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Specials

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For \$7.35.
For \$8.75.
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For \$13.25.
For \$14.50.

Linoleum

4 yards wide, tile and
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Carpet Squares

embossed collars, seats,
e, 5 small diners, and
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Oil

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Oil

Biatica

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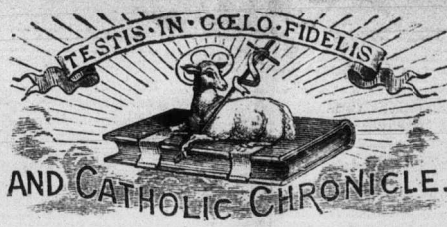
price, 25c. and 50c.

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The True Witness



MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

NOTE and Comment

A fund of fifty thousand pennies is being raised by the Catholic children in England for the erection of a monument to the late Cardinal Manning in Westminster Cathedral.

Sixty thousand men and women marched in procession at the Katholikentag which began the fifty-fifth German Catholic Congress held at Dusseldorf this week. If the ghost of Luther beheld this mighty spectacle it must have realized that its effort to be "the death of the Pope" was spent in vain. The greatest Catholicity in the world is being shaped in the Vaterland.

James Keir Hardie has come across the sea to amalgamate the socialists and trades unionists of Canada and the United States. It must be admitted that he has undertaken a herculean task. Probably before he has been a month in the country he will realize that the two have about as much in common as fire and water.

The nephew and successor of Menelik of Abyssinia is to make a tour of the principal countries of Europe, where he will visit the several rulers and study the various methods of government. His itinerary includes Rome, where the Prince will be received in private audience by the Holy Father, to whom he is bringing gifts, presented by Menelik to the Supreme Pontiff.

It is painful to learn, says the New World, that the tercentenary of Quebec has stirred the loyal Orange preachers into diatribes against Catholicity. Still they may take hope in the rush of their holy anger. Before another three hundred years elapses there won't be any Orange preachers in Canada to get angry.

Rev. T. Tobill will be consecrated Bishop of Down and Connor early in September. He is a very scholarly man and was at one time professor of ancient classics in St. Malachy's College, Belfast.

Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith, president of the Catholic Summer School, has been appointed to a parish at Dobbs Ferry, on the Hudson. The charge is superbly envied in a region of great natural loveliness, which should harmonize with Dr. Smith's artistic tastes and temperament.

Cardinal Carlo Nocella died last week in Italy. He was an Italian, born in Rome in 1826, and was created a Cardinal in 1903 by Pope Leo XIII. In 1899 he had been made Latin Patriarch of Constantinople.

Fifteen members of the Society of Jesus were ordained on July 28, at the Sacred Heart College, Woodstock, Md., by His Excellency the Most Rev. Diomedo Patonico, the Apostolic Delegate at Washington.

Last Tuesday the Special Congregation of Sacred Rites was held in the Vatican, in which the Cardinals and the Official Prelates discussed and gave their opinions on the cause of martyrdom, signs and prodigies of the venerable servant of God Francis Capillas, Missionary Priest of the Order of Preachers who it is said was put to death for the faith in China.

Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Don't forget that we are receiving contributions for the Father Holland Birthday Fund. September 19th is the day on which presentation will be made. No matter how small the sum, it will be most gratefully received and acknowledged in issue following its receipt. Help along a most worthy work—The St. Joseph's Home for Boys.

Mr. Sigourney W. Fay, until recently canon of the Fond du Lac Protestant Episcopal Cathedral, who was received into the Church two months ago, will enter the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook, in September, making the total of former Episcopal ministers in the student body eleven.

The Grey Nuns of the Cross in Ottawa, have decided to establish a convent at Ville Marie, on the Temiskaming, and the new institution will be opened in September. It will be known as Notre Dame de Lourdes. The building, situated at the foot of a hill, with its grotto a fac simile of Lourdes, overlooks the village of Ste. Marie and beautiful Lake Temiskaming.

It is announced that the skeletons of Jean Baptiste de la Verandrye and Father Aulneau, a Jesuit missionary, and the skulls of nineteen French-Canadian voyagers, all of whom were killed by Sioux Indians on an island in the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods, in June, 1738, were discovered last week by a party of priests of St. Boniface College, Winnipeg, accompanied by Judge Prud'homme. The St. Boniface party also found the site of Fort St. Charles, built in 1732 by the great explorer Sieur de la Verandrye, on the northwest angle of the Lake of the Woods.

The announcement that the French Minister of War has caused the history of Joan of Arc to be placed in the library of every French regiment may astonish most people who are aware of the anti-religious sentiments of the government. Their surprise will, however, give way to indignation when they know that the book which is thus placed in the hands of every soldier is no other than the abominable work of Anatole France, who in his so-called history has snatched from Joan of Arc's head the halo of saintly glory. The work was justly qualified not long ago by the Croix as an "un-Christian and anti-French work."

The Irish National pilgrimage to Rome, which is to leave Dublin on October 16, promises to assume large proportions. It is being organized by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland with the approval of the Irish hierarchy, and has received the Apostolic blessing.

Rev. John McDonald, S.J., of Winnipeg, recently received into the Church four converts. Three of them natives of England, were baptized conditionally; their names are Joseph Gould, Fredrick Hubert Viggers and John Henry Newman Wishart. All three were Anglicans. The fourth was a Danish lady, Miss Annie Somerson, Lutheran, who was baptized absolutely, never having been baptized before.

Since the State in France has taken over the work of primary instruction, "going to school" has become much of a farce. The children have no respect for their teachers and learn nothing. Piquart, the Dreyfussard minister of war, has just published some statistics from which we learn that of the 314,000 conscripts for 1907 more than 20,000 cannot write their name. This is a sad showing in the face of recent German statistics which go to show that illiteracy has practically ceased to exist in that country. Ignorance will soon be inscribed as one of the "rights of man." If the savage is the only real freeman, what need of the pedagogue? If pleasure is the only object in life, what need of old dry text-books?

Wishes the Mass Restored

Protestant Episcopal Organ Laments the Absence of the Holy Sacrifice as a Feature of Pan-Anglican Congress.

The following from "The Lamp," the High Church organ of corporate reunion is interesting as showing not only how tenaciously the ritualistic wing of the Protestant Episcopal Church holds to the hallowization that they possess valid orders, and can lawfully consecrate the Host and celebrate Mass, but also how they feel the absence of said belief from the vast majority of their denomination. Speaking of "The Pan-Anglican Congress and the Mass," The Lamp says:

"The late Pan-Anglican Congress, followed in July by the Lambeth Conference, has given not only London and the British Empire, but the whole world an impressive demonstration of the dignity and cosmopolitan importance of the Anglican communion. Nothing but public prejudice or dense ignorance would regard the Anglican Church of the twentieth century as a moribund organization. Once confined within the narrow geographical limits of a country so small that it could be tucked away in the corner of the State of Texas, it has followed the British flag to the ends of the earth, and has established itself more or less indelibly wherever Anglo-Saxon civilization has gained a permanent foothold. However far it lagged behind the expansion of English rule and English speech in actual numerical strength, it has been able to hold in allegiance to itself a sufficient percentage of those speaking the English tongue and to make converts among heathen peoples to such a degree as to occupy to-day the third place in the catalogue of the religious bodies who constitute in the aggregate what is commonly designated as Christendom. Never since the coming of St. Augustine to England has the Anglican Church numbered in Bishops, clergy or laity so large a body as at the present hour, and never in the geographical sense has she been so nearly ecumenical as now. There is at this time stirring within the Anglican body, whether it be inspired of God or whether it springs from human conceit, a sense of mission and service to Christendom in general and humanity at large, which might be described as the Pan-Anglican burden.

We have read with considerable care and the deepest interest the extensive reports of the recent congress which have come into our hands, and this conception of a world-wide responsibility is in evidence throughout; but as one follows the doings and the sayings of the congress, it is most obvious that the members were more eager to apply the teachings of Christ to the regeneration of society than they were to prosecute themselves in adoration before His adorable body, present upon the altar in the Eucharistic Sacrifice. This, we think, cannot be denied.

SOCIAL QUESTIONS THE MOST POPULAR.

"Albert Hall, the largest of the assembly places, was given over to the discussion under the general heading of 'The Church and the Human Society' of such sociological questions as the family life, housing, the sweating system, capital and labor, monopolies, and these were the themes which drew together the largest audiences and aroused the greatest enthusiasm.

"We are not desiring to minimize the importance of these subjects or to deny the Church's responsibility towards them, far from it, but unless they are kept in their due and proper relation to the supreme act of Christian worship we expose ourselves to the Divine reproach: 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful,' and since the Reformation it has seemed very difficult for Anglicans to appreciate that it is the Mass which matters most.

TWO NOTABLE SERVICES.
"The Pan-Anglican Congress began and ended with a notable religious function, the first a service of intercession in Westminster Abbey, the second a service of thanksgiving in St. Paul's Cathedral. The former consisted of the chanting in procession to an Anglican setting of the 'Miserere,' the intoning of part of the Litany, an anthem, a hymn, the bidding prayer and the pronouncing of the benediction by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The latter was of similar nature, with the exception that a 'Te Deum' was sung instead of a penitential psalm and the Archbishop delivered an address. The crowning feature of the service was the presentation on the high altar of the Cathedral by the two hundred and five Bishops present of the united offerings of the Anglican faithful, which amounted to 838,000 pounds sterling. But there was the devotion of this vast assemblage to the Real Presence of Jesus Christ, body, soul and divinity, in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass? Where did they give public expression to this desire before the eyes of the world in unmistakable fashion? There were indeed numerous celebra-

Superior of Convent Murdered by Burglars.

European exchanges give details of a terrible crime committed Friday night, July 31, at a convent school at Antony, France. At midnight the mother superior, Mother Stanislaus, whose surname is Larrieu, was informed by Sister Francine that she had heard a noise on the first floor. The mother superior answered it was probably cats in the pantry. Hardly had she pronounced these words when a masked individual rushed into the room where they were and severely wounded Sister Francine with an enormous jimmy, and she fell to the ground unconscious. The ruffian then attacked Mother Stanislaus and proceeded literally to beat her to death. Meanwhile, the cries of the victim had attracted a Sister who was on duty for the night. The latter, Sister Adelaide, ran in from the next room, but the second individual struck her with his fist and gagged her with a handkerchief. Ultimately the terrified cries of the pupils in the dormitory put the burglars to flight.

THE RESULT OF THE BREACH WITH ROME.

The first notable act of her reformers after the Church of England ceased to be Roman Catholic was to dethrone the Mass from its position as the supreme sacrifice of the Christian altar, the all-prevailing act of divine worship; and Cranmer's substitute for it was principally an expurgated Litany, the psalmody of David and the Te Deum. Never perhaps since the Reformation were these sung more charmingly and 'tear compellingly' than at the opening and close of the Pan-Anglican Congress, but a 'Miserere,' however wistfully sung, or St. Ambrose's great hymn, or the grandest alleluia chorus ever composed is but a mess of pottage when offered in exchange for our Catholic birthright, the Eucharistic Sacrifice. It was no doubt a majestic sight to see two hundred Anglican prelates, preceded by incense-bearers, bringing their gold, like the magi from afar, and so solemnly depositing it upon the high altar of St. Paul's until the accumulating flood swelled into a grand total of nearly seventeen hundred thousand dollars. But the truth remains that one consecrated Host uplifted in the hands of the poorest and humblest priest in the Catholic Church is in God's sight an infinitely more sublime spectacle.

