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The Globe and Witness

Vol. LVIII., No. 87

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Note and Comment

If you marry a Protestant your children will be more or less likely to become Protestants. Marry in the Church or stay single.

The anniversary of the seventy-eighth birthday of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria was on Wednesday celebrated throughout Austria and Hungary and at many foreign capitals.

The Pope is slightly indisposed, having caught a cold which has affected his gait. His physicians have ordered that he take a rest, and consequently all audiences have been suspended.

Of the seven new army chaplains appointed by United States Secretary of War Wright, three are Catholic priests: Revs. Frederick Kunneke of Maryland; Lawrence L. Denning of Ohio, and Michael G. Doran of New York.

Lady Aberdeen takes a personal interest in the Irish village of Ballymacdonin at the Franco-British Exhibition, as the entire profits are to be given to the fund in aid of her crusade against tuberculosis in Ireland.

Mr. Gustin Wright, representative in Europe of the Auto-Piano Company of New York, has been received in audience by the Pope, and presented to His Holiness a splendid and artistic auto-piano. Mr. Wright gave renderings of several beautiful pieces of music with the ingenious instrument, and the Holy Father showed himself much pleased, expressing his thanks very cordially.

Mayor Busse of Chicago has replaced a Socialist member of the Board of School Trustees by the appointment of Mrs. P. J. O'Keefe, wife of a prominent attorney and sister of the Rev. Edward A. Kelly, pastor of St. Ann's Catholic Church, Chicago. Mrs. O'Keefe has for years been prominent in school work, and she has been especially active in the spread of Kindergarten instruction. It is now in order for the Junior Mechanics to join their disgruntled Socialist brethren in decrying Mayor Busse as an enemy to free institutions.

Professor Haupt, of Baltimore, stated at a meeting of the International Historical Congress in Berlin, that Our Saviour was not a Jew, and that he could prove it by tradition. Since he does not believe in tradition any more than any other Protestant, he should conclude that his statement is false.

The members of the Congress should have had a Bible with them during their deliberations, they should also have read it. The despatch ends with this pretty sentence: "Such violent dissension was produced that the chairman's efforts to calm the controversialists were for a long time ineffectual." They could not have done worse if one of the reverend gentlemen held four of the aces.

Congratulations to Father Kiernan who is celebrating all this week the 30th anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood. Kind words and good wishes were presented to him on Sunday last and this week a garden party is being held, the proceeds of which will form a jubilee offering for the benefit of his new school. Too much encouragement cannot be given Father Kiernan. He has not spared himself for the good cause he had so much at heart, and it is sincerely hoped that a hearty response will be made by the parishioners of St. Michael's and his many friends so that the burden will be made a little lighter. We are happy to add our personal word of congratulations to those already presented, and to bear testimony to Father Kiernan's untiring efforts and priestly zeal.

It is pleasing to note that through the present C.P.R. strike lawlessness was nowhere in evidence. So much for the cool heads and sound judgment and wise discipline of the executive. It was good to see the saloon-keeper foiled, who had laid in quite a stock of "refreshments" for the men, preparatory to gathering in their money as they got it on their pay day; but it was right here that the executive committee showed the influence they had over the men and the confidence reposed in them, when they handled them in such a manner that they got them past the wily barkeeper and sent them home with their money in their pockets. These men deserve well, and that no disturbances occurred is entirely due to the executive's common sense.

A medical report submitted to the General Assembly of Louisiana by the Louisiana Leper Home sets out the joyful fact that six lepers of the colony in Iberville parish are practically cured. It is not claimed that a specific for leprosy has been discovered, but that the result attained by treatment there followed shows what may be expected from modern sanitary surroundings, first-class medical treatment and nursing by that incomparable band of hospital workers, the Sisters of Charity. For thirteen years from four to six Sisters have borne the entire burden of toil of the institution and not one of them has been infected. There are no stockades nor armed watchmen to guard the inmates of the colony, who are held in contentment and hope inspired by the self-sacrificing care and loving kindness of the sisters.

That old fraud, the endless prayer chain, is again disturbing communities in this state, says the Newark, N.J., News. Let us see: When was that first started at its impious work? Years ago, wasn't it? Plenty of good people will remember it. They each received a letter asking them to write ten more letters just like it and send them to ten friends. And there was a prayer in the letter and this they were enjoined to repeat for nine days. If they did as required some great blessing would follow, and if they didn't an awful curse would fall on them. The original letter and prayer was said to have come from a well-known Episcopal bishop living in Massachusetts, but investigation showed that neither he nor any other Bishop originated it, indorsed it or had anything to do with it. Its author was illiterate, to begin with, and a fraud of a sacrilegious order. And yet that endless prayer chain, which has been exposed in practically every newspaper in the land, still engages the attention of many who are religiously inclined, and it pops up every once in a while to distress those who have not the intelligence and the courage to resist such a palpable imposition.

The glitter of gold, the prospect of fame, honor and other worldly attractions, did not influence you to disregard that Divine call of Him Who, about twenty centuries ago, while one day walking solitary along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, made a similar call to Peter and his companions, when he commanded them to drop their fishing nets and occupation and follow him, and become fishers of men, which summons they, like you, did not hesitate to obey.

It would, Rev. Father, be superfluous to recite here in detail the numerous good works which you accomplished for the glory of God and the temporal and spiritual welfare of your flocks in the various fields of labor to which Providence assigned you, previous to your appointment

FATHER KIERNAN

Celebrated 30th Anniversary of His Ordination.

As already mentioned in previous issues, Sunday last was the day upon which Rev. Father Kiernan, P.P. of St. Michael's, celebrated his Pearl Jubilee.

The morning smiled out brightly, and the only sign in the vicinity of the church that anything unusual was going on was a pretty green flag streaming proudly over the school-house on the opposite side of the street. Once inside the church everything spoke of joy and festivity. For it was one of those particular days which make their influence felt in a manner very hard to describe. It was the day above all days, when the entire parish was called upon to unite in the celebration of the thirtieth anniversary of the elevation to holy priesthood of their beloved pastor.



REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN.

High Mass was celebrated by the pastor himself, assisted by Rev. Father McCrory and Mr. McConough as deacon and sub-deacon. After the Gospel, Rev. Canon O'Meara, P.P. of St. Gabriel, gave an eloquent and powerful discourse upon the holy state of the priesthood, in which he clearly defined the priest's duties which priest and people owe one another, terminating by a few well-chosen words regarding the feast of the day.

The choir rendered the second tone plain chant Mass with fine effect, being strengthened by quite a number of school boys, who are the special object of their pastor's devotion and love.

After Mass, Mr. Britt, a gentleman who has worked untiringly for the success of all the undertakings connected with church and school, stepped into the sanctuary, and read, in the name of the parish, the following address:

Rev. John P. Kiernan, P.P., Pastor of St. Michael's, Montreal.

Rev. Dear Father: On this auspicious occasion, commemorating as we do to-day the 30th anniversary of your ordination to the Holy Order of the Priesthood, we, your devoted parishioners, assembled together in this sacred edifice, not only to honor and offer you our heartfelt congratulations on attaining this, your Pearl Jubilee, but more especially to join with you in offering to that Divine Master, for Whom you have labored so long, so faithfully and well, our sincere prayers of thankfulness and gratitude for the numerous blessings and favors which He has been pleased to bestow upon you during that long period of time, which you devoted to His service.

This anniversary, Rev. Father, recalls to our minds a memorable day in your life when, as a young man, thirty years ago, you voluntarily abandoned this world, with all its attractive but vanishing pleasures, and left home, parents, relatives and friends to enroll yourself in the ranks of that noble and devoted band of laborers, to labor in the vineyard of that Master who once said "that the harvest indeed was great but the laborers few."

The glitter of gold, the prospect of fame, honor and other worldly attractions, did not influence you to disregard that Divine call of Him Who, about twenty centuries ago, while one day walking solitary along the shores of the Sea of Galilee, made a similar call to Peter and his companions, when he commanded them to drop their fishing nets and occupation and follow him, and become fishers of men, which summons they, like you, did not hesitate to obey.

It would, Rev. Father, be superfluous to recite here in detail the numerous good works which you accomplished for the glory of God and the temporal and spiritual welfare of your flocks in the various fields of labor to which Providence assigned you, previous to your appointment

to the pastorate of St. Michael's. Suffice to say that the reputation which you gained and which you so deservedly merited, both in the Province of New Brunswick, as well as that of Ontario, as a result of your great zeal, energy and ability, for the erection of churches, the opening of the schools, and for the wise and capable manner in which you administered the financial affairs of your parishes, was of such a nature, and your efforts so much appreciated by the Bishops under whom you served, that it was naturally with the greatest reluctance, that you obtained the necessary permission to leave your diocese in order to enable you to labor elsewhere.

But, Rev. Father, their loss proved to be our gain, for Divine Providence, who guides all our actions, had a still greater work for you to perform for His glory, in this, your native city. A little over six years ago the sixth parish for English-speaking Catholics was established in this end of the city, and His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal made no mistake when he appointed our respected jubilarian as its first pastor.

You came, Rev. Father, you saw, but you did not turn back, although you had good reason to feel discouraged when you realized the gigantic undertaking which you assumed in the organization of a parish, composed of less than one hundred families scattered over an immense territory, which, at that period, consisted mainly of vacant lots, but, possessed as you were then, and as you are still, with those rare qualities of courage, patience and perseverance, qualities so essential to achieve success in any undertaking, you eventually succeeded in surmounting all obstacles and difficulties, and made St. Michael's one of the most successful parishes in the city.

You early recognized that the work of building a Church for your parishioners was not the only requirement to be supplied. The need of a school for the children of the parish was also an urgent necessity, and one of the first works you began here, but you soon discovered that this school was too inadequate to meet the needs of your rapidly growing parish, so, after exhausting all available means to induce the various school boards in our parish territory to either erect or provide a school for us, or hand over our school taxes so as to enable us to undertake the work ourselves, but without success, you then decided, aided by your wardens, to make application to the Quebec Legislature, to grant St. Michael's a separate School Board of its own.

The strenuous fight which was made for our rights is still vivid in our memory. After failure of your application for the granting of the bill for a separate School Board on two consecutive occasions, your third effort was crowned with victory, and to-day, as a result of that tenacity, zeal and energy for which you are noted, you have the proud satisfaction of possessing a splendid school building, equipped with all the most requisite furnishings, leaving a school roll, last year, of about 125 names, taught by Brothers and Sisters whose reputation as teachers is already spreading beyond the limits of St. Michael's, and governed by a School Board comprising gentlemen of our race, with yourself as its indefatigable and worthy chairman, being the only school corporation of its kind in the Dominion. Results such as these are well worthy the energy, trouble and immense labor expended in their acquisition.

Your commendable unselfishness and great devotion for the financial success of that school which you labored so strenuously to obtain, was made apparent by your refusal to accept a testimonial of a substantial character, as an evidence of our good will toward you, and in appreciation of the many great works which you succeeded in accomplishing in such a short space of time in St. Michael's, expressing your wish and desire that the money which might be expended in acquiring such a testimonial be devoted toward increasing the proceeds of the coming Garden Party for the benefit of the School.

The Story of the Golden Dog

A Legend of Quebec.

(By William J. Fischer, in Rosary Magazine)

That beautiful, ancient city down by the St. Lawrence—one of the most picturesque in the world—richly conning, historic associations, the Quebec of three epoch-making centuries, sitting like a queen upon its throne of pleasant granite hills, has ever attracted the hearts of mankind with magnetic force. Many a poet has visited its hallowed and glorious places in the hope that he might there find inspiration for the writing of the nation's epic, many a daring novelist has wandered through its time-honored thoroughfares and found rich material for his fancy's illumination; yes, and many a philosopher has studied its history and traditions from the old, lordly piles of stone, that speak of honored days of chivalry and heroism, and given the world expression of his love and work. To all lovers of beauty and romance, Quebec is a "casket of precious stones, a shrine of historical relics, which, if approached by sacrilegious hands, would call forth from all sides a cry of protest. It is a gallery of paintings, whose pictures bear the mark of the Divine Artist, surpassing in beauty the works of all the landscape painters of the world." Gibraltar, Naples, Algiers and Constantinople—it is with these cities that old Quebec must be compared, if viewed from Point Lévis or the Isle of Orleans. Gibraltar has its citadel and Algiers its Kasbah; Constantinople and Naples show an amazing riotous display of light and color, and Quebec, while it cannot boast of such gifts, takes just pride in the magnificence and delicate rich beauty and grandeur of its surroundings. Little wonder, then, that it should have inspired the following fine lines from Jean Blewett:

"Quebec, the grey old city on the hill,
Lies with a golden glory on her head,
Dreaming throughout this hour so fair,
Fair, so still,
Of other days and all her mighty white doves perch upon the cannon grim,
The flowers bloom where once did run a tide
Of crimson, when the moon rose pale and dim
Above the battlefield, so grim and wide,
Methinks within her wakes a mighty glow
Of pride, of tenderness—her stirring past—
The strife, the valor of the long ago
Feels at her heartstrings, Strong and tall and vast,
She lies, touched with the sunset's golden grace,
A wondrous softness on her grey, old face."

To appreciate Quebec thoroughly one must linger and dream near the old walls and ruins and hear the stones speak of the past. One must stroll through the public places and traverse its quaint, irregular narrow streets and let one's eyes feast on the beauty one sees everywhere on church and convent, public edifice and monument. But apart from all these pleasant associations, Quebec treasures in her soul a wealth of legendary lore, often mysterious and dramatic, which has been so woven into the texture of the place that along these lines alone a visit to the city will bring endless delight to the heart of the pleasure-seeking tourist. There is, for instance, the popular legend of the Golden Dog, probably the best known and also the most enigmatical and mysterious, commemorating as it does a terrible and grim vendetta.

Take a drive about the city in the attractive caleche and the cabby will not fail to take you to the post-office, a rather remarkable stone building, built upon a part of the rock which holds the Chateau Frontenac—one of the most beautiful hotels in the world—upon its strong back. But it is not the post office which proves such a drawing card to the many. Look over the main entrance and there you will see an old slab encased in the wall. Upon it is engraved a strange dog with a fierce glare in his eyes. He is gnawing at a bone which he is holding between his jaws. Upon the bas-relief is engraved a rather imperfect quatrain in French, one line written above and the other three below the strange figure of the dog. It reads:

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os
En le rongant, je prends mon repos,
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu,
Que je mordrai qui m'aura mordu"

which means, translated:

"I am a dog gnawing a bone,
While I gnaw I take my repose,
The time will come, though not yet
When I will bite him who now bites me."

