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The *Evening* Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Vol. LVIII., No. 55,

COMMISSIONERS' REPORT
Dec. 1909

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

A LONG JOURNEY FOR THE MISSIONARY

800 MILES BY CANOE.

Priests go to Missions on Reindeer Lake, an Inland Sea.

Rev. Fathers Bossin and Turquetil, the two missionaries who came down to Prince Albert from the North a few weeks ago, returned on June 26 to their respective missions, Cumberland and Reindeer Lake, says a writer in The Central Catholic of Winnipeg. Charging an eighteen-foot Peterborough canoe with a varied assortment of merchandise to supply their most pressing needs they glided silently down the broad Saskatchewan unnoticed by the busy throng of the city.

At Cumberland they entered the lake and came shortly to the mission of which Father Bossin is the director. This post lies approximately 150 miles east from Prince Albert.

A LONELY JOURNEY.

Leaving his companion here, Father Turquetil proceeds on his journey with his Montagnais chief, and after traversing Cumberland Lake he comes upon Sturgeon Lake. This part of the trip ends at Rivière Maline, so-called because of its treacherousness, which must be ascended in order to reach Beaver Lake. After crossing this lake they ascend Rivière Lapente, from which they come into Pelican Narrows Lake, where there is a Catholic mission and residence of Rev. Father Rossignol. From this lake they go up the river of the same name, coming up to Woody Lake, which they have to cross in search of a nameless little stream, which conducts them to Frog Portage.

THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

Frog Portage is the summit of the height of land, and this spot derives its name from a number of high falls over which the river jumps from the heights above. They now begin a descent, entering the Churchill river which is very dangerous because of the rapidity of its current and the great number of rapids and high falls along its course.

There is a peculiarity in this river at its confluence with that of Reindeer. Descending the Churchill, the canoe is carried along its madly rushing current when suddenly the craft seems to get a check, for without seeming to have deviated from its course it has entered the Reindeer river, which here merges its stream, descending, in a contrary direction, parallel to the Churchill, so that without changing the course of the canoe in the least, they find themselves immediately ascending the Reindeer.

AN INLAND SEA.

This eventually brings them up to Reindeer Lake, an immense inland sea, almost 200 miles from end to end, and the mission is at the northern extremity.

From Prince Albert to St. Peter's mission is a distance of over 800 miles, and included in this are innumerable rapids to be run and from 50 to 100 portages, according to the condition of the rivers. This will give one a faint idea of the difficulties and fatigues ahead of the Fathers on this trip.

Ship Fever Monument.

Many Dignitaries Will Be Present at Unveiling.

The unveiling of the monument to the Irish fever victims of 1847-48 will take place on August 14th, under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America. It is expected that all the Archbishops, Bishops and other high dignitaries of the Dominion and Republic will be in attendance, also the Canadian Cabinet Ministers and representatives of the American Congress and Senate. The monument will be unveiled by His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti and Grand Mass will be celebrated by Archbishop Begin, of Quebec. Benediction will be sung by Archbishop O'Connell, of Boston, National Chaplain of the A.O.H. of America. The oration of the day will be delivered by Hon. Charles Murphy, Secretary of State. Speeches will also be made by Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, and other prominent and Canadian orators.

The only pleasure which we can experience here below consists in loving Jesus and imbibing His spirit. In Him we will find true life, outside of this element we shall not be able to support our existence. He is my hope, my glory, my inexhaustible treasure.—St. Ignatius, Martyr.

ORANGE ROWDIES WAYLAY CATHOLIC PROCESSION.

Terrific Struggle Between Assailants and Thousand Police Officers on Horse and Foot is Seen in Liverpool Parish.

Wretches Wreak Vengeance on Poor and Helpless, Maltreating Defenceless Women and Children and Damaging Property as Well as Thieving and Looting Contents of Small Shops—Children of Schools Clash and Fight.

London, July 1st.
"This is the land where every highway's clear—
Here he was interrupted by a knife, with
"Blank your eyes, your money or your life."

An enthusiastic foreigner, stepping for the first time from the landing stage at Liverpool, might have just the same rude shock that Byron's hero did some hundred years ago, save that he would find the knife and the language as freely forthcoming on a far older quarrel—that of religion. For Liverpool has distinguished herself and is still heaping up that distinction by deeds of lawlessness and persecution which would have been envied by the Gordon rioters. A week ago her Orange roughs answered a manifesto printed in the local press to muster in the Islington district of the city, for the purpose of waylaying, and murdering, if possible, a Catholic procession, which is an annual event in the parish.

THE ORANGE FURY.

Thanks to the courage and resource of the police, to whom all honor is due, the procession took place unmolested in the heart of the parish, and was witnessed by an admiring crowd of townfolks. But the Orange fury, which had spent itself during the afternoon in a terrific struggle with a thousand mounted and foot of the constabulary, wreaked its vengeance on the poorer and more helpless of the Catholic population that same night—tearing down decorations, smashing statues and temporary altars, maltreating the defenceless women and children who were found to be the only guardians at some of the houses, demolishing house fronts and stealing the contents of small stores, in one notable instance wrecking the shop and stock of a poor widow with a family of five little ones.

THE POLICE SUFFERED.

Several of the police encountered rather heavily in their encounter with the roughs, who had armed themselves with swords, tools, and broken bottles which they did not hesitate to use. Neither has the trouble ceased, and the Catholic population are naturally very indignant. During the week rival schools have met in combat on their way home. Reinforcements were forthcoming in the shape of the mothers, who engaged in the defence of their offspring; this very soon degenerated into a rabble of drunken women who attacked one of the Catholic schools, smashing the windows and threatening injury to the teachers, but were eventually driven off by the police.

A TOCSIN BELL.

Parts of the district are in a state bordering on hysteria. On Tuesday last the unwonted ringing of the bell of an Orange meeting house was believed to signal a tocsin for a general attack on the Catholic quarter, and law-abiding citizens rushed from the streets to their homes and barricaded the doors; many of the respectable Protestants who have expressed their disapproval of the Orangemen are suffering also. The members of a Railway Union were taken for those of a confraternity owing to their use of badges, and were attacked; after some rough treatment they got away, only to be met by a party of Catholic men bent on reprisals, who, mistaking the badges for those of their persecutors, wanted them to put up another fight, till the situation was explained. The clergy of the district are doing all in their power to keep the people passive, and are splendidly obeyed in most cases, not an easy task for Irish human nature which revolts at the cowardly tactics of the enemy and yearns to punish them.

THE CATHOLIC GUARDIANS.

Amongst the important meetings and conferences which have occupied the members of various Catholic societies during the last few days that of the Catholic Guardian's Association is peculiarly interesting because it afforded the members an opportunity of publicly congratulating Archbishop Bourne on the attainment of his sacerdotal jubilee. His Grace presided at the deliberations of the conference, which passed a resolution in favor of the removal of

all Catholic children from the workhouses of the country and their education in colonies or farmhouse settlements, to be if possible under the care of a religious congregation of Brothers. En passant it may be mentioned that the Local Government Board appears to think a Catholic child is of a more meagre habit than its robust Protestant contemporary, for Canon St. John informed the meeting that the grant given to the Catholic Industrial Schools per child was considerably less than that made to Protestants, a circumstance which made many persons chary of taking on this important work.

ANSWER TO PAGEANTS.

At the banquet, after the usual loyal toasts of Pope and King, etc., had been duly honored, Mr. Gilbert, K.S.C., rose to propose the health of the Archbishop and referred in graceful words to the record of tact and firmness established by his Grace during his short reign. No better comment on the Anglican Church Pageants Continuity bluff could have been conceived than the triumphal progress made by the pilgrims under the leadership of His Grace through those old strongholds of the Catholicity of the past and the present, Spain and Portugal. The magnificent idea of the Eucharistic Congress, so gloriously realized was an undertaking which few but a great Churchman would have dared to venture upon. And looking back over the last few years was it not owing to the quiet strength in- seilled into us by our leader, that we still retained our schools under the same conditions which prevailed in 1906.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S REPLY.

The Archbishop's reply was characteristic of the man. The jubilee of his sacred office had brought him much for thanksgiving, but also much for which to render an account, and so he desired their prayers for the country for the splendid support they had always given him, and prayed the work of his predecessor in the diocese of Southwark, Dr. Butt, who had instituted the Rescue Society for the assistance and training of the Catholic children in those difficult years when they leave the shelter of the school to enter the race of life, and very often to face the world alone. Finally he declared himself in favor of salaries for Catholic Chaplains to workhouses etc., which some persons have questioned, saying the Priests should give their services free for the love of souls. On the principle of justice His Grace considered it only fair that if the importation of what might be called an alien population into a parish necessitated extra work and the services of more Priests, the Mission should be recompensed the cost of the labor involved.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

As surmised the recent visit of Christian Churches to Germany resulted in a great deal of unostentatious good work, the results of which will only be known with time. One of the Catholic delegates told the writer that, despite the fact that we were in the minority of the Party, and are, as a body numerically in the minority in Germany, though our strength there makes up for numbers, it was the Catholic Monsignor who were the important people of the expedition. They were consulted on every occasion and were received with magnificent hospitality by the various towns through which they passed. Moreover the intercourse set up with their Anglican and Nonconformist fellow travellers was the means of breaking down prejudices and removing false notions.

OLD IDEAS CHANGED.

They were able to disabuse the mind of a well known Nonconformist Minister of the idea that the Blessed Virgin is considered by us to be the fourth person of the Blessed Trinity, while another Divine had to give up a cherished notion that the Pope could infallibly declare there were four hundred days in a year. But no amount of arguing or acrimonious newspaper correspondence, pulpit oratory, or platform eloquence, could have done this. Not it was personal influence—the first hand

knowledge that Roman Priests were cultured gentlemen, and above all, good fellows, that brought such men as this, some of them renowned for their detestation of the Church, up till now, to see that they had been studying this ancient institution of the world's religious life from a wrong standpoint. Friendships were struck up, courtesies were exchanged and the immeasurable advantage of all this is that should any of the gentlemen return to their old public utterances their Catholic fellow travellers have now the advantage of being able to write a friendly note bringing them to book or correcting further misapprehensions. But it seems unlikely that the old green spectacles will be taken up again, some of these men turn out to be men who are in search of the Christian life, according to present precepts, but still with all earnestness, and have no desire to run against sound convictions once attained. One or two of them, were, I understand, very near the threshold of the Catholic Church.

SHACKLETON'S EXPLOITS.