"We feel constrained thus to put on record our disappointment that as far as the members of the congress addressed themselves to the all-important matter of divine worship they should have chosen to approach the throne of the Most High after the manner of Protestant Episcopalians rather than as inheritors of the ancient Catholic traditions of the Church of England.

"The Catholic remnant in the Anglican Church for seventy-five years has labored hard for the restoration of the Mass to its rightful place in public worship, and with wonderful success. But can we reasonably entertain the hope that with one voice the Anglican episcopate will again proclaim the true doctrine of the Mass, or with unity of faith celebrate the Eucharistic mysteries in a truly Catholic manner until we recover that union with Rome, the loss of which was the initial step to the throwing down of our altars and the casting as into a corner of the Sacrifice of the Mass?"

Labor Day Services.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, before his departure for Rome, wrote a short letter to the pastors of all the city parishes, exhorting them to give their best efforts to the religious celebration of Labor Day.

This year something new in the way of a religious celebration will be held. Previously a service has taken place in St. Patrick's Church for the English-speaking Catholics, and the French Catholics gathered in Notre Dame Church. But this year a special service will be held for the working women of Montreal. It will be held the week after the first service, on Sunday afternoon at 3.30, in Notre Dame Church, and will consist of a sermon, consecration to the Sacred Heart and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. English-speaking women are invited to St. Patrick's with the men.

The matter was suggested by the federated labor societies of Montreal, and when it was brought to the notice of Archbishop Bruchesi he approved. It is expected it will be a notable occasion. Working girls, shop girls, housemaids, and, in fact, women and girls who earn their living by manual labor, are invited to take part.

History of the Church.

(Continued.) There are again other beings, such as the swan, the goose, and the duck that we hardly ever see out of the watery element in which the voice of God gave them existence. In peacetime, although surrounded by the stormy waves, they battle with the winds, play with the waves without any danger of being wrecked. Being, as they are, born navigators, their bodies are rounded like the hull of a ship; the neck raised on a high breast is like the prow, their tail short and gathered together like a brush, seems like a rudder; their webbed feet are real paddles; the fine thick down varnished with oil, which covers their whole body, is a sort of natural tar which defends them against the attacks of the water. In this element, so much agitated, their life is peaceable; there they play and dive and appear again with pretty movements; they come across their nourishment often than they search for it. In this way their mode of living, generally speaking, is innocent, and their habits are peaceable. They wait for man to give him their down and feathers and even run to him at the sound of his voice.

A little further along the river brink, others appear, tall creatures with long necks. Their feet are not provided with webs because they do not swim, but walk through the marshes and shallow waters. Their beaks are long and pointed so as to enable them to search the muddy bottom for the nourishment that they need, such as fish, reptiles, insects. Of this species is the stork, called by the ancients the pious bird on account of its filial piety towards its parents. If these are old it nourishes and warms them with the same devotion as if they were its own young; it raises the aged parents in their weakness and teaches them to fly again to give them a taste of old-time pleasure.

On the other hand the domestic hen gives us her eggs in reward for our hospitality. The swallow, at the same time wild and tame, builds his home without fear in the eaves above our heads. In the garden the robin, the Finch, rejoice us with their plumage and their song. If we go out into the country the linnet, the thrush salute us from the thicket; the lark flies up merrily over our heads as if to invite us to share his heavenly joys. In the grove the lonely nightingale makes a melody which with his voice, more particularly when he finds that we listen to him; he composes and executes in all tones, comes from a simple chant to the most difficult feats of chirping and warbling; from trambblings and rills to tender sighs, sometimes lamentations; then he comes back to his former tone of gaiety. In our admiration we might suppose this natural songster to be a most imposing, majestic bird; he is bright plumage and a healthy look, but the contrary is the case. He is of a very frail appearance, the same color, nearly as the sparrow, and looks really timid. Even a bird, God has given his best gifts to those of the humblest appearance.

To the eagle, king of the air, was given size, strength, courage, piercing sight, swiftness. He places his nest on inaccessible rocks, stares at the sun without being hurt, rises above the clouds and from that height falls on his prey, which he sees on the plains. As soon as his young are able to fly he chases them out of the nest and its vicinity and forces them to go and conquer an empire away from home. On account of the boldness of his flight and the sharpness of his vision, he is the emblem of St. John, the genius who rose to the bosom of God in order to contemplate the Eternal Word, the light and the life; by the domination which he exercises in all his neighborhood, and the facility with which he lifts in his enormous claws the heaviest birds and even some quadrupeds, he is the emblem of the king people to whom it was given to conquer others. And the voice of the peoples and the voice of the prophets have equally recognized in the eagle these noble prerogatives.

Placing the Blame.

The Catholic who cannot go to Mass in winter because 'it's so terribly cold,' is now absenting himself from church on Sunday because 'it's altogether too hot.' The Lord that sends winter's cold and summer heat takes note of these pretenses and declines to accept them as real excuses. Why is it that people who in all sorts of weather will be at their employment or their recreation, will on Sunday under similar conditions refuse to give to God the honors one hour demanded by religion? It won't do to put all the blame on the rise and fall of the mercury.—Catholic Transcript.

New Irish Railway.

The Sligo and Arigna Railway bill, of which John O'Dowd, M.P., has been the pioneer, came before an unopposed committee in the House of Lords on Tuesday and the preamble was passed, the bill being sent for third reading. It is expected that operations will be commenced before the end of the year, which will give employment to a large number of people. The Board of Agriculture and the government have been anxious to develop the mineral area of Arigna for some time, but it was impossible to do without railway facilities, which will now be afforded under the present scheme. The Board of Agriculture has exhibited samples of coal and iron from this district all over the world.

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At a recent meeting in Dublin of the Gaelic Athletic Association, it was decided to send a team of at least fifteen athletes to Rome in September, to compete in the sports to be held in connection with the Holy Father's Jubilee.

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Beauty Patterns



SMART OUTING SUIT.

6191. Ladies' Outing Blouse. Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size will require 3 1/8 yards of 44 inch material.

5678. Ladies' Seven Gored Rippled Skirt. Cut in sizes 20 to 30 inches waist measure. The 24 inch size will require 5 3/4 yards of 44 inch material.

PATTERN COUPON. Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below. No. Size Name Address in full

STRAIGHT BACKS AND OTHERS

Alas and alas! devotion is not always at command, eyes will not always dress right, thoughts will not always keep from straying and the figures of those ahead in church sometimes obtrude themselves and make a mental picture which hangs on the wall of memory's castle, scorn it as we may.

Nine out of ten, and more than that proportion, had on shirtwaists, sensible and praiseworthy that, but a good many of these women were so misguided that they had chosen waists perfectly suited to a reception, to an evening at home, to a dancing party, but which were too low of neck and short of sleeves for church.

majority of arms are mosquito-bitten and scarred, are shaggy or black or spotted, that the elbows are rough and sharp. If long gloves cover them, all right, but if the gloves are absent, then sleeves would better be decently long.

Shirtwaists show off a woman's figure as surely as does any other body. A woman may fail to notice when her back gets round, maybe she does not notice the disfigurement in others. But a round back spoils a woman's appearance.

The trouble was and is, we will say it is a present trouble, that worshippers do not assume a reverential attitude in the presence of the Most High. They may be reverent in heart, but from their lounging and sprawling no one would guess it.

It is beyond question that cleansing with pumice is excellent, but once in six weeks is often enough, and then the utmost care must be exercised in the application. The powder should be the finest that can be bought.

HOW TO USE PUMICE POWDER. It is beyond question that cleansing with pumice is excellent, but once in six weeks is often enough, and then the utmost care must be exercised in the application.

AT THE END OF THE DAY.

How is it with you at the end of the day? Is pride in your heart and is peace in your breast? Can you sit in the darkness and honestly say That in all of your acts you have tried for the best?

Can you gaze at the stars when the silence is deep And say, as if God were consenting to hear, That no one to-night will be robbed of sweet sleep which was dear?

WARM BATH RESTFUL.

There are many women who work in the city who are too hot and tired to rest well at night. Don't forget a warm bath at night before going to bed when you are so tired and hot. Physicians say if one has half an hour to rest in before going out in the evening or in the afternoon, a warm bath will rest one a great deal more and quiet the nerves

more than a nap. A toilet water for use in the bath is made of one ounce of tincture of benzoin and one-half ounce of tincture of camphor. Drop just enough in the water to make it milky.

SILLY MOTHERS.

Undoubtedly one of the evils of the age is the mothers who warn their daughters against marriage, and hysterically point out to them the burden they must bear as wives and mothers. To hear some of them talk one would imagine that matrimony was a new and diabolical institution devised for the ruin of female happiness, and to be avoided by all girls unless they were certain of the consolations and luxuries of a large income.

TO IRON WHITE UNDERSKIRTS.

To iron a white underskirt begin at the strings and waistband, then take the bottom of the skirt. Iron all round on the right side with a very hot iron, then iron the first frill. This frill will probably have sewed

did? What of it? He was the one he overturn the table. Suppose he perfect object in the whole world. Won't he be a nuisance, even greater than he is now, when he is a large boy? Won't he be a bully when he is a man? Do not imagine that because your children are perfect in your eyes that others are blind to their faults.

A PASSION PRAYER.

Out of the depths, my God, I cry to Thee From an abyss of helpless misery! From depths no heart may fathom save Thine own; No eye may scan save Thine, my God, alone, Thou knowest—Thou hast seen how I have turned From Thy sweet Cross! how madly I have yearned To quench the thirst, which naught of earth can slake.

—S. M. Wilfrid, O. S. D.

Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement with coupon for a sample packet.

work or face; in either case it must be nicely ironed on the wrong side.

Put skirt board into the skirt and place each end on the board on a table, thus allowing the skirt to hang over the board. It can thus be easily ironed and nicely finished. Afterwards fold it lengthways and hang up to air. When folded, let the band be turned down twice and the bottom of the skirt be outside.

THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE.

The old-fashioned way of bringing up children, while it is despised by modern mothers, has much to its credit. In those days of decent living, children obeyed. There was no palaver about it, but when a parent said that a child must do a thing, that thing was done on the minute.

Probably those old-timers did not know all the latest scientific methods of feeding their children, but they managed to rear a healthy happy race. The old-fashioned doctor looked over the one who seemed to be a little under the weather and prescribed diet, freedom from school, plenty of sleep, and a moderate amount of play.

About the way in which some mothers endure their children's annoying behavior in other women's houses there is nothing but condemnation. Their children are perfect and must not be crossed. A story of one may be interesting. At an informal tea a young woman, contrary to all rules, brought her beautiful small boy and sat absolutely blind and deaf while the child cavorted around and around the tea table.

KILLARNEY.

I'm thinking to-night of my little thatched home Near the groves and heathers of Blarney, And the fair Colleen Bawn, with a smile like the dawn, By the beautiful lakes of Killarney.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

Never beat or stir cereals or rice with a spoon. It makes them pesty. Use a plated or a silver fork. Cake icing will not crack when cut if a little thick cream is added to it.

A COURTROOM ANECDOTE.

Here is a courtroom story which a southern correspondent sends us about a southern judge: The Judge—Is yo' name Immanuel Baxter?

WANTED HER FISH.

He had an air of benevolence and prosperity, and was very nicely dressed, and moreover he had taken a first-class ticket. But he was an old gentleman, and he had taken longer to reach the station than he expected. The train was on the

most punctilious housekeeper can oblige her servant to dress during leisure hours as befits her station, and it is a matter with which the mistress should not concern herself, but in the house the situation is different, and it should be understood what is expected of her in the matter of clothes during working hours.

For morning light colored print gowns should be chosen. Pinks, blues of a rather light shade and greens show the soil even less than dark colors, and if the material is flowered, figured or striped it is more serviceable as well as prettier than a plain ground.

