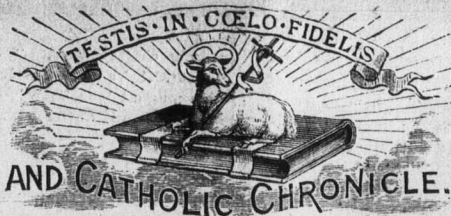


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The Senate,
Jan 1 1907

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IN AN IRISH IRELAND.

The Annual Gaelic League Festival in Dublin.

BIG FAIR IN LIMERICK.

The following article, which is sure to prove very interesting to our readers, is from the pen of Elizabeth Angela Henry, correspondent for the Cleveland Catholic Universe:

At last it is fashionable to be Irish, and this week in Dublin we live and move in an Irish Ireland. The great annual meeting of the Gaelic League, Oireachtas, is in progress; everywhere I hear scraps of conversation carried on in the Irish language. The Gaelic League's quarters in Sackville street wear a different air, I am told, than they did some ten years ago when the movement was first under way. Then one small back room accommodated the members, now the league's assembly rooms and offices occupy two flats.

Last evening the formal opening of the convention was held in the rotunda in Rutland square, and large as is the famous "round room," many had to stand—and admission was by a fair-priced ticket. It was an audience of which every Irishman the world over might be vastly proud; and it was there for the furtherance of an educational project, thereby adding culture to patriotism, a combination which makes the ideal Celt. And what an enthusiastic audience! It stirred at one's heart-strings to hear the applause which greeted every tired worker in the resuscitation of a language in which sages wrote and poets sang centuries ago. Above the deafening hand-claps that welcomed Douglas Hyde rang out the national greeting "Cead Mille Failte." Almost as great an outburst was accorded a Chicago priest, Father J. Fielding, who had ably seconded Dr. Hyde's efforts when in America. But most pleasing, showing as it did the strength of the Gaelic bond, was the cordial reception given a Scotch Protestant clergyman. Priests clapped their hands over in applauding the reverend gentleman's speech delivered in the Scotch Gaelic, which, by the way, is not so musical as the Irish.

A Spanish-Irish delegate was present from Bolivia. He brought over three hundred pounds to the league with a message of fellow sympathy to the small nation struggling for its inheritance. A delegate from Wales, handsome and interesting, wore the ancient Gaelic costume of light brown and black, while a bonnie laird in Stuart plaid sang an old folk ballad. The entire programme was conducted in Irish, including an ode, an oration which showed the grace and fluency with which many of the Gaelic students write and speak.

Dr. Hyde spoke only once in English, when he bade those welcome who had not yet mastered the mother tongue as the "rough stuff out of which the league made the finished article." Green growing plants decorated the stage above which was an illuminated motto in Gaelic: "We shall win victory by the grace of God." The only instrumental numbers on the programme were recitations on the harp. An exhibition is held in connection with the convention, but the fair now going on in Limerick is on a much larger scale.

The Munster-Connaught exhibition can dress a man, build and furnish his house, supply him with food and provide him with musical instruments for his entertainment. It is divided into two sections, one industrial and commercial, the other having a distinctly educational aim. Viewing the variety, excellence and attractiveness of every department, one has to rub his eyes and ask if this is the country where it is thought nothing is done but cutting turf and raising potatoes? There is scarcely an industry in which Ireland has not made considerable headway. What she needs to bring her to the crest of prosperity is ca-

pital; then will come the period of the Irish renaissance.

A splendid Fine Arts and Archaeological section is a feature of the exhibition; a grandson of William Smith O'Brien conducted me through the extemporized gallery. The paintings represent the work of Irish artists of the past and present, old Irish families stripping their drawing-rooms to contribute to the exhibit. Among the various articles are Emmet's sword and a crozier and miter used by the Limerick bishops of the fourteenth century. Because of the sacredness of the vessel, the great treasure of the city is not on exhibition. This is a chalice used by the papal delegate at the Mass celebrated in honor of a great victory won by Owen Rowe O'Neil in the battle of Benburb, 1646, when the Irish captured thirty-two standards. I was shown the chalice by the Rev. J. M. Cregan.

Father Cregan is the most popular man in Limerick, and has the Protestant citizens of the historic city at his beck and call. I learned of his noble qualities and extensive philanthropic work from the Protestant members of the exhibition committee, who would make the esteemed priest mayor of Limerick because of his charity, zeal, and wonderful executive ability. All his energies are bent towards making his congregation temperate, ambitious, industrious. He started a shirt factory for girls on almost nothing, but the people of Limerick soon rallied to his side and now thirty-five young women are employed in a bright, airy shop equipped with sewing machines operated by electric power. The business is managed by a company, of which Father Cregan is a director.

He also leased a club-house for young women. It is called St. Ita's House, and evening classes in cookery, laundry, sewing and scientific dressmaking, typewriting and shorthand are taught there by teachers furnished by the local technical committee, while extra classes in reading, writing and arithmetic, fancy sewing, Irish and Irish history, are taught by voluntary instructors. Attached to the house is a hall. On the stage stands a piano, and in this hall are given many a fine lecture and delightful concert. Another of Father Cregan's good works is improving the home life of the poor by giving prizes for the most neatly kept cottages. His judging committee is composed of Catholic and Protestant women. And the man who has done all this, and more, for Limerick, is as modest and unassuming as the smallest urchin who doffs his cap to that much-beloved pastor.

It is owing to such men as Father Cregan that Limerick has again presented the judge of the Criminal Court with a pair of white gloves. "I shall soon be able to open a white glove shop if this continues," said the judge at the last presentation.

"You may walk the city of Cork from one end to the other day or night, and not a rude word will be said to you," was the remark a Cork policeman made to me. "Sure, we have nothing to do to earn our salary, unless it be to help women and children over the crossing," the good-natured six-footer laughingly added. The city by the "Pleasant Waters of the River Lee" is more busy than formerly owing to the reduced harbor rates. Now the number of freighters anchoring daily provide work for a large contingent of laboring men and trade prospers generally.

The country is all delightful, especially when seen through Irish-American eyes. No matter what troubles Ireland has, she has the lovely

Lakes of Killarney as a compensation. She is like a poor cousin with a beautiful face whose rich, homely, girl-cousins would willingly barter half their fortune in exchange for her native grace. And Killarney's face is her fortune, for she is a constant attraction to the wealthy tourist to visit her lakes and fells and spend money lavishly while basking in her smiles. During the summer season no man or horse is idle, while the lace-making schools of the convents and congested districts boards receive sufficient orders to keep them busy for months.

At the entrance to Killarney stands a handsome Celtic cross of white marble. Like the ancient Round Towers these crosses dot the country, an evidence that it would be as easy to trample out the shamrock as the faith of Ireland.

TRULY CATHOLIC AND TRULY IRISH

The late Michael Davitt was conspicuously a typical Irishman in that he was devoted to the ancient Irish religious faith as well as to the genuine National political faith of his race. One of the earliest noteworthy incidents of his life was connected with the defence of a Catholic church from attack and probably wreck by a fanatical Orange mob. This was over forty years ago in Haslingden, Lancashire, England, where Davitt lived with his mother after their cruel eviction from their home in Ireland. At that time there was an anti-Catholic firebrand named Murphy going through the country delivering "lectures" against "popes and popery" in the usual style of such persons, with the result that there was much rioting and not infrequently much damage to Catholic Church property. In one of these disturbances the church at Haslingden would in all likelihood have been destroyed had it not been for the brave and prompt action of Michael Davitt as thus described in a sketch of his life:

"It is recorded of young Davitt that he took a sturdy part in resisting the anti-Catholic bigotry which blazed fiercely in Lancashire in his early days. At that time there was an outbreak known as the 'Murphy Riots,' occasioned by the peregrinations of an anti-Catholic lecturer of the Slatery type. Catholic churches were threatened with attack, and Catholics in Lancashire had to stand to arms to defend their fanes. In Haslingden, Davitt organized his companions, provided them with revolvers, and, with their aid, met the onset on a mob bent on wrecking the Catholic Church of Haslingden. With their revolvers Davitt and his companions faced the fray. They purposely fired high, and so avoided bloodshed, but their courageous attitude sufficed to terrify the mob and turn it from its purpose, so that the Catholic church was saved. In the neighboring towns, when any Catholic church was known to be in danger from attack, Davitt and his comrades were promptly on the spot to save the sacred edifice from desecration."

Thus did Michael Davitt when little more than a boy prove his devotion to Faith. How he proved his devotion to Fatherland all the world knows.—New York Freeman's Journal.

THE CARDINAL'S NEW TITLE

Cardinal Gibbons has a keen sense of humor. Recently he was a guest of a layman friend, Frank Murphy, in Roland Park, Baltimore's most beautiful residence suburb. In the Murphy home is a butler of Mrs. Partingtonian proclivities, and on the church dignitary's former informal visits to the Murphy home its mistress had been under the necessity of reminding the obtuse servant that the distinguished guest was to be addressed always as "your eminence."

On the present occasion, when the Cardinal rang the bell, the man of impassive countenance answered, received the card, and, turning, announced to Mrs. Murphy, "Please, mum, your remnants has come."

No one enjoyed the joke more thoroughly or laughed more heartily at it than did the genial Cardinal himself.

'ADVENTURES OF A BIBLE'

A story illustrating Protestant "Church Mission" methods in Ireland comes from Mr. Samuel Young, M.P., of Belfast, who in a letter to an Irish paper thus tells of an interesting pamphlet he received recently:

"Among the many trashy anonymous letters and leaflets sent me by post there came a pamphlet entitled 'The Adventures of a Bible,' by Rev. I. H. Townsend, D.D., Vicar of St. Mark's, Tunbridge Wells (England), which gives an account of a Mrs. Blake, Dublin, who had been in low spirits, and was recommended by her confessor to visit a place of amusement. Somehow, on her way, Mrs. Blake got into a (Protestant) Mission Hall by mistake, where she got a Bible, which she had never seen before. This book rendered her very uncomfortable for a time, but ultimately converted her. Whereupon the priest called and took the Bible from her in anger. Mrs. Blake soon wanted her Bible returned, and called upon the priest, where she saw a nun who refused her admission, but conveyed a curse from the young priest, who had been ill. However, Mrs. Blake, after some time, called again for her Bible, and was told by the nun that on her last visit she (the nun) had told her a lie; that the young priest had since died, and that before his death, he, by reading this Bible, had found forgiveness, and blessed her for the book, and that she herself had left the convent and found peace by the reading of this same Bible."

Such was the tale of the pamphlet, but Mr. Young (a Protestant himself) was anxious to know more about the extraordinary and interesting "conversions" of Mrs. Blake, priest and nun, and so he wrote to Rev. Mr. Townsend asking him as follows for further particulars:

"Someone unknown has sent me a pamphlet, of which you are the author, entitled 'The Adventures of a Bible.' I feel interested in these documents. Will you give me particulars. 1st. Where did Mrs. Blake live in Dublin. 2nd. What is the name of the young priest who took the Bible from Mrs. Blake, which Bible had the effect of enabling him to find forgiveness before his death? 3rd. What is the name of the nun who told the lie to Mrs. Blake and afterwards made confession and escaped from the convent? The pathetic story would have great force if I could but know the particulars."

Did Mr. Young get the particulars thus asked for? Did Rev. Mr. Townsend confirm his "pathetic story" by giving the names? "Not on your life." Instead, he sent Mr. Young this characteristic "Irish Church Mission" explanation:

"I am glad that you are interested in 'The Adventures of a Bible.' Anything which illustrates the power of the Bible without human teaching is helpful to us. Many wish to know the particulars in this case; some, like you, from sympathetic interest, others for a different reason. On this account, to save some from relentless persecution, I am obliged to keep in strict secrecy the particulars which have been confided to me. This is a bitter disappointment to you; you, as a Protestant, residing in Ireland, will both understand and appreciate the need of silence."

Truly there was need of silence on the Townsend side as to names, but Mr. Young failed to "understand and appreciate" it. On the contrary he wrote another letter to the Rev. "Adventurer" in which he shattered the case for "silence" in the following style:

"It is curious that this magical Bible of your story should have converted Mrs. Blake, the priest and the nun when Bibles, large and small, which are to be found in every Catholic family, and are sold by all Catholic booksellers, and read, too, under the care of the Church, fail to produce a similar effect. It is really very curious how these three, two of whom notable persons, could be converted, and the whole matter kept secret. It is difficult to conceive of any danger to a convert in Ireland. All such are eagerly taken up and provided for, notably two or three well known converts to Protestantism have made, and are making a good thing of it. Could there be any danger

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

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

25c. and 50c. bottle.

to your converts if I give a guarantee in the shape of a deposit of money, which amount you can mention, to secure safety; or you can send particulars in a letter marked 'confidential,' which should be treated as such if the story be true. May I point out, there being an appetite for this sort of thing, that large sums of money are raised from silly people on the faith of the truth of these secret stories, hence your responsibility. Your refusal to give any explanation leads one to suspect a swindle somewhere. There was in the commercial world a firm which had bogus houses in England, Scotland and Ireland, which drew bills on each other. No one would accuse you of aiding in a pious fraud. However, it is better to clear out in time, for I intend when Parliament meets, in October, to bring these proselytizing frauds before the House, unless, in the meantime, I can get more light on the subject."

Exit Townsend. At least Mr. Young has not heard further from him. The liar has probably taken the advice to "clear out in time." Mr. Samuel Young deserves much credit for exposing and hunting down "pious frauds" of this kind.

Why red is the color of the Irish College

(Rev. J. P. Conry, in September Donahoe's.)

As we have mentioned their colors, we may say that upon the same red trimming hangs a tale. As the students of every nationality have distinctive costumes, so have the Irish. Whatever way it came about, the distinguishing color that fell to them was, if you please, red. Years passed by; but no one seemed to notice the incongruity of the combination, until a young fellow from County Cork, just from beside the Blarney Stone, the day after his arrival from Ireland, asked the others the reason why they wore the colors of "the Sassenach!" And then the question passed from man to man, and a meeting to deliberate what course should be taken was decided upon, with all the solemnity inseparable from the ages of seventeen to twenty-four.

Needless to say, the abolition of their present trimming, and the substitution of another of a green color were unanimously voted at the formal meeting; and no time was lost in laying a statement of the grievance before their own local superiors.

The latter were powerless to dissuade the young men, and accordingly referred them to the authorities of the Propaganda de Fide. Undaunted by the cold water thrown on the agitation, a deputation made its way to that august body, and after explaining the circumstances of the case, firmly demanded a change of colors.

The Propaganda was inexorable, but so were the Irishmen. "Had not red been worn by their predecessors for many years?" "Yes, of course, but then we do not mean to continue doing so." "But the Polish College has green already appropriated!" "Yes, it has, but it has not as good a right as we have to that color!"

