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THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE AND ENGLISH PERSECUTION.

Rev. Walter J. Shanley, of Danbury, Conn., in a letter to the editor of the New York Sun, thus answers another correspondent: "These are they who would have killed the King." And "the courtiers laughed, saying that at length the war was ended and they could live in peace."

More testimony can be offered from Protestant sources to prove that the St. Bartholomew massacre was a political affair. Catherine de Medicis, the chief instigator of the plot, was a free-thinker, who, during her meals, and would, according to Cantu, declare herself a Protestant had such a course been favorable to her ambition for power.

The statement of "M. E." that "there is no instance in history where the Church was persecuted by a Christian State when she confined herself to her legitimate and proper business of saving souls." As to the St. Bartholomew massacre, impartial non-Catholic historians attest that the Church had no part in it. In the whole affair the Church was conspicuous by its absence. History affords abundant proof that the massacre was not impelled by religious animosity, but by State policy. Charles IX. and his mother, Catherine de Medicis, the instigator of the plot, had no zeal for the Catholic faith nor any aversion for the Protestant religion, except inasmuch as it threatened the throne. The Papal Nuncio, who was in Paris at the time of the plot, was, according to Sismondi, a Protestant historian, purposely kept in ignorance of it; and Ranke, another Protestant writer, attests that Charles and Catherine left Paris suddenly to avoid the displeasure of the Nuncio.

The massacre occurred on August 24, 1572. On August 26 Charles IX. openly declared in Parliament that "the deed had been done by his express orders, to head off a conspiracy of the Huguenots against himself, the royal house, the King of Navarre and the noblest subjects of his kingdom." Admiral Coligny was the head of the Huguenot party. His journal, which was placed before the royal council and Parliament, and other papers belonging to him, revealed projects which would have merited capital punishment in any country. Charles IX. wrote to his ambassador, Schomberg, in Germany: "Coligny had more power than I had and was better obeyed by those of the new religion than I was. He had arrogated so much power to himself that I could not call myself a King, but merely a ruler of part of my dominions. I could not tolerate him any longer, and I determined to give rein to a justice which was indeed extraordinary, and other than I would have wished, but which was necessary." (Villeroy, Vol. iv., Letter to Schomberg, Sept. 13, 1572.)

In the same letter to Schomberg, Charles states that: "Coligny recently ordered the new religionists to meet me in arms near Fontenay-leau, where I was to be on the 3rd of August. Since it has pleased God to deliver me from him, I may well thank Him for the just punishment He has inflicted on the admiral and his accomplices."

The motive which impelled the massacre is revealed by the Calvinists themselves in their own historic religious text-book, their martyrology. The author attests that the

perpetrators of the massacre, in their joy of success, showed the corpses of their victims, saying: "These are they who would have killed the King." And "the courtiers laughed, saying that at length the war was ended and they could live in peace."

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The statement of "M. E." that "there is no instance in history where the Church was persecuted by a Christian State when she confined herself to her legitimate and proper business of saving souls" is false. England alone has furnished abundant evidence to prove the contrary. "M. E." will acknowledge that England was a Christian State in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Is "M. E." not aware of the persecution inaugurated by Henry VIII. and carried out by Edward VI., Elizabeth, James I. and Oliver Cromwell? The Church in England and Ireland was "confined to her legitimate and proper business of saving souls," yet never in the history of the world, not even in the days of Nero, was such a persecution waged as that of England against the Catholic Church in England and Ireland. Pagan history does not afford a persecution blacker, more cruel, more persistent than that perpetrated against Catholics by the English Sovereigns Henry VIII., Edward VI., Elizabeth, James I. and the Dictator, Oliver Cromwell. Bishops and priests were hanged and drawn and quartered. Cardinal Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, Archbishop Dermot O'Hurley, of Cashel; Patrick O'Healey, Bishop of Mayo; Richard Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh, and a host of others met death at the hands of the English solely because they were Catholics. The religion of England was declared to be the only faith that could exist. The refusal of the people to submit to this faith was punished by the rack and the scaffold, their property was confiscated and their civil qualifications denied.

The Dictator, Oliver Cromwell, with an organized army of 20,000 fanatical Puritans, overran Ireland, spreading devastation and ruin on all sides, in the name of religion. He thanked God for being the instrument for the advancement of Christianity, and he advanced Christianity by slaughtering thousands of Irish Catholics, whom he murdered for hatred of their religion and their steadfast adherence to its principles.

Mr. Goldwin Smith and "M. E." talk about the Church, crushing freedom of inquiry. Let them review the history of England during the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and they will find abundant evidence to prove that the laws of England crushed freedom of inquiry by the use of the rack, the sword and the gibbet and by cruel disqualifications that made it harder to live for the faith than to die for it.

government of the United States to aid in solving the intricate problems that were presented by the transfer of sovereignty from a government in which the Church and government were one to one in which the Church and government were entirely separated.

This produced an association for some of us that I may say has been exceedingly pleasant. I have almost an episcopal feeling, so agreeable has been the association.

Now the toast to which I am to respond is a toast to the President of the United States; that office is now occupied by Theodore Roosevelt. Theodore Roosevelt is not a member of the Catholic Church. He is a member of the Dutch Reformed church but his principal rule has been announced by himself in this wise, and I do not think at this hour that I can do better to illustrate his character than to say what he has said: "That he wishes as the President of the United States to act toward the Catholic Church as he would have a President, a Catholic, act toward the Protestant Church."

Representative Cochran, in his response, pointed out to the Filipinos that by honest hard labor they would uplift themselves.

CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS ACHIEVE SUCCESS.

Dr. William Joseph Maloney, an alumnus of the Catholic School at Edinburgh, Scotland, has taken the final examination for the degree of M.B., Ch.B., at Edinburgh University, tying with another graduate for first place in a list of two hundred. He is the winner of a number of scholarships and prizes.

Dr. Peter Maguire is one of two graduates who have passed with distinction in four branches at Glasgow University. There were one hundred competitors.

Sister Beatrice, a Carmelite nun, won the degree of master of arts at the University of Edinburgh and modestly endeavored to avoid its public conferring, but the faculty insisted. They, however, relieved her from appearing in the academic cap and gown, on the grounds that these were originally suggested by the religious dress.

James Hannigan, a former student of St. Columba's College, obtained the degree of bachelor of engineering, getting second place for all Ireland at the Royal University.

James Quigley, of Glasgow, seems to have walked off with nearly every prize available to him at Blairs College. He took first prize in Latin composition, first prize in Latin translation, first prize in French and the first prize in English for the fourth year students, as also a jubilee prize for being the best student of his year, and still another prize, given by Dr. Cattanch, for the best English essay in the senior division. Yet another prize of £5 to the best all-round student going to one of the foreign colleges also fell to Mr. Quigley's lot.

Miss Rose M. Hanagan, a pupil of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind., in a competition between 165 teachers of the art, won the degree of doctor of music.

A CANADIAN MISSIONARY.

Travellers in Canada frequently testify, with surprise and admiration, to the striking and heroic work of Catholic priests among the Canadian Indians. One of the most recent travellers, Mr. Henry Somers Somerset, son of the well-known Lady Henry Somerset, in his book, "The Land of the Muskies," thus describes a priest he met in Northwest Canada: "Father X. is the Catholic missionary, and we had made his acquaintance almost as soon as we arrived, and thus came into contact with one of the most remarkable men in Northwest America. Pere X was, of course, a Frenchman, but his English was irreproachable. It is something of a surprise to find a savant and a man of learning working amongst the Indians in a lonely northern mission. But, judging by his congregation, it was evident that his talents were not thrown away. The Carrier Indians are immeasurably superior to their relations, the Beavers. They build

log houses, and many of them speak English and read books and a monthly review in the native tongue, printed in the syllabary which their priest has invented for them. This is one of the many extraordinary achievements of this prince of missionaries, who not only is his own editor, compositor and printer, but has invented a most ingenious syllabary which is most easily learned; so that Indians who have no idea what writing is, have been known to learn to read and write this language with perfect correctness after two or three days' instruction. Of course their manner of life is not that of the civilized man, for their employment remains unchanged, and they still hunt and fish like other Indians; but they have been given many of the advantages of civilization and none of its evils.

Irish Leader Seen Through English Glasses.

The London Daily Chronicle, speaking editorially of John Redmond, the Irish leader, says: Mr. John Redmond's reputation as a parliamentarian was never higher than it stands to-day. The Nationalist leader has done excellently in the present situation. He has shown great strategic skill on several critical occasions. He was the means of precipitating the catastrophe of the government over the redistribution scheme, and it was on a motion made by him that the government was defeated. In the after proceedings Mr. Redmond intervened with skill and judgment, going unerringly to the heart of the situation. His speech, in which he promised that the Irish party would strive to make the continuance of the government in office intolerable, was a vigorous and effective piece of oratory.

SIR ANTONY MacDONNELL ILL.

Sir Antony MacDonnell, the Under Secretary for Ireland, a man who has been before the public of late more than any man in Ireland, owing to the controversy that centered in him, is seriously ill at present. Sir Antony is in a private hospital, where he was taken from the Under Secretary Lodge in the Phoenix Park in order to undergo a severe operation. Sympathy with the patient is almost universal. Messages of sympathy and inquiry are received daily by Lady MacDonnell from persons of the most opposite views and different positions. The Pope, the King of England and the Prince of Wales, as well as a number of leading Liberal politicians, Catholic bishops and other distinguished people.

Sir Antony, who belongs to a County Mayo family, has spent the greater portion of his life in India, and the Indian climate has undermined his constitution. He has been in bad health for some time past, and all the anxiety to which he has been subjected, owing to the attacks made on his policy, doubtless hastened this bad illness. However, the latest bulletins say the patient is out of danger, though still seriously ill.

THE JESUIT ORDER.

Very Rev. Father Conmee, S.J., Rector of St. Francis Xavier's, Gardiner street, has just been appointed Provincial of the Irish Province of the Society of Jesus.

ARCHBISHOP CHAPPELLE'S WILL.

The will of Archbishop Chappelle was probated on the 15th inst. The bequests are as follows: "All of the property, real and personal, I may possess at the time of my death, situated in the State of Louisiana, I will and bequeath to the Right Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, Bishop of Little Rock, Ark.; Rt. Rev. Edward P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile, and to Very Rev. J. H. Laval, my vicar-general.

"My property, real and personal, situated in the territory of New Mexico, I will and bequeath to the Very Rev. Anthony Fouchignu, administrator of the archdiocese of Santa Fe during the vacancy of that see.

"All my real and personal property situated in the department of Lozere, France, I will and bequeath to my niece, Josephine Solignac."

A BLOW AT IRISH REVIVAL

(By the Gaelic Editor of the Irish World)

A few weeks ago we commented upon the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly in Ireland, at which the teaching of the Irish language in the schools was denounced, and at which a Rev. Dr. Wilson, who is one of the commissioners of "National" Education, announced that after July, 1906, the Government would allow no more money to be used for the teaching of Irish. This naturally excited curiosity as to whether Dr. Wilson was authorized to speak for the Government, and, if so, whether Irish was to be directly and specifically struck at, or whether a general rule was to be adopted excluding "languages" from the extra subjects for which fees are paid. On the latter point no light has been thrown, and probably none will be until next year's estimates are brought forth and the commissioners given plenty of time to draw up another new rule in ambiguous language, but with plain intent; but it seems only too true that the Rev. Dr. Wilson knew whereof he spoke, for, in answer to a demand by Mr. John Dillon for information upon the point, Chief Secretary Long has admitted in the House of Commons that it is the purpose of the Government to disallow any fees for the teaching of Irish after the date named. Here is an unexpected blow aimed at the language and at the Gaelic movement, planned, not only without any pretense that this teaching was working any injury to other subjects—for none such could be maintained—but in response to the malignant and despotic demand of a small minority, who were not in any way obliged to teach Irish in their own schools, but who openly and unblushingly proclaim their determination that the majority will be prevented from teaching if in their own schools to their own children!

There is no feature of the English Government of Ireland more iniquitous, more violently opposed to the principles of constitutional government, and more disastrous in its results, than the systems of education it has forced upon the country. Beginning with robbery of the people to found foreign educational institutions for the foreigners in the country, it has tried various anti-Irish and proselytizing schemes, ending with the compromise of the "National" schools, even which retained in their text-books a pale tint of Protestantism, while nationality was absolutely excluded. This system is absolutely in the hands of a Board of Commissioners selected by the Crown by a political test—antipathy to the people—and utterly regardless of their knowledge or ignorance of educational matters, hardly a single one of which commissioners, past or present, would ever think of sending their own children to the schools which they mismanage. Thus those who have control of the education of the country and of the money of the people for use for that purpose, are not only entirely irresponsible to the people, and are not selected from among them, but from those bitterly opposed to them, and, as a rule, are entirely ignorant of educational matters. Under the fierce light thrown upon this point by the Gaelic Leaguers, under which it was shown to be incompetent as well as hostile to the interests of the people, of whose education they have the effrontery to take control, the commissioners writhed uncomfortably, but it was probably because the eyes of foreign educationists were turned upon their antiquated and inefficient system that they modified it and made also small concessions to the national demands. As Mr. Dillon said in his recent speech in Parliament, Ireland under this educational policy became "the worst educated country in Western Europe." But now, at the demand of the most fanatical and tyrannical mob that ever disgraced Christianity in any country, even these poor concessions are to be withdrawn, and the education of the country, as well as the government of it, in all other respects is to be dictated by the bolt-throwers

of Belfast and the assailants of women's religious possessions. The Orange mob is more completely in control in Ireland to-day than during any one of the coercion regimes of half a century; those were mainly animated by a determination to save the threatened landlord class, but, as was quoted from Mr. T. W. Russell, in last week's Irish World, the present Orange demand is for control in all branches of government, and of life as "equality of rights and of citizenship cannot be endured" by them.

