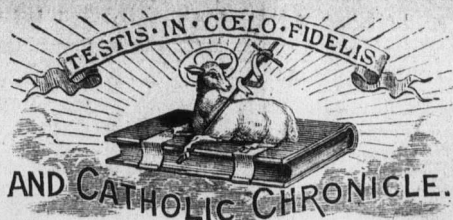


The True



Witness

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Irish Home Rule: Irish and English Opinions.

John Dillon M. P., on the Government's
Irish Policy.

In a recent general review of the Irish political situation, John Dillon, M.P., spoke of his disappointment at the action of the present Liberal Government, which has come into power largely on Irish votes, toward the Land Commissioners. He had expected that the new Government would undo the evil work of its predecessors by casting out a score of the Land Commissioners whose terms expired last spring, and replacing them by honest men. Alas for Irish hopes! Twenty-two out of the twenty-seven Orangemen were reappointed. This is one instance out of many, continued Mr. Dillon, "of the utter hopelessness of expecting that Ireland will be justly and properly governed until that government is placed in the hands of the Irish people. The very same state of things prevails in Ireland to-day as we have recently seen prevailing in South Africa. When this Government came into power, one of their principal pledges was that they would abolish Chinese slavery in the Transvaal. What has happened? It has not been able to abolish it yet, and why? Not because they had not the good will, but because the officials in the Transvaal, who were appointed by the late Government, are too strong for the Government, and they have maintained Chinese slavery in the Transvaal in spite of the present Government. Just the same way here in Ireland. No matter what the wishes of the Government may be, the officials in Dublin are too strong for the Government, and so long as that nest of officials is left, so long, I say, will the Irish people be harassed and oppressed. But what has happened in the Transvaal? You all remember the Boer war, which was not very long ago. They fought a grand fight, but they were beaten. But what has happened in the Transvaal—and I rejoice that Irish votes have contributed to this occurrence—what is the remedy which the Government are going to take in the Transvaal because they find the officials there obstructing their policy? They have given Home Rule to the Transvaal—the fullest and freest Home Rule; and that will be the remedy which will thereby soon checkmate the officials out there. Well, I say, that is a very good example for Ireland. If the British Government are not afraid to give Home Rule to the Boers, who were in arms against them only three years ago, why should they not give Home Rule to Ireland? And furthermore, I say that I think the Irish are fairly entitled to ask that we should get the same kind of Home Rule as the Transvaal, not a bogus system of Home Rule, but the same kind of Home Rule as the Transvaal. Or is it to be contended that the British Government of to-day are not prepared to give Home Rule—genuine Home Rule—to any nation except a nation which has recently been in arms against them? We have been recently told by a high-up official of the Government that next session is to see a great development of the Irish question, and it has been broadly hinted that we are to have a measure of self-government for Ireland. I trust it will be so. I have every reason to believe it will be so, and if the Government, following on the precedents set in the Transvaal and in the case of the Boers, offers us in Ireland a genuine system of self-government which will give to the people of Ireland complete control of the administration of their country through directly elected representatives of the Irish people, then, I say, they will find us practical and moderate and reasonable, and willing to make concessions when occasions are found to be necessary. But any attempts to settle the Irish demand

The Sociology of Divorce.

The Catholic has no illusion on the question of divorce. The Church having definitely pronounced herself on the irrefragability absolute of the marriage tie, and held herself immutably bound by her pronouncement at all times in her history, Catholics are not obsessed by debatable theories as to the nature, good or bad, of divorce. For them it has, simply, no existence and consequently remains outside the sphere of argument or speculation.

So largely has it entered, however, into the life of the modern world and so subversive is it of the very foundation of society—namely, the family—that no being who has the faintest glimmering of sociophilic interest in his nature, can withhold his attention from an evil, the grievous import of which strikes at the heart of the world's civilization, as surely as Atheism, of which it is, indeed, an unquestioned corollary. As a destroyer in the human fold, it is recognized by men of all conditions and creeds. The agnostic, irreligious as well as reverent, exerts his pen and voice even as the churchman and the sociologist, to combat a common enemy. The atheist confesses that its destructive progress revokes the criterion of his unbelief and, unbeliever though he be, he educates his children to a belief in the sanctity of the marriage bond. The theist admits that its insolent growth provides an unanswerable argument for the existence of a canonical religion. On all sides, Philanthropy, the love of mankind—religions as well as material—is throwing its legions against the invader and with a sure success.

M. Durkheim, a professor of the Sorbonne, writing in the Revue Politique et Littéraire (Paris), considers the question from the purely sociological point of view. Quoting Bertillon, the anthro-geometrical expert, that the number of suicides follows, in significant proportion, that of divorces, M. Durkheim emphasizes the fact, also quoted by Bertillon, that there is less suicide among the followers of the Catholic Church than in any other Church. As a general law, it may be laid down, on the basis of statistics, that where divorce is rare, suicide is also rare. Marriage, of itself, proves a deterrent against the suicidal tendency in individuals, either male or female; it being shown that the number of suicides among married men, even when there are no children of the marriage, is once and a half less than among the unmarried men. When there are children, the number becomes three times less. In the case of divorced women who are childless suicides are much more frequent than among those who have children, the statistical proportion being as five is to one.

"It is certain, then," he says, "that marriage, particularly on the male sex, exercises a moral influence which is of advantage to the individuals themselves, since it attaches them to life."

Once admit the principle of divorce as an "institution" to which any married person can fly for relief and on pretexts which may be anything but reasonable, and the moral influence becomes at once weaker, since couples will enter into marriage, knowing that their safeguards are precarious, and that the stability of the union is not strongly assured. Moral equilibrium of both man and woman, can only be reliable in proportion as the bond which unites them possesses the nature of indissolubility. A rule of conduct or life from which either person may withdraw, is no longer a rule; and where the element of precariousness enters into so solemn a contract, it brings with it, also, a disposition to lightly regard the obligations imposed by the vows.

Marriage, it must be remembered, modifies the material and moral economy of two families, the relations subsisting between the persons married not being what they were before marriage. Even when there are no children, the marriage has brought about relationships

which are independent of the couple wedded. The rights of third parties are consequently involved, and the fact that one member of a given family has divorced, may lead others to dissolve their contracts.

When children are born, the physiognomy of the marriage changes its aspect altogether. The married couple cease to exist for their own aims; and their end in life henceforth transcends their own personalities. Each parent becomes at once a functionary of domestic society, obliged to perform all duties. They owe these duties to others besides themselves, and more to the others than to themselves; and should they shirk them, having once accepted the clearly defined responsibilities in the contract by resorting to divorce, they are in exactly the same position as the contracting party who is guilty of breach of contract. Here, then, is shown the self-stultification of civil law which punishes severely the wilful breach of contract which may involve only two persons, but which lightly rescinds a contract in which the lives and happiness of numbers of others besides the principals are inextricably and involuntarily involved.

Sufficient account is not taken of the public demoralization which results from these legislative weaknesses. Such an abdication of the public conscience can only end by enervating the private conscience, and, from that on, the idea of divorce enters into the life of the nation as a mere matter of course.

It is consoling to note that M. Durkheim sees a universal revolution of feeling against wholesale divorce beginning to declare itself. Civil law, in his opinion, will have in the near future to cope with an evil which the majority of civilized human beings look upon with repugnance, and the effectiveness of which cannot, on results, be justified, in any important measure, by either utilitarian or moral motives.

HONOR FOR DISTINGUISHED IRISH PHYSICIAN

King Edward of England has conferred a baronetcy on Sir Christopher Nixon, M.D., a distinguished Irish physician of Dublin. It is a fact not without significance that Sir Christopher Nixon, who received the honor of knighthood so far back as 1895, was President of the Royal College of Physicians in Ireland at the time of the coronation, and was alone of all the presidents of analogous institutions omitted from the list of coronation honors—a circumstance which at the time was generally regarded as attributable to the dislike of the Tory government of the day to his Home Rule principles and his insistence, in season and out of season, on the establishment of a system of higher education in his country which Catholics could accept without violation of conscientious conviction.

A NEW HOME FOR EXILED NUNS

An ex-queen, Princess Adelaide, widow of ex-King Miguel, who reigned over Portugal from 1828 to 1834, is among the Benedictine nuns who went to England with her community on its expulsion from France. After the remarriage of her son, the Duke of Braganza, Queen Adelaide withdrew from the world to carry out a long-cherished resolve of devoting herself altogether to the service of the Church. But she was destined to experience sad vicissitudes even in the life of calm prayer to which she had aspired. The forcible breaking up of the holy cloister at Solesmes affected her profoundly; and the exiles, fleeing from French intolerance, could not at once foresee the many consolations awaiting them at the Isle of Wight. However, after being tenants of Mr. Granville Ward, who gave up his beautiful home at Northwood for their use, the Benedictine nuns have now acquired the extensive building of Isle of Wight College, near Ryde. King Edward has set the example of honoring the illustrious lady by visiting her whenever he is in the vicinity. A niece of Queen Adelaide, Princess Agnes of Lowenstein-Wertheim, is also a member of the Benedictine community.—Ave Maria.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

IF YOU DO feel bad in the morning, tongue coated, stomach wrong, no appetite, from over-indulgence, eating or drinking, take a dessert spoonful—you will enjoy the invigorating draught, and by the time breakfast is over you will feel like another person. Stomach all right, blood proper temperature, and brain clear. Try it, and you will try it again. **25c. and 50c. bottle.**

A Talk with Dr. Lapponi, the Pope's Physician

In reply to the question, Did not Dr. Lapponi advise the Pope to have a change of air? the Doctor replied that he had not, and does not see the necessity for it; and to the question, Does not the Pope complain of this forced enclosure? Lapponi replied at length. "He does not complain of it," he said, "but it is natural, for the sentiment of liberty is an instinct in all men, that he should speak of it sometimes. He said one day to the Father Provincial of Monte Cassino: 'Who knows that, sooner or later, we may not be down there?' And if anyone speaks to him of Venice, of his Venice, Pius X. becomes strangely stirred, and imagines that he is able to take a sail in a gondola to the Lido. But that he should think of interrupting a tradition which lasts now for 36 years, and that the impatience of re-acquiring personal liberty may be stronger in him than what seems to him his bounden duty, this is absolutely false. For, the rest I am tranquil. The Pontiff, if even he should overpass his 90th year—and I desire it with my whole heart—will have no need of changing air and surroundings. Even in these summer heats Pius X. preserves an enviable good humor, and that beautiful serenity which attests to the normal equilibrium of his whole being."

Thus all that is true and requisite to be said concerning the actual state of health of Pius X. has now been said by his doctor, the one authority who is best acquainted with it. The true story will not put down the wild flights of imagination which have delighted the sensation-loving readers of the papers; but it may be believed in by the more sober and serious people, who wish to learn the true state of affairs.

On the Vigil of St. Peter's Day, the Sovereign Pontiff, accompanied by a few members of the Pontifical household, descended into St. Peter's. It was a solemn spectacle: the great empty basilica in the gloom of the summer evening, and the white-robed figure of the Pope proceeding to the Confession beneath the High Altar, close to the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. There Pius X. knelt in prayer for a considerable time, and performed the function of blessing the Palliums of white wool that are placed on the tomb of St. Peter, and bestowed upon certain Archbishops and Sees throughout the Christian world. The feast of St. Peter, one of the hottest days of the season so far, beheld again that great movement of the people to the grand Church of Rome and the world, whose "wondrous dome" overshadows the ashes of the first Pontiff Peter, the Fisherman of Galilee. The egg-shaped emblem of a net, formed of myrtle and cloth of gold, which hung above the central gate of the vestibule of St. Peter's, is particularly fitting to the occasion. To-day, as well as all such days, the notion that the Church is a net which contains fish of all kinds, was well borne out by the character of the crowd which thronged the vast nave and aisles and transepts of this church during the morning and the afternoon. All sorts and conditions of men, from the peasant to the prince, rubbed elbows in that great gathering place of humanity.—Roman correspondent Dublin Freeman.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who, then, would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

BISHOP CONATY

Discusses Some Important Questions of the Hour.

