

THE FOLLY OF IT ALL.

TWO EMINENT MEN GIVE VIEWS

Heresy Finds itself in Sorry Plight in Eng'land.

The inconsistency and folly of heresy, says the *Buffalo Union and Times*, have lately been splendidly manifested in an article by Labouchere in his paper *Truth*. Lord Kinnaid presided at a meeting of the Protestant Church Association, and in the course of his address to that body inveighed against the abrogation of the sovereign's anti-Catholic oath, and substantially held that it was the great conservative force that held English Protestants together. Labouchere makes a fierce assault upon the position held by his lordship, and ends his philippic with this caustic sentiment: "Kinnaid appears to be of the opinion that Englishmen are groveling sycophants, ready to be Protestants, Catholics, Mohammedans, or Buddhists at the beck of their sovereign."

WHICH TO BELIEVE.

Now, which of the two Protestants are to be believed, Labouchere or Kinnaid, the one representing the aristocracy of British intellectuality, the other the aristocracy of heresy? We have heard Labouchere in an address in Parliament, and his fine honesty of purpose expressed itself, in great part, in cynical condemnation of unreasonable expenditure. We remember him rising in wrath and saying, "Gentlemen, if an appropriation be allowed to sustain the meaningless office of 'Lion, king at arms,' I will introduce a measure providing for the establishment and sustenance of the unicorn king at arms." Labouchere is a brilliant wit, but Kinnaid is a specialist in his line, who well knows the thoughts, feelings, and aspirations of the class he rules in council. We believe his lordship truly voices what astounds Labouchere and surprises all men of good will.

STRANGE LIBERTY!

The Englishman's only argument for his faith is the king, not the Christ. And what an ideal Protestant king! He does not give a rap for Episcopalianism, and yet he is the head of the church. If the head is as orthodox as is Edward, what must be the feet? At his coronation, he brushed aside old manners without taking the trouble of an explanation to holy England. Not half way between the heart's surface and its depth, the king knows that Protestantism is "much ado about nothing," and that it is only a dress parade affair with more bonnets than brains. We venture to say that the king, the head, could not pass his examination in the Episcopalian catechism, if there be tenets enough left in heresy's variations to make such a booklet. Edward VII has never made a positive pronouncement, purely his own, to show that he gives conscientious allegiance to Protestantism. He has always acted as if it took his patience to bear the forms forced upon him, and merely held himself prudently passive. The king is no more a Protestant than he is a Catholic; he must be in name the one, and dare not be the other, except at the loss of his crown. And this the Britons call liberty! Strange liberty that would chain its sovereign! One might as well talk of a wooden Indian on the warpath as to prate of the English king as a champion of Protestantism, of which he is supposed to be chief.

WHERE RIGHT MAKES WRONG.

In what a pitiable plight does heresy in England find itself, when it has to formally sustain itself by acting on the principle that Catholics' rights are Protestants' wrongs. What a hollow reason for undoing transubstantiation it is that the king swears it is idolatrous. The gentlemen of England make their king in the process look very ridiculous and touch not at all the issue; that is beyond the decrees of kings and the acts of parliaments. It has always occurred to us that it is the king who is more dishonored than the Catholics against whom his oath is directed. They are free, despite the king's oath, vows and speeches, but the poor majesty led to his throne is forced to the slaughter of his principles that he himself must imprison and destroy—his breast the dungeon—his heart their altarstone. For a glittering bauble he throws away the heavenly pearls of truth divine, and he steps to power a sceptored sacrifice. When will the English awake to the indignity inflicted upon their sovereign by fanaticism that makes the people cruel and their master cowardly? We believe with Kinnaid that English Protestants need their sovereign's present oath as a palladium of their rights. We believe that the pro-secutor they would have for the perpetration of heresy shows what he

rosy itself is. An ugly thing, solely dependent on a wrong, and that the more Kinnaid and his class clamor for anti-Catholic oaths the more they will point to the fact that Protestantism was begotten in sin and will die in shame, the blessing the *Union and Times* heartily wishes the foul thing that has led good souls astray and has left many honest men guessing their course to the beyond. Labouchere's step is half the journey towards the rising sun. May his rays gild a life that has had little nonsense and much renown! May he join hand and heart and soul with those great thinkers who made the Tractarian movement a square of brave celebrities, heroic as the old guard at Waterloo!

250TH ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATED.

JEANNE MANCE EULOGIZED.

Pontifical Mass and Unveiling of Monument at Hotel Dieu.

At the Hotel Dieu the silence and serene repose have been disturbed the last few days owing to the celebrations held in honor of the 250th anniversary of the arrival in Ville Marie of the Hospitalliers de St. Joseph. How the scene has changed since that memorable day when the gentle Jeanne Mance set foot upon the soil of Canada. Then nothing but an apparently impenetrable forest greeted the to-day busy streets cross and re-cross one another; lofty church spires raise their heads to the azure skies; an imposing Cathedral speaks of the faith and generosity of a Catholic people. Such is the aspect in Ville Marie to-day. Fitting indeed, are the celebrations taking place within the cloistered walls of the Hotel Dieu. Flying to the breeze are the Union Jack and the white flag bearing the fleur-de-lys, under whose folds the first little colony sailed to this new land.

At a very early hour Wednesday morning everyone was astir. Animation was visible on all sides. At half past nine His Lordship Bishop Gauthier of Kingston made his solemn entry into the chapel to celebrate pontifical Mass. The Very Rev. Father Columban, provincial vicar of the Franciscans, acted as assistant priest; Rev. P. Jodoin, O.M.I., of St. Peter's Church, and Rev. T. O'Reilly, vicar at St. Patrick's, and former chaplain at Hotel Dieu, were deacon and sub-deacon of honor; the Rev. H. Leclaire and Rev. O. Roland, Seminarians, deacon and sub-deacon of office.

In the Sanctuary were His Grace Mgr. Bruchesi, Montreal; His Grace Mgr. Langevin of St. Boniface; His Lordship Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield; Bishop Larocque, of Sherbrooke; Bishop Racicot, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal; Rev. Charles Lecocq, Superior of St. Sulpice; Rev. P. A. Dugal, P.P., of St. Basil de Madawaska; Rev. Abbes Troie, Notre Dame; Lefebvre, Oka; Lelandais, Lepoupon, Tallet, Porcher, St. Jean, Perrin, Filiatrault, Portier, Clement, Bouhier, and a great many Seminarians. Delegates from the different orders and congregations were present. The ushers were the doctors of the Hospital in white coats.

New Rector for Laval.

Abbe Gosselin Succeeds Mgr. Laflamme at Quebec.

Abbe A. M. Gosselin has been appointed successor to Monseigneur Laflamme, as superior to the Quebec Seminary and Rector of Laval University. Monseigneur Laflamme's resignation was due to ill-health. Abbe Gosselin is a historian of recognized ability, having been professor of Canadian History in the Seminary. In 1906 he published a pamphlet "Notes Sur la Famille Coulon de Villiers," and for a number of years has been at work upon a history of education in Canada, during the French regime, which is soon to be published. Three years ago Abbe Gosselin was appointed by the Government a member of the Canadian Archives Commission.

FIRST CANADIAN PLENARY COUNCIL.

LIST OF THOSE TAKING PART.

Hundreds of Distinguished Prelates Will Gather on Sept. 17.

The following are the names of the prelates, priests and theologians who will take part in the first Plenary Council, which will open on Sept. 17th inst; His Excellency Mgr. D. Sbarretti, Archbishop of Ephesus, Apostolic Delegate to Canada. Resident Archbishops—His Grace Mgr. L. N. Begin, Archbishop of Quebec; His Grace Mgr. L. P. A. Langevin, Archbishop of St. Boniface; His Grace Mgr. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal; His Grace Mgr. C. H. Gauthier, Archbishop of Kingston; His Grace Mgr. McCarthy, Archbishop of Halifax; His Grace Mgr. McEvay, Archbishop of Toronto.

Archbishops in retreat—His Grace Mgr. Ronald McDonald, Archbishop of Gortyna; His Grace Mgr. Denis O'Connor, Archbishop of Laodicee. Resident Bishops—His Lordship Mgr. John Cameron, Bishop of Antigonish; His Lordship Mgr. N. Z. Lorrain, Bishop of Pembroke; His Lordship Mgr. F. J. Dowling, Bishop of Hamilton; His Lordship Mgr. R. A. O'Connor, Bishop of Peterboro; His Lordship Mgr. A. A. Blai Bishop of Rimouski; His Lordship Mgr. J. C. McDonald, Bishop of Charlottetown; His Lordship Mgr. A. Pascal, Bishop of Prince Albert; His Lordship Mgr. E. M. Emard, Bishop of Valleyfield; His Lordship Mgr. T. Labrecque, Bishop of Chicoutimi; His Lordship Mgr. P. Larocque, Bishop of Sherbrooke; His Lordship Mgr. F. X. Cloutier, Bishop of Three Rivers; His Lordship Mgr. T. Casey, Bishop of St. John, N.B.; His Lordship Mgr. E. Legal, Bishop of St. Albert; His Lordship Mgr. T. F. Barry, Bishop of Charlottetown; His Lordship Mgr. H. Brunault, Bishop of Nicolet; His Lordship Mgr. J. A. Archambault, Bishop of Joliette; His Lordship Mgr. D. J. Scollard, Bishop of Sault Ste. Marie; His Lordship Mgr. W. A. McDonnell, Bishop of Alexandria; His Lordship Mgr. A. X. Bernard, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe; His Lordship Mgr. Alex. McDonald, Bishop of Victoria.

Vicars Apostolic—His Lordship Mgr. E. Grouard, vicar apostolic of Athabaska; His Lordship Mgr. G. Breyral, vicar apostolic of Mackenzie; His Lordship Mgr. G. Blanche, vicar apostolic of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; His Lordship Mgr. E. A. Latulippe, vicar apostolic of Temiscamingue. Auxiliary Bishops—His Lordship Mgr. Z. Racicot, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal; His Lordship Mgr. P. E. Roy, Auxiliary Bishop of Quebec; His Lordship Mgr. C. Jousard, Auxiliary Bishop of Athabaska. Apostolic Prefect—Mgr. Emile Luchon, O.M.I., apostolic prefect of the Yukon. Administrators of vacant dioceses—Mgr. J. Welch, O.M.I., V.G., of Vancouver; Mgr. J. O. Tronchier, V.G., of Ottawa; Mgr. J. E. Meunier, of London. Delegates from the different orders and congregations were present. The ushers were the doctors of the Hospital in white coats.