The post office was built in 1871, but it has been proved without doubt that the strange bas-relief of the Golden Dog dates as far back as

1736. In those days a wealthy French tradesman, named Philibert, erected a large stone structure on the very spot where the post office now stands. The old tablet in question decorated the front of his building. It is also an authenticated fact that while excavating to build the post office, a lead plate was found upon which was engraved: "Nicholas Jacquin Dit Philibert, Ma Pos. le 2 Aout, 1735." Thus we learn that the first stone of the building was laid on August 2, 1735. The bas-relief was placed above the door the following year. This will explain the date, 1736, which one sees on the tablet.

"This dog," writes Routhier, "is like a modern Nemesis, hiding under a strange and new form. He is lying down to rest and gnawing a bone—that is the present. He has been bitten and remembers it—that is the past. The day will come when he will bite the one who bit him—that is the future."

What is the meaning of the revengeful dog? Can we not connect him in some manner with the early history of the place? These are questions which poets and novelists and historians have answered during the last hundred years, and at this late day the real history is yet to come. But it is certain that the life-history of a few human beings at least is written on that cold, engraved tablet. There may be some contradictions in the little details, but the story, immortalized as it does the name of "le bourgeois Philibert," contains thrilling and tragic chapters.

One of the first writers who attempted to solve the mystery was a certain Captain Knox, who was a member of General Wolfe's army, which entered Quebec in September, 1759. One day, while walking down the street, he noticed the weird-looking bas-relief above the door of Philibert's house. In the second volume of his diary he states that his attempt to arrive at the true meaning of the legendary quatrain proved futile after the most patient and exhaustive investigations. His conclusion, however, was that the dog, an emblem of faithfulness, represented the colony of New France, and that the threatening verses referred to the Indians.

In 1839, Auguste Soulard, a lawyer and writer of fair reputation, came forward with his explanation of the Golden Dog. The following was his story briefly: In 1736, "le bourgeois Philibert" was killed by Le Gardeur de Repentigny after a desperate quarrel. A wife and son mourned Philibert's death. Overcome with grief and longing for revenge, the suffering widow placed above her husband's bas-relief, as a threat to her husband's murderer, and in her heart she longed to see the day when her son might avenge the crime. At the age of twenty-two, the latter left for Europe in search of his father's murderer. "Ten months after young Philibert's departure," Soulard goes on to say, "his sick mother was sitting at the window, breathing the pure, spring air and thinking of her son, when a letter was handed to her. Upon reading she learned, alas! that after many painful journeys her son had at last found De Repentigny crossed swords with him and had been killed. Poor Philibert! The meaning of his last sentence is quite plain. The letter which the mother received was not from her son, for the duel had ended fatally for him."

Another learned and profound scholar, Jacques Viger, also tried to unravel the strange mystery of the Golden Dog. His findings were a direct refutation to Soulard's promulgations.

Sir James Lemoine, in his "Maple Leaves," practically confirms Soulard's investigations but ends his story differently. According to him the letter received by Madame Philibert was from her son and contained the following: "My dearest mother, we are avenged. My father's murderer is no more." William Kirby, the Canadian novelist and poet, who died recently, has probably woven the most successful and likely tale into the vague, strange legend. He published four volumes of prose, the most noteworthy being "The Golden Dog: A Legend of Quebec." The book first saw daylight in 1877 and has since gone through many editions in Canada and the United States. The novel is a classic of its kind. It brought the veteran author fame in his old days. "It is a most interesting book," writes one, "for those who are fond of old Quebec. The author's brilliant imagination, his lively and figurative style, his unprejudiced admiration for the old French nobility of Canada, the vivid description which he gives of Canadian customs of the time, the artistic way in which he keeps up the reader's interest, make of his book most agreeable and wholesome reading." Let us then briefly mention the salient features of Kirby's rendition of the remarkable legend: Before journeying to Quebec Count

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.

(Continued on Page 8.)

(Continued on Page 8.)

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

WOULD YOU REFUSE?

Would you refuse the sinner's hand, because, His brother-man condemned him? Is that clause "Judge not," of human mind, or of divine?

How many penitential paths he trod You know not; is the mercy of a God

Search deep into your heart, there you may find The knowledge of yourself; the blackest kind

But visible to Christ in Paradise— Shall you then deign to spurn and cast aside

I know not why, and yet it seems to me We little study the Divinity— The lessons deepest that should fill the mind

The world always judges a man (and rightly enough, too), by his little faults, which he shows a hundred times a day rather than by his great virtues, which he discloses perhaps but once in a lifetime, and to a single person—may, in proportion as they are rarer, and he is nobler, is shy of letting their existence be known to all.

A LITTLE FUN AT HOME. Be not afraid of a little fun at home. Do not shut your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a laugh should shake down a few musty cobwebs that are hanging there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left at the threshold, without, when they come home at night.

There are wise women, sprightly women, fashionable women, scholarly women, eloquent women, literary women, pretty women, handsome, loving and lovable women; but the most valuable, the most indispensable, the most womanly woman is the home woman. All the others the world could afford to lose, great as the loss would be, better than to lose the home woman.

THE APPRECIATIVE WORD. This old world would be a happier place if we made it a habit to tell our friends of the nice things we hear about them. We all know how pleasant it is to hear things of that sort.

HAVE PATIENCE. The right key to a happy life is patience with little annoyances, whether they pertain to self or others. It has been well said that happiness depends much upon "cultivating our growth of small pleasures."

When will ye think of me, my friends? When will ye think of me? When the rose of the rich midsummer time Is filled with the hues of its glorious prime—

When the last red light, the farewell of day, From the rock and the river is passing away—

True Witness Beauty Patterns



A PRACTICAL APRON.

No. 5832. A serviceable work apron such as the one here shown, not only protects the entire dress but is very becoming as well. It may be made with very little difficulty, and the ease with which it may be slipped on and off, is a feature that will recommend it at once to the busy housewife.

Ladies' Apron, with circular bib, to be slipped on over the head. No. 5832. Sizes for small, medium and large.

A pattern of the above illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in money or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON.

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

Do not think that when you are married you may rest from your efforts to please, encourage and sympathize. Remember in this world if we would be happy we must give as well as receive, but for a moment the policy of woman seems to be to take all that she can get and give nothing.

Women should realize more what a wonderful power for good they have. The harmony of the home rests with them. They may encourage it or destroy it, as they will. The two ways in which women's power is most commonly brought to bear are by sympathy and scorn.

THE EMPLOYER WHO APPRECIATES. The employer who appreciates and occasionally praises the work of his employee gets far better results than the one who never takes the trouble to recognize the well meant efforts of those whom he employs.

When will ye think of me, my friends? When will ye think of me? When the sudden tears overflow the eye

When will ye think of me, kind friends? When will ye think of me? When the rose of the rich midsummer time

When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours fled, From the walks my footsteps no more may tread—

When will ye think of me, sweet friends? When will ye think of me? When the sudden tears overflow the eye

At the sound of some olden melody, When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream, When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream;

Thus let my memory be with you, friends! Thus ever think of me! Kindly and gently, but of one For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone—

As a bird from a chain unbound— As of a wanderer whose home is found—

So let it be! —Felicia Hemans.

GIVE THE BEST THAT YOU HAVE. The woman, who is always complaining that her efforts are not appreciated and that she has no place in the world, is usually the one who has done but little to earn the gratitude of her fellow man.

one-half dozen onions about the same size as potatoes. Place the potatoes in a fairly hot oven place the onions in the oven about five or ten minutes after the potatoes. Cook both until they have assumed the proper degree of softness. Remove them from the oven. Cut up the potatoes, allowing the peelings to remain. Take off the outside cover of the onions, cut them up, and mix them thoroughly with the potatoes.

GREEN PEA SOUP. Four pounds of beef cut in small pieces, a quart of green peas and one gallon of water. Boil the empty pods of the peas in the water an hour before adding the beef. Strain and add the meat and boil an hour and a half longer.

CURRENT WATER. One pound of ripe red currants, half a pound of lump sugar, half a pound of granulated sugar and six cupsful of water.

BRIDGE' FROCKS. It is now quite the fashion to dub all the good looking frocks that are not intended for balls and dinners as bridge frocks. The name is often misused.

Put the lump sugar into a saucepan with one and a half cupsful of boiling water; let the sugar dissolve slowly, then boil it to a syrup; pour this onto the fruit juice, adding one and a half pints more water. Serve cold.

CIDER CUP. One quart of cider, two bottles of soda water, one bottle of lemonade, one heaping teaspoonful of granulated sugar, a sprig of mint and two inches of cucumber.

Two lemons, one ounce of ginger, one ounce of cream of tartar, three pounds of lump sugar, two table-spoonfuls of granulated sugar, three gallons of boiling water and two ounces of compressed yeast.

Mix the yeast with the granulated sugar until it becomes liquid. Put the thinly pared rinds and strained juice of the lemons into a large stoneware

Her baby march away. And turns with a sigh that is half relief, And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn, When the children one by one Will go from their home out into the world, & To battle with life alone, And not even the baby be left to cheer

With tomato puree mixed with dissolved gelatine, seasoned slightly with salt and white pepper, fill small molds before the gelatine hardens.

CHICKEN IN TOMATO JELLY CUPS.

As attractive and tasty a salad as has been seen for many a day was served at a luncheon recently. Green gages cut into halves and bananas in cubes had been covered with oil and powdered sugar and allowed to stand on the ice for a couple of hours.

RED HANDS.

If you suffer from these and want to look your best in evening dress, get some liquid powder, and after thoroughly washing and drying, rub your hands and arms with a little of this.

Potatoes and Onions.—One-half dozen medium-sized potatoes. Wash them thoroughly. Don't peel. Take

jar with the ginger, which should be first slightly bruised, the cream of tartar and lump sugar. Pour on these the boiling water, then add the yeast.

Mix all well together, cover the jar and allow the beer to stand in a warm place until the following day. Then skim off the yeast carefully, pour the beer into clear bottles, taking care to leave the sediment behind. Cork the bottles tightly and in four days the beer will be ready for use.

Hazel Nut Custard Pie.—This is a favorite at one of the New York Hotels. To a custard add one-half cup of finely ground hazel nuts. The nuts will rise to the top and form a tender crust to the custard. Walnuts, pecans or almonds may be used in the place of the hazel nuts.

A very good imitation of club cheese can be made at a slight expense from American cream cheese. Grate as much as you require and mix with a little Worcestershire sauce and a little sherry. Work it to the right smoothness. If preferred the sherry may be omitted and the Worcestershire sauce left to give it the required flavor.

A TASTY SALAD

As attractive and tasty a salad as has been seen for many a day was served at a luncheon recently. Green gages cut into halves and bananas in cubes had been covered with oil and powdered sugar and allowed to stand on the ice for a couple of hours.

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Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels.

COUPLE OF DOSES CURED. Mrs. W. J. Wilson, Tessier, Sask., tells of her experience in the following words: "I wish to tell you of the good I have found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry."

FUNNY SAYINGS.

W. J. Oliver, the lowest bidder for the construction of the Panama Canal, said of a contract that a friend had lost: "Oh, well, there's a bright side to everything. Had you gotten this contract you might have lost money on it. All things have their bright side. It is like the case of the rejected suitor."

"Oh, Mabel," the youth moaned, burying his face in his hands, after his rejection, "make it easier for me to bear, can't you, dear?"

"Yes, Will," Mabel gently answered "I'm sure terribly."

INCONSIDERATE. The young man and the girl were standing outside the front door, having a final chat after his evening's call. He was leaning against the door post, talking in low tones.

NOT LIFE-LIKE. The late N. C. W., known throughout New England as a very shrewd money-getter, sometimes hired a witty Irishman to work around his place, and he loved to talk to the man on account of his ready wit.

One morning as John was working about the lawn, Mr. W. called him to come in and see the portrait he had had made of himself. The picture showed him standing with one hand in his pocket.

"What do you think of it, John?" he asked. "Isn't it a good likeness?" "I can't see anything natural about it, Mr. W.," replied John. "You should have had your hand in some other man's pocket."

DEFFECTIVE EDUCATION. An old dandy in Alabama called across the fence to his neighbor's son, who is a student at the Atlanta University, says a writer in the Philadelphia Ledger.

"Look hyar, boy," he said, "you goes to school, don't yer?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Gettin' education, ain't yer?" "Yes, sir."

Relief for the Depressed.—Physical and mental depression usually have their origin in a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as when these organs are deranged in their action the whole system is affected.

AN ANTICLIMAX.

Sir Henry Irving was frequently a victim to the interjections of gallery gods. When playing "Macbeth" one night he had reached that dramatic moment in the banquet scene when in dreadful fear he bids the ghost of Banquo to vanish.

"Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!" he exclaimed and, shuddering, covering his face with his robe. As the ghost vanished a shrill voice in the gallery broke the momentary silence.

"It's all right now, Emery, he's gone!"—Pondon Bellman.

CLOSING HIS MOUTH. A very sensible bit of advice expressed in homely language was given by a man not long ago to an excitable and quarrelsome friend.

"You don't want to get no warrant, Bill. You just go to the chemist's shop and get yourself two pieces of plaster—good big ones—and put one piece on yer head and the other on yer mouth an' you'll be all right."—London Mail.

Woman's Home Companion for August. The August issue of Woman's Home Companion is full of delightful stories—just the right sort of midsummer reading. Just to pick up the magazine and look at the little Dutch boy and the windmill on the cover makes you feel cool and comfortable.

There are serious and practical things too. Doctor Hale talks helpfully about "Sleep and Re-creation." "The Garden in August," many recipes for summer salads, meat and substitutes for meats by Fannie Merritt Farmer, and Christine Terhune Herrick, the Summer Fashions by Grace Margaret Gould, Sam Lloyd's Own Puzzle Page are a few of the things that will interest most every woman who reads the August Woman's Home Companion.

Was Troubled With His Back for Over Twenty-five Years. Get Him Every Kind of Medicine, But

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FINALLY CURED HIM

Mrs. H. A. Ripper, Ferrisport, Ont., writes—I can certainly recommend your Doan's Kidney Pills. My husband has been troubled with his back for over twenty-five years. I got him every kind of medicine I could think of, but they did him no good.

The price of Doan's Kidney Pills is 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1908.

By Fra... "I don't see w... sent for her," m... tedly, "the h... enough to be co... to us."

"And she can... joined in little E... always gets som... letters to papa... are mostly in di... she says... pipe. Ugh!

"Come, come... their mother get... allow yourself... against Auntie R... welcome and be... account. You k... long time, and is... can be. We mus... suspect that we... ed."