Right Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., Bishop of Los Angeles, delivered a stirring address to an overflowing audience recently at the Tent City, San Diego, on "Questions of the Hour," in which he dealt graphically with some of the salient evils and needs of our time and country. Under the fore-fold head of "The Meaning of Life," "Spiritual Living," "Education," and "Civil Duties," the Bishop covered a broad and vital field of human interest and activity. The following are a few extracts: "Life? What is it but living. What is living worth if it is not right living? We cannot cajole ourselves with the answer, 'Dum vivimus vivamus' (while we live, let us live), for the true meaning of life is more serious than that.

"Life is making ourselves worthy of the place we occupy. It is the building of character. It is doing right as well as thinking right. 'Around us and about us there is an Infinite Mine expressing itself in all we grasp and see—the sand, the drops of water, the blood in our veins. All these are the result of a supreme, uncreated Mind.

"In the study of life we come face to face with the greatest fact in all creation—God. Religion gives me the key to understand myself and to apprehend life.

"Forms of religion are almost as infinite as the stars of the heavens and as varied in their power. Fad and fancy, freak and charlatan, there is no business in the world that has so many freaks as religion. Yet all this is an expression of this poor old nature of ours for something to guide it. We see men of apparent intelligence running madly after these freakish cults. They think they have found teachers with authority. But teaching must be without contradiction.

"We have the Holy Rollers and the Holy Jumpers and the exponents of the 'limited life.' The trouble is, we want the unlimited life. We know that the gift of tongues was given of old, but we have serious doubt about the Holy Spirit teaching any man pigeon English.

"Tent after tent is raised and there are always people to fill the tents. What does it mean? It means that this poor human nature is looking for things spiritual—for life.

"When the Catholic Church teaches of miracles performed by the saints, the incredulous eyebrow is raised; but let some one with a long beard and a turbaned head declare he has obtained the gift of hands and all classes will follow the will-o'-the-wisp.

"True religion is different. It is founded on Christ Jesus, who taught us the limitless life.

"Never in the history of mankind have men been more generally schooled. Our state laws require education, and there are many who independently seek it.

"The school is worthy of the child only when it tends to make the child better. You can make a child better only by teaching him about God. 'Seneca and Marcus Aurelius and Socrates were worthy old pagans who wrote about right living; yet they were not good examples of what they preached. They had not in themselves the power to control their base appetites.

"We all have opinions on education. This is a free country, yet we are not free to accept error. Let us be honest with one another and give each other credit for honesty of purpose.

"The Church of which I am a child is not a foe to knowledge. The pedagogical work of the Catholic Church has been omitted from many works on the history of education.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The girls who win their way into the inmost recesses of others' hearts are not usually the most brilliant and gifted, but those who have sympathy, patience, self-forgetfulness, and that indefinable faculty of eliciting the better nature of others. Most of us know girls who have appealed to us in this way. We have many friends who are more beautiful and gifted, but there is not one of them whose companionship we enjoy better than that of the girl who never makes a witty or profound remark, but whose simple quality of human goodness makes up for every other deficiency. And if there came a time of real stress when we felt that we needed the support of real friendship, we should choose above all to go to this sweet girl, certain that we should find intelligent sympathy, a charitable construction of our position and difficulties, and a readiness to assist us beyond what we ought to take. Beauty of spirit is more than beauty of face or form, and remarkable intellectual qualities are not to be compared with unaffected human goodness and sympathy.

THREE SENSIBLE "DON'T'S."

Don't, my dear girls, begin dabbing your faces with creams and lotions one moment before you need. Pure soap and rain water are all the cosmetics necessary till you are 25 at least. After that, nightly applications of cold cream and an occasional dust of powder are permissible.

Remember, if the weather is really hot, that food is merely needed for repairs, and not for warmth. Therefore, cooling diet should be patronized. Eggs, fish, vegetables, fresh fruit and salads should form the staple diet. Barley water is a cooling and useful drink.

Don't, because you are married, think things do not matter; that you can wear shabby dressing-jackets, and present a cold-cream smeared countenance to your husband's astonished gaze. He may not say anything, but he thinks all the more, and lots of little rifts begin just that way.

ONE WOMAN'S BUSINESS SUCCESSES.

(John Talbot Smith, in September Donahoe's.)

An examination of the conditions showed that numerous authors all over the world were being robbed of comfortable fortunes by their slipshod methods of doing business. She put herself in communication with them, described their methods, compared them with hers, showed their losses and her gains, and finally won their patronage. They made her their business agent for America, empowered her to collect their royalties, to defend their interests, and to punish their invaders. When the business grew to such proportions that playwrights of the caliber of Haddon Chambers and Sydney Grundy committed to her their plays, she sought another territory. In France the dramatists regarded America as a barbarous and unprofitable field for their wares. If an American manager were eager to buy their productions, they sold to him outright for a song. Praise and blame and profit from the barbarous nation were all one to them. Miss Marbury almost shocked them by a picture of their losses through their own barbarous methods of business. They threw themselves into her arms and she became the agent of the society of dramatic authors. The French government rewarded her twice for her services to the French drama by decorating her with Les Palmes Academiques, and making her an Officier de l'Instruction Publique. Her own people having no decorations to give her have just let her alone, which after all is a great

deal to one who has acquired eminence.

ENAMEL FINISH FOR SHELVES.

An excellent idea for pantry shelves is to give them two coats of ordinary white paint and then a third finishing coat of white enamel. As soon as the enamel dries, wash it over with cold water and then it will harden quickly.

Do not cover these shelves with oilcloth or paper, but leave them bare, and notice the improvement. As there are no covers under which crumbs, etc., can collect, there is nothing to encourage mice, and the enamel is easily wiped clean with a damp cloth. With enameled shelves it is never necessary to clean the whole pantry at once, for it keeps clean all the time.

HOW TO RENOVATE GILT FRAMES.

To renovate and brighten the gilt frames of pictures and mirrors that have become rusty and dingy, simply to wash them with a small sponge moistened with spirits of wine or oil of turpentine, the sponge only to be sufficiently wet to take off the dirt and fly marks. They should not be wiped afterwards, but left to dry of themselves.

HOW TO WASH CROCHETED ARTICLES.

Make a suds of warm (not hot) water and a good white soap when you wish to wash articles that are crocheted. Put in the article to be washed; squeeze (don't rub) till it looks perfectly clean; rinse it thoroughly through clean water until there is no soap left; squeeze the water out, but don't wring; shake gently, put in a cheesecloth bag and hang in a draft; shake often while drying. Handmade articles will retain their shape and look like new if these simple directions are carefully followed.

VIRTUES OF THE PINEAPPLE.

The partaking of a slice of pineapple after a meal is quite in accordance with physiological indications, since, though it may not be generally known, fresh pineapple juice contains a remarkably active digestive principle similar to pepsin. This principle has been termed "bromelin," and so powerful is its action upon proteids that it will digest as much as one thousand times its weight within a few hours. Its digestive activity varies in accordance with the kind of proteids to which it is subjected. Fibrin disappears entirely after a time. With the coagulated albumen of eggs the digestive process is slow; while with the albumen of meat its action seems first to produce a pulpy, gelatinous mass, which, however, completely dissolves after a short time. When a slice of pineapple is placed upon raw beefsteak, the surface of the steak becomes gradually gelatinous, owing to the digestive action of the enzyme of the juice.

Of course, it is well known that digestive agents exist also in other fruits, but when it is considered that an average-sized pineapple will yield nearly two cups of juice, it will be seen that the digestive action of the whole fruit must be enormous. The activity of the peculiar digestive agent is destroyed in the cooked pineapple; but unless the pineapple is preserved by heat, there is no reason why the tinned fruit should not retain the digestive powers. The active digestive principle may be obtained from the juice by dissolving a large quantity of common salt in it, when a precipitate is obtained possessing the remarkable powers just described.

Unlike pepsin, the digestive principles of the pineapple will operate in an acid, neutral, or even alkaline medium, according to the kind of

proteid to which it is presented. It may be assumed that the pineapple enzyme would aid the work of digestion in the stomach.—Lancet.

TIMELY HINTS.

When washing pink muslins or linens, instead of using bluing, take a piece of turkey red, soak it thoroughly in the rinsing water until this becomes pink. Then rinse the goods out in the pink water.

When cleaning glass use the regular metal polish, but put a little paraffine oil on the cloth. This will give a fine polish and will not tarnish.

When the cane chair seats are out of shape, turn up the seats and with hot water and soap wash the cane work until thoroughly soaked and leave the chairs to dry upside down in the air when the seats will become firm and tight again.

Matting may be cleaned with salt water, applied with a small brush. Rinse and dry thoroughly.

A little borax put in the water in which table linen or towels are to be washed will prevent them from fading.

Raw potato juice will remove stains from the hands and also from woollen materials.

To remove soot from the carpet spread the spots with table salt and let it remain on for a few minutes. Brush off the loose salt lightly into a dustpan and then brush carefully with a wide, clean, dry nail brush, following the grain of the carpet.

RECIPES.

To Dry Peaches.—Take ripe, juicy peaches, cut them in half, removing the stones. Do not pare them, as dried peaches are richer when the skins are left on, and the skins dissolve and are hardly perceptible after cooking.

Spread the halved peaches on a sunny piazza or table, and allow them to dry gradually until they are almost of the consistency of leather. They should be brought in every night at sundown or if the weather is damp or cloudy. They may also be dried in a large oven, if so desired.

Apples to be dried in this way should be pared and quartered, while cherries should be stoned, only the best fruit being selected for the purpose.

Cantaloupe Glace with Ginger.—Cantaloupes filled with ice cream are especially popular and delicious. Cut the melons in halves and chill. Serve each half on a pretty plate, on a bed of cracked ice. If desired add to the cream a spoonful of preserved ginger or gingered pears. Indeed, the ginger almost invariably goes with cantaloupes even without the cream.

Tomato Farcie.—Prepare a dressing by chopping cold meat seasoned with salt, pepper, mustard, cloves, lemon juice and a grated onion. Add to this two parts of bread crumbs and a little cold rice. Have some large tomatoes and cut off the tops, scraping out the inside, fill with the dressing. Make a sauce by putting half a pint of soup stock in a pan, with three tablespoonfuls of wine, one of currant jelly, a little extract of celery; thicken with flour and keep stirring until it is smooth and thick, then lay the stuffed tomatoes in and cook over the fire about ten minutes; put in a pan in the oven a few minutes to bake brown on top. Take up carefully and pour the gravy over.

FUNNY SAYINGS

WHAT A LIE IS.

A Sunday-school child was asked by his teacher in the course of the lesson: "What is a lie?" "A lie," responded the infant with deliberation, "is—is an abomination to the Lord an' a very present help in trouble."

NOT A COMPLAINT AT ALL.

The good priest had come to his parishioner after the funeral of the latter's mother-in-law to express condolences.

"And what complaint was it, Pat," he asked sympathetically, "that carried the old lady off?" "Complaint, did ye ask, father?" answered Pat. "There was no complaint from anybody. Everybody was satisfied."