While doing kitchen work, washing or sweeping colored gingham aprons that hang from the bust are a protection. Such dressing as this is not expensive and is entirely proper until after the luncheon dishes have been washed and put away. After that the work should be so arranged that a maid can go to her room and put on a black dress, for a frock of this description is imperative for afternoons. This costume may be made in the style of the morning dresses, but saten will be found the most satisfactory material.

A SALAD HELP.

In making salads do not chop your meats and celery in a chopping bowl. Cut into the desired sized pieces with scissors. This is quicker, neater and cleaner than the old way.

HOW TO EAT PINEAPPLES.

Pineapples should never be sliced. That treatment releases the juice from the pulp and leaves the meat dry and woody and tasteless. Down in Cuba and in the lower part of Florida, where they know how to eat the fruit, they never peel a pineapple. They take a ripe fruit—for pineapples should never be eaten unless they are ripe—and cut off the top and bottom; then they split the fruit lengthwise, then quarter it and split the quarters. This gives eight slices, which are then eaten from the hand as one would eat a piece of watermelon.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSE.

Castor oil rubbed on to warts has been known to cure those that obstinately refused to yield to other remedies. Milk will immediately and effectually extinguish the flames from gasoline or any form of petroleum, since it forms an emulsion with the oil.

WAS A LITTLE AFRAID.

Little Willie, who had been to hear a sermon by a noted divine, was much struck by the oft repeated assertion by that gentleman of "Ask and it shall be given thee." Several times after his parents heard him saying, "Lord, please give me a new football."

A LUXURY THAT EVERYONE MAY ENJOY.

When he called him in the morning the father lingered to observe the effect the ball would have on him. The child looked at the ball long and earnestly, then he popped out of bed, fell on his knees and said, fervently: "Thank you, dear Lord! I was a little 'fraid you didn't know what a football was!"

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move, so he jumped into the nearest carriage, a third. Down he sat beside a little girl, and presently he observed that she was glancing uncomfortably at him and looking uneasy, and at him on him that he was sitting on her newspaper.

"Here," he said, pulling the paper from under him and handing it to her. "I'm sorry." The little girl did not look quite satisfied, but she said nothing till, half an hour later, the train drew up at her station.

"Please, sir," she then inquired meekly, "may I have my fried fish? It came out of the paper and you are sitting on it." SOMETIMES WORSE. A young lady was recently visiting an editorial office, and being shown around by the editor. Approaching a case of drawers upon one of which was the label "MISS," she said, "Now, how would you pronounce that?"

A CONTRADICTION.

"That young doctor is a queer contradiction." "In what way?" "He has an exceedingly good temper, and yet he is lacking in patients." EXPLICIT. One of Manchester's sextons in making his report of burials is explicit to a commendable degree. For instance, such entries as this occur: "Died, John Green, male, aged three days; unmarried.—London Times." CONSISTENT. "The people who say that women are inconsistent and inconsistent," declares the philosopher of folly, "are dead wrong. A few years ago a girl told me she was just twenty-two, and she sticks to the same figures to-day."—Cleveland Leader.

IN HIS LANE.

The Leroy Reporter tells this story about John E. Watrous of Burlington, one of the deputy collectors of internal revenue: "Traveling along a country road, Mr. Watrous was attracted by frightful screams coming from a little house not far from the road. He ran to the house and found that a little boy had swallowed a quarter and his mother was frantic. Mr. Watrous caught the little fellow by the heels, and, holding him up, gave him a few shakes, whereupon the coin dropped to the floor.

YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN YOUR NAME.

"You have forgotten your name," I began to say. "The Signora's joy of seeing her a grateful. The name Lucia Speranza." I gasped—then "Why Lucia?" "Because he was of Santa Lucia; his father's name; he wished Stefano who made possible remember, Signora, his boat when he was water, that sky, the excited gesture in women, grazing stretch of sea. "Ting, praying for the on land." "But there is dar on the land, Annunziata, she is known," she said. "Only—the sea is always." "I left her, prom make me very soon

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Alessandro.

(By Hope Lesart.)

he jumped into the nearest third. He sat beside a little girl, but she observed that she was sitting on him and he was sitting on her. He said, pulling the paper from him and handing it to her. The girl did not look quite so happy as she had been, but she said nothing till, a few minutes later, the train drew up at the station. "Sir," she then inquired, "may I have my fried fish?" out of the paper and you see it on it."

SOMETIMES WORSE.

My lady was recently visiting an office, and being shown to the editor. Approaching the drawers upon one of which was labeled "MSS.," she said, "how would you pronounce this?"

"The editor," she said, "sometimes sends me missives and some of them are very interesting."—Lippincott's Magazine.

CONTRADICTION.

A young doctor is a queer fellow. He is lacking in perspective.

EXPLICIT.

My fiancée's sextons in a report of burials is extremely complimentary. For John Green, male, aged 35, unmarried.—London Tit-bit.

CONSISTENT.

People who say that women are inconsistent, are philosophers of folly. "A few years ago a man who was just twenty-five years of age, and who was a stickler for the same old-fashioned morality."—Cleveland Leader.

IN HIS LINE.

Reporter tells this story of E. Watrous of Burlington, the deputy collector of revenue. Travelling along a road, Mr. Watrous was attracted by the screams of a woman who was running away from a man who was following her. He ran to the house and saw a little boy had swallowed a coin and his mother was crying. Watrous caught the boy by the heels, and held the coin dropped to the ground. "The boy is well?" I asked, after her own many inquiries. "Yes, Donna Lisa; he is well and so beautiful!" "You have forgotten to tell me his name," I began. "The Signora must pardon me. The joy of seeing her again made me forgetful. The name is Marco Stefano Lucia Speranza."

I gasped—then inquired faintly: "Why Lucia?"

"Because he was born on the festa of Santa Lucia; Marco because it is his father's name; and Stefano—Marco wished Stefano because it was he who made possible our marriage. You remember, Signora, he took him in his boat when no one else would. The dark eyes overflowed for a second at the thought of those unhappy days. "And Speranza is because we—Marco and I—desired him to have your name."

I murmured my thanks. "But what do you really call him?" I queried. "We call him Speranza. There is no other of that name in la Citta."

"Tell me of Marco—he is still a shoemaker?" I asked.

"Yes, Signora." Then rapidly, in her native tongue: "Look at that water, that sky, there—making an excited gesture in the direction of women, gazing across the gray stretch of sea. "They are all suffering, praying for their men—mine is on land."

"But there is danger and suffering on the land, Annunziata." "I know," she assented gravely. "Only—the sea is cruel, he is hungry always."

I left her, promising to see my namesake very soon. Such a cheer-

less day! I half made up my mind to leave it, to go inside and devote myself to letter-writing. Then I remembered my wide window looking over the gray sea. I was in no mood for such companionship, so I kept on, past the shabby houses with their high steps, not minding where I went, only keeping my eyes fixed on the white-capped mountains. The storm clouds had scattered before I turned my back to the hills, and when I reached home Giuseppe was standing in the doorway, his bronze-brown eyes twinkling merrily from under his wild thatch of hair.

"The Signora has a visitor," he announced with much ceremony. "And it is—" I inquired carelessly.

"Alessandro, Signora. He said he would wait for the Signora's return."

I found him Alessandro standing before my window, looking strangely out of place in my low-walled room. He saluted me courteously—these peasants' manners put mine to shame, and after two years' absence the contrast was all the greater.

"The Signora can see far," he remarked after he was seated. "Almost as far as C—." He named the land that lay below the horizon.

I laughed. "Yes, is it not wonderful? You like it, Alessandro?"

"Yes, Signora; and yet—" he paused and looked at me as if in doubt. "What is it?" I asked.

"It is as the Signora says—wonderful out there—it is so near; while in here—" He glanced around. "I feel caged—trapped. To have it so near and yet not to be on it. I could not bear it, Signora. It is calling me. It does not call the Signora?"

"Sometimes," I answered. "I am not a sailor like you, Alessandro. I am neither brave nor skilled on the sea. I am afraid of it, yet I love it and this is the only way I can have it." I pointed to my wide window. He nodded, apparently understanding my whim.

A glowing, flaming sunset was tinting the water and lighting up the few sails that were lazily drifting before the breeze. The old sea-wall, with the nets drying on it and the waves lapping idly at the foot, seemed part of creation, so blended was it with the earth color around. A couple of fishermen with baskets of vivid-hued fish came up the beach, a group of sun-tanned, shouting children following every step. From my discovered, somewhat in the manner of Olympian dieties amused by these mortals of a little day, whose intense, beauty-loving nature was ever a source of joy. Nothing morbid, nothing unclean ever came near to this little sea-town.

Alessandro was laughing heartily at the bare-legged children hopping around the well-filled baskets.

"Little pests, Signora, they could well be called. Look at Nicola, small imp that he is. The Signora knows he is too old to play all day."

Alessandro muttered something under his breath that my quick ears failed to catch. Rising rapidly to his feet an inscrutable look in his velvet brown eyes, he bade me a courteous farewell, praying me to remember that always, always his boat was at my disposal. I told him truthfully that I was looking forward with great pleasure to many days spent on the sea with him for boatman. A red tint that the compliment called to his cheek showed beneath the brown. A final bow and he was gone.

It was some days before I could claim the promised boat. The day was golden warm, with a blaze of sunshine, when I stood on the beach watching for Alessandro. He soon came, and close at his heels was Nicola, the dancing, shouting boy, who indignantly dubbed "an imp, a pest."

The imp stood, silent enough now, all suspense—with bated breath, while Alessandro asked my permission to take him with us. His eyes, that I knew could hold so much mischief, looked solemnly into mine, his brown, naked toes digging into and grasping the sand. The permission was given, and with a shout of joy he made off in the direction of the boat. I looked inquiringly at Alessandro.

"The Signora is too good," he protested. "She should not be worried with such wickedness. Nicola is wild, but he has made me promises. He has no one to mind."

"Why has he no one?" I asked. "Maddalena was always a good mother."

"The best—the very best!" he pointed. "Only she is young and alone."

"Alone?" I laughed at the notion. "With that youngster?"

"She needs some one to help her." He looked at me in all seriousness, as if to chide me for laughing. We were soon cutting rapidly through the clear water, the boat careening under the big sail.

The gorgeous splendor of the sunset was before us when we turned homeward, and when the little town came in sight it was glowing with the reflected glories of the flaming sun. Maddalena was watching for us from the sea wall; Alessandro greeted her with a loud, ringing call, and a glad toss of his scarlet cap. Nicola tried a feeble imitation, and nearly lost himself overboard.

"He is safe, thanks to Alessandro," I called as I jumped from the boat and climbed the stone steps to where Maddalena stood. She seemed absurdly young to be the mother of the sturdy little ragamuffin that capered beside me.

"You should have been with us, Maddalena, the day was beautiful and Alessandro's boat went as easily as a sea gull."

"The Signora knows I have work to do," she answered. "I cannot spare so many hours; besides, I care not to be on the sea, only to look at it when the sun shines. Has Nicola been a wicked boy?"

"I assured her nothing could have been more lamb-like than Nicola's behavior owing, I promptly added, to his regard for Alessandro."

"Ah, he is always good with him," she sighed. "I try, but he will not mind me. We are good comrades we play games together, but when I try to discipline him—he runs away."

"Alessandro," I said, as he ran quickly up the steps, "Maddalena says she wishes she could make Nicola mind like you do. She wants to know how you manage it. Will you try to discipline him—be-run away?"

"Ah, Signora! Never, never did I say that," she cried.

