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NESS, MONTREAL, months I enclose \$..... here.....

of buildings erected on homologated line of street of said city, in fourth section, in as proprietors who have this manner, have as the said city gaveous line to erect their and January, 1908. FRANGER, ST. MAIN & GUERIN. Prayers for Petitioners.

hereby given that A. Lapointe, broker, real estate agent, manufacturer, all of district of Montreal, trader, of Longue Charles Arthur Hogue, actor, of the said city of Montreal, will apply vice of the province of next session, for an them and all other me shareholders, in a er the name of "The Insurance Company" of place of business in Montreal, with power contract, and re- rest fire, together with a necessary and useful at the operations of LA ROCHELLE. for said applicants. n. 15, 1908.

The True Witness



Vol. No. 34 Gardien de la Salle de Lecture Feb 19 1908 Assesible Legislative

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Historic Field of Aughrim

Besides the historic memories which cling to Athlone and the country around it, because of its siege, the Williamite war, there are other and scarcely less interesting traditions which preserve for it a place in Irish history. The little village of Lissoy, some eight or nine miles north of the town, in the County of Westmeath, and close to the Longford border, is famed as the boyhood home of Oliver Goldsmith, and Lissoy itself is the reputed scene of his well-known poem, "The Deserted Village." It is situated in a district notable for quiet pastoral beauty more than for anything of the picturesque or romantic, beyond what Goldsmith has invested it with.

THE SCENE OF THE LAST GREAT STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE CATHOLICS AND WILLIAM OF ORANGE.

Some twenty-one miles to the southwest of Athlone, and within five miles of Ballinasloe, is Aughrim, the scene of the last great struggle between the Irish Catholic forces and the army of William of Orange, before the siege and Treaty of Limerick, and the Sailing of Sarsfield and his army to France. The brave but impetuous and over-confident French officer, St. Ruth, whose want of caution and error of judgment at the siege of Athlone had cost the Irish army so dearly and given victory to William's general, Ginckle, regretted his error when it was too late. The traditions still existing in the locality, as well as the records at the time, declare that St. Ruth and the gallant Sarsfield almost came to deadly combat as a result of St. Ruth's criminal blunder in allowing the British to enter Athlone. The altercation became so bitter between them that where both should have been united in council they were absolutely divided, Sarsfield feeling exceedingly angry that the Frenchman should have been so negligent at a critical time.

St. Ruth, on the other hand, was chastened considerably by the costly reverse which he had met and recognized that to himself alone was due the British triumph at Athlone. The estrangement between himself and Sarsfield was in no small degree responsible for the succeeding reverse to the Irish army at Aughrim, which at first gave promise of being a magnificent victory for the Irish forces, and would have wiped out the disaster at Athlone, but which subsequently developed, because of the death of St. Ruth, into the utter rout of the Irish army. St. Ruth, on his march from Limerick to Athlone, a short time previously, had singled out the vicinity of Aughrim as what he regarded as the finest battlefield in Europe, and to it he decided to retreat, meeting with the reverse at Athlone, France for his negligence, and filled with rage and mortification at the disaster which had followed, he resolved to stake all on a pitched battle with the British.

SELECTING THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Tyrconnell, who had marched from Limerick to St. Ruth's assistance, protested against St. Ruth's intention, but St. Ruth would not give way and so Tyrconnell marched back again to Limerick. St. Ruth gathered his army, which numbered, despite their defeat at Athlone, some fifteen thousand foot and two thousand horse and dragoons. The British force numbered nearly twenty-five thousand men and a formidable force of artillery, while the Irish had but nine field pieces. St. Ruth marched by way of Milton Pass toward Ballinasloe, which stands on the river Suck, some five miles above its confluence with the Shannon, and in the County of Galway. His cavalry covered the retreat, but he was not pursued by the British. He posted his army along by the fords of the Suck, as if he intended to fight at Ballinasloe, but his previous knowledge of the country determined him to select the ground near Aughrim for the battle.

His fatal blunder at Athlone had discouraged his Irish soldiers, many of whom were unwilling to trust themselves to his judgment again in battle. But although rash and negligent at a critical time, St. Ruth was nevertheless a brave soldier, and he had staked everything on the fight at Aughrim. He defiled his army along the slopes of Kilmocomodan Hill, where he established his camp on the eastern side of the hill facing toward Garbally and Ballinasloe. Kilmocomodan at that time was very nearly surrounded by red bog. On the front, by which Ginckle, the Williamite general, must approach, ran a small stream with several branches, which made the morass impracticable for horses and very difficult for infantry. This section is all now meadow land, but when that execution the country is exactly as it was at the period of the battle. The hill is something more than a mile in length and about

three hundred and fifty feet high. RUINS OF AUGHRIM CASTLE. An old castle, the ruins of which still stand, commanded the narrow and difficult pass at the base of the hill. The road ran by Kilmocomodan Abbey and the village of the same name, by which the French still call the battle, to Athenry, Loughrea and Galway. The other pass, or causeway, ran through Urachroo connecting with Ballinasloe by way of Eyrecourt and Banagher bridge, as well as by a second route with Portumma. These were the routes by which the Irish army intended to retreat in case they were defeated.

THE RUSE OF THE IRISH SUCCESSFUL.

Ginckle ordered his infantry forward after sounding the intervening morass, and threw his forces against the Irish center. They were received by the Irish concealed behind the nearest hedges, and after a sharp fight the Irish retreated to the next line of defence, behind the second line of hedges. By a repetition of these tactics the Irish drew the Williamite infantry gradually up the slope of the hill from the bog, and beyond the point where they could be safely supported by the Williamite cavalry. The retreat of the Irish was so slow and systematic from one hedge row to the next that the Williamites believed the Irish were in steady retreat until they suddenly found themselves face to face with the main body of the Irish army, who charged them in front and rushed around on their flanks through the open passages or gaps which St. Ruth had previously cut in the hedges for that purpose.