The children of the Catholic Church are attuned to the training of their great Mother, to at least an intense admiration for high and noble achievements, and therefore if Lieut. Shackleton did not happen to be an Irishman by birth, and to have had a Catholic mother, though unfortunately not himself possessing the faith, his story and his deeds would appeal to us, but the two last facts bring him within the sphere proper of Catholic interests. I was present last night at the Lieutenant's first public lecture in London. The Queen's Hall was packed with most of the well known society people who had not intruded on the evening reserved for the scientists and savants on Monday when the Royal Geographical Society presented the hero of the South Pole with their gold medal by the hands of the Prince of Wales. Last night Mrs. Shackleton sat in the front row of the stalls, the explorer's father was behind her, and the fine semi-circle of the auditorium was a blaze of diamonds, while the many delicate and wonderfully blended hues embodied in the opera cloaks, filmy scarfs and rich satin dresses of the ladies gave the appearance of a garden of Eastern blossoms sparkling with dew.

LORD STRATHCONA THERE.

Canada's Grand Old Man, Lord Strathcona was in the chair, and though his remarkable age is now beginning to tell upon him, his voice was quite audible to most of the listeners, as he introduced the Lieutenant as one of the modern descendants of those intrepid explorers to whose work we owe the formation of the British Empire. Lieutenant Shackleton's features must be familiar to most people, as is the story of his wonderful and unparalleled exploit, but to realize the man himself it was necessary to see and hear him. He is slightly above the middle height, well knit in frame, older looking than his photos, and with a clear, steady voice, the voice of a man who would do and dare whatever came in the way of work. His lecture was given without notes of any kind, and was a simple conversational account of the Nimrod's journey, and the things accomplished by the explorers, who were divided into two sections.

THE PENGUIN'S INTEREST.

It was enlivened with many touches of humor, as when he told the story of the penguin who came daily at one camp to look at one of the dogs, and brought personally conducted parties for the same purpose. "The dog interested them a great deal more than we did, possibly because we only had two legs like themselves while the dog had four!" After each little episode of hardship or fatigue, ending ever in the accomplishment of the task they had set themselves—whether it was to climb Mount Erebus, 8000 feet above sea level, to drag sleds at 250 lbs. per man, with one of the runners gone, and on rations averaging 20 ounces a day; to spring from an ice floe— which they had thought to be fast, but on which they spent two days surrounded by hungry Kilder whales—sleds and all, as it touched land for a moment before floating away to the north forever; to take meteo-

rological observations from eight in the morning to eight at night, when there was no morning, but a short twilight only to mark the line of demarcation between day and night; to lie two precious days suffering severely with dysentery, knowing that their stores were but sufficient to last the four necessary for the ninety miles over glaciers and untracked ice to their next depot on the homeward way, and yet to reach it in the end, after a twenty hours tramp without food and in a temperature 40 degrees below zero and a body temperature of 93 ("I believe they usually put a sheet around you at 94")—all this and much more did the Lieutenant link together with the expressive and simple phrase often recurring, "And so we went along." So they went along until they planted the silken folds of the Queen's flag ninety miles from the South Pole. And there we poor drawing-room noddies that we felt, saw those bearded, shaggy, intrepid men, exhibited with the dry comment, "We hadn't had a wash for a hundred and twenty days, and that was us before we had a wash."

ANIMAL AND BIRD STUDIES.

The lecture was illustrated by a magnificent collection of photographs; wonderful sky effects, clever animal and bird studies, the camps, the ponies, the men, the vessel. Later we had a cinematograph display showing the Nimrod sailing out of Lyttelton Harbor, the accompanying thousands of spectators; then to the great White Silence, with blizzards blowing at seventy miles an hour, Mount Erebus with its 3000 feet of volcanic smoke, seen by moonlight; the penguins, an interested crowd, highly appreciating the delights of "Waltz me around again, Willie," as sung by the gramophone. These penguins, by the way, brought down the house.

HEALTHY REGION.

The motor car was cheered, so were the puppies who were introduced by the Lieutenant with the remark "Healthy life out there, we took out eight dogs and brought back twenty-two"—but the penguins sent every one into hysterics. Their faces, their quaint waddle, their boxing encounters with the expedition, in which the penguins seemed to appreciate the fun as much as their human companions, their family circles, with papa in a temper, mamma deprecating, and young Penguin "been doing something he shouldn't," occupied the sheet until the final quaint black face and white eyes looked out at us from a hole in the snow where it had been embedded by a blizzard. Truly the lecture was a record of magnificent physical endurance and indomitable courage, resulting in vast gains to science, but with greater results than these. What a lesson for this flighty and backboneless society is contained in that short pithy sentence which sums up the determined forceful perseverance of these men—"So we went along!" If the suicide, the neurotic, the ruined gambler, and the ever growing victims of pain and disease, would realize this and "go along," they would one day find their efforts crowned by the attainment of that goal of humanity, which like the Pole, unseen by human eyes, untrod by human feet, yet subtly known to human souls, lies ever before us, across the ice fields of Death, dim gleams of whose eternal splendor are shadowed in the aurora light of Faith!

PILGRIM.

How many homes would be happier if those who see things wrong would not rest until, by prayer and kind words of advice, they would set things right.

There are three kinds of people in the world: the wills, the won'ts and the can'ts. The first accomplish everything, the second oppose everything, the third fail in everything.

Resignation is the final courage of old age; it arrives in its own season, and it is a good day when it comes to us. Then there are no more disappointments; for we have learned that it is even better to desire the things that we have than to have the things that we desire.—Henry Van Dyke.

A DEMONSTRATION FOR TEMPERANCE.

15,000 PERSONS AT ARMAGH.

Cardinal Logue Addresses Wonderful Gathering of Faithful.

Armagh was the scene of a magnificent demonstration in promotion of the cause of temperance in the archdiocese. The Cardinal in his Easter pastoral laid stress on the importance of the observance of temperance, and at a recent meeting of the Diocesan Temperance Committee, held under the presidency of the Right Rev. Monsignor Byrne, the advisability of holding an annual reunion of the various Temperance societies of the archdiocese was considered and approved. In the great demonstration, the first of the reunions then projected must have exceeded in its dimensions and generally successful character the anticipations of even its most sanguine promoters.

MANY THOUSANDS PRESENT.

An idea of the number present may be gathered from the fact that a guarantee was given to the G.N.R. that 10,000 persons would travel by the special trains asked for, and the numbers who availed themselves very much exceeded these figures. By the special from Dundalk one thousand six hundred traveled, eight hundred from Drogheda, seven hundred from Cooley, twelve hundred from Droghda, Crossmaglen, and Creggan, and varying numbers from other districts in the vicinity of the different railway stations. Then large numbers travelled by road, and it was estimated that the gathering altogether numbered close on fifteen thousand persons. The contingents were accompanied by bands and banners and the members of the temperance organizations displayed their different badges.

THE CARDINAL'S ADVICE.

Cardinal Logue, in his address, said in part:
"There is no more effectual means of working the regeneration of Ireland than to spread the practice and the love of temperance among the people. We all long for the day when we will be free to dispose of our own destinies and manage our own business, and we hope that day is not far distant, and we all long for the time when our country will become so prosperous that her sons and daughters will not be obliged to fly from her like persons escaping from a burning house (cheers). We long for that day, I think we have more directly that would contribute more directly to that great consummation, which we wish so much, as to promote the habit of temperance and the love of temperance among the people of Ireland."

HOPE FOR THE YOUNG.

There is one section of the people that we look forward to with the greatest hope, and these are the young people (cheers). I think we will never make Ireland perfectly temperate if we do not begin to build at the very bottom—to lay the foundation, to lay it in the hands of the young people, to train them to habits of temperance, so that by degrees that vice, which has so long been the curse and the disgrace of our country, will vanish from amongst us. That is precisely why, when I am going about in my visitations through the country confirming the children, I always bind them to abstain from intoxicating drink till they are twenty-one, years of age, because I think it is the only way to lay a solid foundation for the great work of temperance in this country."

St. Patrick's Boys' School to the Fore

Only two years ago a class for boys preparing to matriculate at McGill was opened at St. Patrick's Boys' School. Last year three boys attended the University; this year three others passed. In the preliminaries six presented themselves and each passed successfully. In the results just posted at McGill Stephen John Murphy, fifteen years old, took the highest number of points for admission to the Faculty of Applied Science. An excellent opportunity is hereby offered Irish Catholic parents anxious to give their boys the advantage of a first class education. The staff at St. Patrick's School, as members of an order always giving a good account of itself in the educational field, hold their own with the best.

He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it.—Steels.

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Bermingham; Recording Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Conolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY enumerated section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 26 and not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

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

W. W. CORY,
 Deputy Minister of the Interior.
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I cured Mrs. K. E. Bright, Burnley, Ont. She writes: "I was greatly troubled, for six years, with my heart and shortness of breath. I could not walk eighty rods without resting four or five times in that short distance. I got so weak and thin I only weighed seventy-three pounds. I decided at last to take some of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking eight boxes I gained in strength and weight, and now weigh one hundred and thirteen pounds, the most I ever weighed in my life. I feel well and can work as well as ever I did, and can heartily thank Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for it all."
 Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.35 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Montreal, Quebec, Ont.

IN THE SKIRT O' THE WIND.

Una Morrin was sighing as she tidied up the kitchen for the evening after the meal. She sighed as she piled high the turf on the fire. She sighed as she raked the embers under the Dutch oven which held the cake for she brushed back the ashes of the hearth, and she heaved a mournful "Mhuire a's trugh!" as she drew out the stool and sat down to card some wool. And it was a bad sign for Una Morrin to be sighing like that, because she was always the light-hearted girl, was Una Morrin.

Though she possessed the thrift—and all the need of it that often drives the inhabitants of Ireland's coast country from their homes—to-night the "cards" lay idle in her hands, while she gazed, wide-eyed and long, through the chinks of red glow which the loosely heaped turf made upon the coals beneath. Faith, there was a weary look on the face of Seon Ban's daughter, as if she were thinking long for the voice of some one. And it was not her prayers that kept her silent.

Outside the wind blew hard, as the winds of Connacht do, when they whip in from the sea on stormy nights. Its wild rose and fell between the booming of the surf that beats against the rocks at the foot of Maeve's Cliff. Now and then an alien noise would pierce the thundering of the sea and wind—a sound of falling boards, a slamming of a neighbor's door, the creak of hinges through the wilderness of the night there came the sorrowful note that is heard only along the Erse coast, when the women of the fishing folk sit within their cottages, hugging memories of nights long past, bitter recollections of this night or of that day, when their lad or himself went out to sea—and did not return. Was it the wild cry of poor souls drowned, that came through the twilight of storm and drifting winds to those of the lonely hearths? God knows!

Starting from her reverie, Una Morrin arose to light the candle. The noise of the stool on the grating upon the earthen floor aroused old Moira from her doze.

"What's keepin' Niall Murtagh these nights, alanna?"

"How should I know, Granny?" the girl exclaimed impatiently. But her cheek and neck showed red, and it was not the glow of the candle's light that made it so.