"Of course no... "I wouldn't hurt... world. But what... ing her come her... money time and... paid her a dozen... she ever done fo... seems so funny... smokes nor chews... "Come, come... their mother get... allow yourself... against Auntie R... welcome and be... account. You k... long time, and is... can be. We mus... suspect that we... ed."

You father isn't... talk of himself, b... has said I fancy... him a good deal... boy. But here h... A slow, heavy y... street and turne... A moment later t... John Gundy ente... short, heavily bu... unusually impassi... now the face was... He kissed his wir... patted Dick on t... "It's nice to ge... and find things s... said, glancing at... the cosy little roo... smell, pumpkin pi... brown bread—ext... ty, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered... ly, "we want to... expression of o... The man's face... "She'll like it... she will, I know... ed, seating himse... by the window... dog-tired when I... I stopped at the... found a letter fro... rosted me. She'd... best men to writ... about to be put o... be love-on,—the... and it's after sev... pieces of plaster—... —and put one piec... the other on yer m... all right."—London Mail.

His big, toil-w... across each other... his gaze wandered... window, unseeing... "Twenty-two ye... her," he said dre... he is coming to... her days with the... ed out of the mud... at my table, and... on the doorstep t... black pipe just li... turned and saw th... dren fixed on him... logically. "Did I... took me in?" he... the children: "I b... mother a long tim... know's I've told y... His wife came as... upon his shoulder... "You never told... said, with playf... voice: "you once... the best friend o... but that was all... know enough abo... her feel that she... stranger."

He looked a litt... this, but patted h... ly. "I thought I'd... he said, "but m... ain't one to talk... generally. Well,"... so that he could... through the windo... like this. Up to... ten I don't remem... in a home, or havi... It was days hunt... scraps, and nights

Only

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AUNTY.

(By Frank H. Sweet.)

"I don't see why he needed to have sent for her," muttered Dick, disconcertedly. "The house is only just big enough to be cosy for us four. She'll be a nuisance. She isn't anything to us."

"And she can't read nor write," said the little Elsie. "You know she always gets somebody to write her letters to papa, he says so, and they are mostly in different hands. And he says she smokes a long black pipe. Ugh!"

"Yes, and do you know I believe papa looks forward to seeing that pipe as much as he does Auntie," cried Dick, scornfully. "Why, when he spoke about the pipe last night his face actually lighted up. And it seems so funny, because papa never smokes nor chews."

"Come, come, children," chided their mother gently. "You mustn't allow yourselves to get prejudiced against Auntie in advance. We must all be nice to her on papa's account. You know he's been looking forward to her coming for a long time, and is just as pleased as can be. We mustn't let him even suspect that we are not just pleased."

"Of course not," grumbled Dick. "I wouldn't hurt his feelings for the world. But what's the good of having her come here? Why, when she gets here again, and that's money time again, and that's money time again, she'll be here for a dozen times over for all she ever does for him."

"I'm not so sure about that, Dick. Your father isn't much of a hand to talk of himself, but from things he has said I fancy this Auntie helped him a good deal when he was a boy. But here he comes now."

A slow, heavy step came up the street and turned in at their gate. A moment later the door opened and John Gundy entered. He was an short, heavily built man, with an unusually impassive face. But just now there was a warm look in the eyes. He kissed his wife and Elsie, and patted Dick on the shoulder.

"It's nice to get home from work and find things so comfortable," he said, glancing appreciatively about the cosy little room. "An' what's that smell, pumpkin pies and lamb and brown bread—extra cooking for Auntie, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered his wife smilingly. "We want to give her a good impression of our new home." The man's face warmed yet more. "She'll like it mightily. I know she will. I know she will," he beamed, seating himself in a big chair by the window. "Seemed like I was dog-tired when I left the factory, but I stopped at the post-office and found a letter from her, and that rested me. She'd got one of the boatmen to write, and it said she was getting on first rate and was about to be put on the train. She'll be here on the eight o'clock sure, and it's after seven now, glancing at the clock. Then his gaze wandered to the table, where there was no sign of supper, and he chuckled understandingly. "Putting off supper for her," he went on gratefully, "it's thoughtful of you, Lizzie; and nice of the children to be willing to wait. The Lord's good to give me such a family."

His big, toll-worn hands rubbed across each other carelessly, and his gaze wandered out through the window, unseeing and retrospective. "Twenty-two years since I saw her," he said dreamily, "and now she is coming to spend the rest of her days with the little boy she picked out of the mud. She'll be sitting at my table, and I'll see her go out on the doorstep to smoke her long black pipe just like I used to." He turned and saw the eyes of the children fixed on him, and laughed apologetically. "Did I ever tell you how Auntie took me in?" he asked presently, of the children: "I believe I told your mother a long time ago, but I don't know's I've told you."

His wife came and laid her hand upon his shoulder. "You never told me, John," she said, with playful reproach in her voice; "you once said that she'd been the best friend of your childhood, but that was all. I would like to know enough about Auntie to make her feel that she isn't an entire stranger."

He looked a little surprised at this, but patted her hand reassuringly. "I thought I'd told you, Lizzie," he said, "but maybe I didn't. I ain't one to talk much of myself generally. Well," turning his chair so that he could look at them and but that was all. I would like to know enough about Auntie to make her feel that she isn't an entire stranger."

from freezing or from the owners of boxes or old buildings that I crept into for shelter. But I never stole nor begged, like most of the boys I was with—that is, not until I was ten. I hunted for jobs and scraps of food that had been thrown away; and when I couldn't get them, I'd starve—and 'twas generally starve. But one day when I was about ten I got desperate and rushed into a baker's shop and grabbed both hands full of bread."

"Oh, papa," breathed Elsie. "I was desperate," the man repeated, his voice lower; "I hadn't had a bite in two days. Of course I knew 'twas wrong. Every intelligent boy knows what's right and what's wrong. But I'd never been told the why of such things, and just then I was so hungry I didn't care. Well," glancing again at the clock, "the baker had me by the shoulder and was dragging me off to police court when a poor woman came by who worked in one of the mills. She begged me off, paid full price for the bread, and promised to look after me. And she did, better generally than she did for herself. When I was a little older and stronger, she got a job for me in the mill where she worked. She never sent me to school, for she didn't know much about such things. She couldn't read nor write herself. But she did the best for me she knew how. I had good food and warm clothes, and when I was sick she cared for me as tenderly as the mother. And when a party of the neighbors was getting ready to start for America a few years later, she came to me one day with tears in her eyes. "Johnnie," she said, "ye must go along with 'em. I hate to have ye go, dearie, but it's best. If I had a son of my own I'd say the same. There ye can work up, here it's mill day on an' forever. Be a man, Johnnie, an' if ye can be a great one, I can hear the words and see her standing there just like it was yesterday," he said softly, "and the little room, too. You children can't realize what that homely little room was to me; no one could, unless he passed a cuffed and kicked and starved childhood on the streets. No city missionary could have pictured to me a heaven so beautiful as that. Even on my little stool at one side of the other smoking her long pipe. And knocking the ashes now and then into the fire. I was happy with the consciousness of a full supper, and the knowledge of a little bed up in the loft to which I could go when I felt sleepy, and that breakfast would be ready for me in the morning without any exertion or apprehensive skulking on my part. Even to this day I can't see a woman smoking without a thrill at my heart and a longing to go and say something pleasant to her."

Elsie was by his knee now, gazing up wistfully into his face, her eyes moist. Dick was standing a few feet away, regarding his father thoughtfully. "And you've never seen her since then," Elsie whispered. "No. She had forty pounds, the savings of a long, hard-worked life, and she made me take it all—to pay my way and get me started, she said. You've heard me tell how I reached here. As soon as I began to earn money I sent her some from time to time ever since. After she got too old to work in the mill I wanted to bring her here, but couldn't see my way to it until the company advanced me to the position of foreman last month. But it's twenty minutes of eight," his eyes shined; "I think I'd better be starting for the station."

At the door he paused. "You children have wondered why I built this house so different from others along here," he said; "well, it's almost a copy of Auntie's little home, only about three times as big. I sent her for a sip of the old vine that grew over her door, and grew ours from it, and I made the window as near as I could like hers. I think she'll feel at home as soon as she sees this place." Then he was off, and they heard his quick, heavy footsteps hurrying down the street.

Ten minutes later came the rumble of the eight o'clock train, followed by a sharp whistle at the grade crossing on the next street. Dick and Elsie went outside to watch. But almost by the time the train reached the station, a small, bent old woman, staggering under the weight of a large bundle, came hurrying from the next street. Dick saw her first.

"Look, Elsie," he cried; "I do believe that's her. The train stops at the street crossing when anybody wants to get off. The conductor knows papa, and I suppose she asked him, and he let her. If there be-

cause it was nearer." The old woman was pausing every few steps, and peering about anxiously. Suddenly she seemed to see their house, and to recognize the familiar vine and windows, for even at that distance they could see her face light up, and the almost childish eagerness with which she hurried across the street toward them. "It's Johnnie's children, it's Johnnie's children!" she cried, her voice tremulous with the joy it could not hold. "Oh, my dearies! my dearies!"

That completed the subjugation of the children; and when she reached the sidewalk, there was Elsie waiting to welcome her, and just beyond Elsie was Dick holding open the gate with beaming face. Nor did Dick at that moment consider himself too old to receive and return her kiss. Then he thought of his father, and that he ought to run and tell him of Auntie's arrival, but there was no need, for even as he turned he saw the familiar form hurrying up the street with long, eager strides.

To Purify The Blood

The liver and kidneys must be enlivened by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills.

The blood not only carries nourishment to the cells and tissues of the body but also takes off the poisonous waste material or ashes which remain from the fire of life. The poisonous substances can only be removed from the blood by the liver and kidneys and this accounts for the extraordinary success of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney Liver Pills as a means of purifying the blood.

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There is no treatment so prompt and certain and none so reasonable in price. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. All dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box.

A Mysterious Way.

A rather strange thing happened the other day. My little maid came to me and said that Mr. Tyler had brought the ribbon I had ordered, and the price was sixpence. As I had never heard of Mr. Tyler, and consequently had ordered nothing from him, I said so; and then, as I had my walking things on and was going out, I asked, "Is he at the front door? I will speak to him myself. There is some mistake."

I found at the door a respectable-looking little man of middle age, whom I did not remember to have seen before, and who apologized civilly when I explained that his parcel was not for me. "I'm fairly muddled in my head," he said in a low tone. "I've had a blow. Could you tell me, madam, if there's a pillar-box anywhere near here?"

By this time we were out in the street, and I said, "Oh, yes, if you will come with me I'll show you." He walked a few steps in silence, and as we passed some cottages a loud-voiced, invisible woman called to another. "Did you see Tyler pass just now? Looks pretty bad, don't he? Lost that second son of his yer know?"

In a flash I remembered what I had seen in yesterday's evening paper—a jockey of the name killed by a foul at the winning post. I turned to him: "Oh, was it that jockey?" His face quivered and worked, and he nodded, evidently unable to speak. "Oh, I am sorry!" I cried, and stopped, feeling how inadequate the words were.

We reached the pillar-box, but he only stood and stared at what he must have seen a hundred times before, and, as an old resident of the town, known well to be there. "It's the missus," he said then, still in the same low, stunned kind of tone. "Shall I come and see her?" I asked. "Is that what you would like?" "Yes," was all he said. "I must just go to one or two shops," I explained, "but tell me where you live and I won't be a minute behind you, if you're going home."

It was a little shop, quite at the poor end of the town, but prosperous looking and smart in its way. He was waiting for me behind the counter, and without a word led me into the living-room behind it. A woman sat at a round table in the middle of the room, with her head bowed on her outstretched arms and she did not move as we went in. "She ain't done nothing else since," he said, and with a gesture drew my attention to the room, which bore evident marks of neglect in the dust-covered sideboard and chairs, while the wife herself was in working gown and apron, with her sleeves tucked up to her elbows. For a moment I hesitated, then I laid my hand on her shoulder. "Oh, you poor dear!" I said, and she looked up at me. I have never seen such despair on any human countenance, but there was no sign, or trace of tears.

"No one cares," she said quite evenly, and put her head down again. The man drew up a chair and sat down at the table too. "I put my other arm around her shoulders. "Tell me about it," I said; "I don't know." "I wanted to make her cry if I could. Again she raised her head. "No one's been," she said. "The vicar, he went next door and said there was no hope; at least he shook his head and sighed, Mrs. Green said, so that showed; and he ain't been here."

Then I understood that her preoccupation was all for the boy's soul. I knew exactly how the case would appear to the smooth and polished gentleman in charge of the parish but a passion of rage and grief seized me. "Listen," I said to her, "a good poet wrote: 'Betwixt the saddle and the ground he merrily sought and mercy found.'" She sat up and eyed me hungrily. "Say it again," she breathed. And I repeated the words.

Then her face fell again, as one that dared not hope. "Isn't it in the Bible," she said. "No," said I. "That isn't, but something else is. A man was dying—a man who had robbed and perhaps murdered—and he said, 'Lord, remember me,' and was promised Paradise. Mind, he didn't make a long prayer, and say he had sinned and was sorry; he hadn't time and he was suffering too much—such awful pain. He meant it all, but he could say 'Lord, remember me.' Don't you think your boy said, 'at least thought, 'Oh, my God, forgive me,' when he felt he was falling? Or even afterwards, when he was unconscious? The soul isn't dead then, you know. I've been unconscious myself for three weeks, so I know. I thought of lots of things."

"My boy wasn't a thief, nor a murderer," she said proudly. "A better lover never stepped. Clean and honest he was, and he'd always go to church with me Sunday evenings when I asked him." "My Church teaches," said I. "I'm a Catholic, did you know?—my Church teaches that when a man does his best, according to what he knows, we may always have good hope of his salvation. If he has done his best, God may give him the grace at the hour of death, perhaps before, to make such an act of contrition as the dying thief made when he said, 'Lord, remember me.'"

"Does it really teach that?" she asked searchingly, as one who would not be annoyed by a false hope. "I've been seeing him in hell, and I've been there myself." She spoke quietly, but I felt the table vibrate at her husband's shudder. "We believe in hell," I answered as quietly. "But a good and holy priest once said to me that we only know for certain of one man—sent there. And nothing and no one would convince me that our Father would send you boy there if he called upon Him for help, when, as you say, he has been clean-living and honest and a good son. I dare say he wouldn't go straight to heaven, you know; but we believe in a place of training, a place where forgiven souls go to prepare, to be made holy, but where they are never out of their Father's hands."