It may be that this is the last splutter of the Orange ascendancy; it may be that the looked-for defeat of the present Government will change if not reverse matters, but we think there is a tremendous struggle to be waged in Ireland before the Ascendancy is brought to its knees, for, while its grip upon the Government may be broken or renewed by the varying fortunes of English political parties, its grip upon Ireland, its poisonous influence in the educational, financial, railway and commercial boards and institutions can only be brought to an end by the vigorous and determined efforts of the Irish people themselves. It must be remembered in this respect that the brazen demands of the minority for absolute control are not confined to the low and ignorant Orange mobs, but are backed up by the entire Unionist press of the country, by the bishops and clergy of the ex-establishment, and, as we have recently shown, by the Presbyterian General Assembly. The only rift in this storm of bigotry which rages is the defection of the Independent Orange-men, but it is difficult from here to even estimate the strength of the seceders or the future of the movement.

The great industrial, as well as intellectual, revival produced by the Gaelic League has not protected it from the attacks of the Orangemen, and many were the fulminations delivered against it by "reverend" and lay brothers on "The Twelfth." One Rev. John Leslie referred to it as "that two-faced, dangerous society, called by the euphonious name of the Gaelic League, that had openly attempted to make Irish National teachers their agents to teach disloyalty and sedition to the youth of Ireland through the medium of the Irish language." Of course, we firmly believe that only intelligent, hard and persistent work, sustained by the firm conviction that in no other way can the Irish nation be preserved by the people themselves, can achieve the objects of the Gaelic League, but, unfortunately, as we see, the colonists are still powerful and can do much to make that work more exceedingly difficult than it is and to defer its ultimate success. Never did the Gaelic League require clear heads, stout hearts and unflinching purpose to press on unswervingly to the goal of an Irish Ireland more than now. The work is the rebuilding of a nation, and it requires all the qualities of statesmanship. For this reason it is that anything petty in the actions or partisanship of its directors at this time would be particularly unfortunate and of bad augury. But of the whole, its policy up to this time has been wise, vigorous and aggressive when necessary, and such it will doubtless continue. With the Orangemen and the Ard-Fheis of next week we trust that another year's campaign will be begun with renewed courage and determination begotten of unity of action as well as of purpose in the great work in hand.

Some think the heart is unable to speak, but they might hear and understand its language if they would only listen well.—Western World.

Life is too full of glorious possibilities to be treated lightly, to be frittered away. A moment may prove momentous in view of all that may result from it.

ROOSEVELT'S RULE.

"President Roosevelt is a Protestant, but as President he wishes to act towards the Catholic Church as he would have a Catholic President act toward the Protestant Church."

This expression by Secretary Taft at a banquet given in Manila in his honor by Archbishop Harty of the Philippines, was cheered by the distinguished guests present, numbering among them several Protestant clergymen.

Secretary Taft, in his address, said: "The changes effected by the Spanish war brought about a more necessary association between the government and the Catholic Church, than has ever heretofore existed. It was not that, under the constitution, any

particular religion or church was to be recognized. It was that in taking over from Spain the responsibility of government in these new dependencies what was a single tie between Church and State under the Spanish regime, had to be separated by the United States.

Under the just auspices of the United States government, in bringing about that change it became necessary that an association should be established which, under the circumstances prevailing in the United States, proper, had never before been necessary—that is a visit by an agent of the United States to Rome itself was necessary that there might be a conference between those who could speak authoritatively for the Church and one appointed to represent the

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Trains and boats are daily bringing back to the city the summer sojourner at seaside and mountain.

FASHIONS.

A novel trimming is inset bands of contrasting material. The effect is especially pleasing where velvet bands have been inset in broadcloth.

A decrease in the depth of the newest girdles is apparent, a change to be looked for in these days of boned and tight-fitting waists.

Many of the most charming afternoon modes are fashioned from fine straw in flower colors. A corn-colored manilla braid, with low crown and rather wide brim softly rolled at the front and right side and flared high at the left side, is distinctive because of the arrangement of trimming—huge red roses and loops of wide black velvet ribbon.

TIMELY HINTS.

Cheap clocks are often said by watchmakers to be not worthy repairing. In that case see what a good cleaning will do, for often a clock gets too choked with dust to perform its duty and will go perfectly when that dust has been removed.

If the bedstead is really brass, a piece of flannel moistened in salt and vinegar will clean it. Slightly touch the spots, then with a clean flannel rub the entire surface of the brass, using a little whiting on a dry flannel as a final polish.

A pound of bran boiled for an hour in a gallon of water will be found an excellent wash for kitchen paint, which soon becomes dull if soap is applied.

You can make a faded dress perfectly white by washing it in boiling cream of tartar water.

Turpentine sprinkled among clothes or put about a closet will prevent moths abiding as well as exterminate cockroaches.

RECIPES.

To serve peas, either fresh or canned as an entree or at luncheon where you want things extraordinarily good, cut rounds from slices of bread with a cookie cutter, then cut out the centre with a smaller cutter, leaving rings.

Grilled Figs—This is a very old dish, and with wafers and chocolate is most delicious for luncheon. Select fine washed or bag figs, and soak for an hour in warm water.

Apple gelatine—Make an ordinary apple sauce, having it rather thin. To every pint of this add a tablespoonful of soaked gelatine, beat hard, and set aside to cool.

Fish and Tomatoes.—Shred some boiled whitefish until you have a cupful, mix with it the same amount of bread crumbs; add two eggs, a little pepper and salt, a dash of cayenne, and a half cupful of stewed tomatoes.

Pineapple Marmalade—Pare out the pineapple and dig out the eyes with a sharp silver knife; chop the fruit and cook it in its own juice, adding a very little water.

Egg Farci—Cut one hard-boiled egg in halves cross-wise, remove yolk and rub through a sieve. Clean one-half chicken's liver, finely chop and saute in just enough butter to prevent burning.

WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS.

Delivering her inaugural address at the annual meeting of the Society of Women Journalists the other day, the newly-elected president took occasion to speak of the genius of making friends, and more especially of the friendship of women.

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analists declared that it was a fable devised by man to say that it never really exists between them. And most women will endorse her opinion. If man were really to be believed on this point woman, would be utterly miserable, for the woman who is able to say that she has never had at least one true friend of her own sex has never really lived, and is profoundly to be pitied.

A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE. It is quite surprising how few housekeepers have good coffee. It is so appreciated, too, more than almost any other beverage. It is particularly enjoyed at breakfast, and helps to put everybody in good humor.

COSMETIC GLOVE PASTE. For a cosmetic glove paste for red hands get one ounce of powdered myrrh, four ounces of honey, two ounces of yellow wax and six ounces of rosewater.

CLEANING GLOVES. Do not attempt to clean suede gloves with gasoline. Draw them on the hands and scrub with a soft old mail brush dipped in Fuller's earth.

FUNNY SAYINGS. FOOD FOR REPENTANCE. Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales, came one day upon a tiny mite of a boy crying piteously.

AN ODDITY. Wife—The woman who recently moved next door is certainly an oddity.

A TRAGEDY IN THE PARK. They went to the park. The two; it was dark.

DON'T FRET OVER THE "SHINE." To remove shine from clothes, remember that the gloss on the elbows and the shoulders of a gown

can be eradicated by gentle friction with emery cloth. Rub just enough to raise a little nap, and then, in the case of cashmere or other smooth materials, go over the piece a few times with a warmed silk handkerchief.

FACE MASKS. Where the skin is kept covered it develops what is termed a "satiny texture" and ceases to have any color save that which is due to natural pigmentation.

KITCHEN SHELVES. One of the greatest conveniences in the modern kitchen is the number of shelves made like the leaves of an old-fashioned table, which hang flat against the wall when not in use.

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The Poet's Corner.

THE VAMPIRE.

A fool there was and he made his prayer (Even as you and I!) To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair (We call her the woman who did not care) But the fool he called her his lady fair. (Even as you and I!)

O the years we waste and the tears we waste And the work of our head and hand, Belong to the woman who did not know (And now we know that she never could know) And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent (Even as you and I!) Honor and faith and a sure intent, (And it wasn't the least what the lady meant) But a fool must follow his natural bent. (Even as you and I!)

O the toil we lost and the spoil we lost And the excellent things we planned, Belong to the woman who didn't know why (And now we know that she never knew why) And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide (Even as you and I!) Which she might have seen when she threw him aside— (But it isn't on record the lady tried) So some of him lived, but the most of him died. (Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame, and it isn't the blame That stings like a white shot brand— It's coming to know that she never knew why (Seeing at last she could never know why) And never could understand.

Rudyard Kipling.

ERIN'S LOVELY ISLE.

(Dundalk Democrat.) Yes, the grass is soft, alanna, That grows on Irish hills, And there's music in the murmur Of little Irish rills, And joy in every colleen's song, And virtue in their smile, As they wander down the boroems In Erin's lovely isle.

Sure there's nothing in the city Only sin, and crime, and woe, And my heart is filled with sorrow When I see the colleens go From the green hills of old Ireland, Where the hearts are free from guile To cities o'er the ocean, Far from Erin's lovely isle.

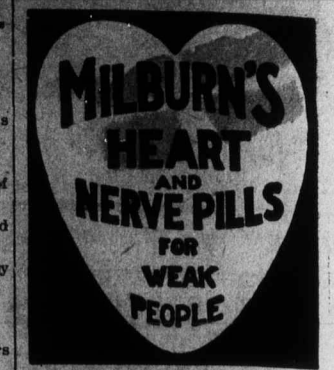
There their eyes soon lose their brightness And their cheeks the rosy hue— Their smiles soon lose their sweetness And their hearts their lightness too; And they'll miss the kindly greeting, And cheery word and smile, Of the neighbors whom they've parted In Erin's lovely isle.

And they'll miss the lark's loud singing, O'er the fields of waving corn, And miss the sweet bells ringing On each holy Sunday morn; And miss the groups that wander, Over hill, and road, and stile, To Mass on Sunday morning, In Erin's lovely isle.

'Tis no wonder you are tired Of the city and its strife; Sure 'tis crushing all the brightness Out of your exiled life. 'Tis no wonder you are longing For the cabin near the stile, Where you've played in happy childhood In Erin's lovely isle.

There's something in the breeze That blow across our hills, There's something in the murmur Of our little Irish rills; There's something in the lark's loud song, And in each rustic stile, That binds the lonely exile's heart To Erin's lovely isle.

Then come home, come home, alanna, The cuckoo's calling you, She is longing just to see you— And sure I'm longing too. We shall wait for you, alanna, Down the borrow near the stile, And bid you cease milla fallthe To Erin's lovely isle.



These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality.

POPE TO PRESIDENT.

(From the Cleveland Leader.)

When Theodore Roosevelt was a candidate for Vice-President and when he ran for President, especially at the earlier date, good men and women, deeply impressed with the waste, cruelty and horror of war, regarded him with grave doubt.

In modern times there has never been any question as to the attitude of the Popes of Rome in regard to the great issues of peace and war. The Supreme Pontiff of the Church of Rome has been counted upon, with good reason, as a devout friend of peace.

Now Pius X., one of the best and most exalted of the Popes, sends greeting to Theodore Roosevelt and pays him hearty tribute as a benefactor of mankind, because of the President's work for peace.

The testimony of Pius X. was not needed to establish the President's reputation as a champion of peace with those who have studied his record for the years since he came into his high office.

But the Pope's tribute will go far to win for the President full and immediate justice. It will help to brush away misconceptions of his aims and character.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

Nature, through all her depths, is full of music, varied in its tone and rich in its harmony. There is music in the stillness of the twilight hour, in the voices of the balmy breeze as it sighs amid the rustling leaves of the starlit grove, or sleeps upon the calm bosom of the reposing waters; in the bubbling of the inland fountain and the thundering of the foaming cataract; in the rippling of the mountain rill and the majestic voice of the storm-touched sea.

Saloonists Sue Priest. Because Rev. Florian Hodiwick, pastor of St. Columba's Church, in Hedgewisch, Chicago, Ill., advised his parishioners not to patronize their saloon, Michael Dublisk and Anton Koska each have started suit for \$10,000 against the priest.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys So I am alone in a desolate corner when school opens I hard to add a letter tasks. I hope you that you will soon Your loving

JIMMIE'S PRIDE

Little Daisy Jenkins friend—Amy Smith— They had played with house, then with some common woods last they grew tired games together.

So then Daisy brook knitting, and she was midst of this when he dashed into the room. He was only a y Daisy, but he made the manner he talked wards her.