"He has not been here since the Sunday that brought Jamsie McElin in here. Had ye any words?"

"For what should we have words?"

"I d'know, I d'know, at all. Only I thought be the gleam of his eyes that day that he was vexed and wid the actin' ye had wid Jamsie McElin."

"An' what was it Niall Murtagh's business?"

Granny offered no argument against this; but there was a shrewd look in her old eyes as she studied the face of her granddaughter. The girl had turned from the window where she had placed the candle, and was pushing back the rush-seated arm-chair into the shadowy corner, where it might offer comfortable seating to the spirits of its former possessors, the various patriarchs of her clan. Una Morrin was not thinking of them. More probably were her thoughts centered with Niall Murtagh who was wont to occupy this chair, when with a graceful excuse he "stepped in to light me pipe."

Granny said a "Hail Mary" or two, and then she ventured: "Niall Murtagh is the fine, handsome lad."

Una crossed over to the dresser and rattled the blue-flowered cups against each other.

"He's the dead spit o' his father."

Una was still searching for something on the dresser.

"I mind the time when his father—"

"Granny, I'm going to America," interrupted the girl, now coming down to the fire with a letter in her hand. "Ned says in his letter that I'd be better off in New York, or with Nosa in Chicago, than livin' here in want."

"An' who says that we're livin' in want?" screamed granny, no longer bent over the beads in all humility, but sitting bolt upright with queenly glare. "Arrah, will ye hear the girl!" she apostrophized the rafter. "Sure, when was a Morrin ever lookin' for charity?"

"Well, is it not charity to be takin' fish that Niall Murtagh leaves at our door?"

Granny subsided. For well she knew that it was not charity which brought Niall Murtagh and his fish to their door. There was even lurking about the corners of her mouth a smile that said, "We'll see, we'll see."

After awhile Granny roused herself to ask: "What's put it in your head to go to America?"

Una did not answer immediately, but taking the tongs, occupied herself in replacing a smoldering sod that had fallen away from the fire. Then she spoke.

"What's the use o' sittin' here, thinkin' an' prayin' for the good times to come to Ireland, when there's a grand country like good beyond to go to? What's the good o' scrubbin' the dresser and the noggin's, day in an' day out, an' dryin' the seaweed along the rocks an' cleanin' the fish until you die of old cleanin' for it, or nothin' with nothin' for it, or nothin' of change, but the same old footin' o' turf, and the diggin' o' potheens. Sure, what use is there in all o' that?"

"An' what are we put here for, alanna, if it is not for that?"

Una poked the tongs into the fire with a viciousness that suggested her resentment towards granny's philosophy.

"Maybe it's not for the likes o' me

The young fisherman was silent. Una looked from one to the other of the men about her. They, too, were silent.

"He went out after him, thin? Tell me, Michael O'Gallagher?"

"He did."

The other men moved uneasily away, one by one, leaving Michael O'Gallagher to talk to the girl. Their inherent delicacy forbade these Irish fishermen to intrude upon another's grief where there was no means of comforting the stricken one. It was their way.

But Una Morrin came of a proud race, and neither Niall Murtagh nor Jamsie McElin was brother or husband to her. The eyes that looked into those of Michael O'Gallagher were clear, even hard, as she asked with steady, reproachful voice: "Did anny o' ye at all go wid him?"

"I offered to go wid him meself, but he wouldn't have it, on account o' my mother and Kathie. He said that he was the only man to do it, since there was no wan to be left to mourn for him, him bein' the last of the Murtaghs."

The eyes of Una Morrin lost their clearness for a moment, and she shuddered.

Michael was holding something in his hand. She could not see what it was, but when he dropped it into hers she knew that it was the gold watch which her brother Dominic had sent from New York to Niall Murtagh. It was a souvenir of another evening such as this, when young Murtagh had saved her brother's life.

"He told me to give this to you, if he did not come back," Michael O'Gallagher whispered in her ear, as if they could be heard on the storm-swept beach, "but God send that you may have the chance to give it back to him, Una agradh."

She placed the watch in her bosom, and lifting her eyes looked wistfully toward the sea. A solid wall of darkness seemed to lie between those on shore and the waters that belched and roared beyond the rocks. Only the white foam and salt spray came in to beat upon their faces as they stood there, waiting for they knew not what. Nothing could live in those tearing seas. The wet wind rushing viciously in upon her told her that. Yet she asked:

"Do you think, Michael—is there anny chance at all?"

The young fisherman shook his head, but with the faith of an Irish heart answered: "Who knows but God will bring them both back safe?"

The girl took a few steps nearer to the water, where she stood in silence for a moment. Suddenly she leaned forward and with her hand to her ear she listened intently. Michael called to her to come back but she did not heed him. He, too, went down to the water's edge and taking her arm urged her to go home. She pushed him from her and continued to listen.

At last she turned to him with a quick, anxious movement and demanded:

"Did you hear that?"

"I hear nothin' but the roar of the sea."

"Whisht!" she cried, "there it is again! God and his angels be wid us! It's his voice, his voice, I tell you!" And before her companion caught the sense of her words she was fleeing along the wet rocks to the house of Paudheen Gill.

Michael O'Gallagher stood staring helplessly after her.

By this time most of the inhabitants of Inisail had assembled on the Black Steps. Women with bare feet glistening white on the flat, shiny rocks that formed a natural quay and gave the landing place its name, their shawls tightly drawn around their shoulders, stood around and spoke with tearful voices of the two men out on the water. There was that in their sad tones which suggested or even a prelude to the canoe which, they believed, they would soon have need to chant for Niall Murtagh and the man whom he went out to rescue.

Now and then the name of Una Morrin was on their lips with a "God comfort her, the creature," for Una Morrin was beloved of the women folk of Inisail, since who was it but the daughter of Seon Ban that nursed them when they were ill, and who was it who could make the fine broth out of the sea-weed when the famine was upon them and the gales too strong for the men to go out to the fishing? With all her

wild ways and her teasing of the lads, Una Morrin was the favorite girl. And none could tell it better than they.

A young girl, with hair flying, came running down the path from the house of Paudheen Gill.

"Michael, Michael O'Gallagher!" she called, "Una Morrin is down at the Gap wid Old Paudheen, and they are goin' out after the drowned man!"

With a bound Michael was speeding over the rocks towards the little outlet below the house of Paudheen Gill. The other men followed him, but one pausing before he went with the rest, called to the girl who had brought the news: "Run, Kathie, an' bring Father Joyce. For the love of God, hurry, colleen! We'll hold her untill he comes."

But Kathie O'Gallagher had no need to run all the distance to the priest's house, for she met the man who had first carried the news to the village returning, not with Father Joyce, for that good man was back in the country somewhere on a sick call, but with a white-robed Dominican, Father Edward McHugh, who had come straight from the chapel where he had been reciting his office. Little and agile as any of the fishermen, this tall young priest, with rapid steps, was hastening toward the Gap in a moment, careless of slippery rocks or driving wind.

Down at the Gap a fierce struggle was taking place. Through the mist the young priest could discern a dark mass of men swaying back and forth, now heaving the boat at the water's edge, now crushing back the gigantic form of a rugged old fisherman. When Father Edward drew closer he could only hear the laboring breath of the men who were striving with the old man, Paudheen Gill, who with oars in hand was trying to break the phalanx before him. Una Morrin, with another pair of oars was guarding the boat from a possible attack.

Even as the priest came upon them a cry arose: "Hold her, hold her! She's gone without him!"

And she was. For giving up all hope of going out to the rescue when she saw the white habit of the Dominican rising out of the mist, she made one desperate leap into the boat, and pushing out from the shore was threading her way through the small rocks when they saw her.

With the thundering voice of authority the priest called out: "Una Morrin, Una Morrin, in the name of God I command you to come back!"

A hush of awe fell upon the men on the shore. Old Paudheen, nerveless now with fear, had dropped his oars, and with the others was standing, his arms hanging lifelessly by his side.

The girl was still slowly finding her way out through the Gap.

"Una Morrin, in the name of our Blessed Mother, to whom you are consecrated, come back!"

Paudheen Gill and some of the others fell upon their knees.

"Can you hear me, Una Morrin?" shouted the priest, this time through a trumpet formed by his hands.

Out of the darkness and the moaning wind came the answer: "I do, Father, an' I'm coming back."

In a little while the priest was handing her out of the boat, and saying, in as gentle a voice as it had been harsh before: "Go home, child, and put your faith in God and his Holy Mother. Sure do you not know that, if it is His holy will that the men will be saved, it will be done without your help, and if it is not His will, how ridiculous would be your efforts?"

When they came back to the landing the priest drew out his rosary, saying: "Come, my people, and let us say the beads for their deliverance, or," he added after a pause, "for the eternal rest of their souls. Kneel down, lads, kneel down. You may be wanting this some day yourselves."

And there upon the hard, wet rocks, with the wind and the water beating upon them, the people knelt about their priest, who careless of the elements as were any of the weather-beaten fishermen, began the prayer for the two men out in the storm. Kneeling there within the circle of dark forms, the young Dominican in his white habit looked as if he were some pure white spirit of hope sent down from heaven to these poor Irish in return for the faith they held so loyally.

After the first decade, Father McHugh paused long enough to insist on Una's returning to her grand mother. And she obeyed, though with lagging steps and repeated glances into the misty darkness of the sea.

At home she found her grandmother kneeling in prayer, her arms resting on a chair before her, and her back towards the fire, which she had replenished with sods while Una was away.

"Tis Niall Murtagh that's gone after Jamsie McElin. So Owen Costigan told me," said Granny, looking up from her beads.

"It is," Una's tone did not encourage a discussion and the old woman went back to her prayers.

After a while Granny roused herself again to say: "You'd better light the candle, avourneen. It's a darkened world for them that would come in, or for them that pass by an' the house widout a 'stim o' light to see by."

Una obediently lighted the candle, sighing drearily as she did so. For what was the use? Though it smiled a thousand welcomes now there was one who would never again accept its invitation, one who would never enter with his cheery "Dia dhuit," or "God save all here." Yea, though her heart would call to him through all the storms of tossing waters and unwearied waves, he would not hear in his ocean grave. From her eyes the tears at last burst forth from the depths of her soul. "Mo bhron! mo bhron! how can it be! she cried, as she knelt beside her grandmother to pray for his

soul. "An' it was surely his voice I heard. Oh! Father Edward, why did you not let me go?"

Down on the Black Steps the priest and people were still at prayer. It was the last decade of the rosary, and some of the women were weeping. But the voice of the priest, rose, firm and strong, above the noise of the storm, which was now abating.

"I hear singin' out there," said a little boy, whom his father had not been able to drive home.

"Pray for us at the hour of our death."

"I tell ye, I hear singin'! Can't ye build yer whist?"