She listened greedily. "It'd be a good place," she said simply, "anywhere where God was. And for Fred to go straight to heaven wouldn't praps make him 'appy, not at first. He'd want to get used to thinking about good things—all day like, instead of horses and racin'! But," her face clouded over once more, "he wasn't a Catholic, no more'n the rest of us, and I expect it isn't for the likes of us." "Oh, yes, it is," I insisted. "It's for every one. The only difference is you don't know about it because you haven't been taught; but it's there for every one. It's only as if you had been left some money or a house in Australia and you hadn't got the letter telling you about it. It would be yours all the time. And, remember, every one that gets in there is safe—safe. He can never get out except to go nearer to God in Heaven."

"Oh, do you really think he's there?" she cried, with the first trace of emotion she had shown, as the ice round her heart began to thaw. She seized my hands and held them tight in hers, roughened and scathed by hard work. "How am I to know? I must know." "Believe it," I said. "God is so good and so loving. Believe it, I repeated. "God is so good, and His ears are always open for the first little cry for mercy from every soul that utters one. Don't you think when your boy fell—"

She turned suddenly back to her old position on the table, crying: "Oh, my boy, my boy, my baby!" I felt as if I had stabbed her. But the blessed tears had come; the ice was broken; the first glimmer of hope, like the rays of the sun, had melted it. Her husband rose and came round to her. "Come, my woman," he said, and led her unresisting to her bedroom. Then he came back to me. "She'll do now," he said brokenly. "God forever bless you. Won't you sit down."

For I was crying very heartily myself. Now, who or what made that man come to me with sixpennyworth of ribbon? And how wide will the circles grow from that one little mistake? These good people come to Mass and Benediction every Sunday now, and the woman at least will never rest till she is a Catholic. When I found her the chances were, as we say, much more in favor of her killing herself or going into a lunatic asylum. Truly, "God moves in a mysterious way," as Cowper has it.—The English Messenger.

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The Return of the Gael. (By Very Rev. Canon Sheehan, D.D., in Catholic Union and Times.) Back to Bamba of the Shamrocks! Back to Bamba of the streams! Shall we see it as it hovered over all our waking dreams, Fair, God's Holy City, couched 'hind ridges of the deep, Cradled in its arms so mightily, lulled to far-forgotten sleep? We have heard its streamlets singing, as they swept the chords along, Agate rock and ruby pellets—jewelled steps for silver song. We have seen its purple mountains, laced with all their shimmering veils, Clouds and mists of sideway vessels, hung with all their phantom sails. We have heard in dreams the rushing of its rivers to the sea; And the forest organ-thunders, as the stern-wings sweep the lea. We have seen its feathered pine-groves lift their lanes to the sky. Dipped in windswept salutations to the phantoms fleeing by— Ghosts of legions from the dead past, haunting every dale and glen. Long-lost warriors within the fireside legends say will come again: Tarned unkempt and gallowglass, spurred and booted cavaliers, Heroes of the scian and pike-shaft, warriors of the sword and spear, Fairy queens, and elves of moonlight, Druid priest and Christian saint. Girt around with all the glamour of a twilight, grey and faint. Lo! they pass among the shadows, there beneath us in the glen, Shades of night, they hold the presage that a dawn will rise again! Shall we see it? shall we see that gold-dawn break across the sea? God, roll back the mists of ages from Thine Isle of Destiny! Let Thy glad smile break around it from the centre to the deep; From the wind-rocked eagle's nest to where the black, sea-urchins sleep. Is she proven? Hath she not borne all her centuries of wrong, Darkened but by fitful gleam of patriot-sword and poet-song? Hath she not repelled in scorn threats of hell and bribes unpriced, For your honor, O ye nations? for Thy sacred creed, O Christ? Summon then, from farthest shores, Thy winged angel, Liberty! Let her spread her mighty pinions o'er the Sleeper of the Sea! Let her wave her wings of light, and gather from the speeding years All the remnants of her army, all the world's pioneers! Lo! across the ocean swinging, plunge the argosies of light; Hark the anthem echoes ringing through the watches of the night! Hearts of steel and hands of iron gird their motherland once more,— Great world-builders, thewed and sveney like the mighty men of yore. Gates of Ocean! swing your seawings back from Camden and Carlisle, Piers of power, granite sockets, for the wide world's turnstile! Saxon names still cling unto you; on your cliffs are Saxon guns;— Those we'll change, and these will thunder where the swirling sea-tide runs. As the sea-tide homes, and fills darkened bight and river nook, Shall our legions spread and fill the sacred soil they once forsook? Pine-fledged mountain, caverned seashore, stately city, hermit dale, Echo back the shout exultant of the sea-united Gael. Mother Ireland! Mother Ireland! gathered here around thy knee,

Current Literature's Break. There is a magazine published over in New York that owes an apology to the Catholic Church in America, and to the Jesuit Order in particular. The title of this periodical is "Current Literature," and the name of its editor is Edward C. Wheeler. Catholics take this publication because it pretends to present a selection of the best literature that the age affords. Usually there is much in its pages that is dangerous, but one article in the August number contains a statement that is absolutely untrue. In presenting excerpts from a paper by G. Stanley Hall we find, on page 189, this remarkable editorial statement: "Every child, it is well known, is something of a Jesuit and inclined to take the view that the end justifies the means."

An Organ for St. Peter's, Rome. The Pope, says the Paris "Gaulois," has expressed the wish that a grand organ shall be built in St. Peter's from the designs which Cavaliere Coll submitted as far back as 1898 and which were approved by both Pius X. and Leo XIII. The plan has proceeded no further, as it was said that St. Peter's lacked the requisite acoustic properties, and besides a huge organ might disfigure the admirable symmetry of the interior. It was also alleged that an old tradition forbade instrumental church music in the Papal presence. History, however, contradicts this tradition and it is recalled that once upon a time there were organs in St. Peter's and famous organists, too, such as Frescobaldi, whose music drew great crowds to the cathedral about the year 1615.

It is now proposed to place an organ against the back of the great transept, or else in a recess situated in the nave near the confessional. It will at all events be a movable structure, and as for acoustics, modern organ builders ought to have no difficulty in adapting their instruments to the needs of the basilica.

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**IN vain will you build churches,
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be destroyed if you are not able to
wield the defensive and offensive
weapon of a loyal and sincere Cath-
olic press.**

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of
Montreal and of this Province consulted
their best interests, they would soon
make of the TRUE WITNESS one of
the most prosperous and powerful
Catholic papers in this country.

I heartily bless those who encourage
this excellent work.

† PAUL,
Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1908.

A TRIBUTE TO MARY.

To the Christian heart touched by
sweetest memories of the Nativity,
and wounded deeply by sad recollec-
tion of the crucifixion, there is, per-
haps, no more fitting memorial erected
in our hearts than the example
left us by our heavenly Mother.

Extolled by both Catholic and
Protestant writers, and honored by
all Christendom as the only type of
perfect womanhood, a few words ap-
pertaining to her who participated
in both the Crucifixion and glorious
resurrection of our Saviour indeed
seem apropos.

"Thou art of charity and love, and
as the noon-day torch and art a
living spring of hope to mortal man.
So mighty and great art thou, O
Lady, that he who desires grace and
comes not to thee for assistance fair
would have the desire to fly without
wings."

These few words just prefaced and
so pregnant with thought from the
pen of the Divine Poet convey but an
inadequate description of her "whose
foundations are in the holy moun-
tains."

The grace of the Virgin, says the
learned Suarez, from the first mo-
ment of her conception was more in-
tense than the last moment in which
men and angels are consumed.

Formed by the power of God she
was by exaltation and acquirement
not unworthy to be the mother of
God; but the moment that event
took place, when she gave to poor
fallen and degraded man his Libera-
tor and Redeemer, imagination loses
itself in the endeavor to follow the
greatness not only of her dignity, but
even of the increased immensity of
her merit.

With the formation of the humani-
ty of Christ within her commenced
her crucifixion, and a crucifixion so
severe and continued, that it needed
all her powers to bear it. Consider
her sufferings on the weary way to
Bethlehem, where Christ was to be
born.

Consider that crushing blow which
fell upon that purest heart when
Simeon gave his prophecy. It was
in truth a sword of sorrow and a
dagger of poignant grief that would
accompany her through life, and
whose bitter cut would never heal
until she closed her mortal eyes in
death and the curtain of life be
drawn forever.

She had to taste the cut of woe
reserved for the widow without
means for her orphan.

She had to bear the grief of a mo-
ther whose only child is consigned
to a public death of shame and tor-
ment by public authority.

In fine, there is no want, no
agony, no grief, no diagraph, incidental
to human misery, which the singu-
larly holy and most elevated of all
creatures had not to endure, and in a
measure so intense that it surpassed

in an eminent degree the accumula-
tion of all human woe.

If, then, it surpasses our powers of
calculation to reach the extent of
merit obtained by Mary in a single
year before she became the Mother
of God, when she was only the "ves-
sel of election," destined for so
great a dignity, what can we say of
a single day's merit after she be-
came God's mother? What can we
even imagine of such a merit elevated
by intense human suffering and
endured without a shadow of imper-
fection for the sake of God alone!
Every moment extended that merit
far beyond human conception.

Every dignity sinks into insignif-
icance in comparison with Mary's.
Every created being must bow in
humble recognition to her elevated
supremacy.

And the daughter of fallen Eve,
of the sinner David, of the sinner
Ruth, of the sinner Thamar, of sinners
in every generation rises before
us, pure and immaculate, queen of
all angels and archangels, superior
to principalities and powers, above
the cherubim and seraphim, our mo-
del of humility, our example of char-
ity, our Mother of the great and
living God.

Her love for her Son, her deep in-
terest in all that concerned Him,
none can call into doubt.

And since her Son so loved man
that He laid down His life for him,
can we hesitate for a moment to
believe or suppose Mary indifferent
to this work of salvation? An ordi-
nary good Christian or a saint, say,
is never found without charity for
his fellow man.

The very word saint or holy implies
charity, and it would be a contradic-
tion to suppose a saint without this
principal virtue.

To be a saint, then, we must love
our fellow man next to God, and as
that love for our Supreme Master in-
creases, so also increases our love for
all mankind, until, like a Vincent de
Paul or a St. John of Mattha, a St.
Francis Xavier or a St. John of the
Cross, we would kneel and lick the
putrid sores of the ailing to lighten
their passing sorrows, for in these
contumacious is seen the image of
Him who created us all to His own
likeness.

Jesus Christ, witness of her labori-
ous habits, sometimes alludes to
them in His parables, and these sim-
ple occupations of Mary are preserv-
ed in Gospel narrative like a sea-
weed in amber. We see, in fact, the
industrious woman putting leaven
into three measures of meal, care-
fully sweeping the floor to recover
something lost, and economically
mending an old garment.

And when Jesus seeks a companion
to recommend the purity of the
heart, he draws it from the remem-
brance of her who cleans "both the
inside and outside of the cup." And
we suspect that this thought is of
Mary when He praises the offering of
the widow "who gives not of her
abundance, but of her indigence."

Picture her again ministering to
the wants of St. Joseph, and behold
that grave and simple man with his
heavenly countenance, upon which
every passion was silent; recognizing
in her the woman, purest of all wo-
men, the queen whose crown was hu-
mility, whose sceptre was love, whose
heart was charity, the lily without a
stain, the one woman that sin had
never sullied and "oursown tainted
nature's solitary boast."

Let imagination again take us
to the beautiful town of Nazareth,
and as we watch the sun declining
toward the lofty promontory of
Carmel, soon to set in the horizon
of the sea of Syria, mark if in our
hearts is not heard that message
that was to be our "good tidings of
great joy."

Yes, Gabriel has appeared to Mary
while making her evening prayer to
the God of Jacob, and that saluta-
tion which meant so much for us is
pronounced by the celestial envoy:
"Hail, full of grace, the Lord is
with thee, blessed art thou among
women."

Mary no doubt felt an involuntary
trembling at this marvelous apparition,
her humility was disconcerted
by the magnificent eulogy of the
angel, but, being reconciled to this
wonderful prediction by God's mes-
senger, she believed and left all to
Him who is and was and shall be.

Do we realize the inheritance left
us by a crucified God? The bounty
that we have reaped from a Cavalry
and the eternal glory that awaits the
faithful servant? These two thoughts
so diametrically opposed and yet so
characteristic of humanity, are sub-
jects for our life's meditation.

Adam sinned, and by that sin lost
heaven. Christ died and by that
death re-opened the gates of Para-
dise.

The loss of the human race was
begun in Eve and consummated in
Adam.

In Mary commenced our deliverance
and in Jesus was it completed.

There is also a new tree, which is

the Cross, and the fruit of that
tree is your crucified God.

The first tree caused death, the
last tree life eternal. All the evil
was washed away in the blood of
the Lamb, and all our hopes must
be centered on that dear Saviour for
salvation.

The sorrows of Jesus were in
truth the sorrows of Mary, and so
heartrending was the scene of that
terrible crucifixion that the daugh-
ter of Jerusalem compassionately
called her "poor mother."

Indeed, may we compare her to the
fountain of Arethus in the old Gre-
cian fable that mingled its waters
with the sea, and contracted naught
of its bitterness. So Mary associat-
ed herself with all the Jewish maid-
ens, remained ever the spotless Lily
of Jesse's vine and the immaculate
rose of Sharon.

What lesson shall we take from
the life of this fair Queen,—the King's
daughter, clothed with the sun,
the moon beneath her feet, and her head
encircled with a diadem of stars?

Love, charity, humility and obedi-
ence, which were centralized in Mary
beyond degree of comparison. Love
for one another, that we may fulfil
God's precept and that all may know
we are His children.

Charity to all, for 'tis the greatest
of virtues.

Humility, the opposite of pride,
that we may not become self-consci-
ous, but may always consider what
we are and how much we are indebt-
ed to our merciful Father.

Obedience, ready, ever ready to
follow God's commands and see His
authority in His lawful representa-
tives, willing if necessary, to die for
a true God and a true faith.

Let us, then, henceforward pray to
Mary, that her intercession may be
acceptable in the sight of God, her
Son, and may this vale of darkness
be illuminated by the powerful rays
of God's holy light.

Lead, kindly light, the night is dark
and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on."

Yes, dear Lord, dispel the shadows
and show us "the way, the truth and
the light," that one day we may
reap the harvest of a well-spent life
abiding forever with Mary and Jo-
seph in the kingdom of her crucified
Son, one God, one law, and one
element.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY BOY?

As the month of August draws to
a close and September begins to
loom dimly ahead, a great many
anxious parents must be asking them-
selves what they ought to do with
their boys; whether they should
continue to send them to school, or
whether they should not rather put
them in a good business house, and
so prepare them betimes to carve out
a future for themselves.