"Oh, Jim! Daisy once, 'we were just you! The toy drawer we can't get it open. try for us." Jimmy bigger and broader a "Leave it to me! soon fix it." First ty bang, then he gave pull, and at last open so suddenly as to s flat on his back. Ho pulled himself toget proudly as he left the boys?"

Mother happened to the time and overheard wise mother, she said but bided her time. Now it so happened the same village as t rich, but odd, old bac in an old-fashioned ho midst of a grand old One day Jim and his to go one darkish themselves to his app As Jim was one of t smallest, he was chos the wall first, and the safe, he was to hoist the others would follo He climbed carefully, outside, and then as quietly let himself do just as he was about signal a pair of firm him in a grasp that stern, hard voice said: "Now, what are you A whisper of all this how reached Mr. Pusher At the sound of his mates scampered off as their legs would take was taken to Mr. Push He was put into a r sat down feeling very and wondering what th was going to be. I shiver and grow pale t Pusher indeed was ve doubt not, too, Jim w to richly suffer but fo stance.

One of the other lads he Jim's special charm, bed at leaving him in t the enemy, but how co him? First he thought his parents; then he gr that, and so at last—f more of Daisy's wit than he bethought himself to her what ought to be d He found that she was evening with her little Smith, so he went there The little girls were in when they heard what he but it was Amy who fr "Oh, Daisy! Do let see if we can beg him of Mr. Pusher—just a little So off they went, he and later, with such a w they were shown into th house of Mr. Pusher. T with a packer between h great high chair just as been one of the biggest l land, and there stood t hand, before him. Their little faces were their voices so sweet and their words so eager, wh do later but take them arms, kiss, and promise don?

They got more than great pile of apples and "And young boy," in Pusher, sternly he might ed what Jim had thought ed girls), "believe me or not these two little dears be

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys—

So I am alone in my glory. How desolate the corner is, but, then, when school opens it will not be so hard to add a letter to the other tasks. I hope you are all well and that you will soon remember

Your loving friend, AUNT BECKY.

JIMMIE'S PRIDE WAS LOWERED.

Little Daisy Jenkins had a small friend—Amy Smith—in to tea. They had played with Daisy's doll house, then with Daisy's dolls, then some common wooden ones, till at last they grew tired of play and games together.

So then Daisy brought out some knitting, and she was just in the midst of this when her brother Jim dashed into the room.

He was only a year older than Daisy, but he made it seem years by the manner he talked and acted towards her.

"Oh, Jim!" Daisy called out at once, "we were just waiting for you! The toy drawer has stuck and we can't get it open. I wish you'd try for us." Jimmy seemed to grow bigger and broader all at once.

"Leave it to me"—grandly—"I'll soon fix it." First he gave a mighty bang, then he gave a tremendous pull, and at last open it shot, but so suddenly as to send him nearly flat on his back. However, he soon pulled himself together, and said proudly as he left the room:

"What would you girls do without boys?" Mother happened to be passing at the time and overheard, but, being a wise mother, she said nothing then, but bided her time.

Now it so happened there lived in the same village as these bairns a rich, but odd, old bachelor. He lived in an old-fashioned house, set in the midst of a grand old garden.

One day Jim and his chums plotted to go one darkish night and help themselves to his apples and pears. As Jim was one of the quickest and smallest, he was chosen to go over the wall first, and then, if all was safe, he was to hoist a signal, and the others would follow.

He climbed carefully, quietly up the outside, and then as carefully and quietly let himself down inside; but just as he was about to give the signal a pair of firm arms folded him in a grasp that hurt, and a stern, hard voice said:

"Now, what are you up to?" A whisper of all this had somehow reached Mr. Pusher's ears. At the sound of his voice all Jim's mates scampered off as quickly as their legs would take them, but he was taken to Mr. Pusher's house.

He was put into a room where he sat down feeling very bad, indeed, and wondering what the end of it all was going to be. It made him shiver and grow pale to think. Mr. Pusher indeed was very stern. I doubt not, too, Jim would have had to richly suffer but for one circumstance.

One of the other lads happened to be Jim's special chum, and felt very bad at leaving him in the hands of the enemy, but how could he save him? First he thought of going to his parents; then he grew afraid of that, and so at last—for he thought more of Daisy's wit than Jim did—he bethought himself to go and ask her what ought to be done.

He found that she was spending the evening with her little friend, Amy Smith, so he went there. The little girls were in dire distress when they heard what he had to tell, but it was Amy who first said:

"Oh, Daisy! Do let us go and see if we can beg him off. I know Mr. Pusher—just a little." So off they went, hand in hand, and later, with such a winsome look, they were shown into the awful presence of Mr. Pusher. There he sat with a pucker between his eyes in a great high chair just as if he had been one of the biggest judges in the land, and there stood they, hand in hand, before him.

Their little faces were so earnest, their voices so sweet and tremulous, their words so eager, what could he do later but take them both in his arms, kiss, and promise Jim's pardon?

They got more than this, too—a great pile of apples and pears apiece. "And young boy," finished Mr. Pusher, sternly (he might have guessed what Jim had thought about the girls), "believe me or not, but for these two little dears here, and the

sake of a girl I once loved, I'd have had an example made of you which you wouldn't soon have forgotten. Now you may go, but remember that you have sinned against the great God, and you must ask Him to forgive you."

And later, when mother got to know about it all, poor penitent Jim was thankful that he had been stopped in his wrongdoing and saved from being a thief.—Child's Companion.

THE BOY WHO GOT THE JOB.

"Here is a ticket, Jack, which that stupid conductor did not lift," said Judge Keys, meeting the little news-boy as he stepped from the morning express. "As it is unlimited, you can use it the first time you are coming back from visiting your mother, and save an honest two dollars."

"Would it be an honest two dollars, Judge?" asked the boy, as he looked critically at the ticket. "Yes, certainly. Don't you see it has not been punched? It has not been out of my possession since I paid two silver dollars for it."

"But you got the full worth out of it, did you not?" asked Jack. "It brought you from Claysville to Maxton, and it would be like taking advantage of the railroad company to use it again."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Judge. "It is amusing to hear of taking advantage of that great, swindling monopoly, the railroad. Why, my boy, don't you know that it would cheat us all out of our eyeteeth if it could?"

"But does that make it right for us to cheat back again?" questioned the boy. "Will two wrongs make a right?"

"There's no wrong in this last transaction," argued the Judge. "I bought the ticket according to law, and paid for it, but the conductor passed through the train half a dozen times without taking it up. He did not even look at me, or he would have seen it in my fingers. It was his business to collect all fares, and not mine to run after him with the ticket. If I'd report his carelessness he would probably be discharged, but I would get no thanks for meddling with other folks' business. According to law, that ticket is mine until it passes out of my hands. It's good for another trip between Claysville and Maxton, and no conductor would refuse to accept it."

"Then you would better keep it," said Jack, holding the bit of paper out to the Judge. "No; I don't know when I shall make the trip again," returned the Judge. "I gave it to you, knowing it would help you out when you went out to see your mother next week."

For a moment Jack held the ticket between thumb and fingers, as if weighing the consequences. Then he deliberately tore it into bits and threw them on the ground, saying, as he did so, "Now all temptation to use it is out of my reach, and I am glad it's settled."

"Nonsense," returned the Judge, with a show of temper. "You'll never make a successful business man, never. That two dollars would have brought you a great deal of pleasure and the rich railroad company would never have missed it."

"The railroad company is not much richer, I suppose, but—well, I have saved my own self-respect," said Jack, "and I'm sure mother would rather miss my visit than have me use a ticket that I had no right to travel upon. She's kind of old-fashioned about such things, you see."

"And she seems to have raised a boy who is no more up-to-date than herself," said the station agent, who had heard the discussion from first to last.

"Honesty is honesty," said the Judge, "but a boy who knows no more of the ways of the world than to throw away two dollars just because he could not prove legitimate ownership will go through the world on his knees, a crawler as long as he lives. I would not care to trust my interests in his hands, at least, and most other business men will take the same stand when they find him out."

Nevertheless, a few weeks later, when a boy was needed in the bank of which he was president, Jack was the boy the Judge recommended, saying that one who would not cheat a railroad company out of a trifle, even under pressure, would be a safe one to have in an office where tempting piles of money would be in his keeping continually.—Sunday School Advocate.



Fowler's Wild Strawberry. In nature's specific for DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, COLIC, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, SEA SICKNESS, and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS in Children or Adults. Its effects are marvellous. Pleasant and Harmless to take. Rapid, Reliable and Effective in its action. IT HAS BEEN A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR NEARLY SIXTY YEARS. PRICE 25 CENTS.

KEEP TO THE RIGHT.

"Keep to the right!" is the law of the road; Make it a law of your moral code. In whatsoever you determine to do, Follow the road of the Good and True. Follow and fear not, by day and by night, Up hill or down hill, "keep to the right!"

Doubt will assail you, temptation will woo; "Keep to the right," for the right is the true. Doubt is a traitor, temptation a share; The heart that is honest, a life without blame, Will rank you far higher in worth and renown

Than the grandest-of kings, with his sceptre and crown. "Keep to the right," is the journey of life. There is crowding and jostling, trouble and strife; The weak will succumb to the bold and the strong, And many go under and many go wrong. He will acquit himself best in the fight

Who shirks not his duty, and "keeps to the right." "Keep to the right," and the Right will keep you In touch and accord with the Good and the True. These are the best things in life, after all; They make it worth living, whatever befall; And Death has not terrors, when he comes in sight, For the man who determines to "keep to the right."

— N. Y. Weekly.

INVENTED FOR GIRLS FIRST.

Handball is the oldest game known. Millions of boys and girls play it the world over, yet never give a grateful thought to its inventor. Most of them will be surprised to learn that so simple a thing needed "inventing" at all. Herodotus and Homer, two famous Greek writers, have preserved the inventor's name, and it is a feminine one. Yes, a woman made the first toy ball, and her name was Anagallis. She was a noble lady of Corcyra, and she gave it when finished to the little daughter of the King of Alcinoos.

No other toy has furnished so much amusement, nor is there another so necessary in many games as is this simple article. It is strange, too, that so few of these games are for girls. Do not forget that the ball was invented by a woman for girls, although boys may be grateful for all the fun they have with it.—N.W. Advocate.

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war how many schools and colleges followed popular boys? These young leaders were the manly boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself possessing all sympathy.

If you want to be a popular boy, be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor; love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and try to make you happy. This is what makes a boy popular.

SMALLER THAN A POSTAGE STAMP.

The smallest book in the world is believed to be a Dutch one, entitled "Bloem Hofje," or "The Garden of Flowers," published in 1647. The printed page covers a space ten millimetres (about half an inch) by six in area. The area of the entire page, including the margin, is seventeen millimetres by eight, and there are forty-nine pages in the whole work. The book is elegantly bound in old calf, and has a decorated gilt back and gilt edges. It is illustrated by well-printed plates, and is closed by a gold filigree clasp of exquisite workmanship.

This dwarf volume is in the library of M. Georges Solomon, of Paris, who is said to have the best collection of such tiny books in the world. In the same collection are no fewer than six other books, published between 1793 and 1823—larger than this, it is true, but nevertheless not exceeding a postage stamp in area, and all remarkable for the beauty of their binding.

EFFECTIVE ORIGINALITY.

The shrewdest thing a young man can do—to say nothing of the influence upon his character—is to determine to put the greatest possible originality and the highest possible excellence into everything he does. To make a resolution, at the very outset of his career, to stamp his individuality upon everything that goes out of his hands, and to determine that everything he does shall have the imprint of his character upon it as a trademark of the highest and best that is in him. This is his patent of nobility. If he does this he will not require a large amount of capital to start a business and advertise it. His greatest resources will be to himself. Originality is the best substitute for advertising, as well as the best thing to advertise, if quality goes with it.—O. S. M., in Success.

A WONDERFUL CLOCK.

Julien Constructed it to Represent Birth, Life and Death of the Saviour.

In the Northampton County Almshouse is a man who deserves, because of his mechanical genius, to be somewhere else. His name is Lewis Julien, and he formerly lived in South Bethlehem, Pa.

He has built the most wonderful clock in America. It is 7 feet in height and more than 2 feet square, and contains a remarkable lot of machinery inside it.

Mr. Julien was born in Vast, Department of La Manche, France, in 1827. At the age of twelve years he went to Belgium and learned the trade of clock and watch making from his father. Five years ago he conceived the idea of building his clock, and after forming the works of three different-sized time-pieces commenced work. At odd times he drew diagrams, and by much mental calculation has succeeded in putting together a greatly-admired eight-day clock, which is so constructed as to work automaton to represent the advent of the birth of Christ in the manger, surrounded by the ox and ass, the visit of the wise men; the flight of Joseph, Mary and the Child seated on an ass to Egypt, and the coming of Herod and the soldiers. Besides this the clock has a dial giving the day of the week and the month and the signs of the zodiac every twenty-four days, and also shows the rising and setting of the sun and moon in a separate department. There is a time dial, and the clock strikes hourly and quarter-hourly. If the clock is stood near or within reach of a person lying in bed, when it strikes the quarter, half or three-quarter taps and it is dials, one merely has to reach to the side of the clock and on pulling on a small cord, which hangs on the side of it, the hour will strike at once, thereby saving the trouble and time of getting out of bed and lighting a light. The weight that runs the whole mechanism is sixteen pounds, and the one that runs the strikers is eight pounds.