I stopped, astonished at the emphatic denial. Alessandro, looking like a convicted criminal, stood twisting his cap, the red that mounted to his cheeks vying with Maddalena's kerchief. I glanced from one to the other. Alessandro finally broke the uncomfortable silence.

"I will tell if Maddalena wishes." But Maddalena shook her head with great energy, and raised a pair of beseeching eyes to Alessandro.

"You are both certainly very foolish," I continued. "There can be no reason why I should not be told. Nicola is a very bad boy—sometimes, and if Alessandro knows—"

"No, no, Signora; Nicola is not bad, he is never bad, not like—" She would have named a dozen imps had I not interrupted.

"It is as you please, Maddalena. The Signora is tired." I broke in rather ungraciously. "I will say good-night."

"Adieu!" I called back, standing a moment to watch the three as they moved off. Nicola waving frantic good-byes from his high perch on Alessandro's shoulders, and Maddalena laughing merrily at the happy nonsense of the two.

"Giuseppe!" I was sitting at supper, the antique lamp giving little light beyond the white cover—"the sea was more beautiful to-day than I have ever seen it. It was glorious. We went on—on, as if there was no ending; then home, straight home—into the golden sunset."

"The Signora should have been a fisherman," he replied; which matter-of-fact speech brought me down from my airy flight.

"Never, Giuseppe, never!" I cried, with more energy than the situation demanded. "I hate killing things, and I'm afraid of the water."

"The Signora need not fear," he replied soothingly. "She can never be a fisherman."

"Giuseppe, why has Maddalena so much trouble with Nicola? The old man stopped in his serving and Nicola, at me. The change in the conversation had been too swift for his slow-working mind.

"Is Nicola a very wicked boy, Giuseppe?" I asked, putting the question in simpler form.

"Not wicked at all, Signora, only mischievous."

"Then, why?"—returning resolutely to my first proposition—"Does Maddalena have so much trouble with him?"

"Maddalena is young; she yields to all his demands too much; she is wrong."

"Giuseppe," I said, in a coaxing voice, "this salad and wine are too good to be enjoyed alone. Take that chair and this." I filled a glass and held it towards him. Protesting feebly, he did as I bade him. "Now, tell me all about Maddalena."

"There is nothing to tell. The Signora knows she married very young. Her husband was a brave man and a good fisherman. One October day he was drowned, and she was left with the child."

"She loved him?" I asked.

"She adores him still," he answered. "Poor Matteo was a good man, but not handsome. The Signora must remember him—a short, broad man, with small eyes and red cheeks, and hands—hands like that," he cut a swift circle in the air with one finger.

"And Maddalena is so beautiful," I murmured, a picture of the departed Matteo rising before my eyes. "And Alessandro, I went on meditatively, "why should the boy mind him—what does he do?"

Giuseppe drained the last drops in the glass, put it down on the table, pushed back his chair and stood up. "The Signora must know," he answered.

The Signora did not know, and for all her adroit questioning was not going to know, so, with few more words, I left my host and climbed the narrow stairs.

One of the great feasts of our Lady was near and the town was fairly seething with excitement. It was the most important festa of the whole year. The church was dressed in the gayest and stiffest of paper flowers, green boughs stuck everywhere, the tallest tapers only

were used to light the altar. At the head of the procession our Lady's statue was to be carried, gowned in gorgeous clothes and covered with a lace veil, the work of her loving children. The stiff, overdressed little figure, that to my critical Northern eyes seemed but a travesty, was to their loving Southern hearts and vivid imaginations almost a living memorial of their Blessed Mother.

I donned a white dress, and instead of my sombre black ribbons tied on our Lady's own color, in honor of her festa, as a token that, for once, I would forget I was a calculating, critical American, and become forthwith a gay, glad-hearted child of Italy, prepared to walk beside her image with a fervent prayer, and—if necessary—to dance merrily with a light heart. So did my simple blue ribbons become symbolic. I ignored Giuseppe's astonished stare at my unusual adornment.

Annunziata, with my namesake comfortably asleep in the bend of her arm, walked home with me after Mass to my studio.

The baby of many names had become familiar with every nook of my small domicile, and often risked his precious person many times a day by sucking my brushes, licking paints, or bedaubing his little face with indiscriminate colors. Annunziata and I became so occupied in sudden life-saving onslaughts that we could think of little else.

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leave the house. I think, from Maddalena's vivid description and the tears that fell during the recital, that it was the first punishment—the very first—she had ever inflicted on her offspring in the whole course of his seven years. Being absolutely unprepared, he had resented it bitterly, and Maddalena's voice choked with sobs as she told me that he had run away, and she could not find him. What could she do? Where could she look for him? She knew he had gone to join the brigands.

The idea of Nicola (floating off on his fat brown legs to join the brigands was amusing. I consoled the disconsolate mother as best I could, begging her not to worry, that he would come home when he was hungry, which I felt sure would be soon.

The town was a small one, and before sunset every nook and cranny had been searched for the runaway, but no trace was found. Maddalena, dry-eyed now and desperate, sat at the table and refused to be comforted. The boys were all in, all but Alessandro's; he had sailed for a port twenty-four hours, and would be gone for the next day, boats and fishing neglected, with only a few hours sleep, the men started out again; a single thought possessed the town—to find Nicola, imp though he was, and to see the sorrow leave Maddalena's eyes.

When I passed through Maddalena's open door, I found her sitting idle, without hope, stricken to the heart. "You must have breakfast, Maddalena," I said. She shook her head. "This is nonsense," I went on. "Nicola will be found, and you will be ill; I will cook your breakfast, and you must eat it." I had hoped my words would rouse her—the idea of the Signora waiting on her—but they failed utterly. Her eyes never left the open door that showed the steep little street and the olive hills above it. I soon had a makeshift meal ready and she ate it obediently. I do not think she had touched food since the morning of the day before.

"Maddalena," I repeated to her, "you must not despair. Nicola will come back; he is a big boy and can take care of himself. If only Alessandro were home he would know where to look for him! Come now." I thought anything would be better than this dumb despair.

She looked at me startled. "Where would the Signora go?" They were the first words she had spoken, and I felt rejoiced.

"To the sea—first—to see if Alessandro's boat is in sight." We went out into the brilliant sunlight. She shaded her eyes for a moment like a creature blinded and would have turned back, but I took her hand in mine and led her on, praying that the joyous day put hope into her heart. I think it did, for soon she was talking to me—telling me all that had happened since early Friday morning, when she had punished Nicola.

"Why had Alessandro gone to V—?" I asked. This, too, she told me slowly, in a dull monotone—as if it all concerned some one else. He had again asked her to marry him, and she had said "No."

"You do not love him?" I queried.

"Second marriages are not right," she answered, and went on to tell me how Alessandro had become angry; he would leave M— and go to America; so yesterday he had sailed for V—, a busy seaport some miles south. I looked at Maddalena in amazement. She was sending Alessandro—happy, wholesome Alessandro—to that land of violent contrasts. My next words came quickly, and were not premeditated, for a faint color crept into the pale cheeks and she asked me timidly:

"Does the Signora think to marry again is not wrong?" I was glad she put it that way, for I could answer truthfully.

"Decidedly not wrong Maddalena."

"Ah, Signora," she cried, gazing across the shining water. "Why does he not come? He would find my name. Suppose I never see Nicola again, never hear his voice, never hold him in my arms. He is lying somewhere hurt and I cannot get to him." Sobbing violently she called: "Alessandro, come quickly, come, come! You will find him." Then turning to me as the sobs wore themselves out: "Ah, Signora, I must go back—maybe he is at home—I should not have left." Breathlessly she flew up the sea-wall steps and did not slacken her speed until she reached her house.

It was past noon when Alessandro's boat came in. He had with him a strip of paper, for which he had paid, that entitled him to be carried across the dark ocean, away from bright Italy, to the modern Land of Promise. He had also a letter—he had not paid for this, it was tendered him freely, payment would come later—to a man in this proscribed land, a man who was guaranteed to bring water from a stone.

Armed with these bits of paper, harmless in appearance as the three wishes of the fairy tale, but quite as subtly malicious, he secured his boat and turned toward home. That he would never see Maddalena again, he had quite determined. He would become an American and—maybe—when he came home in two or three years, his pockets lined with yellow gold, as the man had promised, he would buy the villa on the hill, and there—maybe there—

These were very childish thoughts; we who are wise in the world's wisdom know how absurdly childish they were; but to Alessandro—whose love and pride had been wounded by Maddalena's refusal—they were very real, and as a child would, he found comfort in them. I saw the broad shoulders moving steadily up the narrow street, his head well back, looking neither to the right nor the left. With a hasty word to Maddalena I rushed through the door, stumbled down the crooked steps, and caught him before he disappeared.

"Per la vita mia!" was his startled exclamation when I told him the story. "Lost—and since yesterday, Signora? I found him hidden in the boat when I started for V—; but I put him ashore and told him we would be friends no longer." Poor Nicola! a fallen idol and a chastisement all in one morning! "The Signora knows," continued Alessandro as his head went up straighter. "I am going to America next week."

"But Nicola—" I began, ignoring his words. "You must find Nicola, Maddalena will lose her reason!"

"I will find him with God's help," he replied quietly. "Will the Signora tell me where the men have searched?"

"Everywhere," I answered. "They are still looking. Surely, Alessandro, he was with you so much you must know his fancies, did he ever talk of running away? Battista says he was always talking of being a brigand."

A smile lighted his face as a recollection of the boy's talk came to him. "He was forever one thing or another; a brigand one day, a padre another, and again a noble signor with a villa among the olive hills. Yesterday, when I put him out of the boat, I told him if he did not mind his mother would punish him, he said he was too old to be punished by a woman, even though it was his mother. And he only comes to my elbow," he added admiringly. "He must be found, Signora. I will go at once. You know the old ruined villa," pointing towards the sunset. "We were always talking of it—both of us. I will look there first."

"But the road is so steep," I cried. "No boy could climb that path."

"Boys are monkeys—but I must start, it is hard to find in the darkness."

"You must see Maddalena before you go tell her of the villa, it will give her courage," I said. He hesitated as if in doubt, then, raising his

(Continued on Page 6.)

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I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1908.

THE PROTESTANT DILEMMA.

On the question of Deceased Wife's Sister marriages, the Catholic position is well known, and is not affected by temporal laws. But the act of the British Parliament authorizing and legalizing such marriages has planted the Protestant Church in a first class dilemma.

On a simple moral question the Protestant Church speaks with two contradictory voices! Catholics have no part in the edifying wrangle, but they cannot help smiling.

In common with the Anglican Church, the Presbyterians taught that marriage with a deceased wife's sister was unlawful and sinful, having been forbidden by the law of God.

What are we to think of the servility shown in the present instance by the Presbyterian body, which for such a long period during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries suffered a good deal of persecution rather than prove untrue to its principles.

One minister at the General Assembly argued that the marrying of a deceased wife's sister was according to Scripture, and that all along they had interpreted it wrongly.

From this the conclusion must be drawn that if the Presbyterian Church has been teaching erroneous doctrines on this point for two centuries and a half, and would have continued to teach it, were it not for the intervention of Parliament.

Yet these are the people who think it their duty to enlighten their Catholic neighbors. When a report of the Home Mission was read to the Assembly, a reverend gentleman said that the greatest of all hindrances to the progress of the Irish race was the spiritual darkness and bondage in which the great mass of the people lay. "It need only be said that Roman Catholic Ireland was without the Bible."