The subject will, of course, bear
discussion, and there are undoubt-
edly cases—for instance, where it is im-
possible to make ends meet other-
wise—where there is no other course
open to parents but to send their
sons to work early. But failing this
if our opinion is asked, we would
most emphatically say: "Give the
boy more education."

Educated Catholics are very badly needed. What-
ever the causes may have been in
the past, it is a regrettable fact that
there are comparatively few men of
Irish descent in this country who are
fitted to take the places to which
their talents and business abilities
would otherwise entitle them, and
the reason is, lack of education and
culture. Have we not seen Irish-
men in the Dominion Parliament,
men of undoubted ability and judg-
ment, who had achieved success in
various walks of life, but who could
not be admitted to Cabinet rank, or
at least could not be entrusted with
portfolios, simply because they lack-
ed the necessary education? Again,
how often have we not heard bright,
clever young men bemoan the fact
that they had not had the advan-
tages of a liberal training, either
because their parents were too poor,
or else because they thought in a
vague way that their sons had
enough learning, or as they are fond
of expressing it, that they had much
more than their fathers had ever
had before them. Now this is very
regrettable. In a young, rapidly
growing and democratic country like
ours, there is absolutely no position
in any walk of life to which a young
man may not aspire, if only he have
ability, integrity, and education.

Napoleon used to say that every
conscript carried a field marshal's
baton in his knapsack. We might
perhaps vary the phrase and adapt
it to our purpose by saying that
every Canadian boy carries a Cabinet
minister's portfolio in his schoolbag.

Let parents, therefore, think twice
before taking their boys from school.
Even if they should be obliged to
make sacrifices in order to keep them
there, even if they should have to

pinch themselves a little, to do
without some of the comforts to
which they are entitled, let them do
all this generously, and comfort
themselves with the thought that
they are perhaps assuring to their
sons a useful and honorable career,
and to themselves a happy and re-
spected old age.

Irish Editor's Dark Picture.

At present there is a strong agita-
tion being carried on in Ireland to
check emigration to America. As a
part of the efforts in this direction,
the Irish papers are publishing sto-
ries of conditions in the United
States tending to discourage intend-
ing emigrants.

These stories give an idea of how
Irish editors view life in America.
We append an excerpt from the pen
of James McGuigan, special corres-
pondent of the Dundalk Democrat,
and what he thinks of New York flat
life:

THE CIVILIZING FLATS.

Just as we were about to take our
leave there was a loud ringing at the
telephone in the parlor, succeeded by
a wild whistle in the "kitchen" which
would awaken the dead. One of
the "young ladies" languidly
arose, still clutching her beloved
French novel, to answer the telephone
while her mother attended to the
"whistle." The daughter, after say-
ing "hello" about ten times, listened
attentively about two minutes, and
then announced that her father in-
tended bringing a friend home to
supper about seven o'clock—a pro-
ceeding which the fair one did not
relish on the part of her paternal re-
lative.

The mother, on learning of this,
made some purchases of the grocer's
boy, who was responsible for the
unearthly whistle. These she hauled
up a "dumb waiter" from the street
below, after she had first paid for
them by sending the cash enclosed in
paper down the "flue"—a proceeding
which no one residing in an American
flat resents, as many tradesmen
have given them orders from the
fourth or fifth or tenth story of a
tenement, and when they, after
considerable trouble, succeeded in
gaining an entrance to the floor
from which they received the order,
they found the flat untenanted. So
the rule is "cash first, then the
goods will be forwarded," or "to
trust is to bust; to bust is hell."

HITS THE GIRLS HARD.

And here were the characteristics
of Ireland and America displayed,
when the mother announced that she
was glad her husband would spend
the evening with them, and the girls
almost shouted they guessed "Pap's
friend was some old frump of a poli-
tician or ballot-box stuffer." And,
when the mother significantly added,
"Or he might be a nice young gen-
tleman," the opposition of both col-
lapsed, and there was a rush for
the pencils and paints, powders and
pomades, manicuring apparatus,
beauty helms, and the 500 or more
titivating auxiliaries which only the
American girl knows how to use to
such advantage in pursuit of her
"man hunt"—a mad race which be-
gins at sixteen and ends only with
death—many of them, alas, not
content with capturing a husband,
but must then pursue an affinity!
Such is the fruit of reading yellow-
back novels turned out by the thou-
sands weekly in New York or Paris,
and bringing untold evils in their
train.

Again the father "phoned to ask
O'Connor and me to stay until he
arrived; but to confess the truth, the
atmosphere was so vitiated, or rather
the want of air was so oppressive—
the place reminded me of a
living tomb—the indolence and vani-
ty of the girls, were so sickening,
that I longed to breathe the fresh
air once more as soon as possible,
and so tendered my regrets.

THE AMERICAN FLAT.

Before I left I inquired how the flat
was ventilated. My query was re-
garded by all present except O'Con-
nor as if I had absolutely silly or
unnecessary. The parlor faced
the street on the north side, the kit-
chen or scullery the south; the in-
tervening rooms, of course, were de-
void of windows. Even in summer
owing to the restricted area of the
yard on the south side, not to men-
tion the great height of the build-
ings surrounding the flat, air and
light were at a discount, while the
cold air was so piercing from the
north as to preclude the possibility
of ventilation from that quarter. So
that while progress in hygiene has
been most marked during the last
fifty years, the modern American flat
owing to the ineptitude of the ten-
ants, the cupidity of the landlord,
or the culpable and criminal neglig-
ence of the board of health, is still on
a par with the coffin-ships of the
'30's and '40's of the last century
—ships which were so justly decried
by the emigrants of those days, and
from which the bodies of so many of
our country people were thrown over-
board.

When we reached the streets I took
several long breaths of air, and
thanked God I was done with the
flat forever.

"Why," said my companion, "you
think that a purgatory—don't you?"
I heartily replied in the affirma-
tive.

And there are people in Ireland
to-day saving up money to come
over to New York to live in these
flats," said I.

"May God help their ignorance,"
replied O'Connor.

"Well, some of them will not come
over in ignorance," said I, "for I
shall have the facts published."

On at Brennans' Midsummer Sale

Of Men's Furnishings. All Summer Goods are on sale at bargain prices. Will continue this week.

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Catholic Summer School.

The concluding days of the seventh
week of the Catholic Summer School
so full of interest, were most signifi-
cant. Honored in the past by
friendly visits from men distinguish-
ed in the affairs of State, the School
had the pleasure of entertaining Gov-
ernor Charles A. Hughes on August
13. Dr. John Talbot Smith, with a
committee of trustees, met the Gov-
ernor at the train and escorted him to
the Auditorium, where, as Presi-
dent of the School, Dr. Smith in
a most powerful and eloquent ad-
dress, greeted the State's Chief Ex-
ecutive. Governor Smith responded in
a cordial speech of thanks for the
reception tendered him, and in con-
clusion paid a splendid tribute to
the school, its work, the ideals for
which it stood.

The real climax of every session of
the School is always August 15, the
Feast of the Assumption. One of
the most significant in the calendar
of the Church, this feast of Our
Blessed Virgin Mary is nowhere in
America celebrated with more love-
liness than at Cliff Haven. Inaugurated
only a few years ago by Rev. J.
F. Mullan, LL.D., of Syracuse, each
year has witnessed a splendid growth
in interest and the beauty of the
ceremonies. As a fitting prelude, so
to speak, the preparation of the cele-
bration of the feast was begun on
Wednesday evening with Benediction
of the Blessed Sacrament and a ser-
mon, the same service being held also
on Thursday and Friday evenings.
The evening sermons were delivered
by Rev. D. J. Hickey, of Brooklyn,
and were instructive and fruitful, for
more than eight hundred of the faith-
ful received Holy Communion at the
different Masses on the Feast of our
Blessed Mother. The procession, al-
ways one of the pretty features of
the celebration, was the most beau-
tiful this year in the history of the
school. Led by the Plattsburg band,
the procession marched to the shrine
of Our Lady of Victory, which stands
on a knoll overlooking the historic
lake which bears the name of Samuel
Champlain, its discoverer. Directly
following the band came the clergy,
led by Rev. John Talbot Smith and
Rev. John F. Mullan, then the guard
of honor, then the beautiful banner of
Our Blessed Lady, following which
came the little army of girls and
boys, Children of Mary. Then came
more than two hundred laymen, and
last the ladies, dressed in white and
the colors of the Blessed Vir-
gin. More than eight hundred strong
it was a most inspiring and impres-
sive procession. After a brief
stop at the shrine of Our Lady of
Victory, the procession proceeded to
the plaza north of the chapel, where
a lovely shrine of the Mother of God
had been erected. The altar, a most
artistic creation of white and blue,
with clusters of golden rods, had as
a background a crescent of beautiful
cedar. At each side of the altar
were the two large letters "A.M."
(Ave Maria) written in golden rod,
while above the tabernacle and statu-
e of the Blessed Virgin hovered the
crosses of yellow and green. On the
arrival of the procession at the altar,
Dr. Mullan mounted the column
flanked steps and spoke most interest-
ingly of the significance of the
Champlain region to Catholics and
the importance of the day celebrated.
Directly following his short talk,
Father Mullan consecrated the as-
sembly to the Blessed Virgin, after
which Benediction was given.

A splendid audience greeted Mr.
Frank Keenan, the great actor, who
concluded the seventh week's festi-
vities with a most artistic presenta-
tion of Semus McManus' pathetic
tale of Irish life—Orange and Green.
Given for the benefit of the Chapel
of Our Lady of the Lake, for the
second time, Mr. Keenan kindly gave
his valuable services for the noble
cause. It was the first performance
of the play in America, and a pow-
erful character delineation of Neil
O'Donnell, with the beautiful climax
of the Irish peasant bowed in pray-
er, deserves to rank well with Mr.
Keenan's other powerful character
creations.

The lectures of the week were given
by Prof. Aldee Fortier, of Tulane
University, New Orleans, who gave
five learned studies in Louisiana his-
tory, customs and folk lore. The
evening talks were given by Prof. J.
C. Monaghan, formerly of the De-
partment of Commerce, on "Forces
and Factors in American Commerce."
Under the direction of Rev. John
F. Mullan, the annual pilgrimage to
the Isle la Motte will be held on
Sunday, August 23.

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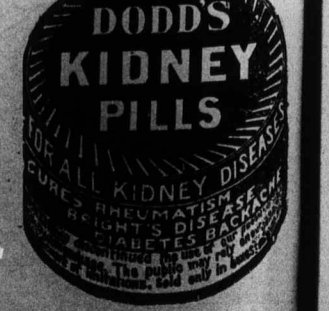
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Irish Art in Olden Times.

All decorative art owes its origin to the study of nature and of the historic forms, the Greek and Roman acanthus, the Egyptian lotus, the Greek key, fret and wave patterns, and many other well known antique ornaments have given rise to similar designs; so what is more natural than that Irish artists should turn to their own ancestors, work that was the outcome of the same Celtic nature, and derived from the same surroundings? Ireland, it is true, has never taken the lead in pictorial art, and has only rarely come to the front in sculpture, but it has, in the field of decorative art, excelled in the way that we have seen, excelled in the decorative art, great designers have carved out their conceptions in metal, wood, leather or stone in a way that succeeding generations have, even though their supposed superior methods, failed entirely to equal.

Nowadays in Ireland every little town and village has its school or club, turning out skilled craftsmen more or less skilled designers by the score. Unfortunately, the same rule, as a rule, in the signing classes, as in the hands of the English-trained teachers, of sympathy with things Irish or else ignorant of the ancient work, so the class is kept in the old rut, and historic ornament, turning to Greece, Egypt, Rome, Assyria for inspiration and neglecting the almost untouched treasures at their own door. When they do by chance get the idea of "trying something Celtic," it generally consists of intermingling floral or animal forms, that is, of the ancient work, even the most unpolished, but the main feature is the divergent spiral, is practically of course, as a natural outcome, the public eye tires and people declare they are "sick of Celtic art," while all the time they have practically never seen it. Were the art students conscientiously to take the lead in pictorial art, and study the examples that they have at hand, analyzing their principal characteristics, finding out what is the leading idea, the source of their beauty, and then apply that idea to their own work, they would find an unsuspected opening into a well-nigh inexhaustible mine of beauty. From one letter, an "X" in the "Book of Malbrian." I have myself evolved five or six designs for such widely different processes as embroidery, leather-work, jewelry and book-binding.

However, some of the art classes have opened up this field and have proved very successful. As far as technique goes, the present output of art crafts shows that our hand has not lost its cunning, nor our mind its appreciation of the best. Metal-work, repoussé brass and copper, wrought iron and the more delicate work of jewelry and enamelling, woodwork, carving, staining, inlaying, pyrography and cabinet-work; clay modelling, gesso and stucco, stained-glass; bookbinding, book plates, hand printing, leather work, embossed, stamped and cut; hand-tufted carpet-making, tapestry weaving, lac-curtain-making, illuminating, embroidery in gold, colors and white work, or "sprigging," paper, linen, rick, carriage-cross, clothes, crochets and cushion laces, basket-making and doll and toy-making—every imaginable art craft is in full swing now in Ireland.

In Killybegs, in Donegal County, a Scotch firm, Morton & Co., opened a factory in 1898 for the making of hand-tufted carpets. These are made from wool dyed and spun in Donegal and are wonderfully beautiful and durable. At first there were only twenty-eight girls employed and the designs were Oriental, something of the same style as the Turkish, but the increased trade and the demand for something distinctively Irish has made a change. The designs are now largely derived from our own historic art, and factories have been opened by the same firm in Kilmac, the Rosses and the Glenties; there are over five hundred hands employed. The Franciscan Sisters at Lough Glenna, County Roscommon, also teach hand-tufted carpet-making, but as yet their industries have not reached any large extent. The nuns are mostly English and are but a short time in the country, so probably their ignorance of the customs and language has handicapped their beautiful work. The Dun Emer industry, in Dundrum, County Dublin, makes perhaps the finest rugs, they have certainly the best designs, and the most Irish in character, but the price has prevented them becoming really popular.

The success of the Donegal carpets led Messrs. Morton & Co. to open another factory in Caranmore, County Galway, this time for making lace curtains. They are made of broad, something in the style of Batzenberg, in fine bold Celtic designs; this factory was started in 1901 under French and Swiss teachers, and was such a success that the following year two more factories started at Lettermore and Chiffen, and now there are over seven hundred women working on these Commemorative lace curtains. The finer laces, Youghal and Kenmare point, Limerick, both tambour and guipure, Carrickmacross applique and guipure, the cushion laces and the crochets, clothes, Gole and lace-rock, are made all over Ireland in almost every convent, technical school and industrial class. There are over two thousand lace workers recorded because the countless girls who know now to do the work either for their own adornment or to make a little pin money.