Why should not a man be happy when he is growing old, so long as his faith strengthens the feeble knees, which chiefly suffer in the process of going down hill? True, the fever heat is over, and the oil burns more slowly in the lamp of life; but if there is less fervor, there is more pervading warmth; if less of fire, more of sunshine; there is less smoke and more light. Verily, youth is good, but old age is better—to the man who forsakes not his youth when his youth forsakes him.

Fruit-a-tives. OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS". Fruit with tonics. Try them for constipation, headaches, biliousness, skin and kidney diseases. "I am taking Fruit-a-tives, and find them all right. The easiest to take and the most effective laxative I have ever used." At druggists—50c a box. Mrs. L. DAVY, Prescott, Ont. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

MRS. WINSHIP'S BIRTHDAY.

Mrs. Winship was soliloquizing. "I've never had anything like that in all my life. Whatever is given me is something to use about the house," said Mrs. Winship, as she hurried to the kitchen, where a kettle of vegetables was boiling over. "Sometimes it's a set of knives and forks, then again some table linen. I've had a gasoline stove, a dozen dining-room chairs, some window shades for the parlor, and my last birthday gift was a churn.

"I don't suppose they think," she added, "that something like what father and the boys gave Millie would please me."

She held up her hand, rough hands, and tried to imagine how the ring Millie had just received as a birthday gift would look. She changed the position, as though for a better light. "You would look rather out of place, perhaps a little bit ashamed, with a ring on. I reckon you wouldn't know how to act, but perhaps you'd get used to it."

"Isn't it a beauty, mother? Father and the boys are just splendid to give me such a darling little ring! They're so good to me! I wish your birthday came the same time as mine, instead of three weeks later. See it sparkle!"

Millie, who had just entered the kitchen, held the ring so the sun, shining through the window, scattered little flashes of color about.

"It's a beauty, dear!" There was yet just the faintest trace of longing in the mother's tone.

"What do you suppose they're going to give you? Of course I'm going to put my money with theirs," and Millie looked up expectantly into Mrs. Winship's face. "Don't know? I knew you couldn't guess; but it's something nice!"

"Father asked me only yesterday, what you needed, and I mentioned so many things! There's a new parlor lamp—we can hardly go any longer without one. Then the front stairs carpet is almost threadbare!"

I also suggested how often you had hinted for a new pump; how the old one is so hard to bring water with. Then, while I was about it, I suggested a clothes horse. The one we have is such a rickety affair it hardly stood up while I was hanging the last ironing on it. Don't you wish you knew which you'd get?"

"They're all very useful," replied Mrs. Winship. "I don't know as there is any choice."

Millie turned and glanced suspiciously at her mother. The way in which she spoke didn't seem quite natural; or was it because she was tired.

"Mother does have too much to do," thought Millie. "I believe we'd better get the pump, for it would so lighten her work! That's what we'll decide on; father'd as soon get that as one of the others, I am sure!"

Hiram Winship had been an unusually prosperous farmer. His acres had increased as the years came and went, until the original farm "was almost squeezed to death, situated in the middle of so many additions," as he facetiously expressed it. Sarah Holm's dowry had gone to stock the place and buy improved farm machinery.

"I'll get a ring soon—we're on our feet—your engagement ring," Hiram had declared once, but the slender fingers had grown red and big-jointed, and the ring had not been bought. Hiram had forgotten all about it and his promise long ago.

The afternoon following Millie drew the strings of her sun hat about her neck and started for the meadow with a berry basket. She stopped before she reached the gate.

"I mustn't wear you, you might get lost," she said to the birthday gift, and slipping it off, she ran back up the stairs to her room, laid the opal on the velvet pin cushion and hurried back to her basket.

Some time later Mrs. Winship stood before the bureau of her daughter's room, holding the ring in her hands. "It's rather too small for me. I imagine it's just the size I could have worn when I was married."

stair, nor did she notice her daughter's form in the door.

"Even though I'm growing old I like pretty things! I haven't had a very large share; perhaps that is why I wish they knew, and would give me just one little thing for my own. Not something for the house," Millie heard no more. She crept softly away and down the narrow stairs.

"Pump! Clotheshorse! Mother mine, we never thought, else we'd never been so cruel! We've just given you the things we needed for ourselves and called them presents. Mother, why didn't you tell us how selfish we were? You've never even whispered a protest!"

"Have you decided, daughter, which we'd better get—the pump or one of the other things?" asked Mr. Winship.

It was after the supper dishes had been put away, and Millie had found her father on the cool veranda. She could see her mother in the warm kitchen, sprinkling the clothes for to-morrow's ironing.

"Yes, father, the other things," and while she spoke it low, that her mother might not hear, there was an anxious determination in her voice that caused her father to look up with questioning surprise.

"Not all—clotheshorse, lamp and carpet?" he asked, with a smile on his sunburnt face.

"No, father; let me whisper." When the conference was over, there was a look of regret and resolve in Mr. Winship's face.

"We'll get the rest, too—the pump and the other things!" he declared. "They seem to have a good deal of mystery over getting my birthday present," thought Mrs. Winship, a fortnight later. "It may be over the make of the pump or the color of the lamp shade. But there, I must be grateful; a spirit like this isn't becoming in a woman of my age!"

The Tuesday before her birthday the hardware man from the village drove into the Winship yard.

"It's a pump," exclaimed Mrs. Winship, and though she had half expected it, there was a trace of disappointment in her voice.

"Shut your eyes and come with us," and Millie took her mother's hand after breakfast the morning of Mrs. Winship's birthday, and started toward the stairs.

"But the present isn't up there!" remonstrated the little woman, positively.

"Who said so?"

"It couldn't be—a pump; besides, I've seen it."

"The pump! Sarah, don't!" and over the face of her husband passed an expression of shame.

"You'll have to give again, mother," and Charles and Harold gently lifted Mrs. Winship up and carried her to the stairway.

There on the bed was a beautiful copy of Raphael's Madonna, from Charles; a work basket fitted with sewing implements of steel and silver from Millie; a set of the works of her favorite author, from Harold; creamy lace and a dress pattern, from Hiram.

"And here, Sally," said her husband, calling her by an almost forgotten name, "here is your engagement ring," and he forced it over the enlarged finger joints.

EX-PRESIDENT QUOTES PRIEST TO COLLEGE MEN.

I have recently read of a shrewd old parish priest who, advising his young assistant, said: "Be up and about the world. Be a man and live like a man." I cannot help thinking that these words furnish a clew to the human sympathy and interest in the concerns of everyday life which have given the Catholic priesthood such impressive success in influencing the conduct and consciences of those to whom they minister.

In the light of all I have written, I do not believe I can do better, by way of saying a parting word to the entire body of our college men, than to repeat to them the advice of the old priest:

"Be up and about and out in the world. Be a man and live like a man."—Grover Cleveland, in Saturday Evening Post.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1905.

RELIGION AND LABOR TROUBLES

There is no reason to assume otherwise than that the satisfactory and beneficial influence exerted by Archbishop Quigley upon the labor situation in Buffalo some years ago may be paralleled in Montreal through the instrumentality of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi. We cannot expect absolute unanimity of opinion upon any trade dispute, but there is every reason to be hopeful that what has been accomplished at the meeting between the Archbishop and the officers of the Building Exchange may lead to the establishment of a permanent board of arbitration in this city.

The report submitted to the building trades section of the Trades and Labor Council is entirely sympathetic and does the Archbishop adequate justice when it speaks of his anxiety to restore peace and harmony between labor and capital and recommends as his personal project the appointment of representatives of the Catholic and Protestant Churches, who, together with a magistrate, shall be a deciding tribunal for the present as well as for future grievances.

The Archbishop himself is not unreasonably sanguine when he says that the two distinct bodies, the employers and the employed, not being able to agree among themselves, and referring their trouble to a third party, may well have confidence in a tribunal composed of the heads of the two leading churches associated with a magistrate. The proposal follows as closely as local conditions allow the ideas of President Roosevelt. At the same time, it is in its leading features characteristic of the Archbishop's liberality; and it would indeed be well if practical suggestions coming from the religious leaders of the community were as frankly received in other places as in Montreal.

CATHOLICS AND ENGLISH POLITICS.

The Archbishop of Westminster has been addressing the Conference of Catholic Young Men's Societies on the subject of Catholics and English political parties. His Grace's views are both interesting and important. The Archbishop, according to the Manchester Guardian, report, said it seemed to him that the moment had not come for a Catholic party separate from any of the existing political parties. Perhaps that time

might never come, and if it was a fact, as he believed it to be, that such a party had never existed in any country except as the result of violent persecution on the part of the State, he trusted that such a day would never come in England. He thought it was quite possible to be a Conservative or a Unionist, a Liberal or a Radical, or a Nationalist, and at the same time to be a most excellent Catholic. A Catholic might unite himself with any of those great political parties on one condition, and that was, never in public or private life to conceal, still less to abandon, his Catholic principles. He would urge Catholic members of the Conservative Party to point out to their leaders the necessity for a Catholic University for Ireland, and to point out how humiliating it was that a strong Government had cast aside one of their ablest and strongest colleagues and capitulated to a handful of men who had never been distinguished for anything except their intolerant hatred of their Catholic fellow-countrymen and to the Catholic Church. Catholic Liberals might declare to their leaders that it was indeed a very sad thing that a great political party, with a magnificent history, should be committing itself to a policy which would be utterly destructive to their Catholic schools. They might also ask if it was necessary for political success that the Liberals should accept the assistance of the extreme Protestant party of the country. The Archbishop's advice is such as every Catholic will readily accept.

THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

The citizens of Montreal have had the best traditions of royal visits to the commercial metropolis of the Dominion revived by the welcome given on Tuesday to His Serene Highness Prince Louis Alexander of Battenburg. His Worship Mayor Laporte expressed the cordial feelings of all our people in the terms of the official address, which was particularly timely in its tribute to King Edward the Peacemaker. It is not by nations or races only that the influence of His Majesty upon the relations of the world powers is acknowledged today. Civilized society everywhere feels and appreciates the genius of this monarch for promoting the peaceful interests of other peoples as well as his own; and it was not too much for the Mayor of the city of Montreal to say that nowhere more than in Canada, by reason of this country's abiding faith in the cause of national and racial union and amity, can the glorious character of King Edward evoke more true and intelligent appreciation.

The response of His Highness indicated his excellent knowledge of the happy conditions and aspirations of our united people and of the noble task to which they have set themselves of developing the boundless resources of their vast domain. The gracious courtesy which His Highness paid to the Catholic portion of the community while it will be particularly grateful and memorable, only emphasizes upon their side their confidence and satisfaction in the common experience of Canadians of every creed and origin with British institutions.

Though the young King of Spain, when in England, showed himself to be an energetic and athletic youth, the English press seems to have turned against him once more with accusations of insanity and tuberculosis, because of his visit to Lourdes. The correspondent of the Catholic Standard and Times describes this visit. He says:

"The conduct of the brave boy-king, Alphonso XIII., of Spain, has delighted all Catholics so much that it seems to Romans they can never hear enough of him. The latest little episode in the religious life of the devout young monarch is charming for its unaffected simplicity. The principal charm about these incidents is that Alphonso never dreams that there is anything extraordinary in his actions or his goodness. Nor is there, either. Were he otherwise he would be going against the traditions of his grand old house—a house that

existed before most of those of modern Europe were dreamed of, and against the wishes of the millions he rules. "The young King drove to the Grotto of Lourdes in his motor, to pay his homage to the Mother of God at this favorite shrine. Alighting from his car, he made his way unrecognized through the crowds to the foot of the rock and began to pray fervently on his knees. Then to the Church of the Rosary, hard by, where he heard Mass. By this time it became known who the fervent young fellow who knelt through the whole time, except at the Gospel, really was, and the sacred character of the place alone kept down heartfelt outbursts of enthusiasm from the people.

"After ascending to the great basilica, he was led by one of the priests to see the treasury of the church below. Here, among the many presentations of crowned heads, His Majesty was shown a magnificent chalice given by his father, Alphonso XII., when he was yet Prince of Asturias. The young king, who deeply cherishes the memory of his father, was, it is said, much moved while viewing this memento. At the end of the visit, on the appearance of Alphonso in the open air, the multitude could no longer restrain its enthusiasm. As they escorted him to his motor the delighted people made the hills and valleys resound with their acclamations, while the young king himself laughingly bowed his acknowledgments, and, merrily stepping into the car, was quickly out of sight."

The Osservatore Romano has published a letter from the Pope addressed to the leaders of the so-called Roman Catholic Party of Social Action:

"His Holiness expresses regret that his former encyclical letters should have been misinterpreted as to the suppression of the 'Non Expedit.' The Pope declares that public opinion has been led astray by the fact of his words having been given a different meaning to the one they really bear.

His Holiness says that in granting exemptions which were necessary in certain cases he had no idea of abandoning the glorious traditions of the past, or denouncing the rights of the Church or the claims of the Holy See.

The Pope concluded by expressing his satisfaction at seeing Catholics accept his advice regarding the organization for social action and urges them to continue in the same course.