The choir, under the direction of Mr. J. A. Boucher, choir master of St. Jean Baptiste, rendered Rigas' Mass in finished style. Mrs. Boucher presided at the organ. Several members of St. James Cathedral choir loaned their services, also Messrs. Lamoureux and Pruneau. After the Gospel the Rev. Abbe Lecocq delivered an eloquent discourse. At the close of High Mass the various delegates from the different orders of women of the diocese were hospitably received in the cloister. In the afternoon a banquet was served to all the patients by the ladies interested in the great work which is being accomplished at the renowned Hotel Dieu Hospital.

THEOLOGICIANS OF THE FAITHFULERS OF THE COUNCIL.

Theologians of Mgr. the Delegate: Mgr. O. Guillaume Varrity, of Bathurst; the Revs. J. N. Gignac, of Quebec; P. Perrier, of Montreal; R. P. C. Gonthier, S.J., of Montreal. Of Mgr. the Archbishop of Quebec: The Revs. L. Lindsay and S. A. Lortie. Of Mgr. of St. Boniface: Revs. J. Grenier, S.J., and Z. Lacasse, O.M.I. Of Mgr. of Montreal: Abbe D. C. Lecocq, S.S., and Rev. Chancellor A. Roy. Of Mgr. of Kingston: Mgr. J. Easterson, Rev. P. J. Hartigan. Of Mgr. of Halifax: Revs. C. J. Lebrun, C.J.M., L. J. Levallois, C. J.M. Of Mgr. of Toronto: Revs. D. Morris and J. T. Kidd. Of Mgr. of Antigonish: Mgr. D. A. Thompson, V.G. Of Mgr. of Pembroke: Rev. P. J. Ryan. Of Mgr. of Hamilton: Rev. J. M. Mahony. Of Mgr. of Peterboro: Rev. D. J. Casey. Of Mgr. of Rimouski: Canon F. X. Ross. Of Mgr. of Charlottetown: Mgr. D. J. Morrison, V.G. Of Mgr. of Prince Albert: Rev. Bruno Doerfler, A.S.B. Of Mgr. of Valleyfield: Rev. P. A. Sabourin. Of Mgr. of Chicoutimi: Rev. J. A. Tremblay. Of Mgr. of Sherbrooke: Rev. J. A. Lefebvre. Of Mgr. of Three Rivers: Rev. L. Chartier.

FRANCE IS PLAGUE-STRICKEN.

SEVEN PLAGUES ATTACK HER.

Passion of Ease and Comfort Growing, Moral Sense Weakening.

The more serious papers of Paris, such as the *Soleil*, the *Figaro*, and the *Gaulois*, are always dwelling upon the perils that France is being hurried into by the widespread social decay. France is becoming decrepit, as she has been for years decadent, says M. Rene Lavollee. She is at present being devastated by seven moral plagues, he writes in his book, "Les Fleaux Nationaux." She is weakened by religious infidelity, depopulation, immorality, alcoholism, materialism, anti-militarism and political corruption. Of infidelity and its evil effects, he writes, as translated for the *Literary Digest*:

"France has, in its national policy, abjured the Christian faith, of which it was so long the champion. This is plainly proved by the attitude of the government toward the Church, and the whole tendency of recent legislation. With this loss of faith has followed the loss of many qualities which work for national fortitude and for the character upon which national virility is based. Military prestige has vanished, the navy is a wreck and does not now count as a serious factor in the plans of European cabinets, while the strained relations which have sprung up between the social orders have made the country an object of criticism and an example of warning to other nations."

Race suicide is another plague which is sapping the vitals of France. This writer quotes Mr. Peville, president of the last congress of Social Economy, who compared the birth rates of the different European countries, and remarked of France: "In this condition of things France, in twenty years there will be two Germans for every Frenchman, if indeed France survives so long as a nation."

ORANGEISM EXPOSED.

RIOTS AROUSE REMINISCENCES.

Anglican Clergyman Exposes its Shams to His Confreres.

The recent Orange riots in Liverpool have recalled to memory a speech addressed to a meeting of the English Church Union, at the Church House, Westminster, on March 7th, 1903, by Rev. Andrew Wakefield, an Anglican clergyman of Liverpool. In the course of that speech, as given in the *Church Times*, the leading organ of the Church of England, he said: "The Orangemen are a secret society. But it is unlawful, as well as secret; and it is not only unlawful but seditious; and it is not only seditious, but it is immoral in the way it packs juries in Ireland. It is a drunken society as well as profane. Their leader at a demonstration not long since in Liverpool, said this: 'I do wish that we could declare ourselves to be freer from Bacchus and Venus.' It was a course which they did most urgently need to have laid upon them. They are notorious for their drunken ruffianism. They go out, in order; but how do they come back? When Queen Victoria came to Liverpool through Victoria, in twenty years there were the streets of the city. The great procession had in it a contingent of Orangemen. As they came through the parish which I serve, there was a halt for the better marshalling of the whole procession; and in the halt, which took twenty minutes, the Orangemen broke out of the procession and went to the nearest public house, and when the word was given to start afresh they could not go on with the procession, and their wooden Bible (which they carry as an emblem) lay disregarded in the gutter. They are always in favor of an open Bible."

CHARACTER IMMORAL.

The retort of most people in Liverpool who know is: "Your Bible is open because you cannot shut it." Certainly it is a Bible which is never read; for the Orange processions and their agitations have been disgraceful for the immorality of their character. The society whose Grand Master bolted beyond the seas and has never come back; and he never will dare to return to answer for his crimes. Their first rule that "no one shall be admitted a member who has married a Catholic wife," is always enforced, and their second rule, that "if a man, after he has become a member, shall marry a Catholic, he shall be expelled; but their fourteenth rule is: If a man be a notorious profligate, he may be expelled; and this rule is universally forgotten."

CHANGED POLITICS.

In 1795 they became the Loyal Orange League. Having changed their name, they changed their politics; they were followers of William III. and Whigs; but now they say they are Tories, but I cannot take their word for it. They also have changed their religion; for in their foundation they were vigorously restricted to the 'Church of Ireland' (established then) and now they are for the most part Dissenters and Welsh Dissenters. They have changed those things which they might have pardonably retained, but they have never changed their character of truculent rascality; that and nothing else is unchanged. They are a very secret society; for this has been admitted in answer to questions in the House of Commons and they have repeatedly refused to give evidence in the Coroner's court, at inquests upon men accidentally killed in the initiation of their lodges. But it is unlawful as well as secret. It was declared unlawful in 1825. Then there was a very exhaustive inquiry into the character of the society, and the English lodge was suppressed by act of parliament. The society was again declared unlawful by Royal Proclamation in 1836; and again by five judges of the Supreme Court of Canada in 1882.

A SEDITIOUS SOCIETY.

And its acts in public are breaches of the Public Processions acts of the Church of England.

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MATERIALISM CAUSE OF DECAY.

Following figures are quoted in support of this contention: In the sixty years from 1846 to 1905, the population of Great Britain and Ireland increased 52 per cent; that of Germany 59 per cent; that of Austria 49 per cent; that of Italy 36 per cent; that of Russia 81 per cent; that of France 14 per cent; finally in 1907 the French population had decreased 20,000. While the writer enumerates as causes of this decrease the crowding of the rural population into cities, the military system which forces country youths to spend three years of early life amid the corruptions of the town, and the crushing weight of taxation, which amounts to 825 per capita, the principal causes lie deeper. They are moral and include selfish materialism, which concentrates the general mind on pleasure, and a diminishing sense of duty, with the resultant increase in the number of suicides, of which 316 are recorded in the single year of 1905. The moral decay of French literature, art and drama, he goes on to say, is doing its work in promoting French degeneracy and making Frenchmen of all classes the slaves of vice. Closely allied with this is alcoholism, concerning which he gives some startling figures.

CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL DOUBLED.

While the consumption of alcohol in England is decreasing, and so diminishing seriously the revenue derived from its taxation, in France the records for the consumption of alcohol show that during the latter half of the nineteenth century the quantity drunk per capita, had more than doubled. The amount of alcohol employed for the production of absinthe and similar liquors has three different dates; and its oaths are breaches of the Oaths Act also. It wades in illegalities. "It is also a seditious society. . . . The purpose of the Orange League for long was to place the Duke of Cumberland upon the throne in place of Queen Victoria. They enrolled and armed and drilled for that purpose. . . . It has maintained its power everywhere for the set purpose of spoiling pious devotion of every kind, and of wrecking true religion. . . . It is also an immoral society. It is immoral in the way it has packed juries again and again in Ireland, and given verdicts of 'not guilty' even when the prisoner himself had pleaded guilty and desired only the clemency of the court. . . . They made it a condition of employment of any man that he should join the Orange League—that society which is secret, unlawful, seditious, and immoral."

Such is Orangeism, as exposed by an Anglican clergyman, without contradiction, to a representative assembly of the Church of England.

almost tripled between 1874 and 1905.

And in addition to the immorality, insanity and crime directly due to alcoholism, collapse of the moral sense, anti-patriotism and political corruption are now rampant in France, we are told.

In the words of M. Lavollee: "The passion of ease and comfort grows the more rapidly in proportion as it is gratified. More and more do we perceive in all classes, and more especially among young people in the lower orders, both in town and country, that the moral sense has become weakened. The care for material interests predominates, and ordinary character is the prey to uncontrolled desires. An impatient contempt for all authoritative restraint, a scoffing disbelief in the idea of duty, and a dread of and hatred for all effort or self-sacrifice prevail."

Ordained at Sixty-One.

Wealthy Noble Enters Holy Priesthood.

A telegram from Vienna to Rome announced that Count Georges Ludovico Esterhazy has recently been ordained priest at Innsbruck at the age of 61 years. Count Esterhazy, who is one of the wealthiest nobles in Hungary, was a military officer in his early days, and fought with much distinction at the battle of Sadowa. His marriage with Countess Mosconi-Pogoroli proved a source of happiness to him, but she and their two sons died at an early age. Soon after this blow the Hungarian noble decided to dedicate the remainder of his life to the service of God, and entered the University of Innsbruck, where he lived the life of an ordinary student. Last Easter he was in Rome, whether he had gone to pass the holidays. Count Esterhazy had at that time taken the order of subdeaconship, and spoke often of the happiness to which he looked forward to being raised to the priesthood. At his reception by Pius X., who gave him a private audience, the Pope displayed keen interest in the Count's life and lade him to be of good heart in completing his ecclesiastical studies, which were anything but easy to a man commencing at his age.