The result was that the British forces were thrown into utter confusion. They made a rush to get back to their own camp, but were cut down in the morass and forced into a deadly fight by the Irish infantry, while they were endeavoring to get back to their own lines. Two of their colonels, Earle and Herbert, were taken prisoners, Earle being again retaken by his own side and finally rescued. Further along the Irish line in the direction of Aughrim the Williamites had a similar experience, though their loss there was not so severe as it was where they were not caught in the bog. St. Ruth witnessing their discomfiture, cried out with the enthusiasm of his countrymen, "The day is ours, mes enfants," as he saw the combined British, Dutch, Danish, German and Huguenot artillery, accounted the best in Europe, flying before the Irish charge. That ended the fighting for that night.

THE ORANGEMEN AND THE BOYNE.

But Ginckle determined to renew the attack at the earliest possible moment. The next day was Sunday, July 12. It is a somewhat peculiar circumstance that the annual celebration of the battle of the Boyne, which is observed even up to this day by the Orangemen in Ireland, and elsewhere, is absolutely misplaced as to date. While intending to celebrate the battle of the Boyne at Aughrim, which took place more than a hundred miles to the westward and twelve days later than the battle of the Boyne, which was fought on July 1.

The fighting was renewed at an early hour on Sunday morning. Ginckle's seasoned veterans, most of whom had fought the continental wars, numbered from twenty-five to thirty thousand men, comprising seventy regiments, besides his artillery, while the Irish forces did not number more than half as many. Ginckle marshaled his army in two lines of battle, the infantry in the front line massed toward the center, and the cavalry on the flanks, supported by his cannon. The Irish army, outside of the comparatively small number of officers and men on sentry duty, assisted at Mass, the chaplains of the regiments officiating at the altars.

WILLIAM'S VETERAN GENERALS REPULSED.

Suddenly the order to advance was given to the British army, and instantly the Irish soldiers rushed to their horses and prepared for battle. St. Ruth addressed them, calling upon them in the name of their country and liberty, and in the name of the God who would give them victory or death in the fight on which they were entering.

The British continued to advance while the fog from the river for a time shut out the two armies from sight of each other, until it finally rolled away and the armies confronted each other, nothing but the stretch of bog between them. The Irish shouted their defiance to the Williamites, who in turn shouted back, until it was apparent that the fight would be to the death. Ginckle manoeuvred towards Urachroo so as to give his artillery a better chance away from the bog, his first charge being made by a Danish troop on an sicket. They were repulsed, however, and one after another—Cunningham's dragoons, Eppinger's cavalry and Lord Portland's horse, all commanded by the veteran general Holzapfel, were driven back by the Irish outposts.

To know is to prevent.—If the miners who work in cold water most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil they would escape muscular rheumatism and render their other limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to cold. Those setting out for mining regions would do well to provide themselves with a supply before starting.

REMEMBER

Monday, March 2nd, 1908 C. M. B. A. Branch 232 Grand Euehre and Dance King's Hall.

And don't forget to buy your Full Dress Suits here, Ties, Gloves, Vests, Dress Protector, Hosiery, etc.

BRENNAN'S 2 Stores: 251 St. Catherine St. West 7 " " East

Remember Our New Address.

The True Witness has removed to its new premises, 316 Lagauchetiere Street West, where we are equipped for all kinds of Job work, from a visiting card to a poster.

GIVE US A CALL. **The True Witness,** 316 LAGAUCHETIERE ST. W. BELL TEL. MAIN 5072.

Ash Wednesday. The whole Catholic Church has solemnly adhered to this rule from time immemorial, and begins on Ash Wednesday—just forty days, leaving the Sundays out. When people observe this holy time as a religious practice, they are not only doing good to themselves, but also to the souls of their friends and neighbors. The custom of sprinkling the forehead with ashes on Ash Wednesday is a somewhat surprising and interesting history, in practice times were not placed on the heads of every one indiscriminately. Public penitents alone were sprinkled with them. The ceremony took place at the church door. As the ashes fell on the head of the penitent, he heard these words: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and back to dust thou shalt return." Do penance, that you may possess everlasting life." There was always sympathy for these public sinners, and soon their friends came and received the ashes with them, but to the latter the words, "Do penance," etc., were not addressed, as they were not considered sinners. Gradually the number of sympathizers grew until finally, in the course of time, the whole congregation was sprinkled with ashes, as symbolical of man's origin and last end.

"Dust thou art, to dust returneth. 'Twas not spoken of the soul."

We have thus seen that Lent, as we now have it, is an old institution. It sprang into existence when faith was strong, when religious teachings were thought more of than worldly principles of wisdom, greatness, or renown—when the world was governed by men whom all acknowledge to have been immeasurably our superiors in imitating the conduct and following in the blessed footsteps of Him whom we call Master. The custom which they brought into vogue was by no means an empty theory, for the betterment of life, but a severe reality. With them fasting meant fasting, not a useless desire to give up articles of food; abstaining from pleasures meant just as it reads, not donning a sombre looking gown, appearing sad on public occasions, or staying indoors when there is any possibility of gaining a little credit by so doing. Early Christianity presented no sentimentalism, no sham, no merely outward appearances. Primitive Catholics were in earnest, as their divine Master was in earnest; they believed with Him that the way to everlasting life was not the way to the contrary, they believed with Him that it was narrow and hard to traverse, full of ups and downs, full of pit falls and stumbling blocks, and literally strewn with thorns and briars. It is man's human nature that makes it so; and hence to bring by the most efficacious means, that nature under control was the motive

at the back of the practice of fasting and abstaining during the Lenten-tide. It was, therefore, a time in which the faithful asked God mercy for themselves and showed it to others—a time in which sinners had greater opportunities of being reconciled to God—a time of mourning in which all amusements, festivities and social gatherings were considered to be out of place—a time in which the body was mortified by discipline that the soul might be strengthened and fortified with virtue. That is what Lent was to the Catholics of ages long since gone by, and that is its spirit to-day. This may be a dark and gloomy picture of six weeks of the welcome year—the God-given year, with its warmth and sunshine, with its charms and beauty, with its recurring seasons of activity and repose—but it is no darker than the spirit of Christ's teachings, the universal testimony of the early Catholic writers, and the constant ruling of the Church in every age of her long existence will warrant us in drawing.—Chicago New World.