A CASE OF ADAPTATION.

Two dusky small boys were quarreling; one was pouring forth a volume of vituperous epithets, while

the other leaned against a fence and calmly contemplated him. When the flow of language was exhausted he said:

"Are you troo?"
"Yes."
"You ain't got nuffin' more to say?"
"No."
"Well, all dem tings what you called me you is."

HE DID AS HE WAS TOLD.

The boarders were alarmed one night by what sounded like a man running at a tremendous gait in one of the upper rooms. However, as it came from the second-floor front room of the new boarder, nothing was said. The next night the same running noises were heard; still it was thought best to say nothing. But the third night the noise differed: the boarders huddled together in the parlor as the chandeliers shook, as the man above apparently came down at intervals with a thump, thump that fairly shook the house.

Two men were delegated to see what was the matter. "What in the world was the matter up here?" asked one of the men as the door was opened by the new boarder, apparently breathless. "Why," came the answer between gasps of breath, "I'm taking my medicine."

"Medicine?" echoed the men. "Yes," said the man, as he dropped into a chair from sheer exhaustion. "It's tougher on me than it is on you. But the doctor said I should take it two nights running, and then skip the third night."

A WIFE'S READY WIT.

A popular clergyman, saw a story in the St. Louis Republic, saw a lady about to call, whom he was anxious not to meet. So he said to his wife, "I'll run upstairs, my dear, and escape till she goes away."

After about an hour he quietly tiptoed to the stair landing and listened. All was quiet below. Reassured, he began to descend, and called out over the balustrade: "Well, my dear, you got rid of that old bore at last?"

The next instant a voice from below rooted him to the spot. It was the voice of the caller. Then came a response which sounded inexpressibly sweet to him. It was the voice of his wife:

"Yes, dear, she went away over an hour ago; but here is our good friend, Mrs. Blank, whom I am sure you want to meet."

THE ART OF LETTER-WRITING.

A man, dictating a letter to another man with whom he quarreled, wrote thus: "Owing to the fact that my stenographer is a lady I cannot say to you what I think of you; and as I am a gentleman I would not. But you, being neither, can readily guess what is in my mind."

PUBLICITY.

The Gospel injunction "to walk in the light as children of light" is the first intimation we have that publicity is a cure for crime. The worst sections of our great cities of Europe have been reformed by simply widening the streets and multiplying lamps. Sin is a child of darkness.



Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions.

Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE SOUL'S MESSAGE.

To dream is sweet, but dreams cannot avail;
We miss in dreams the possibility—
And time slips from us, and the world goes by,
Hope unfulfilled and life an empty tale.

From some old tome a legend I recall
Of a lone prisoner in his gloomy cell,
All light shut out save the slant rays that fell
Through narrow loop-holes in the donjon wall.

And on that stone-work, in the sunshine gleams,
He carved with rusty nail—
Billowy fields, slim girls with braided hair,
And woods, and flowers, and winding meadow streams.

Ah, what to us the profit! Seasons roll,
The sands ebb from life's hour-glass one by one—
Still we have failed to carve, when all is done,
In sunshine gleams, the message of the soul.

—Eugene C. Dolson.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall;
Instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head,
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own souls' hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE WISH.

Should some great angel say to me to-morrow,

"Thou must re-tread thy pathway from the start,
But God will grant, in pity for thy sorrow,
Some one dear wish, the nearest to thy heart."

This were my wish, from my life's dim beginning:
Let be what has been! wisdom planned the whole;
My want, my woe, my errors and my sinning,
All, all were needed lessons for my soul.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

EASILY GIVEN.

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving,
But it scattered the night
Like morning light
And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp a woof it wove
In shining colors of light and love,
And the angels smiled as they watched it abode,
Yet little it cost in giving.

It was only a kindly word,
And a word that was lightly spoken,
Yet not in vain,
For it stilled the pain
Of a heart that was nearly broken.
It strengthened a fate beset by fears
And groping blindly through mists of tears,
For light to brighten the coming years,
Although it was lightly spoken.

It was only a helping hand,
And it seemed of little availing,
But its clasps were warm,
And it saved from harm
A brother whose strength was failing.
Its touch was tender as angel's wings,
But it rolled the stone from the hidden springs
And pointed the way to higher things
Though it seemed of little availing.

A smile, a word, or a touch,
And each is easily given,
Yet one may win
A soul from sin
Or smooth the way to heaven.
A smile may lighten the falling heart
A word may soften pain's keenest smart,
A touch may lead us from sin apart—
How easily each is given!
—Unidentified.

But this judgment, to have its full weight, must be, like the jury of twelve, fully instructed upon the facts and the evidence. As to the facts, the public press can generally be relied upon to present them fully and impartially. We hear a great deal about the yellow press in these days; but it sins not in suppressing facts, but in distorting them. The daily papers want the facts and they print them. The public, sitting as a supreme jury, can get at the facts in the public print. As to the value and import of the evidence the pulpit can be relied upon to judge them fairly. The newspapers and the preachers do for the jury of the public what the attorney does for the jury of twelve. This united function of the press and pulpit we call "publicity"; and it is this that some of our wisest statesmen now rely upon to reach and remedy some of the most gigantic ills that afflict and scandalize our times.

Public opinion is the nearest approach to an infallible judgment that we have. It has always found adequate and authoritative expression in the pronouncements of the Church. The call of the verdict of public opinion, enlightened by publicity, is little short of an appeal to Rome. When the process becomes incorporated in our manners and laws we shall enjoy in a measure the blessings of a ready and satisfying solution of disputes which the world could claim when the world was Catholic and Roman. The age is getting back to the center of the Church's unity by very strange and roundabout ways.—Western Watchman.

How to Cleanse the System.—Parmele's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs. Their use has demonstrated in many instances that they regulate the action of the liver and the kidneys, purify the blood, and carry off all morbid accumulations from the system. They are easy to take, and their action is mild and beneficial.

OUR BOY

BY A

Dear Girls and Boys:
The letters came in so fast I was afraid the corner to have a very deserted but the morning mail encouragement. Maude can hardly find time to easily understand that, do take up so much of the wish to thank Maude for invitation to visit her in was there some weeks route to Roberval and en self very much in the city. Agnes McC. has ju birthday. I feel that I ing the sentiments of all when I extend to her wishes for many happy the day. Too bad th will be obliged to leave order to assist with the is nice to be a little he does break one's interes when it has to be left a picked up as the occasi How nice Ethel T. must her new frock and bo is a very lucky little gi mamma who can teach sons at home. Lillian T. for a great many letter but, like myself, she w pointed. What a splen her papa must have Agnes C., when she com real for her holidays, w jolly visit with her Li Lillian and Ethel. Su will feel that more th thinking about him and ciate the kind thought girls who would so lik the place of his little at school, and for whor lonely. Next week wi nounced the winner of promised for the best gular correspondent. Your loving AUN

Dear Aunt Becky:
You cannot imagine t took in reading all the little cousins. I can h time now to write regu have settled down to o earnest and my lessons busy. There is a grand now in aid of the orph and we have a good d it. I read Lily T.'s let delighted to hear she gotten the good old tin together. I would love and Ethel, as I know s sure of enjoying myself I was sorry to read J as he said he could ne his sisters, and I know lonesome. I would lov as I hardly ever knew to have a brother, c consists of eight girls. to see the corner is h up with letters, as I t would be a great de once school had begun. I would like to see Becky, and you may b ever came to Quebec y a welcome visitor. Well, I think my le long, dear Aunt Becky want you to grow ric I will close with lov cousins. I remain, Your loving ni

Quebec.

Dear Aunt Becky:
As I have a few spa thought I would wr an going to have a b to-morrow. I was th Friday, and I am goin party on Sunday, for have one on Friday a to school. We will se potatoes, and I think stay home from sch fun picking them, fo get the bags full the them to the house an ride up and down th bye. Your loving n

Lonsdale, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:
The great success and reputation that it has already obtained proves that Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer restores gray hair to its natural color, and, from its balsamic properties, strengthens the growth, removes all dandruff, and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. Can be had of all chemists. 50 cents a bottle.

LUBY'S

PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER

50 CENTS A BOTTLE

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys: The letters came in so slowly that I was afraid the corner was going to have a very deserted appearance but the morning mail brought some encouragement. Maude C. says she can hardly find time to write. I can easily understand that, for studies do take up so much of the time. I do take up so much of the time. I wish to thank Maude for her kind invitation to visit her in Quebec. I was there some weeks ago en route to Roberval and enjoyed myself very much in the old historic city. Agnes McC. has just had a birthday. I feel that I am voicing the sentiments of all the cousins when I extend to her our united wishes for many happy returns of the day. Too bad that Agnes will be obliged to leave school in order to assist with the work. It is nice to be a little helper; but it does break one's interest in study when it has to be left aside and picked up as the occasion requires. How nice Ethel T. must look in her new frock and bonnet. She is a very lucky little girl to have a mamma who can teach her her lessons at home. Lillian T. is looking for a great many letters this week, but, like myself, she will be disappointed. What a splendid library her papa must have! I hope Agnes C., when she comes to Montreal for her holidays, will have a jolly visit with her little friends Lillian and Ethel. Surely Joseph will feel that more than one is thinking about him and will appreciate the kind thought of the little girls who would so like to take the place of his little sisters away at school, and for whom he is so lonely. Next week will be announced the winner of the book promised for the best and most regular correspondent. Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: You cannot imagine the delight I took in reading all the letters of my little cousins. I can hardly find time now to write regularly, as we have settled down to our studies in earnest and my lessons keep me very busy. There is a grand bazaar open now in aid of the orphans' home, and we have a good deal of fun at it. I read Lily T.'s letter, and I am delighted to hear she has not forgotten the good old times we had together. I would love to visit her and Ethel, as I know I would be sure of enjoying myself with them. I was sorry to read Joseph's letter, as he said he could not go to see his sisters, and I know he must be lonesome. I would love to see him, as I hardly ever knew what it was to have a brother, as our family consists of eight girls. I am sorry to see the corner is hardly filling up with letters, as I thought there would be a great deal of writing once school had begun. I would like to see you, Aunt Becky, and you may be sure if you ever came to Quebec you would be a welcome visitor. Well, I think my letter is pretty long, dear Aunt Becky, and I don't want you to grow tired of me, so I will close with love to all my cousins. I remain, Your loving niece, MAUDE C. Quebec.

