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Vol. LVI. No. 7

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Shannon and Its Shrines.

Close by Castle Island, once the stronghold of the MacDermot, whose frowning fortress is still well preserved, is "Trinity Island," long associated with the religious history of Ireland, as the scene of a Columban monastery, and later the site of an Abbey of the Canons of St. Norbert. Here were written the famous "Annals of Lough Key." This important manuscript disappeared in 1592, and was considered one of Ireland's lost literary treasures till the year 1766, when by chance it was again brought to light. Its records commence with the year 1014, and are continued till the year 1590. The last Abbot of Trinity Island, Owen O'Malkerman, shared the fate of the Abbot of Boyle on the scaffold of Gallov's Green, Dublin, 1584. Not far from Boyle lies Kilronan, the last resting-place of Carolan, the last of the Irish bards.

The great waterway of Ireland becomes at Carrick-on-Shannon, somewhat contracted in its proportions, and assumes the characteristics of an inland river, by no means devoid of natural beauty. The flow of the Shannon at this point is slow, but the stream is of very considerable depth. To the right, as we descend from Carrick, lies the County Roscommon, and to the left the County Leitrim. On the riverside of the latter, about three miles distant from Carrick-on-Shannon, is situated Jamestown, formerly one of the fortified towns of the Shannon. Traces of its ramparts and fortifications, with an ancient gateway, still remain. The town is named from James I. of England, whose reign and that of his predecessor, it is needless to recall—have supplied many an forgotten chapter to the history of Connacht. Close by is Derryconny, remarkable as the Ford of the Shannon, where an engagement took place between James II. and William. A small grassy mound, still called "James's Heap," marks the spot, and, probably, too, tells the grave of many an Irishman who fell in the ranks of the hapless Stuart King.

A mile onward we pass the village Drumna, the natural attractions of the little hamlet being greatly increased by the woodlands of the fine demesne of Mount Campbell. This portion of the Shannon must prove a surprise to many, from the contrast it presents in its scenery with many other stretches of the river. In the distance, on either side, the prospect is closed by gently undulating hills, once, no doubt, clothed with forests, but which now give place to pasture lands, diversified here and there by patchwork spots of tillage. Although not the most northern Lough Bodarig may be called the upper lake of the Shannon.

It is entered about two miles below Drumna. Dromod lies to the left on the Elphin side. This and the adjoining lake, Lough Boffin, from the number of creeks and bays that indent their shores, and the wooded promontories and undulating character of the whole surroundings, form one of the most interesting and striking phases of the Shannon's scenery. The beautiful demesne of Derryconny at the connecting point between the lakes gives a great charm to the prospect from the extent and variety of its woodlands and plantations. Passing from Lough Boffin to Lough Forbes, the scene of bleakness becomes wilder. The environs of the river here gradually partake of the character of the canal scenery of Holland or Northern Belgium. The riversides are literally fringed with forests of reeds, which impart a strange feathery beauty when disturbed by the motion of the water or swept by the winds from across the brownish moorlands that spread away from either bank.

Lough Forbes, whilst one of the smaller lakes of the Shannon, is a splendid sheet of water. Its shores are exquisitely varied, the background of hills on every side being well planted and very picturesque in outline. Along the east bank extends the fine demesne of Castle Forbes, the residence of the Earl of Granard, adjacent to which is the manor-town of Newcastles. Just as many of our Irish lakes are connected with the legendary memories of some of our Irish patrons, Lough

Forbes is peculiarly associated with that of St. Barry. From the lake a view is obtained of the Seven Churches of Kilbarry, the monastic foundation of this Celtic saint. The oratory of St. Barry is most interesting, and dates from the sixth century; the termon or boundary mark of the monastic lands indicates by its distance from the Abbey how extensive were the possessions of this early monastery.

At Tarmonbarry, the river becomes very narrow and swift in its course, passing with great rapidity and violence beneath the bridge of Tarmonbarry, again pursuing its winding way through sedged banks till Lanesborough is reached. These desolate plains, of which a more extensive view is obtained from some of the heights upon either side, were in ancient times clothed with forests of oak and pine. Several feet below the surface trunks and roots of these trees of immense growth are still discovered. Frequently stray bones or even entire skeletons of the mammoth elk are here found, a species of mammalia long since extinct.

Leaving Lanesborough, we traverse Lough Ree, "the Lake of Kings," before we reach Athlone, the most important station of the Upper Shannon. The entire length of this lake is 15 miles. Lough Ree is one of the most interesting of the Irish lakes. Of the twenty-seven islands scattered over its bosom, there are several closely bound up with the military and religious history of the country. It is the central point of Ireland, dividing the ancient Kingdoms of Meath and Connacht, and when we think of the eventful days of old, we can easily conjecture how many thrilling episodes took place on the banks of Lough Ree. The annals of the Shannon rival the story of the Rhine. It, too, was the border river—the Rubicon—across whose waters envious looks of greed and vengeance were often cast, and whose banks were too often made the theatre of those deadly conflicts which blot the pages of our history.

Of the chief Kingdoms of Ireland, two principalities converged here. On the Leinster bank was the Princedom of Teffa, where the Foxes and the O'Breens held sway. Opposite, on the Connacht shore, lay the Princedom of Hymany, extending from Roscommon to Athlone, usually called the O'Kelly country. The promontory of Rinduin, on which stood the Castle, Priory and fortifications of St. John's, is one of the most striking points of interest on Lough Ree. A causeway connects it with the mainland. In Celtic times a monastic establishment was founded here, called "St. John's House," which was superseded by a Norman Priory and Castle of the military Order of the Cross Bearers during the thirteenth century.

Iniscleraun, commonly styled "Quaker Island," is still older in the way of memories. This was the home of the Boadicea of Connacht—Queen Maeve—of poetic and prehistoric fame. In the after days of Christianity the island became the home of St. Diarmid, the preceptor of St. Kiernan, of Clonmacnoise. As was wont with the saints of those times, he built seven churches on his Island Settlement, the ruins of which may still be seen.

Inisbofin Island has a specially Irish interest. Its monastery was founded by St. Riach, nephew of St. Patrick. He is said to have been the great Apostle's secretary. His lifetime carries us back to 450. This must, therefore, have been the site of the first Irish monastery, and the parent house of the hundreds of those which afterwards became so famous as to merit for Ireland the title of "Islands of Saints and Scholars."

A mile nearer to the Longford shore is the Island of All Saints, where the "Annals of All Saints" were written. This remarkable spot continued to be a home of religious down to the seventeenth century. It was last occupied by a community of nuns well remembered in Ireland's chequered story—the "Poor Clares." The largest island enclosed in the waters of Lough Ree is called Inis-Aingin, or Inis-Hare Island. On it, we are told, St. Kiernan, erected his first church and cell before he proceeded to found his celebrated monastery, Clonmacnoise.

To touch on the history of the numerous islands that stud Lough Ree would involve a task too vast for our purpose.

With the student of Celtic lore, the name of each will in itself furnish a key to many incidental gleanings of Irish history. In the story of almost every one of them, as well as a religious moral, there is some tragic or romantic episode to be found, bespeaking the "tears and smiles" which characterize our national annals from first to last. The view from Roscommon shore gives the most favorable impression of Lough Ree. To the north arises the mountain of Slieve Bawn, northeast the Iron Mountain, while the Curlew range pencils the far horizon in striking and varied outlines. The Keeper Hills and the peaks of the Slieve Bloom Mountains close the prospect on the south. Much of the immediate surroundings of the lake are finely wooded, especially on the Leinster shore, where the undulating character of the scenery is excessively charming in its effects.

Athlone, in addition to its topographical fame as the centre of Ireland, has many other interesting associations connected with it. The origin of its name takes us back to a remote period in our national history. It is told that in the days of Conn of the Hundred Battles, who flourished about the year 130, a house of entertainment—or "Tyosda," as it was called—was kept close by a ford on the River Shannon, whose waters are now spanned by the Bridge of Athlone. The hospitable proprietor's name was Luan, which, being familiarly coupled with the Celtic word "Ath," meaning ford, gave rise to the name of the place, Athlone, or "The Ford of Luan." From the position of Athlone, as guarding the pass between two divisional Kingdoms of Ireland—Leinster and Connacht—it was from memorial times a point of military defence. The original fortress was, no doubt, a Dun or Cathair of earthwork disposed in the manner of so many of those forts to be met with in Ireland. The importance of Athlone at a very early period made it the centre of many religious foundations, around which a population quickly gathered and built their homes. The present Athlone, like so many of our Irish cities and towns, owes its origin to the monasteries whose sites lay on its river banks.

Fidelity to Mass Under Difficuly

In the "God's acre" of a small town in the Midlands, England, are the graves side by side of a brother and sister. Owing to circumstances which they could not change, they had lived seven miles from a church, and yet never had been absent from Sunday Mass. From childhood to old age, summer and winter alike, had they gladly tramped, every Sunday morning, their 14 miles, seven in and seven out, to hear Holy Mass. Moreover, every first Sunday of the month they walked in fasting, so as to go to Holy Communion; nor did they break their fast till half way back on the road home, when sitting down beside a spring, they would eat the bread they had brought with them from home, and drink from the bubbling spring. A few hundred yards from their halting place was a Protestant nobleman's house; and they always prayed as they passed it, for the conversion of the family to the Catholic faith. The years came and went, and the answer to the prayers came, as come it always will to prayer. The aged couple, brother and sister, have gone to their reward; the once Protestant nobleman's family is now Catholic, and a beautiful Catholic Church has been built within a stone's throw of the spot where the good Catholic old man and woman were wont to break their fast after Holy Communion.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Davitt's Last Letter.

The following is Michael Davitt's last letter to the Melbourne Advocate, Australia:

Aalkey, Ireland, April 3, 1906.

Practically speaking, Ireland may be said to enjoy at present an atmosphere of unruffled calm. There are neither angry words above nor troublesome currents below the surface of our existence. In one respect at least this is a satisfactory condition of things. It offers both the new Government and the Irish Parliamentary Party a most useful, because necessary, opportunity for thinking and planning out what is best to be done, and how best to do it, in the fulfilment of those promises of needed reform in administration, and in other matters which are to be preliminary to "the greater reform" which the country has been led to believe is in the contemplation of the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry to carry out when "an opportune occasion" arises.

Possibly some of your readers may be tempted to say that situations like this have arisen in Ireland before, and have passed away without the realization of the National hopes which helped to create the popular quietude of the period. That is true; and there are many among us here at home who think, from the lessons of past experience, that a condition of things less satisfactory to our rulers, and more troublesome politically, would constitute the large expediency, and be more helpful in the task of bridging them to a sense of their obligations. But, be that as it may, this is how we stand at the present juncture.

THE DEFEAT OF THE BALFOUR GOVERNMENT.

The country appears to think that we have some compensation for our peaceful disposition just now in the overwhelming defeat of the anti-Home Rule Unionists at the recent general election, this feeling arising, doubtless, from the reflection that the overthrow of an enemy is the likely prelude to the enjoyment of the fruits of the victory gained in making him bite the dust of defeat.

We are yet in some doubt as to what the promised preliminary reforms in administration are to be. Inquiries are, it is said, being made into the working of various Castle Boards, while an urgent investigation into the machinery and labors of the Agricultural Department of Ireland is actually proceeding by way of special commission. All this may lead to something serviceable to the country; but this by no means follows as a necessary consequence of the search after facts, figures, extravagances, and abuses known to be lurking behind the officialdom of the anti-Irish bureau on Cork Hill, Dublin. We have had Commissions and inquiries galore in the past, and it invariably happened that the "practical" results therefrom were, in fact, no results at all.

James Bryce, our new chief secretary, may, however, be unlike his predecessors, Tory and Liberal, in his official temperament and resolution. He is an able man in every sense, full of ripened experience in public life; a warm sympathizer with racial Nationalism everywhere; a progressive reformer; a writer and an authority of acknowledged eminence on international systems, and a fearless and outspoken Home Ruler. He is also of the Celtic stock, a mixture of the Scottish and Irish brands, and as well informed upon Irish problems and Ireland's history as any man in public life. All these are qualities and equipments which ought to go to the making of an efficient ruler. There are, however, as we know, limitations to the accomplishments of the most gifted of politicians. It sometimes happens, and not infrequently, that a preponderance of excellent qualities in some statesmen only tends to render all the more conspicuous the want of some one capacity which might outweigh them all in the trying ordeal of administrative responsibility.

The Irish Chief Secretaryship is the first post of Cabinet responsibility

A Tonic - Laxative.

Abbey's Effer-Salt

Nature's remedy for tired, fagged-out, run-down man or woman. It cleanses the stomach, quickens the liver's action and leaves no astringent after effects.

which Mr. Bryce has yet held, despite his long lease of public life, and, as is well known, it is probably the most arduous and exacting position within the whole range of British Ministerial duties. He has, therefore, to win his spurs as a ruler in a post which has been the ruin, or unmaking, of the reputations of many gifted and ambitious statesmen, and he certainly sets out on this hazardous path with the good wishes of all his friends and of many of his political opponents who know and admire his many most admirable qualities.

His Under-Secretary, or, rather, the Under-Secretary to the Castle system of Irish government, is now the well-known Sir Antony MacDonnell. In one respect this famous official is the exact reverse of Mr. Bryce. He has never been a politician. His whole life has been spent in India, where he earned the reputation of being a most able and successful administrator. He may be said to be one among the best men that have passed through one of the worst possible schools for the training of ruling statesmen—the arbitrary and anti-constitutional system of official autocracy known as "the model" government of India by England. It is a system the antithesis of popular or democratic rule. Every Governor, or Deputy-Governor is necessarily a despot, armed with powers which owe no explanation or ultimate responsibility in their exercise to the people governed. Despotisms are not all alike, it is true. There are good, bad and indifferent samples of the article, as in other systems; but they are, from the point of view of just and national rule, all bad alike, the "good" being, paradoxically, probably the worst of the species.

SIR ANTONY MACDONNELL.