"Send that child home," Father Edward ordered. And with a "clout" over the head as an inducement, the boy's father was obeying.

But Kathie O'Gallagher had run down to the water's edge and was listening. Suddenly she threw her arms up in the air, and falling on her knees she cried: "May God and His Holy Mother be praised—I hear the voice of Niall O'G."

A hush fell on the kneeling crowd. Yes, with the drifting wind and mist there came through the ocean's roar the clear tones of "Hail, Queen of Heaven, the Ocean Star," and the voice was that of Niall Murtagh. He sang as cheerily as if it were on the calmest of seas. It was a way that Niall Murtagh had in moments of danger.

Granny had gone to bed "up" in the room, for since Dominic had gone to America, and "made his way" there, the cottage of the Morrins boasted of a room "up" from the fire. And Granny with the weariness of saddened years, was sleeping soundly, while her granddaughter wept alone.

She had closed the door, lest any of the villagers would intrude on her in her grief, for she had the pride of the pure-blooded Erse, had Una Morrin; and now she scarcely heard the shout which arose at the sound of Niall Murtagh's voice. Nor did she move when the crowd went surging past. A feeling of resentment had only half formed within her heart at their quick forgetfulness of the tragedy when suddenly the door was thrown open and Niall Murtagh's form entered.

For a moment superstitious fear came over her, but she arose, and with her brain whirling, she reeled towards him with outstretched arms.

Then came the cheery laugh of Niall Murtagh in the flesh. "Orra, colleen, but you are my brave girl," he said, as he caught her to him for a moment. Then holding her out at arm's length he asked, mischievously: "Was it Jamsie McElin or me that you were wantin' to save?"

Una Morrin had found her coquette once more, and she drew away from him and answered with a glance out of the corner of her eye: "Are ye thinkin' that I'd let you leave Jamsie behind?"

Then she grew grave. "But he's saved too?" she asked.

"Troth he is. Are you wantin' him?"

She laughed and pushed him into the rush-seated arm-chair.

"I hear you are thinkin' o' goin' to America?" Niall ventured.

"I was," she assented.

Granny, awakened by the noise, insisted on coming out to hear the story of the rescue and have a "sup o' tay." But, by-and-by, old Granny nodded herself to sleep over her beads once more, the rush-seated arm-chair drew nearer to Una, and Una forgot America. They forget their grief easily in Ireland, since it is all in the will of God—Anna M. Nolan, in The Magnificent.

A Household Medicine.—They that are acquainted with the sterling properties of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the treatment of many ailments would not be without it in the house. It is truly a household medicine and as it is effective in dealing with many ordinary complaints it is cheaper than a doctor. So keep it at hand, as the call for it may come most unexpectedly.



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And all throat and lung troubles. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pine trees the trade mark and the price 25 cents.

A HARD DRY COUGH.

Mr. J. L. Purdy, Millvale, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with a hard, dry cough for a long time, especially at night, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. To any person, suffering as I did, I can say that this remedy is well worth a trial. I would not be without it in the house."

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Became almost unbearable until Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food brought about a cure.

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The writer of this letter was fortunate enough to learn about Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and tells his experience for the benefit of other sufferers from disease of the nerves.

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In vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

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

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work. PAUL, Arch'bishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1909.

ANOTHER FLAG INCIDENT.

After having declared that no Catholic would be employed by it, there was nothing surprising in the order issued by the Board of Education that the flag was to fly over all school buildings in Toronto on July 12th.

"I am now paying and have always paid taxes for the support of public schools, but I do not intend to support Orange schools, and I consider the flying of flags over the public schools on the 12th of July is an outrage to the feelings of the non-bigoted citizens."

NOTES OF WARNING.

The Loyal Britons, the Protestant Boys and the True Blues were busy pounding the Big Drum this week and sounding notes of warning so that there is now no excuse if this country goes to the wall, or becomes ensnared of Rome.

this country through the medium of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Of course, that had been said before, but the person thought it was matter worth repeating and anything like that sounds well in Ontario.

CATHOLIC UNITY.

Two suggestions offered at the annual meeting of the Catholic Union of Great Britain affects Canada immediately, while one is of interest throughout the Empire.

CATHOLICS IN THE WEST.

In a general way we of the east are aware that there are many tongues in the western provinces, but it is with amazement that one discovers that Catholics of the French and English tongues do not amount to fifty per centum of the population over which His Grace of St. Boniface rules.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

Pessimistic persons grow doleful occasionally and weep because the age of chivalry has departed, but they err in their conclusions. Men are as ohivalrous to-day as in those long gone days when it was the duty of every knight to go to the aid of women in distress.

THE UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

The number of pupils from Catholic schools who go up for the McGill matriculation examination is not large. It is therefore pleasing to find a Catholic boy head the list in the Applied Science examination.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

When the lion and the lamb consent to lie down in peace then we may expect universal quiet. But the lion and the lamb—using full metaphorical license—have lain down in peace.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The dog days weather seems to have a strong influence on the Montreal City Council. Some of its members ought to take a rest.

"Six tickets for a quarter" is the latest Philadelphia slogan. There are several places on the map considerably behind Montreal in traction matters.

A council of the Knights of Columbus will be instituted in Toronto on Civic Holiday in August. Another invasion of the Orange stronghold.

J. P. Morgan is reported to have sent a twelfth century psalter back to its rightful owner. He can get a modern one much cheaper than three thousand dollars, and at the same time much easier to read.

The chain letter is again extending. The editor has received one, accompanied by a threat that some misfortune will befall those who break the chain.

In the first half of the handball championship for the championship of the world, Bowles, of Limerick, the Irish champion, outclassed Kelly, of Brooklyn, the United States champion, winning all seven games.

The Knights of Columbus are now instituted in Buenos Ayres, where the organization is known as Los Caballeros de Colon. In Quebec they are Les Chevaliers de Colomb.

The Action Sociale seems troubled over the nationality of the future Bishop of Ottawa. Whatever language he may speak in ordinary conversation, it is safe to predict that the language used in offering the Holy Sacrifice will be the time-honored Latin.

On the occasion of the recent parade in Toronto, Canon Dixon, so the papers say, charged the Orangemen to be sober, Christian, law-abiding men, and to obey the police.

THE BUDGET AND ITS CRITICS.

The move the British Budget is studied the more controversial does it appear to become, writes a London correspondent. It is plain that whatever its value as a contribution to social economics, as a party manifesto it is not being quite so successful as its authors perhaps expected.

They were not all suffragettes at the International Council of Women gathering. "If they would put half the work and enthusiasm into other things—say, into work amongst the children in school, playgrounds, etc.," said a thoughtful lady from Great Britain.

When the lion and the lamb consent to lie down in peace then we may expect universal quiet. But the lion and the lamb—using full metaphorical license—have lain down in peace.

Current Topics.

BRITISH REVENUE SHOWS INCREASE.

The return issued of the total revenue of the United Kingdom for the first quarter of the current fiscal year, shows an increase in receipts as compared with the first quarter of the previous year of £1,382,005.

Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget statement, estimated that on the basis of the new taxation proposals, the total revenue for the year would amount to £162,590,000, an increase as compared with the realized revenue of the previous year, of £11,012,000.

CONGO AND INDIA UNDER DISCUSSION.

By an ironical coincidence the London Daily Mail on Monday published a severe arraignment of Belgian rule in the Congo, and the Paris Eclair published a not less scathing impeachment of British rule in India.

The Eclair remarks that "a few weeks ago five natives were flogged to death by the English in Nigeria, this fact being admitted in the House of Commons by the Secretary of State for the Colonies."

The parallel between the two articles is so close in fact that the one in the Daily Mail might appropriately be headed:

"As the English See Others," and the one in the Eclair:

"As Others See the English."

SIR R. W. SCOTT AND THE TABLET.

Of the new colonial knights proper, perhaps the most interesting is a Catholic, Sir Richard William Scott the veteran of Canadian Liberalism, who, at the age of eighty-five, can regard Sir Wilfrid Laurier as a very young junior.

THE FASHIONS AND MORALITY.

A recent issue of the Osservatore Romano, the organ of the Vatican, contains a scathing denunciation of the tendencies of the feminine fashion of to-day.

THE CATHOLIC POPULATION

A Polyglot Representation in Western Province.

The Central Catholic of Winnipeg, furnishes the following statistics of the western ecclesiastical province:

Table with 2 columns: Language and Number of Catholics. Includes entries for French, English, German, Polish, Indian, and other languages.

DIOCESE OF ST. ALBERT.

Table with 2 columns: Language and Number of Catholics. Includes entries for French, English, German, Polish, and Indian languages.

DIOCESE OF PRINCE ALBERT.

Table with 2 columns: Language and Number of Catholics. Includes entries for German, French, Ruthenian, English, and Indian languages.

TIPPERARY WON AT HURLING.

The All-Ireland hurling final between Tipperary and Dublin was brought off in Athy, Seldom, if ever, was the Kildare capital visited by such a large gathering of visitors, and the gathering was, in many respects, remarkable.

WARM WEATHER WISDOM

Eat discreetly, exercise lightly, and wear cool clothing. We only supply food for thought and exercise for judgment; but when it comes to Summer attire we're here with the goods.

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WILL INTERCHANGE UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

An important movement has been inaugurated for the interchange of university students in the United Kingdom, the United States, and Canada, with the object of giving those who are likely to become leaders in thought or action a real insight into the life, customs, and progress of other nations.

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Abbey's Further Kind AND WILLING WORDS.

In a subsequent letter from the Rev. Father Eugene L. Gervais, Notre Dame de Grace, to the one we recently published, he writes:—"Your Salt is worth fifty times its weight in gold to me, and my wishes are that its value may be known, and that it may be used by all similarly troubled as myself."

CATHOLIC RUSSIANS ARE LOYAL SUBJECTS

NUMBERS IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Presence of Westerners Makes Religious Freedom Larger in Capital.

St. Petersburg, Russia, June 21.—For the first time since the great schism by which the Eastern Church was lost to Rome, a Russian Catholic Church has been opened. This momentous event took place three months ago, on a feast which holds first place in the hearts of the Russian people, Easter Sunday. It has been a weary waiting for the few faithful souls, and now that their hopes are realized, there is rejoicing akin to that of the primitive Christians when a Roman emperor accepted the Cross. Heretofore practicing Catholicism in Russia was accompanied by persecution, more or less, because the government looked upon Catholics as Poles, which meant rebels, and the Russian clergy fostered that antagonism, as it tended to strengthen their position; they dread nothing so much as comparison with the self-sacrificing and zealous lives of our Catholic priests.