At length a happy thought entered the wise old brain of a white-haired prelate. If it failed, the last trump was played. "Was not red the color of the martyrs?" "Yes, it was." "Has not Ireland been for centuries a martyred land?" "Yes, she has." "Is not the color of the martyrs good enough?"

No answer was given to this, for the solemn deputation did not wait until the end of the sentence. They saw the drift of the old priest's argument and beat a hasty retreat; and ever since the Irish students in Rome wear "the color of the martyrs."

Irish Are Thrifty.

Eloquent testimony to the honesty and industry of the Irish tenants is contained in the report just issued by the Irish Land Commissioners, showing the payments made under the various acts by which the tenants have, with state assistance, become the owners of their holdings.

The total amount payable in November last in respect of advances under the purchase act of '85 for the half year's installments which had then become due was \$924,000, payable by about 25,380 tenants. On July 1 last all this had been paid with the exception of \$14,445, which was still outstanding from 313 purchasers.

With regard to the payment of installments under the purchase act of '91, the amount due on Nov. 1, from 46,954 tenants, was \$1,775,955. Of this big sum there remained to be paid on July 1, only \$11,055, which was owing by 273 tenants. Coming to the land act of 1903, it appears that of the installments payable under the act the amount falling due from 19,065 purchasers was \$995,475. All this had been paid on July 1, with the exception of the trifling outstanding balance of \$4,070 owing by seventy-four tenants. These figures show that of an aggregate of \$3,694,830 owing by 91,095 new tenant proprietors, the comparatively small sum of \$29,270 only was owing on July 1—less than 1 per cent.

There is no misunderstanding the tremendous significance of these figures. Here we have a people who some years ago were enduring eviction by wholesale, misery and starvation, rather than pay the exorbitant rents demanded by landlords now cheerfully and promptly paying the installments of purchase money which enables them to become the owners of the soil they till. It justifies to the full the no rent campaign conducted through long and bitter years. It shows that the only way to get people back to the land—to make them stick to it—is to make it possible for them to become landowners—free holders in the good old Saxon phrase—not servile slaves of landlords. It will not be long before English tenants will be clamoring for similar opportunities to be emancipated from landlordism—to become their own landlords.

Having received the royal assent, the laborers' bill, the only Irish measure which parliament has passed this session, is now the law of the land. For this relief much thanks. Not without reason its sanguine promoters predict that it will have far-reaching effects on the future well-being of Ireland. It will greatly improve the condition of the rural toilers of Ireland. The increase of the existing half acre plots to the size of one acre would in itself be a considerable boon. But the erection of twenty-five or thirty thousand neat and commodious cottages throughout the country must mean a great quickening of local activity, the implanting of hope and confidence in the breasts of the heretofore neglected Irish laborers, and an increased standard of comfort for them which will free them from the reproach of being the worst clothed and worst fed class in Europe. With such results, it must of necessity exercise a beneficent influence in checking the drain of emigration which takes from Ireland the best of her young manhood and womanhood. And under the terms of the act it will impose no serious burden on the ratepayers.

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

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A glance through the fashion papers, which of late years have become so numerous that one wonders how they all find readers—is it that fashion papers keep up the fashions or vice versa?—is enough to deter all but the most courageous of men from venturing on matrimony.

which, being loose and strong, are the best to work in—the cleansing fluid sometimes seems to take out the natural oil, leaving them dry and harsh to the touch.

CARDINAL LOGUE'S REBUKE.

The Irish Catholic tells the following incident of Cardinal Logue: The virtue, beauty and charm of Irish women are as pronounced today as ever.

HOW TO RENOVATE BLACK LACE.

Spread the lace out on a sheet of paper, and brush carefully with a soft brush, then shake it to free it from as much dust as possible.

If it is spotted or stained in any way, rub it gently with a cold sponge dipped in cold tea, and then allow the lace to soak for at least half an hour in tea prepared in the following manner:

The gum arabic in the tea will give a slight stiffness to the lace. If the lace is made of silk, one teaspoonful of alcohol may be added to the other ingredients, which will help to give the silk a gloss.

After the lace has been soaked in the above solution for the necessary time, squeeze it gently between the hands and then in the folds of a cloth, and put it through the wringer.

Pull out all the points with the fingers, roll the lace in a dry cloth and let it remain at least an hour before ironing. When about to iron, spread a sheet of kitchen paper smooth side uppermost, on a piece of double felt or thick ironing blanket; spread the lace smoothly on top of this, and place another piece of paper with the glossy side downward, on the top.

If the rough side of the paper is placed next to the lace it will peel off in small pieces. Iron the lace carefully on the top of the paper with a cool iron, and, when partly finished, remove the paper, pull out the points of lace and then iron again with the paper over.

Never touch the lace with the bare iron, as any glazing would quite spoil its appearance. When quite dry hang up the lace to air. The washing and dressing of lace is certainly a work which requires time and care; it cannot be hurried over, but it is interesting, and nothing better repays for the time and labor bestowed upon it.

TIMELY HINTS.

Walls and ceilings that are spoiled by a smoky lamp or stove can be cleaned by making bags or pads of cheese cloth folded double and filled with a mixture of equal parts of corn meal and corn starch.

In laundering embroidered linens the designs will stand out beautifully if they are ironed on several thicknesses of Turkish toweling. A clean firebrick is more satisfactory as an iron stand than the ordinary piece of filigree cast iron, which not only admits the air to the bottom of the iron, but conducts the heat from it.

RECIPES.

Macaroni Croquettes.—Have ready a large kettle of boiling water. Select half a package of macaroni and without breaking plunge it gradually into the water, turning it round the side of the kettle as it softens. Take from the water when it is tender, dry on a towel and with a sharp knife cut it in pieces an eighth of an inch wide.

Danish Fritters.—Five eggs, one cupful of flour, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon, the grated rind of one lemon, one-quarter of a cupful of chopped citron. Mix the dry ingredients, beat the eggs and add them with sufficient cold milk to make a very thick drop batter.

Frozen Nougat Pudding.—Blanch one-half of a pound of shelled almonds, spread out on a pan and set in a very moderate oven until a pale yellow; put in a frying-pan one cupful of sugar and place on the back of the stove until the sugar begins to melt; stir with a metal spoon and when melted throw in the almonds and shake and stir until the syrup is a good coffee color; take at once from the fire and pour out on a greased pan. When cold, pound to a powder and add it to a boiled custard made from the yolks of eight eggs, one cupful of sugar and one quart of cream.

FUNNY SAYINGS

A member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin tells of some amusing replies made by a pupil undergoing an examination in English. The candidate had been instructed to write out examples of the indicative, the subjunctive, the potential and the exclamatory moods.

Canon Atiger used to tell this story of the stage manager at the Lyceum drilling the witches in the great Brocken scene (infernal regions) in "Faust." The witches came on hopping and skipping, as merry as you like, when the manager sternly checked them: "That won't do at all! You mustn't look 'appy! You mustn't look 'appy! You're not on 'Amptstead 'Eath—you're in 'Ell!"

"Poets are born, sir," said an indignant versifier to an eminently practical editor.

"Of course they are," responded the editor suavely; "you didn't imagine that I thought they were products of an earthquake?"

"They are born; born, sir—do you understand?" "I think I do." The editor rubbed his chin reflectively. "But why are they born?" he added at length. And the poet went his way sadly.

Author.—You have no idea how many stamps I use posting my manuscripts to various editors. Critic.—Very likely. I think there ought to be excursion tickets for manuscripts at reduced rates.—Tit Bits.

Nellie, aged 5, had her photograph taken recently, and when the proof was sent home her mother said she looked too solemn, and asked why she didn't smile. "I did smile, mamma," said Nellie, "but I guess the man forgot to put it down."

Remarkable island where wild animals are tame

That wild animals become extremely tame is well known.

Several years ago some residents on one of the channel islands of Southern California introduced a number of black-tailed deer, which were protected to such an extent that in time they discovered that they were privileged characters and assumed nearly the absolute contempt for human beings held by the sacred bulls of India that crowd men and women from the road.

Nearly all animal life is protected at this island. I have counted half a hundred bald eagles in an 11-mile run, have seen them take a large fish from the water within easy gunshot, and they build their nests on pinnacles that are not difficult of approach. The sea birds are equally tame. Gulls gather in flocks a few feet from those who feed them, in the winter flocks of cormorants swim into the bays and are so tame that they merely divide when a boat passes and fishermen often find that the cormorants take off bait and I have seen a long-winged bird resembling the petrel follow my line under the water at a cast, using its wings to fly along and take the bait, and at times scores of seabirds are seen inshore feeding upon small shrimps, paying no attention to observers photographing them.

The most remarkable illustration of tameness to be seen here is that of the sea lions. For ages the animals have held possession of a mass of rock on the shore of the islands. A few years ago many were killed by vandals, but laws were passed and for a number of years the sea lions have been protected and the rookery has increased in size until a split has recently occurred and another settlement has been established half-way up the island.

It has been the custom for years for fishermen in cleaning their fish to toss the refuse into the bay and the sea lions formed the habit of coming down to the bay at this time to dine thereupon. At first only one or two came; now a band of two large bulls and several females make their headquarters at the bay or spend most of their time there, constituting a valuable sanitary corps, as they eat every fragment of fish, the gulls joining in the feast. When not feeding the sea lions pass the time lying within a few feet of the beach, sleeping or playing, the females and young leaping from the water and going through various tricks of interest to the looker-on.

THE POET'S CORNER

LEAVE-TAKING.

You who do not know, stand by the door and watch from there, impatient at the long delay and foolish care With which I take each little thing from its accustomed place— The tiny clock, the old Satsuma vase, The imaged Virgin and the Child, And winsome Psyche who has smiled At her brook-mirrored beauty—trifles, all— And yet, and yet the hours that they recall!

To you who stand beside the door and watch from there, impatient at the long delay and foolish care, I know the tender touch, the lingering hand Are reasonless to you who do not understand. And count the little room, at best, but a poor place With meagre share of sunlight, lacking grace Of rare, rich hangings that so subtly please And charm the fancy and invite to ease— You cannot know that here, that here was built a shrine Where my soul worshipped, learning the divine Sweet mystery of love, that 'tis the place Where love lies buried. But I hide the trace Of tear lest you should know. The secret's mine, The secret of the grave and of the shrine! —Margaret Hannis, in Watson's Magazine.

THE SANDSHORE IN SEPTEMBER

Dim dusk on the sea where a star The night steals across the sand, Purplish-brooding the shadows hover And by the headland a white-sailed rover Skims on to the darkening land. Far in the west still the hue is glowing Of a sunset's crimson death, The troubled tide o'er the bar is flowing And vibrant winds are coming and going With the salt foam in their breath. Shines over, Slow from the eastward a fog is creeping, Spectral and chill and white, Soon it will wrap the wide sea sleeping And the sandshore, given o'er to its keeping, Will dream and gleam through the night. Why need we linger when o'er the meadows The glow of our homeland shines? Dear, let us leave the sandshore to its shadows And hand in hand go across the meadows To that love-star in the pines. —L. M. Montgomery, in September Donahoe's.

WHEN I GO HOME.

It comes to me often in silence, When the firelight sputters low— When the black uncertain shadows Seem wreaths of the long ago; Always with throb of heartache That thrills each pulsive vein, Comes the old, unquiet longing For peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities, And of faces old and strange; I know where there's warmth of welcome, And my yearning fancies range Back to the dear old homestead, With an aching sense of pain; But there'll be joy in the coming When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music That may never die away And it seems the band of angels, On a mystic harp to play, Have touched with a yearning sadness On a beautiful, broken strain, To which is my fond heart wording— When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window Is the great world's crash and din, And slowly the autumn's shadows Come drifting, drifting in, Sobbing, the night winds murmur To the plash of the autumn rain; But I dream of the glorious greeting When I go home again. —Eugene Field.

HER TRANSPLANTED ROSE.

He came to her in the early dawn; And lived in her arms one day, But the little baby soul was tired, It had come such a long, long way. But a whisper grew at the lips of the world, The sun rode, hushed and high, She looked and caught the eye of God As the sorrowing winds went by. And her heart lay close to the heart of All, While the morning held its breath. Ah, me! The messenger stole so near, And the name on his wings was Death! And the child with the summons came at dusk, Looked up with eyes of blue Straight into the vision, as though to say: "How long I have watched for you!" Then fell back cold on his mother's breast, And she knew, though her eyes were dim, While this meant torturing grief to her, It was endless peace to him. And the flowers they sent to the mother's room Withered beside her bed; But her little immortal flower was safe, She smiled when they called it dead.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You cannot imagine what I am having after we come to school these nights picking plums and pears up off the trees which fall from the trees. They went gathering butte the woods to-day and got. They are nice to have in much nicer than this time but I cannot wait that them, as I like them so are having very nice water but the mornings and ever very cool. We had a very storm last Sunday night my sister left for Rochester went by boat, and the weather very rough after the storm. I am sure it would be very long for them. Agnes is in of fruit picking. It really lots of fun, and makes me could be with you. Of course cousins are interested in letters. And why not? they join with me in hope very soon Joseph will be enough to run around. How jolly that Amie O' was a success and what was realized for the church. Love to all the cousins, AUNT

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold misery 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. F. 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 tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever." Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

OUR B

Dear Girls and Boys: The tinkle of the school bell has been heard in every nook and corner of our land, and every small girl and boy have filed to the appointed task. There is something irksome in the daily grind, but when one looks the way ahead and of the women who have over books, just as you are, and to whom the task is more pleasant than it is to present day little ones, we also realize the mark made and the positions we must remember that in every case the result is abundance of brains, but the intelligence had been their share, little ones. There amount of room at the ladder. No necessity shoved to the wall at the the crowd who have not enough to put one foot on other. The rounds of the not any further apart to years ago, so go ahead a letter was delayed, but than never. I certainly Lillie T. in hoping that a sins will be regular contr appreciate Lillie's very kition to call on her; but that I have a very limited of time on my hands, but very pleased to have nieces and nephews come how the True Witness is I am sure it would be ver ing for them. Agnes is in of fruit picking. It really lots of fun, and makes me could be with you. Of course cousins are interested in letters. And why not? they join with me in hope very soon Joseph will be enough to run around. How jolly that Amie O' was a success and what was realized for the church. Love to all the cousins, AUNT

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Dear Aunt Becky:

You cannot imagine how I felt when I saw my letter so I resolved that I would again. School opened on the fourth, much to the teachers and pupils, I think that all the cousins will regular in writing to the a few days our retreat starting. In a little while techism classes on Sunday opened and I am very glad the sister goes to catch Sunday when it opens. I dear Auntie, if you would to see me. I live in the

LUBY'S Parisian Hair Renewer restores gray hair to its natural color, and, from its balsamic properties, strengthens the growth, removes all dandruff, and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. Can be had of all chemists. 50 cents a bottle.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

