expenses, \$10,224.36 less than in 1905—only 16.34% of the income—the lowest of any Canadian Company.

Write The Head Office, Waterloo, Ont., for report.

The Pope and "Buster Brown"

We heard this week a pretty dose of His Holiness and t boy.

The Holy Father, as is well k has a special love for the littl especially little boys, and they a child's unerring instinct, kno once that they are dear to Marohoe Francesco Patrial, wife is an American lady, has little son of five years old, many scrapes have earned him nickname of "Buster Brown."

other day several children with parents had a private audience His Holiness. Little Bernard down and kissed the foot of Sovereign Pontiff, as he had told he should do, and then w sudden impulse he jumped on Holy Father's knee, threw his

WHEN Y

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A PURE HARD

INSIST ON