Catholic Mayor for London.

After an interval of sixteen years, London is to have once again this autumn a Catholic Lord Mayor. In the year 1892-1893 Sir Stuart Knill held the office, and this year his son John Knill, will follow in his footsteps. The election of mayor is a formality on the part of the councilmen, each being mayor in rotation.

Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has grown from very small beginnings, but in its career has circulated over half a million penny Catholic booklets which have probably had two and a half million readers. It is regrettable to learn, however, that owing to the death of young Catholic writers, prizes offered for original booklets through the kindness of the Archbishop of Tuam had to be withdrawn.

Father Sheehan Named For Bishop.

Rev. Dr. Sheehan, author of "My New Curate," "Lake Delmege," "The Blindness of Dr. Gray," and several other books dealing with Irish life, has been placed on the list of names sent to Rome for the vacant diocese of Lismore, Australia.

HE WOULD RETURN.

Marlow was three years old. One day his mother said to him, "Now, Marlow, you may go outdoors to play for awhile, but if I see you crossing the street to play with that naughty little boy Willie Burr again I'll give you a hard, hard spanking."

Half an hour later the mother looked out after her boy and saw him playing with Willie Burr. She raised the window and called with forced gentleness: "Marlow, come here to me!" Marlow came, but as he did so he turned to his companion and said: "You stay right here, Willie, I'm doin' in to get spanked. I'll be wight back."—*Delineator*.

BUT NOT LITERALLY.

It is related of a preacher in a small town who was to be absent from his pulpit a fortnight that he recently announced after the sermon: "The preacher for next Sunday will be Mr. Plank, and one for the Sunday after you'll find hanging up behind the door on the other side of the vestry."



CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE

Friendship is a word the very sight of which in print makes the heart warm. Augustina Birrell.

YOUNG WOMEN LEAD.

Has the American Catholic young man no brains? Does he lack education? Has he no genius? asks the Catholic Sun of Syracuse, N.Y.

These questions would seem pertinent just now. Writing in the current Republic of Boston, Miss Katherine L. Conway, editor of that thought-provoking weekly, comments on the fact that two out of the three prizes recently offered for short stories by the Extension Magazine were won by women.

I CAN'T DO ANYTHING.

The girl who "cannot do anything with her hair" and who dislikes to wash it too frequently would do well to purchase of any reliable druggist, a package of orris powder. By means of this she may have a dry shampoo which is pleasant and does not injure the hair, while it cleanses it and leaves it soft and fluffy.

THE INDISPENSABLE FLATIRON

The needle is not the only implement required in the making and keeping of clothes. A flatiron is a close second. The tailored skirt especially is in constant need of being pressed.

THE WELL-BRED GIRL.

A well-bred girl always thanks a man when he gives her a seat in a car, and will arise and give her seat to an elderly woman or man, or woman carrying a child, and does it in a quiet and not in an effusive manner.

She does not speak of her father or mother in a sarcastic way, and she shows them the loving deference that is their due.

She doesn't want to be a nurse, and she doesn't try to imitate him. She doesn't say she dislikes women, and she has good, true friends among them.

She doesn't wear shoes without buttons or a dress that needs mending.

STOP—

Gossiping, fidgeting, grumbling, hair-splitting. Saying that fate is against you. Finding fault with the weather. Anticipating evils in the future. Protesting, and being real self.

Fault-finding, nagging and worrying. Taking offense where none is intended. Dwelling on fancied slights and wrongs.

Talking big things and doing small ones. Boasting of what you can do instead of doing it.

Thinking that life is a grind and not worth living. Talking continually about yourself and your affairs.

Depreciating yourself and making light of your abilities. Saying unkind things about your acquaintances and friends.

Exaggerating and making mountains out of molehills. Lamenting the past, holding on to disagreeable experiences.

TWENTY RULES FOR THE IDEAL HOME.

First—A contented mind. Second—Neither poverty nor riches—just enough.

Third—Lack of pretentiousness, show and sham. Fourth—Simplicity of life.

Fifth—Honesty of purpose in all things—even the smallest. Sixth—Father and mother co-rulers in the household.

Seventh—Father and mother equal guardians of the children before the law.

Eighth—One code of morals for man and woman. Ninth—Political and industrial, as well as social equality for man and woman.

Tenth—Much charity. Eleventh—Good domestic service. If you can not get it individually you can get it co-operatively.

Twelfth—Some good sentiments and no sentimentalities. Thirteenth—a good deal of common sense.

Fourteenth—Quick decisions. Fifteenth—Punctuality, particularly at meal times.

Sixteenth—Standards put in practice, not in preaching. Seventeenth—A knowledge of house keeping as a trade.

Eighteenth—System. Nineteen—Consistency. Twentieth—The saving grace of humor.

HOW TO KEEP THE SUMMER WARDROBE FRESH.

Lingerie waists should be pressed when they are mused and not soiled, but if they are stained with perspiration, be it ever so little, do not press them. Wash them at once, and if they are delicate or old sew them up in an old pillowslip while you are doing it.

Clean your white shoes with gasoline, then when it has wholly evaporated wash them in peroxide of hydrogen and set them in the sun to dry.

If you get grass stains on any cotton or linen fabric rub it with black molasses, then wash it in the regular way. If you have a lot of Irish lace jabots or collars, after they are washed pick out each figure and object with a fine crochet hook. That's what the professionals do.

Chamois gloves may be washed in a lukewarm lather of white soapsuds. Wash through soapy water twice, pat and squeeze, but do not wring hard; rinse well in lukewarm water, wrap in a heavy towel until most of the water is out, then hang up to dry. Do not wring or squeeze the water out. When they are dry rub between the hands until they are soft and pliable, stretch with the finger laundering. It will save a lot like new.

If you have dropped grease on a white dress and there is no cleaning stuff at hand, rub the spot with talcum powder, brush out, rub the powder in again, and leave the spot overnight, liberally covered with talcum. It will take it almost all out.

Run a basting thread with long stitches in your plaited jabots before laundering. It will save a lot of trouble when they are ready for ironing.

If your pink linen dress shows signs of fading, boil it with a square of turkey red calico and it will come out like new. Iron rust stains must be rubbed with lemon and salt and held in the steam of a rapidly boiling kettle.

This is much quicker and better than the old way of laying the spot in the sun.

Most people know that one can touch up faded artificial flowers with water color paints or oil paints mixed with gasoline, but pink flowers can be touched up with rouge and look much better than do cheeks painted with the same stuff.

Blue linen frocks should be put through a dark blue water and have a little blueing put into the starch to keep them looking unfaded. All colored clothing should be dried in the shade.

Silk and lisle gloves wash readily in lukewarm suds made of good white soap. They should be well rinsed, squeezed in a towel, and hung up to dry.

A soiled chiffon veil or scarf may be laundered in exactly the same way as the gloves, taking care not to wring or squeeze it. The dirt must be gently patted out. While still wet it must be pinned in its proper shape on a table or bed, and after it is dry the edge may be pressed with a warm iron.

If one will carefully darn the toes and heels of the thin lisle and silk stockings with a fine silk thread before wearing they will wear much longer. The stitches must be taken only once up and down, in parallel rows, not across.

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

White pepper will be found preferable to black in seasoning chicken soup.

For cleaning down stairs a stiff plain brush is better than a whisk broom.

A few chopped almonds added to a custard or bread pudding will greatly improve its flavor.

A cereal pan is much more easily cleaned if cold water is allowed to run in it as soon as the cereal is removed. Hot water hardens the mixture. Canvas shoes may be cleaned with soap and water if one works quickly, so that the moisture does not penetrate the canvas. Make a thick lather with pure white soap and warm water.

To clean white marble, wash it thoroughly with soap and water then brush it over well, especially in the crevices, with whitening mixed with a little blue as used for ceilings. Allow it to dry thoroughly and then polish with a clean, dry cloth.

To clean suede gloves put the gloves on "trees" or on your hands and rub them well with fine oatmeal which should be finally brushed off with a soft nail brush. Any obstinate stains may be removed with benzine applied on a piece of clean flannel.

CORN FRITTERS.

Take one pint of tender grated green corn and mix with half a cup of sifted flour; warm half a cup of sweet milk and melt a tablespoonful of butter in it; add the corn, stir hard and let cool; season with salt and pepper; then stir in two eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately. Work into small oval patties and fry in boiling fat. Drain and serve hot.

TAPIOCA FLUFF.

Minute tapioca is best used for tapioca fluff. Scald one pint of milk, add two tablespoonfuls of tapioca and stir frequently until the latter looks clear. Beat together the yolks of two eggs with a half cupful of sugar and a pinch of salt, add to the boiling mixture and stir until thickened, then add the whites whipped to a froth. Cook and stir for two minutes longer, take from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and one tablespoonful of sherry and pour into a dessert dish. Serve very cold.

SUGAR COOKIES.

Cream together three-quarters of a pound of butter and one pound of fine granulated sugar; add alternately one cupful of cold water and two cupfuls of flour in which has been mixed one-half a teaspoonful of salt. Stir in one scant teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water, then add flour enough to make a very soft dough. Turn on a well-floured board, roll out, cut in small rounds and bake in a quick oven. If a crisp cookie is wanted add flour enough to make a stiffer dough and roll very thin.

TOMATO SOUP WITH STOCK.

Take the bones and trimmings from a roast beef dinner and any other scraps of meat or bone you may chance to have. Put them in a kettle and cover with cold water, twice as much water as meat. Add two onions, two whole cloves, six peppercorns, a bit of celery root. If you have it, add a tablespoonful of salt. When it has cooked four hours, skim off all the fat, and add six tomatoes, sliced or one quart of canned ones. Cook another hour, then skim out the bones and meat

and strain the liquor through a puree strainer, rubbing all the tomatoes pulp through. Heat again and thicken with flour, one tablespoonful each of butter and flour for every quart of broth.

CHICKEN PIE.