Some few months ago two Russian priests became Catholics. One is a convert from the Orthodox religion and the other from the Starobriadz. The conversion of the latter to the See of Rome was not considered a loss because he belonged to a dissenting sect, the old ritualists, who refused to accept the Holy Synod established by Peter the Great to supplant the office of patriarch. But the Orthodox seceder was subjected to many trials, many indignities. Both men having been ordained priests had simply to make a profession of allegiance to the Holy See, which they did to a Galician bishop of the united church.

At the first mass celebrated in the Church of the Holy Ghost the following telegram was sent to the emperor:

To His Imperial Majesty:

We, the members of the Society of Starobriadz, in union with Rome, having raised ourselves up in earnest prayer to the throne of the Almighty, supplicating Him to grant a long life and a happy reign to our beloved Czar and father, Nicholas II., and happiness for all his God-guarded family, with deepest devotion bring our congratulations on the occasion of Christ's glorious resurrection. We fall at the feet of your majesty with feelings of the most unbounded loyalty and gratitude for your great gift granting us liberty of conscience.

Eustace Sossalief, Priest. Natalie Oushakoff, Patrons.

The Emperor's reply: To the Starobriadz Priest, Eustace Sossalief:

His Majesty the Emperor has commanded that his thanks should be delivered to the members of the Society of Starobriadz for their prayers and loyal feelings expressed in the devoted telegram of March 29th after a Te Deum for his majesty and the Imperial family.

I have, dear sir, the honor of informing you the above communication received by me from the ministry of the interior.

General-Major Drachevsky. AS IN OLDEN DAYS.

This morning, Sunday, I assisted at mass celebrated in the Church of the Holy Ghost. A few days ago I had met Father Eustace Sossalief at the home of a priest of the French colony when he invited me to come to his church, that a young Russian Jewess was to be baptized. Arrived at the address given me, I climbed, and climbed, until I reached the fifth story of an unpretentious house and there found church and priest and congregation. I have had the blessed privilege of hearing mass at many holy shrines, but none has made my eyes grow so dim nor my heart sing so grateful a Te Deum as the one at which I assisted this morning. It might have been a gathering of early Christians. The room was small, with low ceiling and bare as a hermit's cell, excepting for a few simple pictures, one, the Sacred Heart, unframed. The tiny altar, square and box-like without any back, stood behind a screen, as in the Orthodox Church, but as plain in decoration as the Orthodox one is gorgeous. Yet, the doors had the pictures of the four evangelists, and the altar held only a candle of seven lamps and the Book of Gospels. Only has ordered Russian Catholic priests to celebrate mass and administer the sacraments according to the Eastern rite, observing all the national customs, the only change in the ritual being the substitution of the name of the Supreme Pontiff for the Holy Synod.

THE CATHOLIC POPULATION.

Because St. Petersburg contains more colonists from Western Europe than do other Russian cities, the Catholic Church enjoys more freedom here. The Catholic population numbers one hundred thousand, four thousand of whom are German and Austrian, two thousand French, and the remainder Polish. Much is hoped from the Douma passing a bill two weeks ago which permits Russian subjects to practice freely the creed that they profess. To be sure, the Czar has not signed it, but no one seems to doubt that he will. Three churches, including the Cathedral of the Assumption, six chapels, with a new church in course of construction, make it possible for Catholics in all parts of the city to follow their religion. The Polish seminary for training young priests is quite a fine building; sixty students are in attendance. In the principal street, the Nevsky, is the Church of St. Catharine, a very large and imposing building. Opposite it is the Orthodox Cathedral of Kazan, which architecturally is modeled after St. Peter's at Rome. It was in front of this cathedral that occurred one of the two awful scenes of bloodshed which took place on the famous Red Sunday.

THE SCHOOLS.

St. Catharines has a parish school one of the three in Russia, the others being Moscow and Odessa. Four hundred children, boys and girls, are in attendance. The orphan, the poor and the sick are also cared for by the various Catholic parishes. One day I stepped within a gateway and before me stood a group of women wearing the familiar garb of a sister of St. Joseph. It was the first religious dress I had seen since coming to Russia. As yet the sisters do not wear the habit in the streets but next week two sisters of St. Vincent de Paul come here and will go about in the white coronet and blue dress of the Sister of Charity. Franciscan Sisters have opened a private school for girls, but wear secular dress.

The St. Joseph sisters were brought here by the French colony, and are doing splendid work for the sick. They also have an old folks' home; hospital and home stand in a fine garden and both are large and well furnished. Across the road is an orphanage for girls, also under French management, and nearby is a cancer hospital, international, for the Czar supports it, but the direction is Catholic. It is here lives the French priest who, like his confreres in Moscow, Kiev, and Odessa, treated your correspondent so courteously and made it possible for her to obtain reliable information concerning the Catholic Church in Russia. The coming of different orders of sisters to St. Petersburg is strengthening the hopes of Catholics that gradually the Church will win the good will, and after that the allegiance, of a people who are one with them in the sacraments though sadly lacking in making use of them as the Divine Institutor intended.

Princess Elizabeth, widow of the late Grand Duke Sergius, who was murdered at Moscow within the Kremlin, has petitioned for permission to found an order of nuns who will do charitable and hospital work. She is tender-hearted as she is devout, and during the Russian-Japanese war opened her palaces for wounded soldiers and asked the Russian nuns to do likewise. They answered "they were not established for that purpose." It is generally believed she will enter the convent she opens, which probably will be in Moscow. Princess Elizabeth is beloved by the people, and knowing they would not injure her she never left her husband's side, that she might prevent the threat to assassinate him from being put in execution. But the nihilists bided their time, and one day Duke Sergius rode out alone.

ELIZABETH ANGELA HENRY.

Christian Names on the Map.

The London Outlook, which reviews the world pretty thoroughly, it was the first journal of distinction to "discover" California's beloved poet, Ida Coolbrith—published a most interesting article recently on the use of religious words and saints' names in designating places throughout the universe. "Can anyone imagine, for instance," says the Outlook, "a sweeter name than Maryport?" But it is here in our own California, and here alone, that the Outlook, exploring North America for Christian names on the map, discovers the beautiful and holy titles which please every good and poetic sense. "The only gleam of poetry in the map of the United States," declares the Outlook, "is found in the old Spanish names on the far Pacific shore—Sacramento, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino, and above all, Los Angeles,—el pueblo de la Reina de los Angeles,—the town of the Queen of the Angels," to give it its full name.—San Francisco Magazine.



Too Little Real Work.

Boston Educationist Has a Word About Play.

George H. Martin, secretary of the State Board of Education of Massachusetts, writing in the Boston Globe, says that boys have too little real work, and adds: No sweeping statements about boys made in universal terms are true. There are some boys of whom some things are true, and there are other boys of whom very different things are true. Young boys do not play too much any more than they eat too much. They do both sometimes. But they are made to play as much as to eat. By both they live and grow. City conditions restrict and hamper free play, and most young city boys get too little chance to run and climb and dig and jump and throw things. Public playgrounds will help much, but after all they cannot restore the lost freedom of the country.

With older boys under modern conditions the case is different. A few play too much. Most spend too much time in watching others play and in reading and talking and dreaming about play. In older boys a certain amount of time spent in play is mostly wasted. No good comes of it either to body or mind. The amount of time so spent by boys and young men is enormous. Public athletic grounds occupied day after day by professionals playing for a living and crowded with boys paying for admission to see the game are a public nuisance.

They have taken most of the old-time zest out of play. No high school team of any sort would be willing to go off by itself and play for the sake of playing. They want to be surrounded by a crowd of cheering spectators, especially girls, and to have their pictures taken and their names in the papers. They work at play to earn applause.

Most modern boys do too little real work. A few are fortunate enough to be obliged to work, some to help their families, some to earn their education. It has become fashionable to pity such boys. They are subjects for congratulation. There was a time when so many boys worked so much and played so little that sympathetic people, to bring about a change, coined the proverb, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." To which the believers in work responded, "All play and no work makes Jack an idle shirk." To steer a satisfactory course for their boys between the Scylla of work and the Charybdis of play was the task of wise parents, and it was for the most part wisely performed. Nowadays a few boys are wrecked on the rock of all work, but thousands are swallowed up in the whirlpool of all play, or playing at play. And many who are nominally at work are always doing what George Eliot warned one of her characters not to do—looking over the edge of their work, waiting for their play to begin.

STRAY SPORTING NOTES.

Perhaps they were not pleased in the Shamrock and Montreal Camps when Jimmie Murphy's Beavers trimmed the Indians. Well, rather.

There will be hurling matches in Montreal. Now for a glimpse into the days of the golden past and a chance to see the game that made so many famous Irish athletes.

Shamrocks will have another week's rest. Toronto comes to the National grounds on Saturday, while Capital will go to Tecumseh to receive another defeat.

The senior lacrosse situation is growing more interesting and the picking of winners is becoming more difficult. Just now it looks like a struggle between Tecumseh, Montreal and Shamrock.

Charlie Neville, who died recently was in his prime one of the speediest and cleverest knights of the "crosse. He played in many a hard fought contest and rendered excellent work for Shamrock teams of a decade ago.

The boating and swimming accidents seem to maintain their deadly standard this season. There number should compel every parent to see to it that the boys and girls are taught to swim, and, even more important, taught to keep cool when suddenly thrown into the water.

Jimmie Casey has secured a new pitcher and his name is Eagan. He was the star performer for Fordham, the Jesuit College in New York. A former Fordham Captain was Louis Hartmann, who played at short for Montreal a couple of seasons ago.

Some contend that Baseball is the national game of Canada as it is of the United States. Seeing it is sprung from the good, old English game of rounders, it is probably as

much ours as our neighbor's. Canada helps to support a prosperous international baseball league which is something more than a farm for the big fellows. Canada has fans by the hundreds of thousands, who get out and cheer the hired aliens who play ball for us and carry our banner. We love them almost as much as if we bred them ourselves. But, all said and done, nothing can displace lacrosse in Canadian hearts; and much has been said about lacrosse, and more has been done in it than one cares to print. But the game is getting cleaner. The senior leagues are now professionals, and this makes for honesty and straight dealing. That lacrosse has a new lease of life is shown by the journey the Tecumsehs of Toronto took to dispute the ownership of the Minto Cup with the New Westminsters of British Columbia. Where is the ball team, no matter how important the league, that travels five thousand miles to play two games? And every foot of that journey held breathless interest. Special correspondents accompanied the special train and fed the wires with panicky reports of how Micky's neck was stiff, and Stringy's throat was sore, and Mugsy was car-sick, and so forth and so on. No matter who holds the cup, this five-thousand-mile journey 'cross continent in the dog days tends to prove that lacrosse is still the national game.—Collier's Weekly.

Those lumps on the back of your neck caused by the black flies and mosquitoes when you went fishing, can be cured in one night by a slight application of "Salve Sancto Joseph." Try it, it costs nothing. Send your address to St. Joseph's Home, 26 Overdale ave., and receive a box by return mail.