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have a few spare moments I thought I would write to you. I am going to have a birthday party to-morrow. I was thirteen years old Friday, and I am going to have the party on Sunday, for I could not have one on Friday as I had to go to school. We will soon be digging potatoes, and I think I will have to stay home from school. We have fun picking them, for whenever we get the bags full the men will draw them to the house and we have a ride up and down on the loads. Good-bye. Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am going to Vespers this afternoon with sister Lili; I do so like to go to church. Mamma made me such a pretty blue dress and the cutest blue bonnet you could see. Dear Auntie, I am not going to school, as I am too young, but mamma teaches me at home. I learn Catechism, spelling, reading and counting. I am very anxious for my lessons to begin, as it gives me something to study every day. I will now close with love to all the cousins and Aunt Becky. Your loving niece, ETHEL T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky: Have you been to Dominion Park yet? I was very anxious to go this week, it being the last, but having so much home work it was impossible. I think it is lovely down at the Park. Coming up the river by boat at night you have a grand view of the illuminations from the Park. I hope to see letters from my cousins in Quebec this week, especially Flossie T. who promised to be a regular correspondent. Hurry up, Flossie, there is lots of room for you and Stella, eh Auntie? Papa has added such a fine collection of books to our library, thirty volumes of Ancient History, which I am looking forward to reading; in the near future when I am finished with school. I do so enjoy reading in especially history. I have no time to spare now with my lessons and my music. Hoping there will be a great many letters in the corner this week, and love to all my cousins and you, dear Aunt Becky. Your loving niece, LILLIAN T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was very much pleased to see my letter in print last week, and I am exceedingly grateful to you for receiving me as your niece. I am afraid this letter will not reach you in time to be inserted in the True Witness this week, so I won't be disappointed if it fails to appear. I would have written before this, but I am very busy with my studies and the time passed faster than I realized. I think I will go to Montreal for my New Year's holidays and then I hope to have the pleasure of seeing my dear little friends, Lillian and Ethel T. They did not write last week. I wonder why. I am sorry Joseph will be lonesome for his sisters, and I wish I could take their places. We finished our retreat last Saturday and started school in earnest Monday. We are learning shorthand this year, and I find it very interesting. With best love to all my dear cousins, and in particular to your own dear self, I remain, as always, Your affectionate niece, AGNES C. Quebec, Sept. 12.

WORK AND WIN. The boy who works is the boy who wins.— The boy who finishes all he begins. The boy who cheerfully says, 'I'll try.' The boy who smiles when the world's awry. The boy who shirks is the boy who fails.— The boy who falters when work entails. The boy who moodily whines, 'I can't.' The boy whose vision is all aslant. To work or to shirk, boys—which shall it be? The paths are open, the choice is free. 'We'll work and win!' is the cry I hear. And the poor little shirk has fled, I fear!

THE RIGHT TIME. "Mabel, wouldn't you like to go home with me and see my new dress?" So queried Eleanor Brown, as she and Mabel Wright were on their way home from school on a certain bright afternoon in the spring. "Indeed, I should like to," was the reply, "but you know it is time for us to write our graduating essays, and this seems to be the very

day for me to begin mine, because there is no Latin lesson to prepare for to-morrow. Professor Simpson is away, you know. When he comes back I suppose we will have to do double work to make up for lost time."

"I suppose so. I may as well follow your wise example and write on my essay, too. But I'm sorry you can't come home with me. Good-bye," said Eleanor.

The two girls parted. Eleanor was able to carry out the plan they had made, but Mabel had a different experience. She hurried into the house, put her coat and wrap in place, and was just about sitting down to write when she heard the sound of wheels before the door. Looking from her window she saw Uncle Jonas Wright with his family of six alighting from their large carryall. Mabel hastened to admit them, then went to inform her mother of their arrival.

Contrary to her expectations, Mrs. Wright looked rather troubled at the announcement.

"I'll be glad to see them all," she said, "but, of course, they've come to supper, and this is rather an inconvenient day. Nurse has gone out on a shopping expedition and is not to return until evening. Cook has just gone to bed with a headache, and so I was planning to have a very simple meal. But you and I will have to do the best we can, Mabel. I'll have to ask you to stay in the nursery with the children for a few moments."

So here was a decided interruption. No such thing as writing was to be thought of for the next few hours. Mabel's time must be divided between the children and the visitors, while her mother flitted from parlor to kitchen and from kitchen to parlor.

Finally supper was announced. Then as the children, all except baby and herself, were to go to the table, Mabel hoped that she might be able to do some writing. She would put baby in the cradle and rock him with her foot while, at the same time, she constructed her essay. But baby refused to sleep—Mabel herself was tired, and it was impossible to do more than attend to the wants of the infant. Afterwards she had her own supper to eat, and then the older children must be put to bed. When the visitors said "good night" Mabel felt almost too sleepy to respond.

"You are tired, aren't you, dear?" said her mother, "and I know how to sympathize with you so far as weariness goes. We both need rest now. I'm sorry that you've been unable to do any studying."

"That's the worst of it, mother. I had determined to work on my essay to-day, but my plan was all upset."

"Well, dear, you have been a brave, patient girl, and have helped me all you could. This has seemed to be the Lord's plan for to-day, and since you have tried to do the work set before you, you may safely trust that all will come right. Now, to bed, and sleep."

Mabel retired and slept the sleep of healthy girlhood. The next morning she awoke with a clear brain and fresh courage. The thoughts she needed for her essay came rushing in upon her. It seemed easy to arrange them, too. She wondered that she had not seen it before. The short rest from study which had come on her the previous afternoon had proved to be a blessing rather than a hindrance.

Quite to her own astonishment, it proved to be the best essay of the class, and the one which received most commendation.

So the Lord's time for Mabel was the right time, as it is for everyone else.—Pittsburg Observer.

ed easy to arrange them, too. She wondered that she had not seen it before. The short rest from study which had come on her the previous afternoon had proved to be a blessing rather than a hindrance.

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A VISIT TO A DOLLS' HOSPITAL.

A dolls' hospital! And why not? Doesn't dolly often sustain both internal and external injuries? And when injured, doesn't she need the assistance of a surgeon? Of course she does. And so it has come to pass that kindly disposed people have opened hospitals where dolly may be cured of her hurts—if the head has not been smashed.

The writer visited a dolls' hospital a few weeks ago and there saw—a room full of poor maimed things. Here in one corner lay a fine French dolly, with one eye gone, an unsightly scar on her piquant nose, and a broken ankle. Near this little French lady was another dolly, with hair gone, a maimed hand, and two legs missing. (These members, however, were wrapped up in a bit of paper waiting the surgical operation that would join them to their wanted places again).

But the saddest plight was that of a dear baby doll who had lost its cry. When one pinched its stomach the springs would not squeak; therefore the little thing had no way of expressing pain or anger, but must lie on a shelf and be still. And a serious operation would be performed upon her soon, for the doll doctor would cut her open down the back and put in another crying spring or fix up the one already in her body.

And that's the advantage of being a doll. Dolls undergo the most terrible accidents—are pulled limb from limb, hair from head—to be put together again without much trouble and no fuss whatever.

As I looked about the hospital, I wondered how the children who owned these maimed dolls could have been so careless, heartless—yes, cruel—in their treatment of the helpless things.

SCHOOL EXPERIENCE OF A PRINCE.

An amusing anecdote is related of the present little Prince Edward of Wales. The little Prince dislikes his arithmetic, and, in fact, mathematics in general.

His punishment for dereliction of duty is being put in the corner.

Some time ago, when he saw his governess taking out the book and slate to prepare for the day's lessons in the particular branch which he specially disliked, he said, very deliberately:

"I don't believe I care to do 'rithmetic to-day. I'll go into the corner again, if you don't mind."

Away he marched like a soldier, leaving an astonished teacher wondering what course was best to pursue.

READ THIS, GIRLS.

A writer, who may be known as English for her use of the word "boots" for shoes, says:

I have read many articles purporting to show how a lady may be known. In one of the articles it was asserted that "a lady may be known by her boots;" in another "that she may be known by her gloves, 'by her neckwear.'" A writer who claims to be a close observer said that if you gave him but a glimpse of a woman's handkerchief he would tell you whether or not the owner was worthy to bear the title of lady.

I once heard a gentleman say: "A lady is judged by her laugh." Again I have heard: "You can tell a lady by her voice, by the care of her hands and nails and by the letter she writes." So I began to put these things to the test, and I now tell you the result of my observations.

1. The Boot Test.—The last seat in the car was taken by a faultless-looking beauty. She had a pretty foot and wore an elegant shoe, which fitted her perfectly. Then a lited-looking mother, carrying a heavy, frolicsome baby, entered the car, and stood holding on to a strap until a very aged and trembling man—evidently a gentleman—insisted that she take his seat while he held to the strap. My beauty in

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the patent leather boots had never thought to offer her seat or to hold the baby for the mother.

2. The Handkerchief and Glove Test.—In a large drygoods store I saw a clerk cross the house to pick up a dainty cambric handkerchief for a customer. The handkerchief was accepted by a hand in a neat kid glove, but the owner did not thank the clerk, nor cast even a grateful or pleasant glance in acknowledgment of the favor she had received.

3. The Laugh Test.—I heard a merry, ringing laugh, which I would have declared came up from a pure as well as happy heart; and I afterwards heard the laughter say to her mother: "It's none of your business who my letters are from."

4. The Voice Test.—I heard a reader give in the sweetest, most musical voice that old but beautiful poem "Somebody's Mother," and the next day I saw the same reader laugh immoderately at an old woman who fell and scattered her marketing over the pavement.

5. The Hand Test.—Over the keys of the piano swiftly and gracefully moved hands that might well serve as models for sculptor or painter, but whose hands on a bitter cold day rudely closed the door in the face of a woman who was asking alms.

Then I concluded that while a lady should be scrupulously neat in her dress, she should be able to write an elegant letter; yet all these qualifications, if combined with selfishness or rudeness, would fail to constitute a lady, for one of the chief characteristics of a lady must be forgetfulness of self and consideration for the wants of others.

AN ANT FUNERAL.

A lady gives this account of some ants which she saw in Sydney. Having killed a number of soldier ants, she returned in half an hour to the spot where she had left their dead bodies, and in reference to what she then observed she says:

"I saw a large number of ants surrounding the dead ones; I determined to watch their proceedings closely. I followed four or five that started off from the rest toward a hillock a short distance away in which was an ants' nest. This they entered, and in about five minutes they reappeared, followed by others.

"All fell into rank, walking regularly and slowly two by two until

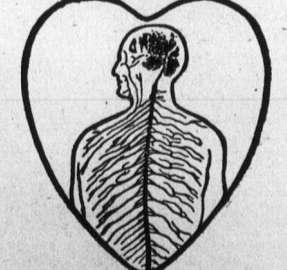
they arrived at the spot where lay the dead bodies of the soldier ants. In a few minutes two of the ants advanced and took up the dead body of one of their comrades; then two others, and so on until all were ready to march.

"First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden, then two others with another dead ant, and so on until the line extended to about forty pairs, and the procession now moved slowly onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants.

"Occasionally the two laden ants stopped, and laying down the dead ant it was taken up by the two walking unburdened behind them, and thus by occasionally relieving each other they arrived at a sandy spot near the sea. The body of ants now commenced digging with their jaws a number of holes in the ground, into each of which a dead ant was laid. They now labored on until they filled up the ants' graves. This did not quite finish the remarkable circumstances attending their funeral.

"Some six or seven of the ants had attempted to run off without performing their share of the task of digging. These were caught and brought back, when they were at once killed upon the spot. A single grave was quickly dug, and they were all dropped in."—The Christian Work.

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart; Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the system. Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25. WEAK SPELLS CURED.

Mrs. J. Dorey, Hemford, N.S., writes us as follows:—"I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

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CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1906

AN ANONYMOUS PAMPHLET.

Something like a sensation has been produced within the week by the press notices that have appeared far and near of a brochure entitled "A Searchlight Showing the Need of a University for the English-speaking Catholics of Canada." We have read the publication and the amazing assertion in its preface that a leading member of the Oblate Order was concerned or consulted about its compilation. Concerned the reverend gentleman in question no doubt is, inasmuch as he is contemplating legal action against the authors or publishers of the tract. But he emphatically repudiates the idea that he was consulted by these authors to whom he applies the epithet libellers. All this must serve to show that the pamphlet, which is anonymous, was spread broadcast with no friendly intention or helpful purpose. Indeed, it is not too much to say that a most lamentable imputation has been made against Catholic honesty by the charge that the fire-relief grant of the Province of Ontario to the University of Ottawa was misapplied. We have no intention to notice charges made in the manner of this pamphlet, the general tone of which discounts the claim of the authors that they are inspired with zeal for the realization of a Canadian University for English-speaking Catholics. Any help they are in a position to give to the Catholic Church in Canada may be very well dispensed with. The question is too large and too important to be helped or hindered by men who can resort to covert attack to advance their ends. There is no good to be gained by discussing the education interests of the Catholic youth of Canada in association with this pamphlet and its aims.