Cut up two good sized chickens, cover with water and let simmer gently until done. Remove some of the larger bones and set aside to cool. To two quarts of flour add one scant tablespoonful of salt and stir in sufficient cream to make a soft dough. Roll the dough thin and line the bottom and sides of a deep earthen dish with half of it. Fill the dish with the prepared chicken, seasoning well with salt, pepper and butter; add the liquor in which the chicken was cooked, put on a top crust, dot with bits of butter and bake for two hours in a moderate oven.

LEMON PIE.

Pare, core and slice three tart apples and boil in three cupfuls of water and one and one-half cupful of sugar until soft, stirring and beating often. Moisten three tablespoonfuls of corn starch and a pinch of salt with a little cold water and turn quickly into the apple, stirring and cooking until thickened and clear. Take off and set aside until cold, then add four well-beaten eggs the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two. Line two deep pie tins with pastry, prick well and bake until almost done. Pour in the filling, bake until set, then finish with a meringue made with the whites of three eggs, half a cupful of sugar and a half teaspoonful of lemon juice. Dust well with powdered sugar before browning.

Make hay while the sun shines, and the sun never shines so steadily and brightly as when you are young.

"Doctor," said the patient, who had been ailing for a long time, "I frisk with me. Why do you demand such a large fee for cutting out my appendix?"

"Well, the truth is," explained the frank M.D., "when I removed that appendix I cut off my chief source of revenue."

Not long ago a portly gentleman seated himself upon a bench in one of the public parks, drew forth a newspaper from his pocket, and was soon absorbed in reading. After a while he began to be annoyed by a small boy who persisted in staring at him steadily. At last the man demanded sharply, "What are you looking at, boy? Is there anything funny about me?"

"Not yet," replied the boy "but there'll be a whole circus full of fun when you get up. Them benches has just been painted."

THE JEWELER'S DIAGNOSIS.

"Can you tell me what's the matter with this watch?" inquired the Average Looking Man anxiously. The jeweler stuck a dice box in his eye and glanced at the instrument's innards. Then he looked up.

"You find it necessary to shake it real hard every now and then to start it going, don't you?" he inquired.

"That's right." "And you find that it gets dusty, don't you? Perhaps you don't blow hard enough on the works?" "Oh, yes, I do—every day." "Well, well! But are you careful to start the balance wheel going with a toothpick every hour or two?"

"Yes, I do that, too." "And in spite of all your precautions, it needs about \$5 worth of repairs. It's very strange."

For the jeweler possessed a dry and sarcastic wit.—Cleveland Leader.

TOO MUCH HIGHER EDUCATION.

No race would be better off if they were educated as university men. The great body of people must depend for their livelihood upon their manual labor, skilled or unskilled, or upon some occupation which requires less education than that which is conferred by a university. If it is too widely extended the effect of it is to put a lot of men into life who do not find occupations which are suited to their tastes, and to make them unhappy and really not fit for the life which is before them.—President Taft.

POET'S CORNER

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow never comes? Yet hold it dear— The try-again and furtherchance of men.

The flame of hope that lights the bit' rest tear, Setting the task, and dancing on again.

To-morrow never comes? Be't as it may; Yet dreaming still of its elusive charm, May serve us through reality's To-day;

And if it comes not ever—where's the harm? To-morrow never comes? Ay, comes to stay, When at the last, Time ceases for each one; And at its edge, who so life-tired as say, Without regret: "This old To-day is done?"

Advertisement for 'Child's Play Wash Day' Surprise Soap. Includes illustration of a child and a dog, and text: 'Means: To make the dirt drop out, not be rubbed in, use Surprise Soap'.

Advertisement for Cowan's Perfection Cocoa. Includes text: 'Cowan's Perfection Cocoa is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor.' and 'The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto.'

THE HILL O' DREAMS. My grief! for the days by an' done, When I was a young girl straight an' tall, Comin' alone at set o' sun Up the high hill-road from Cushendall.

COULD WE FORGET. Shall we remember when these happy days Are hidden fast behind the veil of years? Shall we recall old pleasures and old ways? Remember, too, the smiles, the bitter tears?

WHEN THE DARK COMES DOWN. When the dark comes down, oh, the wind is on the sea With liping laugh and whimper to the red reel's throndy.

REMORSEFUL. A man tells of a dinner he once had at a farmhouse, on which occasion the piece do resistance was literally a very tough chicken.

Palpitation of the Heart. One of the first danger signals that announce something wrong with the heart is the irregular beat or violent throbs. Often there is only a fluttering sensation, or an "all gone" sinking feeling; or again, there may be a most violent beating, with flushings of the skin and visible pulsations of the arteries.

REALITY. Close thy tired eyes to shadows on the blind, Ward thy strained ears from life's unordered din, Chase the earth-spectres from thy harassed mind, And shut God in.

Advertisement for BB (Bismarck Blood Purifier). Includes text: 'will remove the cause of rashes, the system to healthy vigor.' and 'FOR THE BB'.

Vertical list of advertisements on the right margin, including: MORRISON & CO., KAVANAGH, L.J., ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS, CROSSARD, CHOLMONDELEY, LAWRENCE, P.L., D. H. WELLS, SOCIETY DIRECTOR, ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY, HOMESTEAD REFORM, REMORSEFUL, Palpitation of the Heart, HEADACHE, BB.



Wan's... from the finest selected cocoa... process to the rich chocolate.

our soul's antipodes, midnight is the spirit, gold to ears as grass of tune.

WE FORGET... number when these happen behind the veil of old pleasures and old smiles, the bit of these dear memories our one desire, will all the past they do inspire!

vision true to me, even as I am... Ah, vain wishes abide between us, dawn will ever be our... Dear, could... dysentery... cholera morbus... water may set... intestines... are more common in winter, but they to the warm months of the bowels may... Such a speedy relief in

of the Heart... danger signals that set... violent throbbing... or an... or again, there... and visible pulsation... the person may experience... for about about to die... in quieting the... normal beat and... nerve centres, is... They... that no one need

HEADACHE... In all cases of headache the first thing to do is to unload the bowels and thus relieve the afflicted organs or the overfull blood vessels of the brain... Mrs. J. Priest, Aspdin, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with headache for several years and tried almost everything without result... I got two bottles, but before I had finished one I was completely cured. I can never say too much for B.B.B."

M. J. Morrison, J. Robinson. MORRISON & HATCHETT. Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors, 5th Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers, 97 ST. JAMES STREET. Phone Main 3714.

Hon. Sir Alexander Lacoste, K.C. KAVANAGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE. ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, 7 PLACE D'ARMES.

Y. Brocard, K.C., H. A. Cholette, J.L.R., Thomas M. Tansey, B.C.L. BROSSARD, CHOLETTE & TANSEY. Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors, 160 ST. JAMES ST. Phone Main 1301.

G.A. BARREAU, CARRIERS REPRESENTATIVE. Barrard & Dessaulles. ADVOCATES. Savings Bank Building, 160 St. James. Bell Telephone Main 1679.

Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters. Estimates Given. Jobbing Promptly Attended To. Lawrence Riley PLASTERER. Successor to John Riley. Established in 1860. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. 15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

D. H. WELSH & CO. Caterers and Confectioners. 40-12 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL. Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W. Buns and Caramels and Everton Toffee. Banquets, Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal Attention. PHONE MAIN 5301.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durnck; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Berningham; Recording Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Conolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS. ANY unencumbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less. Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader. The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months residence upon said section of the land is required for three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land. (3) Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

FOR THE BLOOD... will remove the cause of the trouble and restore the system to healthy action and buoyant vigor. Mrs. J. Priest, Aspdin, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with headache for several years and tried almost everything without result... I got two bottles, but before I had finished one I was completely cured. I can never say too much for B.B.B." For sale at all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto.

THE SECRET AND KEY.

(From a paper read by Rev. W. F. Ellis before Young Men's Society, Eureka.)

Have you ever entered a classroom where a number of young boys sat, listening to the words, as they fall from the teacher's lips? If you have and as you looked into their innocent eyes, it must have come to your mind, here are the men of to-morrow, the men whose hands and minds are to take up the work where the men of to-day leave off. This thought has already possessed the youth. Ask each one in that class what position in life he intends to follow, or put the question to the child, intelligible? "What do you intend to be?" One will answer he is to be a doctor, another an engineer, another a lawyer. Everyone in that large class has some position he intends filling. You will find on summing up you have all the professions and positions in life represented.

Pass on with that class over a few years. How many realize the ideals of youth? Ask the unsuccessful ones the reason of their failure, the successful ones the "Why" of their success. Before I come to discuss the answers to a word, on this I term "Youthful ideas"—those ideas cherished in youth as to the position in life he or she is to hold are sacred—I use the term sacred, to bring to your minds that they are worthy of our best attention and need our most careful training. Where these ideas! There are many theories. Some are inclined to believe they are innate. Some say they are due to surrounding circumstances. Some again look on them as the frivolities of youth having no serious root. I am inclined to believe that they are the manifestations of the Divine plan, pointing out, as yet perhaps indistinctly the place or position we are to fill in life. We all agree as to the religious life that the vocation there manifests itself early.

I am inclined to believe that the Creator assigns to each a place in this world, that the qualities adapted to that calling manifest themselves in youth, that the youth feels an inclination toward that calling, and this inclination he manifests when you put the question to him, "What do you intend to be?" I say it is serious for the young man if he falls away from what I call his youthful ideas, especially those ideas as to the position in life he is to fill. However, it happens not rarely, that a person passes through youth without the mind becoming fixed on any position. That person starts out and takes up a position not suited to him. A change must be made, if he is to figure on success. Many fall from their ideals, and these are the men we find leading indolent, idle, worthless lives. Ask why they are not successful! They cry out, want of opportunity, circumstances against them, poverty, want of money.

I do not for a moment say that many are not seriously handicapped at the outset of life, by traits of character, inherited traits which must be erased, and by peculiar circumstances must be overcome. When want of opportunity is the plea, something is wrong. Some cast a lot of blame on the government. Now the government is likened to the fence the farmer places around his farm. It affords needful protection, wards off intruders. Something more is required to trim the flowers and reap the harvest. On the owner himself this depends. It is not the government, it is the want of cultivation of our own individual talents. Poverty is a reason offered. Money perhaps brings us rich opportunities, but that the want of it blights our future cannot be conceded. Look into the past. Read the names of men immortalized by the success they made in their respective positions in life. Many of them were the children of poor parents. Take the names of the great painters: you will find there Claude of Lorraine, Giotto, Turner. Read the list of the great astronomers—you will find Copernicus, Herschel. The names of Canova, Hogarth, etc., come to us in the list of great sculptors. These were all the sons of poor parents. Take the great men of to-day, men who are honoring the bar, the medical profession—men who can claim success as theirs; many, very many of them are the sons of poor parents.