Our friend the Daily Witness is over-sensitive, judging from the following which appeared in a recent issue:

A Quebec newspaper, in eulogizing Lord Grey, thanks him with evident sincerity for giving the French-Canadian people credit for genuine loyalty, and expresses resentment that this confidence in their steadfast attachment to the crown is not universally admitted. It may not have occurred to the writer of that article that a great and unnecessary strain is put upon such confidence by those most interested, by the constant preference of foreign to British emblems. We have of late seen many carloads of happy school children passing through the streets, in every case waving the flag of France, and in no case that of our own King. Can any one be blamed for looking on these signs as evidence of an established purpose in certain quarters to bring up the rising generation in ingrained anti-British sentiments? Can any one be blamed for asking if it is for this that the leaders of the people so unanimously demand that the education of their children shall be under separate control? There is no doubt that there is a great deal of unreasoning and un-British intolerance and repulsion in Protestant quarters, and an unwillingness to accord to others the equal rights which we demand for ourselves. But such sentiments, though sometimes frantically invoked, do not control the English-speaking community. We regret that they should exist. We also regret that they should have such obvious and such useless excuse as the customs and separatist sentiments which we have mentioned.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It has become the custom of the newspapers to exaggerate the smallest differences of opinion arising at Catholic school boards into "school questions." Much space has been devoted to the employment of an it becomes necessary for the religious clergy there to make a public declaration that they were not endeavoring to exercise an undue influence upon the English-speaking trustees.

The English Unionists who are opposed to Lord Dunraven's Irish policy of devolution, have sought to prejudice him by attributing a leaning on his part to the Catholic Church. Lord Dunraven's disclaimer of the intention attributed to him is quite emphatic. But the Dublin correspondent of the London Globe, who first gave publicity to the statement, professes to remain unconvinced, and suggests that Lord Dunraven's denials are a mere verbal quibble. He now wants Lord Dunraven to declare "whether he has or has not had recourse to the ministrations of a priest of the Roman Catholic Church," and by way of support for his statement he asserts that "many persons in society in Dublin profess to have been acquainted with the intention I have attributed to Lord Dunraven. In these quarters it is said that his leaning towards Rome has long been a matter of common knowledge and comment."

A confession literally wrung from Mr. Pretyman, the Secretary to the British Admiralty, that in the course of the year 1903-1904 there had been only 200 recruits to the Royal Navy from Ireland is a powerful proof of the efficiency of the resolution of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy calling upon the parents and guardians of Catholic youths not to give their consent to the enlisting in the navy of their children and wards so long as the ministrations of Catholic clergy on board the King's ships of war were denied them. The exposure of the horrors of the punishments of flogging with birches or canes ruthlessly inflicted by arbitrary command of the commissioned officers on the children of the poor in the House of Commons has acted also as a powerful deterrent to enlistment in the Royal navy.

The destructive work begun in France by the sick M. Combes is continuing. The Convent of the Benedictine Nuns of Flavigny-sur-Moselle has been sold for nearly £3000. On the first of September the Dominican nuns will be hunted from their house at Bar-le-Duc. This prospect has elicited a letter from Mgr. Dubois, Bishop of Verdun, to the nuns. The Bishop deeply deprecates their departure brought about by "those who have dreamed of the destruction in France of religious institutions and Christian education, and who are carrying out their projects in opposition not only to the rights of the Church, but to those of the citizens whose freedom and whose property are attacked." His Lordship looks forward to the day when the public conscience will at last be aroused in France and will revolt against the attacks of which "French Catholics have been too long the powerless and sorrow-stricken witnesses." It is to be hoped that the public conscience will rise in revolt, but there is no sign of it yet. Expulsion and spoliation are continuing, and there are even men who call themselves Liberals, and who are as a rule honorable persons, who think it a fine thing to see the religious orders dispersed and robbed.

PERSONAL.

Ald. D. Gallery and family are at present in Rome.

Mr. T. B. Winterberry, traveller for a large wholesale house at Toronto, is visiting Montreal.

Mgr. Langan, of Buffalo, who was on a visit to Ste. Anne de Beaufre, returned home last week.

Rev. Father McEntee, one of the oldest priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto, who has been in poor health for the past three years, spent a few days at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaufre, returning to Toronto on Monday morning greatly benefited in health.

Father Efrém Gieson, a Franciscan Father who is Vicar Apostolic of northern Shanong, has had the dignity of a Mandarin conferred on him by the Chinese authorities.

EDUCATIONAL.

Catholic High School.
65 DUROCHER STREET.
Re-opening of Classes TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th.
Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Boys prepared for McGill, Quebec, R. M. O. and other examinations. A scholarship, donated by Hon. J. J. Curran, J. S. C., is offered to the boy passing the best entrance examination in September.

DEGREES FOR WOMEN.

What will be the result of the decision of the University of Dublin to give degrees to women? The experiment made by that progressive University—in this matter, as in others, ahead of her English sisters—is being watched by educated people in this country with great interest, and, as time goes on, the conviction grows that the University of Dublin will force the hands of Oxford and Cambridge. When in 1903 the Irish University, after a long controversy, decided on the change, and petitioned for and obtained letters patent authorizing her to give degrees to ladies, a question arose as to whether those students who, though they had passed the degree examinations of Oxford and Cambridge, were disqualified by sex from admission to degrees there, should or should not be admitted "ad eundem gradum," as the old phrase is, in Dublin. Nothing barred their way at Oxford or Cambridge except their sex, and as Trinity College had decided that sex was no longer a bar, it would have been illogical to refuse degrees to the English women who at once, and in large numbers, applied for them. At the same time some of the authorities of Trinity College thought that it would be neither scrupulous nor dignified to offer degrees to qualified women from Cambridge and Oxford for an unlimited period in the future. They were not prepared to sell their degrees for ever to any woman who had passed the Oxford or Cambridge degree examination, of whom they knew nothing except that she had paid the required fee. A compromise was therefore devised, and Trinity College announced that she would admit women "ad eundem gradum" in this way for two years—that is, to the end of 1906—but that women who wanted degrees after that would have to keep their terms and attend lectures at Trinity. This settlement, however, did not exhaust the question, for the numerous educated women—professors, high school mistresses, officers under the Board of Education, and so forth—who had in years gone by passed the examinations of English Universities are applying for degrees in Dublin, and it is evident that they will not be refused. When the time comes for women students to decide between Oxford or Cambridge, where they cannot get degrees, and Dublin, where they can, they will, as it now appears, in many cases choose Dublin; and this will mean that Oxford and Cambridge must either see their ladies' colleges denuded of those women who want a degree for its hallmark or alter their time-honored policy and admit women students to their degrees. Nobody who knows how high is the standard of Trinity College degree ever doubted that it would be acceptable to women scholars of the highest class; but if any proof of the fact were needed it would be found in the list of distinguished women who have lately been admitted to them. Miss Philippa Fawcett, who beat the Senior Wrangler of her year at Cambridge, Mrs. Bryant, the distinguished headmistress of the North London Collegiate School, the headmistress of the Manchester High School, and many other prominent women of this kind have lately taken the Dublin degree; and if there were nothing else to give it a high value, it would be stamped by the action of these eminent scholars and teachers. Their action more than justifies the forward policy of Trinity College, and sounds a note of warning to the two older Universities of England. It remains to be seen whether those learned ladies will hearken to it.—London Morning Post.

WOMAN ARCHITECT OF CHURCH.

The dailies are commenting upon the fact that the wife of Architect Bachelor of La Crosse, Wis., is supervising the building of St. Patrick's Church at Clinton, Ia. Mrs. Bachelor is about thirty years of age. Since her marriage she has mastered the intricacies of the building trade, developing great talent in its various phases.

Notice does no good, and good makes no noise.—Cure of Ars.

Religion is to society what cement is to the building; it makes all parts compact and secure.—Cardinal Gibbons.

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COMMISSION OF MONTREAL CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

THE RE-OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS under the control of the Commission will take place MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th. For fuller information apply to the PRINCIPAL or to the DIRECTOR of each school. A. D. LACROIX, Director General.

LOYOLA COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

An English Classical College conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Schools re-open on September 6th. For terms and other information apply to THE PRESIDENT, 68 Drummond Street, Montreal.

MOUNT ST. LOUIS INSTITUTE.

444 Sherbrooke Street, Montreal. New pupils will be examined and boarders should enter on SEPTEMBER 5th. Classes will re-open on SEPTEMBER 6th, at 8.30 a.m.

ABOUT TIME

to decide upon school work for the coming Fall and Winter. Let us help you by sending our handsome new Catalogue just issued. It will give you all particulars about our modern methods and work used in training young people to secure and hold the paying positions. Send us a postal request by first mail. Address Central Business College, YONGE and GERRARD Streets, Toronto, Ont. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY & R. R. ACCOUNTING.

\$50 to \$100 per month salary assured our graduates under bond. You don't pay us until you have a position. Largest system of telegraph schools in America. Endorsed by all railway officials. Operators always in demand. Ladies also admitted. Write for catalogue. MORSE SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Cincinnati, O., Buffalo, N.Y., Atlanta, Ga., La Crosse, Wis., Texarkana, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

TEACHERS WANTED.

Three Teachers wanted to teach the English Catholic Elementary Schools of the School Municipality of the Parish of St. Malachy, County Labeled. Apply to M. O'CONNOR, Sec. Treas., stating salary expected, etc., before the 2nd of SEPTEMBER NEXT. M. O'CONNOR, Sec. Treas. of the School Board, Mayo P.O., P.Q.

Grand Excursion to Burlington.

ST. GABRIEL'S T. A. & S. SOCIETY. On SUNDAY, September 3rd, 1905. Tickets good to return on Labor Day, Sept. 4. Tickets—Adults, \$1.35; Children, 70c. Trains leave Bonaventure Depot at 9.10 a.m., stopping at Point St. Charles and St. Henri. Tickets for sale by Ms. P. O'Brien, 310 St. Patrick street, and at the Station. E. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY, Sec. Soc.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

ALL SAILORS WELCOME.

Concert every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Saturday evening. Open week days from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. ST. PETER and COMMON ST.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

At the meeting of the Juvenile Total Abstinence Society five new members affiliated and the most successful of the Society was tomorrow evening there was a special meeting for the execution of the Society's program.

RECEIVED BY HIS HIGHNESS.

Ald. Gallery and family received in private audience on Tuesday.

MONTH'S MIND SERVED.

Last Monday morning mind service was sung at Church for the repose of the late Prof. Francis D. Father P. McDonald celebrated Holy Sacrifice.

PILGRIMAGE TO STE. BEAUFRE.

A pilgrimage for married men to Ste. Anne de Beaufre take place next Saturday. The affair is under the direction of the Fathers of the Benedictine.

SOLEMNITY OF THE ASSUMPTION.

The solemnity of the Assumption was celebrated at Catholic churches of the Sunday. The altars were decorated with flowers, banners, while the music sang with the occasion.

APPOINTED PROVINCIAL CANADA.

Rev. Father Pelletier, others of the Blessed Sacrament appointed by the Superior in Home, Provincial Canada. Rev. Father Pelletier born near Quebec, and in some time procurator of Mount Royal avenue.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS DEN.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi issued an order forbidding excursions in future. The meeting was made at the masses on last Sunday. Excursions already arranged will be allowed, but such Catholic organizations will govern themselves accordingly.

THE JUVENILES' EXCURSION.

St. Gabriel's Juvenile Society and Benefit Society its first annual excursion gate Springs, Vermont, on next. Trains will leave depot at 8.45 a.m. and Tickets, adults, \$1.00, Children, 50c. The officers in charge worked very hard, and should encourage the young spending a pleasant day with them. Races, and other forms of amusement provided, and a record crowd attendance.

SATURDAY'S PRINCIPAL.

At the regular monthly meeting of the St. Gabriel's Juvenile Society, held last Sunday, arrangements were made for its first annual outing at Highgate Springs, Vt., on Saturday, the 26th inst. The society is making to mark this, its first excursion, grand success, and if favorable weather it is expected that there will be a banner crowd in attendance. The officers and committee are leaving nothing to the way of providing amusement, and every one takes the trip may expect a royal good time.

FRANCISCAN PILGRIMAGE TO RIGAUD.

On Sunday next, Aug. 28th, members of the Third Order of St. Francis, under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers, will commence pilgrimage to Our Lady at Rigaud. As from the past, the direct Franciscan Fathers promise a devout and successful pilgrimage. Moreover, the shrine itself, picturesquely set surrounded ever won the admiration of visitors.

Special train leaves Windsor at 7.30 a.m., calling at Montreal and returning to Windsor at 10.30 a.m. Tickets, adults, \$1.00, Children, 50c. For further particulars apply to the Franciscan Fathers, 100 St. Charles street.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

At the meeting of St. Gabriel's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society five new members were initiated and the most successful meeting of the Society was held.

RECEIVED BY HIS HOLINESS. Ald. Galloway and family were received in private audience by Pius X. on Tuesday.

MONTH'S MIND SERVICE. Last Monday morning a month's mind service was sung at St. Mary's Church for the repose of the soul of the late Prof. Francis D. Daly.

PILGRIMAGE TO STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE. A pilgrimage for married and single men to Ste. Anne de Beaupre will take place next Saturday afternoon.

SOLEMNITY OF THE ASSUMPTION. The solemnity of the feast of the Assumption was celebrated in all the Catholic churches of the city last Sunday.