Skill Required to Cast a Bell.

Few people know the amount of science and skill required to produce a pure-toned bell. They forget that a bell is a musical instrument, as dependent for its tone quality upon fixed laws as is a piano or organ. A good bell is never an accident—no "hit or miss" alloy of copper and tin gives a true, pleasing note. The best bells, like the best pianos, are made only by those who have given a life study to the work. Probably that is the reason why bells cast by the McShane Bell Foundry Co., of Baltimore, Md., bear so high a reputation. McShane bells make Sunday morning musical, and call from factory and school to daily labor and study in almost every town and hamlet. McShane bells are cast from a fixed alloy of New, Superior Copper and Best Imported Block Tin which produces the depth and richness of tone and prolongation of sound necessary to a good bell. But a bell, when cast, is not complete; it must be mounted. Here, again, McShane bells score against others, the Patent Rotary Yoke being the best hanging ever devised, and by means of which the danger of cracking is almost entirely avoided. All McShane bells of 100 lbs. and upwards, have springs attached to prevent the clapper from rattling on the bell after striking. This, of course, prevents a metallic sound and insures full resonance and tone. The McShane foundry turns out more bells than any competitor, owing, no doubt, to their great superiority.

HOUSE AND HOME CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Once a young art student had just finished a picture, and with tears in her eyes, declared that it was another failure.

a quart of rich milk by letting it stand in a warm but not hot place over night. Then put it into a cheesecloth bag and let it drain thoroughly.

TO PRESERVE PARSLEY.

The table can always be inviting and dainty if the dishes are garnished with a sprig of green. Use freshly gathered parsley, wash it free from grit and dust, put it into boiling water slightly salted and well skimmed.

WOMEN WHO ARE FOOLS.

How men play upon women's weaknesses was aptly illustrated the other day, when a man examined a "marvellous beautifier" that thousands of women buy under the printed promise.

TODAY IS.

T-day is; but to-morrow—Who can say? To-morrow may be ours, we plan and hope. But Now is like the tethering rope. Only today is.

To-day is; then to-day. Doing wins. Each second thing. The chance to make the best. Of Now, so season work with zest. Only today is.

FLOWERS FOR THE SICK.

When choosing flowers to send to sick friends remember that the two necessary qualifications are that they have only a faint odor and they are a variety of flowers that is lasting.

One of the latest hat designs combines a fur crown with a satin brim. Guimpes of net and lace have long tight sleeves.

White, pink or purple hyacinths are suitable for hat blossoms. Effective gingham for children's frocks are to be seen on every side.

Earrings are of two sorts, the screw and the drop. Among the latter the loops and rings of diamonds and pearls are copied from old monarchy pieces.

Dainty watches in gold, crystal and enamel figures are among the most charming novelties. They are worn on the corsage, hanging by chains.

A good solution for waving straight hair is the white of an egg mixed with an equal amount of rose water and a few drops of some fragrant perfume.

The hair should be slightly shampooed with the mixture before wrapping around the curlers. Left until thoroughly dry, then brushed gently, the hair will be wavy, with a soft sheen on it, besides looking light and fluffy.

NEW HAIR DECORATION. The Grecian tunic effects have brought out new hair decorations in the shape of filets. These seem to be the only correct coiffure adornments when a gown built on Grecian lines is worn.

A NOVEL HAM DISH. It is particularly attractive when served as a salad at luncheon or supper, says the Delineator. Thicken



The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

The Edison Phonograph is just what the average home needs for good entertainment. It entertains all who hear it and is unlimited both as to variety and amount of music and other forms of vocal and instrumental entertainment.

Go to the nearest Edison dealer's and see the new model Edison and hear the latest Records, or write to us for descriptive catalogue.

WE DESIRE GOOD LIVE DEALERS to sell Edison Phonographs in every town where we are not now well represented.

National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

words were borne to her ear: "Pardon me, madam, but you will have to get off here. This is as far as I go."

AN EYE-OPENER. A child of strict parents, whose greatest joy had hitherto been the weekly prayer-meeting, was taken by his nurse to the circus for the first time.

A public school magazine contains this courteous announcement: "The editor will be very pleased to hear of the deaths of any of the old boys."

Two Irishmen were on bad terms with each other. The friends of one claimed that he had been insulted, and urged him to vindicate his honor.

Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement with coupon for a free package.

Do you think this is for the best? But Brown nodded his head, smiling wanly, and said: "They were always cold, anyway!"

A Marriage of Reason (Continued from Page 7.) are synonymous. I don't," she added, thoughtfully, "at least, not in all cases. But why did you call me names while you were ill? What had I done?"

THIS GHOST WAS REAL. An exciting episode occurred at a week-end party not long ago in an old-fashioned Elizabethan house in the country, where the hostess had removed for the summer.

COASTING WITHOUT A JUMPER. One cold, wintry morning a man of tall and angular build was walking down a steep hill at a quick pace.

OPTIMISTIC BROWN. Brown's cheerfulness was a source of wonder and admiration to his friends. Either his religion or his philosophy taught him to accept everything as a wise dispensation.

WITH THE POETS

THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

(By D. F. McCarthy.)

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our land!

Besides these grey old pillars, how perishing and weak The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek, And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic spires,

The column, with its capital, is level with the dust, And the proud halls of the mighty, and the calm homes of the just; For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower,

How many different rites have these grey old temples known! To the mind, what dreams are written in these chronicles of stone!

Here blazed the sacred fire, and when the sun was gone, As a star from afar to the traveler it shone;

And the warm blood of the victim have these grey old temples drunk, And the death-song of the Druid, and the matin of the Monk.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine, And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the shrine,

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell— Where the fugitive shelter, became the hermit's cell;

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth impart To the mind one glorious vision, or one good throeb to the heart;

THE IRISH RAPPAREES. (By Charles Gavan Duffy.) When Limerick was surrendered and the bulk of the Irish army took service with Louis XIV., a multitude of old soldiers of the Jacobite War preferred remaining in the country at the risk of fighting for their daily bread,

twilight which seemed enchanted, storous with sweet perfumes, full of happy whispers.