If a young man is not successful, especially in this fair land of ours, the fault lies with himself. Young men, learn this, that the first step to success must come through obedience. Obey the law, or die. The most sacred thing in all the earth is authority. Obedience is the great secret of life. Nature teaches us this wherever we turn. Hillus says: "When the river refuses to keep within its banks, it becomes a curse and a destruction. It is the stream that is restrained within its banks that turns mill wheels for men, and if disobedience is destruction, obedience is liberty. Obeying the law of steam, man has the steam engine. Obeying the law of fire, he has warmth. Obeying the law of speech, he has eloquence. Obeying the laws of sound thinking, he has leadership. Obeying the law of Christ he has character. As man increases the number of laws he obeys, he increases in richness of nature, in wealth, in strength, in influence. Nature loves paradox, that is his chiefest paradox, that he who stoops to wear the yoke of law, becomes the child of liberty;

while he who will be free from God's law wears a ball and chain through all his years." Obey the laws of health and you are sound and strong. Obey the laws of commonwealth and you move majestic among your fellow men. It is this: Obey the law or die. A second step in the conquest of life must come through study. This world is a bridge over which many have passed before us. They have had the same difficulties to encounter that you will have. Some overcame them, more fell before them. The lives of these men are at our hands, why not study them? The virtues that brought reward to the one let us make ours. The weaknesses that brought failure to the other, let us avoid. What privileges the young man of to-day enjoys. He can seek counsel from the wisest, the ablest men the world has had in every department. He has to five cents he can take them to his home, at his leisure to consult with them. The wisdom they stored up he can unlock and use. A third quality the young man must take to himself is perseverance. Your aim in life is fixed. Your position is marked out. Work perseveringly toward that aim. Let not little obstacles, not even those appearing great, divert you from your path. "The heights by great men gained were not attained by sudden flight, but they, while their companions slept, were toiling upward in their night."

was not up to time. He was to have arrived simultaneously with the steamer from Cologne.

HOCH! HOCH!

At twenty minutes to two we saw below the crowd on the other bank the precipices of Ehrenbreitstein were waving hats and handkerchiefs, and we could hear their cheers. They had a better view of the river than our position gave us, and they had seen the Legate's steamer coming. A gap was opened and through the opening came a steamer with the white and yellow Papal flag at the bow, the colors of all the federal states of Germany flying from a forest of flagstaffs on the upper deck and the black eagle standard of the Empire at the stern. The people cheered "Hoch! hoch! hoch!" the bells of the churches rang out a grand peal, and crash after crash the guns of the Ehrenbreitstein batteries sent out a loud salute echoing along the Rhine. As the steamer came abreast of us we saw the tall, red-robed figure of Cardinal Vannutelli on the upper deck.

Never had a Papal Legate a more splendid welcome. As the steamer turned opposite the town and came up to the landing place heading against the stream there was an uproar of enthusiasm, and amid the cheering one heard the clanging of bells, the roar of the saluting cannon, and the music of the band on board the Cologne boat, which came up and lay alongside of the Legate steamer. The Cardinal went on board the Rheingold, and the Papal flag was transferred to her bow. Then the two steamers swung out into the stream bound for Cologne, while Ehrenbreitstein fired one more parting salute.

It was not until after seven o'clock that the flotilla at last reached Cologne. Dense crowds had been waiting since six o'clock on the wharves and along the line of route to the cathedral. The Legate landed at the wharf near the old bridge of boats amid a storm of cheering, while all the bells of this city of spires and church towers rang out together answering the loud signal by the great "Hanne or Bel," of the cathedral, which is rung only on occasions of high state.

A STRIKING SCENE.

At the end of the short street which opens from the Haymarket Square on to the wharf, a triumphal arch had been erected, adorned with shields bearing the arms of Pius X., the Legate and the Archbishop of Cologne. Under the arch, Cardinal Fischer, of Cologne, in his scarlet robes, was waiting with the Provost of the Cathedral, in a cope, a group of bishops in purple, and the Oberburgmaster (or chief mayor) of Cologne, with a deputation of the city council. Two lines of white dressed Children of Mary formed an avenue leading to the arch and beyond the cathedral choir was massed.

OVATION TO A CARDINAL.

Along the quay the clergy, regular and secular, and the canons of the cathedral were formed in procession, and whilst the choir sang the "Ecce Sacerdos," they escorted the Legate from the steamer to the triumphal arch, where he was received by the Cardinal Archbishop of the city and the various notabilities present were introduced. Just before Cardinal Vannutelli arrived, Princess Mary of Saxony joined the waiting group. After Cardinal Fischer had greeted the Legate, the mayor of Cologne welcomed him in the name of the citizens. "Your Eminence," he said, "is the guest of a city whose cathedral and its circle of churches tell of the faith and trust in God that has kept for centuries." The Cardinal spoke of the deep impression made upon him by the reception that the Catholic Rhineland had given to him and of his pleasure at finding himself in Catholic Cologne.

After a few minutes the procession reformed and passed on to the cathedral between dense, cheering crowds. In the cathedral, the Pontifical Letters were read and Benediction was given.—Catholic Times.

Backache, Kidney Pain

Pains in the small of the back. There's no mistaking this sign of kidney trouble. Other indications are frequent urination, pain or smarting when passing water, deposits in the urine, headache and loss of sleep. Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills overcome kidney derangements more promptly and thoroughly than any treatment you can obtain, because of their combined and direct action on the liver and kidneys. This letter proves our claim. Mr. Rob. P. Miller, farmer, St. Mary's Ont., writes: "I was troubled with severe pains in the abdomen, chills in the back, too frequent urination and general weakness and tired feelings. There were brick-dust deposits in my urine as well as other symptoms of kidney disease. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills relieved these symptoms almost immediately, and with the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food my health was restored completely." 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

PICTURESQUE VILNA.

POLISH PEOPLE OWN TREASURE

Ancient Chateau Contains Numerous Works of Art.

Villanov, Poland, July 26.— Though the environs of Warsaw lack the picturesque hills of Vilna's vicinity, it is an enjoyable journey to this dear old chateau. It is harvest time, and the little suburban train carried us through fields of yellow waving grain, past great green patches of potatoes in purple blossom, and again beneath rows of pine and by a wayside shrine hung with wild flowers.

Because Villanov is private property it escaped confiscation, and its interior, which contains one of the most valuable private collections in the country, is open to the public. The chateau was bequeathed by the Countess Potocka to her nephew, Count Xavier Branicki, to hold in trust for the Polish people. It is, perhaps, the finest and most interesting chateau in Poland. It was erected by Sobieski for his attractive but capricious wife, Marie Casimire, and the work was done by Turkish prisoners. It is in the form of a quadrangle, richly ornamented in the interior after the style of an Italian villa. A flat roof is generously decorated with statues and the walls are frescoed in colors.

The park is splendid. Some of the hedges are over twenty feet in height and are formed of fragrant lime trees planted by Sobieski. Here and there I saw tall trees capped with a stork's nest. This interesting family bird is met with in large numbers in Poland, sometimes perched on high peaks, again at the edge of a lake standing on one leg and apparently deep in thought as to where it should next pay a visit. It is always safe, the stork being regarded as a sacred bird in Poland.

ART TREASURES.

Many of the works of the Old Masters contained in the chateau, with other costly pieces of bronze and marble, were collected by the great king, who not only wielded the mightiest sword of his day, but was intimately conversant with the Latin, French, Italian, German and Turkish languages. One of the rooms has an elegant cabinet, the gift of the Pope to King John after his rescue of Vienna. A diamond rose, an exquisite thing, also the gift of Rome, is in this cabinet with many other historic trophies. The tapestry of the chateau is a delightful and complete picture in miniature of the mikado's kingdom. It was the playhouse of Marie Casimire, and she made this wonderful collection at a period when journeys to Japan were few and far between. Besides the Japanese collection, there are some rare pieces of old Delphic vases and Venetian glass, gifts to Marie Casimire from visiting queens and princesses.

The room, a small one, in which the warrior-king died has been transformed into a chapel where mass is periodically celebrated for the repose of his soul. His heart lies in the Church of the Capuchins, Warsaw, beneath a superb sarcophagus erected by Czar Nicholas I. The church was built by Sobieski in thanksgiving for his victory over the Turks. "Not to us, O Lord, but to Thy name be the glory!" exclaimed this gallant Christian king as he rode to meet the immense Turkish horde. After the magnificent victory by which Christianity was saved to Europe the Austrians sang the Te Deum in the Church of St. Stephen, and a Capuchin, Marco Aviano, preached from the text: "The name of a man sent from God whose name was John."

VERITABLE FAIRYLAND.

From a bridge embellished with a splendid equestrian statue of Sobieski I viewed the white palace in the wood and sighed to think it was to be only a memory. The waterway leading to the chateau's entrance, adorned with statuary, is limpid and stocked with fish, and the great trees bend down until their green leaves kiss the ripples caused by the frolicsome fish. The opposite side of the chateau looks towards an open-air theatre, the stage being built upon a tiny island, the trees helping to form settings. On an opposite bank is a store amphitheatre with a seating capacity for 1500 spectators. Every Sunday night during the summer a musical entertainment is given in this ideal spot, charming as a mid-summer night's dream.

During the winter the governor of Warsaw occupies the royal palace, the home of the Polish kings for four centuries. It stands on the bank of the broad Vistula, the country's arterial river, now shared by Prussia, Russia and Austria. The main entrance looks into a square in the center of which is a monument to Segismund III by his son, Vladislav IV. In every uprising the stones of this square have been reddened with the life blood of the country's noblest and bravest. It was early in the forenoon when I visited the palace, and as I went toward the gate I could see, in a field below, a regiment of mounted Cossacks going through a series of manoeuvres. These Cossacks are adept horsemen and as each rider galloped at full speed over he flung a piece of colored robe and tossed it over his head. In thirty that tried the feat only two missed.