BONSECOURS.

It stands a relief of the past, In the days when our land was young, When the music of its prized bell Abroad on the air was flung.

Calling with voice, sweet and tender, Telling the list'ners there To gather at our Lady's shrine, With chant, and hymn, and prayer.

Old church, what memories round thee cling, Filling the heart with tears, As thought recalls thy vanished youth, Through the "misty veil of years,"

Thou hast heard the pilgrim mariner's prayer, When on lowly bended knees, They sang her praise, who prayed for them, When tossed on the stormy sea.

And clarion notes have filled thy dome, With trumpets on the air, When the soldiers of "La Belle France," Heard Mass "a la Militaire."

'Mid moving plumes and clang of steel, And banners on the breeze, Embroidered with the arms of France, The stately Fleur de Lys.

Thou hast witnessed the joy of the happy bride, When she knelt with the choice of her heart, And breathed the vow that bound them, Never through life to part.

Thou hast heard the mourner's stifled sob, When the Requiem Mass was said, O'er the loved and gone, that all too soon Would in the grave be laid.

And souls enchained by dark despair, For many a scarlet stain Have laid their burden at His feet, "Never to sin again."

BISHOP REPLIES TO HIS CRITICS.

Complains of Garbled Reports by Yellow Press.

Bishop James A. McPaul of Trenton has written to The Public Ledger, of Philadelphia, a letter in which he reviews what he said of doctrines taught in some American colleges. He begins his letter thus: "In reply to your request that I give my views upon the press reports of my address delivered at the fifty-ninth annual commencement of the College of St. Francis Xavier, New York, permit me to state that the New York press, with very few exceptions, gave a garbled report and afterwards wrote up sensational interviews, making me use arguments and language of their own. I never answered any of the Presidents of the Faculties of any of the universities, neither did I make a special attack on any particular institution. "My subject was 'The Apostolate of the Laity,' which I based upon the words of the last chapter of St.

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MATTHEW.

Matthew: 'And Jesus coming, spoke to them, saying: All power is given to Me in heaven and in earth, going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, behold, I am with you all days, to the consummation of the world.'

THE MAD RACE.

Then turning to the young men, I appealed to the taste they have cultivated in college for reading wholesome literature and advised them to support the Catholic press of the United States. At this point I thought it desirable to emphasize Catholic education as exemplified in the young graduates who stood before me. I deprecated the mad rush after 'society' on the part of some of our wealthy Catholics which led them to send their sons and daughters to non-Catholic institutions of learning, and, taking my arguments especially from the May Cosmopolitan Magazine, which contains an article by Harold Bolce entitled 'Blasting the Rock of Ages,' page 665, I asserted that it was there claimed that certain universities taught doctrines subversive of Christian faith and Christian morality, and that if these were true Catholics could not send their children to such institutions.

ISSUES OF MORALITY.

"He adds that he heard all the multiplex issues of morality, as well as the important problems of political economy—marriage, divorce—all home, religion, and democracy—all subjected to a merciless analysis, as if they were mere fossils, gastropods, vertebrates, equations, chemical elements, or chimeras."

SPAWN OF INFIDELITY.

"Those who are acquainted with the teachings taught by some American university professors, who are the spawn of the infidel universities of Europe, know that I need not confine myself for proof to the Cosmopolitan. May, page 665; June, page 58; July, page 206, and

August, page 310. I could mention the 'Reorganization of Our Colleges,' written by C. F. Birdssey, and published by the Baker & Taylor Company of New York, A.D., 1909, article, 'The College Home and College Vices,' page 119, and similar works.

"I prefer, however, to pass over student life and call the attention of the public to the anti-Christian teachings of the professors; for, if they are actually attacking Christianity and striving to undermine Christian faith and Christian morality, it is high time that the American people should know it."

"I have lived in the State of New Jersey for the last fifty-five years. I have been actively engaged in the ministry for thirty-two years. An Bishop I have charge of nearly 150,000 souls, old and young. Nearly 13,000 children are in our parish schools; some of them are ready for college. Before God I am responsible for their salvation and must point out the poisonous pastures upon which they might trespass to their injury without my warning. "The yellow press has endeavored to represent me as an ecclesiastical puglist, whereas those who are acquainted with me are aware that I am a quiet, peaceable Catholic Bishop, with the courage, however, of using, when necessary, American freedom of speech and praising the good, as well as blaming the bad."

Men in Retreat.

Jesuit Fathers Institute New Plan in New York.

A retreat for men conducted under the care of the Jesuit Fathers, and with the immediate supervision of Father Terence J. Shanley, Professor of Jurisprudence, began at Fordham College, New York, on Friday night, and ended on Tuesday. Twenty men performed the exercises, the party including a Justice of the Municipal Court, five lawyers, two Wall street brokers, three working-men, two clerks, one publisher, one newspaper man, one retired minister of the Episcopal Church and four converts to the Catholic faith.

The plan may be called a religious rest cure, and this is the first of a series of retreats that will be conducted in and near the city the next few months. The movement is along the lines taken up in Europe a few years ago, the chief idea being that persons who so desire may change their surroundings for a few hours or days and live in an atmosphere of calm and helpfulness. It is believed that under the supervision of the Catholic Church the project will bring capitalists and workmen into closer relationship and create bonds of sympathy among all classes of men.

The programme for the first retreat at Fordham was:—6 a.m., rising bell, 7, mass; 7.45, breakfast; 9, instruction; 11, conference; 12.15, examination of conscience; 12.30, dinner; 3.30, instruction; 5, recitation of the rosary; 6.30, supper, 8, instruction; 9, lights out. The next retreat at Fordham College will be held July 30 and the third on September 3. At Kaiser's Island, in Long Island Sound, the movement will begin August 27, under the supervision of the Jesuits, and retreats will be conducted there also in September and October.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



SAYING GRACE.

When we're at grandpa's house to dine
He looks around with sober face
Their clasps his hands and shuts his eyes,
And sister says he's "saying grace."
He says big words that I don't know—
I'm only four years old—but then I know two words he always says, One is "Thanks" and one "Amen."

While walking in my grandpa's woods
We saw a squirrel, big and gray,
He held a nut between his paws,
But did not eat it right away,
He closed his little shining eyes,
His hands raised just like grandpa's then,
I said, "Oh, sister, keep real still,
He's saying "Thank you" and "Amen."



DO YOU DO THESE THINGS?

It is bad manners to make remarks about the food at dinner.
To talk about things which only interest yourself.
To contradict your friends when they are speaking.
To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders.
To say smart things which may hurt some one's feelings.
To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.
To be rude to those who serve you either in shop or at home.
To think first of your own pleasure when you are giving a party.
To refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor.
To behave in a street car or train as if no one else had a right to be there.
To speak disrespectfully to any one older than yourself.



WHAT A DAUGHTER CAN DO.

There is so much a daughter can do for her mother that it is hard to know where to begin.
Suppose we start with how she can help with the housework and care of the younger children.
For years the mother has had the entire charge of both, and it is time she was relieved.
Patiently and uncomplainingly she has drudged along with no thoughts but for her children's welfare and comfort.
It should be the daughter's joy, as well as duty, to bring a little recreation and pleasure into her mother's life.
Remember, girls, that all your lives your mothers have been sacrificing themselves for you.
Now you have a chance to reverse things.
Your shoulders are young and strong; help lift the burden a little from the tired shoulders that have borne it so long.
Let her see that you appreciate all that she has done for you.
Take the heaviest part of the housework off her hands.
Make her stay in bed in the morning while you get the breakfast.
Send her out to enjoy herself while you look after the children.
Of course you cannot do this every day, but you can do your share of it.



A FEW HOLDS.

- Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act.
- Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly.
- Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks.
- Hold on to your virtue; it is above all price to you, in all times and places.
- Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of forsaking the path of right.
- Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.
- Hold on to your temper when you are excited or angry, or others are angry with you.
- Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.



WHAT THE TWINS DID FOR MOTHER.

The day was hot. The twins, Maud and Mildred, came home from school "nearly baked" from their long walk in the broiling sun. After washing their hands and faces, they had a luncheon of bread and milk and fruit. Then they went out on the back porch and lay down in their hammocks for a nap.
They were just getting to sleep, when their mother appeared in the doorway and said:
"Girls, your Aunt Elizabeth has come and is going to stay for supper. I am unprepared for company. Could you go to the back

FOUND THE RIGHT BOY.

"We have been looking for a long time for an office boy who does not whine, every boy who is not full of complaints every time something or other goes wrong. We have got him and we have roped him down. No human power can get him away from us. He is going to stay, and his wages are what he chooses to make them."
"We have had lots of office boys. Host of them had the disease of whining. A whine in a boy is worse than the whine of a sick dog, and that's saying a good deal. Whines never built a house, never laid out a town, never constructed a railway, never opened a bank, never made a school grow or a farm pay. Whines are a sneaking form of irritation that Satan devised to lead otherwise good boys astray. We don't want whines."
"Well, we advertised for a boy, and he came. We didn't know he was coming, but he came just the same. Several whining boys had been in, and we had promptly fired them. How he came was this: The wind blowing fifty miles an hour, the mud was knee deep in Poplar street, it was thundering, lightning and raining to beat the band, the sidewalks were afloat, and everything in town was soaked.
"Our office door was opened by a boy in a torn straw hat, a ragged suit of clothes, and bare feet. He was mud and water from head to foot, one eye had a cast, he had lost a little finger and his toes were stubbed. But his smile! Talk about seeing the faces of angels! That smile! It radiated like the sunshine of a June day falling over a trout stream in the green grasses of the meadows. It was warm, expansive, coaxing, reassuring, trustful, happy. And his voice said: "Not such a bad day after all, sir."
"No whine in that! No sire! If that boy had blown in by a cyclone he would have landed on his feet with the remark: 'It might have been worse.'
"He was engaged. Drop in and see him."

PROOF LACKING.

"I should think Jane McIntyre would leave school. None of us do. Why not?" asked Georgine's father. The remark had not been intended for his ears, but since he had heard it there was no way out of answering the question.
"She took some money out of Laura Wiltzie's pocket. It was a fifty-cent piece."
"Who saw her take it?"
"Nobody. But she must have done it. She is the only girl in school who is poor enough so that she'd ever think of stealing what didn't belong to her. And, besides, she was in the cloak room after the bell rang."
Georgine's father shook his head. "I'm afraid you wouldn't do to serve on a jury, my dear. It takes too little to convince you. A girl is poor, and so she would steal. She is alone in the room with money which can't be found, and so she has stolen. There is an old principle of law which has given satisfaction after being tested a great many centuries, and that is to treat an accused man as innocent till he is proven guilty. It would be worth your while to remember this."
Georgine came home the next evening with something of interest to tell.
"What do you think, papa? Laura found that fifty-cent piece in the lining of her coat. It had slipped through a hole she didn't know was there. And the girls who treated Jane horrid are so ashamed that time I won't believe anybody guilty they don't know what to do. Next till it's proved."