Sir Antony is a Catholic and a Mayo man. He is, I believe, a Liberal, but I am not aware of his ever having declared himself a Home Ruler. The general opinion prevalent as to his views and plans about Ireland credits him with being ambitious to render some useful and conspicuous service to his native country, as a rounding off addition to the fame of his Indian official career. His appointment to the Under Secretaryship was the work of the late Unionist Government, on the suggestion, it is said, of King Edward. This may be fact or fiction. Rumor has repeatedly asserted it, and many gullible Nationalists have been induced thereby to jump to the very ridiculous conclusions as to the "promise" thus "conveyed" to the people of Ireland that Home Rule was "on the way." Of course, it is, on the way. But unless it comes from other motives and through other causes than those of an alleged Royal favor, and of Sir Antony MacDonnell's labors or zeal, no person living in Ireland to-day will ever witness its arrival.

I have no intention or wish to be unfair to the Under Secretary, nor to create any prejudice against his name or motives by written or spoken word. I believe him to be sincere, well-meaning, and earnest in a desire to benefit Ireland according to his lights and ideas; but I am convinced that his appointment to his present post by George Wyndham and Arthur Balfour was made for the purpose of defeating Home Rule. The notorious Wyndham-MacDonnell policy and programme of 1904-5 had no other political object than this, and though these Unionist enemies have gone, and most of their political projects have been frustrated, the policy and purpose associated with the names of the late Chief Secretary and of the present Under Secretary are left behind as a sinister legacy in the person of Sir Antony MacDonnell, and in the increased power and prestige attached to his name and position through the revelations

THE WYNDHAM MACDONNELL POLICY.

This Wyndham-MacDonnell policy was one of political subterfuge, an expedient peculiar to all systems of government which proceed upon the plan and principle of withholding as long as possible, and by every available means, a reform which must necessarily substitute, when it comes national for alien rule. Gerald Balfour named a similar plan as that of "killing Home Rule with kindness." Sir Antony MacDonnell might slightly amend this political nomenclature by calling it "the killing of Irish National Government with Catholics and gifts." The Under Secretary plan, according to a widespread belief, consists mainly of a desire to fill the posts of Castle Government with men who will represent the Catholic faith of Ireland in their religious convictions, in the belief that such a recognition of a creed so long banned and officially boycotted by English rulers, in a Catholic country, will gradually reconcile popular feeling and sentiment to the amended laws and administration of these rulers. Other and more useful reforms are included in this plan, such as a reform of primary and University education, a co-ordination of Castle Boards, and the creation of some Irish control over the expenditure of our taxes on the public service and needs of the country.

Rumor declares, with persistency too, that Sir Antony and his scheme hold the field at the present time against Mr. Bryce and his pronounced pro-National and Home Rule declarations and wishes. We are, therefore, anxious and expectant as to the actual truth of the statements which affirm this to be the case. The developments that may follow, while, perhaps, not wholly injurious to our National cause and hopes, are sure to add to the ever-varying interests and complexities of what is known to the world of Australasia as the Irish question.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

P.S.—I hope my friends among "Advocate" readers will pardon my long silence in a correspondence that has continued—with occasional breaks—during 23 years. Having just completed my 60th year, I cannot expect to continue what has been, to me, an agreeable means of intercourse for a further quarter of a century. But as long as my old friend Joseph Winter requests these letters, the talks about Ireland to her friends at the Antipodes will go on.—M. D.

Distinguished Sulpician Dies After Operation.

Very Rev. Daniel Maher, one of the most distinguished members of the Order of St. Sulpice in the United States, and until recently president of the St. John's (Boston) Ecclesiastical Seminary, is dead after an operation for brain tumor.

About three weeks ago Father Maher, who was affected with a tumor on the brain, was operated on by Dr. Harvey Cushing, assisted by the hospital staff. The patient had suffered intensely from headaches, which were relieved.

Father Maher was well known in Baltimore, being at one time a teacher of theology and philosophy at St. Mary's Seminary. He was a native of Altoona, Pa., and received his preliminary education at St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, and later attended the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris. He afterwards received the degree of doctor of philosophy at the American College in Rome.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

There are many influences that go into the structure of a great nation, not the least of which is the quiet, unselfish mother-love. It is like the rains that fall on some fields far away from busy cities and throbbing industries and coaxes the sown grain to golden harvest. It is like the orchards that blossom and bear their luscious fruits in the valleys and hillslopes where they grow unseen except by an occasional traveller or strolling hunter. It is like the fountain that springs by the roadside where every wayfarer may find a blessing, a fountain that augments not merely the stream in the valley, but provides unfailing refreshment where both man and beast may slake their thirst and go on their way. The mothers who in quiet neighborhoods, unspoiled by the world, rear their families and send their boys and girls out into life imbued with truth, with honesty, with unselfishness and something of their own pure lives and their own serene faith, are among the best and mightiest forces of a nation. Such homes as those they dwell in are the places where God comes to train his own.

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MISDIRECTED ENERGY.

Frances, a girl of thirteen, was destined by her mother to be a fine musician. While still a little child she was taught to read the notes and her tiny fingers were placed on the keyboard. Year in and year out the child was obliged to practice, and she acquired a measured amount of skill, but her playing was wooden and spiritless. In despair her mother said to her, "What do you expect to be when you are grown-up?" The girl sighed, "When I am grown up, mother, if I have a house of my own the first thing I shall do will be to order the piano chopped up for kindling wood. I want to be a doctor."

As time passed musical studies were dropped, and duly Frances went to the medical college. At last she was allowed liberty to grow in her own proper direction. She is a successful physician, treating nervous disorders with rare sympathy and understanding.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Woman's Home Companion.

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HIGHER IDEALS FOR CATHOLIC WOMEN.

"A glance through the fashion papers which of late years have become so numerous that one wonders how they all find readers—is it the fashion paper keeps up the fashions, or vice versa?—is enough to deter

all but the most courageous of men from venturing on matrimony. The pages and pages of advertisements alone, of racing gowns and 'Bridge' gowns and ball gowns, of hats and corsets, coats and lingerie of the daintiest and expensive and most perishable sorts, not to mention other less straightforward aids to beauty, such as powders and hair dyes, transformations and 'toupets,' and various similar secrets of the feminine toilet—are they not enough to stamp the entire sex with the marks of frivolity and extravagance, of vanity and deception and insincerity, with which some woman-haters like to brand them. Reading these same fashion-papers, one begins to realize the wisdom of those old laws which forbade the use of certain fine textures and colorings to all save those of the most exalted rank.

"Would it not be well if we (women) could make up our minds to forego these useless accessories; to adopt a sensible every-day costume or uniform for working hours at least? It need not necessarily be an ugly one, any more than the dress of the typical dairymaid, or the hooded cloak and short petticoats of the Connemara peasant is ugly. It would at least relieve our bodies from the wearing incubus of this modern over-dressing; it would free our minds from the hopeless and useless problem of trying to follow the fashions, and would give us more time and more money to spend on better and wiser things."—Mrs. Nora T. O'Mahoney, in the Sydney Catholic Press.

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THE NECK AND ARMS.

Get the idea into your head that bones are beautiful and you won't mind thin arms and a "swanlike" neck, even though it be over swanlike. Fat never yet made any woman beautiful. It is the way your bones grow and the way you carry your bones that give you a good figure. Because your arms are thin is no reason why you should hide them. God never yet made any woman without bones, so they must be all right. You can get the thin arms fleshened up a little by anointing with lanolin or cocoa butter. The same treatment will do for a thin neck. Vocal culture and cold baths will help.

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FRUITS INSTEAD OF DRUGS.

The remedial properties of berries, all of which are of great value in different diseases, may be preserved through the home manufacture of cordials, shrubs, vinegars, etc., and by drying, in which they are to be steeped, strained, and the water used as needed. Cherries, greengage plums, peaches and apricots share in this value with the berries. Grapes are second only to figs for use in diseases which arise from a torpid or congested state of the intestines.

Health depends so largely upon the regularity of the functions of the bowels that attention to them is of the utmost importance. An excellent preparation is an effusion by steeping one ounce of senna in a pint of boiling water; select one pound of plump, dried figs, and, having placed them in a layer in an earthen dish, pour over them the well steeped and strained senna tea. Place this in a moderate oven and allow them to remain until the fruit has entirely absorbed the liquid. Put this in a closed jar, and for use, one fig eaten on retiring is a dose for any case of constipation. Pineapple, while of especial worth in some diseases when taken with other food, should never be eaten alone, as falling anything else to work upon, its acids attack the lining of the stomach itself. It is claimed that it has an especial value in certain forms of dyspepsia and in diphtheria as its juices will cut away mucus that nothing else can remove.

All fruits, however, do not affect all persons alike. One should seek to know what is suitable in his own case, and not eat fruits merely because somebody has told him "it is good for him." Owing frequently to idiosyncrasies, as well as to certain physical conditions, fruits are often the worst thing that one can eat. Each person must be "a law unto himself," in this matter.—New York Freeman's Journal.

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THE WOODWORK.

Enamel finishes require to be well washed in clean warm water, using the mefest suspicion of soap or scouring sand upon dirty or grimy spots. Afterward they must be rubbed with flannel brisk enough to make them extremely hot. This develops luster in them quite as it does in hardware.

Grained and varnished imitations of hardwood are best cleaned with borax soapsuds, never letting water touch them, but rubbing well with cloths wrung dry. Afterward they should be rubbed with a flannel barely moistened with kerosene. If there is too much kerosene it will dissolve and blur the colors. Clean hardwood with a flannel wet in turpentine and rub afterwards lightly with boiled linseed oil. Take off spots with fine sand mixed in oil. Apply it with a leather and rub with clean leather afterward to bring back the polish.

Once in two or three years hardwood ought to be well washed in borax soap suds, then rubbed dry, lightly oiled and rubbed with leather polishers until the surface burns the hand.

It cannot be said too forcibly nor too often that in every kind of cleaning the first thing is to brush or wipe away every particle of loose dirt.

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TIMELY HINTS.

Oil painted walls must be washed with soap and water, using a soft flannel cloth, care being taken to wring it out well before using. Use cold water to finish, and dry with a soft linen cloth.

To clean tapestry covered furniture, first brush thoroughly; then add a tablespoonful of ammonia to a quart of water. Wring a cloth out of this, and sponge thoroughly rinsing and turning the cloth as it gets dirty, changing the water when necessary. This freshens and brightens it wonderfully.

Bronze may be renovated and re-colored thus: Mix one part of muriatic acid and two parts of water. Free the article from all grease and dust and apply the mixture with a cloth. When dry, polish with sweet oil.

For distressingly red hands apply equal parts of glycerin, lemon juice and rose water nightly under gloves. Daily applications of lemon juice produce a whitening effect.

Keep candles on ice at least twenty-four hours before burning. They will burn much more evenly and slowly with this treatment.

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RECIPES.

Strawberry Jam—Take equal weights of berries and sugar. Mash the berries well in a preserving kettle, heating slowly for half an hour; then add the sugar and boil twenty minutes, stirring frequently and skimming.

Strawberry Sauce for Baked Pudding.—Cream together half a cupful of butter and one and one-half cupful of powdered sugar; then add the yolks of one egg and a cupful of crushed berries just at serving time.

Fruit Salad.—Put strawberries and small pieces of pineapple in alternate layers in a glass dish. Pour over them a little sherry wine, or, if you

prefer, the strained juice of two oranges or lemons. Serve with sponge cake.

Fruit Punch.—Into each glass put three or four sliced strawberries, squeeze over them the juice of one orange, add a few slices of banana and a little pineapple, also a few cherries if you have them. When the punch is served add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and two tablespoonfuls of shaved ice.

Strawberries and Toast.—Cut some slices of stale bread very thin and toast them a light brown, butter quite thick, and line the bottom and sides of a pudding dish with them. Fill the dish with strawberries as full as it will hold and sift plenty of sugar through and over them. Set this in the oven for about half an hour. Serve very cold with rich cream.

FUNNY SAYINGS

GALLANT.

It is reasonably safe to assume from a story in the New York Tribune that the late Henry Harland, the novelist, was seldom kept after school in his boyhood. Among Harland's early teachers was a charming young lady, who called him up in class one morning and said to him: "Henry, name some of the chief beauties of education."

"Schoolmistresses," the boy answered, smiling into the teacher's pretty eyes.

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It is still the custom in some of the Scottish county churches for the minister to bow to the laird before he begins his discourse. On one occasion in a certain church the laird was not present, but his wife, accompanied by her daughters, occupied the usual pew. Either from forgetfulness or deliberate design, because of the laird's absence, the minister omitted the usual salaam. When they next met, the laird's eldest daughter, who was famous for her good looks, rallied the minister for not bowing to the ladies. The reply was admirable. "Your ladyship forgets," he said, "that the worship of angels is not permitted by the Scottish Church."

Clara—Did you ever know a forger to come over here and take this country as he found it?
Clarence—Sure. What's the matter with Columbus?

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AN ERROR ON THE STAGE.

The late Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran actress, was telling some of her experiences. Once, at a reception in Chicago, she said:

"One of my earliest speaking parts was played here in your city, and I was very nervous. I was so nervous, in fact, that on the first night I made an error that nearly ruined the performance."

"I had a small part, the part of an old nurse. There was a dying king, a villain, and a band of music in the piece, and the band of music was supposed to be very fine. The queen's life, indeed, was to come near being ruined through the strange, sweet seductiveness of this band. Nothing but compliments and flatteries of the band were to be heard on every side."

"Well, in the third act, while the band was playing its best, I had to rush on and cry:

"Stop the music. The king is dead."

"What I did in my nervousness was to rush on and cry:

"Stop the music. It has killed the king."

++ ++ ++

THE ASYLUM CRITIC.

Jan Kubelik, the violinist, like most of the musical "virtuosos," affects long hair. This led to a misunderstanding once, according to an anecdote printed in the New York Times.

"I was asked to play before the inmates of an insane asylum by an alienist," said Kubelik, "the doctor believing that music was a fine medicine for unbalanced minds. I accordingly accompanied him to the institution, where he introduced me, and said I would favor my hearers with something gay and happy."

"I hadn't intended to do this, but following his suggestion I played a brilliant Slav composition, which I hoped would be joyous enough. The crazy folks were all seated about the platform in chairs and seemed to be intensely interested. As I finished, a very pretty young woman rose and beckoned to me. I thought, artist-like, that she wanted an encore, and so said to the doctor:

"Ask her what she desires."