The tinkle of the school bell has been heard in every nook and corner of our land, and already the small girl and boy have filed in, each to the appointed task. Perhaps there is something irksome in the daily grind, but when one thinks of the way ahead and of the great men and women who have sat poring over books, just as you all are doing, and to whom the task was no more pleasant than it is to our own present day little ones, and when we also realize the mark they have made and the positions they fill, we must remember that it was not in every case the result of a superabundance of brains, but the capacity of putting to good use what intelligence had been their share. Courage, little ones. There is any amount of room at the top of the ladder. No necessity of getting shoved to the wall at the foot with the crowd who have not gumption enough to put one foot before another. The rounds of the ladder are not any further apart to-day than years ago, so go ahead and mount. It was really too bad that Ethel's letter was delayed, but better late than never. I certainly join with Lillie T. in hoping that all the cousins will be regular contributors. I appreciate Lillie's very kind invitation to call on her; but must add that I have a very limited amount of time on my hands, but would be very pleased to have any of my nieces and nephews come and see how the True Witness is turned out. I am sure it would be very interesting for them. Agnes is in the midst of fruit picking. It really must be lots of fun, and makes me wish I could be with you. Of course the cousins are interested in Joseph's letters. And why not? I am sure they join with me in hoping that very soon Joseph will be strong enough to run around and play. How jolly that Annie O'N's picnic was a success and what a nice sum was realized for the church fund. Love to all the cousins, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: You cannot imagine what fun we are having after we come home from school these nights picking apples, plums and pears up off the ground which fall from the trees. My brother went gathering butternuts in the woods to-day and got a bag full. They are nice to have in the winter, much nicer than this time of year, but I cannot wait that long for them, as I like them so well. We are having very nice weather now, but the mornings and evenings are very cool. We had a very bad electric storm last Sunday night when my sister left for Rochester. She went by boat, and the water was very rough after the storm. We were lonesome to see her go, for we will not see her again until next summer. We are getting along fine with our new teacher; we like her very much, she is so kind to us. Well, Auntie, the summer is about gone again and all my flowers are about dead. I think I will start and do some fancy work to pass the evenings. Well, as I have nothing more to write I will close with lots of love to you and cousins. Your niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, Sept. 8.

Dear Aunt Becky: You cannot imagine how delighted I felt when I saw my letter in print, so I resolved that I would write again. School opened on Tuesday, the fourth, much to the delight of teachers and pupils, I think. I hope that all the cousins will be more regular in writing to the corner. In a few days our retreat will be starting. In a little while our catechism classes on Sunday will be opened and I am very glad. My little sister goes to catechism every Sunday when it opens. I would love, dear Auntie, if you would come up to see me. I live in the north end

and you would not have so very far to come, as both of us are living in Montreal. I would just love to see you, dear Auntie, for I am just fascinated with your name. It does seem so funny to have an auntie and never to go to see her, or her to come and see you. I think, dear Auntie, if you will not come and see me I will have to go and see you. I felt very proud when Agnes C. gave me the credit of giving her the example to write, but I do not think it is true, do you, dear Auntie? I do not forget the good times we had together, Maude, for I often speak of them. I think, dear Auntie, you must be weary of this letter, so I shall close, with love to dear Auntie and all the cousins. I am, dear Aunt Becky, Your affectionate niece, LILLIE T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was disappointed that my letter was not sent in time for publication last week. I had it all written but my sister forgot to mail it. I mean to be a very punctual correspondent for, dear Aunt I watch every week for the True Witness to come until I hear what all my little cousins have to say. Agnes C. said such kind things about me. I did not think I had made such a friend in Quebec, and also Maude C. I hope I shall meet these nice girls next year at vacation. I hope they will visit Montreal. Dear Aunt Becky, I think as my letter is already long, I will close with love to all my cousins and remain, dear Aunt, Your loving little niece, ETHEL T. Montreal.

Dear Aunt Becky: Another week has passed and I have not much news to tell you. Our picnic that we had last week was a very great success. The priest made over five hundred dollars for the benefit of the church. Rev. Father Hartigan had a picnic in Deseronto last Monday. They had a lovely day for it, and it was largely attended. The men are cutting corn and gathering up the pumpkins now. My papa intends putting up a wood shed and kitchen next week. I expect we will have lots of fun in the evenings when we come home from school looking at the carpenters. We will soon have to pick the apples now. Well, dear Auntie, as my letter is getting rather long I guess I will close. Love to the cousins and Aunt Becky, Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, Sept. 10.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am quite pleased to see the cousins have an interest in my letters. I wish I were able to write something interesting. I can sympathize with Agnes on the death of her little brother, for I lost my oldest brother over a year ago. He never was healthy, which made him the favorite in our family. I miss him a great deal. I wish I were able to go with papa to see my sisters, but I cannot walk nor would not be able to ride, but am in hopes of being well some time. Why don't some of the other boys write? As ever, your nephew, JOSEPH. Granby, Sept. 7.

Round the world a wizard goes, Creeping soft, old Tippy Toes! Oh, curious things to us all he does! The baby's hair was a yellowish fuz, But Tippy Toes, with a magic twirl, Turned it into a golden curl. He stretches the children, one and all, The thin grow fat, and the short ones, tall: O'er small boys and girls such a spell he weaves, Their arms shoot out of their jacket sleeves. He played on grandpa a saucy trick, Why, grandpa's hair was once brown and thick. Ah, now it is thin and as white as the snows— All the work of old Tippy Toes!

He tiptoes about in his silent way, And changes yesterday into to-day; Listen, you'll hear him, tick-tock, tick-tock— Tippy Toes at work with the clock. Some day he will cut off my curls, no doubt, With the scythe mamma says that he carries about; For, would you believe it? he's made a plan To turn me into a great, big man! —Pauline Frances Camp.

AN UNTALENTED GIRL. "It seems too bad that such a girl as Beth should be simply buried alive in a little town like this! Why, with such talents as she has, it does seem as if she ought to be making herself felt in the world!" Beth's friend, Alice, spoke with girlish enthusiasm and unbounded loyal admiration. "Just think of her music to begin with—dear me! Wouldn't I feel too happy for words if I could play and sing as she does? You'd think that was talent enough for one girl's share, but that isn't half what she has! Her essays at school were so fine we always said that way—some time she'd be making herself famous as a writer. And, as if that wasn't enough, what must she do but have a real, marked talent for sketching and painting, too! Why Aunt Minnie, when our class went to the zoo and we tried drawing some of the animals from life, her's were so far ahead of the rest of us—well, you wouldn't look at ours in the same day with hers. She's really the brightest girl I know."

"She's a remarkably gifted girl, I have no doubt," smiled Aunt Minnie; "but I know another girl who isn't excelled by anybody in one way, at least, and that is a generous feeling for her friends. I believe you are as proud of her talents as if they were every one your own." "I'm so clumsy and commonplace beside her!" Alice snuggled up a little closer to her aunt. "I haven't a talent in the world—positively I haven't." But Aunt Minnie smiled as she put her arm around the girlish form. "I'm not so sure of that," she said. "Alice, Alice!" It was her brother, Gordon, calling in stentorian tones through the hall. "Oh, Gordon dear, don't wake mamma!" Alice went toward him hurriedly. "I just persuaded her to lie down for a little while—she was up so much in the night with Benny! But I don't believe you've wakened her," she added, reassuringly. "Say, Alice!" Gordon's voice was dropped now to a stage whisper, which gradually waxed louder and more emphatic as he proceeded. Alice rose to shut the door, but so quietly that he hardly noticed the motion. "Do you know I can't get anybody to play the tunes for us for Friday night—those gleees, you know, we thought we'd have at our entertainment? It does seem as if folks ought to help us out when we've worked so hard to get it up, but we've asked everybody we know who's any good at music, and they all have an excuse ready. So I told the boys I guessed I could count on you, at a pinch."

And Alice carefully suppressed a smile. Gordon spoke so ingeniously and with so little notion of the unconscious slight offered her musical powers. "Why, of course you can, Gordon," she said. "I'll do the best I can, anyway. Let's see—how much time is there before you boys give your entertainment? Just a week?" "Yes; you see we thought we could surely get somebody else, or we'd have given you more time. I expect you'll have to do some practicing, won't you?—seeing you can't read much at sight, if that's what you call it." Aunt Minnie's arm rested with involuntary tenderness on her "untalented" niece's shoulders, as she looked into the sweet, self-forgetful face. "Oh, and say, Alice!" Gordon went on, eagerly. "We find it's going to cost like everything to get our printing done. I don't see how we're going to have a cent left for posters. It'll swallow up the profits like anything to get the tickets printed and that 'ad' in the paper. We thought Beth Anderson would probably help us out. I tell you, she knows how to make beauty posters! But she wasn't any more ready to bother with that than she was with the music." I suppose she thinks it isn't worth while to put herself out for such an affair as we're getting up, but she might do it, seeing her own brother's so interested. He felt real cut up about it. He'd been bragging about what a lot of talent she had, and she refused as coolly as you please. 'Really hadn't time!' Well, all the artistic girls we know 'didn't have time' to bother with it. I told the fellows perhaps you'd try to get something for us; do you suppose you could, Allie, even if it isn't anything very fine and fancy?" "Why, I'll do my best, Gordon. If you'll give me some idea of what you want. You know drawing's not my strong point. In fact, I'm afraid I haven't any 'strong points.' It's funny, but that's just what I was saying to auntie before you came in."

MOTHER AND CHILD. During the reign of the Roman Emperor Valens, there were many Christians in the City of Edessa. The Emperor, who was a Pagan, had issued an edict commanding all the churches, to be closed. But notwithstanding the edict, all the people went to Mass, for the priest sent

word to them that he would celebrate in a field outside the city walls. The Emperor was told of this, and greatly enraged, he ordered the Mayor of Edessa to massacre the whole of them the next time they should assemble for Mass. Now the mayor was a kind-hearted man although he, too, was a Pagan, so he sent word secretly to all the Christians that he had received these orders, thinking they would stay away. But lo! when Sunday came—the streets were thronged at an early hour, and there were more people than ever before at Mass. The mayor put himself at the head of his troops, in compliance with his orders, and marched toward the field where the Catholics were assembled in immense numbers. As they were passing, with measured tread, and clang of armor, by a low-roofed house, a poor woman issued hurriedly from it leading a little boy by the hand. She was in such great haste that she noticed nothing, looking straight forward, and passed with the child directly through the file of soldiers. The mayor, astonished, instantly caused her to be arrested and brought before him—then halted his troops. "Woman," he asked, "what ails you? Why are you in such a desperate haste?" "Sir," she replied, out of breath, "I am going to the place where the priest is to celebrate Mass to-day."

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one. THINGS NOT TO DO. To contradict your friends when they are speaking. To say smart things which may hurt one's feelings. It is bad to make remarks about the food at dinner. To talk about things which only interest yourself. To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders. To speak disrespectfully to any one older than yourself. To be rude to those who serve you either in shop or at home. To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you. To think first of your own pleasure when you are giving a party. To refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor. To behave in a street car or train as if no one else had a right to be there. Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Hol-loway's Corn Cure. MOZART'S WORK. Mozart lived thirty-seven years. His first mass was composed when he was less than ten years of age, and the enormous quantity of his compositions was the work of the succeeding twenty-seven years. Mozart wrote forty-one symphonies, fifteen masses, over thirty operas and dramatic compositions, forty-one sonatas, together with an immense number of vocal and concerted pieces in almost every line of art. CONSTITUTIONAL CURE FOR CANCER. Painless. Can be used in your own home without any one knowing it. Send 6 cents (stamps) for particulars. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

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THE "TRUE WITNESS" 25 ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL. Let us give you figures on LETTER-HEADS ENVELOPES INVITATIONS BUSINESS CARDS MEMORIAL CARDS POSTERS CATALOGUES SOCIETY WORK The True Witness Publishing Company 25 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

... 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, Roseneath, 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."

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
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SUBSCRIPTIONS will be continued until order to stop is received and all arrears paid up.
Send remittances by Money Order, P. O. order or registered letter.
NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.
CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1906

SIR THOMAS SHAUGHNESSY'S HAND.

The True Witness is greatly pleased that the Irishmen of Canada intend at an early date to mark in some manner their appreciation of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy in keeping up the commercial connection of the Dominion of Canada with Ireland. The naming of the 'Empress of Ireland' was, perhaps, a poetic tribute to the honor of his motherland. But Sir Thomas is nothing if not practical, and all Canadians will hear with satisfaction that the C.P.R. Steamship Company inaugurates to-day a direct service of passenger steamers between Ireland and Canada. The intermediate steamers of the C.P.R. from Liverpool to Quebec and Montreal will call at Belfast Lough to embark passengers. The steamers, which sail from the Mersey every fortnight, will call off Bangor every alternate Thursday, beginning on Sept. 13. Local arrangements for the transmission of passengers and cargo from Belfast to the liners have been completed, the steamer engaged to act as tender being the Belfast and Co. Down Railway Company's well-known paddle-boat Slieve Bearnagh. Passengers embarked to-day on the Slieve Bearnagh at the Canadian Berth and were conveyed to the liner, a similar arrangement holding good in connection with each sailing from Liverpool of the liners. The first liner to call in the Lough was the Lake Erie, a fine four-masted steamer of 7550 tons, built on the Clyde in 1900 by Barclay, Earle & Co., Ltd. Other vessels to follow on later dates will probably include the Lake Champlain (7392 tons), Lake Manitoba (9674 tons), and Lake Michigan (9240 tons). This departure on the part of the Canadian Pacific Railway will be welcomed by passengers and shippers of cargo. The connection of the company with Ireland looked like ending a fortnight ago when their mail steamer called at Moville to embark passengers for the last time. The intermediate steamers (which in future will call in Belfast Lough) hitherto sailed direct from the Mersey, with the result that the Irish passengers and cargo had to go there to embark. The new departure will be a special boon to shippers, as it will save extra handling of cargo, and gain nearly three days in shipment. Under a mail contract just completed with the British Post Office, mails will be carried to Japan and China via Canada in much less time than hitherto. As a result of adding two fast new steamers, the Empress of Britain and the Empress of Ireland, to its Atlantic service, the Canadian Pacific Railway will, for the first time, carry mails in its own steamers and trains all the way from Great Britain to Hong Kong. The time occupied from London to Hong Kong will be 29 1-2 days, to Shanghai, 27 1-2 days, and to Yokohama 22 1-2 days. Compared with the company's previous contract, this

means a saving of 9 1-2 days to Hong Kong, 8 1-2 days to Shanghai, and 8 1-2 days to Yokohama. The new time schedule became effective with the R.M.S. Empress of Ireland from Liverpool last week.

BAD TEMPER BOILS OVER.