A PORTRAIT OF ST. CYRIL.

Monsignor Wilfert has recognized in his study of the frescoes in the subterranean church of St. Clements in Rome a portrait of St. Cyril which is a boon to students of history and archaeology, not to speak of the wider circle of devout Christians who follow the researches into early Christian art. Monsignor Wilfert's work incidentally identifies the sepulchre of St. Cyril which has been so long looked for. St. Cyril died in Rome in the year 869, and was buried in the primitive Church of St. Clement. He was of Greek nationality. The body of St. Cyril was placed in a marble sarcophagus and this was put up against the interior wall of the atrium or forecourt of the basilica and the upper wall was decorated with a painting representing the saint in the presence of the Divine Judge. When the ancient Church of St. Clement was abandoned towards the close of the 11th century and reconstructed on a higher level the relics of St. Cyril in their sarcophagus were transferred into the new basilica and

placed under the altar of the chapel which stands immediately over the primitive original sepulchre. Here is the place where St. Methodius bestowed honorable sepulchre on his brother St. Cyril, the humble monk who had evangelised the Slavs, and who in the funeral inscription placed upon his tomb desired to be called "peccator," and who requested the suffrages of the faithful surviving him. In the precious fresco now identified which adorns this tomb after the oblivion of a millennium appear the severe and ascetic features of the missionary saint of the Slavs, indicating, as Monsignor Wilfert remarks, a portrait not only new and unexpected but the only unspoiled one so far recovered.

A most attractive side of this subject to the pious Christian is the subject of the fresco in which is to be seen the Saviour represented as seated and having before Him two personages who are standing. One of them, who is arrayed in sacerdotal vestments—the humble peccator of the inscription—represents the dead person who is recommended to the Divine Judge by St. Clement assisted by the apostle St. Andrew and by the Archangels Michael and Gabriel. The other, whose square nimbus represents that he was still living when the picture was painted, offers the Eucharistic Chalice in the attitude of a suppliant. This is thought to be a scene of the particular judgment—the dead person for whom the Communion of Saints and Eternal Rest are desired, the saintly advocates who recommend their client, and the Divine Judge in the act of pronouncing sentence. The person who offers the chalice of prayer and of the Eucharistic sacrifice was introduced by the artist only indirectly into the scene in order to unite in the same composition the part which the living also take in order to benefit their departed friends.

SUNDAY OBSERVANCE.

That the Sunday law fails to be observed as it was ordained it should be in the beginning is very evident. The all-night saloon and dance halls are responsible for a great deal of the desecration of the day of rest and if only this growing evil could be conquered an open sore in our midst would have disappeared. The rev. editor of the Chicago New World touches on this matter very succinctly in the following words:

"Thank God, our Catholic people are second to none in the whole world for fidelity to the duty of attending mass on Sundays. But they are not all of them sufficiently sensitive to the impropriety of visiting low places of amusement or of prolonging Saturday night dances and revels to the small hours of Sunday morning. There is plenty of legitimate recreation that is pleasing to God, healthful and invigorating to the body, and refreshing to the mind. The religion of Christ as infallibly interpreted by the oracle of the Holy Spirit, is a religion that inspires joyfulness of heart and serenity of conscience. The sour-faced Puritan's conception of God resembles the stony-hearted southern slave owner as depicted by Harriet Beecher Stowe. But while the Catholic ideal is far removed from Puritanism on the one hand, it is equally remote from the French secularist standards on the other."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Apparently the French Government intend to imitate Bismarck's Kulturkampf by imprisoning clergymen. The Prime Minister, in a circular which he has issued to the public prosecutors, says his department has received information to the effect that certain priests in commenting publicly on the Papal Encyclical made remarks which infringe Articles 34 and 35 of the Separation Law, and he wishes to be informed without delay of the names of the delinquents. Probably the Article of the Separation Law upon which the priests will be arraigned is that

which imposes fines and imprisonment for direct provocation to resist the execution of a law or of legal acts by the public authorities. We feel sure the French priests will be quite as resolute in their conduct as were the German clergy during the Bismarckian persecution. Arrangements should, however, be made for giving publicity to their cases throughout Europe. Men should know what is to be expected when Freemasons and enemies of the Christian religion obtain possession of power, and how whilst making profession of a love of liberty they are in their acts as intolerant as the most narrow-minded pagans.

A telegram from Vancouver announces the death of Dr. J. M. Lefevre of that city, president of the British Columbia Telephone Company. Dr. Lefevre, who went west some twenty years ago from the neighborhood of Brockville, was one of the wealthiest Catholics on the Pacific Coast, and one of the most generous to the Church.

Judge Bowen Rowlands, one of the laymen nominated by the Catholic Bishop of England to sit on the Catholic Education Council is dead. He was formerly a clergyman of the Anglican Church and afterwards became a barrister. He was the first ex-clergyman of England to be raised to the bench. His appointment was made some time after his conversion to the Catholic faith.

The Very Rev. Dr. O'Riordan, Rector of the Irish College, has left Rome and is now in Ireland, where he will confer with the bishops at their annual assemblage in October. Before leaving Rome, Dr. O'Riordan completed about twenty articles for the "Catholic Encyclopedia." Among the subjects were the Papal Bull of Leo XIII. on Anglican Ordinations, the Ascendente Domino (on the constitution of the Society of Jesus), the Auctorem Fidei of Pius VI (on the Synod of Pistoia), the Aeterni Patris of Leo XIII (revival of Thomism), and the Encyclicals of the same Pope on Christian Marriage and the Christian Constitution of States.

In another column we reproduce a letter in which the writer states that same has already been handed to our contemporary, the Daily Star, for publication, but as yet it has not appeared in its columns. Our people are noted for their generous patronage to this same paper, and for giving it their unlimited support, for which at the first opportunity they are turned down. Comment is unnecessary, the remedy is obvious.

The British Journalistic Association met in Dublin this year. In his address of welcome the Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, bid the newspaper writers of to-day remember that they are the successors in letters of Swift and Johnson.

Hon. James Bryce, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is making a tour of the Coast in the Grannale. This is seeing Ireland according to Irish ideas.

A new Catholic church will be erected at Strade, near the spot where Michael Davitt's body rests.

Not a Nauseating Pill.—The exipient of a pill is the substance which enfolds the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

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

A Struggling Infant Mission

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week. Average weekly Collection..8s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

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

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

"ARTHUR,
"Bishop of Northampton."

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

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

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

CHURCH'S POSITION ON BULL FIGHTS

In a paper entitled "The Joys of Spain," by Austen Harrison, in the Nineteenth Century and After, is found the following sentence: "As-tounding is the enthusiasm for bull fights, nor does the Church ever raise its voice to check or stop them."

"This statement," comments the Sacred Heart Review, "is certainly more astounding than the Spanish enthusiasm for bull fights. Mr. Harrison evidently did not seek out information on this matter at all, else it would have been easy for him to find out that the Church has been for centuries opposed to the Spanish bull fights. The law of the Church in Spain, as elsewhere, ordains that those who engage in these fights and die therein be deprived of Christian burial. In 1587 Pius V. issued a decree excommunicating not only all who took part in them, but also princes and governors who permitted them. Pope Clement VIII reiterated the prohibition with the result that the custom abated, until Charles IV. of Spain finally abolished it. Under the Bonapartist regime, however, it was revived. But the attitude of the Church toward it is still as hostile as ever. No priest is allowed to be present at a bull fight, not even to administer the last sacraments to those who may be seriously injured. He is not even allowed to remain within convenient distance, lest his presence should seem to sanction this cruel sport."

Definite Purpose in Life.

To have a great purpose in life is a kind of patent of nobility. It adds strength to the character, makes life interesting, and settles at once all those questions of casuistry that puzzle the brain of the aimless as to whether this thing is good, that consistent, or the other permissible. There is room for every one to find some sphere of work that is specially his own. There are difficulties to overcome that will "task high and hard" the wisest hearts, but there is also work to be patiently done. There is need of the man with one talent, and need of him who has ten—need that both of them should work with their might. Let them consider what task their abilities, training and circumstances point to as their own.

The Natural Food of Brain and Nerves

Montreal, December 16th, 1905.

Messrs. MOTARD, FILS & SENECAI,

Gentlemen,—I am pleased to tell you that the TRAPPISTS' PHOSPHATED WINE OF CINCONA BARK has cured me of nervous prostration and also from a run-down condition.

Respectfully,
WILFRID DUCHESNAV,
420 Dorchester St. Montreal.

Sold by all Chemists and Grocers.

Sole Agents: MOTARD, FILS & SENECAI,
5 Place Royale, Montreal.

Depot for the United States, Rouse's Point, N. Y.

Sadlier's Catholic Complete Speller, Oral and Written.

The Appendix contains Words Pronounced Similarly, Facts in Pronunciation, Rules in Spelling, Prefixes and Suffixes, Capital Letters, Punctuation Marks, Abbreviations, Names of Person, Test Words, and Roman Catholic, English, and Dominion Titles and Forms of Address.

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J. P. MONCEL

Ribbon Badges for Conventions, Socials, Pilgrimages, Picnics, Societies, Parades, Lapel Buttons, &c.

210 St. James St., Montreal.

IN THE CITY STREETS

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hillsides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe, "What are these people about?" And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back, "We will go and see." So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers, "Come with me." Then they go softly with it into the great city—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone, where nothing but a man is buried—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery railings.

Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other, "Wait awhile." The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other, "Wait awhile." By and by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gap from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market place. Wait long enough and you will find an old dotting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the cornerstone of the State House. O, so patient she is, this imperturbable nature.—O. W. Holmes.

PROTESTANT ON WYCLIFFE

Our esteemed Protestant Episcopal contemporary, the Lamp, quotes from Church Bells, another Protestant Episcopal paper, an extract which shows what a Protestant writer of to-day thinks of Wycliffe. "The morning star of the Reformation." This writer is Dr. Bigg, author of the "Wayside Sketches in

'Phone Main 8861.

J. J. GARLAND

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Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty. Also Portland Cement Work.

27 & 29 St. James St., Montreal.

The Kane Company
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
Cor. Wellington and Centre Sts.

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

SANCTITY OF FAMILY TIES

Cardinal Gibbons, in a recent interview said: "The great crimes the scandals which are now exciting so much comment can be traced directly to a lack of sanctity in the family relations. Until the sanctity of family ties is more generally recognized I see little hope for improvement. The principal obligation of the family is the religious education of the young, the importance of which is apparent. With it everything may be accomplished. Without it we may have great awakenings, we may have a general revival of public conscience, but revivals will come again, because the foundation is lacking. It is not marriage, but recognition of the sanctity of the marriage relation and its obligation, that must cure these terrible evils. Most of the turpitude of private character, as disclosed in revelations of courts and the press grows out of family relations with false standards and without religion and not from a lack of family relations."