THE POET'S CORNER

THE PENITENT.

"E la sua volontade e nostra pace."—Dante.

O restless soul of man, unsatisfied
With the world's empty noise and
feverish glare,
Sick with its hopes of happiness denied,
The dust and ashes of its promise fair;

Baffled and buffeted, thy days perplexed,
Thy cherished treasures profitless and vain,
What comfort hast thou, captive,
thwarted, vexed,
Mocked by mirage of joys, that merge in pain?

Though love be sweet, yet death is strogg and still
Inexorable change will follow thee;
Yea, though thou vanquish every mortal ill,
Thou shalt not conquer mutability!

The human tide goes rushing down to death;
Turn thou a moment from its current broad,
And listen: 'What is this silence saith
O soul? 'Be still, and know that I am God!'

The mighty God! Here shalt thou find thy rest,
O weary one! There is naught else to know,
Naught else to see—here thou mayst cease thy quest,
Give thyself up. He leads where thou shalt go.

The changeless God! Into thy troubled life
Steals strange, sweet peace; the pride that drove thee on,
The hot ambition and the selfish strife
That made thy misery, like the mist are gone;

And in their place a bliss beyond all speech;
The patient resignation of the will
That lifts thee out of bondage, out of reach
Of death, of change, of every earthly ill.

I see that altar lamp is burning yet
Just as in years gone by,
I see the Crucifix of silver gleaming
Above the lamp's unwearied beaming,
Waiting for me.

All is the same—'tis I alone am changed
By care and sin.
Oh, from the bitter ways of wrong and strife,
From the dark memories of a wasted life—
Lord let Thy pilgrim in!

A holy calm through my unquiet soul
Comes gently stealing.
I have come back, oh Great Un-changing One!
With darkness past—and a new life begun
Where I am kneeling.

"He rose to his feet and was about to question her, when she exclaimed:
"To think of the likes of me being in here, and he being at large in the world!"
"That was the last time I ever played in an insane asylum."

WISE CHICKS.

"Do you know why the chickens came out of the eggs, Bobbie?"
"I guess they knew they'd get boiled if they stayed in."—Harper's Bazar.

Wasting Brain and Nerve Force

And Undermining Health by Useless Worry—New Vitality obtained by using

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Brain and nerve force is squandered in a way which would be utterly condemned in the use of money. And of what value is money as compared with health?
By useless fretting and worry, by overwork, and by neglecting to take proper nourishment, rest and sleep, strength and vitality are frittered

Kneeling in hope before Thy blessed shrine!

In hope—at length.
And with the rain of sad, remorseful tears
I wash away the burden of past years
And pray for strength!

Strength to be faithful to the very end—
Thy grateful, loving slave forevermore to be.
And so beneath Thy feet my heart I lay—
In night or morning, life or death, I pray
Thy holy will be done in me alway,
Through all the ages of eternity.
—Selected.

THE VOICES.

Out of red twilight worlds
Come shining Presences on vast swift wings—
Out of far sundown realms where cities flash,
Inhabited by kings.

Out of deep twilight worlds
Come radiant Songs and crystal Melodies.
And awful Splendors winging thro' gray dusks
Ascending from dim seas.

Far in red twilight worlds
Great Voices speak in utterance strong and broad,
And Living Thunders, clothed in flame, fall down
At the white feet of God.

Sail fast, sail fast, my bark,
And bear my soul across the sun-down reach!
So I may find the Voices calling me,
And learn the Splendors speech.
—Charles J. O'Malley, in Syracuse Sun.

THE PITY OF IT!

How blind to crush the best that we may feel!
To be ashamed to show our brightest side,
To let affection's golden stream congeal
Beneath the mask of our conventional pride!

We scarcely veil the face of selfishness;
Seldom we blush at our ungracious speech;
We lightly touch the hand that we should press
And turn from those who our kind thought beseech.

And if we meet two friends with hearts aglow,
Who on each other look with tender eyes,
Or interchange of loving words bestowed,
Our cold disdain we oft would not disguise.

Thus do we to ourselves delight deny
And Love's unwritten law in scorn repeal,
Stiffing our soul's deep protest that would cry:
"How blind to crush the best that we may feel!"
—William Struthers, in Boston Transcript.

... FOR ...
Diarrhoea, Dysentery,
Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera
Morbus, Cholera Infantum,
Seasickness,
Summer Complaint,
and all Looseness of the Bowels in
Children or Adults.
DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
Wild Strawberry
is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.
Mrs. GEORGE N. HARVEY, Rosemeath, Ont., writes:
"I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best medicine I have ever used for Diarrhoea and all summer complaints. I always keep it in the house and praise it highly to all my friends."

OUR

BY

Dear Girls and Boys:
Though vacation weather very warm, have not been neglected and nephews. Berry general topic, which long to be out with McC. wonders where are who used to write ly. She is a very young girl, and quite under letters are lacking in must be busy. Why, will take Fred McC. cle. I will always m if I will need to pu page. Fred intends to boy helping with the Annie O.N. seems to happy birthday and membered by her papa I feel certain all the in wishing her many Harry O.N. is a prett think, for his eight y the second book and ing the horses with h so pleased to read th is going to continue Well, it is a long tim T. wrote to me, but letter partly makes up has a lovely time dur to Quebec. Joseph sp haying season commen pose he will have to help. With best wis happy vacation to a friends,
Your loving
AUN

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is such a long time to you that I thought again. I am going of Quebec to see my gran- ties and uncle, so that write to you before I g says that she will sen Witness, and then I v letter in print. Papa home a dear little pu day. I call him "Gy have such fun playing is spotted brown and down to Dominion Pa mamma and my sister The electric lights at there are thirty thous went on the Scenic R you cannot imagine ho was, but papa had his me. We went on Old Chutes, and many oth it started to rain so v home. The next nigh Riverside Park: It is but nothing like Domi Well, Aunt Becky, a getting long. I think Hoping to see my lett
Your loving
Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

How quickly the time it is time to write ag much news, only some h ed haying. Papa will if it is fine. Two o from the States are co week to spend vacatio One of them I have ne has not been here fo The other one was her One is a trained nurse, school teacher. Of co expect to have much f for they are grown up shall be glad to see the ting near bed time, I say good night,
Your neph
Granby, July 18.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As berry picking ti and as it is very busy, sent, I cannot write a but hope to find a lit week. My sister and I berries Wednesday even about three quarts. T ing to be quite plenti This is the first week of what a lovely week it did not rain any only ternoon, but it did no men from working. T Sunday-school last Sun ter and I went visiti We had a lovely tim like rain when we wa

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Though vacation is on and the weather very warm, I must say I have not been neglected by my nieces and nephews. Berry picking is the general topic, which just makes me long to be out with you. Agnes McC. wonders where all the cousins are who used to write to us regularly. She is a very reasonable little girl, and quite understands when my letters are lacking in interest that I must be busy. Why, by all means I will take Fred McC. into the circle. I will always make room, even if I will need to put on an extra page. Fred intends to be a busy boy helping with the farm work. Annie O.N. seems to have spent a happy birthday and was kindly remembered by her papa and mamma. I feel certain all the cousins join me in wishing her many happy returns. Harry O.N. is a pretty smart boy, I think, for his eight years. He is in the second book and speaks of driving the horses with his papa. I am so pleased to read that Annie E. M. is going to continue writing to us. Well, it is a long time since Ethel T. wrote to me, but the nice long letter partly makes up. I hope she has a lovely time during her visit to Quebec. Joseph speaks of the hay season commencing. I suppose he will have to give a little help. With best wishes for a very happy vacation to all my little friends,

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is such a long time since I wrote to you that I thought I would write again. I am going on a trip to Quebec to see my grandma and aunts and uncle, so that I wanted to write to you before I go, for mamma says that she will send me the True Witness, and then I will see my letter in print. Papa brought me home a dear little pup last Tuesday. I call him "Gypsy," and I have such fun playing with him; he is spotted brown and white. I was down to Dominion Park with papa, mamma and my sister and brother. The electric lights are just lovely; there are thirty thousand lights. We went on the Scenic Railway. Oh! you cannot imagine how frightened I was, but papa had his arms around me. We went on Old Mill stream, Chutes, and many other things, but it started to rain so we had to go home. The next night we went to Riverside Park. It is very nice, but nothing like Dominion Park. Well, Aunt Becky, as my letter is getting long, I think I will close. Hoping to see my letter in print,

Your loving niece, ETHEL T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky:

How quickly the time passes. Here it is time to write again and not much news, only some have commenced haying. Papa will begin Monday if it is fine. Two of my cousins from the States are coming up next week to spend vacation with us. One of them I have never seen. She has not been here for nine years. The other one was here last summer. One is a trained nurse, the other is a school teacher. Of course I do not expect to have much fun with them for they are grown up ladies, but I shall be glad to see them. It is getting near bed time, I will have to say good night.

Your nephew, JOSEPH. Granby, July 13.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As berry picking time has come, and as it is very busy right at present, I cannot write much this week but hope to find a little more next week. My sister and I were picking berries Wednesday evening. We got about three quarts. They are going to be quite plentiful this year. This is the first week of harvest, and what a lovely week it has been. It did not rain any only Tuesday afternoon, but it did not prevent the men from working. There was no Sunday-school last Sunday. My sister and I went visiting to our uncle's. We had a lovely time. It looked like rain when we were there, so we

had to hurry home for fear of getting wet. We just got home about half an hour before it rained. I had to look for the turkeys then. I could not find them, so they had to stay out all night. I wonder what is the matter with my other cousins that they don't write to you more regularly. I suppose, dear Auntie, you are so busy that you cannot write to us, but we love you the same. Well dear auntie, as I have no more to tell you this time. Love to dear cousins and Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, July 13.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Will you take me as one of your nephews? I would like to be one of them. School closed on the 29th of June, and I am glad, because we will have more time to play. The hay is pretty good here now. The men will soon be cutting it down, then we will have to work hard. We won't get much time to play. It is raining very heavy at present. I am ten years old and in the third grade. I made my first Communion two years ago and was confirmed last year. The Bishop comes around every three years. He will be here again the year after next. My brother expects to be confirmed when he comes around again. He was going to make his first Communion this year, but the priest said he was too young. Since this is my first letter I will close. Good bye.

Your loving nephew, FRED. McC. Mayo, Que., July 9.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As Tuesday was my birthday I thought I would write and tell you what fun I had. My cousin Loretta, Doyle was at our place all day. We played hide and seek and ball and had lots of fun. My papa gave me a prayer book and mamma gave me a new dress for my birthday presents. My sister and mother and I went picking berries. We got about five quarts. There are not many blackberries ripe just at present. I think the berries will be good this year. I think when we are home from school the time goes by more quickly than when we are at school. It is a busy time just now with the farmers cutting their hay. It will soon be time for the men to cut the grain. I like to see the binder work. There was a very sad death occurred in Deseronto the other day. An old gentleman went into a hardware store. The cellar door was open and he fell down backwards. He was so badly hurt he only lived an hour. There is no doubt his home was a sad one that night. He leaves a wife and family to mourn their loss. Well, Auntie, as we are so busy these days picking berries, I guess I will say good-bye for this time. Love from all to all and yourself.

Your loving niece, ANNIE O.N. Lonsdale, July 13.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I take so much pleasure in listening to the other little boys and girls' letters, I thought I would try and write also. I got in the second book at holidays. I am eight years old. I like when it is holidays, for I can drive the horses with my papa. As I am only a child I guess I will say good-bye.

Your loving nephew, HARRY O.N. Lonsdale, July 13.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I was so well pleased to see my letter in print last week that I am going to continue writing. I am still visiting my aunt at Read, but I intend returning home Saturday, as there is so much work to be done it would be a profound absurdity for my sister to think of undertaking to do it all without my assistance. I spent one week with my aunt in Marysville and had a very enjoyable time. I was out picking berries today, and although it was rather warm I got enough to make a pie for dinner. The berries are not ripening very quickly. My cousins are working at the hay. They go to another farm about a mile away and my cousin Annie and I drive out every day with their dinner. I have just returned from one of our drives. Do you expect long letters

during the holidays. Aunt Becky? I'm afraid some of the cousins will be having such good times they will forget to write to their Auntie. Good-bye.

Your loving niece, ANNIE E. M. Stoco, July 12, 1906.

GRANDPA'S CHILDHOOD.

If I were a boy, I'd like the pockets of my coat lined with marbles, jackrocks, twine and knife and ball. Want a yellow dog or two, and a spotted goat. And a dandy cart to drive in—that would be the best of all. Drive out to an apple tree, the big one on the road. Eat up all I wanted, then I fetch me home a load. Swap some for tobacco tags, like "Peach" and "Golden Joy"—"Grandpa," put in Tommy, "spect you must er been a boy!"

THE GOLD STAR.

Herman was bending over his desk, although school would not be called to order for nearly half an hour. Some of the children were grouped together in one corner of the room and others were at their lessons. As Kenneth Gilmore went to his desk across the aisle from Herman, he said in a jocular manner, "Say, Hermie, the sun is shining on your knee."

The patch in Herman's faded brown trousers was several shades brighter than the garment into which it had been set, which produced the sunny effect, and that was not the only place that Herman's trousers were patched.

His face turned red at the taunt of the largest boy in school, he put his knee farther under his desk and went on with his work. He knew that he must work diligently and made the best of his educational advantages, for he felt that his time in school would be short, although he was only twelve years old.

When Miss Fox called the children to order, with the tap of the small bell upon her desk, they were all eager to know who had won the gold star for the month. Norma Wilson was the only favored one that morning. She was one of half a dozen girls who always received the highest marks in the school. At recess she said to Herman, "You see you did not get the gold star after all!"

In utter astonishment the boy answered, "I didn't expect to get it!" "Oh, you didn't?" said Norma, laughingly. "Well, you tried hard enough, and now you try to make believe you don't care."

Herman's astonishment was becoming mingled with indignation as he retorted, "Why, Norma, I never thought of getting the star and never tried for it. I got ninety-five without studying extra hard. But since you act so smart about it, I'll tell you one thing, you'll never get the star again."