Mr. Walter Long, the former chief of Sir Antony MacDonnell in the Irish office, because he could not harm the popular Under-Secretary when in power, is attempting to do it now when Home Rule is once again a vital question of practical politics. Mr. Long appears to think that by forcing the publication of the famous correspondence between Sir Antony and Mr. George Wyndham, he can brand the Under-Secretary and out-and-out Nationalist. Sir Antony MacDonnell has met a public attack upon him with so much spirit that The London Times leaped into the fray as a champion of Mr. Long. The Times knows that Mr. Long has not the brains to handle his own case; but Sir Antony MacDonnell is more than a match for both. The upshot will be perhaps that during the next session of Parliament the correspondence must be read. When given to the public in the right time it will show that the Unionist Government was willing to commit itself to a Home Rule bargain. This would spoil any opposition that might be forthcoming from Mr. Balfour to the proposals of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's government. Mr. Long would only spike his own party guns.

THE ARCHDIOCESE OF HALIFAX

There was joy throughout the ancient diocese of Halifax on Sunday last over the consecration of Archbishop McCarthy. There were many reasons for this feeling, among others the natural gratitude of the Catholic people of the capital by the sea that a son of their venerable city had been called to rule over their spiritual affairs. But the highest and holiest element of gratitude that found expression alike from clergy and laity was their intimate knowledge that one eminently worthy both of the dignity and responsibility had been chosen to the order of the episcopacy. Commanding in presence, amiable in his bearing, and at all times enlightened and strong in his decisions and actions, the new Archbishop of Halifax is well qualified to succeed in the line of shepherds of a diocese the establishment of which dates back to the opening of the last century. May Archbishop McCarthy be long preserved for a career of fruitfulness in every good.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has suffered a bitter bereavement in the death of his wife. Without family, Lady Campbell-Bannerman, being a very clever woman, possessed of a sound judgment, had always been her husband's confidante and adviser in important political and personal matters. When he was made Premier and important questions arose, which, it will be recalled, brought negotiations to a standstill for a couple of days, Lady Campbell-Bannerman came up specially from Scotland, at her husband's request, to share his counsels.

The Catholic Weekly, of London, England, publishes an interesting appreciation of Cardinal Merry del Val, one of the most remarkable men who ever filled the responsible office of Secretary of State at the Vatican. Recent reports from a somewhat tainted French source point to a disagreement between His Holiness and the Cardinal, and the present position, therefore, gives special interest to the real qualities and personality of the Papal Secretary of State.

The deep and true sympathy of the Irish Party with the Liberal leader

was expressed in John Redmond's simple message to Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, whose wife died last week. "Pray allow me, on behalf of all my colleagues and myself to offer you our sincerest sympathy."

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. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

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

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

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

"ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton."

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart. This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

C.M.B.A. GRAND COUNCIL.

The Grand Council of the Province of Quebec of the C.M.B.A. has elected the following officers: Chancellor—Col. A. Evanturel, Quebec. President—H. Butler, Montreal. First Vice-President—Dr. A. Ricard, Montreal. Second Vice-President—M. J. O'Donnell, Montreal. Secretary—P. E. Emile Belanger, Quebec. Treasurer—A. K. Archambault, Montreal. Marshal—F. C. Lawlor, Montreal. Guard—J. Gallery, Montreal. Trustees—L. E. Choquette, Farnham; N. J. E. Beaudry, Montreal; P. Flannery, Montreal; A. Duggan, Montreal; A. Grenier, Quebec. Representatives to Supreme Council—Col. A. Evanturel, Quebec; Dr. A. Morin, Quebec; P. A. Marnell, Alternates, A. R. Archambault, Montreal; G. A. Paradis, Quebec; C. Curran, Montreal.

Committee on Laws—J. C. Lamotte, Montreal; M. Shea, Montreal; J. A. Lussier, St. Johns. Committee on Finance—G. A. Paradis, Quebec; C. J. Flanagan, Montreal; A. Talbot, Quebec. Other members of the convention.—Chancellors: C. E. Leclerc and P. F. McCaffrey, Montreal; J. A. U. Beaudry, W. J. Scullion, J. B. O'Hara, of Montreal; T. Verret, C. E. Rouleau, Quebec; L. A. Beriau, Farnham; J. D. Quinn, Granby.

CHURCH WILL NOT RECEDE FROM PRESENT POSITION.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. S. Vaughan, Canon of Westminster Cathedral, brother of the late Cardinal Vaughan, and of Father Bernard Vaughan, the Jesuit who created a furore in London by declaring the "smart set" to be rotten, having arrived in the United States, is now the guest of Mgr. Lavelle at the Cathedral rectory, New York.

Mgr. Vaughan has been in Rome for a number of years, and is familiar with the present situation in France. As to the Pope's latest

note to the French clergy, he is quoted as saying: "There is no doubt in my mind about the outcome. The Church in France will grow stronger and learn to depend on itself as the Church does in England and other countries. While I believe the Church will grow stronger under such conditions, that does not mean that she will not continue to resist government oppression. Personally I believe the Holy Father has met the French situation with remarkably good judgment and his consulting the French clergy on this and that phase of the situation was a master stroke of diplomacy. The Church, in my opinion, will not recede from her present position. The recent encyclical embodies the wish of Catholic France. The Bishops will meet soon and outline a plan of campaign which will be submitted to the Holy Father. What they recommend will undoubtedly form the basis of the Vatican's final instructions."

Mgr. Vaughan will remain in New York for a few days, and then go to St. Paul as the guest of Archbishop Ireland. He will preach a series of sermons in the St. Paul Cathedral, and also preach at the annual retreat to the clergy of the diocese of Duluth. He may also visit the Catholic summer school at Cliff Haven before he returns to London.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

It has now become a happily established fact to the pleasure-seekers of our city, that, during the summer season, one of the favorite spots of popular and innocent amusement is certainly the Catholic Sailors' Club. Last night's concert, far from contradicting this statement, only served to place its veracity more forcibly than ever before those in the habit of attending those splendid social gatherings. The Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association had the event in hands, and, as is usual for them, they acquitted themselves most creditably of the undertaking. The President, Mr. James McMahon, having been introduced in due form by Rev. Father Malone, S. J., Chaplain of the Club, conducted the affairs of the evening in a most satisfactory and business-like way. The programme was a splendid one, and was carried out successfully. Mention is due in a special manner to Misses Kane, Fitzgerald, O'Brien, and little Miss O'Hara, as also to Messrs. Kelly, Morgan, the O'Keane Bros., Gill, O'Byrne, Willet and our old-time friends, always pleasing and always welcome favorites among their audiences, viz., Messrs. Cameron, Murphy and O'Hara, for the manner in which each and all worked to make the evening as enjoyable as possible. Next week's entertainment was announced to be in the hands of St. Patrick's Court, C.O.F., when the chairman expressed the hope that an even still larger number would attend.

Odd Customs and Manners of People in Foreign Lands

In Mohammedan countries women are not admitted beyond the doorways of mosques. The Chinese do everything backwards, from a European point of view. Their compass points to the south, instead of to the north. The men wear their hair long, while the women coil theirs in a knot. The dressmakers are men, the women carry burdens. The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken. Books and read backwards, and any notes are inserted at the top. White is used for mourning, and the bridesmaids wear black. In Russia it is unlawful to give kisses in public. A kiss in the street is penalized by a fine of \$3.75, and on a tram-car by a fine of \$5. Declaration of love on a postcard renders the sender liable to a fine of \$2.50. A curious custom is still in force at Norwich, by virtue of which, on three days in each year, any one can claim a substantial meal for nothing. The only qualification is that the applicants shall repeat aloud in St. Giles' Church a prayer for the sovereign's health. Afterwards they partake of a meal of broth, beef and bread, finished off with a liberal allowance of beer. A very interesting account is given of breaking up old, worn-out wood on ships. They take them to exposed rocky parts of the coast, and, after anchoring them, leave the breakers of the next storm to smash them to pieces. After the storm the floating fragments are picked up and sold for firewood.

Men Can Live Until They Are a Hundred Years of Age

Everyone Young, Middle Aged and Old People Can Do So.

by the regular and constant use of the TRAPPIST'S PHOSPHATED WINE OF CINCHONA BARK. There is an imperative demand at the present time for this natural invigorating of mankind. All conditions of life as now lived are contrary to the laws of nature. The crowding of people into cities where the air is to a large extent impure and vitiated, hard intellectual and manual labor even forced upon the youngest, the strain and hurry of city life, without sufficient recreation and rest, cause people to feel old at the age of forty. YOUNG PEOPLE should use the Phosphated Wine of Cinchona Bark; it improves the muscles and strengthens the bones. GROWN PEOPLE should drink the Phosphated Wine, it is the only tonic for an overworked and run-down condition. OLD PEOPLE should use the Phosphated Wine freely, it is the only wine that acts as a tonic food, giving energy and strength whenever taken. For sale from all druggists. Beware of falsifications. MOTARD, FILS & SENEAL, OFFICES AND EMPORIUMS: For Canada, 5 Place Royal, Montreal. For the United States, Rousses Point, N. Y.

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Good Pronunciation receives ample consideration. The Introductory Treatise gives in practical form the nature, properties, and sounds of the letters; accent; the analysis of words; and a Key to all marked letters, with additional combinations, making a complete Phonetic Alphabet. Exact syllabication; primary and secondary accents; marked letters, both in accented and unaccented syllables; respellings; and Indices, for silent letters, are used wherever needed. Published by D. & J. SADLIER & CO., 13 Notre Dame St. West MONTREAL.

J. P. MONCEL

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of pardon against the receipt of "blood money." This latter is fixed at 41 camels. If the murdered man was of the same tribe as the murderer, the latter, or his relatives, have to give a girl in marriage to one of the victim's relatives without receiving the usual dowry. When she gives birth to a child she is free to go back if she chooses. In the latter case the marriage must be renewed and the usual dowry paid. Five camels may be substituted for the girl. In many of the Greek islands diving for sponges forms a considerable part of the occupation of the inhabitants. The natives make it a trade to gather these, and their income from this source is good. In one of the islands a girl is not permitted to marry until she has brought up a certain number of sponges, and given proof of her skill by taking them from a certain depth. But in some of the islands this custom is reversed. The father of a marriageable daughter bestows her on the best diver among her suitors. He who can stay longest in the water and bring up the biggest cargo of sponges marries the maid. In Belgium all cows over three months old are to be seen wearing earrings. Breeders are obliged to keep a record of all cattle raised by them, and each animal has a registered trade number, which is engraved on the ring fastened to its ear. In Denmark girls insure against becoming old maids. There is a belief among the South Sea Islanders that no man can enter Paradise who has lost a limb, and for that reason a man will often die rather than submit to amputation. The married and unmarried women of the United States of Columbia, South America, are designated by the manner in which they wear flowers in their hair, the former wearing them on the right side and the latter on the left. The Pekin barber, instead of waiting for customers, goes out to seek them. He carries his shaving apparatus and a stool with him and rings a bell to attract the attention of likely customers. The man who wishes to be shaved hails the barber, who places his stool on the ground for his customer's use, puts a bowl of water on the little stove he carries, and proceeds with his work. Norwegians have a primitive way of breaking up old, worn-out wood on ships. They take them to exposed rocky parts of the coast, and, after anchoring them, leave the breakers of the next storm to smash them to pieces. After the storm the floating fragments are picked up and sold for firewood.

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Both men and women in Lapland dress precisely alike. They wear tunics belted tightly at the waist, tight breeches, wrinkled leather stockings, and pointed shoes; their whole appearance, in short, is identical, at least to the casual observer. The public executioner of Austria wears a pair of new white gloves every time he carries out a capital sentence.

THE FREE STREAM.

(Henry Van Dyke.) Some day, I suppose, all things in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath, and in the hearts of the men and women who dwell between, will be investigated and explained. We shall live a perfectly ordered life, with no accidents, happy or unhappy. Everything will act according to rule, and there will be no dotted lines on the map of human existence, no regions marked "unexplored." Perhaps that golden age of the machine will come, but you and I will hardly live to see it. And if that seems to you a matter for tears, you must do your own weeping, for I cannot find it in my heart to add a single drop of regret.

The results of education and social discipline in humanity are fine. It is a good thing that we can count upon them. But at the same time let us rejoice in the play of native traits and individual vagaries. Cultivated manners are admirable, yet there is a sudden touch of in-born grace and courtesy that goes beyond them all. No array of accomplishments can rival the charm of an unsuspected gift of nature brought suddenly to light. I once heard a peasant girl singing down the Trautenthal, and the echo of her song outlives, in the hearing of my heart, all memories of grand opera.

The harvest of the gardens and the orchards, the result of prudent planting and patient cultivation, is full of satisfaction. We anticipate it in due season, and when it comes we fill our mouths and are grateful. But pray, kind Providence, let me slip over the fence out of the garden now and then, to shake a nut tree that grows untended in the wood. Give me liberty to put off my black coat for a day, and go a-fishing on a free stream, and find by chance a wild strawberry.—Fisherman's Luck.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders; guaranteed; 50c.

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Use a package with any other Prices—25, 30, 35, 40, T. H. ESTABROOK TOR

ITEMS OF INTEREST

MGR. SBARETTI. His Lordship Mgr. Sbaretti will call for Rome on Saturday, next, via New York. Arc McCarthy was the first prelate consecrated by Mgr. Sbaretti.

POPULATION OF NOTRE DAME PARISH. Since the limits of the parish of the Cathedral, St. Helen, James and St. Peter were fixed, the population of Notre Dame is about 8,500. The Italian Syrians have their own clergy of their own rank minister to them.

PILGRIMAGE TO COTE NEIGES. More than a thousand people the Way of the Cross at Cote Neiges Cemetery on Sunday. Cote Neiges was the annual pilgrimage of the parishioners of the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart at Hochelaga. It was one of the most pious pilgrimages ever witnessed at the city.

BISHOP NAMED FOR HARBOUR GRACE. Rev. John March, rector of the Cathedral of Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, has been chosen Bishop of Harbour Grace, succeeding Bishop M. A. O'Connell, who recently resigned on ill health and advancing years. Rev. John March is the second Newfoundlander to be advanced to the episcopate, the first being Dr. J. J. O'Connell, the present Archbishop of Halifax.

DECORATION CONFERRED ON BISHOP. The Emperor William has conferred the Order of the Red Eagle on Cardinal Kopp, Bishop of Breslau, with the order of the Prussian Eagle, the highest Prussian decoration. This is the first time that a Roman Catholic prelate has been honored with the Prussian decorations.

ST. GABRIEL. Last Sunday evening at St. Gabriel, Vespers were sung at 7 o'clock. Rev. Father Reid presided, and delivered a large collection, delivered his first sermon on the Blessed Virgin.

