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The True Witness

TESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS
AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

Vol. LVIII., No. 42

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1908

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Note and Comment

A Catholic who finds a Catholic paper "too dull" to read is a Catholic who rarely opens a prayer book. It is "dull reading" too.

A number of young men are studying for the priesthood in Ireland preparatory to going on missions among the Copts in far-off Egypt. A new college for foreign missions has been opened in Ireland this year near Castlebar, in County Mayo.

In leaving London for Rome last Thursday, Cardinal Vanutelli said to the large crowd who were here at the station to see him off that he would inform the Pope that despite the attitude of a few irresponsible bigots the feeling of the English nation towards the Pope and the Eucharistic Congress was excellent and that the heart of England beat only for liberty.

A monk engaged in the interior decoration of a church is the unusual sight witnessed at McKeesport, Pa. The artist is Father Bonaventura, O. S.B., of Manchester, N.H., whose work in murals is winning recognition. When St. Mary's Church at McKeesport was finished, the pastor, Rev. L. Boel, secured the services of the talented Benedictine.

An interesting feature of the great German Catholic Congress at Dusseldorf was the pilgrimage of the delegates to Kaiserswerth to visit the grave of St. Sulpitius, the Irish monk who first spread the light of faith in that region. Cardinal Fischer made the pilgrimage the occasion for an eloquent discourse on the brotherhood of nations in faith and the debt of Catholic Germany to the missionaries of Ireland.

Under the operation of the separation law in France the twelfth Century Church of St. Christophe at Le-grotte, a village in Savoy, was offered for sale at Grenoble for \$100. The churchyard, including the hundreds of bodies buried there, was offered for \$50. Local Catholics became indignant and purchased the property to prevent profanation.

Among the gifts received by the Holy Father last week were 20 chalices from women of the South of Ireland. The chalices are copied from a beautiful Irish chalice of the 15th century. Each chalice, which is silver throughout, stands on a hexagonal base, divided into six incurved sections.

Catholicity has been making great headway in Switzerland in recent years. The Bureau Federal de Statistique, in its "enquete" concerning religious professions, states that "in all the cantons the Catholic religion counts more adherents than in 1888, a change which is produced chiefly in the towns that have had a Protestant majority. In Geneva the Protestants were formerly much more numerous than the Catholics. Now there are 30,000 Protestants and 28,000 Catholics. From 1850 to 1888 the proportion of Catholics and Protestants remained the same, since 1888 it has changed in the interests of Catholicism."

Professor Ludovico Seitz, director of the Vatican picture galleries, died last week at Albano. He was engaged until a late hour the previous afternoon in superintending the transportation of Raphael's masterpiece, "The Transfiguration," from the old gallery to the new Vatican galleries.

The English Catholic Times notes the signal success attained by pupils of Catholic schools in the annual Oxford examinations. In England as elsewhere Catholic schools and colleges take high rank in comparison with those under secular auspices. Out of 179 first-class honors in the senior examinations, 27 were won by Catholics—a remarkable proportion in view of the fact that Catholics form only one-twenty-fifth of the English population.

La Verite, of Quebec, makes several significant statements, which we summarize thus, says the Chicago New World: "Lincoln, a Freemason, was assassinated by a Freemason named Booth; Garfield, a Freemason,

was assassinated by a Freemason named Gu teau; McKinley, a Freemason, was assassinated by a Freemason-anarchist named Czolgosz, as a result of a plot organized by the satanic sect. The life of Theodore Roosevelt is constantly being threatened, and if disaster should ever befall him it will be found due to the fact that secret societies directed it.

The announcement which appeared recently in one of the daily papers to the effect that in consequence of disagreements with their German colleagues, three hundred French Jesuits have applied to the Pope to be permitted to leave the order is, it need scarcely be said, unfounded.

Preaching in his Cathedral on his return from Europe, Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, Manitoba, spoke most hopefully of the conditions in France. Things are improving rapidly there, he said, owing to the policy of the Pope. Of the practical wisdom of the Pope the Archbishop has formed a very high opinion. What the Pope has prescribed for France during the late troubles had been eminently successful.

Steps are being taken to legalize a scheme under which the \$50,000 legacy to the poor of Dublin, left by the will of the late Mrs. Lewis Hill, is to be administered. There is a feeling that the money will be available for the poor of the city during the coming winter.

There are three hundred millions of people in India, and of that immense multitude only about two millions are said to be Catholics; so there are still plenty of people outside the Catholic fold waiting for apostles. Of the European priests now in India, as far as can be judged from the names in the Madras Catholic Directory, there are not thirty English or Irish missionaries.

There are no longer any Polish schismatics in St. Louis. The congregation that has been worshipping in an ex-Presbyterian church in the northern part of the city for the past four months, has made its submission to Archbishop Glemon. The "bishop" who came to consecrate their church a few weeks ago, in his sermon referred to the Holy Father as "a hog." That was enough. The people had been told that they were under the jurisdiction of the Pope, but not of the Archbishop of St. Louis. They saw the wolf in sheep's clothing, and a rush was made to get back to the Church's communion.

Rev. Timothy A. Buckley, of the Apostolic Mission House, Washington, D.C., has gone to Ireland for the purpose of making a study of Gaelic. Father Buckley is deeply interested in the efforts being made for the revival of the ancient language.

The newspaper world of Rome is in a hubbub over a series of charges preferred against the most important paper in the Eternal City. Among other things the Tribuna is accused of having accepted bribes to print articles in favor of the late Independent State of the Congo. Other journals are also supposed to have done the same thing, but for some reason only this one was this week brought before the Bar of the Associazione della Stampa, which has appointed three of its members to examine into the charges. The director of the Tribuna has very promptly replied by resigning his membership of this organization which he himself was mainly instrumental in founding. The Tribuna has always been frankly anti-clerical, but it looks as though it has been attacked this time by journalistic rivals which would not weep to see it fall into disrepute. The curious thing is that most of the organs which profess to be indignant with the alleged conduct of the Tribuna are themselves subsidized regularly for their political opinions.

During the week His Holiness has received in audience several groups of Belgian pilgrims. The idea of forming a great national pilgrimage from Belgium was abandoned a year ago on account of the anti-clerical troubles then prevailing but a great many devout Catholics went to Rome in small groups to testify their devotion to the sovereign Pontiff.

Should Religion Be Advertised.

Readers of the daily newspapers have noticed for several months past the rather curious form of advertisement called the "Paragraph Pulpit" which the leaders of the Unitarian denomination have adopted as a means of calling attention to their religious views. (It appears nearly every other day in our San Francisco morning papers.) It is pure advertising matter, paid for at space rates, and designed simply and frankly to spread Unitarian principles and attract recruits to Unitarian churches. As such we object to it. It has shocked many religious and secular commentators, to whom the idea of advertising a religion is at once new and distasteful.

For our own part the idea is so far from absurd or repugnant that we own to a wish that Catholics might resort to a similar expedient for advertising truth when it is not possible to get it before the public in any other way. To pay for space to advertise religion is surely as defensible as to pay for space to make known chances for investment, the claims of lawyers or the delusions of money-seeking theorists.

As far as the Unitarians are concerned, we believe that they are wasting money in buying newspaper space for the insertion of the absolutely colorless reflections which alone can be inspired by their utter lack of belief and unlimited "breadness." To call their Paragraph Pulpit an advertisement is about as apt as to call Byron's "Ode to the Ocean" an advertisement for a steamship company. In order to advertise religion with any success, the first essential would seem to be to have a religion to advertise.

But where there is a definite set of truths to be made known, truths for which many are groping in ignorance and on which their eternal salvation may depend, where there are glaring misrepresentations to correct and dangerous misconceptions to dissipate, there seems to be every justification to purchase newspaper space in the best available agency for the purpose. A zealous young pastor of this state was, for years, and may be still, in the habit of renting a column every week in his country paper for use in exposing falsehood and preaching Catholic truth to his ignorant and prejudiced neighbors. His method resulted not only in the enlightenment of many he could never reach through his own pulpit, but in bringing back to the faith a number of poorly instructed Catholics who had been influenced by the atmosphere of the sect and misrepresentation in which they lived.

Regarding Confessions.

Those who have neglected confession for so long a time that the prospect of a satisfactory accounting of themselves in the sacred tribunal fills them with discouragement, may find these suggestions helpful.

Those who have absented themselves from confession for a long time often object that they cannot remember properly what they have done, or how often. They are not in the habit of watching themselves. They live by impulse, sometimes without doing wrong, sometimes having their fling for a time, and so on. How can they recall details? The answer is as follows: There is a difference between theory and practice in this matter. In theory the exact number, species and aggravating circumstances of each and every sin ought to be expressed. But this theoretical rule is tempered by another practical rule, viz., the penitent is bound to confess his sins only in such way as they present themselves to his own consciousness and only with that standard of exactness which belongs to his temperament, character and the examination of his conscience into a head-splitting drudgery. He is only bound to survey his sins with the same degree of care with which he surveys the ordinary affairs of his life. To take an instance: "How much and how often do you smoke?" You will tell me: "Well, I never kept a very exact record. I smoke a pipe regularly in moderation, perhaps three or four times a day. Besides this, I always have a box of cigars, and

smoke one or two a day, off and on, as well as an occasional cigarette. I might guess that I got through a box of cigars in a month and perhaps a pound of Richmond mixture. Without watching myself and taking notes, I cannot tell you more accurately than that." Now, if the question were about a certain sin instead of about smoking, this would be considered a fairly satisfactory confession. It would give the priest an approximate idea, and the best you can convey under the circumstances. No more is demanded than this ordinary care. And if, without gross negligence, some sins are forgotten or some mistakes are made, that practically does not matter. You have exercised a reasonable effort to give a true account, and that is all the Church requires. These remarks are, of course, not to be taken as an encouragement to negligence and slipshodness in confession, but only intended to remove from the mind all idea that confession makes demands which are beyond the ordinary capacity of the penitent.

As a help to method the following lines can be suggested: Take the big sins first—those which are obvious and grave—impurity, theft or fraud, drunkenness, fighting or quarreling, hatred or wishing evil to others, slandering others, deliberate lying, gross neglect of family or business duties, inexcusable absence from Mass, omission of Easter duties, inexcusable neglect of fasting or abstinence. It is easy to settle at once what are the chief failings—perhaps only two or three out of the list. Then settle whether these sins were committed more or less daily, or weekly, or monthly, or only once or twice. Next retrace the list very shortly—five headings. How often for each? Then go in and tell your tale. If you show signs of care in preparation, the priest will not bother you much, if at all. You can save all anxiety by simply saying, "This is all I remember. Please ask me some questions." The priest will then put one or two—probably on those vices which you have not mentioned—and then you answer on the spur of the moment, just as you remember, and the whole trouble is over.

Late Bishop Carmichael.

The following letter appeared in the Telegraph of Quebec:
Editor of Quebec Daily Telegraph:
In many of the notices of the death of the late Bishop Carmichael, mention is made of his gift of "Irish oratory," but, the priest, have been added also his gift of Irish patriotism. Doubtless there are amongst your citizens some who will remember the lecture delivered in the Anne street lecture hall—now Tara Hall—about thirty-five years ago. I lecture was on an Irish subject, if I remember right it was on Henry Grattan and the Grattan Parliament. Anyhow, such an impression did he make, and so much was his patriotic utterances admitted by a certain portion of those present that, with the approbation of the late Rev. Father McGauran, an effort was made by the St. Patrick's Catholic and Literary Institute to induce the reverend gentleman to deliver another lecture, but the time at his disposal did not allow him to do so.

Yours,
MATTHEW F. WALSH,
Ottawa, Sept. 21st, 1908.

A Masonic View.

The Five Points of Fellowship, a Masonic paper published at Covington, Ky., contains the following in a recent issue:
"His Holiness Pius X., following the noble example of the long line of illustrious Pontiffs of the Holy Roman Catholic Church has recently issued an encyclical forbidding the laity of the Catholic Church uniting with the Masonic fraternity. For so issuing he is entitled to the everlasting gratitude of Masons the world over, for the very good reason that the encyclical will have the effect to keep out of the Masonic Order an undesirable class of men. A Catholic becoming a member of the Masonic Order and claiming to hold his membership in the Catholic Church cannot be true to both, and if false to either, he cannot be true to either. On the other hand, a Free Mason who becomes a member of the Catholic Church proves false to the Masonic Order. It is fair to infer that it is not the sublime teachings of Free Masonry that attracted the Catholic, but only the substantial benefits he hoped would accrue to him by becoming a Free Mason."