APPOINTED PROVINCIAL FOR CANADA. Rev. Father Pelletier, of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, has been appointed by the Superior of the Order in Rome, Provincial for Canada.

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS FORBIDDEN. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi has issued an order forbidding Sunday excursions in future.

THE JUVENILES' EXCURSION. St. Gabriel's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society will hold its first annual excursion to Highgate Springs, Vermont, on Saturday next.

SATURDAY'S PRINCIPAL EVENT. At the regular monthly meeting of the St. Gabriel's Juvenile T. A. & B. Society, held last Sunday, the final arrangements were completed for its first annual outing to be held at Highgate Springs, Vt., next Saturday, the 26th inst.

FRANCISCAN PILGRIMAGE TO RIGAUD. On Sunday next, Aug. 27th, the members of the Third Order of St. Francis, under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers, will conduct a mixed pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady at Rigaud.

DRS' CLUB. WELCOME. Monday Evening. The finest sit. On Sunday. Sixty evening. From 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. to 10 p.m.

PRINCE LOUIS ALEXANDER CALLED ON HIS GRACE ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI.

One of the most interesting of the admiral's movements was the visit which he paid to His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi on Tuesday. Early in the day Mgr. Bruchesi intimated that he intended to call upon the Prince at the Windsor, but the latter at once replied that he would like to have the honor of first calling upon the head of the archdiocese.

FATHER McDONALD BACK FROM AN EXTENSIVE TOUR.

Rev. P. McDonald, curate at St. Mary's Church, who was on a tour through Ireland, England, Scotland and Italy, arrived back last Sunday morning. During his sojourn he visited many places of importance. During his stay at Rome the hottest weather in fifty years was experienced. He had the privilege of a private audience with the Holy Father, who sent his benediction to the good people of St. Mary's parish and commissioned Father McDonald to impart to the congregation the Apostolic Benediction, which will be given next Sunday at high Mass.

PRINCE LOUIS AT OLD ST. SULPICE.

The gates of the Seminary were thrown wide open and Father Lecocq, Superior of the Sulpitians, and Abbe Troie, pastor of Notre Dame, surrounded by the priests of the household, stood on the steps to welcome their guests. The Prince gave a hearty shake of the hand to each of the Fathers, and during his visit spoke in the French language, with an apparent foreign accent, but with ease and quite correctly.

PRINCE LOUIS AT THE HOTEL DIEU.

On Wednesday morning at 11.30 His Serene Highness Prince Louis of Battenburg, with Captain Kinghall, his secretary, visited the Hotel Dieu. The Prince was accompanied by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, His Lordship Bishop Racicot, Rev. Canon Vallant, Roy and Gauthier, of the Cathedral. At the hospital the party was received by Sir Wm. Hingston, M.D., Rev. Mother Broseau, Superioress, Rev. Fathers Bernard, S.S., O'Reilly, English chaplain, and Dr. Donald Hingston. The cloister was first visited, then some of the wards, afterwards the operating room, where Drs. Lachance, Meunier, Moreau, Tampier, Larocque, Martel, Dumont, Hemelin, Pajouette, Bousquet and Berrier, the regular staff physicians, with the nurses, received the party.

PILGRIMAGE TO POINTE AUX TREMBLES.

Last Friday afternoon a pilgrimage took place to Pointe aux Trembles under the direction of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. Over eleven hundred people attended. The preacher was the Rev. Thomas Heffernan, of St. Anthony's, who held his audience spellbound by the magic of his inspired words.

FRANCISCAN PILGRIMAGE TO RIGAUD.

On Sunday next, Aug. 27th, the members of the Third Order of St. Francis, under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers, will conduct a mixed pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady at Rigaud.

Christ, the most beautiful among the sons of men, the virgin son of a virgin mother, carried his funeral pile up the rugged path to Golgotha's gibbet-crowned summit to atone for men's sins.

In the groupings of Calvary Father Heffernan was particularly impressive and effective. The scene was a striking one. At the top of the miniature Calvary, with its image of the crucified Saviour, stood the preacher, imploring, pleading, exhorting his eager listeners in the little valley beneath to regret the sins of the past, and to sin no more.

The grounds were tastefully decorated with flags and banners, and Rev. Father Jean was highly pleased with the pilgrimage of the Irish Catholics. In a future issue we will deal with the many improvements which have taken place lately at what is destined to become a famous shrine.

PRINCE LOUIS AT OLD ST. SULPICE.

The surprise of the season in the lacrosse world came last Saturday afternoon when the champion Shamrocks went down to defeat at the hands of the Cornwall team.

Upon a table in the large reception room were displayed those old documents which form one of the most precious treasures of the Seminary and are always produced with pride for the guests whom it specially desires to honor.

There, too, were the signatures of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, Kings of France, and of Maison-neuve, whose bronze figure the Prince had just admired on the square, of Mademoiselle Manca, fountress of the Hotel Dieu, of Mademoiselle Leber, of Frontenac, the lion-hearted old governor of Quebec.

The sight of the vast edifice, the admirable architectural details brought out by the flood of light, then the loud pealing strains of the mighty organ produced a deep impression upon all present, and the Prince expressed his intense pleasure.

The distinguished guests were led from the Seminary to the church, after glancing at the spacious gardens which, with their pretty flowers and fruit trees, and foliage have become a rare curiosity in the heart of the congested district of our city.

At the foot of the main altar of Notre Dame, prie-dieu were arranged and as the party approached by the centre aisle the entire display of electric lights were turned on and Professor Dussault played upon the great organ with telling effect.

The sight of the vast edifice, the admirable architectural details brought out by the flood of light, then the loud pealing strains of the mighty organ produced a deep impression upon all present, and the Prince expressed his intense pleasure.

Next the chapel of the Sacred Heart was viewed, and after the sombre grandeur of the main church, its more lightsome decorations were peculiarly charming. The party then proceeded back through the church down to the main entrance, where the Prince stood and looked back at the glowing lights of the altar while the familiar notes of "God Save the King," executed with spirit by the powerful organ, told in its own peculiarly impressive way the story of Catholic Canadian loyalty.

A FAC-SIMILE OF PAPAL BENEDICTION

Granted by Request of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi to the C. M. B. A. of America.



When in Rome, at the Immaculate Conception Jubilee services, last December, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, presented to His Holiness Pius X. a petition from Bro. J. E. Costin, of Branch 4, of Montreal, Grand Council of Quebec, begging the inestimable favor of an

Apostolic Benediction for the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of America. That His Holiness was graciously pleased to grant the petition appears from the above reproduction of the precious document, which will give joy to the heart of every member.

Supreme Deputy A. R. Archambault, who at once remitted same to Supreme President John J. Hynes, of Buffalo, where it will be preciously kept as the greatest memento attached to our great and noble order, and obtained through the saintly Metropolitan of Montreal.

IN THE LACROSSE WORLD.

The surprise of the season in the lacrosse world came last Saturday afternoon when the champion Shamrocks went down to defeat at the hands of the Cornwall team.

Like the fracas at Ottawa, victory slipped away from the Shamrocks when the fight commenced. The goal keeper of the Cornwalls, Lalonde, stopped sufficient shots to enable a team to win three matches.

Since the defeat the topic of the hour is "Will the championship and Minto Cup travel this year?" At present it looks very much that way, but if Shamrocks play their old time game their supporters can rest assured that the banner at the end of the season will read: "Shamrocks, Champions, 1905."

In the junior series, the Ontarios and St. Patrick's Cadets battled for the junior championship, and at the end the score read 2 all.

Next Saturday afternoon a lively battle will be held when the champions meet the Capitals at Ottawa. This will be the beginning of the second series of games between the two teams.

SOME RECENT MIRACLES AT STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

(For the True Witness.)

A few years ago I was cured of several ailments through the intercession of St. Ann, the wonder worker, at the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

Capt. O'Connell says that the team will travel at its best to win all the other matches. Hennessy and Hogan are the stars of the home, and with Hootin on the attack the three H's and the two B's (Brennans) should make a bright, breezy, humming home.

THE CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Last evening's concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club, although not quite so largely attended as those given for the last few weeks, a circumstance due, no doubt, to the many social events at present going on in our city, was, however, a success in every sense of the word.

Messrs. Palmer, J. H. Maiden, W. Costigan, J. Farrell, Gilchrist, Grimes, Murphy and Cherry also deserve special notice for the manner in which they acquitted themselves of their parts.

On July 26th last, the feast of St. Anne, there were four cures, an unusual thing for St. Ann generally reserves her feast day for herself.

Her hearing was restored. A lady from Troy, N.Y., suffering from hip disease for three years, was also cured. She contracted hip disease, through a fall, and owing to contraction one leg was shorter than the other.

On the evening of the feast, while solemn Benediction was being imparted, and the famous choir of Quebec, the Union Palestrina, were just finished singing the Laudate Dominum, a little boy of eight years of age, who had entered the church on crutches, was cured.

One lives and breathes in a new world of faith and piety at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and to spend a few days in thanksgiving for the favors bestowed on me. This year during my visit there I was a witness of some wonderful cures.

The first one was a young lady of 21 years of age, Miss Marie L. Evilette, Old Town, Me., who was suffering from a

disease of the leg. Her leg became so bad that the veins had to be removed, and the leg was put in bandages. She could not enter the church without help, and during her stay, I, in company with another person, would help her in and out of the church.

On Sunday, August 6th, Miss Evilette Roberts, 464 Eight street, Troy, N.Y., was cured of hip disease. She had spent about fifteen days at Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and after receiving holy Communion, and after receiving the bandages hurst at the knee and she was perfectly cured.

The most remarkable case was that of a couple of days later, when a young lady about 20 years old was cured. One foot was fully six inches shorter than the other.

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TRAGIC END OF A DARING MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

Mr. J. C. Staats gives the following account in the San Francisco Chronicle of the terrible climb up El Capitan, which cost his companion, C. A. Bailey, his life.

There is something in all great mountain peaks that seems like a direct challenge from nature to the traveller. The sheer height of an unscathed summit rises insolently, as if it laughed at the insignificance of man. I am sure that this idea has occurred to every climber who has set his strength and cunning against the stern face of the granite, and I know it quickened in the breast of one at least the determination to let no crag go unconquered. That one was my friend, Charles A. Bailey, of Oakland, whose intrepidity led to his fatal fall from the almost perpendicular face of El Capitan on June 5 of this year. That mighty wall has been scaled at last—but at what cost!

It was my first visit to the Yosemite, and I had started out with the general determination to let no view escape on account of the difficulty of climbing to the best point of vantage. But the first glimpse of the valley from the gorge of the Merced temporarily put all thoughts of climbing out of my mind. As the stage rumbled along at the base of El Capitan the idea of attempting to scale it seemed simply ridiculous, and I understood at once why nobody had ever, up to that time, seriously entertained it.

We arrived at the hotel on the evening of June 2, and as I listened to the stories of what others had done, my courage revived. Then somebody introduced me to Charles A. Bailey, and the spell of the mountaineer was upon me. Bailey told us of the peaks he had surmounted in Asia and in Europe, and as he spoke with the vivid language of a good raconteur, climbing seemed easy. The next day we spent enjoying the glories of the valley, which are within the reach of the most timid soul, and it was not until the following Monday that we mentioned El Capitan. It was several hours before the sun had glided the neighboring peaks and spires when we started down the east bank of the river. No more lovely morning ever tingled with the spirit of springtime. Nowhere was there a foreshadowing hint of the tragedy which was to end the day.

We walked as far as Bridal Veil Falls and sat down to plan our campaign, commenting at the same time upon the surpassing loveliness of the scene. We had not yet fully determined to make El Capitan the objective, and arriving at Cathedral Spires, debated whether it would not be well to attempt the gorge between them. Then we turned toward the river and crossed the bridge which leads to New Inspiration Point—how unfortunate nomenclature often is—and there to the right rose El Capitan itself, steep and unconquered. Bailey at once laid bare the plan he had cherished in his heart, and without much persuasion I agreed to help him make the most attempt, which, I was yet to learn, was to go where no human foot had gone before.

By ten o'clock our progress had become very much slower. The path was now frequently overhung with projecting rock, and the foothold consisted of fragmentary ledges to reach which Bailey would climb upon his shoulders, and then, taking hold of some projecting knob, slowly draw himself up to a place of safety. I would then pass him his staff, with which he would reach down and help me to gain a place beside him.

After allowing my companion to use me as a ladder a few times in the way described, I proposed that we give up the enterprise, and descend, if possible, by the way we had come. But my loss of nerve was momentary. To go back would in itself have been an undertaking full of peril, and when Bailey cried, "Never give up till you're up!" I was seized again with the enthusiasm which loves to conquer difficulties. I suppose it is some such spirit which bids men cut down a giant tree and hold cotillon parties on its stump—the delights of mastering something huge, be it a giant redwood or El Capitan.

"That's right! Brace up, and the summit is ours," said Bailey, when he found me ready to proceed. But no sooner had we commenced to climb than he himself realized the desperate nature of the situation. "If one of us should fall," he observed, "it would mean death to both."

"Why both?" I asked.

"Because neither of us would be able to climb up or down from this

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place without the assistance of the other."