GYMNASTS BLESSED BY POPE. The Pope on Tuesday received an audience of 800 members of the Catholic Gymnastic Federation. He witnessed an exhibition in the court yard of St. Peter's which was lined with detachments of Papal troops. The gymnasts marched past the throne of His Holiness, preceded by the flags of the French Catholic Federation. They knelt and received the Pope's blessing. The Pope enjoyed the little performance. He was affected when the flags were hoisted in salute, amid the cheers of the gymnasts.

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Important Changes in the Parish of St. Laurent.

On the occasion of his departure from the Church of St. Laurent the Rev. G. A. Dion, who has been parish priest for ten years, was the recipient of a handsome testimonial as



REV. FATHER G. A. DION, C.S.C., Provincial of Canada, Retiring Parish Priest of St. Laurent.

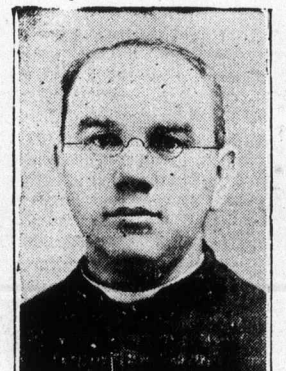
vinical of Canada. The Superior General, becoming aware that his health would not stand the strain, owing to the fact that he was fulfilling two important duties, that of parish priest being coupled to his work as Provincial, decided to lighten his labors. In consequence, Father Crevier was named to replace him. Father Dion was visibly moved at the touching reference made to his work as pastor at St. Laurent, and assured them that though he was leaving them he was not going far away, he taking up his residence at the College of Cote des Neiges, and would always retain the happiest memories of his ten years' work as parish priest at St. Laurent. The presentation of a gold chalice, ebony cane and purse of gold brought the proceedings to a close.

Monday morning it was the students' turn to do honor to their departing superior, Father Crevier,



REV. ELPHEGE HEBERT, C.S.C. The Newly Appointed Superior of St. Laurent College.

well as the sincere regrets of his devoted parishioners. His successor is the Rev. A. Crevier, former superior of St. Laurent College. On Sunday evening the church was too small to accommodate all those who were anxious to testify by their presence the deep regard they entertained for Father Dion. After benediction of the Blessed Sacrament an address in the name of the parishioners was presented by Mayor Cousineau, who in eloquent words expressed the sorrow the parishioners experienced at their beloved pastor's departure. In his reply Father Dion explained the reason of the change. At the last general chapter of his order he was named to fill the position of Pro-



REV. ALFRED CREVIER, C.S.C. Who Leaves the Post of Superior of the College to Succeed Father Dion as Parish Priest of St. Laurent.

and to welcome the new one, Father Hebert.

Father Dion was born at St. Pierre de Montmagny, Sept., 1852. He made his studies at the seminary of Nicolet, and was ordained in the Congregation of the Holy Cross in 1876. He was superior of the St. Laurent College and provincial for six years.

Father Crevier was born at St. Laurent in December, 1862, and ordained in 1886. He occupied successively all positions in the college.

Father Hebert was born at Point Clair in 1871. Having gone to St. Laurent when quite young, he has remained there practically all his life, with the exception of two years spent in Washington, where he received his degrees in canon law and theology. For nine years he has been prefect of studies at St. Laurent College.

OTTAWA UNIVERSITY ATTACKED IN ANONYMOUS PAMPHLET.

A brochure setting forth the alleged need of a university for English-speaking Catholics having made its appearance, has caused much discussion. The writer claims that for years the influence of the English-speaking element of both the staff and management has been on the wane, and severely criticizes Rev. W. J. Murphy, the new rector, for abolishing the science department in November last.

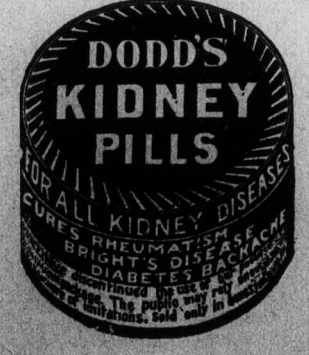
The rector, when seen, expressed the hope that little attention would be paid to the anonymous publication. He pointed out that twenty years ago there was not one Oblate of the English-speaking race in the university, while at present there are twelve.

CONSECRATION OF REV. DR. MCCARTHY.

The Most Rev. Dr. McCarthy was on Sunday consecrated Archbishop of Halifax. The celebrant of the Pontifical high mass was Monsignor Sbarretti. Among the clergy present were: Bishops Racicot, Montreal; Casey; St. John; Cameron, Antigonish; Farrelly, Chatham; Emard, Valleyfield; Archbishop Duhamel, Ot-

tawa; Drs. Pace and Sheehan, of the Washington University.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Sir Malachi Bowes Daly, the Hon. Wm. Chisholm and J. M. O'Brien, acting as a committee of the laity of the city, presented to the new Archbishop a purse of twenty-three hundred dollars, while the clergy presented him with a solid gold chalice. Both were accompanied by addresses of congratulation and assurances of loyal support. In replying to the addresses, His Grace said he felt that he could not attempt to express in a few words his thoughts at the magnificent testimonial from both clergy and laity. He felt unworthy of the high dignity to which he had been called, and of himself he could do nothing, but with the co-operation of priests and people, on whose loyal support he knew he could depend, he hoped to make his humble efforts far reaching for good, and thus follow in the footsteps of his predecessors.



Frank E. Donovan

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Notice to Subscribers

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

NOTICE

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

S. T. WILLET, President.

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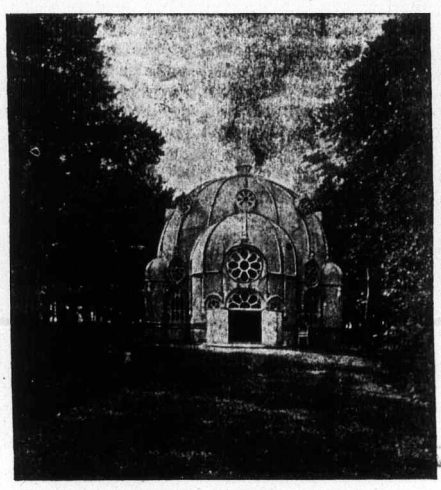
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We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C. U.S.A.

PILGRIMAGE TO CHAPEL OF REPARATION.



MONUMENT OF THE HOLY STAIRS, Pointe aux Trembles.

On Tuesday, Sept. 18, a pilgrimage will be held to the Chapel of Reparation, Point aux Trembles, under the direction of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament. The preacher will be Rev. Father Ethelbert, O.F.M. At 11 o'clock there will be the devotion of the Holy Hour and exposition of the Blessed Sacrament; at 3 o'clock will be made the Way of the Cross.

Special cars have been chartered, and will wait at Lasalle Ave. for the accommodation of pilgrims.

Owing to the destruction by fire last year of the chapel proper, the monument of the Holy Stairs will be used as such. This monument is a veritable work of art, and is in itself worthy of a visit. Being built along the lines of the mosque of the East, with no harsh line to meet the eye, its simple beauty at once appeals and pleases. Through the courtesy of the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, we are able to give in this issue a reproduction of the exterior of the monument.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

Sept. 13.

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

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

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

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bags, \$18 to \$19; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$21.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$18 to \$19; shorts, \$21 to \$22.

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

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

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

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

Potatoes—90c to \$1.10 per bag of

80 lbs.

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

Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$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 \$12 to \$13.50; half barrels do., \$6.75 to \$7.25; barrels heavy mess beef \$11.50; "half barrels, do., \$6.25; compound lard, 8c to 9 1-2c; pure lard, 12c to 12 1-2c; kettle rendered, 13c to 14c; hams, 14 1-2c to 16c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 15 1-2c to 16 1-2c; Windsor bacon, 16 1-2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$9.75; alive, \$5.75 to \$6.90 per 100 lbs.

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

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

Cheese—Ontarios, 12 5-8c to 12 3-4c; Quebec, 12 1-8c to 12 1-2c.

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

ITEMS OF INTEREST

MGR. SBARETTI.

His Lordship Mgr. Sbarretti will sail for Rome on Saturday, the 15th inst., via New York. Archbishop McCarthy was the first prelate consecrated by Mgr. Sbarretti.

POPULATION OF NOTRE DAME PARISH.

Since the limits of the parishes of the Cathedral, St. Helen, St. James and St. Peter were fixed the population of Notre Dame parish is about 8,500. The Italians and the Syrians have their own churches and clergy of their own race to minister to them.

PILGRIMAGE TO COTE DES NEIGES.

More than a thousand people made the Way of the Cross at Cote des Neiges Cemetery on Sunday. The occasion was the annual pilgrimage of the parishioners of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Hochelaga, and was one of the most pious manifestations ever witnessed at the cemetery.

BISHOP NAMED FOR HARBOR GRACE.

Rev. John March, rector of the Cathedral of Harbor Grace, Nfld., has been chosen Bishop of Harbor Grace diocese, succeeding Bishop MacDonald, who recently resigned owing to ill health and advancing years. Bishop March is the second native of Newfoundland to be advanced to the episcopate, the first being Dr. Howley, the present Archbishop of St. John's.

DECORATION CONFERRED ON BISHOP.

The Emperor William has decorated Cardinal Kopp, Bishop of Breslau, with the order of the Black Eagle, the highest Prussian decoration. This is the first time the order has ever been conferred on a Roman Catholic prelate. The headquarters of Cardinal Kopp are at Breslau, where he has steadily used his influence in bettering the relations between the Poles and the Prussian authorities.

ST. GABRIEL.

Last Sunday evening at St. Gabriel, Vespers were sung at 7 p.m., after which Rev. Father Reid, in the presence of quite a large congregation, delivered his first sermon, on the Blessed Virgin.

The rev. gentleman will soon leave for the Eternal City, there to add to his already well stored fund of knowledge.

It will doubtless be a subject of great pleasure and deep interest to many of our readers to learn that Father Reid is to be accompanied on his journey by Rev. Father Singleton, of St. Michael's, of this city.

GYMNASTS BLESSED BY THE POPE.

The Pope on Tuesday received in audience 800 members of the French Catholic Gymnastic Federation. Afterwards he witnessed an exhibition in the court yard of St. Damaso, which was lined with detachments of Papal troops. The gymnasts marched past the throne of His Holiness, preceded by the flags of the French Catholic Federation. Then they knelt and received the Papal blessing. The Pope enjoyed the athletic performance. He was visibly affected when the flags were lowered in salute, amid the cheers of the gymnasts.

JESUIT GENERAL ELECTED.

Rev. Francis Xavier Wernz, a German, was elected General of the Society of the Company of Jesus, in succession to the late Father Martin, who died last May.

Following the election, a messenger was immediately despatched to the Vatican to inform the Pope of the choice, which, to become effective, requires the papal sanction.

The Rev. P. Wernz was born at Rottweil, in Wurtemberg, on Dec 2, 1842. At the age of 15 he entered the Society of Jesus. In 1883 he was named professor at the Georgian University, of which institution he has been rector since 1904.

MEETING OF HIERARCHY IN PARIS.

A unique service, which attracted an enormous congregation, was celebrated at Notre Dame Cathedral, in Paris, last Friday, after the conclusion of the meeting of bishops and archbishops called to discuss means of complying with the law providing for the separation of Church and State, without infringing on the constitution of the Church. The entire French episcopate was present, this being the first occasion on which they had gathered together in a metropolitan church since 1802, when the concordat was signed. Archbishop Roverie de Cabrières, in the course of an address, recalling that historic event, said that the present reunion was brought about by the rupture of that solemn contract. No mention was made of the bishops' decision.

CLERICAL APPOINTMENTS.

His Grace has made the following nominations:

Rev. A. Chausse, curé of Lachenaie, in place of Rev. J. B. Durivage, retired from the ministry.

Rev. M. T. Beauparlant, curé of St. Elzear.

Rev. C. Robillard, vicar at St. Charles.

Rev. L. Laporte, vicar at St. Jean Baptiste.

Rev. A. Champagne, vicar at Sacred Heart.

Rev. G. H. Chartier, vicar at St. Joseph.

Rev. P. O. Gregoire, vicar at St. Louis de France.

Rev. E. Dulude, vicar at St. Denis.

Rev. J. E. F. Lafortune, vicar at Ste. Cunegonde.

Rev. S. J. Cloutier, professor at Ste. Therese College.

Rev. C. J. Coursol, professor at Ste. Therese College.

Rev. E. Therien, professor at Ste. Therese College.

Rev. J. A. Lapierre, professor at Ste. Therese College.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY PILGRIMAGE.

No fewer than eleven hundred persons took part in the pilgrimage which was made on Sunday last to Cap de la Madeleine under the auspices of the Temperance Society of the Parish of St. Peter. Mgr. Bruchesi, in addressing the large company, said that temperance was one of the grandest virtues they could preach, and the work they of St. Peter's parish were doing was worthy of the highest commendation. Alcohol was doing a disastrous work in the country. He had known parishes in which \$60,000 had been spent on drink, and in one municipality near Montreal \$100,000 had been spent on liquor in a year. The temperance crusade that had been commenced had, he declared, received the blessing of God, and the movement was spreading throughout the whole district in a manner that was most encouraging.

During the service at the church at Cap de la Madeleine, one hundred pilgrims took the pledge and received the Temperance Cross.

CATHOLICS AND SOCIALISTS

Like Mr. James Murphy, of Liverpool, I am an Irishman and a Catholic, writes the brilliant author, the Rev. D. William Barry, of London. It happens also that I am a priest, and by Roman diploma may term myself a theologian. All these words in common use are clearly defined. But what is Socialism? What, again, is Democracy? These, the shibboleths of a "new dispensation," bear many meanings. To Mr. Murphy, one article which they cover, is, I conclude, that "private" property was never intended to exist. But in Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" every citizen has a large private income which he can spend as he chooses. Yet "Looking Backward" expressed the convictions of many Socialists and Democrats. Moreover, the scheme which is technically described as "Collectivism" does not propose to do away with individual possessions. It would abolish private capital, not private property. Under it I may hold movable goods to any extent, so long as I do not use them as my stock-in-trade. Will Mr. Murphy draw up a series of propositions on which all who march under the flag of Socialism are agreed? Until that is done, we cannot from the name itself get any light on its relation to Catholic doctrine. For we know that there are Christian Socialists in England, who quote Holy Scripture as he does. And there are anti-Christian Socialists here and abroad to whom the Catholic Church is an abomination, the Bible a parcel of legends, the supernatural a myth, and religion a disease. Which of all the kinds now going about are we to welcome as Catholics and Irishmen?