HAUNTED PALACE.

An aged attendant was deputed to escort me through the Russified palace. When he saw my interest was more alive to anything pertaining to Poland, he said, "I am a Pole, a Catholic Pole," as if the latter characteristic could possibly be lacking in one of his race. The apartments are handsome, but they have been stripped of their treasures, which now may be seen at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. Some time ago a change of governors was made, and when the Warsaw chief executive was leaving for his new post he had the humiliation of seeing sixteen cases belonging to his wife seized at the depot by the police. They contained art treasures and costly decorations belonging to the royal palace. Of course the aristocratic pilferer pleaded a mistake of the servants. "This is the royal Catholic chapel, but it is now closed," said my aged escort, as he turned sadly and reluctantly towards an orthodox one opened in another part of the building. The palace is haunted by a beautiful white lady who carries a red rose, the ghost of that charming Polish girl of whom Napoleon Bonaparte said, "She is the only woman I ever loved." On his way to Moscow Bonaparte sent some time at Warsaw, the royal palace being his headquarters.

Suffered More Than Tongue Can Tell From Liver Trouble.

A lazy, slow or torpid liver is a terrible affliction, as its influence permeates the whole system, causing Biliousness, Heartburn, Water Brash, Langour, Coated Tongue, Sick Headache, Yellow Eyes, Sallow Complexion, etc. It holds back the bile, which is required to move the bowels, and lets it get into the blood instead, thus causing Constipation.

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills will regulate the flow of bile to act properly upon the bowels, and will tone, renovate and purify the liver. Mrs. J. C. Westberg Swan River, Man., writes: "I suffered for years, more than tongue can tell, from liver trouble. I tried several kinds of medicine, but could get no relief until I got Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I cannot praise them too highly for what they have done for me." Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c. per vial, or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When he saw my interest was more alive to anything pertaining to Poland, he said, "I am a Pole, a Catholic Pole," as if the latter characteristic could possibly be lacking in one of his race. The apartments are handsome, but they have been stripped of their treasures, which now may be seen at the Hermitage, St. Petersburg. Some time ago a change of governors was made, and when the Warsaw chief executive was leaving for his new post he had the humiliation of seeing sixteen cases belonging to his wife seized at the depot by the police. They contained art treasures and costly decorations belonging to the royal palace. Of course the aristocratic pilferer pleaded a mistake of the servants. "This is the royal Catholic chapel, but it is now closed," said my aged escort, as he turned sadly and reluctantly towards an orthodox one opened in another part of the building. The palace is haunted by a beautiful white lady who carries a red rose, the ghost of that charming Polish girl of whom Napoleon Bonaparte said, "She is the only woman I ever loved." On his way to Moscow Bonaparte sent some time at Warsaw, the royal palace being his headquarters.

IMPOSING BUILDINGS.

In the heart of Warsaw are the beautiful Saxton gardens laid out by Augustus III., elector of Saxony. They are edged on either side by handsome civic buildings and old palaces, and through them one may pass to the square of the Town Hall and theatre, landmarks in the history of modern Warsaw. The palace built by the elector of Saxony is in two sections connected by an interesting colonnade which commands a view of the gardens. Directly opposite this colonnade the Russians have erected an orthodox cathedral that not only breaks an extensive view, but is a constant eyesore to Poles enjoying the shade of trees planted by a lawful and popular ruler.

Formerly this royal park was adorned with artistic marble figures of celebrated men and women of history and mythology. St. Petersburg ordered them to the capital on the Neva and replaced them with lifeless stone affairs. But the passing visitor sees only gardens thronged with handsome, well-dressed two-ple. They are in a prosperous section, enjoying the sunshine and a wholesome family life that speaks in the happy, rosy faces of crowds of children playing beneath the trees.

ELIZABETH ANGELA HENRY.

An Oil for All Men.—The sailor, the soldier, the fisherman, the lumberman, and the outdoor laborer and all who are exposed to injury and the elements will find in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil a true and faithful friend. To ease pain, relieve colds, dress wounds, subdue lumbago and overcome rheumatism, it has no equal. Therefore, it should have a place in all home medicines and those taken on a journey.

AUNT MAHALY'S EXPEDIENT.

"These stockings are so full of holes that they are worthless, Aunt Mahaly," said a lady to an old colored woman with a large family, who was a pansioner of her family. "No'm, dey ain't," replied Aunt Mahaly, calmly appropriating them. "Rastus en' Verbera got such black laigs dat de holes won't show, no-how, en' dem chilluns what got yaller meat kin wear two pairs at de same time; en' you knows, Miss Jo, dat de holes in all dem stockings ain't kwine hit de same places."

Teacher (to Tommy, who has been reading aloud and has given no heed to punctuation marks)—Tommy, where are your pauses? Tommy (holding up his hands)—Here they are, sir.

An Easy Pill to Take.—Some persons have repugnance to pills because of their nauseating taste. Par-melee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared as to make them agreeable to the most fastidious. The most delicate can take them without feeling the revulsion that follows the taking of ordinary pills. This is one reason for the popularity of these celebrated pills, but the main reason is their high tonical qualities as a medicine for the stomach.

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is published every Thursday by The True Witness P. & P. Co. 212 LaSalle Street, Montreal P. O. BOX 1136

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—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 these who encourage this excellent work. PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1909.

MADemoiselle Mance.

This week has witnessed some inspiring ceremonies at the historic Hotel-Dieu de Ville-Marie in connection with the unveiling of a monument in honor of Mlle. Mance, one of the noblest and tenderest figures in the annals of Canada.

A PUBLIC MENACE.

Our Montreal postal cards are doing a lot to advertise our city abroad. We all feel very proud of nine-tenths of the decent views.

THE NATIVITY OF OUR MOTHER

On Wednesday next, September the 8th, the Church will again celebrate a glorious feast of the Most Blessed Virgin, our Mother, and all the devout clients of God's chosen daughter will fully enter into the holy spirit of the day, as is befitting.

READ THIS!

The valiant Bishop of Cahors, France, was lately condemned by a court of appeals in his country.

A GOOD IDEA.

Very Rev. Canon LePailleur, parish priest of St. Louis, Mile End, is a man of action. He lately undertook a crusade in favor of the very young children, and good results have crowned his efforts.

PRIESTLY AND RELIGIOUS VOCATIONS.

When the fathers of to-day went to college, and when their fathers went to see them, the question the parent asked on arriving was: How are you, my boy? How are your studies?

ENGLAND AND THE VATICAN.

Our corpulent friend, Mr. John Bull, has so aimed his stick as to get even with puny Clemenceau.

THE OTHERS.

As a contemporary remarks, "Catholic newspaper men are fairly well represented both on the governing body and on the membership of the Scottish section of the National Union of Journalists."

working people, withal, and their health and its interests have as much call upon the protection of the nation as has any millionaire.

How long is this state of affairs going to last? Must all the refuse and carrion continue to flow on down through the heart of where many honest dwellers live, or are we going to await the advent of some Tennyson or Longfellow to immortalize it?

THE CELIBATE CATHOLIC PRIESTHOOD.

From time to time we come across (as if by way of a curse) elucidations from two-penny preachers' pens on the subject of celibacy for our priesthood.

A GAMBLER'S CONFESSION.

What follows is from the Daily Telegraph, Quebec's bright, clean and ambitious daily: "Pat Sheedy, the big gambler of New York, when on what he thought to be his death bed a few days ago, handed out a 'bunch of talk' which is worth consideration even when its source is that of a man who has waxed rich upon the follies of hundreds of young men who were bitten with the fever of speculation.

THE DEATH-BED MESSAGE OF THIS OLD SPORT.

The death-bed message of this old sport may carry more weight—obscures the Ottawa Free Press—than the sermon of many a man who has never strayed from the narrow path.

DOWN IN DORCHESTER (N.B.)

Penitentiary the keepers and convicts witnessed a novel reformation some months ago. At one end of the chapel in the institution, there is a very beautiful Catholic altar, and, at the other end, there was once a communion table which the Anglicans and Methodists found very acceptable.

CREOSOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS.

A simple and effective remedy for SORE THROATS AND COUGHS.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

"George, have you any influence with the election board?" "Perhaps."

TRIBUTE TO PRIEST.

Mr. O'Malley paid a support received by the

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Abbey's Salt

that "played-gish liver." Abbeys' diate relief, st gives new life cious remedy eating or drink particularly, sh 25 cts. A

News From

Police Take Peace and

A sequel to the riots, by which one m and others seriously the committal to pris ciple instigator, Geor declining to be on \$100 to keep the peace sent out of mischief for the Stipendiary Magis to treat him as a first manant. The police h against a Liverpool publishing advertisement to lead to a breach of connection with this gunda, but the paper updates the police acti tack on the liberty of contends that the poli inhibit the meeting, if t dangerous. That these tacks on the Church means at an end is sh sports which reached I day of riots in Ulster procession of the Anci Fibrians, was set up ber of roughs armed and sticks, who on l by the police comman boats on the river, and posse bank poured a stones upon their opp was answered at lengt of shot from the const twenty police and sever tacking party were i nothing daunted, the r then sacked and gutte warehouses. Truly, w talk of peace conferen troubled times, and i well for many so call states to put their ov order before attempt their voices heard— above the roar and din cities, where strikes, s discontent abound in and where march and fer a more terrible an menace to the peace of all the navies of the w.

LEAGUE STARTS C

The United Irish Lea tered on an open air London and generally o for the education of people in the adva would accrue to them grant an act of jus sister Isle, and giving, e have not hesitated to g enemies, the Boers, th govern their own hou Hazelton, M.P., who cial speaker on Clerke last Sunday, pointed o crowd of listeners cial aspect of the matte he said, "had at time one of the most e extravagant governm could be imagined; so r ded that while, forty y had contributed \$5,000 sum towards the Imp of the Army and Navy 'tution last year was 0 million. A change in s of Government would p and good will betwee ple and restore some prosperity to the Emer

SYSTEM UNCONST

But the largest meetin was that held at Borno all the various count League in South Lon with banners flying, "Southward of the Greo" "Northward of the Green" "Stewhark Park, wher and interested audien them. Among the spea veral Irish priests of the diocese and a numbe some of whom first sp and then in English. name put the resolution of the present sy democratic and unc and the pledge to vot Home Rulers at the ne before the meeting, w some five thousand, Sheen, in seconding it, with a message from th the North promising th port to their Irish Ca rna. Mr. Cullinan poin Home Rule stood in th coveted Anglo-America for when the English United States to pro were told, "Go home a Ireland." There is with America until Ire

TRIBUTE TO PRI

Mr. O'Malley paid a support received by the

WOMEN summer stores, ars, wear, ROS.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt... THAT FEELING OF Lassitude and general debility, that "played-out" feeling is the result of a sluggish liver.