Mrs. Sherwood produced the will, which she had not probated; after a stormy scene with Mr. Percival, gave it into his keeping.

In August, Walter Dillon and Katharine were married, much to the disgust of Herr Teufelsch, who, before he sailed for Europe, had sent a touching appeal to Mother Ursula, in the name of Art, to forbid the banns.

A Pleasant Medicine—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget painful internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them.

if you have a cough, cold, or any other ailment, try this medicine. It is a pleasant and effective remedy.

"What will poor Ireland do? What must poor Ireland do? Our luck, they say, has gone to France. What can poor Ireland do?"

Oh, never fear for Ireland, for she has soldiers still, And Remy's boys are in the woods, and Remy's boys are on the hill;

Oh, black's your heart, Clan Oliver, and colder than the clay! Oh, his your head, Clan Sasenach since Sarsfield's gone away!

The master's bawn, the master's seat a surly bodach fills; The master's son, an outlawed man, is riding on the hills;

Black Billy Grimes of Latnamard, he racked us long and sore— God rest the faithful hearts he brook, we'll never see them more!

Now Sassenach and Cromweller, take heed to what I say— Keep down your black and angry looks that scorn us night and day!

For there's a just and wrathful Judge who every action sees, And he'll make strong to right our wrong, the faithful Rapparees!

THE GLENS OF CLARE. (R. O. K. in the Irish Monthly.) God blessed the smiling glens of Clare, God made the winding glens of Clare, And virgins fair And monks of prayer

God bless those glens so soft and green, With many a brook and brake between; And sloping down The bracken brown Purples the lovely glens, I ween.

God bless the guardian hillsides bare And all the ivied strongholds there Where sword in hand, For Faith and Land Dalcassian did what man may dare.

God bless those glens so soft and green, With many a brook and brake between; And sloping down The bracken brown Purples the lovely glens, I ween.

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BOYS THE LA A still little down, The pretty dr bye town, All robed in U gown— The still litt She bore in h by me A little gray could be With sand from laby sea— That still litt As over the h she'd swing The sand from The would And each litt sing, For the still So down to grains flood, And showered, And bowed to head, Till off into ones sped With the still —Bayard Ba HOW TOM SA "Yes Tom's tell he's been the floor, all to the other, J his school, and they are i I never saw s boy." It was Nellie er than Tom as she went picking up the tered when he The little moth check her and Nellie, wait ar for this." "Reason? Th only downrig does his care makes?" "Tom is just mother, and he is improvin as a neat litt he is improv "There is ro and his chang light it needs discover it." "There is a ually puts his near the windo ted to go to s and he was la school. He just wards the loun to see where t is a brave litt do anything fo thinks." "It is just as less as downri lie as she put to the dainty r. The next day family were b gay with flow had been in Ca gone nearly a y some nearly a y Everyone was home to add t home. "Tom," said some beautif just below our likes ferns as v "I'll get then bring back all he ran—whoopi and then calli as much noise "What keeps about two two gone for the f would be here "What keeps mother." "The have been liste and although I leave the yards passenger train "I had not m my eye on the back would com him at the wall to slip down to does not like t there. But it is "Is that! It er and Nellie loved one. After over the father Tom; I've been for him." "Tom went aft orate the dining ty of time to c came."

Advertisement for Friar's Cough Balsam, featuring an illustration of a friar and text describing its benefits for coughs and colds.

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

THE LADY OF DREAMS.

A still little lady came fluttering down. The pretty dream lady from Hush-abye town. All robed in the folds of a little gray gown—

HOW TOM SAVED HIS FATHER.

"Yes Tom's been here. Can't you tell he's been here? See the mud on the floor, all the way from one door to the other. Just look at the books, his school books—he has only five and they are in five different places. I never saw such a careless, selfish boy."

"There is room for improvement, and his change for the better is so light it needs a magnifying glass to discover it."

THE IRISH MONTHLY.

"The smiling glens of the winding glens of Clare, the glens of prayer, the lovely glens of Clare."

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"THIS IS IT— St. George's Baking Powder —the baking powder that makes the best Bread—the whitest Biscuits—the lightest Cake and Pastry—you ever saw."

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to the birds. It's been a regular concert, hasn't it?"

"I don't know," said the other. "I didn't notice. When you're working as fast as you can to get your pail filled, you don't have much time for listening to birds."

"That's your way, Nettie," said her friend, smiling. "But it isn't mine. All you think about is getting your pail full, except when you prick your fingers and scold about that."

"There are some people who work hard and conscientiously but disregard the little pleasures that might sweeten toil and look upon work as drudgery. There are others who are as faithful in their work, but think it no wrong to taste the sweetness of things as they go. Which way is better?"

RAINY DAYS.

"This is going to be a lovely day!" said Victoria, jubilantly. I followed her to the window, as she came into the breakfast-room, and looked out at the dismal prospect under the drenched pines of the avenue.

"Yes, it is Tom, somewhat pale but trying to appear as if he had done nothing. Tom had saved the train, a large number of passengers—and he had saved father."

"The tears were running down Nellie's cheeks as she embraced him and said: 'You dear, dear brother—you brave thoughtful boy!'"

A LITTLE THIEF.

She stole her eyes from the violets. That grew by the meadow brook. And for her wealth of shining curls Gay buttercups she took.

For her small mouth she dared to pluck A folded rosebud red, The sweetest one of all that grew Upon the sweet rosebed.

WHICH WAY IS BETTER.

The two girls had been in the blackberry patch since early morning, and the tin pails they carried, into which, in the beginning, the blackberries had dropped with a tinkle, were now almost full. One of the two stopped to wipe her moist forehead and to regard ruefully her finger, pierced by a thorn.