I will put a few more questions to Mr. Murphy. How does he propose to secure freedom of conscience in a State which owns everything? Under officials who control the resources of wealth, every foot of land, every brick and stone and tree, every machine, every book, and the services of every human being that is able to work? These bureaucrats, elected by ballot if you please, will be masters of the food, clothing, shelter due to citizens. They will lay down laws for education, labor, marriage, divorce—possibly Malthusian limits to the birth-rate, quite conceivably on limits to "free love." Where is the guarantee of the citizen's freedom? He will own nothing whatever, least of all himself. Let Mr. Murphy answer this one note of interrogation. How am I to be free, in a country where I possess neither house nor lands nor money; where I must submit to the government mould in the school, the field, the mine, the workshop, the playground, the camp, and even the church? For the church belongs to the State and can be shut up any moment as being public property. Where, I ask, will freedom be when it has no weapons of assault or defence against an all-pervading, all-embracing tyranny such as this? Now we groan under many masters; then we should be throttled by one master, the Socialist Nero or Caligula, omnipotent over mind and body.

Socialists, yes, we have heard of them before. But how about Anarchists? The considerations on which I have been touching are so patent that revolutionaries as determined as Prince Kropotkin and his predecessor Bakounin have set up their cry against the State which Mr. Murphy seems to contemplate with satisfaction. They declare it to be the least endurable of tyrannies. I have spoken with philosophic adherents of this "new dispensation." To the ablest among them—for example, Mr. G. B. Shaw—it would appear that all these Collective schemes are so many stages of transition, ending in some Utopia where the State has ceased to govern. I do not feel by any means clear that Mr. Murphy is not, in the long run, a Supersocialist. If he is, let him say so. But, then, what becomes of his logic and his labels? Whenever, in conversation, I have raised these difficulties which the notion of an absolute state brings with it, my Socialist friends have encouraged me with an assurance that it would not be so absolute after all. This, being interpreted, can but mean that a certain degree of independence, founded on possession, would be left to the individual and to groups. In plain terms, private property, after it had all been confiscated, would spring up again. So hard is it to escape from the nature of things.

I strongly advise our Irish brethren to stand by liberty and the Catholic Church. We do not require to be taught the meaning of brotherly love by strangers to our faith, our ideals, and our creed. The Church

rises far above Socialism, far above Anarchism. She denies no rights, she inculcates all duties. She did not create the social misery which drives men mad to see it. She condemns all sweating, usurious bargains, sacrifices to Mammon of the mother and the child. She declares that covetousness is the root of all evil. But she believes in the life to come. Therefore she cannot agree with revolutionaries who bound their horizon by the grave. She fears nothing; she hopes all good things. And she knows the heart of man, as they do not who flatter him with pernicious dreams. I commend to Mr. Murphy these words, written by the great American, Lowell: "We have begun obscurely to recognize that popular government is not in itself a panacea—is no better than any other form except as the virtue and wisdom of the people make it so."

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Catholicity's Conquests in a Century.

The well-known Jesuit, Father Forbes, of Paris, a member of a distinguished Scottish Highland family, has erected a monument to his Church and his family in his admirable work, "The Catholic Church in the Nineteenth Century," a review of which in the pages of the Civiltà Cattolica (Rome), is sufficient to revive the faith of the most lukewarm member of the Church, inasmuch as it places succinctly before the reader the magnificent progress made by Catholicity within the past century. The work is practically a reprint with notes, addenda and introductions of a series of lectures delivered in Paris in various churches. Says the Civiltà reviewer: "Father Forbes contrasts the state of the Church in the beginning of the Nineteenth Century with its condition now. The earlier picture was not a pleasing one: Pius VI. died a prisoner at Valence and the present Pope is a prisoner in the Vatican. But what a tremendous difference in the Church itself! Turkey has but 25,000,000 inhabitants to its 40,000,000 in 1800. From Afghanistan to China, liberty has made it possible for Catholic missionaries to spread the faith among 300,000,000. The Catholic natives now numbering 2,250,000, as against 500,000 in 1800. In Indo-China alone the indigenous Catholic population

has risen from 300,000 to nearly 1,000,000. Australia and New Zealand, which were without priests in 1800, are now the home of 1,000,000 Catholics, and the islands of Oceania can boast 100,000 members of the faith in their population of 5,000,000. Japan, since 1879, has added 50,000 to her original number of 4,000 Catholics, and China proper boasts nearly 2,000,000 members of the Catholic Church. Africa, which was almost entirely Moslem in 1800, except where it had come under English influences, and here the Catholics were persecuted, has now a following of the Church numbering 2,000,000, with six vicars apostolic and a splendid hierarchy.

Marvelous are the progressive results in both Americas. The Catholic churches of South America, with their 40,000,000 members, have awakened from their torpor and give promise of a splendid increase. The Catholics in the United States numbered in 1800 one bishop, forty priests and 40,000 Catholics. Today there are 94 bishops, 11,817 priests and some 14,000,000 confessed members of the Catholic Church. Finally, in Europe, there is Germany with its 18,000,000 of Catholics strongly organized; Belgium, almost Catholic to an individual; Holland, which banished priests and persecuted Catholics in 1800, with 1,500,000 Catholics entirely free and a rapidly growing increase of Catholicity in Scandinavia and Switzerland. Even in the Balkan States in the last century, the Church gained many new adherents; in Roumania, nearly 150,000; Bosnia and Herzegovina, over 275,000; Bulgaria, 26,000; Greece, some 15,000."

The Catholic Church in Germany, Father Forbes states, was long retarded in its advance by the hatred and persecution of Bismarck. "Without Windthorst," he says, "the Central Party in Germany could never have become what it is. He was a man of Providence and all modern German-Catholicity and her grand organization moves practically on plans conceived by that great man."

According to the great Jesuit, the young Catholic Church of the United States will, it is morally certain, play, in the near future, the principle role in the destinies of the world's Catholicity. America, he says, has disproved the maxim that "the law is atheistic;" by declaring that she would stand for religious liberty, she by no means declared for atheism, as certain European nations have done. Her wondrous religious progress is evidence of her good spirit. He recalls, however, what Leo XIII. said of the American Catholic Church in his Encyclical of January, 1895, that "however worthy the Catholic Church in America was of ecumenism it did not respond to the exact conception of the Church and it could not be held up as a model of the best kind of Church. He goes as far as to express a great fear for the future of the Catholic Church in America. He says: "There are 800,000 Free Masons and millions of Spiritualists in the United States. Their hatred of Catholicity is intense and the energy they display in throwing obstacles in the way of its advance is equally great. Add to the fact that agnosticism is rife, the corollary that Catholic emigrants, influenced by this agnosticism, rapidly fall into apostasy, and one sees the reason why the numerical strength of the Catholic Church in America is much less than it might have been."

In regard to England, Father Forbes expresses his belief that the Anglican Church is only waiting for the opportune moment to pass over to Rome. "In seventy years more than 16,000 conversions to the Catholic faith have taken place among the Anglican clergy." As to France, he refuses to believe that she is "lost territory." "She is," he says, "certainly full of religious vitality even to-day, and will do greater things in the twentieth century than she did in the nineteenth."

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While demolishing the old town hall of Rivanzano, a little town in the Province of Paval, workmen last week discovered a frieze of the sixteenth century representing "Our Lady of the Snows." Experts are of the opinion that the picture is the work of Leonardo da Vinci.

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

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

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SOLITA A. I. BY REV. JO

CHAPTER XL.—Continued. "There, that will do," said... "that's not a sensible thought... I don't know as I've had a whole thought about this whole... I think I'll turn to the... expected for a change." "What can we do?" was Frank's daily cry. "I can go to Clayburg," he said almost with a blush. "I have many ideas that perhaps great misfortune has made him penitent, and has gone to do penance over father's grave." "That is it," said Frances... "I knew it would come to me. Mercy is not beyond him. Paul... like his good angel." "I feel it is a nonsensical thing to do," said he, "but I suppose must be done. And if I find out everything should be favorable... what could we say to him about well, your mother and father, I instance?" He examined the paper on the attentively, while she looked at with a puzzled face. "If he is safe, that is enough," answered simply. "Well, let it go," said Paul, s... "He doesn't care very n... for any of us, I fear, much as... are interested in him. And, Fr... as long as you live let no one k... that I made myself such a g... for your sake and his father's." The poet proposed a trip to C... burg that evening to his friend... ter for the mere pleasure of the... malist's company, and Peter ree... it with enthusiasm. "I'll go incog," said he, "stop at the hotel; and when I... Pendleton, dearest of old idiots... I'll not pay him the slightest... tion, the poor old simpleton... "That suits me very well,"... Paul. "I'll travel incog, also... we'll arrive there in the even... Next day we'll bloom on them... roses or turnips in the snow." They started the next morning... went by way of Utica, reaching... destination at a late hour in the... evening, when rheumatism kept... sturdy squire in his warm pa... Peter was weary enough to reti... bed immediately after fitting o... nightcap of hot punch, and... coast thus cleared, Paul went q... ly to the priest's residence, and... fered the disappointment of not... ing him at home; but his knowl... of the people of Clayburg was l... enough to make this mishap a t... He found a close-mouthed fisher... after a few minutes' search, wh... a reasonable sum agreed not... to take him to Solitary Island... also to keep his mouth shut abo... until eternity, and the journey... made in successful secrecy. Ar... at a spot overlooking the well-k... cabin. Paul dismissed his guide... crossed the ice on foot to the... posite shore. It was now... night. The lonely island lay... beneath the snow, and was... gularly tranquil under the dim... A faint wind added to the g... loneliness, and stirring the tree... the hill, brought Paul's eyes t... grave beneath them. No light... sign of human presence anyw... No tracks in the snow save his... until he reached the cabin-door... there began a pathway which... down the slope and up the opp... hill to the grave—the path ma... out by the funeral procession?... while he looked a figure came... getting from the grave and alo... path to where he stood—a f... stooped, uncertain in its gait, i... ing less like a man than an an... without words or prayer, and... plied rarely to swing its arms... wards in impotent despair... trembled with dread, and the... sprang to his eyes. Was he t... the mental wreck he had once... tured? Florian gave no sign o... prise when he saw him, but ad... at once his usual reserve. "T... not insane. "You here?" he said calm... the voice quavered. "I believe... were there that night, and I r... ber you said you had a messag... me. Will you come in, if you... to?" A cheerful fire burned in... heart of the single room, and... tallow candle showed Isaac W... his usual place, with every... circumstance of the room und... Paul said nothing unt... scanned his old friend keenly... great man sat down before the... placidly and submitted to the... spection with an indifference... his father's own that Paul d... breath of delight. In ten day...

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SOLITARY ISLAND
A NOVEL.
BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XL.—Continued.

"There, that will do," said the poet, "that's not a sensible thought, I don't know as I've had a sensible thought about this whole matter. I think I'll turn to the unexpected for a change."

"What can we do?" was Frances' daily cry.

"I can go to Clayburg," he said, almost with a blush. "I have a silly idea that perhaps great misfortune has made him penitent, and he has gone to do penance over his father's grave."

"That is it," said Frances eagerly. "I knew it would come to that. Mercy is not beyond him, Paul. Oh! go, like his good angel."

"I feel it is a nonsensical thing to do," said he, "but I suppose it must be done. And if I find him, and everything should be favorable, what could we say to him about—well, your mother and father, I for instance?"

He examined the paper on the wall attentively, while she looked at him with a puzzled face.

"If he is safe, that is enough," she answered simply.

"Well, let it go," said Paul, smiling. "He doesn't care very much for any of us, I fear, much as we are interested in him. And Frank, as long as you live let no one know that I made myself such a goose for your sake and his father's."

The poet proposed a trip to Clayburg that evening to his friend Ernest's company, and Peter received it with enthusiasm.

"I'll go in," said he, "and stop at the hotel; and when I meet Pandleton, dearest of old idiots No. 2, I'll not pay him the slightest attention, the poor old simpleton!"

"That suits me very well," said Paul. "I'll travel in, also, and we'll arrive there in the evening. Next day we'll bloom on them like roses or turnips in the snow."

They started the next morning and went by way of Utica, reaching their destination at a late hour in the evening, when rheumatism kept the sturdy squire in his warm parlor. Peter was weary enough to retire to bed immediately after fitting on a nightcap of hot punch, and, the coast thus cleared, Paul went quietly to the priest's residence, and suffered the disappointment of not finding him at home; but his knowledge of the people of Clayburg was large enough to make this mishap a trifle. He found a close-mouthed fisherman, after a few minutes' search, who for a reasonable sum agreed not only to take him to Solitary Island, but also to keep his mouth shut about it until eternity, and the journey was made in successful secrecy. Arrived at a spot overlooking the well-known cabin, Paul dismissed his guide and crossed the ice on foot to the opposite shore. It was now midnight. The lonely island lay three feet beneath the snow, and was singularly tranquil under the dim stars. A faint wind added to the gentle loneliness, and stirring the trees on the hill, brought Paul's eyes to the grave beneath them. No light or sign of human presence anywhere! No tracks in the snow save his own until he reached the cabin-door, and there began a pathway which led down the slope and up the opposite hill to the grave—the path marked out by the funeral procession! Even while he looked a figure came staggering from the grave and along the path to where he stood—a figure stooped, uncertain in its gait, moaning less like a man than an animal, without words or prayer, and stopping rarely to swing its arms upwards in impotent despair. Paul trembled with dread, and the tears sprang to his eyes. Was he to find the mental wreck he had once pictured? Florian gave no sign of surprise when he saw him, but adopted at once his usual reserve. "He was not insane."

"You here?" he said calmly, but the voice quavered. "I believe you were there that night, and I remember you said you had a message for me. Will you come in, if you care to?"

A cheerful fire burned in the hearth of the single room, and the yellow candle showed Izaak Walton in his usual place, with every other circumstance of the room undisturbed. Paul said nothing until he had scanned his old friend keenly. The great man sat down before the fire placidly and submitted to the inspection with an indifference so like his father's own that Paul drew a breath of delight. In ten days he

had changed woefully. His clothes hung upon shrunken limbs, and his face was wasted to a painful hollowness. Hollow cheeks, hollow, burning eyes, and wide nostrils! The hand which rested on the favorite book showed its cords and veins, the shoulders were rounded, and his whole attitude one of physical exhaustion. The tears again sprang to the poet's eyes. Here was a penitent surely, and there was something boyish or childish about him that appealed to the heart wonderfully, as if misfortune had stripped him of all the years since he was a boy, and of all his blushing honors.

"I have a message for you," the poet said, "but with your permission I'll put it off till to-morrow. I am going to remain here for to-night, with your permission also."

"Oh! certainly," Florian replied in the same uncertain voice; "there is a good room yonder where he slept. You can have the bed. Have you had supper?"

"I would like something to eat," the poet said out of curiosity. In a shuffling, shuffling way Florian took down a loaf of bread from the cupboard, poured some water into a cup, and sat down again without any apology for the scanty fare—just as his father would have done. Paul ate a slice or two of bread and drank the water, while a pleasant silence held the room. He did not know how to open the conversation.