BISHOP BERNARD, OF CINTHE, GIVES REPLY TO COLLEGE FRIENDS

A number of the former companions of Mgr. Bernard of St. Hyacinthe, were of His Lordship Thursday present were the Rev. T. Kavanagh, of St. Paul; the Rev. Abbe D. St. James Church; the O. Harel, chaplain of the de Paul Penitentiary; the Rev. Bedard, of the Church Dame; Mr. A. Chaurat, of Hochelaga and Jacques D. Perome, of the Witne J. B. A. Lamarque, of Laval University, and M. Mars, president of the C. O. F. Association. Under circumstances prevented a former conferees of His Lordship from attending. The strictly private and friendly tendency to his old friend cordial hospitality.

OFFICIALS OF S. A. SLENDID WORK AT FIRE.

At the Gilmore Hotel last Friday night, several lives were lost, work was done to save nate people from an Aid. Thos. O'Connell and Kenneth, P. Hinchey, J. Hughes and P. Murphy

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Those who are the one of "good tea

T. H. ESTAB

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Red Rose Tea

"is good tea"

Always exactly the same quality
Those who have used it for years
are the ones who give it the name
of "good tea."

T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG.
TORONTO, & WELLINGTON ST., E.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

RECEIVED BY THE POPE.

The Pope received in private audience on Saturday last, Hon. Raoul Dandurand, Speaker of the Canadian Senate.

SERIOUS ILLNESS OF BISHOP OF BURLINGTON.

As His Lordship Bishop Michaud, of Burlington, was about to start out on his pastoral tour on Saturday last, he was stricken with angina pectoris. His condition is very critical.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

At a meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Hochelaga County held on the 11th inst., resolutions were adopted to Bro. Jas. Tracey, vice-president of Division No. 1, on the death of his beloved father; also to W. D. Guilfoyle, President of Division No. 5, on the death of his venerable Father.

COMING CONVENTION.

The Biennial convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Hochelaga County will be held in this city on Sept. 30 and following days. Much interest in being manifested amongst the local membership, as many radical changes will be brought forward in the interests of the organization.

AMERICANISTS AT LAVAL.

The Americanists were the guests last week of Mgr. Mathieu, C.M.G., rector of Laval University, Quebec, and the professors of that institution. A large number of guests were present, among whom were Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Jette and Mgr. Begin. All the rooms of the building were thrown open, while the grounds were elaborately lighted up with multi-colored electric lights.

BISHOP BERNARD, OF ST. HYACINTHE, GIVES RECEPTION TO COLLEGE FRIENDS.

A number of the former college companions of Mgr. Bernard, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, were the guests of His Lordship Thursday last. Those present were the Rev. Abbe T. Kavanagh, of St. Vincent de Paul; the Rev. Abbe D. Chevrier, of St. James Church; the Rev. Abbe O. Harel, chaplain of the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary; the Rev. Abbe H. Bedard, of the Church of Notre Dame; Mr. A. Chaurat, registrar of Hochelaga and Jacques Cartier; Mr. D. Derome, of the Witness staff; Dr. J. B. A. Lamarche, professor at Laval University, and Mr. A. Cinq Mars, president of the Chartered Accountants' Association. Uncontrollable circumstances prevented several other former conferees of His Lordship from attending. The gathering was strictly private and His Lordship extended to his old friends the most cordial hospitality.

OFFICIALS OF S. A. A. DO SPLENDID WORK AT OTTAWA FIRE.

At the Gilmore Hotel fire in Ottawa last Friday night, in which several lives were lost, some heroic work was done to save the unfortunate people from an awful death. Aid. Thos. O'Connell and Messrs. P. Kenehan, P. Hinchey, J. O'Brien, M. Hughes and P. Murphy, Montreal,

were instrumental in saving several lives at the risk of their own.

While walking through the city, Ald. O'Connell and Mr. Kenehan noticed smoke and fire emanating from the hotel. The first named put his old-time powers into practice, dashed for the doomed structure, Messrs. Kenehan, Hinchey, O'Brien, Hughes and Murphy following. On reaching the spot it was plainly seen that there was no time to be lost, and they at once set to work to give what aid they could. Ald. O'Connell carried an aged woman, on the point of collapsing, into a nearby house. Mr. Kenehan rescued a young man who was dazed by the smoke, while Messrs. Murphy, O'Brien, Hinchey and Hughes assisted others out of the suffocating building.

The names of these Shamrock men are familiar to the public in the accounts from the lacrosse field, in which they vanquished in a sportsmanlike and honorable way all comers. It is quite in keeping with a true sportsman to do such unselfish deeds, and that it fell to the lot of the wearers of the green jersey must be most gratifying to the hosts of admirers which they claim.

BIENNIAL CONVENTION OF A. O. H.

The seventh Biennial Convention of the A.O.H. of the Province of Quebec was held in the hall of the Hibernian Knights, Montreal, on September 15th and 16th.

Past Provincial President Hugh McMorrow presided at all the sessions. The Province was represented by 74 delegates from Montreal, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Farnham and Buckingham.

The Rev. Father Cavanagh, of West Huntley, Ont., Prov. chaplain of the order, as well as the Rev. Fathers O'Meara, G. O'Bryan, S.J., and Malone, S.J., also attended the convention.

Resolutions on the death of Michael Davitt, the most illustrious son of old Ireland of modern times, were passed with the most solemn regret. Resolutions were also passed favoring the establishment of an English-speaking Catholic University in Canada, where the Irish youth could be taught the higher professions without being encumbered with more than one language. Resolutions were also passed favoring the federation of all the different branches of the Order in Canada with a view of dealing more closely with subjects which appertain to the Irish in this country. A vast amount of business for the good of the Order was transacted, and taking it all together this was the most successful convention ever held in the Province of Quebec.

The following officers were elected:

- Bro. U. J. O'Flaherty, Quebec, Provincial President.
- Bro. P. Scullion, Montreal, Prov. Vice-President.
- Bro. P. Doyle, Montreal, Prov. Secretary.
- Bro. J. L. O'Neill, Buckingham, Prov. Treasurer.
- Rev. G. O'Bryan, Montreal, Prov. Chaplain.

The city of Quebec was selected as the place to hold the next convention, in 1908.

The proceedings closed with the singing of God Save Ireland. In the afternoon the visiting delegates were taken for a trolley ride, accompanied by St. Ann's Cadet band.

This anecdote was told by John Graham Brooks: "One of the brightest replies I ever heard came from a lad in my neighborhood, who was being quizzed about his father's accomplishments, and was asked, 'What does your father know, anyway?' There was no hesitation in the answer: 'I don't believe he knows much of anything except his own business; but he knows that.'"

HYMENEAL.

JOSLIN-COLEMAN.

A very pretty wedding took place on Sept. 5th in St. Patrick's Church, in which the contracting parties were Miss Hattie Coleman and Mr. Alfred Joslin, the Rev. Father Martin Callaghan officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, was prettily gowned in navy chiffon broadcloth, with marquis hat of blue chenille with flowers to match and ostrich boa, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The bridesmaid, Miss Alice Power, cousin of the bride, wore mole grey broadcloth and carried pink roses. The groom was assisted by his brother, Mr. Geo. Joslin. Miss Hazel Coleman, acting as flower girl, was assisted by Master Joseph Power. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold chain and locket set in diamonds, to the bridesmaid a pearl crescent, and to the best man gold cuff links.

The church was tastefully decorated, and the musical programme deserves special mention. Mr. J. Deegan and Misses K. L. and F. Deegan, cousins of the bride, Mrs. Breen and Messrs. Lamoureux and St. John rendered beautiful selections. Prof. J. A. Fowler presided at the organ, and rendered Mendelssohn's Wedding March in grand style.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. D. Boud, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Joslin, Miss K. Coleman, Mrs. and Master J. Power, Mrs. Gibson and many others.

The honeymoon was spent in Newport and Georgeville. The bride was the recipient of numerous handsome presents.

Correspondence.

Editor of True Witness:

Sir,—The gist of the following remarks was handed into the Star for publication some time ago by another party, but so far that "greatest daily" has not complied with the sender's demand. What justice and fair play! Perhaps if the article had been relative to the Methodist Conference, it would have been published without delay.

A "foreigner" arrives in Montreal, secures a good position with the customs department of the C.P.R., and by a clever system appropriates quite a large amount of that Company's funds, which we are informed was used for speculative purposes. Upon his robbery being discovered, he hurriedly leaves for the land of the Stars and Stripes, but is eventually extradited and brought back to Montreal for trial.

The trial lasts for several days, and the result was that the culprit has to spend four years in the penitentiary, which sentence was, we are informed by the daily papers, administered privately.

Think of a notorious criminal having already served in prison in Scotland, coming to Montreal and without any trouble securing a good position with a great railway, and there are plenty of men just as capable (barring his capability and dishonesty), who are looking for employment. It is apparent, however, that the C.P.R. gives preference to "foreigners," without the necessary credentials, over our Canadian people, and under that circumstance we are inclined to feel proud that some schemer gets the best of the company, regretting at the same time that the culprit is caught. Of course, "brevity being the soul of wit," I might have simply stated at the beginning of this letter that the "foreigner" was also a Mason, and that would be an explanation to the story.

Yours,
CANADIAN.
Montreal, Sept. 14, 1906.

BABY NEARLY DEAD

Mrs. John Cuddy, Killaloe Station, Ont., says:—"My baby was so nearly dead that I had to place my ear close to his breast to know that he was breathing. He was in this condition when I first gave him Baby's Own Tablets, and I hardly dared hope that they would save him. But they helped him almost at once, and soon made him a well child. He is now two years old, and weighs forty-five pounds, and has never known a sick day since I first gave him the Tablets." Baby's Own Tablets cure constipation, indigestion, diarrhoea, teething troubles, break up colds, expel worms and give little ones natural healthy sleep. And the mother has a guarantee that this medicine contains no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 25c a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

Sept. 19.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.40 to \$4.50; strong bakers) \$3.90 to \$4; winter wheat patents, \$4 to \$4.10; and straight rollers, \$3.80 to \$3.90 in wood; in bags) \$1.75 to \$1.85; extra in bags, \$1.50 to \$1.60.

Rolled Oats.—\$2.05 to \$2.15, in bags of 90 lbs.

Oats—No. 2, 38 1-2 per bushel; No. 3, 37 1-2; No. 4, 36 1-2.

Cornmeal—\$1.40 to \$1.45 per bag; granulated, \$1.65.

Mill Feed.—Ontario bran in bags, \$19 to \$19.50; shorts, in bags, \$22 to \$22.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$20; shorts, \$23.

Hay—No. 1, \$11 to \$11.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$10 to \$10.50; clover, \$8 to \$8.50; clover mixed, \$9 to \$9.50.

Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.55 per bushel; hand-picked, \$1.70 per bushel.

Peas—Bolling, in broken lots, \$1.20 per bushel.

Potatoes—90c to \$1.10 per bag of 80 lbs.

Honey—White clover in comb, 14c to 15c; buckwheat 10c to 11c per pound section; extract, 8c to 8 1-2c; buckwheat, 7 1-2c per pound.

Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$22 to \$24; 1-2 bris \$11.75 to \$12.50; clear fat back, \$23.50; long cut heavy mess, \$20.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$10.75; dry salt long clear bacon, 12 1-4c to 12 3-4c; barrels, plate beef, \$12 to \$13.00; half barrels do., \$6.50 to \$7.00; barrels heavy mess beef, \$11.00; half barrels do., \$6.00; compound lard, 8c to 9 1-2c; pure lard, 11 1-2c to 12c; kettle rendered, 12 1-2c to 13c; hams, 14 1-2c to 16c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 15 1-2c to 16 1-2c; Windsor bacon, 16 1-2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, 97.75; alive, \$5.75 to \$6.90 per 100 lbs.

Eggs—Straight receipts, 19c; No. 1 candled 18c.