The purport of this article, written as it is, in a Free Mason organ, goes to show that the Catholic practical or indifferent, is not desired by Free Masons as has been supposed by many lax members of the Catholic Church. It goes also to reveal the true policy of the Masonic Order—hatred of Catholicity, and should be taken as a warning by all of us.—Central Catholic.

The Most Rev. Dr. Tommasi, Archbishop of Siena, died on Friday last. He was born in 1839 and had been Bishop of Fiesole for four years and Archbishop of Siena for six.

A Year After.

(From "ROME.")

Last Tuesday, September 8, it was just a year since the Sovereign Pontiff published the immortal Encyclical Pascendi dominici gregis, in which he laid bare, refuted, and condemned the whole system of religious errors comprised under the name of Modernism.

Two months before that, July 3, 1907, the Holy Office had promulgated by order of the Holy Father the Decree Lamentabili sane exitu, in which sixty-five propositions containing the most notable of these errors were condemned. How have these two great documents, landmarks not only in the pontificate of Pius X., but in the history of the Church, affected the situation?

The truth is that it is difficult to believe that only a year has passed since Roma locuta est, such has been the extraordinary change effected by the encyclical. Up to a year ago almost the whole of Europe seemed to be heaving in the throes of a religious unrest pregnant with calamity for the Catholic Church. Just as the Renaissance is supposed to have rent the veil of darkness that hung over the world during the long night of the Middle Ages, so too, new ideas of religion and a new conception of Christianity were to form a new epoch in the religious history of the world.

Daring theories were set forth by Catholics in works which were widely quoted and read all over the world, magazines were created for the express purpose of expounding and propagating them, other periodicals hitherto orthodox began to show favor to advanced doctrines which would have horrified their founders, the movement spread into the daily press, it penetrated into many even of the seminaries where professors instilled its principles into the receptive minds of their young pupils, it formed a common topic of conversation not merely among the studios but even in the gilded salons of the worldly.

To confess that you were not at least superficially informed on the new religious movement was to confess your deplorable ignorance, to admit that you had no sympathy with it was in the eyes of many to admit that you were an obscurantist with a mental horizon bounded by the ideas of an age that was irrevocably past.

When it began to be bruited abroad that the Holy Office had instituted a searching examination of the whole movement cries of alarm and indignation and menace filled the air. The cardinals and consultants of the Holy Office were a body of reactionist theologians who knew nothing of the wonders of modern thought and discovery; they were about to condemn the great Cardinal Newman who was the real chief of the movement; they would inevitably make a fatal break between science and religion which would estrange from the Church all her most cultured and intellectual members.

Then came the Decree and the Encyclical—a year ago! What has happened? Modernism has disappeared as an interesting topic from polite

conversation, it has been utterly banished from the seminaries, you rarely read a word about it in your daily paper, there is hardly a trace of it to be found in any Catholic periodical throughout the world, nobody believes that Cardinal Newman has been condemned, the elucidations of the philosophers and the exegeses of the new school have lost all the glamor that surrounded them, there has been no schism, not a single bishop has revolted against the teachings of the Holy See, one or two of the leaders have openly flouted the authority of the Church, a few others perhaps have silently ceased to be members of the Church, there is no more opposition now between science and religion than there ever was. But on the other hand, the hundreds of millions of faithful Catholics have been warned against the false teachings of the first heresy of the 20th century, the Catholic hierarchy has united in a splendid manifestation of obedience and loyalty to the Holy See, unparalleled, perhaps, in the history of the Church.

A year ago the latest heresy seemed to be one of the most dangerous that ever threatened Catholic truth, to-day it has almost ceased to exist as a public movement in the Church.

The Copts.

Father Rolland, S.J., missionary in Upper (or Southern) Egypt, writes in the French Messenger about the Copts. The Copts fell descendants of the ancient Egyptians. The sanctity of the Egyptian Church under St. Mark, the Evangelist, Bishop of Alexandria, furnishes one of the brightest pages of early Christian history. In the first ages of the Church thousands of religious people thrived in the classic land of sanctity."

The greater part of the Copts fell fifth century. A leaven in the mass, however, remained. And to the few faithful have been added, in recent years, over eleven thousand conversions. In the last six years alone, there have been 1700 converts. The Catholic Copts have, in gratitude, consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by the official act of their Patriarch, Mgr. Cyril, at the close of a lately held national synod.

In the city of Tahta, above the ruins of Thebes, is situated the new national seminary, due to the zeal of Pope Leo XIII. The faithful in its vicinity are remarkably devout. No one omits the Easter duty, and frequent Communion of both men and women is common. Nearly 500 receive Holy Communion on the first Friday, the Blessed Sacrament being exposed all day. A large proportion of the parishioners assist at daily Mass.

PERSONAL.

The very Rev. Provincial Father Colombari, O.F.M., and the Rev. Father Berchmans, O.F.M., have left for the new mission of the order at Lake Saskatchewan.

St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We think those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON.

FOR
ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND.
Name
Address
Amount

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Beauty Patterns



A NATTY LITTLE RUSSIAN SUIT.

No. 8254. Little Boys' Blouse Suit. Sizes for 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 years.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on the receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON. Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

WEED YOUR OWN GARDEN. If you've weeded in your garden, dear friend, I pray, Do not stand looking over the fence To your neighbor's domains just over the way.

THE IDEAL WIFE. The ideal wife is the woman who has convinced her husband that she is the very best woman in the world, and who goes on convincing him.

him to get those books down now and make a litter, that all the newspapers are tidied up on a side table, that he has left his boots on the hearthrug, and so on.

THE TARDY GUEST.

It is embarrassing for the hostess when some important guest at a dinner party does not arrive at the expected time.

Colonel Bosville was a martinet when dining was concerned. His dinner was always ordered to be placed on the table at exactly two minutes to 5, says the St. James Gazette.

It was said of a man of the day who was of some importance in the official world that in answering an invitation to dinner he invariably added this postscript: "N.B.—I conclude you mean what you say and that the dinner will be on the table at 5 o'clock, when I shall arrive at your door."

TO CLEAN CRETONNE.

The craze for cretonne has now got to such a stage that the fortunate owners of this pretty and serviceable fabric are looking about them for a means of cleaning it.

ONE AGAINST HUSBANDS.

Mr. Burdette insists that he once overheard a woman lecturing her husband as follows: "Now I'll tell you why I wouldn't go into the restaurant and have a cup of coffee with you while we were waiting for the train. I didn't like the way you asked me. Not half an hour before, you said to Mr. Puffer, 'Come, let's get a cigar,' and away you went, holding his arm, and not giving him a chance to decline."

READING BAD BOOKS. St. Isidore asserts that to read books subversive of religion is as bad as to offer incense to the devil.

WHAT THE WELL-BRED GIRL REMEMBERS. Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem as such, however absurd they may appear to her.

er of the Incarnation against Nestorius; but St. Anselm of one book of a certain Manichean, he was changed from a champion of the Church to a bitter enemy.

In the Middle Ages, Henry Bullinger was a man remarkable for his learning and his piety. At one time it was believed that he had intended to join the Carthusians, and devote his life to penance.

THE HOME-MADE MARTYR.

She is the woman who bothers over trifles and lets the big things slide. She will tell you she can't take exercise to keep herself from getting fat because she is compelled to sit so much to sew for the children.

If she is thin she will tell you she can't get fat because she has to run around the house so much trying to get everything done. If you speak of another woman's pretty costume she bitterly says she cannot see how women who have families get time to make pretty clothes; and that she also likes lovely things, but life is so full of cares that she hasn't the time to achieve them.

If she is told to read a certain fascinating book she will elevate her eyebrows and say she has no time to read; that her husband doesn't like to have her engrossed in a book in the evening and she hasn't a minute's time during the day.

If she is unmarried she will tell you that she could have better clothes and go about in society if she only had the luck of some girls had in marrying. And so it goes.

That all of these woes exist only in her imagination is a fact that she

who are near and dear to her. Never, if possible, does she lose her temper and she learns to speak with calmness and deliberation, especially in circumstances which tend to irritate.

BEANS AND POTATOES, BOSTON STYLE.

Wash, string and cut fine a quart of tender, young string beans. Put two tablespoonsful butter in a good-sized saucepan, and when melted, turn in the beans, season with a teaspoonful of salt and pepper to taste.

CARE OF THE NECK.

Women are more liable to sore throat and bronchial trouble than men. Why? Because they subject their throats to changes of temperature such as would kill any man.

Women wear their stiff linen collar from rising to bedtime, except when she sheds it on hot summer days when she gets into a negligee shirt.

Equally important is it that there is no undue pressure, particularly for full-blooded or apoplectic persons. Remember that the great blood vessel of the neck, the windpipe and the organs of speech are all shut up in the throat and must be treated with consideration.

A high tight collar not only makes swallowing difficult, but also impedes the circulation of blood in the brain and therefore is dangerous.

TO FRESHEN BLACK CLOTHES.

A woman who has worn black for years says she keeps her clothes fresh with a mixture made as follows:

Buy 5 cents' worth of borax and 10 cents' worth of camphor gum. Put them into a large bowl, breaking the camphor gum into small pieces. Pour over this a quart of boiling water, stirring to dissolve the borax.

When boiling milk put two tablespoonsful of water in the pan first and let it boil. Milk boiled in this way will never burn to the bottom of the saucepan.

To mend a crack on the inside of a range use a filling made of equal parts of wood ashes and common salt moistened with water. This will prove hard and lasting.

THE SEA BATH.

Sea bathing ought to be a pleasure to almost every one in summer, but it is often the very reverse. At the right time and under suitable conditions of weather and warmth, a sea bath is an excellent tonic at this season of the year.

The eminent lawyer had stepped from the train and was making his way to a hotel when he was approached by an Irish porter.

"I can see you're a commercial traveller," said the latter, with a touch of his cap. "Show me where your baggage is and I'll carry it to the hotel for you."

"I am a traveller," he said, "but I deal in brains."

"The porter sniffed suggestively. 'Faith and it is the first time ever I saw a traveller that didn't carry no samples!'" he said.

A THIRD NEED.

"You need," said the expert to the sufferer, "two pairs of glasses, one for reading and one for long distance."

"Can't you make it three pairs?" asked the man who had made a study of his own case. "I'd like some short-sighted ones to use on hill collectors."

AFTER THE EVENT.

"Does your husband ever scold when you eat a new hat?"

Many children are afraid of the sea, and it is positive cruelty to force a child into the water against his will.

Young people, keen on swimming, are too apt to rush at their favorite pastime whenever they get to the seaside. But they should gradually "work up the necessary muscle," that is, begin quietly, swimming a little further every day to get the full benefit.

Rupture of the drum of the ear is an accident liable to occur from the impact of the water against the drum. This can be prevented by inserting a little cotton wool into the ear while bathing.

Hope for the Chronic Dyspeptic.—Through lack of consideration of the body's needs many persons allow disorders of the digestive apparatus to endure until they become chronic, filling days and nights with suffering.

These pills are specially compounded to combat dyspepsia and the many ills that follow in its train, and they are successful always.

WOMEN'S AILMENTS

There is no need whatever for so many women to suffer from pains and weakness, nervousness and sleeplessness, anemia, hysteria and melancholia, faint and dizzy spells, and the hundred other troubles which render the life of too many women a round of sickness and suffering.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Have Restored Thousands of Canadian Women to Health and Strength

Young girls budding into womanhood who suffer with pains and headaches, and whose face is pale and blood water, or whose life is one of nervousness, anxiety, and sleeplessness, are tired over these trying times by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

They have a wonderful effect on a woman's system, making pains and aches vanish, bringing color to the pale cheek and sparkle to the eye.

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all druggists, or mailed direct on receipt of price by

THE T. MILBURN CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.

Funny Sayings.

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Biggs?"

"Oh, no, everybody has his little peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-m-m-m, what is y-yours?"

"Well, really I am not aware that I have any."

"I do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"Well, that is your p-peculiarity; most p-people u-use a t-teaspoon."