"This was his favorite book," said he, touching Izaak Walton tenderly. "I remember often to have seen him reading it in this room."

"Yes," said Florian with interest, "and it is one of my earliest memories of him. I was very unfortunate in not knowing more of him. The world fooled me out of that treasure—and of many another," he added, partly to himself. Paul was surprised more and more. This pleasant, natural manner of speaking offered an odd contrast to his woebegone looks. It was something like the Florian of years past. He deliberated whether it would not be better to defer his communication until he understood his motives better.

"I came from New York to-night," he ventured to say. "I was anxious about you, and so were others."

"There was no need to be anxious," said Florian cheerfully. "I am quite happy here. It is a pleasant residence, winter and summer. I shall never regret leaving the city, which will certainly not regret me."

"You may not have heard of Mrs. Merrion," Paul remarked helplessly, so astounded was he by the last remark.

"No," said the other, without curiosity. "Some scandal connected with a Count Behrensk, probably."

"No. She married him and went to Europe last week quietly." And after that the poet said no more, for he was in a maze and knew not what to think or do.

"I shall retire now, with your permission, Florian," he said finally, using the old familiar name. "I hope I am not troubling you too much or driving you from your own bed."

"Not at all, Rossiter, not at all. I never sleep there. Good-night; and if you should not find me in the morning have no uneasiness. I shall turn up again assuredly."

Paul fell asleep without settling the vexed questions which Florian's odd manner and words suggested. The great man, left to himself, behaved in a simple, matter-of-fact fashion, at once pathetic and amusing. He snuffed the candle with a face as earnest as if snuffing candles was the one duty of his life, put away the remnants of Paul's supper carefully after washing the cup and drying it neatly, stirred the fire, opened much-handled Izaak, and settled himself for a quiet hour's reading. Ten days had fixed him in the solitary's groove as firmly as if he had been in it for years. On the night of Vladimir's revelations he had driven to his own apartments in a state of mind not to be described. He had long suspected his own share in his father's death, but the lurid color in which Vladimir painted his guilt was a fearful shock to him. He fled from the count in a sort of daze which his firm will could not dispel, and it seemed to him that madness or delirium was prevented only by the persistency with which he beat off the tumultuous thoughts that crowded upon him. His self-possession was entirely gone. The life which he had led, the ambitions which he had cherished, the woman



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VIVIAN, ONTARIO.

It is with gratitude and heartfelt thanks I pen these lines: My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally. She commenced using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic August 4th and a few days afterward she could come into the parlor and sing to the music and execute the solo part of hymns alone, it is impossible to do work about the house. I am sorry that I did not hear of this wonderful remedy sooner for I could have bought twenty-five or more bottles for what I paid the doctor here, just to come and look at her, for he did no further good whatever. Pastor Koenig's Tonic will be a blessing to all, and I can strongly recommend it. I send to-day for another bottle for my wife, and also for one for another lady whose nerves are weak, and whom I told what your Nerve Tonic had done for us.

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whom he had loved, all circumstances connected with his father's death, filled him with wild horror when he recalled them. He could not think of anything with method. He could only feel, and his feelings threatened to drive him into insanity, so sharp, so bitter were they, so confused yet active. It was instinct more than reason which sent him to Solitary Island. It was a mechanical effort of the will which produced the instructions for his clerk; but once on the journey, with people moving about him, and scene after scene bringing peace to his distracted mind, Florian was able to cry like a child hour by hour of his sorrowful flight. He scarcely knew why he wept, unless to ease the burden pressing upon his heart, which seemed to flow away with his tears. Like Paul, he reached Clayburg in the night, and unseen fled away on foot across the ice over the well-known course which he and Ruth and Linda had often taken in the yacht; past Round Island with a single light for the ice-waste, leaving Grindstone to the left as he ran along the narrow strait with two islands rising on each side of him like the walls of a coffin; through the woods to the spot overlooking the old cabin; across the bay and up the slope to the lonely grave on the summit, where he cast himself with a long, sad cry of grief and despair.

Five days passed before anything like calm and systematic thought returned to him. One idea stood before him like an inhabitant of the island, with a personality of its own—the words of the count: "Behold the murderer of his father!" He muttered those accusing words many times in the day and night, sitting on the grave, regardless of the cold, and whispering them to himself; weeping, sobbing, raving, moaning, silent by times, as the fit took him; never sleeping two hours at a time; haunted always by a dreadful fear of divine or human vengeance. Phantoms of past incidents and people were floating around him sleeping and waking, causing him constant alarm. Even the sweet face of Linda frowned upon him, and that was hardest of all to bear. At the close of the fifth day his delirium suddenly left him and he enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep. When he awoke the tedious nightmare of sorrow and remorse and dread had vanished. He was himself again, but not the self which had fled from New York to hide its anguish in the icy solitude. There was another Florian born of that long travail, and a better Florian than the world had yet known. He was not aware of any change. He had lost his habit of self-consciousness, and he was to become aware of what was working within him only when others pointed it out to him. Kneeling in the snow at the foot of the grave, he said his morning prayers, promising the father of his love that never again would he have occasion to grieve for him, and that what man could do to atone for murder, he, with the help of God, would do. His breakfast he made on fresh fish and meal found in the larder, travelling many miles that day in the snow to obtain flour and meal and necessaries at a distant village. He was very weak, but it troubled him not at all. He had no regard for his own sufferings so firmly were his eyes fixed on the martyrdom his father endured for his sake. Every available moment found him at the grave in deep thought or prayer. The priest of an obscure village heard with wonder his strange confession of ten years of life, marvelling what manner of man this could be; and his communion was simple and fervent, as became a penitent. Thus began the eighth day, and at its close he was sitting calmly before the log-

fire in the kitchen, and Izaak Walton was in his hands, with the famous paper lying open before him. He had placed it between the leaves and forgotten it during the time he remained on the island after his father's funeral. He read it again with a better insight into the contrast it afforded with his political career. Scarcely a line in the statement but he had openly or impliedly contradicted within ten years, and the ideal of Christian manhood penned by a boy had been lost to the maturer mind of the man. He put it away carefully, and in so doing noticed the famous campaign letter which he had once thought an evidence of his liberal feelings and his independence of Italian church domination. It hung in a frame, and must often have pierced his father's heart with its uncatholic sentiments. He did not disturb it. Much as it had increased his father's anguish, it must complete another work before its usefulness was ended.

What was he going to do? His period of uncontrolled grief was over and his long penance begun. Where was it to end? He had many injuries to repair—his scandalous life, his rejection of Frances, his treatment of all his friends. Not for one moment did he think of returning to New York or to public life. He saw clearly the precipice from which Providence, by means of great misfortunes, had snatched him. He had entered the great city a pure-hearted boy to whom sin was almost unknown, whose one desire was to preserve the faith, in spirit and in word, incurrant in himself. How gradually and how surely he fell! Careless intercourse with all sorts of people and the careless reading of all sorts of books, with the adoption of all sorts of theories and ideas had brought upon him an intellectual sensuality only too common and too little noticed in the world. Then came the loose thought and the loose glance and the loose word, the more than indifferent companions, the dangerous witticism, the state which weakened faith and practice and prepared the soul for its plunge into the mud. Thank God! he had escaped the mud, at least. But who had saved him? And was he to go back to it all? "There are some men whom politics will damn." Wise words for him, at whom they seemed to point. What was he to do? He thought over it that night and the next morning. His resolution formed itself slowly; finally it was made. He would take his father's place on the island, and remain there until death released him from his penance. Was it a hard thing to do? No, he said, not with the graves of his father and sister so near him. And thus was he situated when Paul found him.

The poet made his morning meal in silence and constraint. It reminded him forcibly of many meals he had eaten in the same room while sharing the hermit's hospitality. The circumstances were little changed. Although the day was cold, the sun shone through the red-curtained window with a summer brightness, the log-fire glowed in the hearth, the savory smell of broiled fish pervaded the little room, and Florian, a wonderful likeness of his father, sat eating sparingly, silent but not gloomy, save for the sad shadows occasionally flitting over his face. The contrast between the placid manner and the feverish countenance was odd, but not so forcible as the difference between this silent man and the ambitious politician. Paul gave up speculation as a hopeless task, and rightly judging his present temper, plunged abruptly into the matter of his visit.

"You may be aware of the circumstances which led to my stay on Solitary Island," said he for a beginning. Florian regarded him placidly, without a trace of the old feeling in his looks. Paul thought it pretence; but it was real. The great man had no feeling towards him.

"I am not aware of them," he replied.

"Strangely enough, our resemblance was the cause of it," said Paul. "The spy who pursued you because of your resemblance to your own family pursued me for the same reason, drove me out of all employment, and, with the aid of injudicious friends, brought me to the verge of poverty and death. Your father saved me, and, for reasons quite plain to us both, took me in and earned my everlasting gratitude for himself and his son."

A faint flush spread over Florian's face in the pause that followed.

"I must ask your pardon," he said humbly, "for my guilty share in your sufferings. I was your friend, and should have aided you; but I was led to believe that you stood between me and Ruth, and again between me and Frances Lynch. I would have feared him but for the love and strength these very



SURPRISE SOAP
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sincerely now. I trust you will forgive me."

It was the poet's turn to blush furiously at this humility.

"Don't mention it," said he. "Peter Carter was the cause of all these troubles. You are not to blame. I am not sorry for them. They brought me in contact with your father."

"And I hated you for that," Florian went on in the same tone, "because your worthiness won a privilege which my crimes deprived me of. I spoke to you once under that impression in a manner most insulting. I ask—"

"Hold on!" said Paul, jumping to his feet with a red face. "No more of that, Florian. I cannot stand it. If you are really sincere in this awful change that has come over you, keep four apologies for Frances and others. But I do not understand it. I expected something like this, but not so complete and astounding a revolution."

Florian offered no remonstrance to this blunt suspicion, but after a little pointed out to the grave with such a look in his face! then back to himself.

"Behold the murderer of his father," he said in a sudden burst of wild sobs, as he repeated the count's telling words. "If I could apologize to him as I do to you, my friend, as I shall do to all the others! Alas! what humiliation is greater than that?"

"He's on the right tack," said the satisfied poet, wiping his eyes in sympathy and thinking joyfully of Frances.

"It's all cleared up between us, then, Flory," said he cheerfully, as he clasped the great man's hand. "My business is made the easier for that, and it will send me back to New York with a light heart. Come, I have some spots of interest to show you about the old house. Your father loved me, Flory. How proud I am of that honor! But, ah, not as he loved you, his son. I was his confidant in many things, and I have the secret of his life and the explanation of its oddities. Flory, your father was a saint, of princely soul as well as princely birth."

He lifted a trap-door in the floor of the bedroom, and led the way, holding a lighted candle, into the cellar.

"It is not a cellar," he explained, flashing the light on the rocky walls, "but a cave. Here is a door concealed in the rock very nicely. We open it so. Now enter and here we are."

"They could hear the sound of running water in the cave, but Florian paid no attention. His eyes were fastened on the new discovery. A set of rude shelves took up one whole side of an almost square room, and was thickly crowded with books. Their general character was devotional and mystical, but the classics were well represented, and astronomy and philosophy had the choicest volumes. A rough desk below contained a wooden carved crucifix, a few bits of manuscript, and writing materials. From a peg in its side hung a leather discipline, whose thongs were tipped with fine iron points. A few sacred prints hung on the walls. Florian knelt and kissed first the crucifix and then the discipline.

"This spot," said Paul reverently, is secret to all save you and me. When I first came here, broken down and discouraged—it seems a beautiful and fit sanctuary for the disheartened—I was sincerely disposed to lean more heavily on God for the support I needed. After a little the prince took me into his spiritual confidence, and I beheld such a sight!—the tears of emotion poured from his eyes—as I had never dreamed of seeing this side of heaven. Long meditations and prayers, mortifications such as that discipline hints at, unbounded charity for all men, are virtues common to all saints. They did not impress me as did the glimpses of his soul which I received. Ah! such an overpowering love of God. It seemed to burn within him like a real flame, and to illuminate the space about him as does this candle. I would have feared him but for the love and strength these very

qualities gave me. I knelt here with him often, and when I was strong enough tried to stay by him in his vigils. I know the angels often came to him visibly. I saw wonders here and dreamed real dreams. It was a vision of the ancient Thebaid. And no one knew it save myself. Who would have believed it had they not seen what I saw?"

"Blind, blind, blind!" murmured Florian. "We all caught glimpses of his glory, but our love was not as sharp as hate, and our souls too low to look for such a manifestation of grace. My sin is all the greater."

"The last time I saw him," continued Paul, "was in this spot, kneeling where you are kneeling. He had a premonition of his coming passion, but it was lightened by the conviction—perhaps it had been revealed to him—that out of it would come your salvation. 'Tell my son,' he said, 'that I died because of him.'"

"Behold the murderer of his father," Florian murmured to himself.

"Tell him also not to despair, but with a good heart, and without haste or great grief for anything save his sins, to begin his penance. You see he knew; and when I asked him if he were about to die, 'God holds all our days,' said he: 'who knows but this may be our last? I never saw him again in life. God rest his soul, if it has suffered any delay!'"

There was again a short pause as Paul waited to review that last scene and to recall the tones, the feelings, the incidents of a most pathetic moment. Florian still knelt at the desk with his fingers about the discipline.

"Well, it is all over," he said to the kneeling figure: "let us go. You notice the dry air of the cave. It is beautifully ventilated and very safe for such a place. Your father loved it. Come, my friend. Or do you wish to remain here?"

Florian rose and they returned to the room above.

"I have finished my work—almost," said the poet, putting on his hat, "and now I am going. Can I be of any help to you?"

"My father's friend and mine," Florian replied, "I have need only of your pardon and the renewal of that affection you once had for me."

"And never lost, my Florian. You have it still, and the pardon which is always yours beforehand. After a little you will return to New York?"

"Yes, after a little," he replied slowly, "but not to remain. Here is my home in the future. I have my business to close up and a great act of justice to perform. After that my solitude."

(To be continued.)

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

SCOTCH PRIEST JUSTICE.

In Bathgate, Scotland, a Catholic clergyman, Rev. Father McDaniel, has been appointed Justice of the Peace. This is a rare, probably unique, distinction for a Catholic priest in Great Britain. The office carries with it no salary. Justices of the Peace under the British system, being honorary officials, though they sit on the Bench and try and dispose of cases in the inferior courts. Here they are called judges, but in Great Britain only justices. It seems very fitting that a Catholic priest, one of whose functions it is to preach justice, should also be an administrator of justice.

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The Interior Life

It Raises the Standard of Morality.

(By Charles Wagner.)