News From Catholic England.

Police Take Timely Action--Breakers of the Peace are Peremptory Dealt With.

A sequel to the recent Liverpool riots, by which one man was killed and others seriously injured, was the committal to prison of the principal instigator, George Wise, who, declining to be bound over in £100 to keep the peace in future, was sent out of mischief for four months.

LEAGUE STARTS CAMPAIGN.

The United Irish League have entered on an open air campaign in London and generally over England for the education of the English people in the advantages which would accrue to them upon their grant of an act of justice to the sister Isle, and giving Erin, as they have not hesitated to give their old enemies, the Boers, the right to govern their own household.

SYSTEM UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

But the largest meeting of the day was that held at Bournemouth, where all the various contingents of the League in South London marched, with banners flying, and bands playing such stirring strains as the "Wearing of the Green" etc., to Southwark Park, where a large and interested audience awaited them.

TRIBUTE TO PRIESTS.

Mr. O'Malley paid a tribute to the support received by the Party from

witnesses than any amount of argument and controversy.

TYRRELL CONTROVERSY.

The Tyrrell correspondence in the "Times" has at last called forth a letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Westminster written on the eve of his departure for the Continent. After the leading article to which I referred a week or two since there was a lull and it seemed as though the Modernist party wished this to be regarded as the grand finale to their argument.

SHRINE VISITED.

A charming pilgrimage was that which took place yesterday under brilliant weather conditions to the ancient shrine of Our Lady which looks over the sea from the heights of Hastings Castle, surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery of England.

ANGLICANS AT VARIANCE.

Signs are not wanting that Father Robert Benson's thoughtful utterances concerning the disintegration of all faith in the Christian religion, outside the Catholic Church, will probably be verified. Things are at a queer pass in the Anglican Communion, where we have one Rector throwing up his living because he will not allow Roman ornaments such as a Cross upon his communion table, and the Church wardens decline to agree to its removal.

Echoes and Remarks.

The trouble with a Catholic society, at times, is that there are not enough Catholics in it.

Some of the Japs out in British Columbia do not want to work with white men, if you please. We can easily get along without them. Why don't they buy a ticket home?

The French Evangelization fraud seems as dead as an old turnip two months out in the sun and out of the earth. There ought to be a few "easy" people left to offer money to be squandered.

A great number of the patent medicines are guaranteed to effect cures, so they ought to be used to cure diseased locomotives and battered automobiles. At least, they cannot kill such patients, and that is an improvement on their work.

The U.S. battleship Maine is to be laid up in dry dock for \$500,000 repairs. A battleship wears about as well as a 90 cent parasol. Now that we are getting rich in Canada, we ought to build a navy. What is a little sum like \$500,000 going to look like when we may all see it spent?

No time was wasted in the trial of Harry Thaw's club-mate, Dhinaguri the Hindu, over in England. Being sane enough to commit a murder, he was judged sane enough to swing for it. Too bad he did not live in the United States, or even in some parts of Canada! Poor Dhinaguri!

As soon as some individuals become too intelligent to lead honest lives, they declare themselves Socialists. Any old loafer may join such a federation. All he has to do is to refuse to work, buy a dagger with old people's money, and wave a red handkerchief. Our friends the Jews are taking a lively interest in the new cult. It was plain from the beginning that the Socialists want money.

Even aside from the religious aspect, the American public high school is a failure. "Its best friends," says e. g. the New York Evening Post, "must censure its failure to give pupils the right attitude toward every-day life. The Students' Aid Committee of the New York High School Teachers' Association reports that too many of its applicants exhibit a pathetic lack of initiative, with an inability to carry out simple orders as to pens, paper, and pencils. Neutral schools will never make Christians."

"The welfare of the Catholic Church in any country" writes Rev. Henry Plater, S.J., in the course of his suggestive articles in the English Catholic Times, "depends very much in these days upon the condition of the Catholic press. Wherever the apostolate of the Catholic press is zealously and methodically taken up, Catholic life revives, Catholic institutions flourish, Catholic principles are held in honor, Catholic rights are defended. We have seen how Catholicism in France and Austria, which had become enfeebled and disorganized, is now recovering strength, because the Catholic press in these countries is at last being properly supported." We, here in Canada, can afford to be mindful of such things.

Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman, takes an especial interest in the joke-sects, as the following will show:

"There is a poor Methodist in Kansas City who finds the way to Heaven very narrow and difficult. When he joined the Methodist Church he insisted on being immersed, as he considered that the only valid form of baptism. The general practice of sprinkling among Methodists was a scandal in his eyes and he finally cast his spiritual fortunes with the Baptists. He was received by the pastor and expected no difficulty in obtaining the congregation's ratification. In this he was disappointed. By a majority of forty the brethren rejected him as unregenerate, and insisted on his being immersed again, this time by a Baptist minister. Poor Protestants trying to escape from the intelligent tutelage of the Church they were forced to submit to the ignorant tyranny of lay theologians and accept the teachings of shop-keepers

which might well be termed "Christian Anarchists." It certainly looks as if the English will have a few more ready-made religions to choose from directly--only to find that, like most ready-made articles, they don't quite fit!

PILGRIM.

To have the children sound and healthy is the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

IS YOUR HEALTH WORTH 2 CENTS?

We are not trying to sell you a patent medicine guaranteed to cure all imaginary ills; no one but a charlatan and fakir would make such a claim. Neither are we trying to get rich at your expense, as you will see.

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We guarantee, under forfeit of \$1,000 to any charitable institution, that none of our own principles, scientifically treated. We publish no fictitious testimonials from people, whose signature can be bought for a few dollars, and we give away no free trial bottles, but accept any of your money if we are not certain that our remedies can cure you.

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and stable boys as the final decision of high Heaven. Independent churches are about the most autocratic things on this earth."

A New Missionary Society.

Sketch of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

(Special Communication to True Witness.) Seven years ago, four earnest-minded young women of Montreal, animated with zeal for the salvation of souls, decided to devote their lives to the recruiting of missionary Sisters for foreign countries. They were convinced that in a country like Canada, where vocations are so numerous, and where the various activities of the Catholic Church are so fully responded to, many called to work in foreign lands went unheeded because there was no organization to cultivate them.

As is well known, the recruiting of missionary Sisters has been almost exclusively done in Ireland and France. The establishment of a new source of apostolic enterprise in our own country gave a providential aspect to this new Canadian work that could not escape the least observant.

The first home of the Missionary Sisters was a humble cottage at Cote des Neiges near Montreal. It was there that the four foundresses worked and prayed and awaited developments for over a year, under the wise direction of Father Bourassa, their spiritual advisor, whose untimely death was one of the trials of their early religious life.

Meanwhile the Archbishop of Montreal took a deep interest in this little band of women in whose vocation he had the fullest confidence. During a visit to Rome in 1904, His Grace submitted to the Holy Father the plan and the object of the new apostolic community. "Let the work go ahead," replied Pius X. "God will bless it. Call it the Society of the Immaculate Conception."

A proof that God is blessing this community is already evident. Poverty is the strongest pledge of His favor in works begun for His sake. He who feeds the sparrows and clothes the lilies wishes the generous foundresses of this apostolic work to know that He has their highest interests at heart.

Their poverty, however, does not prevent them from accepting zealous young women, who ask to be allowed to join them in their work. So rapid has their extension been, that larger quarters have had to be secured. Two years ago the community entered a new home at 314 St. Catherine Road, Outremont, a suburb of Montreal, and began in earnest the formation of subjects for missionary life--a work it is carrying on still, relying on Providence to supply its wants. Courage and humble confidence fill the hearts of all its members, now numbering twenty-five. Though hidden from the world and ignored by all but a few friends, they will soon send out the first detachment of workers for foreign fields.

Several Montreal ladies have formed an association of helpers, but their influence is limited by the fact that the aim of the Institute has not as yet been well understood. Many an application for alms, or for joining the association, is met with the chilling remark, "I would help the Sisters willingly if they were destined to work in our own country." Well-meaning wealthy Catholics have forgotten that our flourishing Canadian Church is the result of missionary efforts. We who live in the twentieth century are reaping the fruits of the labors of Fathers Brobeuf and Lalement, and women like Mary of the Incarnation and Madame de la Peltrie--who three hundred years ago came to New France, a land then steeped in paganism. There are many countries at the present day in conditions similar to those in which ours was in the seventeenth century. There are millions of souls in Asia and Africa waiting to be turned from the darkness of heathenism to the bright light of the Gospel.

The Institute is only in its infancy now, but later on, working in connection with the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, they hope to be able to found new establishments, notably in English dependencies, South Africa, Australia, and elsewhere. For this reason, English-speaking recruits will be particularly desirable, and will be given a sound practical education in all that pertains to missionary life.

A Modernist Questioned

Mr. Chesterton Discusses Two Well-Known Protestant Fictions.

Mr. Gilbert H. Chesterton writes a characteristic article in "Church Socialist" on "The Staleness of Modernism," in reply to an article of a certain Mr. Dell. "Why," asks he, "is Modernism so shallow and so stale? Why is it that Mr. Dell cannot become a new-fashioned Catholic without immediately becoming an old-fashioned Protestant? Why cannot he argue with the Pope without playing to the Popery gallery? Let him by all means be a Modernist Catholic; it is no affair of mine. But why should he use those very thoughtless and threadbare arguments which he must have seen through for instance a Catholic at all? For instance, he says that a man becoming a Catholic 'leaves his responsibility on the threshold,' and is converted to be saved the trouble of thinking."