A small Scotch boy playing on the docks fell into the river, and was rescued through the quickness and agility of a young man who happened to be near by when the boy fell.

"You ought to be glad I was near enough to rescue you," said the man surveying the small and dripping object he had with difficulty wrested from the waves.

"I be," said the boy calmly. "I'm glad you got me out, for I'd a' had a fearful fekin' from mither if ye'd let me droon, I ken that well."

WEPT AT THE WRONG SPOT.

An American writer says that while visiting Mount Vernon he came across a middle-aged lady kneeling before a building at some distance from the monument to Washington.

"No, sir," she said, "I thank you very much. I am not in trouble, but my patriotic feeling overcame me when I gazed upon the tomb of the Father of his Country."

"I quite understand," said the gentleman, gently "but my dear madam, you have made a mistake. This is not the tomb of Washington. It is over yonder. This is the ice-house."

The lady dried her tears and moved away.

"You need," said the expert to the sufferer, "two pairs of glasses, one for reading and one for long distance."

"Can't you make it three pairs?" asked the man who had made a study of his own case. "I'd like some short-sighted ones to use on hill collectors."

AFTER THE EVENT.

"Does your husband ever scold when you eat a new hat?"

"No. He never knows anything about it, until after I get it."—Kansas City Star.

IGNORANCE.

Teacher—I am surprised that you should have such a bad lesson, George. I expected better things of you.

Pup.—My pa says that it is the unexpected that always happens. Funny a teacher didn't know that!—Boston Transcript.

MODERN MATERNITY.

A little girl's mother attended a number of card parties, leaving the child at home with the nurse. On one such occasion the child's attention was attracted by the plaintive cries of a young calf. Running to the window, she exclaimed: "Poor little calf! Has your mamma gone to the card party and left you, too?"

FATHER WOULD BE SORRY.

Rachel who was four years old, was admiring her baby brother, who was three months old before his father returned from a trip abroad. Looking up at her mother, she said: "Mamma, won't papa be sorry if isn't any relation to this baby?"

NO ERROR.

Herbert had a way of telling make-believe stories about the things he saw, and his mother wished to convince him that they were not true. So one day, when he saw a dog pass and began a story about its being a grizzly bear, she bade him run away and pray God to forgive him for telling an untruth.

Very soon he returned and exclaimed: "God says that's all right, mother. He thought it was a grizzly, too."

That is why it is so dangerous. It may become deep-seated before you realize the danger.

It is therefore of great importance to recognize the early warning symptoms: pain or dull ache in the back, bladder pains, smarting sensation when urinating, frequent or suppressed urination, sediment in the urine, etc., because in its early stage kidney disease is easily cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Elgin Brisebois, Vernon, Ont., writes:—I was troubled a great deal with kidney trouble. I had to get up four or five times every night, my urine contained a thick brick-dust sediment, I had a pain in the small of my back, and could not sleep at night.

I commenced using Doan's Kidney Pills and in a very short time I was all right again. I am very thankful to have found a cure so speedy in its action.

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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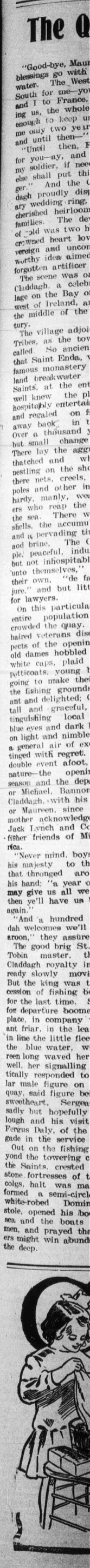
Why the Irish Love Ireland.

As Justin McCarthy in his "History of our Own Times" says: "No one will be able to understand the whole meaning and bearing of the long land struggle in Ireland who does not clearly get into his mind the fact of it, rightly or wrongly, the Irish peasant regarded the right to have a bit of land, his share, exactly as other peoples regard the right to live."

But it goes further and deeper than this. It goes back in fact, to a time long antecedent to the introduction of Christianity, to a time when a primitive or natural people, they were Nature or Ancestor worshippers. It has survived through centuries of defeat and disaster. It flourishes like a green bay tree. It is as vernal as ever. This attachment of the modern Irish to their land is nothing but a relic of primitive land veneration. It is a veneration that is to be seen all over West Africa and in many other parts of Africa in the adoration that is paid to the earth as to a goddess, and in the principle of non alienation of land that exists among these natives. A belief that is so strong, so inherent, and so ineradicable in them, that they cannot comprehend how it can in any way or through any process pass away from them. They firmly believe, in fact, that the land is not theirs to part with, but belongs to their fathers—i. e., to their departed spirits—and that they hold it in trust for them. In one word the whole matter is purely and entirely a family or communal concern.—Westminster Review.

Revive the Jaded Condition.—When energy flags and the cares of business become irksome: when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Par-melee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach and a disordered liver, and you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

Blue Ribbon Ribbon Tea. This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box 2554, Montreal, entitles the sender to a free package of our 40c. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea.



The Queen of the Claddagh.

"Good-bye, Maureen avourneen, and blessings go with you across the blue water. The West for you and the South for me—you. But, God favoring us, the whole world is not wide enough to keep us long apart. For enough two years with the colors, me and you—"

"Until then, Fergus, I will wait for you—ay, and ten times longer, me soldier, if need be—and no one else shall put this ring on my finger." And the Queen of the Claddagh proudly displayed the hereditary wedding ring, distinguishing and cherished heirloom of the old local families. The device on the circlet was a pair of hands supporting a crown, and was a token of fidelity, sovereign and unconquerable, was the device aimed at by the long-forgotten artificer who designed it.

"The scene was on the quay of the Claddagh, a celebrated fishing village on the Bay of Galway, in the west of Ireland, and the time about the middle of the eighteenth century."

Then came a solemn, hushed interval of parting, as with moist eyes the fisher-folk saw their old leaders and king transferred with his daughter and other companions to the brig which had accompanied the fleet.

"Wirra, wirra," murmured a veteran, "sure 'tis a grief to see them leaving us, but who can blame them? 'Tis five bad years we've had with the fishing, and another one would ruin us entirely."

"Please God," said a hoary optimist, "the white friar's blessing will bring back the fish and maybe bring back King Mihal." The waiting silence was soon followed by cheer upon cheer, as the St. Patrick shooed out snowy sail and glided away into the mysterious ocean, the ocean furrowed of yore by the vessels of Conda the Beautiful and of saint Brendan, in respective quest of the "Plain of Honey" and the "Land of Promise"—away towards the dim sea horizon where is seen, glistening in the golden mirage under the crimson draperies of evening, the temples and towers of the fairyland of olden King Brusaill—away over a deep sea route afterwards strewn whitely with the bones of an oppressed and hard-driven race, "sweeping westward, wild and woeful."

In Ireland, before the departure of our little party, the penal laws against Catholics had been abated, thanks to the signal victory of Fontenoy, mainly won through the Irish Brigade. The celebration of Mass was—semi-privately—tolerated.

But in cheerless and intolerant Newfoundland, "What more of you, in defiance of our laws for the good of the country? Well, you must each pay an annual tax here as long as you remain Papists, and heavy shall you feel the hand of the law if you attempt any Papist practices. No Mass remember!" So said the Government official to those new arrivals.

Upon which King Mihal and his companions—hardened, seasoned, trained lawbreakers in such matters—looked at one another knowingly and chuckled. Veterans who, in the determined practice of their religion, had outwitted and baffled the wily priest-hunters in Ireland were scarcely to be intimidated by swaggering, wooden-headed officials in this semi-barbarous country across the ocean.

"He can't frighten us, 'ma bouchals, can he?" laughed Mihal.

"He'll want to take lessons," said Jack Lynch.

"Och, we had much worse than he is in Galway," said Con O'Toole.

with the profound fashionable courtesy of that periwigged period and respectfully addressed her as "Miss Bannon." Being bright and good-looking, with an acceptable model on which to practice their society manners. For, beyond the governor's wife and one or two others in their brief periodical visits to the colony, there was a "rara avis" in a "fine lady" was a "rara avis" in the colony, where, indeed, females of every kind were greatly in the minority, as they ought to be; that rough, uncouth young town of a few thousand people, housed mainly in wooden shanties, was scarce a proper place for womankind.

Johney Nay, fishing camp would be a better term for St. John's at that time. The British Government, swayed and influenced by the merchants and shipowners of the west of England, who equipped, manned and sent out fleets of fishing vessels every year to reap the rich harvest of those teeming seas, did not intend or desire such a thing as a regular colony to exist or grow there, on what they preferred to call the "desolate island." The aim was to have a mere port of accommodation for the English fishing fleet on its lonely and inhospitable shores, and annual visits by the "fishing admirals," representing the corporations, and the settlers, or rather squatters—for the Government in pursuance of its policy, refused as a rule to make grants of land, and most of the shacks and shanties in the grimy town had been covertly thrown up by their occupants without any authority save their own. Forts and barracks were built, however, and a garrison established for England and France had been contenting about a hundred years for the possession of the place, on account of the valuable fishing. Therefore the red ensign of England waved, in this summer of 1762, over the fort on Signal Hill, one of the two heights commanding the entrance to St. John's Harbor, and red-coated soldiers paced sentry-go and others strolled about and watched the scaly fishermen at work on their takes amid surroundings slippery with oil.

And so, for our good people from the Claddagh of Galway, some long years went by, and at length came St. John's Day, 1762.

It is a very successful fishing season. The toilers of the sea are making noble hauls. Every boat that comes into the secure harbor of St. John's lies deep in water beneath the silvery, glittering, scaly cargo.

With a splendid take in the hold of the "Claddagh Rambler," Mihal Bannon and his partners, Lynch and O'Toole, are returning successful and jubilant, and what they have decided shall be their last fishing voyage ere their return to old homes and friends among the comfortable little cottages of the Claddagh.

That is why there is sunshine in Maureen Bannon's heart and joy beaming in her blue eyes as she sits at the door of the shanty which has been her home for some years past, but which she never could come to regard as home, decorate it though she might with humble pictures and ornaments, with flaring bows and curious, and that they have decided shall be their last fishing voyage ere their return to old homes and friends among the comfortable little cottages of the Claddagh.

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Bishop of Northampton

TRULY A STRUGGLING MISSION
In The Diocese of Northampton, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

This Mission of St. Anthony of Padua was started by me nearly three years ago by command of the late Bishop of Northampton, and I have now, No Church, no Presbytery, no Diocese (except Hope). I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a mean prayer room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 miles.

The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present, or hand down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little". It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

FATHER H. W. GRAY,
Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.

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

(EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)

Dear Father Grey,
You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit aims for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained."

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"That is surely the best way, for you to hear it, Master Burnett," she said, "the best, and most comfortable way, for both you and me."

It was Nat Burnett, the dandy of the town, also one of its chief officials and the constant menace and scourge of its Catholic inhabitants as collector of penal taxes, also as spy, blackmailer and prize persecutor. He was the only son of old Burnett of Harbor Main, who owned and worked numerous fishing outfits along the shore, and had also waxed fat in the ruthless administration of the penal laws. Nat Burnett, fastidious in his powdered hair, gold-laced clothes, elegant lace ruffles and silver-hilted sword, had a discerning eye for female beauty, an overpowering desire for possession. For over a year he had been secretly and persistently seeking Maureen's hand in marriage, and as steadily had she declined.

"I am most grateful to those who have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit aims for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained."

Yours faithfully in Christ,
F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton

Capital and Accumulated Funds... \$47,410,000
Annual Revenue... \$8,805,000

Deposited with Dominion Government for security of policy holders. **\$398,580**

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On this particular day about the entire population of the village crowded the quay. Sunburnt, white-haired veterans discussed the prospect of the opening fishing season; old dames hobbled about in their white caps, plaid kerchiefs and red petticoats, young boys, who were going to make their first visit to the fishing grounds, looked important and delighted; Claddagh maidens, tall and graceful, with the distinguishing local combination of blue eyes and dark hair, moved about on light and nimble feet, there was a general air of excited preparation, tinged with regret. For there was a double event about, clashing in its nature—the opening of the fishing season and the departure of Mihal, or Michael, Bannon, King of the Claddagh, with his daughter Mary, or Maureen, since the death of her mother acknowledged queen, with Jack Lynch and Con O'Toole, old fisher friends of Mihal's, for America.