In epochs of intellectual disquietude and moral disintegration, what should we teach our youth and preach to the crowd? It is a question of the highest interest, but the answer is often difficult. What we have just said can perhaps help to put us on the road. Since there is uncertainty in minds, and the gait of the majority becomes vacillating, be firm for those who lack firmness, vigilant for those who sleep. Bring that which is wanting. It results from this summary indication that when public morality becomes lower, we should not be content with an average virtue sufficient for ourselves. The hour has come then for a man to reinforce his energy, to gird up his loins, to be pure, truthful, upright, sure of himself and of his way, as if he had to furnish all these qualities for those who do not possess them. The more the moral temperature goes down about you, the more you will need to feed the inner flame.

You will ask me, perhaps, what good so much interior life, fidelity, strictness toward one's self can do in the midst of a society given over to dissipations and all backslidings. Let me tell you that the invisible treasures are not for this reason inactive. What road do the germs of epidemics, murderous microbes, all deadly contagions pass by? You do not know. Imperceptible causes are at work, and when you are aware of them the evil is already done. The profound sources of good lie hidden, like those of evil. What an obscure malefactor meditates to-day in the silence of the night, in a prison cell, may break out to-morrow in the domain of public life, to draw other minds along with it, to sow disorder and ruin. And what a sound and loving heart prepares modestly in its retreat can become a point of departure for an awakening of the public conscience. The balance into which the actions and the thoughts of men fall is too mysterious. It is too hidden from our view for it to be given to us to judge always with what weight our aspirations, our efforts and our sufferings weigh there, but nothing escapes it. By some mysterious correspondence impossible for us to grasp, all that a human creature does for others profits them or harms them.

What would become of society without the salt which penetrates it and prevents its decay? What would become, under its old burden of miseries, of ill-omened hereditaries, of secular corruptions, of poor humanity, if there did not circulate in its veins a generous virus, capable of combating all corruptions! Long ago it would have succumbed to them. But a world where Jesus is possible cannot perish. In the ardent fire of life that He has revealed to us, all impurities will be consumed. That is something with which to revive courage and to inflame zeal. Let us associate ourselves with the work of salvation, and let the flame that Christ came to kindle, burn in us. Let us be His! Let Him dwell in us, let His Spirit stir in our hearts and be felt in our hands! Let us no longer pay any attention to the difficulties of the age, to the lowering of the moral level, to the diminution of faith: Let us speak for the dumb, see for the blind, walk for the paralytic!

Believers, do not exclude the incredulous, believe for them: do not judge the wicked, do not condemn him, do not despair of him: smite your own breast, for the evil that he has done, and do in his stead the good that he knows not. This is the best arm for the combat, the secret of great victories. If we had faith as great and as big as a mustard seed, we should learn what heaven is when it is really active, and of what inertias, of what contrary ferments it can get the best. We should learn with what weight the life of a single just man weighs in the eternal balance, and that a few pure lives in which shines the love of God, and of their brothers, are all that are needed to regenerate people, to efface the iniquity of a whole Sodom!

Everything that is mine, even to my life, I may give to one I love, but the secret of my friend is not mine to give.—Philip Sidney.

More helpful than all wisdom is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.—George Eliot.

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

Danger in Secular Colleges

Evidently many of our separated fellow-Christians are beginning to perceive danger-signals ahead. When a number of so-called great schools of the country were founded the purpose of their founders was to create centres of Christianity. Some of them, such as the University of Chicago, Northwestern University and such like, were placed under the auspices of various Christian denominations when organized for teaching. We may well query what are they to-day?

A recent issue of the Methodist Christian Advocate of New York, contains a striking article on this vital topic. "We think none will deny the incongruity of a church's attempting to maintain institutions whose professors are agnostics, outright infidels or theosophists," says that paper, "which have no religious services and in no sense recognize Christianity or say anything about it in their curriculum except as one of many religions to be discussed comparatively, as though all were of strictly human origin. If this be true it would follow that if any institution established by Christian people were to reach that state where the religious body that had established it should no longer have any effective control over the teaching and the spirit of the institution when its trustees and faculty might all be members of other denominations or none, and its president or faculty not be responsible for the exerting of an unmistakable Christian influence over the students, there would be no controlling reason why such religious denomination or its individual members should continue the support of such an institution, either by recommendation, by the placing of their children, or by gifts or bequests. The introduction of this question is called for, for there are universities and colleges in Europe and in the United States which were founded by godly men who believed with all their hearts and minds in the union of learning and vital religion. They gradually drifted away from these landmarks, until now these institutions are hotbeds of irreligion. Among their professors are avowed atheists, and views are unreservedly taught which, in the minds of students who follow their teachings, will reduce Christianity to a level with all other religions or consign it to the refuse heaps of civilization. In this country, in several institutions, not many years since avowedly and positively Christian, the drift is strong. The temptation in institutions of learning is to imitate the successful, and when vast sums are given to institutions over which organized Christianity has no control and withheld from those over which it has, the temptation to cut loose from their moorings is indeed strong."

If this be true of the colleges founded by Protestant Christians, how much truer it is of institutions founded by the state and maintained by it. In many if not most of our state universities Monism and pantheism are indirectly taught, and the young people attending them often come away agnostics, if no worse. It is a perilous hour, so perilous indeed that apparently the Catholic school is the only one standing secure. Even when irreligion is not taught ideals that are not Christian such as the sanctity of the dollar, and its right to do as it pleases, are openly inculcated and make for the development of an unjust civilization than the one that now exists. Really it is a time for all Christians who have children to ponder more deeply than they have in the past.

WHERE ARE THEY?

Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman, wants to know what becomes "of the sons of the Catholic millionaires in New York and San Francisco, where for years they have grown up in great numbers. We have often heard of their fathers, but never of them. Their fathers were noted for their generous support of the Church and her charities, and they were edifying members of society."

"Where are all the young Mackays and Kellys, the Crokers and Phelans and Oliviers and O'Briens and Floods and hundreds of others that we might name? They have dropped out of the Church and dropped into the polluted 'swim.' The clergy of San Francisco tell the world that the benefactors of the Church of other days have left no heirs, and there are only the very poor left to rebuild the ruined structures of the past. The young Catholic millionaires have no money to spare, as their style of living demands every penny of their income. But it would be bad enough if this were all that

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could be said to their discredit. These Catholic young millionaires are as corrupt nearly as their Protestant companions, and are doing their full share towards corrupting the rising generation of boys and girls. Their life is a round of dissipation, and the trail of their immorality is drawn over the five continents."

A Eulogy of St. Jerome's Translation of the Bible.

In "Our Latin Bible," in the latest number of the Dublin Review, the Rev. Dr. Barry continues his appreciation of the holy Latin tongue, to use Newman's phrase, by an eulogy on St. Jerome's fourth century version of the Old and New Testaments. The latter he revised from an Old Latin version, emended from the Greek, which Old Latin, however, continued to be recognized as the Vulgate until about the seventh century. The work occupied him from 383 to 385, and was undertaken at the instance of the Spanish Pope Damasus. Friends pressing him to translate the Old Testament, he, at 45 years of age, learned Hebrew orally, without a grammar, dictionary, or concordance. For fifteen years, 390-405, he labored at the Hebrew and Chaldee originals (except the Psalter) and met with criticism rather than encouragement. The Vulgate as we know it, "the divine library of St. Jerome," was not definitely accepted by Christendom until the thirteenth century, according to Kaufen. At first he was charged with sacrilege; then prejudice and ignorance giving place to scholarship, country by country slowly accepted its value. Alcuin, Lafrance, Abbot Stephen II., Cardinal Nicolaus and Cardinal Ximenes revised the text, the Council of Trent finally declaring it to be the authentic version of the Church; this, of course, without pronouncing it to be perfect, or mentioning any particular edition, yet as containing nothing contrary to true faith and sound morals, and as being in substance entire and incorrupt.

Scholars differ in essential points with regard to the Old Latin version or versions. Wiseman contended for one version, a North African. Lachmann, Tischendorf and Tregelles, with Westcott and Fritzsche, follow him. On the other hand, Reinken, Zeigler, Ronsch and Kaufen believe there were several independent versions. St. Jerome himself appears to have thought that there were many revisions of the one version, not several independent versions. Opinions also divide as to whence the Old Latin versions arise; whether in North Africa, North Italy, or in Europe. Dr. Barry looks to Syria, being of opinion that Old Latin, the basis of the Peshitta, the Western Greek, had a common origin, "at Antioch on the Orontes, where the disciples of Jesus were first called Christians." Newman's "first apostolic see." He considers that the original from which the Old Latin was derived belongs to the period of Tatian's Diatessaron, if not somewhat earlier. Of St. Jerome's book of books Dr. Barry gives a vivid history, and at times an eloquent appreciation. On the point why St. Jerome's version finally prevailed Dr. Barry is convincing. In the age of an Anonius and a Claudian the classic simplicity of St. Jerome's language, forcible, clear and majestic, "lent a richness that no other Latin work has ever equalled"; "here is a pen equal to every effort—history, the prose epic, lyrical and reflective poems, and the peculiar strain which we term prophecy." How just were the words of the late J. A. Symonds, "This resurrection from the grave where Cicero, Tacitus and Livy lay embalmed, is one of the most singular phenomena in history."

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Sept. 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1906. Return limit October 9th, 1906.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Western Excursions

GOING SEPT. 20, 21, 22. Valid to return until October 8th, 1906.

Port Huron, Mich., \$14.85 Detroit, Mich., \$15.00

BAY CITY, Mich., \$17.25 SAGINAW, Mich., \$17.15 GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., \$18.95

Chicago, Ill., \$18.00

ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., all rail, \$34.00

ST. PAUL or MINNEAPOLIS (via Upper Lakes and Sault Ste Marie) \$37.50

EXHIBITIONS

OTTAWA

September 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1906. Return limit—September 17th, 1906.

Leave Montreal 7.8 a. m., *9.40 a. m., 14.10 p. m., *7.30 p. m.

Arrive Ottawa 11 a. m., *12.40 p. m., 7.10 p. m., *10.30 p. m.

PLATTSBURG, N. Y.

September 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1906. Return Limit—September 15th, 1906.

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

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Intercolonial RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT SUMMER TRAIN SERVICE.

4 Trains Daily.

7.25 DAY EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Big, Rimouski and Little Metis.

Leaves 7.25 a. m. daily except Sunday, Fairfax Car Montreal to Little Metis.

12 "MARITIME EXPRESS" for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and the Sydneys.

Leaves at 12.00 noon daily, except Saturday. Through sleeping car to Halifax.

7.30 "OCEAN LIMITED" for Levis, (Quebec) Murray Bay, Cap a l'Aigle, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Little Metis, Matapedia, Moncton, St. John and Halifax.

Luxé. Leaves 7.30 p. m. daily, except Saturday. Through sleeping cars to Riviere Quells Wharf (for Murray Bay points), Little Metis, St. John and Halifax.

11.45 NIGHT EXPRESS for Quebec and intermediate stations.

Daily, except Sunday, at 11.45 p. m. A sleeping car is attached to this train, which passengers can occupy after 8.45 p. m.

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Passengers leaving by the Maritime Express at 12 noon, Tuesdays, and 7.30 p. m., can limit their fares to 11 o'clock at Campbellton with SS. "Lady Elmore."

All trains of the Intercolonial Railway arrive and depart from the Bonaventure Union Depot "Train Ticket Office."

CITY TICKET OFFICE: St. Lawrence Hall—141 St. James Street, or Bonaventure Depot. Tel. Main 515. J. J. McCONNIFF, City Pass & Tkt. Agent.

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THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1906.

Store closes at 5.30 daily.

A SHOWING of FALL MILLINERY

THE FALL MILLINERY EXHIBIT is now ready. We can give it no stronger recommendation to your favor than by saying we believe it worthy of us, and worthy of you who come to visit us. For months the Millinery Chief has been viewing, selecting, planning, thinking, and getting ready for Monday and the days that follow.

Here is the result arraigned for your judgment :-

We are proud of our collection of IMPORTED HATS. So far as expert knowledge, trained taste and ample resource can obtain such a result we have here masterpieces of the World's Millinery Masters. Here is a partial list of those who have contributed to the showing :-

- Mangin Maurice Lewis Esther Mayer Edwards Pouyanne Virot Camille Roger Rebour

And these are names that carry assured excellence with them, but it is not only to the names we ask attention, more especially to the selection of the models that bear those names; but the Imported Hats are not all or nearly all, there are also

The Millinery Productions of Our Own Designers

Fresh from the deft fingers of our own Milliners, bright, and new, the fairest assemblage of Hats this store has yet produced. Our designs are shown besides those of the world's leaders. It is Carsley's versus the Rue de la Prix again and the judgment lies with you. The showing is on the first floor.

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Vol. LVI., Senate Res.

Irish Home Irish an

John Dillon M.

In a recent general review of Irish political situation, John Dillon, M.P., spoke of his dissent from the action of the Liberal Government, which had taken power largely on Irish promises. He expected that the new Government would undo the evil work of its predecessors by casting aside the Land Commission, whose terms expired last spring, and replacing them by honest men for Irish hopes! Twenty-two of the twenty-seven Orangemen reappointed. This is one out of many, continued Mr. Dillon, of the utter hopelessness of the situation in Ireland which is now properly governed until that time when it is placed in the hands of Irish people. The very same things prevail in Ireland as we have recently seen prevail in South Africa. When this Government came into power, their principal pledges was that they would abolish Chinese slavery in Transvaal. What has happened? They have not been able to do it yet, and why? Not because the officials in the Transvaal were appointed by the late Government, and they have made Chinese slavery in the Transvaal the same way here in Ireland. No matter what the wishes of the Government may be, the officials in the Transvaal are too strong for the Government, and so long as the officials are left, so long will the Irish people be oppressed. But what has happened in the Transvaal? remember the Boer war, they were not very long ago, they were grand, fight, but they were not very long ago. But what has happened in the Transvaal—and I rejoice that votes have contributed to the Government—are going in the Transvaal because the officials there obstructed the Rule to the Transvaal—and the freest Home Rule; and be the remedy which will soon checkmate the officials there. Well, I say, that good example for Ireland. British Government are not to give Home Rule to who were in arms against three years ago, why should not give Home Rule to Ireland? And furthermore, I say that the Irish are fairly entitled that we should get the same Home Rule as the Transvaal—a bogus system of Home Rule—the same kind of Home Rule as the British Government to-day are not prepared to give Home Rule—genuine Home Rule—except a name. Has recently been in Ireland? We have been treated by a high-up official of the Government, following the great development of the situation, and it has been brot that we are to have a self-government for Ireland. It will be so. I have no doubt to believe it will be so. Government, following the case of the Boers, of Ireland a genuine system of government which will give people of Ireland complete administration of their through directly elected representatives of the Irish people, they will find us practical and reasonable, to make concessions which are found to be necessary attempts to settle the