"I'd like to know what you have to do with it?" "I have just this much to do with it, I didn't work extra hard before, but now I will, and I'll show you that I can have my lessons perfect."

True to his word, Herman applied himself to his studies more intently than ever, and at the end of another month stood higher than any one in his class, he being the only one who had reached the one hundred mark.

It was evident that Miss Fox was not satisfied when she read the report. After going through the list of names and giving the standing of each pupil, she said, "Now since there are five girls who have ninety-eight, and two have ninety-nine, and Herman has one hundred, I think we had better have a few oral questions and then see who comes out ahead."

Herman was on his feet in an instant. His face burned with indignation as he said, "Miss Fox, I don't want the gold star at all, you may keep it."

A wave of resentment swept over the children. Herman had no more than touched his patched trousers to the bench when another voice added, "O Miss Fox! you are unfair!" To be unfair was considered a base offense by the children in Franklin school. Pandemonium prevailed in the room over which Miss Fox attempted to preside, and one voice after another called out, "You are partial." "You like the rich children best." "The gold star belongs to Herman." "Yes, it belongs to Herman. If you give it to anyone else we will tear it down."

and tapped the small bell endeavoring to restore order, but all in vain. Kenneth Gilmore, the largest boy in the room, and one of his chums, walked up to the desk and demanded, "Give up the gold star, Miss Fox and we will put it up where it belongs."

With trembling fingers Miss Fox opened the small box and complied with their demand. With resolute step Kenneth Gilmore walked to the blackboard and pasted the gold star after the name of Herman Foster and amid ringing applause went to his seat.

MRS. MURAL'S HIRED MAN.

"Please, Mrs. Mural, have you found a man to do your work yet?" asked Ben, in what he thought was a very grown-up tone.

"No, sonny," said the old lady, pleasantly. "men seem to be very scarce just now. Do you know of any one wanting such a place?" "Yes, Johnny Hilt and me," said the visitor, modestly. "You see, Johnny is awfully poor, and his mother cries all the time, so I thought I'd like to help him a little."

"How old is Johnny, and what sort of a man is he?" asked Mrs. Mural. "I want some one who will be kind to the dog, carry out ashes, and do Mary's errands, and all sorts of jobs."

"Johnny is ten, he's the nicest boy in our class," said Ben, promptly. "He's got a hundred in 'rithmetic most every day."

"But I want a man," said Mrs. Mural, "or a great big boy of seventeen or eighteen."

"I asked papa, and he said a boy was only half a man," explained Ben, "so I thought mebbe Johnny and I would do together. I don't want any of the money, because Johnny's mother needs it so much, but I'm willing to help a lot. I carry ashes at home, and mind the baby, and lots of other things. Johnny's ten, and me eight, so together we would be as good as an eighteen-year-old boy. Don't you think so?"

"Well, I really couldn't say about that," said Mrs. Mural. "I am very sorry for your little friend, and I want you to bring him up to me this very evening. I will not promise to hire you boys, but we'll talk it over."

So in the evening Johnny came in his patched clothes, and Mrs. Mural was very much pleased with him. "Do you think he could do the work, Mary?" she asked of her faithful maid.

"With me to help," put in Ben before Mary could say a word. "And me to help, too, said Mary, heartily. "Yes, I think he'll do, cap'om. He don't come in with his cap on, nor forget to wipe his shoes. I notice, so I think he'll get along all right."

So Johnny and Ben faithfully did the work about the big house as best they could. Mrs. Hilt soon had good food and a warm fire, through the efforts of the hired man, as her son and Ben always called themselves.

"It takes both of us to make Mrs. Mural a hired man," they always said, "but we try to be a good one."

"We never had such clean walks and fine kindlings and good work all around before the hired man came, did we, Mary?" asked Mrs. Mural one day, looking at the porch newly scrubbed. "I didn't think those little chaps could do anything, but they are real workers."

"And worth all the rest that went before," said Mary, trying her iron to see if it was hot enough. "I thought sure they would soon give it up, but I guess they're going to stick."

And stick they did till Mrs. Hilt's father came to take her and Johnny to her old home. "I don't know how I am to get along without this half of my hired man," said Mrs. Mural, kissing Johnny good-bye with tears in her eyes. "I am glad you are to be so well taken care of, but we'll miss him, won't we, Bennie?" "He was more than half of the hired man," said Ben, sadly. "He was most all of him. I'm sorry to see him go, but he's promised to come back and visit us as soon as he can. I suppose you'll have a hired man in one piece now, Mrs. Mural."

"I think I'll have to," said the old lady, reverly. "I'd never find a better one than my two-piece man has been."

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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 breakfast. Something pretty to wear will please her. She is a woman, you know, and likes pretty things as well as you do. A little love and petting is always appreciated by mothers; try it with yours and see if she don't thrive under it. The prettiest girl in the world is absolutely devoid of charm if she is impertinent to her mother.—Sacred Heart Review.

HOW TO GET ALONG.

- 1. Be honest. Dishonesty seldom makes one rich, and when it does riches are a curse. There is no such thing as dishonest success. 2. Work. The world is not going to pay for nothing. Ninety per cent. of what men call genius is only talent for hard work. 3. Enter into that business you like best and for which nature seems to have fitted you, provided it is honorable. 4. Be independent. Do not lean on others to do your thinking or to conquer difficulties. 5. Be conscientious in the discharge of every duty. Do your work thoroughly. No boy can rise who slights his work. 6. Don't begin at the top. Begin at the bottom and you will have a chance to rise, and will be surer of reaching the top some time. 7. Trust to nothing but God and hard work. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool; pluck is a hero." 8. Be punctual. Keep your appointment. Be there a minute before time, even if you have to lose your dinner to do it. 9. Be polite. Every smile, every gentle bow is money in your pocket. 10. Be generous. Meanness makes enemies and breeds distrust. 11. Spend less than you earn.

They Imitate the Name but not the Quality. The quality of "Foot Elm" is never imitated, it's only the name and that is why you should insist on getting the genuine article—18 powders, 25 cents.

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NOTICE.

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THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906.

LORD'S DAY BILL.

Very close attention has been given to the debates on the Lord's Day Bill. From the time rumors were afloat of its coming before the public the better thinking people have been watching it and trusting it would carry.

GOVERNMENT ASSISTING, NOT HINDERING, ARCHBISHOP'S CAMPAIGN.

It is pleasing to note the sympathy expressed by the Hon. Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, in the active temperance campaign at present vigorously waged by our own

Archbishop. A rumor had been going around to the effect that two special licenses in addition to the regular number had been granted to St. John's by the Provincial Government.

"I most decidedly approve of it, and so do my colleagues. We have already given proof of our good disposition in that regard. Last January the religious authorities of Quebec city, of all denominations, called upon us and requested that the number of licenses for that city be reduced.

This is certainly reassuring, and bids fair for the good work undertaken by His Grace and in which all his diocesans are so keenly interested.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The announcement of Cardinal Logue at the meeting of the Maynooth Union that the Bishop of Bobbio is about to take in hand the work of providing a suitable shrine for the remains of St. Columbanus has, we feel sure, given pleasure to his fellow-countrymen in all parts of the world.

An Orange member from Ulster proposed a bill the other day in the British House of Commons "to appoint Commissioners to inquire into the growth in numbers of conventual and monastic institutions in Great Britain and Ireland, and whether any further regulations of such institutions are required."

Miss Kate Cassidy, a veterinary surgeon of Portlannington, County Leitrim, Ireland, arrived in New York recently on her way to the Blue Grass State to purchase a number of Kentucky thoroughbreds for her father's farm in Portlannington.

A few days ago Eamonn Mac an Utaigh was released from Derry jail after a month's imprisonment for refusing to take out a license for his dog except in Irish. On emerging he

was received by a large crowd of sympathizers, and was borne shoulder high to a carriage in waiting, which drove off to the Gaelic League rooms, where the ex-prisoner was cordially received, being afterwards presented with an address in Irish.

The new City Directory shows the population of Montreal and suburbs to be 405,000, an increase of 20,000 during the past year.

Torrey and Alexander Mission

(By Llarotaw; Author of "Ritualistic Gems," etc.) Archdeacon Wilson, at Burnley recently said: "They should raise their voices against vested abuses, against intemperance, gambling and vice. The Church of England had not been as brave and strong as she might have been in dealing with these matters."

There is only one religious body, and that is the Catholic Church, who has dealt (and is dealing daily) with the evils that Archdeacon Wilson complains of. The shallow hypocrisy of Montreal Protestant life as a system is something horrible for a thoughtful man to contemplate.

Nothing either great or small, Nothing, sinner, no; Jesus did it, did it all, Long, long ago.

It is a splendid lullaby, so grateful, so comforting, so full of rest and peace, especially when they have the additional assurance that:

Doing is a deadly thing, Doing ends in death.

This is different to the Gospel taught by the Apostles, viz: "Faith without works is dead." The Founder of the Christian faith also says: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father Who is in Heaven."

Sing them over again to me, Wonderful words of life.

Surely it is better to practise the corporal and spiritual works of mercy than loll in your seats, or stand with your back to the wall at a public hall yelling at the top of your voices:

Doing ends in death.

It is to be hoped, then, no pastor of any Protestant church or chapel will encourage any of their people to visit the scene of excitement now pending, but rather remember to admonish them "to seek for the old paths and walk in them."

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price 50c.

Saturday's Defeat By Cornwall Team.

History repeated itself on Saturday out at Mile End grounds, and the champion Shamrocks went down before the young aggregation wearing the Cornwall colors.

Each one supplies his own explanation of how it happened, but all agree that if McIlwaine and Howard had remained on the team, the Cornwall boys could not have scored as they did.

Johnnie Howard has played lacrosse for years, and knows the game perfectly. He must know, too, that he is feared both by opposing players and referees.

The fact that Howard repressed his temper so long is a good sign. If he can keep cool for three quarters, why not keep it up right to the end, and secure the victory.

Roberts, the new home man, made a good impression. He is fast and heady, two qualities which fit well with the other home players.

While recognizing this fact, however, it is to be deplored that they cannot see their way clear to get some one in the poles and allow Kavanagh to get out where he has always done such excellent work for the team.

Phil O'Reilly turned up to a couple of practices last week, but he wisely refrained, in his own interest and that of the team, from going into Saturday's match.

Shamrocks must win every game they play for the balance of the season if they hope to retain the championship and the cup, while Montreal and Capital must lose other games to even things up as they are.

This will give both teams the work-out they need before the heavy matches to be played on Saturday, by the Shamrocks in Toronto, and the Nationals on their own grounds.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them.

they come upon the field, and take whatever punishment comes their way. One man on the field is worth any number on the fence.

England Martial Bishop.

Only one member of the Catholic Church in England assisted at the wedding of King Alfonso and Princess Ena at Madrid. That was Dr. Brindle, Bishop of Nottingham, who received Princess Ena's recantation of faith.

What is not there written is the character of the man, the distinct personality which makes him so great a power, not only in his church but in the busy world, and in every place where men meet and matters of moment are discussed.

No chaplain was ever more popular in the army with officers and men of all denominations. He accompanied Wolsey's forces in Egypt and entered Cairo in the days when England and English plans were distrusted and disliked.

The fellahen—starving and wretched—bowed before the pestilence as sent by Allah, raising no finger to help themselves. The British troops quietly set to work to fight it, disinfecting, cleansing, burying the dead, succoring the sick; and foremost in this work was always the sturdy young chaplain, who seemed to know neither fatigue nor fear.

In 1896 he was in the Soudan again with Kitchener fighting the Khalfi. Dongola in that year and Omdurman some years later were battlefields where the chaplain's motto was proved, as the wounded and dying found to their comfort.

After his appointment to the see of Nottingham in 1901 he was present at a reception in Cardinal Vaughan's house at Westminster. The room was crowded with officers who had served in Egypt and had come to do honor to their old comrade.

After his appointment to the see of Nottingham in 1901 he was present at a reception in Cardinal Vaughan's house at Westminster. The room was crowded with officers who had served in Egypt and had come to do honor to their old comrade.

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A Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND. Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader, Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.

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

"Bishop of Northampton." Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

Re

Always e Those wh are the or of "good t T. H. EST

TEMPERANCE C

Archbishop Sangu Results

Archbishop Bruchesi turned from a pastoring over thirty parishes convinced that the temperance campaign inaugurated by close of last year is y results. Indeed, with of the government ar pal bodies he thinks it comparatively short th at the whole people.

The campaign is dir larly to the girls and Archbishop has little ho a temperance man out o drunkard.

"The curative method wrong in the past," he knowledge it, and w out on new lines. F now, a child was taug cradle that to lie, to s cheat were crimes whic boy and girl should av hor, but the good mo never once thought of a shal not drink whisker

"Hence the great def training of the home cl saw liquor kept in the saw father and friend t glass, and who woul ing to indulge in the "New Year's, or when a one came to gladden th cle. The children wou would be, of course, re fer age, yet at 16, or must begin to drink an companions."

Under the new order o will be taught that to is an evil and foolish co thousands of little g who make their first co promise, he declares, no intoxicating liquors, as such impressive mediu ther, the mother, the p the confessor, the teache and clerical), and by ev the power of the religio of this archdiocese w work be carried on.

From what he could s the information received parish priests and missio constrained to believe th of these influences have t for a number of years, e the rural parts of his di opinion will be so for question of temperance th will disappear simply bec will be very few to pat

"I believe this," he sa after all, our people are true to the teaching church, and they have re faith. There are absolut of defection. I believe t my diocese are really n now in their religious ever before."

His Grace added that never touched strong drin no liquor had been used since December last. "You are aware," he it was the custom forme a little brandy, especiall tors were present, but sin I have just mentioned, be-cardinals, bishops, or oth is no strong liquor now- table or elsewhere by my "I have also ordered the rule be applied by the pa in my diocese, for altho no right to go into the ho faithful and command the stain at their table in th strong liquors, I have th do so with my clergy, and this right.