THE MAID.

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the queaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, ironshod;
The White Maid and the white horse, and the flapping banner of God.
Black hearts riding for money; red heads riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France, and the King who rides for shame—
Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in Christ's high name!
"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered are lance and bow,
Dust the Cross of Saint George; dust the banner of snow.
The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the shafts of the foe.
Forgotten the young Knight's valor, forgotten the captain's skill;
Forgotten the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill;
Forgotten the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.
Like a story from some old book, that battle of long ago;
Shadows the poor French king and the might of his English foe;
Shadows the charging nobles and the archers kneeling a-row—
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with her banner of snow!
—Theodore Roberts, in Pall Mall Magazine (London).

THE GATE.

Once we turned from its beckon sweet,
Beads we counted and prayers we plied;
Strong of heart, and of marching feet,
Valiant of purpose in youth and pride,
To the sky and the stars our songs we cried,
And never a one dare say us nay;
But the stars were false and the prophets lied;
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?
Where are the comrades we used to greet
Over the hedge of that great divide;

POET'S CORNER.

The laughs they threw at our pilgrim feet,
The flowers they flung when we sought to chide?
Staff and scrip we have put aside
And over the night and across the day
We seek for the Gods undefined;
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?
Does the archway lurk in some phantom street
Where fancies like knights in armor stride,
Where dreams come true and a glorious fleet
Of ships come in with the sunset tide?
In Villon's alley does it hide?
Wise folk, give us a hint, we pray,
Send us a word as a friendly guide,
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?
Gallant sirrabs and dames discreet,
You that with lutes in rose bowers bide,
Help us the fiddler fate to cheat,
The root of the rainbow's end confide!
With tears we have sought it far and wide,
Tired and weary and lone we stray;
Alms we crave; let the good deride;
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?
L'ENVOI.
Brave Prince, Poet—the Quest decide!
Lead us to where the fountains play!
Leave us not sad, unsatisfied;
Where is the Gate to the Primrose Way?
LITTLE THINGS.
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Only a little shriveled seed—
It might be flower or grass or weed,
Only a box of earth on the edge,
Of a narrow, dusty window ledge,
Only a few scant summer showers,
Only a few dear shining hours;
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.
Only a life of barren pain
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain;
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy that seemed but a happy dream,
A life as common and brown and bare
As the box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore at least the precious bloom
Of perfect soul in a narrow room—
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.
—Henry Van Dyke.

SOMETHING KIND.

If thou canst tell me something kind
That has been thought of me,
If thou canst lift my spirit up
To moods of buoyancy,
Then speak the words, I pray thee, dear,
However light they seem,
Withhold not from me anything
That adds to life's sweet dream.
If thou canst tell me of some one
Whom I have chanced to aid,
If thou canst point me out some spot
That I have brighter made,
Then whisper softly unto me,
In accents fond and low,
The kind truth never hurts nor harms,
But sets the heart aglow.
So come with light and warmth and cheer
To meet me every day,
Reflect to me the world's bright smiles,
And hide its frowns away
O, hast thou sorrows of thine own?
Have others injured thee?
Unburden as thou wilt, thou'lt feel
My tender sympathy.
If you canst tell me something kind
That has been thought or spoken,
If thou canst lift a spirit up
Too oft by treachery broken,
Repeat it, dear, my faith inspire,
However vain it seems;
For I would fain be trusted still,
Nor wake from life's sweet dreams.

TURKISH FREEDOM FOR THE CATHOLICS

PROCESSIONS ARE PROTECTED.
Surprise of Mussulman on Hearing of English Restrictions.

Writes the Constantinople correspondent of the Catholic Times: "We had seen nearly all that a tourist generally desires to inspect the 17th June, I thought little more remained to be seen. But an agreeable surprise was in store for us. Going through the chief street of Pera, Constantinople, along with friends of the city, we were surprised to see the houses decorated with flags, while on the front and in the archways of the parochial Franciscans, banners and garlands covered the walls and clustered around the Papal flag. Though it was the octave of Corpus Christi, no one of the party dreamt of the real meaning of the festive attire of the locality. Mussulman Constantinople, with its little group of 20,000 Latin Catholics among a population of 1,000,000 Turks, Greeks, Schismatics, Protestants, and all the other offshoots of heresy or schism, was not surely going to do any honor to the Catholic Church!

"A PUBLIC PROCESSION."
"We are going to have a public procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament at 4.30 this evening," observed a French Catholic quietly. "The procession will file through the principal streets for the space of nearly an hour."
If a thunderbolt had fallen in our midst the party could not be more astonished, especially since among the flags, there were those of Turkey, France, Italy and England. And somebody then asked would the procession be liable to molestation on the part of the Turkish soldiers or Moslems.
"During the procession," went on the Frenchman, "the trams and cabs will stop; order will be maintained by the Turkish police and soldiers—that is, they will stand in the street and give the military salute as the Sacred Host is borne past. The Moslems and others will stand by respectfully, and everything will pass off as if there were question of the most Catholic city in the world."
A TURK'S SURPRISE.
There was a Turkish acquaintance listening, and he asked why we looked so surprised at the news of the Frenchman.
"Because," replied one of the party, "in London, with all its braggadocio about liberty, equality and fraternity, the Catholics were prohibited last year from carrying the Sacred Host through the streets, and in Rome itself the Italian Government will not allow public processions of the Blessed Sacrament."
The Mussulman then did two things that expressed his mind only too clearly. Holding up his thumb and two forefingers, he made a gesture signifying bigotry and stupid prejudice. This done, he spat out with a gesture of contempt.
The picture descriptive of the order and respect that attended that procession was not overdrawn, for never have I seen greater respect paid in public to the Sacred Host.

THE CATHOLIC WRITER.

No writer will lose in the end by permitting the fact to be known that he is a Catholic. There is today in the world no organization or institution with the prestige of the Catholic Church. The man who is afraid to be known as a Catholic is courting the very odium that he dreads. If a man is ashamed of his religion, he can scarcely expect non-Catholics to respect either it or him. The man who glories in being a Catholic will not only be respected for his loyalty, but he may be the means of inspiring respect where before there had been nothing but contempt bred of ignorance.
Catholic literature needs to be "boomed," if the slang term may be pardoned, and the best way to boom it is to show the world what there is of it. Let every public library in the country be searched for it and let lists be published of what is found, be it much or little. However little there is now will be more as a result of publishing the fact. There is no nobler service that Catholic organizations all over the country can undertake than to make known the Catholic literature in the public libraries of their vicinity and to take steps to increase its extent and use among Catholics and non-Catholics in the community.—William Stetson Merrill, in the Catholic World for July.

HAD BACHACHE.

Was Unable To Do House-work For Two Years
Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less "female trouble" than they think.
Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability and a dragging down feeling in the loins. So many, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to "female disease?"
Most of the so-called "female diseases" are no more or less than "kidney disorders," and can be easily and quickly cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.
Mrs. C. Dupuis, Bellevue Village, N.B., writes: "I was unable to do my house-work for two years on account of backache. I could not get up the stairs. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me permanently after doctors failed to even relieve the pain. I can highly recommend them to all sufferers from kidney trouble."
Price 50 cts. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Decadence in Italy.

An Indictment of the State of Affairs in That Country.

While the Italian and French Governments are interchanging compliments regarding the events of 1859, and every skirmish which took place in that disturbed year is magnified into a great battle to be commemorated fifty years after with monuments and banquets and high-flown oratory laden with insults to the Holy See and to Austria, an allied power, people of the capital of that new Italy, to the formation of which the events of 1859 led, have little reason to congratulate themselves on the present state of their affairs. The Parliament is a bear garden in which men are obliged to be witnesses of scenes and to hear language that would disgrace a tavern. Their City Council occupies itself more with the means of destroying the faith of their children, and of raising monuments in memory of the vilest Carbonari, or with commemorations of Solferino, San Martino, or the slaughter of Perugia, than with the promotion of the interests of the city. The strike of masons and bricklayers has paralyzed the building industry for the past week, bringing misery to tens of thousands of persons. There is also a dispute between the secular managers and the attendants of the large hospital of Santo Spirito in connection with certain dismissals. A bomb was placed in the quiet street beside the hospital, known as Borgo Santo Spirito, recently, and the force of its explosion may be imagined when it is stated that it was not only heard but felt by people living at Monte Mario two miles distant. The people of the district rushed from their houses in terror, while shattered windows in the hospital itself and in the residences opposite, bring to our minds the pitiful scenes that must have occurred amongst the poor patients in the crowded wards of Santo Spirito. It is a terrible incident, but one which exactly illustrates that decadence of Christian civilization which is, unfortunately, to be observed on all sides in the Third Italy.

DONKEYS IN THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The poor little donkey, beaten and exposed to weather. They are by the strap that body, to steady the behind, which other backward. This is to the fact that taxes four-wheeled vehicles to be the most unlikely to drive places, inevitable, and the comes calloused, the mal will cease to so animal falls lame, 'tw. Probably the 'know what to do. One of the most piteous of the humane world interest taken in the Pope. The society is terrible lack of money. I deplore conditions instead of giving alms, send a small sum to the local Humane Society, other worthy charity do much good, and harm. The Italian spairs of educating respect and self-support tourists continue to ate and mischievous.

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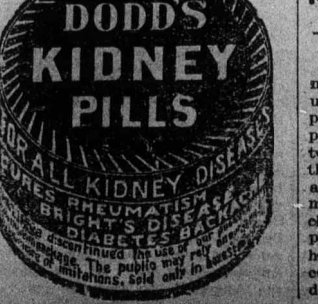
Sweet and palatable, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is acceptable to children, and it does its work surely and promptly.

Bishop of Newcastle.

The Right Rev. Dr. Richard Collins, Auxiliary Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, in succession to the late Dr. Wilkinson.
Richard Martin Collins was born at Newbury in Berkshire on April 5, 1857. He was educated at a private school at Malmsbury conducted by Father Larive. When twelve years of age, Richard Collins came North to St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw where he proved himself merely a keen student, but an amateur athlete, entering heartily into outdoor sports. He was ordained priest in the College Chapel by the Right Rev. John William Bewick, third Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, in May, 1885.

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POPE AID OF HUMANS

ITALIANS K
Trojan's Forum
Which are

In Italy, one animal—and find the Italians to people, and especially, writes the Quarterly Bulletin C.A. Here, more I visited, with Egypt, cruelty is of ignorance and classes themselves that it would they gave their lot. Yet in it particularly in F there is hardly a home so obscure shelter a pet cat, kept and cared for safe in saying the Rome has one them a great many altogether too wretchedly poor of fact, the are fond of the make great pets of their solitude. I never saw more than those of Rome forget the beautiful the Aventine, who was a bed of wh sunny angle of the wall? Or black golden eyes—the Centesimi! Store. These were friends and so was Pietro dog of the great Peter's.