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**IN vain will you build churches,
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 be destroyed if you are not able to
 wield the defensive and offensive
 weapon of a loyal and sincere Cath-
 olic press.**
 —Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

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

I heartily bless those who encourage
 this excellent work.

† PAUL,
 Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1908.

**THE APPOINTMENT OF A
 FRENCH CATHOLIC IN-
 SPECTOR FOR THE DO-
 MINION PENITENTI-
 TIARIES.**

For the fourth time within the
 past four years we take the liberty
 of making an appeal in these col-
 umns to the Department of Justice
 for the redress of a grievance which
 operates unjustly towards the Cath-
 olic people—particularly the French
 speaking, of the Dominion.

We refer to the defective and un-
 just system of inspection that ob-
 tains in the Dominion Penitentiaries.
 We gave special attention to this
 matter during the summer months,
 and from our personal investigation
 we are more than ever convinced that
 the appointment of a Catholic inspec-
 tor who can speak both languages
 should engage the serious and im-
 mediate consideration of the Depart-
 ment of Justice.

The Catholic people of Canada get
 the credit of supplying a proportion-
 able number of the prisoners confined
 in the Penitentiaries, and the statis-
 tics which we have consulted show
 that assuming the proper representa-
 tions to have been made as to reli-
 gion by the prisoners on their entry,
 that credit is unfortunately due. The
 latest statistics show that there are
 1439 convicts in the Dominion Penitenti-
 tiaries, 13 of whom profess
 no religious creed, while of the 1426 re-
 maining, 702 profess the Catholic
 faith. Of the 279 officers in charge
 of these, 138 are Catholics, so that
 there were in the Penitentiaries at
 the time the above statistics were
 taken 702 Catholic prisoners and
 138 Catholic officers. Of the num-
 ber of Catholic officers considered
 from the viewpoint of number, no
 serious complaint could be made; but
 when looked at from the point of
 view of the importance of position,
 and aggregate of salaries drawn, the
 proportion is very far from appear-
 ing so fair.

It is when we come to look into
 the methods of inspection prevailing
 in these institutions and take note
 of the personnel of the staff that the
 existence of a very serious injustice
 as regards Catholic prisoners and of-
 ficers becomes manifest. We repeat
 that the inspection at present in
 vogue in the Dominion Penitentiaries
 is both defective and unjust. It is
 defective as regards the mode of pro-
 cedure, and unjust with respect to
 the number and the quality of the
 inspectors. The method of inspec-
 tion at present prevailing in no
 particular attains the end aimed at
 in its institution. The method at
 present employed is that of individ-
 ual inspection, which for the most
 part, we are led to believe, con-
 sists in an apparently friendly call
 on the warder or governor in the
 latter's private office; access to the
 inspector alone is in consequence with
 difficulty obtainable by the officers.
 We submit that the inspection as

now carried on falls to the low lev-
 el of a mockery and a farce and com-
 pletely and absolutely fails of its
 purpose. When men are compelled to
 make their complaints in the pres-
 ence of the warder, and particularly
 when it is alleged that the inspec-
 tor must uphold authority—we would
 not care to say whether right or
 wrong—it must be conceded that the
 purpose of inspection has been any-
 thing but attained. Under condi-
 tions such as these despotism holds
 sway.

Furthermore, in the quality of the
 personnel of the staff of Inspectors,
 Catholic officials and prisoners, and
 especially those who are of French
 extraction and speak only the French
 language, have substantial grounds
 for complaint. As stated above
 nearly half of the officers and pris-
 oners in our penitentiaries are Cath-
 olics. Half of these are French
 Catholics; the large majority of
 whom are in one institution, St.
 Vincent de Paul Penitentiary, and
 do not speak or understand intelli-
 gently the English language. In the
 abstract, we do not favor the ap-
 pointment to public office on reli-
 gious lines, but we must accept
 things as they are. We do not ask
 the Justice Department to create a
 condition, but simply to meet one.
 We hold that our penal institutions
 are reformatory as well as punitive.
 The most potent factors in the bring-
 ing about of a reformation of char-
 acter are the creation of confidence
 between men and officers and the
 application of the influence of reli-
 gion. The creation of this confi-
 dence and the application of reli-
 gious influences are seriously min-
 imized by the absence from the board
 of inspectors of a French Inspector
 who speaks both languages.

Moreover, the glaring inefficiency
 of the present system of inspection,
 as is evidenced by the general dis-
 content prevailing, in our opinion is
 largely due to the pernicious meth-
 ods of electing the warders or
 governors of these institutions. In-
 stead of electing active men in the
 prime of life, who, if not already ca-
 pable in the management of the crim-
 inal class, nevertheless possess abili-
 ty and aptitude for becoming profi-
 cient in their business, it has been
 the rule to choose worn out political
 hacks, who, having become convinced
 that they have served their party
 well, and having chosen "opus con-
 summavi" for their motto, now con-
 sider that they have a right to hus-
 tle out life's taper at the close and
 keep the flame from wasting by re-
 pose. Such officials instead of be-
 ing active and energetic and of com-
 ing in touch with all parts of the
 institution over which they preside,
 and with the officers in their duties,
 spend their days comfortably
 gazing into space from their office
 chair. We respectfully submit that
 we have given ample proof of the in-
 justice and inefficiency of the pre-
 sent system of penitentiary inspec-
 tion, and we would strongly urge
 the Government, now about to ap-
 point to the people for a renewal of
 its mandate, to give the matter to
 which we refer its most careful at-
 tention. We earnestly request, and
 we feel that we are speaking for,
 not only the Catholic officers and
 prisoners of these institutions, but
 also for the Catholic people at
 large, that (1) The present staff
 of two inspectors be increased to
 three, and that one of these three
 be a French Catholic speaking Eng-
 lish as well as French. (2) The meth-
 od of individual inspection be
 abolished at once, and that the en-
 tire board of inspectors regularly
 visit each institution. (3) The offi-
 cers be given the opportunity, if
 necessary, to approach the board
 of inspectors alone in their private
 office, so that they may be perfectly
 free to express themselves without in-
 timidation. (4) In the choice of
 warders the Government choose
 young, vigorous and active men
 whose sole aim in life will not be to
 spend its evening in repose, but who
 will have at heart the rights of its
 officers, the efficiency of the institu-
 tion, and the moral uplifting and re-
 formation of those therein confined.

MODERNISM IN GERMANY.

The evolution of the non-Catholic
 mind, or, in other words, its trend
 towards things Catholic, is one of
 the remarkable characteristics of our
 day. It is altogether different from
 what it was a few years ago in the
 days of Brownson, McMaster, Spald-
 ing and Hughes. In a recent issue
 sue, "The Literary Digest," com-
 menting upon the "Defeat of Modern-
 ism," and more especially of mod-
 ernism in Germany, says:

"Recently in the university town
 of Wurzburg, in Bavaria, there was
 unveiled a monument erected to the
 memory of Professor Hermann Schell,
 an event that the influential Munich
 Allgemeine Zeitung declares to be
 'the final act of a great tragedy.' It
 was the public appeal for funds to
 erect this very monument, sent out
 about three years ago by 800 and

more leading Catholic savants, that
 started the great modernist contro-
 versy and was the direct cause of the
 publication of the Papal encyclical
 and syllabus against this movement.
 It is now the conviction of leading
 church authorities that the battle of
 the church has been waged and
 won, and that modernism as such
 is now practically dead in the fold
 of the church. The Allgemeine Zeit-
 ung observes:

"The address of Professor Stoeck-
 at the unveiling of the Schell monu-
 ment, by its very caution, shows
 that the modernists, of whom he
 was the great chief, have lost cour-
 age and given up the struggle. This
 brings to a conclusion one of the
 saddest chapters in modern church
 history. Those who undertook to
 fight for reform within Catholicism
 have become tired of their thankless
 task. How could a youthful idealistic
 movement conquer, when struggling
 against such a mighty system of
 power as that which is incorporat-
 ed in the Church of Rome? These
 are evil days for reform Catholicism,
 and the hopes of victory on the part
 of its protagonists have disappeared.
 The encyclical has had the effect of
 a hailstorm on a young and tender
 shoot, and those who entered upon
 the crusade have been compelled to
 suffer severely. What need has Rome
 of a great defender of the truth if
 this defender turns his hand against
 the evils of this church?"

"Protestant church journals particu-
 larly are convinced that modern-
 ism is a thing of the past in the
 Church of Rome. Characteristic of
 the general sentiment prevailing in
 these circles are the statements of
 the "Reformation" of Berlin, prob-
 ably the most aggressive Protestant
 church periodical issued in the Fa-
 therland. Its ideas are in substance
 the following:

"From the very outset too much
 was expected from the modernistic
 movement after the manner of the
 reformation of the sixteenth cen-
 tury, but was purely intellectual and
 in the spirit of modern scholarship.
 Among the modernists there was no
 Luther and no Calvin. What they
 contended for was not the eradica-
 tion of the false positions of the
 Church of Rome, but only for a re-
 conciliation between the principles of
 modern independent research and the
 teachings of the Church—two things
 that could not be reconciled. The
 decay of the movement from inner
 weakness was accordingly only a
 question of time."

"It was not an evangelic
 reformation of the sixteenth cen-
 tury, but was purely intellectual and
 in the spirit of modern scholarship.
 Among the modernists there was no
 Luther and no Calvin. What they
 contended for was not the eradica-
 tion of the false positions of the
 Church of Rome, but only for a re-
 conciliation between the principles of
 modern independent research and the
 teachings of the Church—two things
 that could not be reconciled. The
 decay of the movement from inner
 weakness was accordingly only a
 question of time."

**CATHOLIC CALUMNIATORS UN-
 MASKED.**

The Rev. Father James R. Youl-
 den, of St. Anselm's, Whitworth,
 Rochdale, has exposed in a letter to
 the London Times the unfounded and
 calumnious statements made by the
 Madrid correspondent of that journal
 in reference to "the Church in Spain."
 Talking the provinces of Barcelona
 and Gerona, Father Youlden fairly
 demolishes the charges made by the
 correspondent. He shows that in
 the city of Barcelona itself—the larg-
 est, most modern, and most indus-
 trial of all Spanish cities—the good
 attendance at Mass, not only of the
 women and children, but of the men,
 is most remarkable, as is also the
 number of communicants. "I have
 myself," declares Father Youlden
 emphatically, "often given Holy Com-
 munion on a Sunday morning in the
 Church of San Pedro to such large
 numbers—fully one-third of them men
 —that my arms have ached in con-
 veying the sacred particles." Masses
 are celebrated every hour, and in
 many every half-hour, from five a.m.
 until twelve mid-day, in all the
 twenty-four parish churches of the
 city (to say nothing of the numer-
 ous convent chapels) in the presence
 of large and often crowded congrega-
 tions. Father Youlden goes on to
 say that a visit to the churches of
 Santa Anna, N. S. de Belen, San
 Jaime, or San Augustin at any time
 from eight o'clock until twelve on
 any Sunday morning, or to the Jes-
 uit Church in the Calle Caspe in
 the early hours of the morning on
 the first Friday of the month, would
 dispel some of the illusions of the
 "Times" Madrid correspondent. Fa-
 ther Youlden proceeds to show that
 the average Spanish priest of the di-
 oces of Barcelona is not so poor as

the correspondent would have us to
 believe, nor is his lot so pitiable,
 nor is he discontented. He has a
 position of dignity and considera-
 tion, a security of tenure which gives
 him peace of mind, and consequently
 there is no need for him to worry
 as to what will become of him in
 his old age. In this respect he is
 far happier than many unfortunate
 clergymen in the Church of England.
 This crushing exposure of the cal-
 unny that have appeared in the
 London Times will give unbounded
 satisfaction to all true Catholics
 throughout the world.

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS.

A current writer quotes the reply
 once made by Oliver Wendell Holmes
 when he was asked by a Protestant
 minister his opinion, as a physician,
 on the effect of the various religious
 beliefs on the minds of those in dan-
 ger of death. "So far as I have ob-
 served persons nearing the end of
 life," he said, "the Roman Catholics
 understand the business of dying bet-
 ter than Protestants. I have seen a
 good many Roman Catholics on their
 deathbeds and it always appears to
 me that they accepted the inevitable
 with composure which showed that
 their belief, whether or not the best
 to live, was a better one to die by
 than most of the harder ones that
 replaced it." This opinion, it will
 be recalled, was not original with
 Dr. Holmes. It was shared by Mar-
 tin Luther himself, the founder of
 Protestantism.