Company DIRECTORS and Centre Sts. the public every thing and most modern are built upon the... Special arrangements M. B. A., A. O. H., should use... Speller... 8861... LAND... OFING of Cal- Work... at Specialty... ment Work... Montreal... Mission... NORTHAMP- NORFOLK... and Benedict A GARRET, for a rent of... section... 3s 6d... ever, except... kind of en-... good reader... Great things... small begin-... stable of... hand is not... latest Mis-... shop of North-... house, be-... evidently, ne-... rthcoming?... willingly the... THONY OF... to the assist-... Priests. May... will, too, cast... eye upon... Establish an... Faith in this... Faith is con-... May I not... you, in your... of that Faith... hand to me?... earnestness to... ce. You may... such; but you... Do that little... r, for God's... ther "littles"... be able to es-... on firmly... F EAR TO... PEAL... prosper your... a Mission... RTHUR... rthampton... Gray, Hamp-... Norfolk, Eng-... and prompt-... smallest dona-... acknowledg-... of the Sa-... be dedicated

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

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TORONTO, 2 WELLINGTON ST. E.

TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN.

Archbishop Sanguine of Good Results.

Archbishop Bruchesi has just returned from a pastoral visit extending over thirty parishes thoroughly convinced that the temperance campaign inaugurated by him at the close of last year is yielding good results. Indeed, with the sympathy of the government and the municipal bodies he thinks it will take a comparatively short time to regenerate the whole people.

The campaign is directed particularly to the girls and boys, for the Archbishop has little hope of making a temperance man out of the habitual drunkard.

"The curative methods have been wrong in the past," he said. "We acknowledge it, and we are starting out on new lines. Formerly, as now, a child was taught from the cradle that to lie, to steal, and to cheat were crimes which every good boy and girl should avoid and abhor, but the good mother and father never once thought of adding: 'Thou shalt not drink whiskey.'"

"Hence the great defect in the training of the home circle. Children saw liquor kept in the house, they saw father and friend take a friendly glass, and who would think of failing to indulge in the 'petit coup' at New Year's, or when another little one came to gladden the home circle. The children would ask, and would be, of course, refused at a tender age, yet at 16 or 17 they too must begin to drink and treat their companions."

Under the new order of things they will be taught that to drink liquor is an evil and foolish custom. The thousands of little girls and boys who make their first communion will promise, he declares, not to drink intoxicating liquors, and through such impressive mediums as the father, the mother, the parish priest, the confessor, the teachers (both lay and clerical), and by every means in the power of the religious authority of this archdiocese will the good work be carried on.

From what he could see and from the information received through his parish priests and missionaries, he is constrained to believe that when all of these influences have been at work for a number of years, especially in the rural parts of his diocese, public opinion will be so formed on the question of temperance that saloons will disappear simply because there will be very few to patronize them. "I believe this," he said, "because after all, our people are good, they are true to the teachings of the church, and they have retained the faith. There are absolutely no signs of defection. I believe the people of my diocese are really more fervent now in their religious duties than ever before."

This Grace added that he himself never touched strong drink, and that no liquor had been used at his table since December last. "You are aware," he said, "that it was the custom formerly to serve a little brandy, especially when visitors were present, but since the time I have just mentioned, by my guests cardinals, bishops, or others, there is no strong liquor now used at my table or elsewhere by my household. "I have also ordered that the same rule be applied by the parish priests in my diocese, for although I have no right to go into the houses of the faithful and command them to abstain at their table in the use of strong liquors, I have the right to do so with my clergy, and I exercise this right."

"I may likewise say that the parish priests are well pleased at the change and they heartily co-operate with their archbishop in the plan of campaign we have been carrying on."

Reception and Presentation to Rev. Thos. Heffernan.

Sunday afternoon the members of St. Anthony's Juvenile Total Abstinence Society held a reception in honor of their director, Rev. T. F. Heffernan. The programme was a varied one, consisting of solos, choruses and readings. The boys of the choir were arranged on the stage in the form of F. H. (Father Heffernan.) The programme opened with a piano solo by Master Leo Phelan, a boy who gives great promise of becoming a skilled musician. His splendid execution won him rounds of applause. Master Leonard McGrath's opening address was given with much vim and spirit. It reviewed the work of the Society since its organization, and gave the plans for future work. Recitations by Masters T. O'Shaughnessy, Frank McDonnell, and several selections by the choir followed. Master Ed. Danaher read a lengthy piece entitled: "How he won success." Master Edgar Neville gave a recitation "Always tell Mother." Master Raymond McDonnell, a tiny tot, gave two recitations which greatly pleased the audience and made him a general favorite. Councillor Thomas A. Callaghan then read the following address:

To Rev. Thomas F. Heffernan, Director St. Anthony's Juvenile Total Abstinence Society. Rev. and Dear Father: Permit us on this occasion, the eve of your departure for a well-earned vacation, to express to you our gratitude for the zeal displayed in our behalf.

Since our Society has been organized you have worked unceasingly to promote its welfare. The religious demonstrations held lately bear ample testimony to the fruits of your labor. Your eloquent discourses on both occasions will linger long in the minds of not only the members of the Society, but of all those who had the pleasure of hearing them.

We feel proud in styling you "The boys' own friend." At our meetings and reunions your encouraging words and practical advice will, we hope, be a guiding star for our future career.

In conclusion, we beg you to accept this little souvenir as a slight token of the esteem and affection entertained for you by the members of St. Anthony's Juvenile Total Abstinence Society, and may it be a reminder of pleasant moments spent with those whom you love dearly, your temperance boys.

We wish you a "bon voyage" and a pleasant holiday. With all our hearts we say, God bless our good Director, dear Father Heffernan. Signed in behalf of the members, FRANK O'CONNOR, President.

THOS. A. CALLAGHAN, MARTIN CALLAGHAN, FRANK H. RYAN, JOHN O'CONNOR, ED. DANAHER, J. L. MCGRATH, THOS. FOLEY, GERALD BURNS, Montreal, July 15, 1906.

After which Masters John O'Connor and Merle Dinahan presented Father Heffernan with a large photograph of the officers of the Society, his own picture being in the center. Master Raymond McDonnell presented the illuminated address, and Master Thomas Foley offered a well-filled purse.

Rev. Father Heffernan gave a lengthy reply, and thanked one and all for the reception as well as the gifts received.

Among those present were: Rev. Chas. Read, Rev. Bro. Mark, Prof. P. J. Shea, Messrs. Jer. Coffey, H. Lacroix, J. McGrath, T. J. Brady, Robert McQuaid, T. A. Lalor, M. E. Day, P. Hooban, L. Gaudry, Jas. Weir, Thos. Murphy, besides a large number of parents and over one hundred members of the society. Rev. Father Heffernan is at present at Old Orchard, Me.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN ROWAN.

Rawdon, July 12.

Another addition to the already long and sad list of drowning accidents occurred on Saturday evening, the 7th inst., at seven o'clock, at Lac aux Rats, at the mouth of Black River, St. Donat, when Mr. John Patrick Rowan, eldest son of the late Mr. Ambrose Rowan, who died in Montreal five weeks previous, lost his life by the upsetting of his canoe. Deceased was in his 32nd year, and had succeeded to his father's large estates, including a large lumber business, and was at the time of his death completing an important work which his late father had not finished.

About seven o'clock in the evening he went out for a trip in a new canoe which the Government had placed at the disposal of one Aubin, recently appointed wood ranger. Mr. Aubin's son was with deceased at the time of the accident, and saved himself by holding on to a paddle. His story is that Mr. Rowan became cramped from kneeling and stretched out one leg to ease the cramp and had no sooner done so than both occupants were thrown into the water. As deceased was a fine athlete and a good swimmer, young Aubin asked him to help him: "John, aider moi. Je ne puis pas nager." "Help me, I cannot swim." But John's answer was a terrible cry, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! 'e mort!" (My God! My God! I am dying!) and he sank never to rise again, presumably overcome by the cramp of which he had previously complained.

It was five weeks previous, to the very hour, that his father, the late Ambrose Rowan, died in Montreal after undergoing an operation at the Homeopathic Hospital, leaving John to manage his estates.

At the funeral, which took place on Tuesday, the 10th inst., the venerable parish priest, Rev. Father Landry, delivered a funeral sermon which was very affecting and sad. Taking for his text "The mysteries of God are unfathomable," he dwelt upon the terribleness of this accident which brings back to us that this life is but a passing shadow and concluded with these words: "John, John! Dear John! my boy! my good boy! If you could only speak now you would certainly tell us that you are happy before God! And I, your parish priest, here from this altar and before the Sacred Host, say to all your dear relatives and friends, and particularly to your dear, weeping, sorrow-stricken mother, that you were, in your life-time, the best young man in my parish, that you showed an example for all young men to follow, and that you were always in the holy state of grace."

Deceased is survived by his aged widowed mother, four brothers and four sisters, one a religious at Lacine. The chief mourners were the three younger brothers, Messrs. Thomas, Albert and William. Following the body were Messrs. K. Monaghan, Edward Rowan, postmaster, (who recovered the body) and William Whittaker, uncles; John E. Rowan, J. Edmund Rowan; Capt. Jas. R. Jwan, Ed. Rowan, Peter Monaghan, Ecl.; Dan Monaghan, Jas. A. Whittaker, cousins; and Jas. Skelly, brother-in-law.

The pall-bearers were Messrs. Dan. Monaghan, Jas. Mason, Wm. Jones, jr.; John E. Rowan, John Kinchella, Jas. A. Whittaker.

It may interest readers of the True Witness to know that Messrs. Mason and Jones are members of the Church of England here.

Amongst those noticed at the service were Rev. Mr. Davis, pastor of Rawdon Anglican Church, and Mrs. Davis; Messrs. Louis Dugas, ex-M. P.P.; Elie Copping, Jollette; Jas. Hamilton, Montreal; Michael Skelly, John H. Daly, Wm. Mason, Michael Smith and Michael Delaney, and very many others, there being over one hundred rigs present, the cortege extending considerably over a mile, and was by far the largest and saddest funeral ever witnessed in the history of our parish.

THE LATE MR. T. J. FINN, JR. The funeral of the late T. J. Finn, jr., who died at Toledo, of typhoid fever, took place Saturday morning to Cote des Neiges Cemetery, and was largely attended. The late Mr. Finn served his apprenticeship, under his father, on the Montreal Gazette, and was popular among his fellow-workmen. He was vice-president for two terms and financial secretary for two terms of Montreal Typographical Union No. 176, and discharged his duties with credit to himself and honor to the union; he was also a member of Branch 26 of the C.M.B.A. for several years. The chief mourners were: T. J.

Finn, father; John P. Finn and Thomas F. Finn, brothers; W. Moore, brother-in-law; M. Moore, Jer. Coffey, T. P. Tansey and John O'Connell. Among others present were ex-Ald. Conroy, Messrs. F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Andrew Finn, P. Reynolds, B. Tansey, P. Flannery, J. J. Costigan, John Slattery, Lawrence Powers, Henry Sullivan, M. Sharkey, Denis Gorman, John Hoolahan, D. Mackey, Geo. H. Snow, F. O. Lawlor, W. O. Kydd, James Feeney, J. McGuigan, Silas Reid, P. Mahoney, Jos. McMahon, M. McCormack, Hugh O'Brien, P. O'Riley, J. Bradley, T. Alty, John Murphy, Robt. Baird, W. Bloomfield, Jas. Gaffney, Wm. Lundrigan and C. J. Maguire.

"Man is Filled With Misery."—This is not true of all men. The well, sound of lung, clear of eye, alert and buoyant with health, are not miserable, whatever may be their social condition. To be well is to be happy, and we can all be well by getting and keeping our bodies in a healthful state. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil will help all to do this.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

BLESSING OF BELL.

On Sunday last His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi officiated at the blessing of a bell for the Church of Our Lady of Victories, the new parish at Terminal Park.

A UNIQUE CROSS.

There has just been erected in the garden of the Sisters of the Precious Blood, Sherbrooke, a life-size cross made out of a single piece of cedar. The figure of the Divine Saviour thereon is carved with an ordinary knife. This relic, brought to St. George of Windsor in 1854 by Mgr. Lanoret, coming here from St. Pierre les Becquets, is a hundred years old.

BECOME WHITE FATHERS.

Father J. Filion, of St. Laurent, Que., was last week ordained a priest of the White Fathers at Carthage, Africa, and will hereafter devote his life to the evangelization of the blacks of Nwanza. Two other French Canadians, the brothers Dery, formerly of Charlesburg, were ordained sub-deacons the same day. "It is," says La Verite, "a distinct honor for French Canada to take part in this apostolic work."

TAKING OF THE BASTILE.

The series of French fetes on the occasion of the commemoration of the taking of the Bastille, were inaugurated on Saturday morning by a solemn Mass being celebrated for France at the chapel of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame Church. Mgr. Racicot was celebrant. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Abbe Lelandais, S.S. All the officers of the "Union Nationale Francaise" attended, as well as great numbers of members of the local French colony.

EXCURSION UNDER AUSPICES OF ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

What promises to be a very fine outing will take place on August 2, under the auspices of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, in aid of St. Patrick's Boys' School Band. The steamer Beaufort will leave Bonsecours wharf at 1:30 p.m. sharp. Casey's orchestra will be on hand for dancing. Four euchre prizes are offered. Tickets, Adults, 50c; children, 25c—may be had by applying to the recording-secretary, Mr. M. J. O'Donnell.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The following acknowledgment reaches us from the treasurer of the Catholic Sailors' Club of our city, and as we expect it may prove of a deep interest to the many friends of the institution, we take great pleasure in giving it that publicity to which we consider it justly entitled: The treasurer of the Catholic Sailors' Club acknowledges with thanks the receipt of \$31.66 per Captain J. T. Walsh, of the C.P.R. Atlantic steamship line, being part proceeds of concerts on board the SS. Empress of Ireland, on her last westward voyage. A similar amount has been received by the treasurer of the Montreal Sailors' Institute from the same source.

Frank E. Donovan

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Annual Excursion to Lake St. Peter

IN AID OF THE ST. PATRICK'S BOYS' SCHOOL BAND Under the auspices of ST. PATRICK'S T. A. and B. SOCIETY

AUGUST 2nd, 1906

Str. Beaufort will leave Bonsecours wharf at 1:30 p. m. sharp. Casey's Orchestra for Dancing. 4 prizes for Euchre! Children, 25c.—TICKETS—Adults, 50c. MARTIN J. O'DONNELL, Rec.-Secy.