SCHOOL OPENING. Next week the majority of the city schools will re-open, and it is to be hoped that parents and guardians are making ready for a good start for the children, who should be well recuperated after the two months' vacation.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITIES BILL. The bill establishing two universities, one at Belfast, which will be Protestant in character, the other in Dublin, which will be under Catholic control, passed without difficulty through the House of Lords and has now become law.

THE CHURCH AND SOCIALISM. Commenting editorially on the recent Catholic Federation convention in Boston, the Chicago Inter-Ocean says: The Catholic Church is often represented to be conservative and even reactionary in its tendencies.

CRIMELESS IRELAND. Under the above heading in your issue of the 13th inst., you give a very interesting article from the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

LIBERAL VERSUS COMMERCIAL EDUCATION. If one of our readers with a son to educate were to ask our advice as to what manner of training he should give him, we should be glad to assist him by asking a few questions.

PIERRE BEDARD. It is not often that a prisoner reverses the order of things so far that he it is who desires to remain in jail and the Governor who desires to get him out.

Correspondence. CRIMELESS IRELAND. Under the above heading in your issue of the 13th inst., you give a very interesting article from the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

that more than once threatened its shipwreck.

IRISH EMIGRATION. During the five months ending May 31, 1907, 25,293 emigrants left Ireland, mostly bound for the United States. The total for the first five months of the present year was 16,531; a great decrease, but the number is still horribly depressing when it is considered that the never-ending shrinkage of the population's best elements leaves the country poorer and poorer year after year.

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with socialism are as moths around a flame. They court their own destruction. While evading the materialism of mammon, they flutter weakly around the materialism of Karl Marx.

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THE PRIEST.

He stands at the foot of the altar in his snowy vestments, his altar boys around him; he ascends the altar steps—alone.

Without him, there would be no Mass, no Confessions, no Communion.

Of all that great church-full of people, at last Mass, he is probably the only one fasting. The rest had their fragrant coffee, their Sunday morning's breakfast, hours ago.

He stands at the altar alone. Other men have come from homes where wives and children await them; he put that possibility away from him years ago.

Other men meet on the streets, stand and chat, argue politics, and so on, by the hour.

Other men go to theatres, clubs, amusements; his calling shuts him off from all that.

Other men choose their place of residence, their associates; he goes where he is sent.

How different from the rest of the world he is in the confessional. When we are sick or worried or annoyed we speak sharply even to our dear ones and find ready excuses for ourselves, for so doing; suppose he allowed such things to make him short and irritable with us, when we go to confession.

We get out of patience, disgusted with people, when they will not do as we think they should; what if he became disgusted with us when we go to him, week after week, or month after month, with almost the same story of weakness, unfaithfulness and sin?

When people do not do as we want them to, we leave them alone; after awhile, to go their own way; what would become of us if he let us go our way?

We fly to others with our troubles, he has the sorrows of hundreds brought to him. Think you that his heart is not touched, that he does not feel for his people, and suffer with them in their afflictions?

And when we do feel grateful to him how seldom we let him know! We are not bound, of course, to thank the priest for what it is his duty to do; but his heart is human, after all, and gratitude and appreciation are, without doubt, as consoling to him as to us.

In that most beautiful and most holy relation which exists between the priest and his people, all are equally bound before God, he, "so to watch, as to give an account of our souls;" we, to profit, with the greatest care and faithfulness, by what God sends to us, through him.

St. Francis de Sales says that we should regard our priests "with a reverence that does not diminish our affection, and an affection that does not diminish our reverence."

A priest once promised a certain woman that a favor from God should be granted her. He promised it "in the name of God." It was granted. A dear Protestant relative, to whom that woman told the circumstance, said, "As God's minister and representative, he stands in the place of God to you. When he promises you a thing, 'in the name of God,' it has to come true."

In his care and watchfulness over us we have a type of the loving care of the Father who gave him to us. In the sacrifices he makes for us, there is a symbol of the infinite service of One whose humble follower he is, and from Whom he receives whatever beauty of character he possesses, as the tiny pool reflects the glorious sun.

But if ever we save our souls it will be, under God, through his help. Then, having more knowledge and seeing more clearly than we do here, we shall comprehend what our priests have done for us.

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SHAMROCKS VICTORIOUS.

Playing in their old-time form, Shamrocks defeated Montreal on Saturday last on the Mile End grounds by a score of 7 to 4. Only about 8000 people turned out to see what proved to be the best match of the season.

SETTLED—BUT NOT ACCORDING TO FRENCH METHOD.

SAN JUAN, P. R., Aug. 13.—The church property matter, which has occupied the Government and the Church authorities for a considerable time, has finally been adjusted in a manner satisfactory to both sides.

The Neglect of Irish Writers.

(By Katharine Tynan.)

One of the little tragedies of literature—a great tragedy—it may be to the disappearance of the Irish writer. The reader who finds Irish names popping up constantly in the list of new books may lift his or her eyebrows at the foregoing sentence; but, none the less, it is true. Hope springs eternal in the young Irish writer, and he comes with zest to his book, oblivious of the fact that the way is strewn with the dead Irish writers who have gone under because no one would read them.

As a matter of fact, the Irish are not a reading people. They are too restless to be readers, too fond of talking and storytelling; too desirous of the sympathy of eye to eye and smile to smile to sit down and receive impressions from the miles of printed matter in a book. You have but to see a couple or group of men meet in an Irish street. Each one is charged with good stories, which he delivers and receives amid such laughter as one never hears or sees this side of the channel. I have heard more humor pass round an Irish dinner table in one evening than would stock Punch for a year. I have heard wonderful stories told in an Irish drawing-room, tales of romance and adventure, of heroism and sorrow. But the teller could never put them down; if you were to ask for even a repetition of them, they could not be repeated. If the story-teller were amiable enough to attempt it, you would get something with all the life and sparkle gone from it; the prospect of the story over finding its way into print would make the spirit fly away in terror. They are a people for the oral, not for the written literature over there.

To be sure, two or three booksellers live and prosper in Dublin, so that some books must be sold. But Dublin is not at all representative of Ireland, being indeed an English city in which the well-to-do classes who would be book-buyers are of English blood although long settled in Ireland, or of the mixed races. To the Irish writer is not persona grata. In the drawing-rooms of the well-to-do in Dublin you will find the latest London literary success. There is an extraordinary provinciality in Dublin. They are reading in Dublin to-day the books which the middle-class households of London were reading the day before yesterday.

You go to a Dublin house which certainly ought to be intellectual, and you are invited to discuss some book which is not within the range of the interest of the readers or the books of their preference, but I may give one or two examples. I found, not so long ago, the household of an Irish scholar of world-wide reputation discussing, with passionate excitement, the novels of a certain English theatrical novelist with whose name literature has not a nodding acquaintance. The conversation passed from this writer to others, of the mere trivial and contemptible achievement, the mere rag-bag of book-making, stretched with amazement, but expressed no opinion of my own, until in a pause in the conversation, I said something about Joseph Conrad. Neither my host nor his family had ever heard of him. I listened in vain for the names of Meredith, Hardy, Wells, Jacobs, any one writer who has done well in his own sphere. But no name of even modest merit was mentioned. The changes were rung on the novelists. Some of these most belauded are hardly known even to the unexciting of English readers.

Again, at the table of a literary household in Dublin, a remark of mine to the effect that if I could have only one book I should choose Wordsworth, was received with amazement which was almost contempt. "And why not Southey?" I was asked with a smile. The opinions about literature in Dublin are, in fact, not old-fashioned but démodé. The Celt who does not read at all will quote you easily the things I used to hear said in my childhood, as, for example, that Browning was a pretender and his wife the real poet; and that Moore is among the great poets of the world. The non-Celt who is very much more up-to-date will be reading the small fry among English writers. If you should express an opinion contrary to his or hers, you will be a writer yourself, it will be ascribed in their own minds to jealousy, nor will your opinion be allowed. I met a lady at dinner in Dublin who frequently lectured on literature and art. She had no knowledge of either; and I heard a fellow-guest complain to her that in her last lecture the Christian names of the writers had been all wrong. She still lectured at dinner, not only about literature and art, but about the English and things in England generally. Any faint suggestion that things were not quite so, on the part of one who had lived more than a dozen years in England, was simply waved aside. I remember that my speaking of Harrow as a possible dwelling-place made this lady lift her eyebrows. "Oh," she said in a shocked voice; "do you think you will like it?" "Yes, I should think so, why not?" "Well,"—with polite hesitation—"I shouldn't have thought you would. I don't exactly know Harrow, but then I know the Harrow Road." Now the Harrow Road is a London slum many miles removed from the famous "Hill."

They do not, in the least know when they possess a genius. There is Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is in line of succession to Keats and Shelley. Mr. Yeats has never been held in honor in his own country. He is not held in honor to-day. I have only once seen a book of his in an

Irish house, and that was the house of an Irish writer, who is, of course, above all the things I have been saying.

I remember long ago, when W. B. Yeats' Wanderings of Oisín (he calls it "Ushen" now) was published, I had the book, and a reviewer on the leading Dublin daily took it up when he was visiting me. "This fellow is too sure of himself, and I'm going to slate him," he said. And I slated him accordingly he did. I remembered this more than a dozen years later, when I was in Dublin at the time "The Countess Kathleen" was first produced as a stage play. Every one I met was belittling it and praising Mr. Edward Martyn's "Heather Field" at its expense. Now I think a deal of this was due to the fact that they knew or suspected that Yeats was as far above Martyn intellectually as it is possible to imagine. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "the Irish are a fair people; they do not praise each other." I would expand this saying from a closer knowledge than the Doctor possessed. They praise yet little achievement; in proportion as achievement is good they ignore or belittle it.

The one literary success of late years in Ireland has been the novels of a West of Ireland parson, which are Tracts for the Times as he sees the times. To be sure the success is in great measure a success of scandal, because he has introduced into his books thinly-veiled and very offensive portraits of living people. Literature merit the books have none, yet their author was invited to lecture before the Dublin National Literary Society, where a Dublin Jesuit, Father and Mr. John Dillon, sat at his feet and were enthusiastic over the address in which he had recommended to the praise and love of Irish people books in which some of the most ugly and offensive travesties of all they held sacred were contained. The Irish are a people of Shibboleths. One shibboleth is that they are an artistic and literary people and that being said, it is so for all time, even though many an Irish writer has had to echo the bitter cry of William Carleton.

By the way, the one body of men in Ireland who do not weary you with shibboleths, who look at things with honest and sincere, if wonderfully kind eyes, are the priests. It is always a relief to talk with a priest. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred you will find him reasonable, sane, receptive, one who sees life clearly and sees it whole, who knows all and pardons all. If a book has any sale at all in Ireland because it is National, or Catholic, or both, be sure the priests are largely the purchasers.

In Ireland more than any other country familiarity breeds contempt. A young Irishman said to me frankly a little while ago: "Do you know I never care to read a book written by anyone I know." I should think it is a common characteristic of the Irish people. In a house I visited some little while ago in Ireland, where the young people had a great many books given to them, I noticed that in the well-packed shelves in the bedrooms and school room and along the corridor there was Henty, there were Mrs. Meade and Mrs. Molesworth, and various others; nothing by Irish writers, although some writers of boys' and girls' books were connected with the household by affinity and old friendship.

All this leads up to the statement that Irish writers have neither honor nor emolument from their own country. And English readers will have none of them. It was not always so. Carleton and the Baninis and Gerald Griffin had English readers, to say nothing of Lady Morgan and Lady Dufferin. And Lever, of course, had a success. And Leland and Lever brought their wares to the English market quite successfully. But a good deal of water has flowed under the bridges since then, and I venture to think that the reading public has changed. It is now the great middle-class that reads, and the middle-class has no love for the Irish. Partly from religious reasons partly from racial, partly from recent causes of embitterment, they will have none of the Irish; and, looking at the matter dispassionately, I cannot say I blame them.