It is owing in great measure to the
 efforts of the energetic parish priest
 of Rawdon, Rev. Father Landry,
 that the Canadian Northern Railway
 has started a line between Rawdon
 and St. Julienne. The rev. gentle-
 man never spares himself in the dis-
 charge of his duties and where the
 interests of his parishioners are at
 stake, he leaves no stone unturned
 to help in furthering them. We con-
 gratulate Father Landry.

By the Irish Universities Act,
 which came into operation yesterday,
 two universities under national con-
 trol are to be established, one at
 Dublin and one at Belfast. The one
 at Dublin is to be opened immedi-
 ately, with a revenue of \$2,500,000 a
 year, besides fees and other moneys
 contributed by local councils.

HOLY ROSARY.

We are just entering the month of
 the Holy Rosary, a devotion than
 which there is none more potent. Our
 Blessed Mother does so like her chil-
 dren to appeal to her, to call her by
 the names she loves the best: Help
 of Christians, Refuge of Sinners.
 Why not, then, go to her, our me-
 diatrix, our very help in every need,
 why be grudging in our affection to
 her who is ever shielding us in her
 loving arms; why not, while it is
 yet day, give to her unstintedly af-
 ter the dear Sacred Heart, our alle-
 giance, so that when the time comes
 for us to pass down the cold, dark
 valley, she will guide our feet through
 the narrow way straight to the
 throne of God.

THE FORCE OF PERSUASION.

"La Presse" tells its readers of a
 wish that the Holy Father expressed
 when he received the Canadian
 athletes. He hopes, says "La
 Presse," that Canada will follow the
 example of the gymnasts, whatever
 that may mean; and that the news-
 paper in question will fight as val-
 iantly for the Church as the delega-
 tion which it sent to Rome has done
 for gymnastics. And the great news-
 paper on the same page gives among
 other things a detailed account of: 1,
 An incendiary fire subsequent to a
 bit of trouble over a cow; 2, A hat-
 chet and knife story; 3, A robbery
 with false keys; 4, a rumor of for-
 gery, and, 5, an account of an inde-
 cent assault. All of which show
 that the high circulation daily knows
 how to take a hint. A copy should
 be sent to the Vatican.

A VERY LATE INVENTION.

"La Presse" says that the R. &
 O. N. Co.'s steamers are equipped
 with a powerful modern electric pro-
 jector which assures the comfort of
 all passengers. Wonder if it will
 shine the boots, make the beds,
 shave and cut hair, and fee the
 waiters!

**Artist Nun Copying Picture of
 Christ.**

(From the New York World.)
 During the past month visitors to
 the Metropolitan Museum of Art in
 Central Park have passed surprised
 at the entrance of Gallery No. 19,
 where there is a new copyist at
 work.
 It is a Sister of the Order of St.
 Joseph, with the true touch of the
 master artist copying the great pic-
 ture entitled "Among the Lowly,"
 by Leon Augustin L'Hermitte, which
 represents the Man of Sorrows visit-

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 tisfy the most exact-
 ing men.

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ing the home circle of a peasant fam-
 ily.
 In the early forenoon the Sister
 waits quietly into the gallery and
 waits while an attendant brings her
 easel and canvas and her paint box.
 Then, when the frame has been plac-
 ed in the right light, the piece of old
 cloth has been laid upon the floor
 under it and the paint box opened, the
 copyist, she slowly takes up
 her brushes and begins work. She is
 a woman of middle life with the
 kindly face of the religious Orders,
 the earnest eyes, the sympathetic
 mouth, and the broad white fore-
 head denoting intelligence and force.
 In her black robes and white collar
 she looks pale and white until she
 gradually becomes absorbed in her
 morning work, when her face be-
 comes softened and enlivened with
 the love of her task. Unlike the other
 copyists, she wears no apron.
 From then till late in the after-
 noon she is unconscious of the pas-
 sage of time, of the cloud of visitors
 that pause to watch her and of the
 lunch hour when the guards and at-
 tendants, one by one, steal away to
 the restaurant for refreshment.

THE VISITORS RESPECT HER.

Her presence secures an amount of
 silence and respect very seldom given
 to a worker in a public place. Gen-
 erally the copyist is surrounded
 three deep by a noisy and curious
 crowd, but this one is never ap-
 proached near enough for annoyance,
 though every visitor manages to edge
 around to a position where he can
 get a view of the soft tints that her
 active brush is laying on the cloth.

She is a member of the Order of
 the Sisters of St. Joseph, a teaching
 institution having a large school at
 No. 250 Utica avenue, Brooklyn, and
 branches in other parts of the city
 of New York. The Order demands
 of its novitiates that they must be of
 good family, and above the average
 in education and natural intelligence.
 The graduates of its schools and con-
 vents are turned out with the most
 careful breeding, education and pol-
 ish.

Many of the teachers are artists,
 musicians, writers and scientists.
 Painting is taught in the Brooklyn
 school and this Sister is one of the
 teachers. Religious paintings, of
 course, appeal to them highly, and
 such a masterpiece as "Among the
 Lowly" especially. The copy that is
 slowly growing under her masterful
 hand is to be hung in the Brooklyn
 Home for demonstration.

WORK OF A MODERN PAINTER.

"Among the Lowly" is not by an
 old master. Its author is living in
 France. The painting is a very large
 one, was purchased for the museum
 from Mr. William Schaus from the
 income of Catherine Lorillard Wolfe
 fund in 1905. It is signed and dated
 1905. The following is a trans-
 lated letter written by L'Hermitte
 concerning the picture:
 "Wisart, Pas de Calais, Aug. 1905.
 "Gentlemen,—To succinctly reply to
 the question you have asked me con-
 cerning the Salon painting of which
 you have just become the possessors,
 I will say to you that I have wish-
 ed to depict the Christ, the Friend
 of the humble folk, Eternal Consoler
 of the poor for whom life is a bur-
 den.

"He brings to them in coming into
 their midst the comforting and help-
 ful words which engender hope. A
 large part of the interest in my
 painting centres upon the young moth-
 er surrounded by her children. She
 is wholly absorbed in the contempla-
 tion of the divine Visitor, to whose
 exhortation she is listening in rapt
 devotion.

WORK REQUIRED A YEAR.

"I have endeavored to bring to all
 of the figures in this scene the vari-
 ous words of emotions proper to each,
 but united as one in the expression
 of confidence—respectful in the old,
 searchingly so in the young. To bet-
 ter convey the feeling, I have placed
 in the light in this sombre but the
 principal actors of the scene, taking
 advantage of that privilege which
 nature placed at my service to help
 me in my intentions. It is thus that
 the effect of the concentrated light
 thus seemed to me to contribute to
 the expression of the feeling, the
 emotion, sought.

"I am happy to see that you have
 not been insensible to these research-
 es in art, and charmed that this
 picture, the execution of which occu-
 pied nearly all of last year, goes to
 America as a specimen of my work.
 I do not forget that it is to you
 that I owe this honor, which I fully
 appreciate. Permit, me, therefore,
 gentleman, to offer you in this re-
 gard with feelings of gratitude the
 expressions of my most distinguished
 sentiments and entire devotion.
 "LEON L'HERMITTE."

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 fluous selection of sentences. Perfect and
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The PEDLAR People
 Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

This Sister of the Order of St.
 Joseph is not the only one who
 has copied pictures in the museum.
 Four years ago a Sister of an Or-
 der in St. Paul made the trip to this
 city expressly to copy a famous
 painting at the museum, spent
 months upon it, and carried back to
 the western convent a remarkable
 copy.

"I am impressed," said the Sister,
 pausing in her work to answer the
 question of the reporter, "with the
 great number of people who stop to
 linger over the religious pictures in
 this Museum. Such a picture as this
 one of the Master among the lowly
 people of this peasant family cannot
 fail to do good as long as it lasts,
 going down the ages of time, bring-
 ing a religious throbbing to the heart
 of the generation after generation after
 the artist, you and I have passed away."

"It is a wonderful picture, so full
 of meaning and comfort. It comes
 attention from all sorts and
 conditions of people, and the longer one
 looks at it and studies it, the more
 one is impressed. The copy which I
 am making is for our Home house
 and I am trying my best to do it
 justice. The technique is remarkable
 and the wondrous light which pre-
 vades it is hard to get, almost im-
 possible, sometimes, I think. It is a
 question how to do it."

**Internat
 Discussed**

The opening of t
 inaugurates a new
 occasional campaign
 vages of humanity
 —the white plague.
 Eminent medical
 ists who have given
 to health question
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THE FRIAR'S HEAD

A Story of the Penal Days in Ireland.

(By P. J. Coleman, in Rosary Magazine.)

I.

"So there is no hope, then, Christine? No possible hope of getting you to reconsider your decision?"

"None, positively none, my Lord Viscount," entreat you not to subject me to further pain by urging your suit."

"But, Christine, this is no new passion, no passing fancy. I have always loved you—ever since that happy day when I first set eyes upon you," said Viscount Kingscourt vainly reaching for her hand.

"My Lord, my Lord!" pleaded the girl, shrinking from him in distress. "I must ask you to desist. It is useless."

"You refuse me, then, absolutely, unreservedly?"

A hard light had come into the man's eyes, which narrowed with something akin to hatred, while his firm, set mouth had lines at the corners that betokened anything but tenderness.

"My Lord Viscount, I might say, if I truthfully could, that I feel flattered by your offer, while I deplore that I cannot accept it. But that were unworthy of me, as I have never encouraged you in your suit."

The Viscount flushed. "Then you have never cared for me at all, all this time—"

"Not in the way you suggest," said the girl. "You do but give me unnecessary pain by urging me in a matter the refusal of which must be a cause of pain to yourself. Nay, nay," as again she shrank from his searching hands, "once for all I must say no."

"Miss Taaffe, do you know what you are doing? Do you know what it is to refuse the Viscount Kingscourt?"

He had drawn himself proudly erect before the fireplace. The girl was reclining on a sofa, her face hidden in her hands.

"I have weighed all considerations," she said. "I have no doubt, nay, I know—that it is a most flattering offer, and that there are others who would be honored by your suit—"

"Others might be honored?" His tone was hard and repellent now, and there was a hint of cynicism in his voice. "Then you insinuate dishonor in my suit?" he asked with an ugly smile, displaying his white, even teeth.

"I have not mentioned dishonor, my Lord Viscount."

"Not in words, but there is no doubt about the inference."

"Oh, my Lord Viscount," said the girl, looking up with flashing eyes, her cheeks aglow. "If you yourself mention the word, bethink you whether it is altogether the mere outburst of wounded pride, or not, rather, the plea of a guilty conscience."

"Ha! Then you accuse me of dishonor?"

"Nay, I leave the accusation to your own ears. Have you been altogether guiltless of wrong-doing? Or is your past so immaculate that you could fearlessly lay it open to scrutiny? Is it altogether mere idle rumor, or is it not rather notorious? What of the broken hearts on your estate? What of the flowers of innocence wantonly trampled under foot in your merciless career? What of the humble homes, the gray hairs, the wronged daughters, the grieving fathers and mothers brought to shame by your conduct?"

"She had arisen and stood confronting him like an accusing angel."

"I am inclined to think that this change of heart is brought about not by any qualms of maiden modesty, but by the treasonable meddling of your cousin."

"There was menace now in his voice, menace and hatred."

"I ignore with scorn the insult to my maiden modesty—an insult that is but in keeping with your record and reveals your mind towards women as lightning reveals the dark places at night. But there is no change of heart, my Lord Viscount. My feelings have ever been the same towards you. I have never attempted to disguise them. But if there were a change, I beg to assure you that no outside influence were necessary. I am mistress of my own will."

"Miss Taaffe," said the Viscount, speaking slowly and in measured tones, "do you know that your cousin is in the kingdom in defiance of law? That he is a felon? That I have been aware of his presence all this time? And that I have refrained from harsh execution of my duty as Lord Lieutenant of this county only because of my regard for you?"