BISHOP ARCHAMBAULT ISSUES MANDEMENT.

Bishop Archambault, of Jollette, has issued an important mandement on the temperance crusade. His Lordship fully endorses the views expressed by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi and fixes for his own diocese somewhat the same rules and regulations as those promulgated for Montreal. He calls upon municipal councils to grant liquor licenses in cases of strict necessity only; to give them to perfectly honest people alone; and to withdraw such licenses upon evidence that they have been deceived. The mandement requests pastors to strike off the list of religious societies these of their parishioners who after two warnings continue to be frequenters of bar rooms. His Lordship goes to the extent of ordering his priests to refuse absolution to those who sell liquor without a license; to hotelkeepers who violate civil and moral laws, and to municipal councillors who grant a license to unworthy persons. He also asks that on the day of their first Communion, children be called upon to make a solemn promise to abstain from intoxicating liquors until they reach the age of 20 years. The mandement also asks the candidates in elections of any kind to see that corruption by means of liquor be avoided as in many cases counties are literally flooded with such liquors during election campaigns, and are the cause of scandal and of the most serious disorders.

SMOKE

CARROLL'S RENOWNED "PREMIER" COIL TOBACCO

Sole Manufacturers P. J. CARROLL & CO. Dundalk, Ireland
Stocked by Joseph Turgeon, 131 Craig St. West Montreal
Canadian Inquiries and Trial Orders will be attended to by T. E. KLEIN 117 Wellington St. West, Toronto

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Shortly after eight o'clock yesterday evening one of the most successful concerts yet given under the auspices of this club took place. Capt. Walsh occupied the chair. The evening's programme was an exceptionally fine one; bringing forward as it did an amount of talent and culture of a very high order. Special mention is due to Misses Logan, Gilbert, Bennett, Rielly, Durcan and Vicum, as also to Messrs. Hagar, Oates, J. Walsh, J. Walsh, jr., Laycock, Gaudry, Greenwood, Boston and Cronin, all of whom fulfilled their parts with that particular interest so rarely found and yet so necessary for the furtherance of so worthy an object. The evening's entertainment was an ideal one, and although the number that assisted thereat was somewhat small, yet those who made it a point to do so were certainly well repaid for their pains. In closing the evening the chairman made known that at 8 o'clock on Thursday morning (to-day) a Month's Mind Mass would be celebrated in St. Anthony's Church for the repose of the soul of the sailors' best friend in our city, the late Mr. F. B. McNamee, thus reminding all present that it is already a month since their friend and benefactor has passed from our midst, never again to be seen upon this earth.

SEALD TENDERS

addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until Thursday, August 10, 1906, inclusively, for the supply of Coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion. Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application at this office. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent of amount tendered, which will be forfeited if the party called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, July 5, 1906. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

Lourdes and The French Government.

Although the French Cabinet is awaiting with grave anxiety the pronouncement of the Pope on the future of the Church in France, it has recently reached the lowest depth of vindictive meanness, says "Veritas" in Catholic Standard and Times. By order of the government, the French railways have this year refused the usual reduction allowed to bodies of sick pilgrims traveling to Lourdes. Some people unacquainted with the workings of the atheistical Government have felt surprise at the fact that while tens of thousands of religious were expelled from their native France, the Little Sisters of the Poor have been left unmolested. The cause of this exemption is not difficult to see. This order has 20,000 poor and maimed on its hands. To feed and clothe them the Sisters toil and beg. Sometimes when there seems to be no earthly hope of fulfilling their task, they entreat, nay, demand, aid from St. Joseph, who, as a learned priest lately told me, often succors them in miraculous ways.

THE CHURCH OF ROME.

It is estimated that the Catholics in London number 200,000, and their body includes practically the entire Irish element of the population, just as the Presbyterian church counts among its adherents most of those of Scottish birth.

It is one of the strangest characteristics of the Church of Rome that she alone among the denominations has discovered the secret of grappling to herself with hooks of steel men and women from every rank of society and every grade of culture.

It is only those with some personal knowledge of her adherents who have any idea of the diversity of individual conviction which attains repose under the apparently rigid and unbending system by which her authority is exercised.

DISEASED KIDNEYS

Made Sound and Strong Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Two doctors told me that I was incurable, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I am a well woman to-day." This strong statement was made by Mrs. Ed. Rose, of St. Catharines, to a reporter, who hearing of her remarkable cure, called to see her.

Every drop of blood in the body is filtered by the kidneys. If the blood is weak or watery the kidneys have no strength for their work and leave the blood unfiltered and foul.

About 200 teachers have registered in the courses of the Summer Institute during the past few days. A reception in honor of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. J. Lavelle, V.G., former president of the School, a dance at the Champlain Club, a euvre at the New York, and a brilliant amateur theatrical performance have during the week given pleasure to those socially inclined.

GENEROUS.

A little three-year-old, whose mother was mixing a simple cough medicine for him, watched her curiously and asked if it was good. He was permitted to taste.

WITHOUT THE HEART.

Some Lutheran ministers in one of our middle Western States have lately taken to erecting altars in their churches, and a Catholic altar builder to whom one of them applied is authority for the following characteristic story: After he had set up a Gothic altar in his church, Mr. Minister felt that he ought to have a statue of Our Lord to adorn it; so he applied to the aforesaid Catholic altar builder, who showed him various models in a catalogue. The minister finally pointed out a statue of the Redeemer exposing His Sacred Heart and said: "I'll take that one, but you'll have to remove the heart."

If people would devote half the time and attention to their feet that they do to their face, tender feet would be unknown.

A "Foot Elm" powder in your shoe occasionally will keep your feet healthy.

SECOND WEEK AT CHAMPLAIN ASSEMBLY

A reunion of Knights of Columbus and the opening of the Summer Institute for teachers brought so numerous a gathering of guests to Cliff Haven this week that on Wednesday the population reached a total of six hundred, a most unusual record for the second week in July.

The gathering of the Knights of Columbus gave character both to the evening lectures and to the social events of the week, all of which were arranged for their special delectation. One of the most prominent Knights in New York City, Dr. John G. Coyle, addressed a large audience on Monday evening on the claims of Commodore Barry to the title of Father of the American Navy.

An enthusiastic rally in the Auditorium on Tuesday evening was the occasion of bringing together about 500 Knights and their friends. They were then addressed by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Joseph H. Conroy, D.D., of Ogdensburg, and Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, of St. Albans, Vt., a member of the Legislature of Vermont, who is famous as the only priest holding a like position in America.

Every drop of blood in the body is filtered by the kidneys. If the blood is weak or watery the kidneys have no strength for their work and leave the blood unfiltered and foul.

About 200 teachers have registered in the courses of the Summer Institute during the past few days. A reception in honor of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. J. Lavelle, V.G., former president of the School, a dance at the Champlain Club, a euvre at the New York, and a brilliant amateur theatrical performance have during the week given pleasure to those socially inclined.

Pius IX. and the Garibaldian Prisoners.

One cold November morning the Papal coach stopped outside the portals of the Castele St. Angelo, and the Father of Christendom alighted. Pius IX. gave orders to be quickly conducted to the prisoners, and was at once shown into the huge apartment in which they were confined.

The sight of the Holy Father astonished the Garibaldians, but his fatherly smile soon reassured them. "You see before you," he said gently, "the man whom your general calls the 'Vampire of Italy.' It is against me you have taken up arms."

And who am I?—A poor old man. Then the Pontiff, whom they had fought to tear from his throne, walked among the men, with tenderness and compassion beaming from his benign countenance. After interrogating them on their needs and offering consolation in their troubles, he promised them clothes, money and a free passage to their respective cities. The poor fellows could no longer restrain their emotions. Falling on their knees before their common father, they besought his forgiveness for the past. With loud cries of gratitude and devotion those rough men crowded about him whom they had hitherto hated with a fierce, unreasoning hate, and with tears of genuine repentance kissed his hands and garments.

The Pontiff was deeply affected. Before withdrawing he told the prisoners to kneel, and then, in broken accents, he solemnly blessed them and their families. "There is only one thing I ask of you," he concluded: "it is that, as Catholics, you will often think of me in a short but fervent prayer to God." The vast hall once more resounded with acclamations, and the Vicar of Christ was gone.

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who, after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Par-melee's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to directions will restore healthy digestion.

GRAINNE.

(After the death of Diarmuid.)

Forth from the twilight of a wood she came, Where blossoming isles of purple harebells gleamed. Set in a shimmering, sun-flecked sea of green.

Fair was her face as the deep rose of the dawn, And lithe her form as the lake grasses tall, That whispered of her beauty to the breeze.

Tear-stained her cheeks—rock roses washed with spray. Great haunting memories dwelt of happier days Deep in the shadowy depths of her sad eyes.

Her hair flowed down, a gleaming golden wave, O'er snowy fold and fold of her white robe. Like sun-kissed water on a silver strand,

Its ripples streaming on the soft west wind Were mirrored in the wide, weed-laden lake Where she passed by. The silent, sleepy birds,

Thinking the sun had backward from the west Turned in his course, and with his shafts of gold Had stabbed the heart of the dim, silent pool.

Burst into music, and a shower of song Fell through the leaves to greet this new day-star. Twin dew-wet quickenberries were her lips, one word Came through their rosy portals "Diarmuid."

It rang adown the dusky, flower-strewn glades, Through aisles of forest trees, of mighty oaks; Of quivering aspen, and of silver larch, And stately giant pines, and hazel groves.

The melody of murmuring waters caught the sound And chanted "Diarmuid" to the mossy stones; Down to the depths of the calm woods it sank And up through arching green to the broad sky.

Through traceries of bronze and blue above, And far beneath the glimmering gold and green, The nightingale caught up the new, sweet sound, And for an instant held it in her throat.

Then flung it on the silence of her bower, Where as it fell it burst in silver rain. And scattered to the wind its sparks of song, The myriad songsters caught the glittering drops. And flying with the gems through-out the wood, Sang "Diarmuid" in silver syllables, till the notes,

Forming one grand, sweet chord, Went echoing

Through the vast aisles and gold-green garden ways; And all the wood rang sweet with "Diarmuid." Until the hills in pity sent the name Back to the forest's fringe whereat she stood, And it at length found its true resting-place Deep in the inmost core of her lone heart.

Note—Grainne, the daughter of King Cormac, was betrothed to Fionn Mac Cumhal, but falling in love with Diarmuid O'Duibhne, a captain of the Fianna, persuaded him to elope with her. The "Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne" by the vengeful Fionn forms the subject of one of the Bardic tales of Erin. Diarmuid was killed by a wild boar in the woods of Ben Bulbin—Cahal O'Byrne, of The Messenger.

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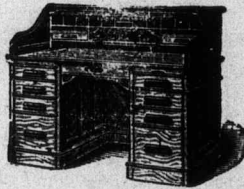
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(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

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

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SO... BY F... CHAPTER XXXI...

"Never mind those trifles I have here some serious you. I can now prove. I am the only son of prince. Here are some of them."

"My mother died in said Florian, "and said she also delivered those papers. Now please them and tell me what your chances."

"The count read the slowly and carefully, with a professional distaste, handsome, wearied face. "They are very complete and I congratulate you on your advancement. You are object of assassination."

"So I suppose; but as I decline to accept a title or Russian citizenship that danger is averted." "It would be," said slowly, "if you really meant that you will not."

"I mean that precisely what the title; but I am half a million. If my no concludes to buy me off he can remain forever unlighted, "you relieve me never have the pain of a stiffened body lying in bed. Indeed, I shall have the pleasure of handing you as much more squeeze out of the prince one little obstacle. The proofs of your father's devotion it is to be presumed alive."

"Do not let that trouble father knows your Russian too well ever to bother you who will receive the truth am prepared for it. If his appearance, depend on me him. If I do not your employer will."

"Is it so?" said the peculiar smile. "Then work done. And now my wife you to the residence? There is to be a gance in the appointment new good fortune will fit if you offer a little tribu goddess' favorite game."

"Precisely," laughed Flan the reckless ring in his la the count's car pleasantly "I have you, my fr thought: "you are ready thing to-day."

"I would advise you," rian, "to call in that age and dismiss him. It is to say what harm he is through the country, look heir."

"His work is ended. You fear him." "That I never did," said that very day he began to plans to secure the nomi the convention, and with which he had acquired, the he had won, and his name every change by the parties papers, his prospects lool fair. The story of his life lished far and wide. When known that he had preference rican citizenship to the right of a Russian prince, larity knew no bounds, and people were never tiring him Prince Florian and to him as a bright example rican training methods. It was not mentioned. It was tion which his party could do with perfect freedom, opposition never disturbed for campaign purposes. He ed to receive public attention the loudest praises until ventation prepared to assem his name appeared p among the candidates for nation.

Fortune smiled on Florian that year as it had never him before. The Democratic nomination for amid universal acclamation the means employed to ob result were questionable, a free use of money and the over of his religious tenets, not crimes and did not dis sweet serenity of his slowly ting conscience. In all his never experienced such a light as swept through his

CHAPTER XXXII...

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SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXXI.—Continued.