"Then God grant that I may not be the one left alone!" I cried. Nothing could have been more horrible than the thought of being solitary, helpless, clinging between heaven and earth to the face of that sheer precipice, feeling one's strength gradually go and waiting for the inevitable fall. From that moment I knew that it was to be a fight with death, and the very extremity of the danger nerve me to go on. In the end it was, indeed, I who was left alone, but by better luck than is likely to come to a man twice, I was not called upon to share the fate which overtook the brave man who had acted as my guide.

But we now faced a well-nigh perpendicular rock, with nothing to break the smooth surface save here and there a small shelf or crevice. We could not see more than a few feet above us, as it was exceedingly dangerous to lean back to try to obtain a clear view of the way. All that promised a foothold was a tiny ledge nearly ten feet directly over our heads.

Bracing myself as before, I let Bailey climb upon my shoulders. Then he reached up with one hand and grasped the edge of the shelf, and a moment later had succeeded in seating himself upon it. It was a magnificent feat of strength, agility and coolness—the last he was destined ever to perform. He seemed quite elated at having bridged a seemingly impossible part of the journey, and called down to me, quite exultingly:

"When you reach this place the hard climb will be over."

A moment later he said: "Pass me my staff and I will help you up."

These were his last words. Whether he was seized with fright, vertigo or weakness I do not know, but an instant later I saw him fall back against the rock. The shelving ledge on which he sat let him slip, and he shot like an arrow into the abyss, passing about three feet to the right of where I was standing.

I saw him strike first one ledge and then another, till falling in a bruised heap upon a point of rock many feet below, he bounded and took the final plunge out of sight.

I was not frightened, I was not nervous. I did not cry out. I felt as if I were turning into stone. I could not move. My feet and hands seemed heavy, or rather as if glued to the little shelf on which I stood.

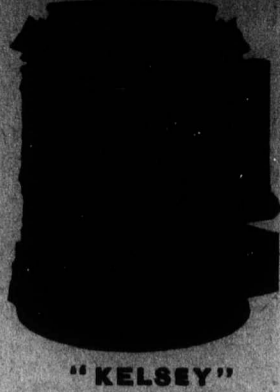
Gradually I realized where I was and what had happened. The meaning of my friend's words, "If one falls it will mean death for both," came back to my mind. There I clung for I know not how long, nothing but the steep granite above, below and about.

When I could move the first thing I did was to stick Bailey's staff into a crevice to mark the spot. Then I crawled down to the shelf below and removed my shoes. Barefoot, I succeeded in reaching the place where he had first struck. There lay his hat, a mute token of the tragedy, so silent, so sudden, so awful, which had taken place. By the time I had reached the third red-stained ledge, which he had struck in falling, I discovered that it would be impossible for me to get where I could even see his body, and I began to think about my own safety. Discarding everything that could encumber me, I tried to regain the lost ground. For a long time it was impossible to advance an inch, and I was about to give up the struggle when I noticed a narrow shelf about two feet above me which seemed to extend clear around the main rock. Below me was the gorge. Above me was the sky. My only hope was the shelf. Did it grow narrower or wider?

My fate depended upon that answer. With my arms stretched flat against the rock, and my face close to the wall, I began sliding along to the right. But the shelf became narrower; my heels projected over the dizzy gorge. Still I continued to advance slowly and painfully till suddenly the sound of falling water burst upon my ears, and I was enabled to move a degree faster, but an overwhelming desire to look behind me was threatening me with imminent danger. Calling all the remnants of my will power into play, I succeeded in momentarily controlling this awful desire, to gratify which would have meant instant death. The sound of gurgling water became plainer. I was nearing a waterfall, and in a moment more the fall itself was in sight.

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to do. That waterfall must be surmounted. In the icy water I crawled, and up, right under the falling stream. The rocks were of shale, and I reached up, grasping a projecting point of one, by means of which I drew myself up to a higher shelf. But this ledge was in the direct path of the falling water and my limbs were fast becoming chilled. I knew continuous motion was necessary, so by holding to the rocks along the stream I managed to drag myself up some thirty feet higher, where further advance was apparently stopped by a perpendicular wall nine feet high which barred the way. Even in the face of this difficulty my nerve did not fail me. I worked loose some small stones which I piled to a height of about two feet just under the falls, and found that by standing on this pile I could just reach with the ends of my fingers a small projecting rock. Securing as firm a hold as I could, I swung my feet clear of the stone pile to a point almost eighteen inches higher, and by continuing to push myself up feet first, and making use of the small bumps on the rocks, I finally was able to stand upright on a small shelf of rock only a little distance from the one from which my late companion had been hurled to his death. I was, by this time, thoroughly soaked, and shivering with cold. My fingers were blue and pinched, my whole body numb, but I felt with a sensation of infinite thankfulness that, as Bailey had said, "If I could attain that ledge, the worst was over."

I looked at my watch. It was just four o'clock. It seemed as if since I had started on my appalling climb over the perpendicular face of the monster cliff after Bailey had vanished, yet only an hour had been consumed. The distance to the top of El Capitan was yet two hundred feet, but the mountain from the point where I was covered with small bushes, vines and rocks, and an incredibly short time as compared with my previous efforts. I stood upon the summit, 3300 feet above the level floor of the valley, but beyond the grim clutch of death. The top of El Capitan is nearly level, and after searching for some time for a sign or mark that would aid me in discovering a trail to the valley, I found a blazed tree, and following the direction indicated soon came to an Indian trail which led to Eagle

Peak, where I struck the main trail to Yosemite Falls. The distance from the blazed tree to the camp is fourteen miles, but the trail was good, and I made rapid progress. I reached the valley at seven o'clock, just three hours from the time I had stood on a narrow ledge, clinging like a fly to a sheer wall of granite, and having expected for hours to be dashed, a whirling atom, on the giant rocks below.

When I was able I reported the awful accident, and was ready to lead a party to the scene of the tragedy that same night, but this idea had to be abandoned. At 5.30 o'clock in the morning of June 6th, I started back over the ground, in company with nine others, and at eleven o'clock reached the top of the gorge at the point where I had come out the day before. We had brought seven hundred feet of rope with us, but finding it twenty feet short, we obtained a piece from a pack saddle, and so were enabled to reach the remains of my friend. The heroism of J. A. Snell, of Callisto, and of H. Spaulding and F. Curry, of Palo Alto, who permitted themselves to be lowered over the great cliff, deserves to be commemorated.

When we again reached camp, my nerves suffered a complete collapse, from which they have not yet recovered. They will not be put to the test again. Others may attempt to take El Capitan. I have climbed my last.

DOGS OF WAR.

(Major E. Hautonville Richardson, in the Nineteenth Century.)

Two hundred dogs, chiefly sheep hogs, are at present attached to the German forces operating in Herero Land under General von Trotha. One of them, Flock, has been sent home to Kell in invalided. He was wounded by a bullet in the engagement of Opajho while scouting in front of the skirmishing line. He displayed great fearlessness under fire, and worked faultlessly until disabled.

The Japanese are using a number of dogs for reconnoitering purposes; they are attached to long ropes and well trained. The Russians are employing dogs for sentry and messenger work.

Capt. Peradsky, of the late Count Keller's staff, writing from Odessa, says: "In finding the wounded men with which the millet fields are strewn, nothing has succeeded like our seven dogs; their intelligence, especially the English breed ones, is extraordinary." I have been asked several times to supply dogs to the Russian army, and only quite recently was commissioned to purchase sheep dogs in the Highlands for the German ambulance dog training establishment. Perhaps, instead of breeding and exporting dogs for foreign armies, we may some day find our dogs of service to their own country.

IS A NEPHEW OF FATHER MATHHEW.

The senior Judge on the English bench is Lord Justice Mathew, who celebrated his 75th birthday recently. The Lord Justice, who has the reputation of being one of the ablest on the bench, is a nephew of the famous Father Mathew, the temperance advocate. One of his daughters is the wife of Mr. John Dillon, M.P. Justice Mathew is an Irishman and a Catholic.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST BOUNDARY REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, 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 100 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

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

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

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

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. COOY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Est. 1863

Incorporated March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Mr. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. F. Kearney; 2nd Vice, H. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansy.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallée street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. G. M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; Treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26

Organized 13th November, 1880. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, W. F. Wall; President, J. M. Kennedy; 1st Vice-President, J. H. Malden; 2nd Vice-President, J. P. Dooley; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Assistant Rec. Sec., W. J. Macdonald; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 825 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, J. Walsh; Guard, M. J. O'Regan; Trustees, T. J. Finn, W. A. Hodgson, P. J. D'Arcy, R. Gahan, T. J. Stevens; Medical Advisers, Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. G. H. Merrill.

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RECONC

The local train, which speeding out of town at twelve miles an hour, came to a standstill with a view at a level crossing a cow and Reynolds, shaken out, vere, opened the window, and prepared for an accident.

But as the view from the crossing revealed only an impassive green, he sat back to a more important question. She was a friend and not the Potlers. There was a chance that she might be seen at once an invitation to see a home had not been for that ten minutes' tiff at side at Easter, where they had not in the least detracted her charm, though it had demolished his welcome, and so much to be near her for that he could endure the

A moment later the guest up to him.

"I beg pardon, mister," lowering his voice to a "but you have a bag that looks as if it might have instrument in it."

"Why, yes," the young fellow, in astonishment, "a banjo. That's luck-tunes can you play? Can 'Rule, Britannia?'"

"Great Scott! Why, yes, so. But what in the name—"

"Then you are the man! This way, sir, please, and as you can, if you don't mind, can't you move the train as she hears 'Rule, Britannia?'"

"But what—"

"It's the only thing that her up. We tried everything pushing, pulling, everything sticks on the rails like a rock. I wouldn't bother we're five minutes late already I be doing everybody a guess if you'll come along a one good lively 'Rule, Britannia!'"

Reynolds caught up his hat and hurried after the official, as he went, which had gone insane, and the attack would prove to be most softening of the brain a temporary aberration.

A number of passengers in train. They were gathered mass around the portion crossing which intersected

"Now, then, here comes and his lady!" cried a voice from the crowd.

For a minute the young fellow stood with his own mental little by little a light bro his brain.

A few yards only of line between the engine and the track. At the crossing the obstruction in full view. It small, antiquated pony drawn by—or rather attached to—white mare.

The animal was neither st the usual and approved a her kind, nor prostrate, as times happen by accident. sitting upon her glossy ha calm, almost blasé, expressive brown-green eyes.

The carriage was occupied women. One of them, a stately, maiden-aunt-looking person engaged in making volubility towards to a delighted other, a girl in white, was back among the cushions and, in evident enjoyment of the situation.

At sight of the girl Reynolds, with a little cry of "back under his breath." The forward, lifting his hat.

"Why, Miss Perry! I'm usually glad to find you—ah—ed in this way. What is the Can I be of any assistance? The pleasure which excluded young man's face was not in that of the girl's.

"How do you do, Mr. Reynolds? I'd no idea you was part of the country. far as I am concerned, you of no assistance, I think train people want to try arrangements, of course, they are do it for the sake of getting in motion. Aunt Milly," turning to her companion, "heard me speak of Mr. Reynolds, Miss Blithe—Mr. Reynolds. Miss Milly grasped his hand which was in strict trust to the chilly demands of the season.

"So glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Reynolds, though the circumstances are I would generally like to see

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RECONCILED BY ELIZA.

The local train, which had been speeding out of town at the rate of twelve miles an hour, came suddenly to a standstill with a violent recoil at a level crossing a country lane, and Reynolds, shaken out of his reverie, opened the window, quite prepared for an accident.

But as the view from the window revealed only an impressive stretch of green, he sat back to consider a more important question.

She was a friend and neighbor of the Potters. There was a fair chance that she might be seen at their house since an invitation to see her at her own home had not been forthcoming.

That ten minutes' tiff at the seaside at Easter, where they had met, had not in the least detracted from her charm, though it had entirely demolished his welcome, and he would do much to be near her for a week—do that he could endure the Potters.

A moment later the guard came up to him.

"I beg pardon, mister," he said, lowering his voice to a whisper, "but you have a bag there which looks as if it might have a musical instrument in it."

"Why, yes," the young fellow answered, in astonishment, "my banjo."

"A banjo. That's lucky. What times can you play? Can you play 'Rule, Britannia?'"

"Great Scott! Why, yes, I think so. But what in the name of patience—"

"Then you are the man we want. This way, sir, please, and as quick as you can, if you don't mind. We can't move the train an inch until she hears 'Rule, Britannia.'"

"But what—"

"It's the only thing that will start her up. We tried everything else. Pushing, pulling, everything. She sticks on the rails like a limpet on a rock. I wouldn't like you, but we're five minutes late already. You'll be doing everybody a good kindness if you'll come along and grind one good lively 'Rule, Britannia.'"

Reynolds caught up his banjo case and hurried after the official, wondering, as he went, which of them had gone insane, and whether the attack would prove to be a permanent softening of the brain or merely a temporary aberration.

A number of passengers had left the train. They were gathered in a mass around the portion of the level crossing which intersected the lane.

"Now, then, here comes Orpheus and his lady!" cried a voice in the crowd.

For a minute the young man stared about him, with ever increasing fears for his own mental condition. Little by little a light broke upon his brain.