"So you would have recourse to threats, my Lord Viscount?" smiled the girl. "Such words but ill accord with your profession of love."

"But not my conception of duty. If I have been lax in my duty hitherto, I beg to impress upon you that I shall use all diligence in the future to make amends for my past neglect. I have it on good warrant that your cousin, the friar, has been seen visiting your own home here, that your father maintains an altar and oratory in his house, and that he is open to the charge of recusancy. Do you realize what all this means to your family, to your father, to yourself, should love change to hatred?"

"For myself, I am ready for the consequences, if you can verify your suspicions or substantiate your charges," retorted Christine calmly. "I believe that you yourself are a Papist in heart, and that you, too, are a recusant—"

"If I were so, 'twere but a reversal to blessed old family traditions," smiled the girl.

"And if 'twere so, think you that under the circumstances a Papist heiress could inherit Taaffe Hall?"

"And Satan took Him to the top of a high mountain and showed Him the kingdoms of the earth. All this will I give Thee, if Thou wilt but worship me," said Satan," murmured the girl, softly and reverently, her eyes on the floor.

"You quote Scripture like a nunner novice," sneered the Viscount. "This a vocation incomprehensible to my Lord Viscount," smiled the girl.

"Faith, I believe you will be taking the vows soon," sneered the Viscount.

"Ah, My Lord, if I did so I were not the first of my name to espouse so high and holy an estate. If I were worthy—"

"Enough, Miss Taaffe, your words convict you. If you love your cousin, bid him beware."

He strode to the door and paused, hand on handle, turning to Christine.

"My cousin is in God's keeping," murmured she. "They shall strike the shepherd and the sheep shall be dispersed," she added tremblingly and half audibly.

"Ay, they shall strike the shepherd, and that swiftly and surely," laughed the Viscount, as he bowed himself out of the room.

"In person, in wit, in mien and demeanor, in graciousness of manner on formal occasions, in social prestige, the young Viscount Kingscourt was not an unacceptable suitor. Women esteemed him handsome and desirable. Men envied him his Parisian face and graceful figure. Sycophants and squireens—"bodhach" the old Celtic population called them satirically—were proud of his patronage; for his attitude was ever that of patronage to his social inferiors. To his equals he was irascible, haughty, intolerant, in keeping with his conception of a viscount's dignity. In a day of lax morality and bitter hatred of the subject Irish, his immorality and bigotry were none worse than prevailed among his class—a hard-drinking, loud-swearing, gormandizing set of men, for the most part of low degree, who had been enriched on the plunder of the Irish and endowed with vast estates for loyal services to Elizabeth and Cromwell and the later William. As richest lord of Connaught, his favor was a thing to be courted, his hatred a thing to be feared. And that hatred, never hitherto fully aroused, was aroused now—tigerish and lustful of blood—as he rode away from Taaffe Hall, a sorely charmed man, smarting under the sting of defeat, out to the quick by his curt refusal by Christine Taaffe, daughter of Sir Lucas Taaffe.

He was a harsh landlord to his tenants, mostly of the old, dispossessed race. He ruled them with a rod of iron, recklessly, indifferent of their feelings, their prejudices, their most sacred traditions. To him they were but helots. He had inherited the sanctity of their homes—an unpardonable offence in Irish eyes. The memory of many a nameless wrong smouldered in their hearts, so that they hated him whom they feared—hated him with an intensity born of their passionate nature.

He who had wronged the innocent had mistaken caprice for love and in his arrogance had never dreamed that that caprice would be flouted, rejected with scorn by the girl he had chosen to deem honored by his consent. To him Christine was merely a beauty, something more attractive, more worth the winning, than the average girl of his set. He knew nothing of the deep spirituality, the delicacy of thought and feeling that underlay her character, and he had not counted on a refusal that cut him to the heart and made him thirst for vengeance. It was in the heyday of the Penal Laws, when that infamous code was being administered with a harshness and severity that drove the people to desperation, that these laws he found a ready instrument of revenge, and he would not hesitate to use it.

Willingly would he proceed against Sir Lucas in the courts, if only he might verify the rumor of the baronet's recusancy. To encourage Papistry, to keep an altar in his home, to be visited by priests and friars, were offences which, if proven, would deprive the baronet of his estate. Sir Lucas has married a Catholic wife, daughter of O'Rourke, of Breffni, but that in itself was not a punishable offence, so long as he himself remained loyal to the Protestant religion as by law established. But he could strike even more deeply, more effectively—in a way that would personally reach the affections and torture the heart of her who had refused him.

It was well known at Kingscourt, the Viscount's princely home—this he had gathered through his spies and pursuivants—that Christine's favorite cousin, Father James O'Rourke, a Franciscan friar, had been for some time in Ireland, having come from Louvain to bring the souls of religion to his afflicted people. O'Rourke's wife, a younger brother of his wife, James O'Rourke had been reared under Sir Lucas's roof. He and Christine had grown up together as playmates. Their tender affections had blossomed and intertwined like young vines. And when, fired by military ardor and the tales brought to Ireland by travellers and traders from France of the glories and prowess of the Irish Brigade, the young man had confided to his cousin that he was going abroad to join the Brigade, the young girl was inconsolable. When he had gone secretly on a fishing smack from Sligo and Sir Lucas learned of his purpose, the baron fumed and fretted over an act of treason that well might merit the displeasure of the government and

bring him into contempt with King and Parliament. But as his departure, with its treasonable purpose, remained a secret with the family, nothing had come of it until some years later, when Ensign O'Rourke of Dillon's regiment returned to Sligo as Father O'Rourke of the Friars Minor.

Then, after a while, he had been apprehended, tried and banished from the kingdom, under penalty of death should he again return. And now, after an absence of two years, he was back in Ireland—nay, had secretly visited Sir Lucas at Taaffe Hall.

If this Viscount Kingscourt had been apprized but, because of his caprice for Christine, he had hitherto refrained from running him down, which, as Lord Lieutenant of the County and a loyal servant of the Crown, he should have done. But now—

II.

Early next morning two sinister individuals from Boyle were closeted with the Viscount at Kingscourt. The Viscount was in a towering rage, and the priest-hunters quailed before his ugly humor.

"Look you here, Bagshaw," he roared at one, "why have you not done your duty and run this Papist fox to earth before this?"

"Your Honor," whined the trembling wretch, scarce daring to look at his inquisitor, "I did not know where he was hiding."

"Did not know where he was hiding?" sneered the Viscount. "Is it not public property that he could be found any day at Taaffe Hall?"

"I didn't know it, yer Honor," whimpered Bagshaw.

"Well, you know it now," roared the Viscount, "and you, Bellingham, he went on, addressing the second man, "do you hear what I say? This O'Rourke is known to visit Sir Lucas at his home. Now, mark me well, you pair of mongrel curs, if this fellow is not apprehended within a week you know what to expect. There is gain for you if you bring him to book—fifty golden guineas, mind you! The law allows five pounds for a priest, the same as for a wolf. But this O'Rourke is particularly objectionable to me, and I will give fifty guineas to the first of you that brings him here, dead or alive. But if you are derelict in your duty, there is the hanging oak yonder."

He strode to a window and pointed to a gnarled old oak tree on a lawn before the hall door.

"You know what that means?" he snarled, rounding on the men and showing his white, even teeth in a forbidding smile.

"We know, yer honor," whined the subservient wretches, covering before him.

"Yes, you ought to know. A long rope and a short shirt. So go now and be about your business. Mind, no excuses, no apologies for defection or failure. Gold if you win; if you fail, that old gallow tree outside."

With a contemptuous glance at the quailing wretches he strode from the room, banging the door behind him.

Bagshaw stole a sinister look at Bellingham.

"It's me or you, Jack," he smiled. "I'll give you a hard run for the money. God knows I need it, and I'm goin' to try hard to win it—"

"I suppose if you get it Bill, it'll be a wedding on the Green?" laughed Jack. "Well, I wish you luck in yer wooing; but, mind you, I'm in that, too. I have somethin' meself to say to Mary Fanshawe, an' you're to go in to have a walk-over. All's fair in love an' war, but as I'd scorn to take a mean advantage in a man an' rival, I give ye fair notice now."

"Well, then may the best man win, I say, Jack. Here's my hand on it."

And the two rivals shook hands and left Kingscourt intent on hounding to his doom the innocent man who was guilty of nothing more criminal than going about his Divine Master's business.

"Ugh!" shuddered Jack, as he passed under the hanging oak on the lawn and glanced into its umbrage.

ous height, "many's the poor devil's gone to his long account from your branches, me bucko!"

"Yes, but faith I for one have no mind to dance on air," laughed Bill. "Well, if vigilance can get him the brush, the game is his already," laughed the other. "Honest, now, Bill, do you know where the fox is gidin'?"

"If I did, do you think I'd tell you, with fifty guineas at stake?" growled Bill.

"Well, as long as the fox runs he's caught at last," snarled Jack. "There's a pretty pair of hounds on his scent this mornin', and he'll have to meek some runnin' if he gets safely to cover."

"That's all nonsense about his bein' at Taaffe Hall. I'll say that for one thing," commented Bill.

"I'm thinkin' so meself," answered Jack. "He knows too many tricks to be caught there. Wasn't it there he was taken last time?"

"It was, an' for that reason he's apt to avoid it this time. For, for one, take no stock in that rumor," said Bill.

"Nor I," added Jack. "But whenever he'll be, we'll have to find him."

Two hours later Jack Birmingham passed before a neat, whitewashed cottage giving on the Green in Boyle. It was high noon and the streets were full of people—farmers from the adjoining townlands, it being market-day, cattle and pig jobbers in heavy frieze ulsters, women with baskets on their arms, here and there a group of soldiers in vivid scarlet, with an occasional Buck on horseback riding to or from the notorious Bucks' Club, where young gentlemen of the town and neighboring estates mystified and made merry in their own boisterous way.

Birmingham loitered on the sidewalk, eyeing the passing show. Then, content that he was not observed, he entered the cottage. A young woman of some two or three and twenty years sat spinning at a purring wheel in the room that served as kitchen, sitting-room, dining-hall and room of all work. Neatly polished tins sparkled on the dresser scrubbed to snowy whiteness. A pair of brass candlesticks and a vase of roses stood on a table in the middle of the floor. The muslin curtains of the single window. Behind the door leaned a couple of besoms, or brooms of heather, which, to judge by the well-swept floor, had been put to good use that morning. Suspended from an iron crane a kettle was singing softly over the fire in the open hearth, and a cat dozed in the glow of the burning turf.

The girl looked up from her spinning as the man entered. A frown contracted her brows momentarily, but she was not displeased at the man's presence, for a smile presently dimpled her cheeks and curved the ripe crimson of her lips.

"God bless the work," ejaculated the man, pausing uncertainly in the doorway.

"You, too, Mr. Birmingham," smiled the girl, resuming her spinning. "Won't you take a stool?" she added, after a moment.

"I don't know whether I'm welcome or not," blurted Birmingham.

He was a good-looking young man of a swartly countenance and dark hair.

Mary Fanshawe looked at him.

"You know well, Jack Birmingham, that my home is open to my friends, but you also know why I cannot count you as a friend."

"Ah, Mary," said Birmingham, going to the girl's side, "you've over an' always too hard on me. You know I like you—"

"Enough of that now, if you please," said the girl, edging her stool away from him. "If I'm hard on you, I have good cause, and you know the reason well."

"But it is of that I've come now to speak to you, Mary. Do you know where Father O'Rourke is hiding?"

"Do know where Father O'Rourke is hiding? Of course I don't, but if I did, do you think I'd tell you?" Her lips were curling with scorn and her eyes flashed menacingly.

"Well, Mary, I don't mean any harm; on the contrary, I mean good," said the young man.

"Good? How do you mean good—your whose business 'tis to hunt God's holy priests? Ah, Jack, if your father knew of your conduct, he'd turn in his grave."

"Well, suppose I could save this priest by a little advice?"

"Save him? The girl's eyes were wide with wondering incredulity.

"Yes, if I could save him, would you take it as a change in heart in me, an' not be so hard on me in the future?"

"The bare idea's impossible," smiled the girl. "When you show a change in heart, then I may change my mind."

"Would you regard it as a proof that I really liked you, if I saved him for you sake?"