"Never mind those trifles, count. I have here some serious business for you. I can now prove to you that I am the only son of the missing prince. Here are some new revelations. Vladimir could not repress the exclamation of surprise that rose to his lips. "My mother died in September," said Florian, "and made a confession. She also delivered to me those papers. Now please examine them and tell me what you think of my chances." The count read the documents slowly and carefully, with an expression of professional distrust on his handsome, wearied face. "They are very complete," said he, "and I congratulate you on your advancement. You are now a fit object of assassination." "So I suppose; but as I emphatically decline to accept either the title or Russian citizenship, I hope that danger is averted." "It would be," said the count slowly, "if you really mean that. But I cannot understand you to mean that you will not attempt—" "I mean that precisely. I don't want the title, but I am in need of half a million. If my noble relative concludes to buy me off for that sum he can remain forever unmolested." "My dear boy," said the count, de-lighted, "you relieve me. I shall never have the pain of seeing your stiffened body lying in the morgue. Indeed, I shall have the pleasure of handing you as much money as I can squeeze out of the prince. There is one little obstacle. There are no proofs of your father's death, where-for it is to be presumed that he is alive." "Do not let that trouble you. My father knows your Russian methods too well ever to bother you. It is I who will receive the trouble, and I am prepared for it. If he makes his appearance, depend on me to manage him. If I do not your noble em-ployer will."

ing his name at the head of the State ticket." It dazed him for an instant. He felt already under his hand the mighty throbbing of the great State whose destinies he was to guide for twenty-four months, and the mad current of his ambition tossed him like a cork on its waves. He would give a world, eternity even, for one continuous draught of such a delight. Men looked at him respectfully as he passed through the streets, and pointed him out to strangers as the coming man. His wealth was known to be boundless, and adulation was all the more servile. Of these things he thought nothing. Flattery of a nobler, more pleasing kind met him home in his own circle. Politicians crowded around him with their protestations of fidelity, men of influ-ence bowed at his throne, and ladies of high degree, whispered their con-gratulations in his ears. The prince-governor they called him, and he was intoxicated with the subtle flattery. Frances alone was silent and reserved. She made no such demonstrations as her mother did, and was over looking at him with a vague alarm in her face. She receiv-ed her share of public attention also, but it did not please her so much as the newspapers troubled her. "Why do they not mention your Catholicity?" said she. "They speak of you as if you were no more than an infidel." "Do not trouble yourself, dear," he replied in a dry way which of late he had adopted with her. "Wait till the Whigs get at me, and you will hear enough about my religion." He was sufficiently tender-hearted to feel ashamed in the presence of the pure young girl, and to wish to keep out of her way as much as possible. What was he to do with her now that she was become a bur-den to him? It was a question he did not like to face, for when he looked at it squarely it showed him so much in the light of a villain that the reflection was unpleasant. He had no conscience in the matter, but he had a spark of something which is called honor. "I know it is not necessary for you to shout 'I am a Catholic; vote for me if you dare!'" she said; "but some of the papers speak so queerly of you that it seems unjust to let them continue." "And if I were to try to set them right I would be in a worse condition than before." She said nothing to this argument, but looked her uneasiness. "I much dread the result for you, Florian. These Protestants will never vote for you. They have not so much liberality. It is very well to point out Protestants filling the highest places in Catholic countries. It will not influence them one jot. You are flying too high." "What! a Russian prince?" he said good-humoredly. "Flying too low, you mean. If we fail we can fall back on our royal birth." "Your self-respect will be deeply wounded, though," she replied, and changed the subject for one more agreeable to him. Enraged with her correct notions and loving anxiety, he usually fled to Mrs. Merrion, who met him with proud and elated face and had no fears or scruples with which to torment him. "My dear prince, the victory is as-sured. I shall you as prince-governor."

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price is paid. If I died intestate the money would revert to the prince. I can fancy he would like nothing better than an opportunity to get it back. What do you say, count?" "Oh! he is not a niggard by any means, and in many ways is a very fine old fellow; but life for him is not winding up very brightly." "No more than for yourself," said Florian, studying the count's worn face. "You have eaten and drank and been merry, and now your morrow is coming. You can't bear the strain of the metropolis much longer." "No," answered the count, with a laugh and a yawn; "I confess that I am wearied. I need building up. I shall have to take to the sea-coast or the mountains." "Your philosophy will carry you through, if the grave does not swallow you suddenly." "Tell me," said Vladimir, as they were parting, "have you yet any notion of where your father might be?" "What put that in your head?" with a quick, sharp look into the count's yellow face. "I hope your bloodhound is not looking for him." "We have nothing more to do with him," he said proudly. "It was mere curiosity that prompted the question." Nevertheless the count's curiosity awakened dormant considerations in Florian's mind, and he walked away ill at ease. His thoughts were turned forcibly into a channel which hitherto they had avoided. His father, if alive, was probably deter-mined to die with his history a secret, yet his existence was in some sort a menace to that relative who had purchased from Florian rights which were not actually his to sell. What if that relative had instituted a search for his father. And what if he should be found by that Ni-cholas whose murderous profession declared itself in his face? Florian shuddered and put the thought from him as too awful for probability; but it seemed so fitting a climax for the defections of which he had been guilty that again and again throughout that day and night he trembled with apprehension. His faithlessness to Frances, his bad dis-positions and political heresies, loomed up before him like gigantic clouds from whose bosom threaten-ed to leap the thunderbolt of crime. He was urged thereby to renew more actively his search for his father, and to have Nicholas shadowed. Under these precautions his mind found temporary rest, but occasionally the first thought presented itself like a spectre and wrung his soul most cruelly. Barbara, on his next visit, was absent in Buffalo, but she had left a note for him enclosing a telegram. Its information was stupefying but welcome. Mr. Merrion had died sud-denly in a Buffalo hotel, and his widow had gone to bring the body home. Fate clearly was helping him in his onward course. There re-mained between him and happiness but one obstacle—the fall elections. He had a sublime American faith in the power of gold, and was deter-mined to spend his last cent in con-vincing the people of the harmles-sness of his faith in American poli-tics. As he had expected, the Whigs assaulted him for his religious be-lief. The old war-cries of Protest-antism appeared as the captions of campaign news, and it was seriously questioned whether the Pope would not be domiciled in New York with-in the year, ready to step into the White House from the shoulders of his faithful slave, Hon. Florian Wal-lace. To which the honorable gen-tleman replied with an open letter to the citizens of the State, giving his views on Italian politics, the tem-poral power, and infallibility with a freedom and liberalism which aston-ished his friends much more than his enemies. It caused a sensation. In the solitary but where Spot spent

his quiet life it had the place of honor with Isaac Walton, and was as much thumbed and studied in the hermit's desultory way. The squire procured a copy and read it to Billy and Ruth with a triumphant snarl at every sentence, and was surprised to see the old gentleman tear his hair in silent grief, while the tears ran from Ruth's eyes. "He's following Sara," said Billy; "he's not my son, thank Heaven! He was a good boy when he left me, the devil!" And Ruth, mortified beyond measure at this bold departure of Flo-rian, hung the letter prominently in her room as an example of the evil consequences of ambition. Over it Frances wept the bitterest tears she had ever shed. Her idol was showing his feet of clay. She did not think it wise to do more than allude to it with sad reproach-fulness, and came in to him holding it between her finger and thumb daintily, as if it were a filthy thing. She was not afraid of him, but his manner was very strange of late. "What a reception you would receive from Pope Pius," said she, "after he had read your opinion of him!" "It is an honest opinion," said Florian, apprehending a lecture, and thinking it better to show the mas-ter's front, "and if he received such oftener would be in happier condition than he is at present." She put her hand over her mouth, and he kissed it. "You are doomed," said she so-berly. "When a Catholic is forced to throw up the traditions of his faith to secure his advancement, that mo-ment he is lost. You may be gov-ernor, but you will have lost the faith." "It must be a poor religion which does not fit the position," he said sullenly, and was sorry the next mo-ment for the foolish speech; but she showed no annoyance. "Do not lose your logic with your temper, Florian. I am not going to argue a question of expediency with a statesman. You are another Na-poleon. What chance would poor Josephine have with you if a Maria Louisa were to appear?" She did not see the faint pallor which crept about his lips, nor did she understand the motive of his polite but abrupt departure a mo-ment later. Her heart was very heavy. What fate was in store for the wife and children so completely at the mercy of his own desires? "I shall pray for him," she mur-mured; "it would never do to desert him while a spark of the faith remains in him. He is so confident that he is still a Catholic! It is something to begin with." The most effective attacks which were made on Florian during the campaign came from an anonymous writer in the shape of a series of letters descriptive of his personal character. They could have been written by no other than a person well acquainted with him. The let-ters verged on brilliancy. They were spicy and contradictory and gave a fair account of Florian's rise and gradual change of opinions, with the views which orthodox Catholics held concerning him. Florian read them with feelings of indignation. There was a traitor in the camp, and he thought seriously of libel suits, until the failure of the letters to appear quieted him. He received his first hint as to their possible author from Barbara. She was certain Pe-



ter Carter wrote them. She could see his natural manner in every line; and, sure enough, after critical examination many evidences of the man appeared in them. When Flo-rian had made complaint to Madame and she had accused Peter of abusing her hospitality, he admitted the charge cheerfully. "I've been waitin' this many a year to put him down to the public for what he is," said Peter, with the usual flourish, "an' I'm doin' it. Those letters aren't half of it, either. I've given him only the first an' mildest dose. Two weeks before election day I'll publish a selection of his sayings for the past six years. If he doesn't go sailin' up Salt River after the 4th of No- vember, don't blame me." Madame glared at him in a danger-ous way. "You may look, mother-in-law," said he jauntily, "but the days of looks are over. Ye are going to marry Frances, in spite of all my re-monstrances, to a man that's fit for nothing better than the Brooklyn free-lance. I told ye I'd never per-mit it. I tell ye so again. I'll be the ruin o' the heartless politician. I'll give him some blows that will frighten him, but the complete way in which I'll leave him minus Fran-ces will surprise ye. It'll please him, too. Ye needn't look, madam. The days of looks are over." Frances was present at this tirade, and felt, without knowing its cause, a deadly sickness of heart. She looked at her mother inquiringly, and it drove madam into a passion. "You need not repeat your threats to me," she said, "but go and exe-cute them." "That I will, shortly, an' ye can get ready for it. Ye're a queer mother to allow such a man to be connected with your daughter—a man that would give the whole of her for Barbara Merrion's little finger, an' will be apt to do it before long, now she's a widow. Anyhow, I'll do it for him." "How dare you," cried Frances, starting to her feet, pale with rage—"how dare you talk so of a gentle-man? O mamma! why do you permit it?" "How dare I?" snapped Peter pitilessly. "What daren't I do? An' he's a gentleman, is he? Oh, he's a gentleman of the new school, I suppose. But I'll teach him; an' if you don't give him up of your own ac-cord, you will of mine." Frances burst into sobs and ran out of the room, which sobered Pe-ter. "From this moment," said madam frigidly, although she was terribly excited, "our relations cease. You must leave this house forever, and one penny of your allowance you will never again receive." "What a joke! But the day of jokes are over, too. I'll not leave the house, an' by hook or crook, I'll have my allowance to the last." "Go, go!" cried madam, trembl-ing. "Do not urge me to have you forcibly removed." "You would never do that. I would blazon your name through the whole city. I would make it the talk of the commonest newsboy and street-hag! Ah! with all yer fine fea-thers—" Peter said no more. The look which he had once thought murder-ous suddenly flashed into madam's eyes. Awed and frightened, he went from her presence without a word. His future was becoming cloudy. It would never do to lose his allowance for fifty Florians and their mar-riages, although he felt bitter enough to sacrifice more. He had a secret conviction that Barbara, if she had not entangled Florian already, was laying snares for him, and that in due time he would desert Frances without his interference. Florian was sitting one evening in madame's private parlor. Frances was engaged with her needlework, and her mother was nodding over the pages of a magazine, when Pe-ter unceremoniously entered. One glance at his face would show that he had come on a desperate errand. It was purple from suppressed feel-ing, and his eyes were averted. He made a great fuss over shutting the door. Madame sat pale and appren-hensive, yet with the calmness of a courageous despair. Frances, seeing

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. E. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three or four of the box my back was as strong and well as ever." Price 25 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.00, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

(To Be Continued.)

LOST TO THE CHURCH.

Deprived of Their Priests and Churches, Thousands of Southern Irish Families Fell Away From Catholicity.

Writing in the Boston Pilot, Michael Lynch gives the following account of the decline of Catholicity in the Southern States:

All through the South, especially along the Alleghenies, are thousands upon thousands of families with purely Gaelic names—O'Neills, McCarthys, Lynches, Caseys—while everywhere are Fitzgeralds, Burkes, Roches and others who came over with Strongbow, and all Baptists or Methodists. The very name of the present Mayor of Birmingham, Ala., where this is written, is Ward, and he succeeded Drennen. These people know that their names are Irish and that they have Irish blood in their veins. And they are proud of it—indeed, so proud of it that it is almost the first thing they will boast of. And they are just Irish, purely Irish.

These people are all Protestants to-day, and the perversion is going on even at this moment. In any of the larger cities of the South, wherever a Catholic man or woman settles down and gets married, the children are almost inevitably brought up as Protestants. He or she are perhaps the only ones of the faith for miles around. They never see a priest, the neighbors are kindly and friendly, the one set of children associate with the other, and from public school they drift into the Sunday school. The Catholic father or mother, as the case may be, gives up in despair and sullen acquiescence, remaining themselves of no religion, the children and the children's children are Protestants, and to the historian Scotch-Irish, for once Protestant, even a MacCarthy or a Lynch is no longer a Celt.

That this is no fiction I can testify, since in Virginia three years ago I saw a case in point. In the oldest town now existing in the state, one whose name is celebrated in American history, lived a very respectable man, a mason by trade, and doing a good business. He was the son of an Irish father and mother and had a very Irish name. They were the only family of the kind in the place, and no priest ever came their way. The father and mother, as well as the son, were still Catholic, but never had a chance to go to church except on the rare occasions in which they visited Richmond, Norfolk, or Newport News. But the two daughters, when they did go to church, went one to an Episcopalian and the other to a Methodist. It was church sociables and entertainments that won them. The parents could not stop them, for in the South parents seem to have less control over their children than even in the North. That is how the Catholic Church has lost in America and is losing. Perhaps some of the money spent in a rather doubtful task in China and Japan might be as profitably applied on travelling missionaries here in the South and in the North among those of our own blood.

The institution of slavery greatly hindered the growth of the Church in the South, through hindering immigration to that section. It is worth remembering, however, that Catholic slaveholders very numerous freed their slaves long before the abolition movement, and that the free colored population of Baltimore and New Orleans, early in the nineteenth century, made possible the foundation of two religious communities of colored women, the Oblate Sisters of Providence in Baltimore, and the Sisters of the Holy Family in New Orleans, both to-day flourishing in the cities of their beginning, and established in other parts of the country.