The Loreto Convent, Dalkey, County Dublin, Dun Emer, the Royal Schools of Art, Needwork, Dublin and Belfast, and the Crawford Institute, Cork, all do fine embroidery in gold and colors. The Dalkey Church-work is exceptionally good. The fine

white work known as "sprigging" is done everywhere, but specially in the North, where it is much in demand on account of the linen factories. Around Antrim you will see the women sitting outside the cottage in the summer evenings embroidering initials on handkerchiefs, floral and conventional designs on tray or tea cloths, and chatting merrily to each other. One woman told me she made 15s (\$3.75) a week in her spare time. That is a very considerable amount in the country districts of Ireland, where the cottage rent is probably only a quarter a week and other things correspondingly cheap. A well-known figure in Galway City is the sprigging and maker of caps. She is quite an old woman, nearing seventy at least, but week in and week out she sits on a low wooden chair under one of the old Spanish arches in the main street, sewing away without the aid of spectacles. It is astonishing to see the beauty of some of the work—dainty conventional "sprigging," soft, conventional frills and ruffles of lace and tiny pin-tucks, with almost invisible stitches. These caps are worn by the married women and look so dainty and fresh with the dark hooded cloak.

Stained-glass has been made in Youghal for some years and in Dublin and Belfast. Until lately the work was crude and commercial, to compete with the Munich atrocities so dear to clerical buyers, but the whole standard of Irish glasswork has been raised since Miss Purser and Mr. Child started their factory in Lower Leeson st., Dublin, in connection with the Metropolitan School of Art, Youghal, though only a little fishing centre. Its metal-work—brass and copper repoussé and enamelling—is really beautiful and thoroughly national in design and character. Its pottery, when left without ornament (?), is particularly attractive. It is a kind of terra-cotta and the shapes of the ordinary household pieces, jars and vases—graced with the really lovely, but sadly modelled flowers, or "high art," weak, wiggly-waggly lines.

The Youghal point lace needs no recommendation—it is too well known and too justly famed—but it is not generally realized that the work is co-operative, the nuns charging a merely nominal rent for the workshop, the services of the teacher, printing, etc., while the profits go entirely to the worker. The other laces are also made at the Presentation Convent, and are a source of considerable profit to the workers. The class for the peculiar kind of crochets that is made at the Ursuline Convent, Blackrock, Cork, is also run on the co-operative principle, but in most of the convent industries in Ireland the profit goes to the community, not the worker. A peculiarity about the Blackrock system is that no one worker can make all the lace; one makes one sort of motif, another, another, while a third joins the pieces, and a fourth does the edging. This keeps the process more or less a trade secret, and prevents any one worker teaching the lace elsewhere or underselling the others. The Kenmare point, made at the Poor Clare Convent, is very much the same as the Youghal point, but the work is not co-operative. At the Cork exhibition of 1902 there was some wonderful embroidery shown from this convent; one "Ecce Homo," worked in single threads of brown floss silk, was so beautifully done it was hard to believe it was the work of the needle not a finely executed drawing in sepia.

In the Crawford Institute, Cork, there is an exceptionally good class in wood-carving and clay modelling which has carried off many prizes and medals in exhibitions at home and abroad. The Limerick and crochets lace here are excellent, having the special advantage of being connected with one of the best designing classes in the country. The classes in enamelling and jewelry-making were only started a year ago but they are rapidly making good. This branch of metal-work has been especially successful in the Dublin Metropolitan School of Art, the examples there having won many prizes in the National Competition, South Kensington. Mosaic and bossi work are carried out both in Dublin and Belfast; cabinet-making, in-laying, and wood-carving are skilfully done in many places, notably at Killarney, the Pembroke Township Technical School, Dublin, the Kevin St. Technical and the Bray wood-carving class.

The brass and copper pierced and repoussé work done at Fivemiletown, County Antrim, there is a magnificent one in a short time in an insignificant little village. About ten years ago this work was started by a philanthropic lady, and now it is known as art circles all over the United Kingdom, a result gained, not by "boosting," but by sheer merit of technique and design. At Cushead, County Antrim, there is a toy-making industry started about eight or ten years ago by Miss McDonnell; in the evenings, the ladies make these quaint little wooden toys, mechanical figures and exquisite models of the furniture around them—old-fashioned dressers for the kitchen, with drawers underneath, low-backed cars with solid wheels, outside cases—everything imaginable. Their exhibit at the "Oirochtas" every August proves one of the most attractive, and the tourists who crowd the city in "Horse Show" week eagerly buy up these models as souvenirs. In Galway the Sisters of Mercy do some excellent work, and at the same convent they have a lace and not-making industry.

It is hoped in a short time to establish a hall of industry in Claddagh, the little fishing village where

the poverty of the people is appalling owing to their utter lack of industrial training. It is believed that were they taught some handicraft at which they could work between the fishing seasons and in their spare time, prosperity would follow as it has in the case of Youghal. Unfortunately, there is still about \$3,000 wanted before the work can be put in hands. This revival of the crafts in Ireland is an encouraging sign of the times, but unless a wider market is opened for the goods there is little hope for the output is already proving greater than the demand in many cases, for the Irish market is very limited and there are few who can afford to have hand-made ornaments. It would be something if every tourist who went to Ireland would insist on having the souvenirs he buys for the home folks made by Irish hands and worthy of Irish art, instead of the bog atrocities and Commemorative marble ornaments which are made entirely abroad. The only thing done by Irish hands is the quarrying, the carving, polishing and setting is entirely done by foreigners in either England or Germany. The "bog oak" pigs, paddies and cars are simply insults to our nationalism, and in most cases are not even the wood they profess, but merely dyed deal; while as for the lumpy "shillalags," tied up with green ribbon, that are sold to American tourists, they are fit for nothing but to break on the man that sells them.

It would be an immense benefit to the lace-workers and to the buyers if they were to direct from the worker or from the co-operative industries, for most of the institutions that run lace classes pay such a wretched wage it is simply "sweating," while they charge the tourists double rates. In the same way the stores often deceive the unwary buyers by declaring foreign goods to be of home manufacture; but the Irish trade-mark is a sure guarantee, and the tourist who wishes to help industrial and artistic Ireland should see that it is affixed to his purchase. In the last year alone, one store has been started in Dublin called "The Irish Art Companions." It is near the northwest corner of Merrion Square, and is a miniature permanent exhibition of Irish work. There are examples of almost every decorative art on sale, and as well a bureau where you can obtain information as to the different stores which stock Irish-made goods.

Just across the street from this depot of the Royal Irish Industries, where you can get all kinds of fancy goods professing to be made by the cottage industries, but my faith in that depot was rudely shaken some years ago. A friend of mine bought a cloth golf cap called the "Irish Industries' hat" and made of Fingal tweed. What possessed me to do it I don't know, but I removed the small piece of silk on the inside of the crown and found a printed statement that this hat was exclusively made by a firm in London, England. Everything else in that store before or since may be genuine, but that incident has made me sceptical forever. There is a good deal of that sort of thing, unfortunately, but any information about Irish manufactures that is wanted can always be obtained from the Irish Industrial Association, which has branches in almost every town of any importance. The head office is in Cork, and the secretary, Mr. Riordan, will send pamphlets concerning the work and directories of the various manufactures to any one who is interested.

The spirit of the Ireland of to-day is not the dependent one, looking to Parliament for concessions or to the world for alms, but one of self-reliance and self-respect. We ask for money it is true, not as an alms but as fair payment for honest and good work; from the Government we do not beg for concessions, but demand just treatment and liberty to develop our own resources. In the old days everything that went wrong was the "fault of the Government," but now, like the Scotch minister, we "lunk nearer home," and honestly seeing our own weakness, strive to overcome them. In this work of getting on our own feet and developing our backbone, the Irish-American can do much to help by buying our goods and insisting that what they get is really Irish. In the last three months two people have shown me lace which they bought as Irish; one, much adorned with shamrock, was English, machine-made; the other was a rather coarse cushion lace utterly unlike anything made anywhere in Ireland. But, of course, when all is said and done, our salvation, as a nation, lies in our own hands, and the Gaelic League motto, "Sinn fein, sinn fein anubain," "Ourselves, ourselves alone," is the only maxim on which to build up a nation, spiritually and materially, in things artistic, intellectual and industrial.—G. M. O'Reilly, in The Rosary.

Ringed Declaration by French Bishop.

The attempt which the French Government is making to seize all the children of the home and to instill into their minds atheistical principles is meeting with most determined opposition from Catholic parents. Associations of fathers of families, who are resolved not to allow their children's minds to be corrupted by the instruction given them in Government schools, have already been formed in a great many places, and the Bishops and parish priests are encouraging the faithful to unite in defense of their undoubted right to preserve their authority over their offspring. They will not permit their children to be told by the schoolmasters that those who believe in God are "stupid fools."

By bills introduced in the Chamber the Government is trying to put down the associations of fathers of families formed to take action against schoolmasters who may violate the religious neutrality of the instruction given in the elementary

schools, by pretending they are political societies and constituted with the object of combating the Republic regime.

At the congress just held at La Salette to devise means to defend the neutrality of the instruction given in the Government schools, Mgr. Henry, Bishop of Grenoble, made a most energetic declaration. He said: "If the Government makes its proposed new laws, it will find us confronting it. When we are condemned to fine, we shall pay or not pay, as the case may be. If we are condemned to prison, we will undergo it; but surely the law means to have the neutrality of the instruction defended the souls of children there would be something changed in France, and such an inquiry would not intimidate me. The State pretends that all the children belongs to it. That is false. You, the parents of the children, are the masters of your offspring, because they are your blood. There is only one case when the State can claim of you the sacrifice of that blood, and that is when the fatherland is in danger. We demand of the Government to respect the right to bring up our children. If it is demonstrated that the Republic and atheism are but one, we shall remember that above the ephemeral ministries there is the eternal law, and that above the Republic there is France."

These courageous words spoken by Mgr. Henry were constantly interrupted with thundering applause. A writer in the Academy discovers in the control of French schools by Freemasons, a thoroughly adequate explanation of the atheism, scepticism and hatred of Christianity which now so widely obtains in France: "On the 30th of March, 1904, the heads of the lodges congratulated themselves upon their success in the schools. It is enough, they said, to mention the late works of Hervey, Aulard and Bayet to show that the schoolbooks now in use are written in a scientific and rational spirit. Among the works which were thus praised by the avowed enemies of the Christian religion the Correspondent refers especially to the 'Manual of Civic Morals' of M. Bayet, of which more than 60,000 copies were used by children from six to thirteen years of age. 'We do not think,' says M. de la Guilloniere, 'that it would be possible to bring together in the same number of lessons more direct attacks against God and His ministers, against the Catholic Church, against the historical truth and the laws of France and to display at the same time so much spurious science.'"

Solemn Service For Deceased Pastors.

Richmond Remembers Her Shepherds of the Past.

On Thursday, August 13th, there took place in Richmond, Ont., a celebration quite unique in these parts. It was a solemn High Mass for the repose of the souls of the deceased pastors of that place. There were a number of the neighboring parishes present and a large concourse of people from all the surrounding parishes. The solemn service was chanted by Rev. Father Brownrigg, the present pastor of Richmond. He was assisted by Rev. Fathers Cavanaugh and Fay as deacon and sub-deacon respectively of Corkery and St. Paul's. Rev. Fathers Foley of Fallowfield, and Harris of Almonte were also in the sanctuary, and Very Rev. Canon J. Sloan, of St. Bridget's Church, Ottawa, was the preacher of the occasion. The sermon was a most touching appeal to his hearers to remember their venerable deceased pastors. The preacher dwelt upon the doctrine of the Church on this matter and recalled some of the salient points of charity and self-sacrifice in the careers of the venerable old Father O'Connell, who had served the parish for more than a period of forty-four years, and Father Smith, who had come to Richmond a year before the patriot rebellion of 1837. Canon Sloan's personal attendance there was of itself a reminder of olden times, as he had from the early eighties been a successor to Father O'Connell in Fallowfield, which had till shortly before that been a mission attached to Richmond.

After the service in the Church the clergy and people repaired to the cemetery, where a beautiful new monument, erected over the grave of the late Father O'Connell, was unveiled. The monument is a splendid Celtic cross of grey granite with elaborate carvings of the ancient Irish interlaced work. Here, suitable to the occasion, addresses were made by members of the visiting clergy. It may not be inappropriate to remark that this monument is a tribute of respect to their deceased pastor from the people of Richmond, Fallowfield and Goulburn. Though the venerable old priest who lived in this parish for such an unusually long period practiced the strictest economy, owing to his prodigious charity to the needy, his means were scant at the end of his days. He resigned the parish of Richmond when he had reached the great age of eighty-nine, and ten years after when he died it was found that but \$200 was still to his credit after his funeral expenses were paid, and this he ordered to be given over to the orphan's home in Ottawa. He thus made no provision for a mark over his own last resting place, but left it to the charity of those he served so long and so well to do as they thought fit.

There can be no doubt but that the mark that shows the world now where his bones peacefully repose, is more elaborately decorated than he would in his own humble estimation of himself deem himself worthy of, and yet when many of his old parishioners saw this beautiful stone

for the first time they expressed the opinion that it was just such as would have suited his taste owing to its exquisite method of calling to mind his thoroughly Catholic and typical Celtic character. This service was the termination of the Jubilee celebration of the erection of the present structure of St. Philip's of Richmond. The parish itself is one of the oldest in this part of Canada. The first Mass celebrated here was by Rev. Father McDonnell, in 1818. This priest was an army chaplain who came over with the Highlanders who settled in Glen-Garry. He afterwards became first Bishop of Kingston. In the new village of Richmond a rude wooden structure was built in 1822 and here Father Hart officiated at the services held from time to time. He was succeeded by Father Cullen in 1827, and Father Smith was the first to take up permanent residence in 1836. Father Smith was one of the most energetic temperance advocates of his time, and he retired from the parish in 1848, when the new diocese of Ottawa was formed. Father Smith went to Smith's Falls and remained under his own Bishop, the prelate in charge of Kingston diocese, Mgr. Phelan, till his death. Father O'Connell worked two years in Richmond as curate with Father Smith, that is from 1846 to 1848, and then took sole charge of this immense parish. In its primitive state Richmond parish included most of the County of Carleton, extended into Lanark, and crossed the confines of Renfrew. The present parishes of Almonte, Fakenham, Conkory, March and Fallowfield were then merely parts of this extensive district.