"I think that would be a proof," said the girl gravely, with downcast eyes.

"Then in heaven's name," said the young man earnestly, taking her unresisting hand in his, "if you know where he's hiding—and no one is more apt to know than yourself—go to him and tell him at once that his life is in danger."

"Do you really mean this, Jack Birmingham?" queried the girl.

"As God is me judge, I mean it," affirmed the young man. "This mornin' the Viscount Kingscourt set meself an' Bill Bagshaw on his trail, an' it's death if we fail to catch him. For your sake, Mary, I prefer me chances of death on the hangin' oak to takin' this innocent young man."

"Oh, Jack, Jack," murmured the girl, "if I thought that you really were serious, I'd be the happiest girl in Molyburr."

"And I'd be the happiest man," smiled Jack, "if I thought I could make you happy."

"Honest, now, Jack, you're not jokin'?"

"I'm as serious as ever I was in

me life," urged the young man. "And one more thing I'll tell you; wherever the priest's hidin' now let him get out and go to Taaffe Hall. He'll be safe there, for Bagshaw does not believe he'd ever go there, after bein' taken there once before."

There was a ring of earnestness, of truth, in the young man's voice that evoked a great joy in Mary's heart.

"If events prove me true, will you promise to listen to me in the future?" asked Jack, tremblingly.

"For a space Mary was silent, fingering the hem of her apron. Then she looked up with a smile.

"I promise, Jack," she whispered. "For them words, God bless you," smiled Jack, raising her hand to his lips. "So go at once and warn Father O'Rourke."

"Thanks, Jack, I'll go at once," said Mary, pushing aside the spinning wheel and taking down a heavy blue cloak from a peg behind the door. "But you mustn't follow."

"Don't be afraid of me. You may trust me. I've put me head in the noose to do this, so I'm not apt to prove traitor now."

"God bless you, Jack," she smiled, as the young man left the house with a light heart.

Elated at the thought of being instrumental in saving the priest's life Mary Fanshawe, hooded in her blue cloak, passed through the market, sought the Abbey road and took the very road to Kingscourt that Birmingham and Bagshaw had retraced but a short time before.

After a while she was skirting the shore of Lough Key, picking her way through the dense woodland. The beautiful lake rippled before her in crystal clearness, studded with its many islets and dotted with historic ruins. Here, gaunt and grey, the dismantled castle of the MacDermonds was duplicated in the blue waves. There a monastic ruin rose from the water's edge. Yonder a green isle held an ivy-clad tower. A lake of softest beauty, a lake of holiness and chivalric romance, good men and brave had hallowed and defended it in the days of Ireland's glory. Now silent, sad and deserted. The chant of vespers by cowed monks no longer echoed at eve along its dimpling deeps. The song of compline and prime was sung now by linnet and lark and goldfinch; but the dead still slept in the green isles and reverent pilgrims yet went there to pray for their souls' repose. And there, too, in the crypt of the ancient abbey on Trinity Island priests, hunted for the faith, took refuge from sleuth-hound and hunter.

Thither, then, to Trinity Island, as the west grew rosy with sunset and the hills deepened to violet, pushed Mary Fanshawe in the fisher's boat she had found in a little sandy cove. A young man in the garb of a fisherman came forth to meet her, as the keel of her boat grated on the pebbles.

"Peace be with you!" he murmured, as the young girl sank on her knees before him.

"Oh, Father, it is you," she murmured. "Thank God I have found you! I have come from Boyle to warn you of danger. The priest-hunters are out and seeking you."

"Ah, my child, that is an old story in Ireland," smiled Father O'Rourke. "They shall strike the shepherd and the sheep shall be dispersed."

"Alas, that it should be," sobbed the girl. "But now they are more insistent than ever and are thirsting for your blood. Be on your guard against Bagshaw. He is after you. But you have no danger to incur from Birmingham. He is who begged me to find you and warn you—"

"God bless him and you and make you happy here and hereafter!" smiled the priest, reading the significance of the blushes that suddenly dyed Mary's cheeks. "If there be a change of heart in Birmingham, I can well imagine the cause of it. I hope he will be worthy of you; and you, my child, for having brought about this great change in me formerly recalcitrant to his faith, may God reward you exceedingly!"

"And, Father, he bade me tell you that you will be safe at your uncle's, at Taaffe Hall, as Bagshaw does not think you will go there."

"Thanks, my child," said the priest. "I shall go there this very night, and my prayers shall follow you, as I hope yours may be lifted for me." (To be continued.)

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1908.

MARCIUS
Baby Bobbie's bed and he was fretful a day delay his mother's possession upon him. You neglected to do what can I do? she despair, snatching her left arm and being clerical carross on the check, while with her stirred the sauce coo above.

As if in answer to next moment Mrs. J. upon the newspaper on the end of the serving as a mat at stove clean, and she went to bed.

"In exchange for a girl will help with care of children, generally useful, 7 hours. Address K.C. 7. "She'd be just the baby dear." Mrs. J. she set the saucenot give the matter till later, when Mr. to her, as she sat de things were in evening: "Bessie, you look sop at the employment morning and—" "That reminds me, gress and stepped in. She returned with from the stove and advertisement which earlier.

"Won't do," commencing decidedly. "She's boss, giggles and find a helper."

"There are girls an' the way 'this one has quest." Mrs. J. thoughtfully. "I believe it."

The next afternoon, son was engaged in the getting of getting, dining knowing Baby Bobbie's beautiful hour, a knock back door. Upon of Jameson found herself girl with a frank, snatched her dark hair, which her dark hair with combs.

"I'm Marcia Dale," nounced in a low, pl as she extracted an from her purse. "The eye to me advertisement."

"Which high school?" Mrs. Jameson invited the caller in. "North Gardfield, this here. It's nice it is isn't it? Please let interrupted herself to Bobby made friendly her. "My home is f and I came to the city peering to live at my taking the year's cou dined, holding out th Bobby, the baby, in showed her no notice, ried son has come ho wife and baby, and th enough for us all in Auntie wanted me to in the neighborhood, b pay at least a dollar week for that, and it one room. You see, ther and mother if th me this one year in th school, I'd make the v and live in the baby, I could, and—"

Marcia stopped per clapped his fat little mouth to be kissed. "I think I understand son said. "You need a need a helper—it will and satisfactory if we gether."

"I'm sure I'll do Marcia promised earne And the matter was The next afternoon, When she entered the Bobby, seated in his h fretting, and Mrs. Jam time make an apple pie "It's such a lovely d take him out?" Marcia "That's just what he Mrs. Jameson replied, baps you will go by v market, Marcia, and b for supper."

"Yes, indeed!" M cheerily. "Mother says one to send to the mar laughed as she took th of his chair.

Mrs. Jameson stood dow a moment co wheeling the carriage street. "How sweet an and willing she is! I ready!"

Not once, but many the year that Marcia Jameson did the latter her. Once she said to "I dread to think of cin will leave us, thou helped me through the and Bobby is now more for. She has been no just like an older daug could not refrain from Dale so in my last letter Marcia has indeed sure." Mr. Jameson rest tily. "I most confess I doubtful at the beginn the venture would tur, I can say now is, I wish more girls like her."

And there would be, in the best of herself, as c

THE LITTLE FE

He was a little fellow, parently was angered i endurance. He wasn't

SPECIAL OFFER

During the Month of September, 1908, or until our stock is exhausted.

FREE: Along with the regular premium we will give One Glass Fruit Bowl on Stand to every one returning more than 3 Dozen 6 lb. empty XXX Self-Raising Flour Bags, and for less than 3 Dozen 6lb. Bags one medallion (picture.)

Brodie & Harvie
14 and 16 Bleury St., Montreal.

N & HATCHETT
Barriers, Solicitors,
Brique du Peuple Chambers,
JAMES STREET.

LAJOIE & LACOSTE
Solicitors, Etc.
100, St. James Street,
Montreal.

P. WHELAN
Solicitor,
100, St. James Street,
Montreal.

MATHIEU
Solicitors,
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Montreal.

Dessoules
Solicitors,
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Montreal.

Ducios
Solicitors,
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Montreal.

MURPHY
Solicitors,
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Montreal.

ROLETTE & TANSEY
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Montreal.

OFFER
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100, St. James Street,
Montreal.

Month of Sep
Solicitors,
100, St. James Street,
Montreal.

Fruit Bowl
Solicitors,
100, St. James Street,
Montreal.

Self-Raising
Solicitors,
100, St. James Street,
Montreal.

Harvie
Solicitors,
100, St. James Street,
Montreal.

BOYS and GIRLS

MARCIA'S HOME.

Bobby's bedtime was near and he was fretful and impatient at the delay his mother saw fit to impose upon him.

"You neglected little mortal! But what can I do?" she cried in pretty despair, snatching his lordship up in her left arm and bestowing a condescending caress on the smooth, round cheek, while with her right hand she stirred the sauce cooking on the gas stove.

As if in answer to the question, the next moment Mrs. Jameson's eye fell upon the newspaper she had placed on the end of the stove by way of serving as a mat and keeping the stove clean, and she read the advertisement:

"In exchange for a home, a young girl will help with housework, take care of children, and make herself generally useful after high-school hours. Address K. K. Tribune."

"She'd be just the one for us, baby dear," Mrs. Jameson said, as she set the saucepan back. She did not give the matter another thought till later, when Mr. Jameson said to her, as she sat down to rest after things were in order for the evening:

"Tessie, you look tired out. I'll stop at the employment office in the morning and—"

"That reminds me," Mrs. Jameson groaned and stepped into the kitchen. She returned with the newspaper from the stove and read aloud the advertisement which she had noticed earlier.

"Won't do," commented Mr. Jameson decidedly. "She'll be all ribbons, giggles and fine airs; you need a helper."

"There are girls and girls; I like the way this one has worded her request," Mrs. Jameson replied thoughtfully. "I believe I'll answer it."

word, but there was a thunder-and-lightning expression all over his countenance. In his rosy face was the revelation of a yearning to get even with somebody or something.

At the same time no one had ever looked more oppressed than did this small person sitting on the front steps, his elbows on his knees, and his chin resting on the palms on his hands—a woful little chap, intoxicated with the thirst for vengeance. He was asked what was the matter.

"What's the matter?" he repeated, while glaring his sense of outraged justice. "Oh, it's all right, of course. But I'll show 'em some day—you just wait! I have been running their errands all day, and now, when I want to play a spell with Joe—"

"—well, I have to sit here and wait, and wait, and wait, while Sarah writes a letter a mile long to her beau. Oh, he'll get that letter all right—I have to take it to him, and you bet he'll get that letter—not!" And he glowered ominously.

The conciliatory method was tried on the young rebel. It didn't work. He shrilled out in reply:

"Oh, say, you haven't chased all over creation for their thread, and sugar, and butter and shoe buttons and a postage stamp, and shoe blacking—oh! I just wish you had to do a hundred errands in a minute. Of course, you think it's a snap!"

At this juncture the boy was called into the maternal presence. It is safe to predict that he delivered the letter to Sarah's beau safely, not a moment ceasing to assert betrayal of the trust. You have observed that grown-up persons often do a lot of declamatory negation while executing a commission.

As a matter of fact, there was a good deal of justice in the little fellow's rebellion. On that particular day, as on many other days, he had been the rough-and-ready convenience of his mothers and sisters.

To be sure, a boy should be of some service in the domestic realm, and he should be willing to wait upon members of the family. He should be taught to feel some obligation in doing things. But is it right to keep him vibrating between the houses and shops because the women of the family think of only one thing at a time? Shouldn't their older heads save his patience?

IF I COULD GO A-TRAVELING.

If I could go a-traveling
Away across the sea,
I'd take my little Teddy Bear
To keep me company.

We would go and pick the cocoanuts
From off some tall palm tree,
We'd see the beasts of Africa,
Just Teddy Bear and me.

And we would go together
To China and to Spain,
And when our trip was ended,
We'd both come home again.
—Elizabeth B. Pruden,
Newtonville, Mass.

A LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

Now isn't it strange that our mothers
Can find out all that we do?
If a body does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true,
They'll look at you just a moment,
Till your heart in your bosom
swells;

And then they know all about it—
For a little bird tells.

Now where that little bird comes
from,
Or where that little bird goes;
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's
Or clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not; but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells.