A few yards only of line lay between the engine and the level cross track. At the crossing stood the obstruction in full view. It was a small, antiquated pony phaeton, drawn by—or rather attached to—a round white mare.

The animal was neither standing in the usual and approved attitude of her kind, nor prostrate, as will sometimes happen by accident. She was sitting upon her glossy haunches, a calm, almost blasé, expression in her brown-green eyes.

The carriage was occupied by two women. One of them, a stout, elderly, maiden-aunt-looking person, was engaged in making valuable explanations to a delighted crowd. The other, a girl in white, who leaned back among the cushions and laughed, in evident enjoyment of the situation.

At sight of the girl Reynolds drew back, with a little cry of astonishment under his breath. Then he ran forward, lifting his hat.

"Why, Miss Perry! I'm tremendously glad to find you—delayed in this way. What is the trouble? Can I be of any assistance?"

The pleasure which exuded from the young man's face was not reflected in that of the girl's.

"How do you do, Mr. Reynolds," she said. "I'd no idea you were in this part of the country. No, so far as I am concerned, you can be of no assistance. I think, if the brain people want to try any experiments, of course, they are welcome to do it for the sake of getting the train in motion. Aunt Milly," she added, turning to her companion, "you have heard me speak of Mr. Reynolds? My aunt, Miss Blithe—Mr. Reynolds."

Miss Milly grasped his hand with a warmth which was in striking contrast to the chilly demeanor of her niece.

"So glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Reynolds, though I must say the circumstances are not those I would generally like to meet people

when I'd been trying for weeks to see you and couldn't."

As the whip hand side had nothing apparently to add, the left hand resumed:

"You don't know how sorry I was about that affair at the seaside, and how I suffered after I cooled down. I admit it was all my fault, and I wrote to you begging you to forgive me. But you sent the letter back unopened. Isn't there anything I can do to win back your good opinion? I'd do anything you say, no matter what."

"You might get out of the carriage and allow me to go on alone. I should really appreciate that," said the whip hand, with instant readiness.

Whatever the left hand intended to say was left unsaid, for at this point the phaeton stopped suddenly. Eliza was sitting down again.

Reynolds fell back upon the seat and howled. The situation soon proved too much for his companion also. They laughed together until Eliza cocked her ears in astonishment.

"Good old Eliza!" cried the young man when he had partially recovered. "She knows a thing or two. She won't budge a step until I play 'Rule, Britannia,' and I will never play a note of it until you invite me to accompany you the rest of the way."

"You won't take a mean advantage like that, surely?"

"Won't I, though?"

"But this is most unfair."

"All is fair in war and—"

"Please play," she interrupted, quickly.

"Not a note. Are you going to invite me?"

"I am not. I shall start Eliza without you."

The attempt to set Eliza in motion by alternate kindness and discipline was a failure.

At the end of fifteen minutes Miss Barbara returned to the seat, exhausted.

"I suppose I must accede to your demands," she said, "or I shall be here permanently."

"Do you invite me of your own free will to accompany you home?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Cordially?"

"You never said it must be cordial."

"It must certainly be cordial."

"Well, cordially, then."

"I am entirely at your service," he answered, opening the banjo case.

Five minutes afterwards a rotund white mare jogged easily along a charming country lane, drawing a phaeton which contained a man who laughed, and a girl who protested, and other was a mean advantage and detestably unfair.—London Answers.

OF ONE LATELY DEAD

(By Katharine Tynan, in Catholic World.)

He was the incarnate spirit of youth and adventure and laughter and life. He was darkly handsome, with the eye of a gypsy, an eye that roamed from dull company to look upon free fields of adventure. He had the heart of a gypsy, and that he ever bent his shoulders to take on the yoke of duty must be counted to him as a pathetic heroism. By nature he was wild and free, not afraid of the night or the elements. Houses had no appeal for him. Broken boots or ragged clothing did not daunt him. His brothers and sisters, the wind and the rain, were free to work their will on him, and he trusted to their kindness of kinship.

Fate gave him duties and made him a member of one of the learned professions. He said to me once that the duties made him a solid spot of anchorage on this earth; and it was his fortune to have married a woman as sweet and dignified of nature as God ever made, else he had never had that anchorage. He would have been out with the gypsies on the hillside. He would have been blown about over the world by the will of the wind that was his own will.

He was friends with the whole world. In Ireland he knew almost every one from sea to sea. In that country, where laughter counts for more than the solid qualities, every one wanted him and held him as long as they might. It was a light-hearted world indeed in which he moved; but I think in his heart he had a great tenderness for the gypsies and roving spirits of the world. I remember that once he and I walked a few miles of a mountain road with a stalwart gypsy man. He was of a towering stature, with a shock of black hair surmounting a big, rough, cunning, innocent face—the face of a nature's man who has never slept in houses. The gypsy talked and we listened. He was of a famous Irish tribe, famous especially as pipers. His father had carried off the first prize at the Feis. He talked of music and religion and patriotism. These gypsies "go to their duty," and have Christian burial when they die. He talked of the Rebellion of '98 in whispers, glancing from side to side of the shadowy hedgerows where the autumn twilight was falling. The gypsies had fought from Vinogher Hill to Ross—on the right side, he said. An old mongrel trotted at the gypsy's big heels. He had offered him to us for half a crown as a pedigree dog, knowing well that the dog would no more take to the life of houses than he would himself, and would follow and come up with him as soon as might be.

When we parted with him he carried off the last half-crown of the gypsy in professional broadcloth. We watched him up the hill-road till the shadows gathered him. My poor fellow looked after him with eyes of sore longing. "Did you see the big boots of him," he said to me, "how they were cut down to give him ease in walking?" He looked at his own decent boots and sighed. "And the dog of that dog might have been nosing about among the dead at Oulart Hollow. They'll sleep out to-night in a cave of the hills among the dead leaves and bracken. The dead leaves 'll be smelling sweetly."

Another time I saw the strange look of longing in his eyes. He was leaning over a little roadside bridge, watching the mountain stream, brown as amber, singing over pebbles of gold and silver. Over there in the city, where the exquisite stream should suddenly slip into a polluted drain of a river, his professional duties awaited him. He looked at the stream and then back at the mountain whence it came. He had the furtive eye of one who meditates sudden flight and escape.

"I wish I had time," he said, "to follow it back to its source. I never saw a little stream yet that I didn't want to track it. Can't you fancy it just bubbling up in a little cup through the wet grass, and the lark singing above it? And further down in the glens it'll be stealing in and out around the little green and brown boulders, and in the deepest pools under the boulders you'll see a little trout swimming on his side."

Yet for all his wild heart he had a great capacity for industry, so long as the work interested him, so long as one might almost say, as the work was done for love. In his young college days he edited the journal of an archaeological society, contributing to it largely himself, and giving it his time and his work unsparingly. Anything connected with the history and antiquities of his own country interested him passionately, as

HIS SLIGHT MISTAKE.

"Do you remember, dear," he asked as they sat down on one of the rustic seats at the summer resort, "that I cut our initials on this tree behind us three or four years ago?"

"Why, no, George," she replied. "I don't remember that. Are you sure?"

He arose, walked around the tree and inspected the bark closely.

"Yes," he said, "it's the same tree all right, but it was another girl."—Chicago Tribune.

Can Eat Anything Now.

How many Dyspeptics can say that?
Or perhaps you are dyspeptic and don't know it.

Have you any of these symptoms?

Variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a loathing of food, rising and scouring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, constipation, or are you gloomy and miserable? Then you are a dyspeptic. The cure is careful diet; avoid stimulants and narcotics, do not drink at meals, keep regular habits, and regulate the stomach and bowels with

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
Nature's specific for Dyspepsia.

Miss Laura Chicoine, Belle Anse, Que., says of its wonderful curative powers— "Last winter I was very thin, and was fast losing flesh owing to the run-down state of my system. I suffered from Dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get, but to no purpose; then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first day I felt the good effect of the medicine, and am now feeling strong and well again. I can eat anything now without any ill effects. It gives me great pleasure to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters, for I feel it saved my life."

ONLY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH SURVIVING.

Writes the Rev. D. S. Phelan to his paper, the Western Watchman, of St. Louis:

"Before coming here I spent a few days in Berlin, where I found a great bustling modern city and the throbbing heart of Pan-Germandom. It did not interest me. Its ideals are to new; its heroes are too well known, and look too much like cheap actors in their bronze coats and heroic pose. The present emperor has done much for Berlin, and before long it will be the greatest city in the world; the fairest paradise of the flesh and the strongest citadel of the Devil. I found religious and social conditions there very much what they are here in Dresden. It is an adage there that people do not go to church on Sunday in Berlin, they go to the theatre. The middle classes are still devoted to conservative home life and go to church, but the upper and lower classes have given up all religion. It is strange that in the two cities where for four hundred years all the energies of the state and all the passions of the people were directed towards the extirpation of Catholicity, the Catholic religion should be the only one to survive. In Berlin or Dresden, if you hear a church bell on Sunday or any other morning you may depend upon it it is either the Angelus or a call to Mass. I visited the new Evangelical Cathedral of Berlin dedicated by the Emperor the other day, and proclaimed the St. Peter's of the Protestant world. It was closed. I asked the reason, and the guard told me it was open on week days from ten till six; but on Sundays it was open only one hour and a half in the forenoon and an hour in the afternoon. On week days strangers visited it; on Sundays nobody. On the other hand, the Catholic churches are thronged with worshippers at every Mass. It is so in Berlin, it is also so in Dresden. The presence of the great and unbending Centrum has made Catholicity respected in Berlin, and has given courage to Catholics everywhere in the Empire. Nothing is too good for a Catholic in the eyes of the emperor, and no post or place too high for the aspiration of a German Catholic. The effect of persecution is here everywhere evident in a bold and demonstrative Catholicity. Catholics take off their hat to a priest in Berlin and Dresden, as they take off their hat to an old soldier in Paris. And for the same reason. The priest has been in the thickest of the fight and borne the brunt of the battle during the Kultur Kampf. The people visit the churches and pay respect to the Blessed Sacrament. There is a live, active, virile Catholicity in the most Protestant sections of Germany that speaks volumes for the future of the Church in that country. It is becoming plain and plainer to all thinking people in this country that religion spells morality, and Catholicity is synonymous with Christianity. Stubborn, irresistible truth!"



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Is the best value for all kinds of washing; lasts longest; gives the finest results; is easiest on the clothes.

YOUR GROCER WILL SELL YOU
SURPRISE SOAP

did its folk-lore. While he walked with you he would tell you legends by the score. I remember well those walks in the golden autumn days when he told me why the peasants hate the dara-dioul, the devil's beetle, and will always kill one when they see it; and of what Hugh O'Neill said to Hugh O'Donnell at the Battle of the Yellow Ford; and how a famous warrior of the North of Ireland came to be present at the Crucifixion; and many another story. His was a golden memory, stocked full of poetry and traditions, and ready to unpack itself for the one who really cared to hear.

"Why don't you write it down?" I used to say. But he was not much good at writing down. He wanted the stimulus of the faces and the eyes. Two or three of his folk-legends did indeed appear in the Spenker. But at this time all his energy was required by his profession, and he wrote no more.

That profession brought him face to face with his audience, and for the few short years it was his he made a meteoric success of it. A rising junior, indeed. There was no question of his rising; he rose. There had not been a success so brilliant and immediate within men's memories. To be sure he loved his profession, and his love for it brought him to the quiet study and mastery of it. He was not only a brilliant advocate, but a fine lawyer as well. There he could not help himself that the money came to him, but he divested himself of it as rapidly and completely as he could. Never was any one so generous. He gave with both hands, his benefits falling on the just and the unjust. The study he would have thought least worth while would have been the study of finance. He was a child in everything concerning money. The only time he ever troubled himself about the thing was when money was to be collected for widows and orphans or friends in trouble. The charity of Ireland towards those whose broad-winner has gone is wonderful. The charity of the poor to the poor; it is, indeed, rather a guardianship than a charity. He was always ready to push his own pressing work aside so that he might help in such cases. Never was such a one for gifts; he rained them upon his friends. One knew in what part of the country he was by the milestones of his gifts. Beautiful generosity that irradiated the paths of others as well as his own.

One thinks of him with his giving hands and his laughter: now one feels that there is no such laughter left on earth. Everywhere he went he spread mirth, young, light-hearted, humane mirth. "Wherever he goes," said one who has preceded him into the shadows, "something is certain to happen." Gay and mirthful adventures did, indeed, crop up about his path. Everywhere he went he made friends and drew out the humor in others. You could not be with him in a public conveyance, but he was talking to the man at his side or opposite to him, discovering odd characters, having the quaintest encounters which should afterwards provoke one to aching sides. Who cared though he was late for dinner, or arrived towards midnight when he was expected to dinner, seeing that he came in and button-holed you to such stories that the house roared with them? He had an affinity for simple, roguish folk. The old beggarman of the country roads delighted him; and he would extract fun even from a tramp plainly marked "dangerous." One never knew what whimsical thing he would do next. Once in the old war days he stopped a scarlet and gold regiment man-covering about the green country roads. "If you please, sir," he said, with a winning innocence, to the amazed officer in command; "do you happen to be looking for De Wet?" It passed for a countryman's simplicity, too.

One feels to-night as though laugh-