In 1857 the old church of Richmond was burnt as a result of the bitter religious animosities of the time. Perhaps more than anything else that could be stated to show how time and the better spirit of the age have wiped out many of the misunderstandings of the past, is furnished in the generous and kindly tribute tendered to Father O'Connell by the Protestants of Richmond when, after a residence of forty-four years there, he was about to take his departure in 1890. Father O'Connell was succeeded by Father Dunn in 1890, and the news is just to hand that this comparatively young priest too is nearing his end in the hospital at Corwall.

Father McGovern, who died a year ago in Ottawa, succeeded Father Dunn in 1896, and he in turn was succeeded by Father Newman in 1901 and Father Brownrigg, the present pastor, took up his duties in this old parish in 1906 and still holds the place of spiritual authority there. To his zeal and thoughtfulness is due the success of the very creditable celebrations that have recently taken place there—the golden jubilee and memorial service for all the deceased pastors. May his pastorate there be crowned with every manner of success.

EUGHAN.

The Late Rev. Patrick Kelly.

We regret to announce the death of a venerable and holy old priest, which took place on the 9th instant at St. Edwards of Frampton, where the deceased had been living with his brother-in-law, Mr. John Dwyer, since his retirement from the ministry, some nine years ago. Father Kelly was born in Quebec on the 12th of April, 1829, of most respectable Irish Catholic parents, Mr. James Kelly and Mary Ryan. From his early youth, Patrick manifested sentiments of lively faith and tender piety, which he had learned at the knee of his pious Irish mother. Endowed with more than ordinary talents, of retiring and studious habits, he was soon selected by the Rev. Father McMahon, the founder of St. Patrick's Church, as a future candidate for the priesthood. Following the direction of their pastor, his parents first sent him to St. Ann's College, and later to the Quebec Seminary to complete his classical education. It was from this latter institution that he graduated with high distinction in the year 1855. While pursuing his theological studies, he was sent to St. Ann's College, as professor of English. He was ordained in the Cathedral of Quebec by His Grace Mgr. C. F. Bail-

lagoon, on the 26th of September, 1858. After his ordination he was sent as an assistant to the Rev. Cyrien Tanguay, P.P. of St. Germain de Rimouski. Recalled to Quebec in 1859, he was appointed Vicar of St. Patrick's Church, Quebec. In October, 1862, he was appointed missionary of Valcartier, Stoneham and Tewkesbury, Co. Quebec. He was successively parish priest of St. Edwards of Frampton from 1868 to 1876, and of St. Agathe, Co. Lobbiniere, from 1876 to 1899, and since his retirement from the ministry, at Frampton, Feb. 7, 1899 to 1908.

In all the positions assigned to him by his ecclesiastical superiors, Father Kelly proved himself a good, zealous and holy priest. Although of a very delicate constitution, he worked with unremitting zeal, regardless of his health, in the veneration of God and His great humility, his tender piety, his regular attendance to all his pastoral duties greatly endeared him to his parishioners. Cherished by his fellow priests, attracted to him by the charm of his conversation and his priestly virtues, he was still more beloved by the numberless good and pious Christians whom he directed in the ways of piety and perfection. He was truly a priest according to the heart of God. His life was devoted entirely to the service of God and the salvation of souls. His preaching was unadorned by the press and unheard of outside of the humble churches of remote country parishes; his good works were unseen by men, but his golden words and works are written on the imperishable pages of the Book of Life. He always prepared his instructions and sermons with the greatest care, and without being possessed of great powers of oratory, his preaching was always impressive and effective. His more powerful than his words to bring to the minds and hearts of his hearers the lessons of faith and piety, was the beautiful example which he laid down to them in his daily life. Although constantly absorbed by the laborious duties of his ministry, and the administration of the parishes confided to his care, he still found time to study. He loved his books, they were his constant companions to the last. His studies embraced all branches of ecclesiastical and even profane science, and his fellow priests who knew and admired the extent of his learning, often had recourse to him to solve their doubts or to receive the benefit of his knowledge of men and things, and his practical good judgment, in any important affair. Plain and simple in his habits and tastes, a lover of solitude, he rarely travelled outside the limits of his parish, except to help his neighboring priests at the time of a mission or for the 40 hour adoration. Obligated by ill health and declining years to give up the burden of parish duties, with regret he bid adieu to the good people of St. Agathe, who had learned to love him as a father, and amongst whom he labored for twenty-two years, and came to live with his sister in Frampton. Here he spent the last years of his fruitful and edifying life preparing himself by the practice of every virtue for the solemn moment of death. As long as his strength allowed him, he was always willing to help the pastor, Father O'Farrell, in hearing confessions, attending sick calls, and occasionally preaching in the parishes and neighboring localities the sick and the suffering and all those who needed advice and consolation, and if they did not all obtain the cure they expected, they were benefited by his advice, and encouraged to bear their ills with patience and more submission to God's holy will. He said his last Mass July 15. Since that date he felt his strength gradually diminish, and on Sunday, the 9th instant, he expired peacefully. He had the consolation of having at his bedside in his last moments Father O'Farrell, P.P., Father Tremblay, his assistant, and Father Patrick Boyd, of Levis College. His funeral took place on Wednesday, the 12th inst., amidst a large concourse of priests and people. The church was richly draped in mourning, with appropriate inscriptions. The Grand Mass was celebrated by Rev. C. Laflamme, of the Archbishop's Palace, representing the Archbishop, Father Blanchette of St. Ann's College, and Father Rochette of St. Nazaire, officiated as deacon and sub-deacon. Father P. O'Reilly in English, and Father Turcotte, his successor in the parish of St. Agathe, in French, pronounced eloquent and worthy tributes of praise to the memory of this good and faithful servant of God, and called on the faithful present to pray with fervor and perseverance for the happy repose of his soul. Father Kelly left the greater part of his savings for the benefit of the poor and good works. May he rest in peace.

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PILLS

The MacMahon's Quest.

(By W. Breslin, in Dublin Weekly Freeman.)

The MacMahon we called him. He was not long over from Ireland, not more than a year. But he was an old man, proud of his name and proud of his race. We were nearly all Irish working on the North side of the docks in Philadelphia. We earned good money, and more-over we had the sense to keep it. The Clan O'Kane in Antrim or the Clan O'Doherty in Innishowen never were bound together in comradeship and fealty to one another as we Irish were in the rattle and strife of life under the Stars and Stripes. But the MacMahon was uncommunicative-reserved. He came to the gatherings, of course, and to the club rooms at night, because there amongst our own papers, language and stories, we felt nearest at home.

It was his habit of poring over the advertisement columns at our meetings which first seriously drew my attention to his quietness and peculiarity. Because, old as he was, he held a good position and the esteem of his employers at the docks and he could not possibly be in search of a situation.

One day I determined when we left our work to accompany him to his lodgings and endeavor to find out if possible what was troubling him.

I had never myself found anything there to interest me. In my eyes it was so much garbage. I could not for the life of me discover what connection it held for the MacMahon.

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"Well, that is not all. It killed the old woman outright, and on her deathbed she made me promise to find Brigid for she feared she had wandered away from the holy faith. My letters came back. She had changed her address. I could not find her. I came here myself. She is my only child, and my days are nearing an end, and the heart hunger is on me for Brigid, an' a home in Ireland."

"It's tired of the noise I am, an' sore from the hard, hard streets and the slavery of the work. I can't think of her losin' the faith, but ye know what such marriages come to an' this is a Godless land."

"That was in short the singular story of the MacMahon. Almost sixty years of age, he had travelled three thousand miles because he believed his daughter to be in danger of spiritual death.

I essayed to comfort him with the thought that the daughter of such a father could not easily forget her duty, and that perhaps after all there was no cause for anxiety.

Nothing would comfort him, however, but the satisfaction of knowing for himself that Brigid was alive and that there was "nothing wrong."

I promised faithfully to do everything in my power to find her out, and then to divert his mind by reverting to the violin.

"You can play, Roger. Play 'The Conneborro Lights' or 'The Rakes of Mallow.'"

The lamp had not been lighted. The fire glowed steadily, low in the grate casting dark shadows into the corners. He placed the violin under his chin, and with the skillful touch of a master hand, drew the bow lightly across the strings, and then, suffused in the mellow radiance of the firelight, he played.

And the MacMahon could play. Hour after hour passed and I sat entranced. One moment in a piddle boat in the silence of the night under the stars, nothing but the swish of the popplers, and in the distance gleamed the Conneborro Lights; another moment my senses danced madly in wild capering flights to the riotous music of an Irish jig. And again I felt the hot blood of avenging strife rushing through my veins in the thick of battle. It was eleven when he stopped, and I gazed in awe at the battered instrument whence such sounds came. Never before had I heard a violin with such a tone. It must have been worth a fortune.

He laid it carefully in the green cloth bag, my eyes following the while.

"Brigid was fond av it," he said; "she would sit through the long night and never tire of it. Aye, it was herself that could play it. She knows every pulse of it. She could pick it out blindfolded if there were a hundred violins playing alongside it. Aye, a hundred German bands."

I believed him. I bade him good-night and with the "Conneborro Lights" still present even in the crowded trolley car, I am not ashamed to say that I was homesick.

A few days later my friend O'Meara, the local President of the Sons of St. Patrick, and myself were walking along the street. A special committee meeting had been summoned to decide upon whom the honor of formally opening the new Irish Hall should be conferred. The hall was an immense building intended to be a National monument, and we spared no effort to make the ceremony one worthy of so great an event.

We were at the time on the way to the meeting when we passed a gig, in which was seated a girl who, at sight of us, or rather of my companion, smiled and nodded in our direction.

We raised our hats.

"O'Meara."

"No, unfortunately, I do not," I replied, thinking of the expressive dark eyes and the smiling face of the stranger.

powerful organization known as the Sons of St. Patrick.

In a few minutes we were immersed in the business on hand. A white-haired military old gentleman as rigid as a pike-staff was seated at the head of the table. His name is a household word on both sides of the Atlantic. Many able men were present. The letter of regret from President Roosevelt stating his inability to perform the function was read, and now the question remained to be answered—who?

Various names had been suggested and each in turn was debated, and after a time there was a silence. My thoughts had been working swiftly, and I knew I was right. I pushed back my chair and rose to my feet.

"Fellow Irishmen, I beg to propose a very worthy name." I could feel O'Meara's eyes watching me. I was for once in my life nervous and hesitant. But in spite of myself my lips uttered the word like a challenge—"Moira Dunira." Then I collapsed into a chair, my knees gave way under me, and at such an inappreciable exhibition of weakness I could feel myself growing the pallor of death.

There was silence again for perhaps a few seconds, and then the president clapped. Instantly the room rang with applause. Everyone wondered why they had not thought of it before. I wondered why in every corner of the room I saw only a blue ribbon in a mass of riotous tresses and the smiling face of a girl?

In a few words I placed before the committee the story of the MacMahon, and went away satisfied that everyone present would do his individual best to trace his daughter.

CHAPTER III.

The ever memorable morning dawned at last. It was All Hallows Eve. The MacMahon came to my office early. But I had unfortunately no information with regard to his child. I and my friends had made inquiries in all directions as far as time permitted, but with no success. If we only had obtained her married name the outlook would have been more promising. He tried to assume an outward air of indifference which I knew he did not feel. His futile quest and an environment wholly foreign to his nature were slowly but surely bringing him nearer the grave.

His daily advertisement still appeared: "WANTED—Brigid MacMahon of Philadelphia, late of Warbleshinney, Ireland. Address—Rodge MacMahon, Box 11,094, Irish World Building, 142 West 42nd Street, New York City. If anyone has information regarding her, please contact me at the above address."

An idea entered my head that same morning which I thought would tend towards the better enjoyment of the day besides helping the MacMahon to get away for a time from his depressing thoughts.

The day was to end by a concert in the new hall, for which we had billed the best talent procurable. It occurred to me that if only the MacMahon would play on his old battered violin, some of the Irish airs, what delight it would give to those who had long forgotten them. It was too late, of course, to announce a violinist, but on receiving his assent to the proposition I had no difficulty in arranging details with the management.

The day passed well. Success far beyond our wildest dreams crowned the opening of the new hall. The white uniforms of the 19th and 70th Regiments lent color and life to the outdoor demonstrations. It took the program two hours to pass a gig point.

Dunira never appeared as beautiful as she did when on the platform, she stood surrounded by flowers. Her sweet presence won the admiration of everyone, and personally we became the greatest of friends before the ceremony was over. I was the happiest of men in the new Ireland, transported into the seventh heaven of delight by her friendship and her smiles.

It was an All Hallows Eve to be remembered by the exiles in Philadelphia. When evening came the hall was besieged by a crowd eager and anxious for admission.

A long line of carriages and motor cars stretched down the avenue dropping their rich owners outside in succession and rolling away again into the fog.

The seats in the best part of the building had been previously booked. At 8 o'clock Moira Dunira entered and was greeted with tumultuous cheering as she took her place specially prepared for her as the guest of the night. She looked divine.

The house was now full to overflowing, and a notice to that effect was posted on the doors.

When Moira Dunira had taken her seat the orchestra before the footlights struck up selections of patriotic music, and the huge audience to its feet on masses at the first bars of the Irish National Anthem.

It was a highly to those who had contributed to make the day a memorable one in Irish American annals.

rousing roar. It died again. The MacMahon placed the violin under his chin and drew the bow.

He chose "O'Donnell Abu." Slowly at first, faint and weird the music floated and then leapt out proudly in wild aggressive notes of war. Louder and louder, faster and faster, fierce, living and musical until the gallery rocked beneath the tread of "the gods."

I came to the wings to watch the effect. Moira Dunira in white evening dress was gazing intently through her opera glasses at the MacMahon. The slower portions held the audience in silence—soft-entranced.

Moira was shifting uneasily in her seat. The wild chorus, the avenging war cry of the O'Donnell's rose again and flung its challenge loud and clear. The MacMahon bent over the violin and played as he only knew how to play. The old violin spoke the very passions of the warrior dead. Then the soft, dreamy sweetness again broken by a long agonising cry—a woman's cry—"Father! Father!"

It came from the nerveless fingers of the MacMahon, and I was just in time to catch him fainting in my arms.

"Brigid—asthore—Machree."

Yes, Brigid MacMahon it was true enough. A few hours later in a neighboring hotel, the first pathetic meeting over between father and daughter, I sat with them at the table.

There is no necessity to go into details. Let the old adage suffice: "All's well that ends well."