Butter—Choicest creamery, salted and unsalted, 23 3-4c; medium grades 22 1-2c to 23 1-2c.

Cheese—Ontario, 12 7-8c to 13 1-4c; Quebec, 12 5-8c to 12 3-4c.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.40 to \$5.50; seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; pearls, \$6.75 per 100 pounds.

DONAHOE'S FOR SEPTEMBER.

"The Most Universal Spot on Earth" is the title of an article in the current issue of Donahoe's Magazine. Americans who have been in Rome, and students of the various colleges in that city, will find it of special interest. The writer, the Rev. J. P. Conry, having lived in Rome for years, is thoroughly conversant with his subject, and enhances the attractiveness of his text by many fine illustrations, including portraits, colleges and street scenes.

"A Day by the Lakes of Killarney," by Helen Hughes; "The Legend of Ballyvourney," "People in Print," "The Sandstone in September," by L. M. Montgomery; and "Dramatic Stars of To-morrow," by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, are other fully illustrated features that will hold the attention of readers.

"A Woman of Poise," by Mary Catherine Crowley; "The Turpin Trust," by Frank H. Sweet; "A Princess of Carnaudine," by Florence M. Wilson; "The Apostle Spoons," by Magdalen Rock; "A Broken Bramble," by S. O'Kelley; and "Winona: An Indian Legend," by the Rev. E. Basel, are short stories affording much variety and entertainment.

Head of Holy Cross Order is Honored.

Very Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S.C., provincial of the Fathers of the Holy Cross in the United States, has just been honored with the title of Doctor of Divinity by the Holy Father, Proprio Motu, in recognition of his distinguished position and as an appreciation of his work in the cause of education. The time for the public bestowal of the honor has not as yet been made public.

Father Morrissey is one of the foremost priests in the United States. He was president of Notre Dame University for twelve years, and is a member of the committee on Rhodes scholarships. Dr. Morrissey was born in Ireland in 1860, and came to the United States to enter Notre Dame University when 14 years of age, and was graduated A.B. from the classical department of that institution four years after his entrance. He held the position of professor of mathematics in Sacred Heart College at Watertown, Wis., for a few years and then returned to Notre Dame as director of studies, and later became president

Frank E. Donovan
REAL ESTATE BROKER
Office: Temple Building
185 St. James St., Montreal
Telephone Main 2991

Notice to Subscribers

As T. F. TUPHOLME is no longer in our employ, subscribers are warned against paying any accounts except to our authorized collector, Miss McCready.

NOTICE

The Annual General Meeting of the members of the Equitable Mutual Fire Insurance Co. will be held in the building known as St. Jean Baptiste Market, corner St. Lawrence and Rachel streets, Montreal, at 10 a.m. on WEDNESDAY, the THIRD October, 1906, for the election of directors, transaction of general business, and to ask the Provincial Government the power to transfer the Head Office to Montreal and also to convert the said Company into a stock company.

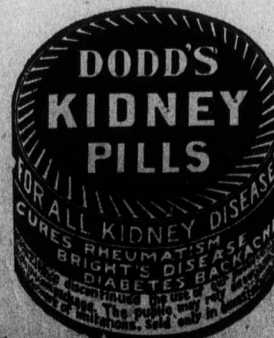
S. T. WILLETT,
President.

of the institution. Three years ago the faculty of the University of Michigan conferred upon Dr. Morrissey the degree of LL.D.

BRYAN AT NAZARETH

Writing of Nazareth, the Hon. William Jennings Bryan says: "The village of Nazareth, nestling among the hills of Galilee, must always be a place of supreme interest to the Christian. Its location was probably determined by the presence here of an unfailing spring, now known as Mary's fountain. Dr. George Adam Smith in his 'Historical Geography of the Holy Land,' points out the relation between the spring and the routes of travel and emphasized the prominence of Nazareth in the Bible times. Christ's boyhood and young manhood were spent near a great highway, for the old Roman road from Damascus to Egypt ran through the town. Caravans passed to and fro laden with the riches of Euphrates and the Nile; princes passed that way on their royal journeys and in times of war it was on the route of armies. From a high hill just outside the town Christ could look to the west and see the surfling on the shore of the Mediterranean; to the east he could survey the walls of the chasm in which lay the Sea of Galilee, while to the northwest rose Hermon, the pride of the mountains. Several of his parables fit quite naturally into the scenes upon which he looked, and those parables were the more effective because they were taken from the every-day life of the people. The stony ground, the rocky roadways and the narrow strips of fertile soil were woven into the parable of the sower and some acquaintance of his youth, following the merchant-men into Egypt or Mesopotamia, may have been the original of the prodigal son."

Go often to the house of thy friend, for weeds choke up the unused path.—Scandinavian Edda.



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CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.
the atmosphere of the sailors' quarters more in keeping with the spending of a comfortable as well as an enjoyable evening, the effects seems to be most pronounced upon the weekly gatherings.

Last evening's concert was in the hands of St. Patrick's Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, and certainly has left no other thought than that of thankfulness upon the part of those to whom it was so kindly offered, and the satisfaction accompanying the consciousness of a well-performed undertaking on the part of the donors.

Mr. Jos. Fosbre, president of the Court, acted as chairman for the evening, reflecting high honor both upon himself and those whom he represented. The programme was of a high order and was rendered in such a way as to show that intermingling of culture and interest which do so much to enhance the value of the objects in whose favor they have been brought into life and activity.

Mention and thanks are due to Misses Harrington, Paterson, Finlay, Mott, Bell and Donoghue, a tiny little one of probably no more than five or six years of age, as also to Messrs. Cherry, Cameron, the O'Kane Bros., Prof. Duval, McGregor, Tracey, Harrington, Jackson and Stillwell in the manner in which each and all put forth energy and good-will to entertain those present.

On the whole the entertainment was an ideal one, and let us hope that the remaining concerts will amply compensate for what would appear to the casual observer to have been somewhat of a falling off during the period of intense heat through which we have just passed.

TOO LAZY.

Why is it that Catholics won't live Catholic lives? Why is it that non-Catholics won't come into the Church? They are lazy—too lazy! They don't want to work. To-day I could receive a thousand converts if I would take out that confessional box, if I would remove that communion rail—if I could only blot out from the Church's statute book those laws that require our Sunday services, our confession, our Friday abstinence, and our other requirements of Catholicity. Men are too indolent. They don't want to do anything arduous for God.

Many loves will a great heart hold.—C. H. Waring.

THE CURSE OF SHAM

Is a Menace of the Day.

(Rev. Wilbur F. Sheridan.)

To pretend to be what one is not is a common temptation with humanity, but it is especially the temptation of the city.

Secondly, the city provokes comparison. Those who, if alone, would work on contented enough in their sphere, become dissatisfied by the comparisons compelled by association.

Hence the reign of King Sham. It is thrust on us at every turn. Sham stone—in painted to look like stone—confronts us in houses.

Goods are so made and so trimmed as to catch the eye and look like more valuable goods.

One class of men apes another. The \$1000 salary man apes the mode of life of the \$2000; the \$2000 man the mode of the \$4000 income man.

Working girls put their income into clothes—it is their one chance to get the social circle above them and to marry well.

The curse of the cult of appearances is that it gets into character and eats out the inner integrity.

The sham family are always afraid of being found out. It is a living lie; and lies, in the long run, are social as well as moral anarchy.

ARCHBISHOP FARLEY IN IRELAND

Archbishop Farley has been having a "good time" on his visit to Ireland, more especially in his native district of Armagh and Monaghan, where he has been received with all honor and numerous addresses of welcome from bishops, priests and people.

"He hoped to see the day, though he was not the youngest man amongst them, when they would have their own Parliament in College Green, as Norway had just secured her own Government and her

NATIONALITY OF THE POPES

A special article, entitled "The Black Pope," by an Italian contributor, appeared in the Scotsman on a recent date.

The following is a responsible criticism of the article referred to by G. Matheson Cullen, which has appeared in the Scotsman:

"As your contributor on the above subject in Saturday's Scotsman has touched upon several points in a way that is misleading, I venture to offer the following criticisms with regard to them.

The Irish case could hardly be better presented by the Irish leader himself—"Ireland for Irishmen" sums up and covers the whole demand of the Irish people and the Irish race regarding the government of the Fatherland.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause.

A HOPEFUL VIEW.

An article by Rev. James D. Fox, D.D., in the Catholic World for July, contains a level-headed resume of the religious situation in France, and it ends with these hopeful words:

"Are the losses sustained by the Church in France final, or do they carry no compensations? Already brave voices are heard above the general jérémiad uttering words of cheerful hope.

Working girls put their income into clothes—it is their one chance to get the social circle above them and to marry well.

The curse of the cult of appearances is that it gets into character and eats out the inner integrity.

The sham family are always afraid of being found out. It is a living lie; and lies, in the long run, are social as well as moral anarchy.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD 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 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, 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 cultivation of the land as 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.

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

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CHAPTER XL.—Continued

It was on the poet's lips made him from so extraneous course, but he thought before and said nothing, preferring so delicate and dangerous matter to time and the good chance of God. Florian walked with him as far as the shore, a smile of joy lighted the sad lines of his forehead, however, singularly the power of self-torture. His thoughts were ever fixated what he had seen and heard, without much attention to his effect on himself.

"Do I look pleased?" he asked with a puzzled expression. "I have the poet. They parted entrance to the woods. "Until I see you again," the poet, clasping his hand.

CHAPTER XLII. That was a miserable day. Pendleton which witnessed the outburst of Barbara and showed to her the return of the woman in whom she had confided. There was nothing to prevent her from telling the whole world; and she had heard there was the dread of reaching Paul's ears, as he remained long in the town. Barbara encountered him. He compelled to believe that thought no more of her than the other woman, in spite of the gossip. His manner had been cordial, respectful, a tant. He had never sounded out, and he so near; had assumed to any of a lover's or familiarity; had always distant as a polite acquaintance could be, and talked of her and his visit to her conversion mon things, which they were her. Was the bit of bristling fancy, then? She looked at times a day. How it would when Barbara recalled the thought of the humiliation she assured her that he ranged it with Barbara and that night Barbara came with Florian to protest against conduct of that day and that the secret would be forever.

Ruth was fain to be satisfied could not trust Barbara who heard that Paul had also from Clayburg. It was a thoughtful act on her part, and well deserved its effect. Ruth rejoiced over one point of view. It was probable that he had told her, so, and she had told him. In no dream of meeting him in this world. Her dream into the chill reality of a signification was Ruth's and she bore this sorrow as she had borne many of her placid life. The way away, until blustering Mr. Rossiter, this is an old pleasure, with bows and heart-beats innumerable many inquiries about nothing until Paul said:

"You may wonder at my this rough season, but I can matter that concerns us be. "Had you not better wait said politely, glancing around towards the grey hot air from shame.

"I merely wished to give him," he said, "of what you expect." And the cruel fell all the time the double in his words, and watched with a secret delight. "Florian has come back thrown up the world and proposes to live and his father, in the obscurity of the island."

"I am dazed," she replied, "but understand such things. They are as true as things."

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A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XL.—Continued.