I fancy it was men who read Lever and made him a great popular success. Many men read Lever still; no later humorist has ousted that rollicking and gallant spirit. Where as the novel-readers of to-day are women. Women are narrower by reason of their narrow, home-keeping existence. Women have memories. There was once a Union of Hearts, but certain things said in the name of Ireland—poor Ireland—especially during the Boer war, have rankled and will rankle in the breasts of those women who lead quiet, uneventful lives, and have leisure to remember and no logic to distinguish. Just as advertisements for a house, maid or for a stevedore used to carry the legend, "No Irish need apply," after the Fenian times; though the Irish household or the Irish stevedore might be just a quiet body desiring nothing so much as to lead a quiet life with all the world, he or she was made to suffer for the people who blew up jails and otherwise made English people uncomfortable.

Perhaps the Union of Hearts never existed so far as the great middle-class is concerned. It was only the leaders who talked about it; and the loyalty of the English middle-class to a leader like Mr. Gladstone, who really captured their hearts, was without limit. But I imagine that the doctor's wife from Sydenham, who came to me to take up a servant's character, and remarked that all Irish told lies and that Roman Catholics had no principle, was representative of a considerable number of her class. It is a matter of

detail that I carry an unspoilt Irish brogue; and that I answered the remark about the Roman Catholic want of principle by the simple statement that I was a Catholic myself, which did not perturb the good lady in the least.

Middle-class is, of course, a very elastic term, and as it is, in the upper middle-class merges into the gentry is often non-existent. This overlapping section of the middle-class would be perhaps less hostile to things Irish as a whole. To them and to the upper class belong, I suppose, the modest few readers of Irish novels published in England.

The only successful books by Irish writers at present are the books of those fine artists and fine humorists, the success, such as it is, is in no way commensurate with their merits. Probably most of their readers are to be found amongst men, by whom I should think, also, such writers as W. G. Wells and W. Jacobs mainly exist; women, English middle-class women at least, being rarely possessors of that gift of the gods, a sense of humor. But practically no one in England has read the really great novel by those ladies, The Real Charlotte, one of the best books produced in Ireland of late years, which marks an Irish literary movement of great importance, although the writers who contribute to it will probably be dead and buried before either Irish or English people know anything about it.

This neglect of Irish writers is a thing that moves the savva indignatio to think upon. The Irish are talking still of the '48 men who wrote very literary man among them except John Mitchell. They are proud to the dead; but in the present, Irish writers, some of extraordinary merit, are being crushed out every day for want of readers. In fact, unless one can get sufficient of a hearing in England to live by it, there is no other fate for the Irish writer than penury and oblivion. And for certain serious Irish novels, it is quite natural that there should not be English readers.

There was published a few years ago an Irish historical novel, the first rank—in fact, in my opinion, the finest historical novel that has yet been produced in Ireland—Cripples Lie Down, by William Buckley. This is a most extraordinary book. It is a novel of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. It has all the great qualities of tragedy, pity, passion, rage, scorn, love, hatred, and with all that it has deliberation, sanity, and justice. It moves with the most irresistible force. I read it a hard-gallop, my pulse leaping pace to the breathless narrative. I cannot confess that I could not sleep at night after reading it. Here is a great canvas full of figures, each one painted by the hand of a master. Heathcot, the English soldier, Irene Neville, the poor, sweet, innocent, weak heroine, Gash, the spy, Harrigan, the villain and renegade, the ladies of the ascendancy party, Castleteragh, the leaders of the Rebellion, the yeoman, even George the Third himself leave each a memorable impression. The book is bloody from end to end, with the colors of that bloody time. The screaming of women, who have suffered the last wrong, follow you long after you have closed the pages. The horror of the floggings, at the triangle, the half-hangings, the pitch-cappings, the merciless inhumanity, that spared neither age nor infancy, that took no account of sex or helplessness, makes the book a shambles. But then it is truth, and truth does not spare the susceptibilities. If it had not great humane qualities it would be intolerable.

One can imagine the effect of such a book in one of those English households to which Mr. Buckley, because he is too big a man, to have shibboleths or insincerities, pays tribute when he speaks of "the real virtue which has made England great, and, who knows, may yet have power to keep her glorious when the hour of trial comes."

"What a monstrous tissue of lies!" they would say, these gentlemen who are kind and deferent and compassionate and God-fearing. "This—wrought by Lord Castlereagh at the instigation of Mr. Pitt, the great Commoner, in order to rob the Irish of their Parliament! Horrible! Incredible! Impossible!" Doubtless even Castlereagh could not have fore-casted the things that were to happen in what was, after all, a religious war, and so strange a thing is human nature that a war of religions, in the name of the Prince of Peace, is the most cruel and bloody of all wars. "To the victors the spoils" was yet the rule of war. Wellington, and the Peninsula War, in which he hanged a soldier who stole a chicken, yet was not always able to prevent the horrors of war—there was the sack of Badajoz, for example—were still in the future.

"Those things could never have happened with England in the background of them!" the blameless English reader would say, not knowing or remembering how the world has progressed since then. Indeed reading yesterday George Selwyn and how '98 was possible.

But they did happen. There is chapter and verse for them. Let great Englishmen bear testimony: "Every crime, every cruelty that could be committed by Cossacks or Calmucks has been transacted here," wrote the humane general Sir Ralph Abercrombie. And Lord Cornwallis, who did his best to bring the Irish yeomanry and militia to justice, wrote: "On my arrival in this country I put a stop to the burning of houses and murder of the inhabitants by the yeoman or any other persons who delighted in that amusement; to the flogging for the purpose of extorting confession; and to the free-quarters, which comprehended universal rape and robbery throughout the country." He says again: "There is no law either in town or country but martial law, and you know enough of that to see all the horrors of it even in the best ad-

ministration of it. Judge, then, how it must be conducted by Irishmen, heated with passion and revenge. But all this is trifling compared with the numberless murders which are hourly committed by our people without any process or examination whatever."

Ireland was saved for England in '98 by the Irish yeoman and militia. English regulars had little to do with the suppression of the insurrection. The Highland regiments were conspicuously humane in their treatment of the people; and it will never be forgotten to them in Ireland. The most infamous of the militia corps were the North Cork and the "Ancient Britons," the latter a Welsh regiment.

However it is all written in the histories of those who would look for it there; and here, in this great romance, is a microcosm of the times. This book must be reckoned an Irish classic, but at present the Irish, with very few exceptions, are so utterly ignorant of its existence, that the great Irish historical novel, for which we have been looking so long, has come, and one had almost said gone, and the Irish are not aware of it.

"Cripples Lie Down" is the most flagrant example of a neglected book which ought to have brought its author fortune and renown. But there are many others. There is the work of Frank Mathew, whose novel of '98, "The Wood of the Brambles," depicts the same dolorous times as seen by a dreamer and a poet. "The Wood of the Brambles" is an enchanting book. "Love of Comrades" and "The Spanish Wine" are other of Mr. Mathew's Irish novels, which ought to be held in high honor in Ireland, and to have won for their author the consideration of all those who care for what is excellent in literature. Mr. Mathew, I believe, has ceased to write novels.

Another Irish writer of great achievement is Grace Rhys. Her trilogy of Irish books, "Mary Dominic," "The Wooing of Sheila," and "The Prince of Lisnover," are in an ascending degree books of a remarkable quality. Mrs. Rhys knows her Ireland of the gentry, "mounted and half-mounted," as Sir Joshua Barington distinguished them; and it is a strange world. Those people possess features in common with the eighteenth century in England, "with a difference." The Celt who influences the dweller in his midst without being at all influenced himself has given these descendants of English settlers a wildness, an adventurousness, a prodigality, a splendor so to speak, which makes them widely different from their progenitors. Here you will see the children of the oppressors of '98, and also of the humane Protestants who tried in vain to check those dreadful excesses, with all their pride, cruelty, insolence, generosity, reckless courage, in their habits as they lived, and as they may live to-day for all I know, for they do not learn easily, although the Congested Estates Court and the Land League were rude teachers. Mrs. Rhys' work belongs to literature as Frank Mathew's does, to such literary storytelling as was done by Stevenson and is done by Conrad, finding the novel the vehicle for the romance and wonder that are in them. But Mrs. Rhys is unknown in Ireland; and one is afraid that in England her circulation has been very small.

Again there is Julia Crofton. She writes of the Irish middle-class, of the dreary, often ugly and sordid, often spiritual and lovely, life of an Irish country town. She brings to her task just the qualities it needs. She has no shibboleths, no illusions, wilful or otherwise. If the thing is dreary and horrid, she sets it down as faithfully and pitilessly as any great artist who finds all that is worth recording. She is that very rare thing, an Irish realist; but she is not all realist, for her strong and sometimes corroding sketches are relieved by the poetry and softness which comes in exquisite intervals. She has published two books, Neighbors and "The Old Land." If she had been Scotch the English-speaking or English-reading world would have known of these books, as it knows of "The House of the Green Shutters," with which her work has something in common, although the gloom and bitterness in her are lightened by poetry and romantic vision.

I know from personal experience that the English publisher is nearly always a self-sacrificing man when he consents to publish an Irish book. Even the harmless romances of Mrs. Hungerford would have no chance in our day, although they had a great vogue in their own. I have spoken of the most striking examples of the neglect of Irish writers; but I would also point to the many less neglected who would enjoy honor and fortune if they had chance to be English or Scotch. There is Miss Emily Lawless, for example. How many in Ireland or England know those big books, "Grania," "Maelcho," "With Essex in Ireland?" There is Cane Barlow, the most exquisite of idealists. She came in for a little while when the Killyard school was beginning to have a vogue, but I doubt if her popularity ever amounted to much. There is the "Real Charlotte," of which I have spoken before. There is the idyllic and delicate work of Rosa Mulholland. There are the incisive and brilliant books of Hannah Lynch, now dead. All the long list, in reality, a list of failures—failures in the vulgar sense that the books bring the authors little or no money; but failures also in the poignant sense that they bring them no readers.

Such literature springs up in Ireland with the scantiest encouragement it ever received anywhere. It was all very well to write in a garret on a crust, knowing, or believing that some day the immortal poem or story would bring its messenger to a delighted and receptive world. It is another thing to write with the knowledge that you will have no

honor either from your own people or others.

There has always been a deal of poetry in Ireland. Sometimes it has been artless in the extreme and cited by the people as the people as soon as possible. The whole quietus upon the whole business. There are critics and false prophets willing to disrupt every great movement. Every temporary check affords them the opportunity of employing their mischievous tactics. They thought they could take advantage of the failure of the Government to meet our wishes. They were never more mistaken in their ideas, as the sequel more confident of ultimate success of our movement. I have never tried to raise false hopes in the hearts of our countrymen at home or abroad. A thing that is worth winning is worth fighting for. We have lost no ground. We shall triumph in the movement for our government in the near future. The obstacles which barred our progress to the obtaining of national self-government are rapidly disappearing. The vast majority of the Liberals and the Labor party are strongly in favor of Ireland's claims to Home Rule. The hostile sentiment has entirely disappeared. The conditions we have to face now is either friendliness or apathy, but violent opposition has entirely disappeared. This is a tremendous advance on the road to Home Rule, and an achievement to which the Irish Party can point with pride. Our main reliance, however, must be in the future, as it has been in the past, on ourselves. We must preserve our unity. We have unity to-day. Ireland is more united than any country in the world. She is more united than England, more united even than America. No attention is paid to the antics of cranks and factionists there (they are found in every political party), but if the faintest ripple arises on the waters of Irish unity, and if in a great big political party a kicker is found, Irish disunity is heralded around the world.