"Oh, dear! I shall be glad when we're done!" she sighed. "Do you think Mr. McGuire will give us five cents a quart, Mammie?"

"She looked anxiously down at the big pail, trying to calculate her probable wealth. 'It's worth it, anyway,' she burst out suddenly. 'Such horrid, tiresome work!'"

"The other girl looked up surprised. 'Horrid! Why, I love it! The blackberries are just delicious!'"

"I haven't tasted any," said the other girl, severely. "But it is plain you are hungry. Your lips are as stained as anything!"

"Why not?" laughed Mammie. "I'm going to fill my pail, anyway. Why shouldn't I enjoy the berries as I go along? And then I've been listening

and lunched on the rug in the fire-light, and one of them climbed up on the arm of Victoria's chair and pressed her rosy cheek to hers affectionately. 'It's been a grand day! I just love rainy days, don't you, Vicky?'"

The "True Witness" can be had at the following Stands:

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Indiana Priest Killed.

Rev. Father Andrew Salmon was instantly killed on Monday, February 17, and Rev. Father Murphy was perhaps fatally injured at South Bend, Ind., when their cutter was struck by an electric car. Father Salmon's body was completely cut in two, and Father Murphy suffered several severe fractures. They were unable to turn out of the way of the car, being caught between a snow-drift and a sandbank.

Both priests have been connected with Notre Dame University. Father Salmon's career began and ended in tragedy. He was ordained only five years ago. His resolve to enter the priesthood had been taken at the time of the drowning of his brother, near the family home, on the north shore of Lake Superior. Discouraged by the difficulty and apparent helplessness of efforts to recover his brother's body, the future priest, fatigued and all but disheartened, knelt on the sands of the shore and vowed that if the body should be recovered he would devote his life to the priesthood. Next day, it is stated, the body floated ashore almost at the spot where the bereaved brother had made his vow.

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Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles due to poor, watery blood, such as anemia, general weakness, indigestion, neuralgia, skin troubles, rheumatism, the after-effects of la grippe, and such nervous troubles as St. Vitus' dance and partial paralysis. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box of six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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

With next Wednesday we begin the holy season of Lent, not that this part of the year is, or should be, holier than any other portion.

THE AGE OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH
The Anglican Bishop of Montreal, in his address to the Synod, discussed with clearness and ability some of the points of higher criticism.

reformation was identical with the English Church of to-day, and that he and all his fellow-bishops of this Church are lineal descendants of St. Augustine of Canterbury, and far beyond the time of even St. Augustine when St. Albans suffered martyrdom.

think that in a land boasting of freedom, civilization and justice, no system could prevail compared to which slavery would be far preferable and feudalism an earthly paradise.

EDITORIAL NOTES
Like many a fallen monarch, says the Pall Mall Gazette, the Empress Eugenie has been conspicuous throughout her checkered career for her devotion to the Church of her fathers, and among her many religious bequests none is more interesting than the bounty she has bestowed upon the French Benedictine Fathers of the Abbey of Farnborough.

Correspondence
To the Editor, True Witness:
Dear Sir,—Some short time ago, happening to see it stated that the Rev. Fathers of the African Missions—known as the "White Fathers"—founded in 1868, just forty years ago, by the late Cardinal Lavigne, were desirous of receiving cancelled stamps, I sent them a small lot.

Shifting Sands.
In the 16th century the so-called Reformers denied the existence of Purgatory in order to strengthen their heretical teaching concerning the justification of the soul by faith alone.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM
Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., draws the attention of the English public to the dreadful sweating system in vogue amongst the operatives of the old country.

It is interesting to the sons of Erin to know that their ancient enemies, the Danes, are returning to the Church.

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gentleman belongs upheld the Catholic doctrine of hell in the 16th century, while she condemned the doctrine of Purgatory and declared there existed no place of temporal punishment in the other world.

ABBY'S OWN TABLETS
SAVE A LITTLE LIFE.
Mrs. T. Osborn, Norton Mills, Vt., writes: "I do not think enough can be said in praise of Abby's Own Tablets."

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A Pilgrimage to the above, together with a grand tour of Egypt and the south of Europe is offered by McGrane's Catholic Tours, 187 Broadway, N. Y. City to leave New York, Jan. 16, 1908.

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Atchbis

His Grace Al Sunday last m to St. Mary's. O'Rourke, head an address to he replied in p "Last week to your parish standing to your pastor It shows a per illustration of you ed to acknowledge great admiring devotedness, the lity of your w been busy, in a son, attending executive dutie naging of this energy, and go ago, when he tor, the debt \$87,500, now 000. This, a due to your p ment, and you Continue to be that concern y His Grace th against readi tend to weaken "Love your in it," he cont those not of than tolerant, charitable, h works of merc nothing of wh we do insist must believe, t tota of our d "Christ four He preached This faith is and for all, cannot er fro not mislead n God and God claims and s descent she a held and pres faith through who separatec and ageo other sects. been confusio have no light the stormy w not thus been cause we have our guide; w the sacred de we are guid Church. "You will r forefathers ve for that faith, your docility, to her teachi mission to be your deest. His Grace r mixed marria souls, he issu mixed marria faith intact a happiness of a him. Rome and many Fro written him c est approval- tic measures, growing so s The Archb his blessing of and its possi At the concl attending H repaired to the vring which them on the s ing of the pa In the after church was a line, in respon invitation to sent to comen their departed St. Antho The second above name Thornhill Tue 18th, under c circumstances. The memb where sleighs give them a banquet hall, their indefatig sident, acted needness to m The first fo that of "Th Davis, B.A., a very able in pastor, Rev. responded, a men as only Mr. John M toast to the Rev. T. F. H stimated to in that very pop priest. The toast posed by Mr. responded, and Mr. Victo During the deder by Mess M. P. Clarke Sheridan, M. Doyle, Mr. splendid dec very much ap Mr. Fred J instructor o was presented the members J. E. Donnell section, at section by the Monument N 28th last, had the people section to-day in the amate Canada and their success tructor, Mr. X.