The South, on the whole, however, was Protestant and Anglo-Saxon. Not until after the civil war was there a chance for the white immigrant of the Catholic faith; and by that time he was fixed in his habits of landing at New York or Boston.

The Southern Bishops had difficulty in providing for their own flocks after the war. Resources were at ebb-tide and so were vocations. The Catholic English as a sort of reparation for their country's part in colonial days in establishing slavery in the South, sent us the Josephite Fathers for the negroes. They still remain, doing excellent work, but are now an independent organization.

The Paulists began a few years ago to reach out to the whites, and among the many converts made through the priests of the Missionary Union are those whom we may call accidental Protestants, children of Catholic parentage deprived of facilities for Catholic instruction and worship before they knew what the Church is.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

July 18, 1906.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents \$4.20 to \$4.40, and straight rollers \$3.90 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.95; extra, in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.50. Rolled Oats—\$2.20 to \$2.25 in bags of 90 lbs.

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

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$15.00 to \$15.50; shorts, in bags, \$19 to \$20; Manitoba bran in bags, \$18 to \$17; shorts, \$19 to \$20.

Oats—No. 2, 43c per bushel; No. 3, 42 1-2c; No. 4, 41 1-2c to 41 3-4c.

Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.55 to \$1.60 per bushel; hand-picked, \$1.80 per bushel. Hay—No. 1, \$9.50 to \$10 per ton on track; No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9; clover, \$6; clover mixed, \$6.50.

Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, \$1 to \$1.02 1-2 per bushel.

Potatoes—40c to 50c per bag of 90 lbs.

Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; buckwheat, 10c to 11c per pound section; extract, 7c to 7 1-2c.

Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$24.00; half barrels, do., \$12.50; clear fat back, \$23.50; long cut heavy mess, \$21.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$11.25; dry salt long clear bacon, 12 1-4c to 12 3-4c; barrels, plate beef, at \$13.50; half barrels do., \$7.25; barrels heavy mess beef, \$11.50; half barrels, do., \$6.25; compound lard, 7 3-4c to 9 1-4c; pure lard, 12c to 12 1-2c; kettle rendered, 12 1-2c to 14c; hams, 14 3-4c to 16c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 16c to 17c; Windsor bacon, 16c to 16 1-2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.75 to \$11; alive, \$7.75 to \$8 per 100 pounds.

Eggs—Straight receipts, 16 1-2c to 17c; No. 1 candled, 17c to 18c.

Butter—Choicest creamery, salted and unsalted, 21 1-2c to 22 1-2c.

Cheese—Ontario, 12c to 12 1-8c; Townships, 11 7-8c to 12c; Quebecs, 11 5-8c to 11 7-8c.

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

GRAIN MARKETS.

There is a fair volume of business passing in flour for local and domestic accounts, but the export enquiry is rather limited. Prices are steady for all grades.

Rolled oats are firm and unchanged, but the market is dull owing to the falling off in the consumptive demand during the warm weather, and to the fact that dealers and distributors are well supplied.

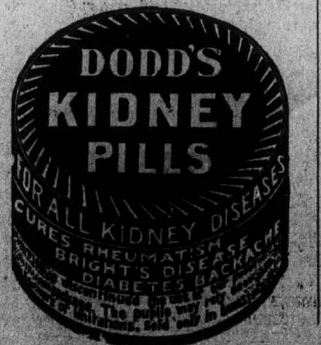
Cornmeal is unchanged but there is very little new business.

There is no improvement in the market for bran and business is quiet at the recent decline. Shorts and moullie are in good demand at steady prices.

EGGS.

There is very little change and no improvement to report on the egg market; receipts are ample, but the quality is very poor in some cases. Steamers from the lower ports brought in some large consignments last week, but they failed to bring over 16 1-2c per dozen on the average.

Straight receipts from reliable districts are quoted here at about 17c per dozen, and there is a fairly good trade passing among dealers, though the bulk of the inquiry is for No. 1 candled selected stock; the former sell at 17 1-2c to 17 3-4c, and se-



lects are worth 20 1-2c to 21c per dozen.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

There is very little cheese going into store for want of buyers. Today's quotations on the local market are 12c to 12 1-8c for finest westerns, 11 7-8c to 12c for Townships, and 11 5-8c to 11 7-8c for easterns.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

IMPERTINENT ADVICE.

A notorious writer in a notorious Chicago daily newspaper urges "the Irish citizens of America who are making violent protests against the caricatures of Irish characters on the stage to save their vitality for more sensible uses." The writer belongs to a school which regards religion, conscience, God, as old fogyism, good enough, perhaps, for our fathers, but no longer compatible with modern, up-to-date civilization. Her philosophy of life might be summed up in her own words: "It is not well to take life seriously and to look for trouble where only pleasure and fun should be found." She is an authority on courtship, free love, divorce and kindred subjects, and enjoys an extensive clientele in that particular specialty of hers. She would do well to confine herself to those topics and direct her counsels to the class of readers whose interests have been developed along such lines. Catholic Irish men and women whose characters have been moulded in another form feel by no means flattered at the proffered advice from such a quarter, and the writer is making an egregious blunder if she thinks that they regard her inane if not immoral lucubrations with any other feeling than that of contempt. If the blood of the O'Connors, as the writer boasts, flows in her veins, it must have been considerably diluted, so much so that the writer might, without danger of being challenged, disclaim it altogether. In doing so she would be rendering a signal honor to Catholic Irish womanhood.—New World, Chicago.

Are you a sufferer from corns? If you are, get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

NEGRO EDITOR'S TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

The following observations by the Chicago Conservator, one of the most widely circulated organs of the colored race, anent the action of the archbishops in the matter of the establishment of a negro bureau similar to the Indian bureau, constitute a remarkable tribute to the Catholic Church and give promise of the great fruits that will result from the church's work among the negroes when it is better organized:

"We do not know the nature of the work this proposed bureau contemplates doing, as we are not familiar with the sort of work these Christian people are doing for the Indians through a like bureau; but our confidence in the leaders of that great church and its life-long attitude toward mankind generally is such as to impress us that it means an effort at the betterment of the negro without robbing him of his manhood rights and curtailing his privileges and opportunities as a race.

"The Catholics, which too many ignorant, unlettered preachers teach the negroes masses are not truly Christian people, have always proved themselves among the best friends the negro has—whether in the north or in the south—and in our humble opinion this church actually demonstrates and practices more real Christianity and brotherly love toward all men everywhere than all the big Protestant denominations put together.

"There never was a sweeter, bigger-hearted, Christian-like man that lived than Leo XIII, who just before his Holiness' death telegraphed President Roosevelt, thanking and blessing him for his noble stand toward the negro Americans when the President was fighting for Dr. Crum against southern race prejudice. We revere the great man's memory and love all good, pure Catholics for their general goodness toward the children of men.

"The average negro, in these trying times of blind unreasoning race prejudice, should know more of the

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Farm Laborers' Excursion.
2nd CLASS
To Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta
\$12.00
Good Going from Montreal on August 20th, 1906.
Full Particulars on application.

MOTOR CAR SERVICE

BETWEEN
MONTREAL--VAUDREUIL
and intermediate stations.
Leave Windsor Station—
8 10 a m, 12 20 p m, 3 p m, 8 p m.
Leave Vaudreuil—
10 20 a m, 1 30 p m, 5 30 p m, 9 10 p m.
TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street
Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

MONTREAL--TORONTO.
Leave Montreal *9 00 a m, 11 45 a m, *8 00 p m, *10 20 p m. Arrive Toronto *4 20 p m, 10 20 p m, *6 18 a m, *7 a m.
Egan Cafe Parlor Car on 9 a m train. Pullman Sleeping Car on 9 p m and 10 30 p m trains.
MONTREAL--OTTAWA.
Leave Montreal.
19 a m, *9 40 a m, *10 10 p m, *7 30 p m.
Arrive Ottawa.
11 a m, *12 40 p m, *7 10 p m, *10 30 p m.
Leave Ottawa.
*8 35 a m, *3 30 p m, *5 p m, *7 15 p m.
Arrive Montreal.
*11 35 a m, *6 30 p m, *8 p m, *10 15 p m.
Pullman Buffet car on 8 a m from Montreal, and 5 p m from Ottawa. Parlor Cars on all trains between Montreal and Ottawa.
*Daily. †Week days.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

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

SAGUENAY

The New Route to the Far-famed
QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOHN RY.

CANADIAN ADIRONDACKS

Trains connect at Chicoutimi with Saguenay steamers for Tadoussac, Cacouna, Murray Bay and Quebec.

Hotel Roberval

Most northerly summer resort in Eastern America. Cuisine unsurpassed.

Island House

The home of the Ouananiche. Delightful climate. Beautiful scenery.

Lake St. Joseph Hotel

A new, first-class house on the shore of the Lake of the same name. Only 50 minutes from Quebec. Golf Links. Boating, excellent beach for bathing. Fishing. Apply to F.H. DAVENPORT, Manager, Lake St. Joseph, P.Q.

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For the TRUE WITNESS. Salary Guaranteed, payable \$10 weekly, with prospect of increase to suitable parties. Write stating experience and giving references, or apply personally at the office, 25 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

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S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1906.
Store closes at 5.30 daily.

Sale of Summer Dress Goods

AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Monday will be a busy day in the Dress Goods Department. The following is but a small portion of the bargains being offered. The prices speak for themselves:

- All-wool Etamine, in fancy mottled effects. Regular 45c. Sale... 12 1/2c
- Black and white Shepherd Checks. Regular 58c. July sale price... 25c
- Fancy Mohair, in neat stripes and small designs. Regular 65c. July sale price... 25c
- New Fancy Check Suiting, in light and dark colors. Regular 45c. July sale price... 25c
- Plain Canvas Cloth, full 44 inches wide. Regular 65c. July sale price... 39c
- All-wool Llama Suitings, with small phantom checks. Regular 65c. July sale price... 39c

A Crowded Wash Goods Store.

- 55 pieces of nice MANCHESTER MUSLIN, beautiful in texture, exceptional in quality and original in design, 33 inches wide. Regular 15c. Special July sale price... 8c
- 40 pieces MATAILLASSE, white ground with many pretty designs, all one yard wide and always sold for 19c. Our special July cheap sale price... 10c
- 30 pieces of MOUSSELINE DE SOIE, Swiss Muslin, Marie Antoinette and Pompadour Muslin, all the latest designs. These Muslins sold regularly from 60c to 75c. Special price... 39c

37c Japanese Silk 29c.

2000 yards Ivory White Japanese Silks, heavy quality, an ideal silk for Blouses and Dresses. Extra full width, a Regular 37c quality. Special... 29c

65c Fancy Summer Silks 36c

2000 yards of Fine Summer Silks, including Plain Taffeta, Fancy Taffeta, Peau de Sole and Fancy Louisine; all sold in the usual way from 55c to 65c. Reduced specially... 36c

BASEMENT BARGAINS

- 500 large size Enamel Dinner or Pie Plates, seconds. Worth 12c. Special sale price... 7c
- 800 nickel-plated Towel Rings, regular 12c. Special... 5c
- 200 All Steel Mincing Knives, worth 10c. July sale price... 4c
- 200 Wire Potato Smashers, the kind that usually cost 5c... 2 1/2c
- 100 Hardwood Step Ladders, in many prices from... 60c

S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

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

DOMINION PARK

POPULAR RESORT OF THE PEOPLE

Next Week
THE
Tokio Royal Japanese
TROUPE

Music by the
VANDER MEERSCHEN BAND
Twenty Big Features! Fifteen Acres of Fun!

Don't fail to hear Bob Price in Illustrated songs at the Electric Theatre.

All Street Cars Going East Lead to the Park
ADMISSION: ADULTS, 10 CENTS
CHILDREN, 5 CENTS
Tickets on Sale at all Street Railway Ticket Offices.

IF YOU WANT
Roofing, Asphalting, or Sheet Metal Work, Metal Skylights or Fireproof Windows, Cornices, Piping, Corrugated Iron, Etc., and want the best, call on
GEO. W. REED & CO., MONTREAL.

The English

Vol. LVI., No. 3

At Present in the the Ce

There is a ghost which h dim paneled halls of W For a hundred years it ha and fro in corridor and Governments have risen a sovereigns have been crow have died, great question pipe and trifling questions have busied statesmen, w been fought, colonies won but still this accusing w remained. More persistent more vigorous and master any of the policies it has perpetual problem of part menace to ministries, the tion still challenges Mr. S jogs the elbow of the dist mior himself.

THE IRISH QUESTION

EVITABLY BE THE OF A HISTORIC VERY A SHORTLY.

You hear little of it in ary procedure of the Hous mons. Just now that body is wrestling with the ization of the schools, scandals, the Chinese labo in South Africa, the navy big matters, as well as the quent questions of local g with which this Imperial must deal, all have their so far as a stranger might the century of oppressive ment in Ireland engages no

But it is in the immedia ground of every question, ably will become the centr toric struggle very shortly mand which generations neglect could not discoura genious tyranny could not stronger than ever to-da voiceless simply because the not yet right.

John E. Redmond, chief Irish Parliamentary Party, the North American six me "Since the time of Gladst land never occupied a more position than she does to- Home Rule question is the main issue now before lie."

The great chieftain is his conservatism of uttera these matters. Idle predi never makes. Each word cabled was weighed. Recen ing carefully, and withhol more than he uttered, he r substance this declaration, much further.

"The Government," he Ping to the Liberal Party, overpowering majority, "itely engaged to bring in a winter which shall deal with Irish affairs. As that promise means much. I should not presume to sific prophecy would be al I can and do assure our t America that within a fe an expression of Ireland demand will be laid before ment, with the indorseme strongest Ministry the emp had in a generation."

"Do you mean," was ask Sir Henry Campbell-Banne poses) to ask the passage o quite Home Rule bill, and in a year or so Ireland is erning herself?"

Mr. Redmond smiled, in a joyment of the blunt requ disclosure of political secr seem to think," he remark I speak vaguely. I do, I festly impossible for me t accurately and in detail tions of the government."

HOME RULE FOR IRELA INEVITABLE AS THE OF TO-MORROW'S SU

"But you know what has mised?"

"Yes. But what I have braces all that I am at li