Hon. J. Redmond On The Outlook For Home Rule.

In an interview recently, Hon. John Redmond, the leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, expressed the following views on Home Rule:

The majority of the present Cabinet are quite ready to meet our wishes—they are avowed Home Rulers—but they could not do it without breaking up their government, in consequence of the action of the Roseberys in the Cabinet—small in number, but very powerful. My views with reference to the shortcomings of the Home Rule bill were placed before the Government. I never saw the entire bill. I had seen portions of it, however—the material portions, I knew its provisions, and I made my protests. What is your forecast for the future?

I think the Government will introduce a measure following the spirit of the resolution which was passed by a great majority a little while ago—that the House of Lords should be abolished. The Government will, I believe, translate the resolution into a bill. If the Liberals win that election by a substantial majority, the veto of the House of Lords will, I believe, be limited or abrogated altogether, and in that way the real obstacle to the passage of the full measure will disappear.

Do you think that the National movement in Ireland and America will suffer by reason of this setback? It most certainly will not—to any material extent, at all events. One must be prepared for this sort of thing in politics. I feel sure that the National movement will rapidly rally from this mere temporary disappointment, and that the sober thought of our people will soon realize that the rejection of the bill was a blessing in disguise.

The amendment of the Land Purchase Act is important. We will pass and expect to have carried this question. We shall raise the Home Rule question also in the next Parliament. I don't think the Government will introduce an amended bill, but we will press the question, however. We will also raise the question of the over-taxation of Ireland. Ireland is over-taxed to the extent of three millions of pounds (fifteen millions of dollars) annually.

What importance do you attach to the Sinn Féin movement in Ireland? No importance whatever. There's nothing new in the Sinn Féin business. There always has been a revolutionary movement here, and so far as it is honest I have no quarrel with it. A movement of that kind is made up of many sorts of people, but there are always cranks, soreheads and frauds connected with it. The doctrine of the Sinn Féin—the policy of relying upon ourselves—has always been the sentiment of the Parnell movement. It was never stronger than it is within our own ranks to-day.

You do not favor the withdrawal of the Irish members from Parliament? Most emphatically no! The withdrawal of the Irish Nationalists members from Parliament has been against the policy of every National party, from O'Connell's time down to our own day. It is an absurd and dishonest cry. There is nothing in the whole matter worth bothering

about. So far as the Sinn Féin is an honest movement, I wish it luck, so far as it is a fraud, it has no backing anywhere in Ireland. We are anxious to have the question decided by the vote of the people as soon as possible. The whole quietus upon the whole business. There are critics and false prophets willing to disrupt every great movement. Every temporary check affords them the opportunity of employing their mischievous tactics. They thought they could take advantage of the failure of the Government to meet our wishes. They were never more mistaken in their ideas, as the sequel more confident of ultimate success of our movement. I have never tried to raise false hopes in the hearts of our countrymen at home or abroad. A thing that is worth winning is worth fighting for. We have lost no ground. We shall triumph in the movement for our government in the near future. The obstacles which barred our progress to the obtaining of national self-government are rapidly disappearing. The vast majority of the Liberals and the Labor party are strongly in favor of Ireland's claims to Home Rule. The hostile sentiment has entirely disappeared. The conditions we have to face now is either friendliness or apathy, but violent opposition has entirely disappeared. This is a tremendous advance on the road to Home Rule, and an achievement to which the Irish Party can point with pride. Our main reliance, however, must be in the future, as it has been in the past, on ourselves. We must preserve our unity. We have unity to-day. Ireland is more united than any country in the world. She is more united than England, more united even than America. No attention is paid to the antics of cranks and factionists there (they are found in every political party), but if the faintest ripple arises on the waters of Irish unity, and if in a great big political party a kicker is found, Irish disunity is heralded around the world.

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Xellou's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

My hour hath come!
And o'er the foam,
I call my wild geese back to me—
My exiled sons,
My fervent ones,
With hope and health and loyalty,
From Connaught hills,
And Munster hills,
And Leinster plains they're trooping forth,
And, dusky-browed,
Erect, uncowed,
Sweep down the Warders of the North!

The Voice of Erin.
(Air—"The Irish Maiden's Lament")
By Ethna Carbery.

Awake, arise!
"Neath dawning skies
The Sunburst waves its folds again,
And through the land
On every hand
Is heard the tramp of marching men.
O brothers wake!
Your fetters break!
Too long you've bent the servile knee!
From coast to coast,
In gathering host,
Swells Ireland's call to liberty!

Another Convert Arrives.
Bishop Conry has received into the Church at St. Vivian's Cathedral, Grover R. Harrison, until recently a student at the Western Episcopal Seminary of Chicago. Mr. Harrison is another of that band of professors and students of Nashota, and Western Seminars who have resented the open pulpit canon and have entered the Catholic Church.—New World.

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Canadian North-West REGULATIONS

er section of Domi- Manitoba, Saskatchewan, excepting 8 and 26, is the sole head of a male over 18 years of age of one-quarter section, more or less. made personally at the office for the district and is situated. may, however, be conditions by the son, daughter, bro- an intending home- er is required to persons connected there- of the following six months' residence ation of the land in three years. ther (or mother, if ceased) of the home- on a farm in the land entered for, the residence may be a person residing or mother. ther has his perma- lands in the vicinity of his requirements as to be satisfied by res- land. notice in writing the Commissioner of at Ottawa of in- for patent. W. W. CORY, r of the Interior. ized publication of nt will not be paid

STRUGGLING SSION

of Northampton, ORFOLK, ENGLAND.

of St. Anthony of by the nearly three and of the late Bishop and I have now, No esbyter-ry, no Do- no Endowment

ed to say Mass and give mean upper room. Yet, is the sole outpost of division of the County ing 55 x 20 miles. ings of the congrega- rily small. We must for the present, or haul

H. W. GRAY, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd. gratefully and promptly smallest donation, and knowledge of a bea- the Sacred Heart and AUTHORIZATION) y accounted for the aims received, and you have arely in the names of s. Your efforts have providing what is per- tablishment of a per- Fakenham. I autho- to solicit alms for in my judgment, it has

AL OFFER

Month of Sep- 08, or until our austed. along with the re- um we will give Fruit Bowl on ry one returning 3 Dozen 6 lb. K Self-Raising g, and for less n 6lb. Bags one (octure.)

& Harvie

ury St., Montreal

Sailors' Club.

ORS WELCOME Wednesday Evening Talent invited. The ty pay us a visit. 30 a.m. on Sunday. cert on Sunday eve days from 9 a. m. to from 1 p. m. to 10 Common Sts.

BOYS and GIRLS

BEATEN BEFORE HE BEGAN.

Not long ago a young man came into my office to solicit a subscription for a publication. I could see at a glance, before he had fairly introduced his subject, that he was covered all over with defeat. His very attitude, his manner, said to me, "I have come in here to get your subscription for me, but I do not expect to get it. I know you are a very busy man, and I do not wish to take your time or to impose upon you." This young man did not come in with the assurance in his manner that bespeaks victory. I could see that he was really beaten before he began.

Nobody likes the Uriah Heep kind of solicitor who spends half his time apologizing for taking your valuable time. The important thing for the solicitor is to put the prospective customer into such a position that it will not be too easy for him to turn him down. He should have great confidence in himself, and in the thing he has to sell. He must carry conviction in his manner. Hesitancy, doubt, indecision are fatal. Courage is as important to a solicitor as to an animal tamer, who has to guard very carefully against the slightest signs of fear. To hesitate in the case of an untamed lion or tiger is to be lost. Even if unable to get an order, a solicitor should win a man's respect and admiration. He should, by a masterly bearing, meet customers on a plane of equality.

A friend of mine, a shrewd business man, says a solicitor came to his office recently whose face was so radiant with interest in his purpose, and so bubbling over with enthusiasm, that he won confidence and admiration at the very outset. My friend gave the young man an order for what he did not want, because he liked him. The ability to size a man up at a glance is a great art, and the solicitor must learn its secret. He may not see his prospective customer more than five minutes, and within that time he must bring all his ingenuity, all his tact, his skill and his former experience to a focus. He can not stop to do much thinking, and it does not matter how much ability he may have, if he can not concentrate it quickly and make it effective, he will not get the order.

EXTINGUISHED.

"The boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled"— When Tommy Gibbs stood up to speak he had it in his head. But when he saw the schoolroom full of visitors, he knew from his weak knees and parching tongue, the words had all fled, too.

"The boy stood on the burning deck"— a second time he tried. But he forgot about the boy, or if he lived or died. He only knew the burning deck was something nice and cool. Beside the rostrum where he stood that awful day in school.

"The boy stood on the burning deck"— he felt the flames and smoke. His tongue was thick, his mouth was dry, he felt that he would choke. And from the far back seats he heard a whisper run about: "Come back, Tom, and take your seat. They've put the fire out!" — J. W. Foley, in Youth's Companion.

BOB'S PROMOTION.

"Where's your bank book, Bob?" inquired Ralph Sheldon, as the boys in the employ of Palmer & Palmer, waited for their pay envelopes on Monday evening. "I haven't got one," said the new boy, in surprise. "I have no money to deposit in the bank." "Neither have we, groenie," said Ralph, good-naturedly; "but we pretend we have. We know very well we wouldn't keep our places here very long if we didn't carry our little brown books every Monday evening, for the old man is crazy on that subject. He thinks a boy who earns a dollar a week ought to save ninety-nine cents out of it, so we have to humor him. He thinks I'm all right, because I've got the most in the bunch, and I try to encourage him all I can. I'm working for that place in the office when Brooks goes to college, and it's worth while patting the boss on the back."

Red Blood Good Health

Spring blood is thin and watery until Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is used.

Red blood is the foundation of health and strength. The same parts of the blood which give it color—the red corpuscles—also contain the elements which sustain and invigorate the body and its organs. It is because the blood is thin, weak and watery in the spring that nearly everybody requires a blood builder and restorative.

Now what Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food does is to increase the number of red corpuscles in the blood or in other words make the blood redder and richer in the elements which go to build up new cells and tissues to replace those wasted by disease or the process of living. Redden the blood by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and you lift yourself from that low level of health which leaves you tired and languid and an easy victim of consumption or some form of wasting or contagious disease.

The portrait and signature of the famous Receipt Book author, A. W. Chase, M.D., are on every box of the genuine; 50 cts. at all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont.

out of the bank and begin an account for myself.

If Mr. Palmer finds out everything he'll see that I've turned over a new leaf and I can still work up to a higher place. His line of reasoning was correct and in after years, when he became a member of the firm, he adopted the very same methods his shrewd old employer had used when he wanted to find capable and worthy boys to advance in his store.

A certain beautiful and gracious woman is the admiration of all the school girls in her town. Even girls of a larger growth are ready to declare there is nobody like her. "Why do you take such pleasure in her?" an older lady curiously asked of a plain and rather awkward girl who was especially given to the prevailing fascination. "Why," said she, at a loss for a moment, "it isn't because she's so lovely or so nice. It's because when I'm talking with her she makes me feel just as lovely and nice as she is." A certain young lady who gave a good deal of time to charitable work was a particular favorite with all the children. "Why do you love Miss Mary so?" somebody asked a devoted little boy. "I like her," he said, "because she looks as though she didn't see the holes in my stockings."

GOD'S UNSEEN PLANS.

It is not always the privilege of the servant to know exactly what is in the mind of the Master. Moreover, the loyal servant does not insist on being fully informed concerning what the master purposes. Some one tells this story which contains a valuable lesson.