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1317.

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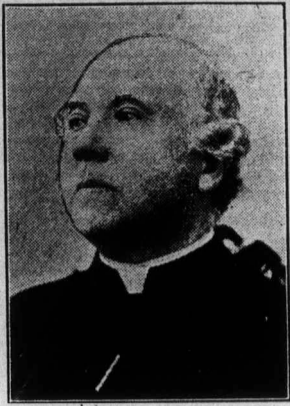
for the family.

ep philosopher. Aial of the world conflicts e. of God. It behooves oushold of faith to outside the fold of herd that they may ight of the Gospel of X.

Atchbishop at St. Mary's.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi on Sunday last made his pastoral visit to St. Mary's. After the Gospel Mr. O'Rourke, head church warden, read an address to His Grace, to which he replied in part as follows: "Last week I sent Canon Martin to your parish to examine its financial standing. His report is a credit to your pastor and church wardens. It shows a perfect and skilful administration of your parish. I am pleased to acknowledge the merits, the great administrative ability, the devotedness, the modesty and humility of your worthy pastor. He has been busy, in season and out of season, attending to his spiritual and executive duties. His financial managing of this parish is a prodigy of energy and good results. Six years ago, when he was appointed pastor, the debt of this parish was \$37,500, now it is reduced to \$13,000. This, a magnificent result, is due to your pastor's good management, and your great generosity. Continue to be generous in all things that concern your church." His Grace then warned his hearers against reading works that might tend to weaken their faith. "Love your faith and be steadfast in it," he continued. "Be tolerant to those not of your faith; be more than tolerant, be kind, be loving, be charitable; help them in all their works of mercy, pray for them, but be intolerant to others believe, but we do insist on what we ourselves must believe, never compromising one iota of our dogma.

The recipient thanked his friends in a few well chosen words. After singing God Save Ireland, the party returned to the city, well pleased with what proved to be an altogether delightful evening.



THE LATE REV. JAMES BROWN.

St. Patrick's Day Celebration.

Arrangements for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day were made and the route of the procession decided upon at the annual meeting of the delegates from Irish societies, held in St. Patrick's presbytery on Tuesday evening, Rev. Gerald McShane presiding. The route of the procession on March 17th next was decided upon as follows: The societies are to muster at their respective halls at 9 o'clock in the morning and proceed to St. Patrick's Church, where High Mass will be celebrated at 9.30 o'clock. The procession will then proceed along the following route: LaGauchetière street, Beaver Hall, St. James and Inspector streets, Chaboulez square, Colborne, Ottawa, Murray, Wellington, McCord, Notre Dame, McGill and St. Alexander streets to St. Patrick's Hall. Ald. Thomas O'Connell was unanimously re-elected Marshal-in-Chief. The meeting expressed a desire to have the various Irish societies of the city go all in their power to ensure a creditable representation in this year's parade. The delegates at the meeting were: St. Patrick's Society, Messrs. Joseph O'Brien and T. P. Tansey; St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, Messrs. M. J. O'Donnell and W. S. Neilan; Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association, Messrs. Patrick Golden and W. J. Ryan; Ancient Order of Hibernians, Messrs. Thomas Heavers and Peter Dotle; St. Ann's Total Abstinence & Benefit Society, Messrs. Joseph Shanahan and Denis O'Sullivan; St. Ann's Young Men's Society, Messrs. William O'Flaherty and William Hoolahan; St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society, Messrs. Patrick Polan and John Collins; St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society, Mr. J. J. Marcell; St. Ann's Juvenile Temperance Society, Messrs. J. Foley and R. Hiller; St. Gabriel's Juvenile Temperance Society, Messrs. John J. Polan and William Charles Polan.

of interpreting the souls of others, because, in constant contact with them, he anguished and suffered with the poor and lowly. The cry of the widow sped directly to his heart, and found its responsive echo and easement. Numberless men, women and children went to St. Patrick's rectory that they might draw the waters of hope and health from this well of physical, as of spiritual, salvation. So superb was his dramatic talent that he sought the master dramatist of the ages for inspiration in order that he might replenish annually the treasury of some favorite institution of charity. This he did, not that he loved Shakespeare less, but that he loved the poor more. The Rev. Thomas E. McGuigan, who succeeds Father Stafford in the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church, with tender emotion spoke these words: "Father Stafford never lost sight of the admonition of the Church on the first day of his priesthood—it is the duty of a priest to offer sacrifice, to bless, to govern, to preach and to baptize. "For twenty-two years he daily ascended the altar and stood between God and His people, offering up the infinite ransom of the unspotted Lamb and the incense of sacrificial prayer. They were years, too, of self-immolation, of unselfish dedication to the glory of God and the benefit of mankind, of vast powers of mind and heart, treasures of learning, and untold resources of magnificent personality. "Never was uttered a more powerful prayer than his as the sable gloom of a last illness was upon him: 'I hope God will be good to me, if for nothing else than what I have suffered for Him.' There had been the hourly suffering of the priest—the aching unrest at the sight of sorrow he could not cure, wrongs he could not redress, wickedness he could not stay. "Ever in the heart of Father Stafford were the sentiments of the Divine Master, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' "See that noble priest in his school, his Sunday school, his orphan asylums. 'Come to me, all ye that labor and are heavily laden.' Let this vast multitude speak. How many at one time or other responded to that invitation, and sought the needed counsel, the hidden charity, the quieting words of comfort from the lamented pastor of St. Patrick's? 'Go thou, sin no more,' was the oft-repeated charge in tender, persuasive tones to the sorrow-stricken and repentant, as he ever, like the living waters at their priest-like task of pure ablution round earth's human shores, cleansed them in the sacramental laver of forgiveness. "Priest of the most high God, Father Stafford, true and noble—God is not unjust, that He should forget his work and love which he has shown in His name; therefore we pray God, Who has raised him to the dignity of a priest, that he be admitted in heaven to their everlasting fellowship."

The Late Rev. Dr. Stafford of Washington, D.C.