You may be in the depths of a closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse,
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house;

You may be in the dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter—wherever it happens—
The little bird tells.

And the only way that you may
stop him
Is just to be sure what you say;
Sure of your words and your actions.

Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well;
And then you can laugh at the stories
All the birds in the country may tell.
—Anon.

To Build Up After Grip

There is no restorative treatment comparable to Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Few, if any, diseases so quickly and thoroughly exhaust the human strength and vitality as grippe and pneumonia. A few days sickness and then weeks or even months are required to get back the old vigor.

But by means of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food to sharpen the appetite and to supply in condensed and easily assimilated form the elements which go to form rich, red blood you can hasten recovery and restoration to a remarkable degree.

Without such assistance many drag out a miserable existence of weakness only to become victims of some dreadful disease.

When the blood is thin and weak and the nervous system exhausted, no matter from what cause, Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food can naturally build up the system.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers or Edman-Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box.

Character of the Converts to the Catholic Church.

"There has been going the rounds of our Anglican Church papers," says the "Lamp" (Protestant Episcopal), "an article of the Rev. Richmond H. Gener, originally printed in the 'Gospel Messenger,' which quotes from the 'English Church Review,' the 'Pulpit of the Cross' (ten years deceased) and other sources, periodical and individual, to show that all the conversions, whether clerical or lay, are not from the Episcopal Church to Rome, but that the Episcopal Church does a thriving business in making recruits to her ranks of deserters and stragglers from the Roman army."

WE PRINT
Letterheads, Billheads and
General Commercial
Work at the Right Prices.
**IF PRINTED BY US IT'S
DONE RIGHT.**

The True Witness Printing Co.
An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work.
Phone Main 5072
Printing
316 Lagachetiere Street W., Montreal.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
THE FAVORITE IN CANADIAN HOMES FOR MANY YEARS.
TRY IT. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.
Sold Everywhere in the Dominion by the Best Dealers.
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.
MADE IN CANADA.

George Matthews Arnold, the brother of Sir Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," calls attention once more to the character of converts to the Catholic Church. It is a favorite bit of backbiting on the part of those who are outside the Church that she has her influence only over the uneducated and an attraction mainly for the ignorant. The roll of converts, however, in this country and in England tells quite a different story. Those who come to us are among the brightest and most intelligent, and, above all, are among the most serious and most respected of our Protestant brethren.

free and competent to appreciate the Church's claims or feel the need of her consolations, are turning to Catholicity."

Regarded as one of the most potent compounds ever introduced with which to combat all summer complaints and inflammation of the bowels, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial has won for itself a reputation that no other cordial for the purpose can aspire to. For young or old suffering from these complaints it is the best medicine that can be procured.

The Queen of the Claddagh.

(Continued from Page 3.)
Mr. Burnett, put in Jack Lynch. There was a momentary pause as the strange nature of the situation was grasped, and then chaos broke loose. There was a general explosion of laughter, a prolonged howl of derision arose from the crowd, hats and caps were hurled into the air, men shook each other frantically by the hand and danced and slapped their thighs and roared again; even the red-coated soldiers grinned and joined in the general contagion.

"Oh the fun is not all on your side, Mike Bannan and you other gay criminals," cried Burnett, now livid with rage and chagrin. "There is yet a long and hard accounting before you, and under this warrant you are my prisoners."

"Boom" came the report of a cannon, soon followed by another and another, and the red flashes of the discharges were seen on Signal Hill. Then clear and startling from the fort came the notes of a bugle sounding the "recall." In the inquiring, breathless silence that followed was heard the irregular pattering of musketry, followed by a scattered volley.

"The French!" cried a mounted messenger who rode into the crowd. "A squadron from Brest, under M. de Ternay has thrown an army ashore in the Bay of Bulls. They are attacking in force."

With one impulse the crowd rapidly dispersed, everybody seeking safety from the unexpected danger that threatened from the bullets that soon began to whistle. Soon the streets and spaces of the fishing town were utterly deserted. But presently, like ghosts from the darkness, came charging across the space illuminated by the burning of the white-uniformed soldiers of King Louis. Making for the fort and firing wherever they saw the flash of a hostile musket, while their seigniorial officers of the old regime waved their swords and cried:

"En avant, mes braves!" It was a very successful surprise, and next morning on the fort on Signal Hill the union jack of England was replaced by the light-blue flag with golden flour-de-lys of monarchical France—only for a short time, however; it was the closing warlike exchange between France and England.

Maureen Bannan stood looking out at the scene of the night's burning and storming, trying to connect the bewildering events that had passed. "Now heaven be praised, 'tis a long journey I have come in search of her, and little did I think I'd find her so soon," she heard a thrillingly familiar voice say, as a large arm encircled her waist. She looked round with a start, and then with a glad little cry dropped her face on the broad and loyal breast of Sergeant Fergus Daly, late of the Regiment de Dillon, of the Irish Brigade.

Glad and vivacious were a certain party of passengers that crossed the ocean from St. John's in Captain Tobin's staunch brig, the "St. Patrick," and landed amid warm welcomes and rejoicings at the kindly Claddagh of Galway.

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms, Mother Graves' Worm Extirminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. It seldom fails.

The Mutual Life OF CANADA
ASSURANCE
Our Greatest Year
In spite of industrial storms and financial depression, this Company has steadily marched forward.
Instead of losing ground, or even standing still, The Mutual Life of Canada wrote MORE business last year than in any other year in the Company's history.
The total new insurance amounted to \$7,081,402—a gain of \$1,577,855 over 1906. And all but \$78,000 of this was written right here in Canada.
The Mutual Life of Canada is the people's Company—conducted in the interests of its policy-holders who get all the profits.
HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, Ont.

Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Table listing names and amounts for the Father Holland Birthday Fund, including P. McDermott, James Duggan, R. Bickard, etc.

ILLNESS OF MR. P. DUFFY.

We regret to have to report the very serious illness of Mr. Patrick Duffy. Mr. Duffy was stricken with pneumonia some two weeks ago.

BISHOP RACICOT GONE TO WINNIPEG.

Bishop Racicot, accompanied by a party of some forty priests, left for Winnipeg in a special car, on Tuesday to attend the blessing of the new cathedral of St. Boniface, Man.

DEATH OF REV. D. C. McRAE

Rev. Father D. F. McRae, parish priest of St. Andrews, Ont., died in the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Cornwall, Ont., on Sunday, the 27th instant, aged 51 years.

FUNERAL OF MRS. P. J. RYAN.

The funeral of Mrs. P. J. Ryan, of 13 Ryde street, Point St. Charles, took place on Wednesday morning to St. Gabriel's Church.

OPENING OF COLLEGE AT BELLE LIN, ONT.

The new St. Jerome's College was formally opened yesterday with an impressive ceremony. The new college was built at a cost of \$78,000.

honey of Hamilton.

In the morning Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Bishop Dowling. At the conclusion of the service a procession was formed which marched to the new college.

AN OLD TIME PRINTER.

Toronto, Sept. 27.—Wm. Halley, aged 76, one of Toronto's oldest printers, died to-day.

WEDDING AT VALLEYFIELD.

On the 22nd instant, Rev. M. Callaghan married at the invitation of the Vicar-General of Valleyfield, Miss Stella White and Mr. William Jafferson.

DEATH OF MOTHER OF FATHER DEVINE.

The death occurred at Ottawa today of Mrs. Devine, mother of Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., of this city.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

In connection with the weekly entertainments given by the various societies to their friends the Catholic sailors, last night's entertainment devoted upon the members of St. Patrick's Society.

Pius X. Sees Old Friends.

The Pope gave an audience recently to a pilgrimage of 2000 Venetians, among whom was Angelo Sartor, his brother.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.

KANE—A solemn anniversary service will be chanted in St. Ann's Church on Wednesday, Oct. 7, at 8 a.m.

Wainwright's Progress.

Wainwright, Alta., Sept. 1.—Situating in one of the most fertile farming districts of western Canada, in what is known as the famous Battle River Valley.

Advertisement for DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, featuring a circular logo and text describing the medicine's benefits for kidney ailments.

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Monthly calendar for October 1908, listing feast days such as St. Remigius, St. Francis, St. Ignace, etc.

Mr. Lawrence E. Manion, of Huntley Ont., Gone to His Reward

The visitation of the stern reaper death is always an occasion of sorrow, and it was no exception when Mr. Lawrence E. Manion, of Huntley, Ont., who had suffered but a brief illness.

A Fight Against God.

The spectacle of the Protestants calling on the government to protect the Protestant religion is not a new one, says the San Francisco Leader.

He Thanked God Daily For the Catholic Church.

"Among the cabin passengers we have nine physicians and surgeons, six Protestant ministers and two priests and one representative of the bench," writes Rev. C. E. Byrne.

To Aid Chinese Lepers.

A Chinese leper settlement is about to be established near Canton by Rev. Father Conrady, who was with Father Damien during the last seven years of his life in Molokai.

Mind This.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, highlighting its effectiveness for rheumatism and muscle/joint pain.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

Advertisement for LA PRESSE PUB. CO., offering patent services and expert illustrations.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS

Advertisement for LA PRESSE PUB. CO., listing engraving and printing services for religious institutions.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

REDUCED FARES. In effect until Oct. 31st, 1908, inclusive. Second class Colonist fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND.

CITY TICKET OFFICE

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Reduced Fares. In effect until October 31st, 1908, inclusive. Second class Colonist fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND.

TICKET OFFICE

129 St. James Street, Next Post Office.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT

Hunters

Reduced Fares TO ALL POINTS IN Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

Maritime Express

Leaves Montreal at 12 noon, daily except Saturday, for Levis, Quebec, River du Loup, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax, and the Sydneys.

CITY TICKET OFFICE

141 St. James street, Tel. Main 615. GEO. SCRUBBER, City Pass & Tkt. Agent.

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THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 1184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1908. STORE CLOSSES AT 6 P.M.

NEW FALL CARPETS

The "Big Store" carries the largest stock of Carpets, Rugs, and in fact, all kinds of floor coverings, in the city. The Carpet Section is now showing a very extensive range of patterns in 20 different qualities.

Mandarin Rugs

IMPORTED DIRECT FROM THE ORIENT. We have just received the finest lot of Mandarin Rugs that we have ever imported, and the prices are the lowest on record.

Extraordinary Furniture Price-Cuts

\$22.00 5-piece Parlor Suite, for \$18.50. 5 Parlor Suites, 5 pieces, upholstered in fancy velours coverings, mahogany finish frames.

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Gardien de la de Lecture Feb 19 Assemblee L. QUEBEC CI

Lord Lovat, baron the ancient Scottish is now a visitor from an old Catholic tended the Quebec his presence had the fact that three the Fraser High bluffs to the Plains led Wolfe's men up berty.

Note and

The Vatican printing houses for publishing languages. It is rumored in much truth is not the Pope is so pl bishop Bourne's co residence with I quith in regard procession of the Eucharistic Congre said to make the Westminster a car consistory.

The First Italian

timore have been thirty-eight anniv of the temporal po The celebration wa vocal State. The ir "o Roma Morte" thrilling than those sung to a Garibal option exhibition a up the City of the the many-hilled c mimic flames, the died away on their And still Rome live corps despite the (more mourners, s New World.

Persistent rumor

German Catholic we to be launched in the Catholic Telegr prominent Catholi said to be fully w project financially.

A certain amount

lately been shown United States and gards the Federati cities. It is an a and one worth stud absolutely one in a trine—hence the der form of federatio ous Catholic corpo

Declaring that he

the error of his way is Kowalski, past Independent Church Heart, Bayonne, N renounced the Chuz rarks of the Inde turned to the Cath recent Sunday he ir gregation of the cl to them the nature he had committed, do penance before s

According to the

respondent in Rome, formed the Mayor c way of doing somet of which he was P commemerate the j try into the priest lig, at his own exp pair of the bells f of St. Mark's and fo of the golden age adorn the summit o The mayor has gr the Pope's offer.

The address to b

Pope Pius X. on th jubilee from the Co Dublin will be a Co specimen of the illu design is Celtic, th on vellum, bound o the Papal colors The artist is Mr. Dublin. The address ed in a casest and by the Confraternit ther Robert Keely, Sacred Heart Co Francis Xavier's, C

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