A gentleman who was walking near an unoccupied building one day saw a stone-cutter chiseling patiently at a block of stone in front of him. The gentleman went up to him. "Still chiseling?" he remarked, pleasantly.

"Yes." "In what part of the building does this stone belong?" asked the gentleman. "I don't know," replied the stone-cutter; "I haven't seen the plans." Then he went on chiseling, chiseling. Now that is what we should do. We have not seen the great plans of the Master Architect, but each of us has his work to do, and we should chisel away until it is done.

Surely, we cannot doubt the value of the design in God's mind for us. He who planned this beautiful world for us purposes for us things better and more beautiful than we can now understand. We can conceive of the things God has in store for those who love him. We can afford to work on until he reveals to us what he has planned for us.

A LOVER OF HIS MOTHER.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is a pure love and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both.

I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly, that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother.

Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl and the man, who is gallant with the girl, may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother, in her middle age, is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the scarred autumn as he did in the daisied springtime.

ASK QUESTIONS.

The girl who is superior to the interrogation point courts disaster. She is ashamed to ask questions, she will get in trouble. If she tries to appear that she is not ignorant, she is very apt to walk into a trap. So if people talk about books or plays or characters in history with which you are not familiar don't appear knowing. It is nothing to be ashamed of that you are not familiar with everything.

You may be able to talk to them of people and things of which they do not know. It is not only foolish to appear to know everything, but it is also unwise. There are people who are not above setting a trap for the unwary and then laughing at the victim.

More girls are afraid to ask questions from shyness rather than they are. They are afraid of being laughed at. But the wise thing is to put as many questions as you want when people are talking about things of which you know nothing. If you have ever talked to a really clever and well informed man or woman, you will be surprised to see how many questions he or she asks you. This type of person gets well informed from finding out what every one else knows.

In this way the mind is stocked with information. It is the most cultured person who always frankly says she has not read this book or does not remember that poem or forgets the name of some great author. You see, she is not afraid of letting any one think she is ignorant, for she knows she is not, and they know it.

If you will appear, therefore, to be well informed, ask questions. After a few years of this you will be well informed. People are always glad to tell you what they think you don't know, and even the most learned are flattered by being asked the details of some subject to which they have referred.

Carry this out in everyday life. Don't confine it to literature, history and art. Don't be afraid of seeming ignorant. If you are, you will remain ignorant.

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When your dealer, in filling your order for any of above goods, reaches for a substitute, STOP HIM. That is the time to do it. It is too late when you get home, and the package opened, partially used and found wanting, as is generally the case with substitutes.

There are many reasons why you should ask for the above well advertised articles, but absolutely none why you should let a substituting dealer palm off something which he claims to be "just as good," or "better" or "the same thing" as the article you ask for.

The buying public recognize the superior quality of well advertised and standard articles like Gillett's goods. The substitutor realizes this fact and tries to sell inferior goods on the advertiser's reputation.

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"THAT IS DYSPEPSIA"

A remedy which has rarely failed to give prompt relief and effect permanent cures even in the most obstinate cases, is BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness, and increasing the appetite, and restoring health and vigor to the system. Mrs. Alice Steeves, Springfield, N.S., writes—"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in Stomach Troubles and Dyspepsia. I was troubled for years with Dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried B. B. B. I took three bottles and became cured, and now I can eat anything without it hurting me. I will recommend it to all having Stomach Trouble.

Mount St. Bernard Of To-day.

All the world knows, at least by reputation, the famous hospice of St. Bernard Pass, one of the much traveled highways between Italy and Switzerland. And all the world, too, has heard of the intelligence and faithfulness of the big St. Bernard dogs that for centuries have aided the devoted monks in their work of saving lives.

In the spring, in the autumn, and in the winter, when blinding mists hid all landmarks from view, and when the pass was covered with vast drifts of snow, the monks with their famous dogs acted as guides to those wayfarers who were compelled by circumstances to make the dangerous journey over the Great St. Bernard.

For this duty—imposed on them by their vows—they receive, as they indeed desire, no other reward than his life in the performance of this duty in the past. Now their occupation has gone, says a contributor to a London paper. Modern science, which sweeps away the traditional and picturesque with little regard if it has a better method to offer, has installed telephones in their place. Think of it! No longer the sagacious dog loping down the icy trails, nosing out the form of a half-frozen traveller and sending out the alarm of his deep baying as he virtually reaches the next station on his route in due time, the fact is noted and an alarm sounded.

A telephone line has been strung through the entire pass. At short intervals, on the way are telephone stations, in which watches are located to scan the mountain trail. When a traveller, journeying through the famous thoroughfare, passes one of these watch-boxes, the fact is telephoned on to the next station and to the monastery. Should he not reach the next station on his route in due time, the fact is noted and an alarm sounded.

In this way—by the aid of modern science—the sequestered monks are enabled to keep track of every person who attempts to use the pass in a passage of the Alps. But even more inconceivable, perhaps, is the fact that a motor wagon has succeeded the pack mule of former days in the work of carrying supplies to the monastery. The pass is a long

University of Ottawa, Canada.

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Loyola College

An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. College re-opens Wed. Sept. 2, 1908. For terms and other information apply to The Rector, 68 Drummond St., Montreal

Mount St. Louis Institute.

144 Sherbrooke St. East, MONTREAL. A Residential and Day School for Boys. Collegiate Course; Preparation for Matriculation; Thorough Business Training; Sports, Drill and Physical Culture, Healthy and Convenient Situation; Extensive Playgrounds. New pupils will be examined, and boarders should enter on September 1st. Classes re-open on September 2nd, at 8.30 a. m.

French Mayor Demolishes Crucifix.

On July 14 Vergongheon, a little French town of about 1500 inhabitants, was the scene of a senseless act of sacrilegious vandalism. M. Robert, the Mayor, who is, of course, a staunch supporter of the Clemenceau ministry, is also, of course, a "priest-hater" whose ambition it is to aid M. Briand in extinguishing the lights of heaven. He thought that on the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille he could not do better than overthrow the Bastille of his commune—that is to say, the colossal crucifix in the priest's garden. Disregarding the fact that the premises were technically inviolable, being held by the priest under a duly registered lease, the Mayor, followed by three men, climbed over the garden wall. M. Robert found himself confronted by the priest, who, during two long hours, defended the crucifix. At last he was overpowered, but even then he only left the cross, to which he had been clinging, on receiving the

promise that in no case should it be broken. Alas! ten minutes later it was felled to the ground and the arms were broken. For this act of public sacrilege the archbishop has placed the commune in mourning for a month.

An Easy Pill to Take.—Some persons have repugnance to pills because of their nauseating taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared as to make them agreeable to the most fastidious. The most delicate can take them without feeling the revulsion that follows the taking of ordinary pills. This is one reason for the popularity of these celebrated pills, but the main reason is their high tonical qualities as a medicine for the stomach.

Parish News of the Week

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes P. McDermott, R. Bickerdike, F. Kenna, etc.

Little Ellen Gleeson will be eleven years of age on Father Holland's birthday.

ST. MICHAEL'S GARDEN PARTY.

The parishioners of St. Michael's and their friends in the various parts of the city have every reason to congratulate themselves upon the great success attending their recent garden party.

NEW CURATE OF ST. MARY'S.

Rev. Father Michael O'Brien, the newly appointed curate at St. Mary's parish, officiated for the first time on Sunday last at High Mass.

CLERGY IN RETREAT.

All the diocesan clergy of the Archdiocese who were unable to take part in the annual retreat which was conducted a week ago by Archbishop Bruchesi, are holding their retreat this week at the Grand Seminary.

REQUIEM SERVICE.

An anniversary requiem service was sung on Tuesday morning at St. Patrick's Church, Brasher Falls, N. Y., for the repose of the souls of Rev. Sisters M. Gertrude and M. Rose.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

As usual the weekly gathering of our friends the Catholic sailors was both large and appreciative.

The programme was a good one and was well carried out. In this respect mention is due to Messrs. McCann, MacDonald, Lavalley, Boucher, Cornish, Cameron, Gregory and Matchison, all of whom did their utmost for the enjoyment of all present.

While the evening was certainly an ideal one, yet we have to regret the entire absence of the valued and esteemed talent usually offered by our lady friends, no lady figuring upon last evening's programme, and the want was both felt and spoken of.

Next week's entertainment will be given by Court No. 95, Catholic Order of Foresters, and a pleasing entertainment is looked forward to.

Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy.

Catholic Summer School

Though but two weeks remain of the seventeenth session of the Catholic Summer School of America, the crowds continue to come in on the grounds.

The High Mass on Sunday was celebrated by Rev. W. Cahill, Rev. James A. Brewin, deacon, Rev. T. C. Murphy, sub-deacon. The sermon of the day, a most inspiring and eloquent speech, was delivered by Rev. Francis H. Wall, D. D., of New York.

The family gathering on Sunday evening, which drew the largest crowd of the season, was presided over by Rev. John D. Rouch of New York.

The Reading Circle Movement, which has been of such great significance in the progress of the School, took a most decisive step forward this week in the inauguration of the afternoon Round Table Talks.

The movement to secure accommodations to meet the needs of the rapid growth of the school, took definite form the past week in the formation of two associations for the erection of new cottages on the grounds.

The Canadian Cottage Association also perfected its permanent organization, electing Rev. John Talbot Smith, L.L.D., Hon. President; Harry P. Roessler, of Toronto, President; Mr. J. H. Doane, vice-president; Mr. Charles E. Sullivan, secretary-treasurer; Miss Rose F. Egan, secretary.

REDEMPTORIST CHANGES.

The following changes have just been made in the personnel of the different houses of the Redemptorist Order. Rev. Father Trudel has been named Rector of St. Ann de Beaupre with Rev. Father Simard as novice master of lay brothers.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

HARVESTERS' EXCURSIONS TO WINNIPEG AND THE WHEATFIELDS of the Canadian West. Aug. 27, Sept. 1st, 2nd 14th and 18th, 1908.

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Table with 2 columns: Date and Event. Includes August 1st, 2nd, 3rd, etc., with corresponding feast days.

SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour. Is the Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.

Looking Backward and Forward. One day Cardinal Manning was asked what advantage he acquired by becoming a Catholic.

LABOR DAY. Return Tickets will be sold at Single First Class Fare. Going Sept. 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th. Returning until Sept. 8th, 1908.

THE OCEAN LIMITED. Leaving Montreal at 7.30 p.m. daily except Saturdays, will run until the 15th Sept., 1908.

Seaside Excursion. PORTLAND and return. \$7.50. OLD ORCHARD and return. \$7.75. KENNEBUNKPORT, and return. \$8.10.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOI. \$11.50 St. John AND RETURN. Going August 27, 28, 29 and 30. Returning until Sept. 12, 1908.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE.

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Girls School Dresses and Reefers.

Children's navy blue polka dot Print Dresses, sailor effect, white pique front, collar and cuffs trimmed with fancy braid, very full, sizes 6 to 14 years.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

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

Ireland's Tribute to American Scholarship.

At the banquet following the dedication of the New Hall of Theology, at St. Bernard's Theological Seminary, Rochester, Rev. Walter A. McDonald, D.D., president of the Dunboone Course in Maynooth College, Ireland, paid a generous tribute to American scholarship in his speech on "Ecclesiastical Education."

POSITION WANTED.

A trained and certified teacher under the Irish Board of Education, qualified to teach classics and mathematics, desires a position as such.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 816 Lagache street west, Montreal, Can., by Mr. G. Plunkett Magann, Toronto.