To the Editor, True Witness: Dear Sir:—I want to tell you and the good people who read the True Witness how we miss him who lately went from us. He was a friend to everyone, and everyone was his friend.

Memorial services were held in Chase's Theatre last Sunday in honor of him who was priest, brother, friend, scholar, patriot, orator and philosopher. The President of the United States said: It is eminently fitting that men of widely different creeds, Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile, should meet in memory of this our brother, who in his lifetime strove manfully to do good to all men, and whose charity of heart and breadth of vision was such that all could work with him who sincerely wished well for mankind. The Vice-President added his testimony, of which this is an extract: "He was a profound believer in the virtues of our political institutions, and never failed to emphasize devotion to them as an essential quality of good citizenship. He stood with immovable firmness for maintaining the supremacy of the laws of the land, for therein lies the permanency of the state and the security of the American home. "His voice and his energies were enlisted in whatever tended to advance the cause of justice and righteousness among men. He was, in the very best sense, a man of the people. He loved them and they loved him. Men were neither too high nor too low to be beyond the reach of his generous help or of his abundant sympathy. He was, as was said, of another, utterly democratic in his friendships. He gave himself to the rich without loss of self-respect. He gave himself to the poor without patronage."

No man could speak more earnestly than did the Jewish Rabbi, Rev. Dr. Abram Simon. "Speaking more analytically, the scope of his love was woven of three threads—the dramatic, the patriotic, and the religious. The dramatic quality calls for the sinking of one's personality, for the time being, in order to enter adequately into the feelings, thoughts, and personalities of others. He was particularly blessed with the faculty and facility



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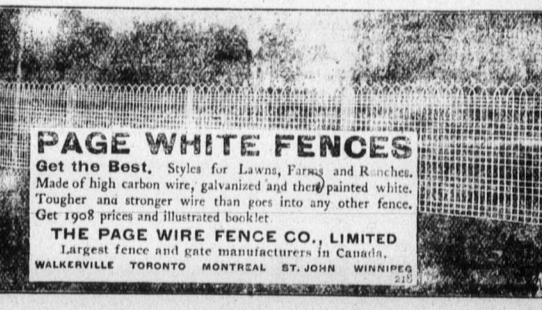
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The town of Longue Pointe will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for an act on the following matters: To correct an error in the boundaries of ward number seven; enact special dispositions concerning municipal elections in wards No. 4 and No. 5, and the filling up of vacancies in the council. declare that Article 300 of the Cities and Towns' Act, 1903, shall not apply to said town; confirm, in so far as may be useful, By-Law No. 6 relating to loans to be made, and exempt from the sinking fund, required by the Cities and Towns' Act, 1903; remove all doubt as to the validity of the by-laws, resolutions and other acts made by the council or under its authority, since the municipal elections held in said town in September last, enact that the contributions to the costs of the winter road on the St. Lawrence between Boucherville and Longue Pointe shall be apportioned as heretofore, erect the town of Longue Pointe into a school municipality; define the powers of the town inspector regarding the plans or maps, the streets and squares of the municipality. TAILLON, BONIN & MORIN, For the Town of Longue Pointe.

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Wrought in a sad sincerity: Himself from God could not be free; He builded better than he knew— The conscious stone to beauty grew. So spoke, so worked, so wrought the noble man whose memory in sorrow, love and pride we celebrate this day. He blessed us all. Many good words were spoken besides those which I have given you for publication, and now I want to say that since I came from Canada to dwell in the capital of this great republic many good men have gone from here to the regions beyond, but this man, Father Stafford, will be missed and mourned for years to come for what has been shown in the extracts given above, as well as for his true nobleness of soul and his great sympathizing heart which went out in blessing to all, irrespective of creed. Sincerely yours; GEO. B. MCINTOSH. Mt. Rainier, Md., Feb. 12, 1907. The real orator always knows that he need not present definite plans for reform—that is the statesman's work; the orator need only speak the truth. The thread that is woven into a beautiful design in rug or tapestry knows not the plan of which it is a part—and it does not matter, for the weaver knows. None of us know what our lives may mean in the design of human existence—no matter; the Master Weaver knows. Each one of us has his uses. Let no man or woman fear that his life or hers has no purpose or importance in the scheme of things—God needs us all. This large philosophy the orator realizes more than any other man. He may not know what he builds, but he does know he is a workman in an eternal structure whose architect is God. What said Emerson, the truest interpreter of life and things the republic has produced: The hand that rounded Peter's dome, And groined the aisles of Christian Rome.

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CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

"She is not rich!" he said, "she is alone in the world, and I— I was murmuring to myself, as he went home, "and I must be rich in order to give her all." He sighed a little, and then hummed "Winter Roses."

Katharine went to her room, strangely elated. Mr. Dillon was interesting; she would go to see his aunt on Saturday.

CHAPTER XXX.—The Glove.

June came. There were no more concerts in town. Herr Teufelsch was about to take his annual trip to Vienna, to confer with "the supreme Leschetzky," and he persuaded Katharine that it would be a wise thing to spend these months in one of the German or Italian cities, where, according to his view, the only great singing masters lived. He did not recommend Vienna, but Munich, where he had a sister, or Naples, where his brother taught, might do. In either of these cities he could secure friends for Katharine. She was almost persuaded to go; she had a little money, for she had been saving of late, and Herr Teufelsch assured her that this was the best investment she could make. The journey had no charms for her; she did not care especially for Dresden or Naples; she would have preferred to spend the summer in one of the many beautiful and quiet green spots near the city. But, since her voice must be the one gift which was to gain her way in the world, she determined to cultivate it to the utmost. She made her preparations with some reluctance. The city was at its best in June, and she had learned to love it. The scent of the honeysuckle filled the street

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stick to the Lady Alicia, of course." Katharine dropped her spoon.

"Oh, Mr. Percival, is this true? Poor Biddy! Oh, how sad, how sad!"

"I don't think a girl who marries for money and merely likes the appendage it called a husband will suffer much."