It was on the poet's lips to dis-
suade him from so extravagant a
course, but he thought better of it
and said nothing, preferring to
leave so delicate and dangerous a
matter to time and the good provi-
dence of God. Florian walked out
deceit of God. Florian walked out
with him as far as the opposite
shore, a smile of joy lighting up
oddy the sad lines of his face. He
seemed, however, singularly desti-
tute of the power of self-reflection.
His thoughts were ever fixed on
what he had seen and heard of his
father, without much attention to
their effect on himself. He was
smiling, not for joy, but in obedi-
ence to some sudden impulse which
he did not think of analyzing.
"Why do you look so pleased?"
said the poet to him.
"Do I look pleased?" he asked,
with a puzzled expression which sil-
enced the poet. They parted at the
entrance to the woods.
"Until I see you again," said the
poet, clasping his hand.

CHAPTER XLII.

That was a miserable day for Ruth
Pendleton which witnessed the vul-
gar outbursts of Barbara Merriion
and showed to her the real charac-
ter of the woman in whom she had
confided. There was nothing to
prevent her from telling the story
to the whole world; and in her
heart there was the dread of it
reaching Paul's ears, as it must if
he remained long in the town or if
Barbara encountered him. She was
compelled to believe that Paul
thought no more of her than of any
other woman, in spite of Barbara's
gossip. His manner had always
been cordial, respectful, and dis-
tant. He had never sought her
out, and he so near; had never pre-
sented to any of a lover's boldness
or familiarity; had always been as
distant as a polite acquaintance
could be, and talked of New York
and his visit to her convent as com-
mon things, which they were not to
her. Was the bit of bristol-board a
fancy, then? She looked at it many
times a day. How it would amuse
him when Barbara related its his-
tory! Her cheeks burned at the
thought of the humiliation. The
squire assured her that he had ar-
ranged it with Barbara nicely, and
that night Barbara came herself
with Florian to protest against the
conduct of that day and to declare
that the secret would be a secret
forever.

Ruth was fain to be satisfied, but
could not trust Barbara until she
heard that Paul had also departed
from Clayburg. It was a delicate
and thoughtful act on the poet's
part, and well deserved its intended
effect. Ruth rejoiced over it from
one point of view. It was hardly
probable that he had met Barbara.
If so, and she had told him, there
was no dread of meeting him again
in this world. Her dream was faded
into the chill reality of day. Re-
signation was Ruth's stronghold,
and she bore this sorrow as sweetly
as she had borne many others in
her placid life. The winter wore
away, until blustering March began
to hint at the warmth of spring.
Then walking out one day she met
at the post office—Paul, hearty and
loud from a consciousness of happi-
ness to come. It was:

"Miss Pendleton, are you not glad
to see an old face to-day?" and
"Mr. Rossiter, this is an unexpected
pleasure," with bows and tremblings
and heart-beats innumerable, and
many inquiries about nothing at all,
until Paul said:
"You may wonder at my return in
this rough season, but I came on a
matter that concerns us both."
"Had you not better wait?" she
said politely, glancing around, while
inwardly she grew hot and bold
from shame.
"I merely wished to give you a
hint," he said, "of what you are to
expect." And the cruel fellow knew
all the time the double meaning of
his words, and watched her confu-
sion with secret delight. "The is-
land has another solitary."
She cast a startled look at him.
"Florian has come back penitent,
thrown up the world and its honors
and proposes to live and die, as did
his father, in the obscurity of that
island."
"I am dazed," she replied; "I can-
not understand such things."
"They are as true as they seem,

Miss Pendleton. This evening I
shall explain them. Florian is on
the island, has been there for ten
days, and Mrs. Merriion has married
a Russian count and gone to Euro-
pe. You are still more surprised.
Let me say good-bye to you, and
do me the honor of being at home
this evening."
He raised his hat and allowed her
to pass on her way. At the hotel
he found the squire and Peter deep
in a game, with faces excessively red
from hot punch, and no idea of the
state of time and their own stom-
achs. The squire shook hands
with Florian's rival gruffly.
"I suppose you have dined," said
the poet. "I am a little late."
"It's hardly ten o'clock," said Pe-
ter. "Come, squire, double the
stakes." But the mention of time
had struck the squire like a blow.
He looked at his watch, and tossed
the cards pettishly at Peter, who
tossed them back again, and finally
threw them over his person in a
shower.
"I'm late again," said the squire.
"This card business is too much for
me. And now what will Ruth say?"
"Papa," mimicked Peter, who was
now in a mood for royal fun, "why
do you return when the prates are
cold—"
Paul laid his hand on Peter's arm
in time to check his imprudence.
"We shall all dine together," said he.
"Squire Pendleton, will you accept
an invitation to dinner?"
"Thank you," said the squire un-
graciously. "There's no help for it
now. I shall be happy."
"And mind," said the jovial Pe-
ter, as they proceeded to the dining-
room, "that you're going to enter-
tain the dignitary of the court—the
man who may have yet the privilege
of hanging you."
Very doubtfully the squire receiv-
ed the poet and Peter at his home
that evening. Ruth blushed on
greeting the latter, but his apology
was so utterly wanting in eccentric-
ity, so suited to the occasion, and
his manner afterwards was so mo-
dest because of Paul's warnings, that
both father and daughter were put
at their ease. Ruth was again de-
ceived. This visit concerned only
Florian, she thought, and consequent-
ly there was no reason why she
could fear that Barbara had ex-
posed her. Talk drifted into the
usual channels, and presently Peter
coaxed the squire to a glass of
cider in the back room and a quiet
game of cards. The door was left
open for various reasons quite
patent to all present, but the reasons
were deprived of their force by the
continual noise which the veterans
made. In the midst of it, and in
spite of it, Paul related the cir-
cumstances which had led to Flor-
ian's flight to the island, and gave
Ruth a description of his experience
with the penitent that morning.
"It is a wreck you have seen, not
Florian," she said, with tears in
her eyes; "but out of it the old
Florian will come back to us. Thank
God! I hope Linda and the prince
know this day of joy."
"It is quite impossible," said Paul,
"that he should take up the life his
father led. He is too useful. Yet
it fits him wonderfully, and to see
him you would think the prince was
revived."
"We shall leave Pere Rougevin to
settle his future. He will make it
easy for him to resume the old life
without violence to the grace which
he has received. I shall make bold
to visit him to-morrow."
"Double the stakes," came Peter's
voice through the door, "and fire
away."
The squire cast a satisfied glance
at the quiet manner of the poet. No
sign of the lover there!
"I shall have the honor of ac-
companying you," said Paul, "if you
have no objections. I am going to
the island myself. My two reasons
for coming here were—"
"Three games out of four!" shout-
ed Peter. "Paul, by, New York
against the world! I'm waxing the
Clayburg heathen."
"Hard work," thought the squire,
"to make love with Peter around."
"I wished to make certain of what
had happened to Florian for the
sake of Frances," continued the
poet.
"Poor girl!" said Ruth, "she will
be his salvation yet."
"Indeed, she will, Miss Pendleton.
I believe his heart turns that way
still. No great heart like his could
ever find content in such a creature
as Mrs. Merriion. And my other
reason was to remove any misunder-
standing between you and me."



Was in Untold Misery. 3

I should have written before now about that
precious Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, but I
thought I would first see what effect it would
have. I have used only one bottle this time and
am happy to state that I have improved wonder-
fully. I was not able to leave my bed and could
not sleep nor eat, and was in untold misery.
Now I can sleep the whole night and am feeling
better, and getting stronger every day.
Had it not been for my faith in Pastor Koenig's
Nerve Tonic my life would be too much to bear
for the last while, but having used it before I
knew its value too well to doubt the God-sent re-
lief it brings. Would that the world knew more
about it, for it is just wonderful.
MAGGIE McDONALD.
A Valuable Book on Nerves Diseases
and a Sample Bottle to any address.
Few patients also get the medicine
free. Prepared by the Rev. FATHER
Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1878, and
now by the
KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00.
Agents in Canada—The LITTLE, BROS. & Co.,
LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL
CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

FREE

"Misunderstanding!" said Ruth,
greatly surprised.
"I have loved you a long time,
Miss Pendleton—fully eight years. I
have tried to keep it a secret, to
bury it forever from your knowledge,
and yet I could not. I could not
leave you without having spoken.
God knows if I might not have
made a mistake in so doing! It
would be an eternal regret to me,
and so I wish to know from your
own lips, Ruth, if I must part from
you forever. It rests with you to
give me the greatest happiness or
the greatest sorrow of my life."
"I shall be compelled to give you
—"
She hesitated, for her emotion
was strong, and she dreaded an ex-
hibition of tears before Peter and
the squire. Paul trembled in spite
of his confidence in Barbara's story.
"I shall be compelled to give you,"
said Ruth calmly, after a time,
"what you call the greatest happi-
ness of your life." And she laid her
hand in his for an instant while
their eyes met and exchanged the
thoughts too true and sweet for ex-
pression. His face was radiant, and
he made no demur when she begged
to be excused and withdrew to her
own room. God had been very
good to her. In the very moment
of her resignation to His will He
had honored and blessed her be-
yond belief. The squire saw her de-
part with a hearty delight, and
thereafter accepted triumph and de-
feat with indifference; but his heart
fell when Paul, in the presence
of the journalist, made a formal de-
mand upon him for his daughter.

"You needn't hesitate," said Peter;
"the two were made for each other
and no man can part them. Didn't
you and I try it in New York, like
the foolish boys we are? Didn't I
keep on trying for years afterwards?
If love can more than match two
such giants as we, where's the
use of fighting it? Come, now, sur-
render. New York is at the pinnacle
of glory to-night. Beaten in cards
and love under your own roof, the
least you can do is to come down
gracefully, and then select your
monument. There's no room for ye
here after to-night. Ye poor old
squire! Ye were always a fool, but
I never saw ye look so much like
one as now."
"I had thought Ruth's idea of
marrying was over," said the squire
sadly; "but if you've made it up
between you I have only to say
yes."
"So you may go to the hotel,
Paul, by," said Peter, "for the old
boy won't be able to stand the
sight of ye for a week, and I shall
stay here to comfort him. Be off,
now!"

The squire felt the need of con-
solation and made no objection to
Peter's proposal. The poet modest-
ly withdrew, not at all disheartened
by the squire's reluctance to receive
him as his son-in-law, while the old
man proceeded to drown sorrow and
time in Peter's fashion, without any
regard for the morrow. The stakes
were doubled innumerable times be-
fore the winter's dawn stealing cold-
ly into the room displayed the
empty pitchers, scattered cards, and
chairs upset in cheerless outline.
Florian easily guessed the relation
existing between the two who visit-
ed him the next day. Ruth's man-
ner was always so clearly marked
in its modesty and reserve that her
intimates might soon discover any
variation in it. The new hermit ac-
cepted the position quietly and with-
out so much as a single reflection
on what might have been. He did
not look for any surprise on the
part of those who came to see him,
nor did Ruth manifest any. It was
as if he had been there ten years.
Paul gave them an opportunity to
talk alone.

"I congratulate you," said Flor-
ian gravely, "on your present happi-
ness. You are every way deserving
of it."
"And I congratulate you on
yours," said Ruth. "Our island
seems destined to have a tenant
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She would have wept, had she
been alone, at his sadly altered ap-
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"And it will heal yours," she
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"I hope so. You have not known
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"I know it all, Florian. Do not
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His cheeks flushed while he was
speaking, and Ruth's tears fell
slowly. It was his first outburst
of feeling in mortal presence since
the night his crime was fixed upon him.
He bowed his head upon the table
and wept in silence.
"Thank God, as I do, for these
tears," she said. "Yours is a strong
nature, Florian, and once turned
from the right it would require just
such means to bring you back. I am
not sorry for your sins, since I see
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Florian! be of good heart: all your
sins are forgiven you."
It was a haggard face that he
presented on rising.
"I know they are forgiven. I am
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The sun was shining maliciously
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