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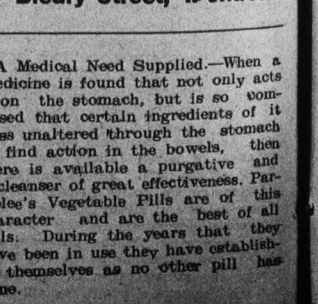
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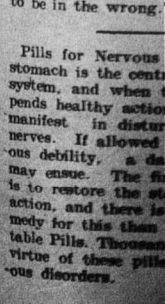
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LOCAL AND DIOCESAN.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.—Father Holland acknowledges with proper thanks the following donations received during the past week...

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT. The concert of this week was under the auspices of the St. Mary's Court, C.O.F. There was a very large and appreciative audience present...

OBITUARY.

REV. DOM. AIDAN HOWLETT, O.S.B.

It is our regretful duty to record the death of the Rev. Dom. Aidan Howlett, O.S.B., of Downside Abbey. The deceased was the eldest son of Mr. John Howlett, J.P., Inistioge, Co. Kilkenny.

Brave Cobalt Priest.

Renewal of Religious Activity Under Distressing Circumstances.

(From Cobalt Weekly Nugget.) "But Job said to God, Your name be blessed."

A new "Job's comforter," giving a new significance to this caustic and hackneyed phrase has arisen in Cobalt.

He is Rev. Father Forget, the beloved head of the English, French, Italian, Polish, Syrian and several other nationalities that go to make up the Roman Catholic parish of Cobalt, numbering nearly one half its population.

Again and again the words were iterated as a refrain by the priest as he faced his congregation on Sunday morning under probably the most strange circumstances that has fallen to the lot of any minister of the Silver City.

The church, built on the top of a slope, had been wiped out by the fire of two days before, until only a couple of charred pillars distinguished the site from the two hundred others that stretched along the Haileybury road and up and down the rocky, hilly surface.

But a few yards back from the ruins Father Forget had found a place to set up an altar for his people.

It was a spot almost incongruous were it not for the spirit of worship that pervaded the whole scene. Between two small wooden houses, covered with sheeting, and in the corner of one against a wooden lean-to, a rough table had been set up and upon it a suit case. This, as it was opened up turned out to be a portable altar, with candlesticks and candles, and even the censor that was to swing during the celebration of the Mass.

A few chairs were collected in the front and one or two benches, the rest of the five or six hundred people who met there in the open air stood, with bared heads. Half way down a revolving clothes line held up its empty arms and just beyond it the ground was strewn with charred wood, broken glass, twisted sheeting and rusty stoves, the relics from the fire.

As the priest started to intone the service in Latin a violent hail storm swept down but could not interrupt the worship. Then the sun shone out and its rays beat down so hot that one of his parishioners moved up and raised an umbrella over the head of the priest.

No blame little things in others had passed over great things in ourselves.

SUMMER SCHOOL HAS BUSY WEEK.

PRaise FROM PRESIDENT TAFT The Lecture Schedule Now Inaugurated in Earnest.

The Catholic Summer School of America has truly passed through the most memorable period of its history. Nothing in the nearly quarter of a century of its existence has so furthered the interests for which it was founded...

EXPRESSIONS OF DELIGHT.

Directly from the lips of President Taft and Governor Hughes come the expressions of delight at the cordial reception, and that peculiar inspiration arising from the surroundings here such as no other event of the Tercentenary celebration presented.

Sunday, also a day of rest at Cliff Haven, turned out delightful after the refreshing rains. At the sole High Mass at 10.30 Rt. Rev. Chas. H. Colton, Bishop of Buffalo, was present in the sanctuary.

THE LECTURE SCHEDULE.

The lecture schedule, always an important part of the work of the session, was inaugurated in earnest this week with a series of four scholarly morning lectures on Socialism by Mrs. Martha Moore Avery of Boston.

The evening lectures by the Rev. Charles Warren Currier, Ph.D., of Washington, proved most appropriate and interesting studies. Dr. Currier took as the theme of his lectures "Champlain's voyages and wars of the French."

The Albany Cottage was the scene Tuesday evening of a reception to the Board of Supreme Trustees of the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent League, who have been in convention here this week.

The College Camp Fire and the clever minstrel show by the boys engaged the attention of the visitors on Thursday evening, while the climax of the week was attained in the splendid dramatic performance of the Cliff Haven Stock Co., which under the direction of Mr. Bernard Sullivan, has in preparation a number of Catholic plays which are going to be presented in August.

Get this FREE Book PEDLAR People of Oshawa before you build. Tells why fireproof metal material is cheaper from first to last—tells why one kind is the cheapest it's safe to buy. No matter what you mean, to erect or repair, indoors or out, send for book. Ask nearest office.

COLONIAL AID IS NOW ASKED FOR.

FIGHT AGAINST ROYAL OATH. Catholic Union Also Promises Support to Congress in Montreal.

Canadian interests were largely discussed by speakers at the annual general meeting of the Catholic Union of Great Britain, held in London. It was suggested that the Union could help at the Eucharistic Congress, to be held in Montreal next year...

The Duke of Norfolk, in moving the adoption of the annual report, said that "The Archbishop of Westminster reminds us that this year the Congress is at Cologne, and next year at Montreal, and asks if we could not show our interest in the Catholics of Canada, and the strong claim which they have upon us, by organizing something in the way of a deputation to go and take part in their proceedings."

CATHOLICS OF QUEBEC.

Although the Quebec Catholics are thoroughly French, and glory in the name of France, they assured me they felt more at home in London than in Paris; that they appreciate the magnanimity of British rule, and that while they deplore the unhappy state of affairs which has come upon their beloved France...

THINKS MANY WELCOME.

Sir Charles Cuffe, in seconding the motion, said: "You will note that the Eucharistic Congress will hold its meetings in Montreal next year, and it is desirable to note the request of the Archbishop of Westminster that English Catholics will do their best to ensure that a large number of Catholics in this country will attend and give their active sympathy and support."

SEEK COLONIAL AID.

Sir Westby Percival, speaking in support of the motion, said: "I should like to make one suggestion with regard to the Coronation Oath, that though the opinion of Catholics in this country on a subject carries considerable weight, I think our hands would be very much strengthened if we could get a similar expression of opinion from our brother Catholics in other parts of the Empire."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SUGGESTION.

The Secretary: It may interest your Grace and the members present to know that when Mr. Chamberlain was Colonial Secretary, he said to me very much what the last speaker has said. He sympathized entirely with our desires to get rid of this grievance of the Royal Declaration—"an offensive anachronism."

You never do a good thing in your life without making an effort. There are no people who are good by accident.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Alaska - Yukon - Pacific Exposition

Round Trip First-Class Tickets will be on sale daily until September 30th, 1909, from Montreal to

Vancouver, B.C. \$89.00 Victoria, B.C. Seattle, Wash. Tacoma, Wash. Portland, Ore.

Going via any regular direct route, returning via same or any other regular direct route.

San Francisco, Cal. \$104.25 Los Angeles, Cal.

Choice of routes to San Francisco, returning via Portland, Oregon, and any regular direct route therefrom, or vice-versa.

Visit the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition and such famous resorts as the Yellowstone Park, Grand Canyon of Arizona, Colorado Springs, Denver, Salt Lake and the famous Royal Gorge, and many other points of interest.

Good to return until Oct. 31st, 1909

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ALASKA-YUKON PACIFIC EXPOSITION

Seattle, Wash., June 1st to Oct. 16th, 1909.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

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7.30 A.M. St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec and Riv. du Loup.

Except Sunday.

MARITIME EXPRESS

12 NOON St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, St. John, Halifax, and Campbellton, Moncton, Sydney, Through connections to Newfoundland.

Except Saturday.

N.B.—On Saturdays, this train goes as far as St. Flavie only

4.00 P.M. St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, St. Leonard and Nicolet.

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SATURDAYS ONLY

12 NOON St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup and St. Flavie.

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First Plenary Council.

Synopsis of Mgr. Begin's Important Pastoral.

We are herewith giving an outline of Mgr. Begin's pastoral letter on the occasion of the first Canadian plenary council. These reunions are difficult to organize and can only be held at long intervals. Already Quebec has been the scene of seven provincial councils, each producing most consoling results.

The first of these Councils was held in 1851. At this period there was but one ecclesiastical province, comprising the dioceses of Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Ottawa and the Northwest, and having for Metropolitan the Church of Quebec. While the dioceses of Charlottetown, Halifax, New Brunswick and Arichat did not form a part of our province, they were, nevertheless, annexed, for canonical reasons, in virtue of a pontifical bull of 1844, and the ordinances of these dioceses were called to these councils. It may be said that our first provincial council, assembled around the Metropolitan of Quebec, comprised the entire Canadian episcopate.

The ecclesiastical province of Halifax was established a short while after, and the three following councils, held in 1854, 1865 and 1869, excepting the Maritime Provinces, reunited all the bishops of Canada. The three last provincial councils were held in 1873, 1878 and 1886. The only bishops taking part were those of the civil provinces of Quebec, the churches of Ontario and the Northwest had been formed into independent provinces. The Canadian Church is almost

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Men's \$4.00 Boots and Oxfords at \$2.95

Latest American Models at a Considerable Saving. This sale is the result of our purchasing a manufacturer's balance lot when his rightful selling season was finished.

WHITEWEAR DEPT.—Two Bargains

100 LADIES' COLORED PERCALE UNDERSKIRTS, with deep flounce, trimmed with fine tucks, full size garments. Regular value 73c. 59c

100 LADIES' WHITE CAMERIC DRAWERS, made in full ladies' size, with fine tucks, and edged with lace. Regular value 35c. 24c

Men's Summer Clothes at July Sale Prices

200 MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S LIGHT GRAY TWEED AND DARK WORSTED TROUSERS, carefully cut and finished, splendid value for business wear. July Sale price \$1.89

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completely organized. Religious authority is divided between 34 Archbishops, bishops, vicars and apostolic prefects. There are 8 ecclesiastical provinces, 29 regularly constituted dioceses, 3 vicariates and 2 apostolic prefectures. This Church covers an immense territory, stretching from ocean to ocean, and where live almost three million Catholics of different races and tongues.

To sanctify the individual, the family and society, such is the noble design which has inspired these councils and which will be continued in the sight of God, in the calm of reflection, in the solitude of prayer and with sentiments of holy charity.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, STOMACH DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, URIC ACID, URIC ACID, URIC ACID.

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ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening.

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