"Oh, yes, Biddy will—her pride will be touched at such a desertion." Mr. Percival shrugged his shoulders. Such marriages are mockeries. My wife has prayed long for my conversion; but it humiliates me to think that she should have married me and concealed all her life her ideas about the Mass. It made a terrible gulf; and the Lady Alicia ought never have married Wirt. A marriage where there is such a terrible divergence in essentials is a mistake—unless the wife is an angel of good examples and the husband a model of sincerity. Do you ever see your aunt!"

"No, never."

"Is not that rather ungrateful! I see by the papers—I saw, rather, for it was about a month ago—that she had given you a lot of money."

"Oh, no," said Katharine, "there was no will."

"No will!" cried Mr. Percival, staring at her.

"No; my uncle forgot it; and my aunt was, I think, a little unkind."

"Unkind!" Mr. Percival cried. "Do you mean to say—well, well—and praises from the newspapers and from all sorts of folks on her generosity. I always longed to have a good chance to talk to that woman, and I'll do it this very day. There was a will, for your uncle wrote to me from Boston the week before he died, naming me as an

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On this June afternoon, as she watched Dillon as he sat under the grape vine arbor in the little yard at the back of the house, color was again in his cheeks and brightness in his eye; but he did not speak much. He was lying back in a steamer chair, looking at the sky and humming "Winter Roses," when his aunt made up her mind. She saw that he was not happy; at his age, in her experienced mind, there could only be one cause. She looked at him, thin, wasted, pensive, in the grey suit—much—too big for him now; and she called a little boy who was coming from school. That little boy took a note to Katharine.

After that, her aunt took up her sewing and waited. She loved her nephew and she loved Katharine, and perhaps they—well, she would soon know.

When Katharine reached home after her talk with Mr. Percival, she found the note. It contained a request that she would call without delay on Dillon's aunt. She took a great deal of trouble with her toilet, and pinned a June rose on her black dress. In a short time she was ringing the bell of the little house. The servant admitted her—she saw with a sense of disappointment that only her friend, the aunt, was in the parlor. But the disappointment did not last long. Dillon came in slowly, at his aunt's summons. And then the sweet-looking old lady suddenly disappeared.

"You have been ill!" Katharine exclaimed in horror. "Oh, why did you not let me know?"

"Why?" he asked, with some bitterness. "I know the tenor of your society too well to commit such a breach of propriety. What right had I? Heaven knows, I was very lonely—but you were the last person I should have thought of asking to come here. Outside of Devine and the priest, nobody came."

"I have come."

"You are very kind."

"But when your aunt sent for me she did not tell me you were ill—I must be honest about it," she added, hardened by his tone of reproach.

"My aunt sent for you!" He looked at her, and his tone softened. "And you came. But I wish you had not—I can't tell you why—but I wish you had not—your face had almost ceased to haunt me; I was gaining peace; but now—"

"Now?"

The door bell tinkled, and the appearance of Katharine had shaken his nerves. In his ordinary health he would have been suave, cool, sarcastic; at least, he would have known how to hide his feelings. That tinkle of the bell reminded him that at any moment this interview, so delightful, so sad, so irritating, might end.

"May I show you to the garden?" he asked. "You are fond of flowers, and that ringing precludes the coming of someone probably to see my aunt."

He led the way through the passage to the long, narrow, old-fashioned garden, bordered with box, and sweetened and colored by clumps of carnations and roses. The sunlight, coming red from the West, cast the flickering arabesques of vine leaves and tendrils on the brick pavement beneath the arbor. Katharine noticed how thin his hands were, and how loosely his

clothes set upon him. A thrill of pity ran through her heart. Dillon, the strong, the witty, the self-reliant, was a different man from Dillon the nervous, dependent, sad man before her. It seemed wonderful that one man could show these two phases. She felt a new interest in him, and as if in a flash, she wondered for the first time whether he were really interested in her. She took note of the little table, with a half-emptied tea-cup, a bottle of medicine, upon it; and there was a glove too—a woman's glove, such as she herself might have worn. His manner was odd; she glanced at the glove and smiled slightly; she understood it. Walter Dillon had made her the center of his thoughts, and this address came from that fact. Her sight of the glove gave her confidence. She recognized by intuition what girls who have read many novels are always on the lookout for—that they find out by means of set rules of sentiment—that this fragile glove was more powerful than any steel gauntlet of past ages in the hands of a warrior. Dillon offered her the basket-chair, and she sat upon the cushions as gracefully as she could, for she was not used to steamer chairs. The sunlight tinged her hair with gold, and touched her long eyelashes with luminous reflections. Dillon stood near her, leaning against the arbor.

"Forgive me," he said. "I have no right to find fault with what you cannot help. You are rich, and you are back among the flatterers, the painted butterflies of life, and you must live your life amongst them."

Katharine found his irritation inexplicable no longer. It was pathetic, and like all pathos, not altogether unpleasant.

"Why are you so angry against the rich?" she asked, demurely. "I fancy they are seldom as proud or as sensitive as the poor."

"It is not the rich that I hate, but the riches which have come between me and hope. I know it was foolish, Miss O'Connor, and I have given it up. My aunt did not know—"

"Your aunt?" asked Katharine; it was not beneath her to enjoy his embarrassment when she felt that she could set it all right in a moment?

"I fancy from some things I must have said—since she has repeated them to me—that she imagined you were engaged, and had quarrelled." He colored. "Consequently, she sent for you, and left us in the parlor in that unusual way. If she sees to you things I said, it has been out of the mistaken goodness of her heart. I have fully realized the barrier between us, and can only say that my hallucination was temporary."

Katharine was amused; she could easily understand his morbid, imaginative state of mind—and what harm was there in making him somewhat uncomfortable, since she could make him happy at any moment.

"And what did you say?" she asked, looking innocently at him.

"Did you scold about me?"

"Ah, then I feel that I keep my self-respect," he said, relieved. "I am a fool, I am sure—"

"No, only a man," said Katharine coolly, "some people think the terms

(Continued on Page 2.)