Brigid MacMahon's married career was brief. Her clever but eccentric husband was killed in an accident, and afterwards as she grew famous in literature she adopted the pseudonym which made her respected and loved. Loved by no one better than myself, who only a short time ago was honored with her hand and heart.

THE END.

Business Girls

LOSE STRENGTH

They Risk Health Rather Than Lose Employment and Eventually Break Down.

Thousands of earnest intelligent young women who earn their livelihood away from home in public offices, and large business establishments are silent suffering victims of overtaxed nerves and deficiency of strength. Weak, breathless and nervous they work against time, with never a rest when headache and backaches make every hour like a day. Little wonder their cheeks lose the tint of health and grow pale and thin; their eyes are dull and shrunken and beauty slowly but surely fades. Business girls and women because of their work and worry, look older than their years. What they seriously need is the frequent help of a true strengthening remedy to carry them through the day. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are like actual food to the starved nerves and tired brain of the business girl. By making rich, red blood they supply just the kind of help that girls need to preserve their health and their good looks. They bring bright eyes, high spirits and thus make the days dights lighter.

Miss Alexandrine Bedard, a stenographer residing at 36 Richelieu St., Quebec, says:—"For the past couple of years I felt my constitution being gradually undermined through constant indoor work and the great tax on my nerves through the long tedious hours over a typewriter. But it was only some six months ago that the climate came when one afternoon I lost consciousness through extreme weakness. The real seriousness of my condition was then pathetically apparent, as I was confined to my room, lacking even the strength to walk about. I was attended by a doctor, but after being a month under his care showed no signs of improvement. It was at this stage that one of my relatives read of the cure of a young girl whose case bore a striking resemblance to my own, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began the use of these Pills the next day, and I attribute my complete recovery entirely to them. I had not taken more than three boxes when I began to get better, and after taking the pills for about a month I felt as strong and was enjoying as good health as ever in my life."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Automatic Catholics.

They rush from their homes on Sunday morning hurrying along as they catch the peal of the mass bell from the distance, only to arrive at the church door as the congregation is rising for the reading of the gospel. They consume a few minutes in buying themselves about their personal comfort and, and about the time they have fixed themselves comfortably the Sanctus bell has rung. They have hardly caught sight of the altar yet; they turn distractedly from side to side, taking mental note of the millinery if they are women, and what's under it if they are men. Then comes the solemn hush for the Consecration. With bowed heads they ejaculate a short prayer, mechanically stroke their breast and the Consecration over, the Canon of the Mass and solemnity is lost upon them. They can hardly hold the steeds of distraction plunging through their brain. Only one whose soul is anchored at the chalice appreciates the ebb and flow of that sacrificial sea. There is so little to feed the senses—to satisfy the eye and to lull the ear in the mystic

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Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters.
Estimates Given.
Jobbing Promptly Attended To

Lawrence Riley PLASTERER
Successor to John Riley. Established in 1860.
Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to.
15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

NORTHERN Assurance Co'y
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"Strong as the Strongest."
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Synopsis of Canadian North-West
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of the homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land. Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

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

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION
In The Diocese of Northampton.
FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton. I had then, and I have now, no Church, no Presbytery, no Dominican Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 miles. The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the Flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity. To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

FATHER H. W. GRAY,
Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.
P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

(EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)
Dear Father Grey,
You have duly accounted for the thealms which you have received, and you have placed them accurately in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

SPECIAL OFFER
During the Month of September, 1908, or until our stock is exhausted.
FREE: Along with the regular premium we will give One Glass Fruit Bowl on Stand to every one returning more than 3 Dozen 6 lb. empty XXX Self-Raising Flour Bags, and for less than 3 Dozen 6 lb. Bags one medalion (picture).

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ALL SAILORS WELCOME
Concert Every Wednesday Evening
All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit.
MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening.
Open week days from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.
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THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1908.

WHAT CAN LITTLE CHILDREN DO FOR JESUS, LOVING HIM, AND BEING BLESSED?

For Jesus, loving Him, and being blessed.

For Jesus, loving Him, and being blessed.

For Jesus, loving Him, and being blessed.

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AD REGULATIONS... numberd section of Domini... Manitoba, Saskatche... rta, excepting 8 and 26, may be homesteaded by...

AL OFFER... the Month of Sep-... OB, or until our... nausted.

BOYS and GIRLS

WHAT CAN LITTLE CHILDREN DO? For Jesus, loving Jesus? How can they be followers true...

harrowing work. She waited always until the last safe minute, and then, if he did not appear, ran all the way to keep from being late herself.

CAN YOU GUESS WHY? "It doesn't take much to make some people happy," said Gertrude, nine years old and scornful, frowning across the room.

"But not enough to take advice?" suggested the Idea. "Not enough to help cure him? You don't love him like that, I suppose?"

TO THE POINT. It was five minutes before noon. The Mayor and the State Superintendent had spent an hour talking to the children in an Ohio school...

A DEFENDABLE GIRL. Mabel Taft was the only girl in school that owned a camera. Sometimes she took pictures at recess and after lessons were over for the day.

THE RECALLING OF MORRIS. Uncle David named him. "My nephew, the late Morris Bright," he once introduced him, and Morris had wondered why people laughed.

So she waked up and down in front of the drug store; but the minutes went by and Mabel didn't come.

MADE IN CANADA. MAGIC BAKING POWDER. SOLD and USED EVERYWHERE in the Dominion. Makes Baking Easy, Dependable and Economical.

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Mount St. Louis Institute. 144 Sherbrooke St. East, MONTREAL. A Residential and Day School for Boys.

Irish Crop Prospects. The crop report for Ireland of the Department of Agriculture for 1908 says: The outstanding feature of the spring months was the extreme wet...

And trim the lawns, and help the bees, Until the sun sinks through the trees.

And then they lay aside their cares, And fold their hands to say their prayers.

And drop their tired little heads, And go to sleep in clover beds.

And when the day dawns clear and blue, They wake, and wash their hands in dew.

And as the sun climbs up the sky, They hold them up and let them dry.

Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father and Mother Birth Day Fund.

Table listing names and amounts for the Birth Day Fund: P. McDermott 100.00, H. Bickerdike 10.00, P. Kenna 10.00, Miss Wall 5.00, Professor Fowler 1.00, W. J. Hayes 1.00, Mrs. Kelly 1.00, Mrs. Callaghan 10.00, Mrs. Keorns 1.00.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The regular monthly meeting of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, held on Sunday, the 9th inst., was a most successful one in every way.

A paper entitled "The Habit of Drinking and the Money spent on Drink," read by Mr. R. J. Louis Cuddihy, deserves particular attention.

PILGRIMAGE TO RIGAUD.

It is earnestly hoped that a very large crowd will avail themselves of the pilgrimage to Rigaud on Sunday, Aug. 30, under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers.

C.M.B.A. EXCURSION TO LAKE ST. PETER.

On next Thursday afternoon, August 27th, Branch No. 232 of the Grand Council of Canada will hold its second annual excursion by steamer to Lake St. Peter.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

This week the usual concert given at the rooms of the Catholic Sailors' Club was in the hands of the Army and Navy Veterans.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE WILL LEAVE TO-MORROW FOR ROME.

Archbishop Bruchese will leave to-morrow morning for Rome. The Rev. Father Demers will accompany His Grace as private secretary.

I. C. R. Publications Are Appreciated.

Some idea of the manner in which the attractions of the Intercolonial Railway have been exploited during the past few years may be gathered from the increasing number of requests for the guide books and descriptive folders issued by the railway.

Increasing desire for knowledge concerning the East.

The I. C. R. publications have now a very wide circulation, due largely to the fact that they are ably edited and contain much that is readable and instructive.

History of the Church.

(Continued.)

What the ocean is for the whole earth, an immense storehouse from which God furnishes provisions for all the inhabitants of the world, the lakes, rivers and streams are for each kingdom, each province, each township.

Who could help blessing the Creator at the sight of so many wonders? What an immense variety there is in the little that we know of His living works!

On one side the turtles, the crabs, the conchs, the oysters, which have the bones without and their flesh within; on the other side fishes of all kinds which have their bones within their bodies and their flesh without, but covered with a skin that is a roof of scales.

The former move along slowly, carrying their store houses; the latter dart to and fro like a flash, cradle themselves lazily, ascend or descend as they will.

Father Kieran Celebrates 30th Anniversary.

(Continued from Page 1.) In reply to the foregoing, the Rev. Pastor reminded the people of the programme that had been made out when the parish had been established.

A Papal Doctrine in a Nutshell.

In the course of a paper read before the Eucharistic League convention recently held at Notre Dame, Indiana, Father Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., of the Ave Maria, gave this succinct exposition of Pope Pius X's wishes regarding the practicing of frequent Communion among the lay Catholics.

The Story of the Golden Dog.

(Continued from Page 1.) Philibert lived in France. In his native city there lived a certain Bigot who hated him deeply. Philibert was one of the most influential Huguenots at the time and the latter was bitterly persecuted by Bigot.

Approaching signs of an impending calamity.

Bigot, however, made a number of foolish, scandalous speculations, and in a short time he lost all his money and his friends.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

HARVESTERS' EXCURSIONS TO WINNIPEG AND THE WHEATFIELDS of the Canadian West

Aug. 27, Sept. 1st, 2nd 14th and 18th, 1908. City Ticket Office: 129 St. James St., next to Post Office

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Monthly calendar for August 1908, listing days of the month and corresponding feast days such as St. Peter's Chains, Eighth Sunday after Pentecost, etc.

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A Unique Opportunity to visit the Wonderful North-West \$10

These excursions are second-class and Winnipeg the destination, but excursionists who engage to work at the harvest will be distributed free on lines Moose Jaw and East, and at a nominal rate to other points in Saskatchewan and Alberta, to and including Calgary, MacLeod and Edmonton.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Seaside Excursion

From Montreal. PORTLAND - \$7.50 and return. OLD ORCHARD - \$7.75 and return. KENNEBUNKPORT, \$8.10 and return.

CITY TICKET OFFICE

134 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461 or Bonaventure Station.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPT

Going August, 10, 11, 12 & 13. Returning until Aug. 31, '08

Seaside Excursions

Table listing excursion routes and prices: MURRAY BAY \$7.50, CAP A L'AIGLE 7.50, ST. IRENEE 7.50, RIV. DU LOUP 7.50, CACOUNA 7.50, ST. JOHN 11.50, CHARLOTTETOWN 14.50, HALIFAX 13.50, SYDNEY 18.00, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld. 32.00.

CITY TICKET OFFICE

141 St. James street, Tel. Main 615. GEO. STRUBLE, City Pass & Ticket Agent. H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal. THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1908.

Housefurnishing Specials

By the New Management. SIX PRICE-CHANGES IN CARPET SQUARES

Having just received a shipment of New Tapestry Carpet Squares in the very latest patterns and newest coloring, we will offer this lot at special prices for the New Management Sale.

Table listing carpet square prices: Size 3 x 3 yards, Regular \$8.50, For \$7.35; Size 3 x 3 1-2 yards, Regular \$10, For \$8.75; Size 3 x 4 yards, Regular \$11.50, For \$9.85; Size 3 1-2 x 4 yards, Regular \$13.50, For \$11.95; Size 3 1-2 x 4 1-2 yards, Reg. \$14.50, For \$13.25; Size 4 x 4 yards, Regular \$16.00, For \$14.50.

Specials in Seamless Velvet Squares.

12 only Beautiful Velvet Squares, in the newest two-toned green, and two-toned crimson effects, woven in one piece.

A Bargain Opportunity in Cork Linoleum

2,000 yards of Heavy Cork Linoleum, 4 yards wide, tile and carpet patterns. Reg. value, 50c. Sale price, 39c.

Reliable Furniture Values.

Sideboards, our line is very large, all in the latest designs. Price range from \$11.50, \$12.75 up to \$91.00. Buffets in Golden Oak and Imperial finish, \$18.50 up to \$38.75.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal.

With the old surety, St. Jacobs Oil

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

Beautiful and most daring woman in all Quebec.

The latter, however, longed to become the Intendant's (Bigot's) wife. She rather fancied Le Gardeur, but he was perhaps down too low on the social scale for her.

These four, then, were the tools which Bigot sought to use.

Bigot sought to use Cadet, De Peau, Le Gardeur de Repentigny and Angélique Meloises. Cadet was promised a reward of gold.

It was a well-known fact to Cadet and De Peau that when Le Gardeur was under the influence of liquor he acted like a madman.

Le Gardeur was under the influence of liquor he acted like a madman, and would fight any one who was unfortunate enough to incur his anger and displeasure.

Old Count Philibert was seldom seen on the streets except on market day.

When he went to meet his habitant customers on the old square which faced the cathedral, it happened that one St. Martin's Day he stood at the market chatting with a poor cripple, when a noisy horde of drunken horsemen came dashing down the street, headed by Le Gardeur.

They had just come from one of their sittings after a whole night's carousing. One of the men, noticing Philibert, immediately rose towards him.

The poor cripple's body soon lay under the horse's hoofs. Philibert was deeply in love with the charming Angélique, Le Gardeur's sister.



de la Salle de Lectur Feb 19 1909. EUEC CITY

INVOIC

A fund of fifty thousand pounds being raised by the English for the monument to the landing in Westminster.

Sixty thousand marched in procession through the fifth German Cathedral at Dusseldorf this of Luther behead tacle it must have effort to be 'the' was spent in vain. thollicity in the w ed in the Veterlan

James Keir Haro the sea to amalga and trades unionis the United States. mitted that he h bercular task. F has been a month will realize that a as much in comm water.

The nephew and lik of Abyssinia is of the principal e rope, where he w rulers and study thods of governme includes Rome, w he received in priv Holy Father, to w gifts, presented by Supreme Pontiff.

It is painful to New World, that Quebec has stirred preachers into d thollicity. Still t in the rush of the fore another th elapses there w preachers in Cana

Rev. T. Tobill Bishop of Down in September. H by man and was a fessor of ancient Malachy's College

Rev. Dr. John T sident of the Cath editor, author, d has been appointe Dobbs Ferry, on charge is superbl gion of great Smith's artistic ment.

Cardinal Carlo week in Italy. b orn in Rome i created a Cardinal leo XIII. In made Latin Patr nople.

Fifteen members Jesus were ordai the Sacred Hear stock, Md., by H Most Rev. Diome Apostolic Delega

Last Tuesday t tion of Sacred I the Vatican, in and the Official and gave their cause of martyr digies of the ver God Francis C Priest of the Ord it is said was the faith in Chin

Fathe

Don for the F 19th is t No matt fully recep its receipt Joseph's

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 816 Laguardie street west, Montreal, Can. Mr. G. Plunkett Magan, Toronto.