Unless Modernism has some strange and softening influence on the brain, Mr. Dell must know better. He must know whether men like Newman and Brunetiere left off thinking when they joined the Roman Church. Moreover, because he is a man of lucid and active mind, he must know that the whole phrase about being saved the trouble of thinking is a boyish fallacy. Euclid does not save geometrical truths from the trouble of thinking when he insists on absolute definitions and unalterable axioms. On the contrary he gives them the great trouble of thinking logically. The dogma of the Church limits thought about as much as the dogma of the solar system limits physical science. It is not an arrest of thought, but a fertile basis and constant provocation of thought. But, of course, Mr. Dell really knows this as well as I do. He has merely fallen back (in that mixture of fatigue and hurry in which all fads are made) upon some journalistic phrases. He cannot really think that men join the most fighting army upon earth merely to find rest. It is on a par with the old Protestant fiction that monks decided to be ascetic because they wanted to be luxurious. I should keep out of a monastery from exactly the same motives that prevent me from going into the mountains to shoot bears. I am not active enough for a monastery."

And here is Mr. Chesterton's own manifold and serene confession of faith: "That the Catholic creed is committed to the three great rational and eternal roots of altruistic energy; and that none of the other creeds now disputing its throne are committed to them, while most are committed against them. The three eternal roots of altruistic energy are these: First, the principle of justice; that there is a moral law before which all men are equal, so that I ought to help my neighbor to his rights. Second, the principle of charity; that I owe infinite tenderness to any shape or kind of man, however unworthy or useless to the state. Third, the principle of love; that I can really decide to help my neighbor and am truly disgraced if I do not do so. To this may be added the idea of a definite judgment; that is, that the action will at some time terribly matter to the helper and the helped. The Church does not assert that she has got better people than are to be found elsewhere, but that such as she are, she has got them. I do not say that free-thinkers are bound to be anything. I do not say that the Catholic lamb of mercy is more white or woolly, or energetic than many evolutionist lambs; I say it is in the ark. And I say that the evolutionist lambs are being drowned visibly before my eyes. I am looking ahead; I am thinking of how all this chaotic morality will turn out. I know what is safe."

Mr. Chesterton's own manifold and serene confession of faith: "There's something has been trembling on my lips for the last two months. She--Yes, so I see. Why don't you shake it off?--Princeton Tiger.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



CONDUCTED BY AUNT BETTY

THE SLIPPERY PATH.

It ran for nearly half a mile along the east side of Grandfather Marta's hay field, and just inside his fence. Outside the fence the road had been graded, and was safe for all passers. It was four and a half feet wide, and had been left there purposely—a delightful slope with two thank-you-ma-ams in it—for the use of the village boys in winter. Grandfather Marta once in a while coasted with the boys on the Path, for he was only sixty, and a strong and vigorous man, and proud was the lad who carried him as a passenger on his sled to the foot of the slope.

"What d'ye waste that strip of ground that-a-way for?" asked old Mr. Landstreet one day.

Mr. Landstreet was 70, and the richest man in the township; and he said he was rich because he never wasted anything. "You might raise quite a bit of hay there," he continued.

"Yes, I might," returned Grandfather Marta quietly.

And from this conversation, which was overheard, the story quickly spread that Grandfather Marta was going to raise hay on the Slippery Path. Hard as flint was the Path, and brown the year round except when covered with ice and snow. The boys held a consultation over the news. They had been routed from other slides, but the Slippery Path had been theirs always. It was the first delightful resort most of them had learned about. If they were no more to go whizzing down the path to the little creek at the bottom, on the bank of which a buffer consisting of a strong piece of force cushioned with damaged hay had been set up for the safety of the young and weak ones who could not put on the brake of a vigorous heel to slow up as they neared the foot, why, here was a calamity indeed.

"I don't believe it," said Tom McTyer at last. "Why, Grandfather Marta has got sense, and he can't raise hay on the Path."

"He could if he had a mind to," said Sam Hilder. "There's mighty little Grandfather Marta can't do if he wants to. Why, he's the smartest man! Don't you remember how he can steer a sled? I just believe Mr. Landstreet will get him to do it."

He had hardly finished speaking when along came Grandfather Marta himself. "Well, boys," he said kindly, "do you want a job? I'm going to put in a plank crossing over the little creek so the run will be longer. If we get the crossing, we ought to be able to go several feet up the next hill."

Then there was joy on all faces. But just to make sure Tom McTyer asked: "Are you going to raise hay on the Path, Grandfather?"

"Not this year," laughed Grandfather.

The next day the crossing was begun. The little creek was quite narrow, and up at the top of the next hill Mr. Landstreet's land began. And when it began stood a lot of barns and sheds which crowned the hill and which housed grain and stock of great value.

"Of all the foolishness!" said old Mr. Landstreet when he saw the crossing. "Losing the use of a good strip of ground, and then throwing good money after bad by making a plank crossing over the creek! And all for a pack of heedless boys! I don't want any of 'em on my place."

Now people are quite apt to be thought of as they think of others. Mr. Landstreet did not want any boys on his place, and the boys could not have been hired to go there, for they looked upon him with full as much disfavor as he showed toward them. If they tied on behind his old covered buggy with their sleds, he cut behind with his whip. And even the dogs ran yelping from before him. Nobody knew what made him so cross, unless it was his prosperity. Old Billy Nickson said that was it. He said that must be it, because Mr. Landstreet didn't have anything but prosperity. And he said that Grandfather Marta was the proof of it. "For look at him," said old Billy. "He's got considerable, but for all that, he's had a powerful lot of bad luck, and it's sweetened him, that's what it has. He's got a friendly feeling for everybody, and it's just because he's had some bad luck himself."

And while some people believed this and some did not, old Mr. Landstreet went right on prospering. And he grew crosser than ever for there was now a dog on his place, and he hated dogs. The dog was not his, however. It belonged to Silas Mauk, his hired man. Silas was the best hired man Mr. Landstreet had ever hired. And Silas had a dog named "When the dog goes, I go." Therefore, the dog stayed, and was a continual aggravation to old Mr. Landstreet. He was not a pretty dog, and he had a way of planting all four feet and

stretching up his neck while he howled that almost drove Mr. Landstreet frantic. The dog's name was Tobe, and Tobe howled at anything out of the common. The distant ringing of church bells set him off, and the whistle of the passing trains—anything at all out of the common.

It was the day that Grandfather Marta and the boys put in the crossing that Mr. Landstreet hired Silas, and Silas and his dog Tobe took up their abode in one of the barn chambers at the top of the hill. The hired man always slept in one of the barn chambers, so that he could have a better oversight of the stock. As time went along, Mr. Landstreet ventured one day to suggest to Silas that it would be a good thing to chain up Tobe inside the barn of a night.

"No, sir," replied Silas. "That there is a free dog. And he shan't be degraded by having no rope nor chain fastened on to him. He likes to be out taking the air of nights, if he feels like it."

And because it was money in his pocket to keep Silas, Mr. Landstreet said no more.

The first of November came, and the boys watched the sky anxiously. They wanted a snowstorm, and a good one, so that they could try the new crossing. But for two weeks they watched in vain. Then one morning the snow began to sift down, at first slowly and in great flakes. It was heavy, wet snow, that packed well. On top of the snow came a little rain. Then it cleared off cold in the night, and the Slippery Path was a slippery path indeed. There had never been such coasting on it in the memory of the boys, and, to crown their good fortune, the night that it cleared off was a Friday night, and they had all day Saturday for their sport and all day Sunday evening, too.

Grandfather Marta seemed to have been renewing his youth, if the number of times he went down the Path over the crossing, and half way up the next hill was any evidence. And the boys felt that they could gladly follow him to the ends of the earth. They were to follow him sooner than they expected, but not to the ends of the earth. Only to the top of the next hill, and Mr. Landstreet's place.

It was half past eight that Saturday evening. The air was still and cold, and sound carried far. All the boys and Grandfather were at the top of the Path when Tobe, from the opposite hill, set up a most unearthly howl. A long howl it was, and a howl that seemed likely never to stop; and the boys laughed as they heard it. Tobe's howls always set them laughing.

But suddenly their laughter ceased. For as they looked across from the top of the Path to the top of the hill opposite, they saw, in the starlight, a tongue of flame shoot up. And then Grandfather took the lead and every boy followed him. Down the Slippery Path every sled flew, one behind the other, over the crossing and half way up the hill, and then, climbing as fast as they could, they hastened on, to the wailing of Tobe.

Silas was now aroused from his slow reading of the newspaper and looked out to see if Mr. Landstreet himself was coming. Presently he came, but nobody paid any attention to him. Silas looked like a man, and the boys obeyed Grandfather implicitly. And so not an animal was lost, although one of the barns burned.

When the fire was out, Grandfather and the boys went home, Tobe quieted down, and Mr. Landstreet returned to his house. Everybody supposed that he would be crosser than ever, and Silas looked for nothing but dismissal. But Mr. Landstreet had all day Sunday to think before he spoke; and, for the first time in his life, he envied Grandfather Marta. That squad of boys hanging on his every word and working like beavers to put out the fire, not because they liked Mr. Landstreet, but because they loved Grandfather, was an awakening to him. So it was that, on Monday morning, he said to Silas, "I understand that it was Tobe's howling that called the attention of the boys. Pretty good fire alarm, Tobe was." And he smiled.

"Yes," thought Silas, "he can smile. It's the insurance company that pays for the barn. He lost nothing."

But he did lose something. He lost a little of his selfishness. And every day thereafter he lost a little more, until, when spring came, he and the boys were friends.

And one day, when a neighboring farmer asked him what part of Grandfather Marta's farm produced the best crop, he answered, "The Slippery Path. Grandfather raises friends on that Path."

THE LITTLE KITTY.

I'm a rich little kitty
I live at my ease,
I eat when I'm hungry,

I sleep when I please,
Sometimes on the sofa,
Sometimes on the bed,
Right on the soft pillows
If nothing is said,
My mistress she loves me,
She says I'm so sweet,
Such a dear little dumpling,
I'm most fit to eat,
She hugs and kisses me,
Me right on my nose,
She says that my mouth
Is as pink as a rose.
She says that I'm pretty
With bright shining eyes
That sparkle at night
Like the stars in the skies,
She says that my paws
Are as soft as fine silk
And my breast is as white
As the purest of milk.
She says that I sing
Just as sweet as a bird,
That my sorrows are the sweetest
That ever were heard,
I love my dear mistress
So loving and kind,
And I know I could never
A better home find.
For I'm a rich little kitty
I live at my ease,
I go where I want to,
And do as I please.

HAZEL'S MISTAKE.

"Did you ever see such an ugly hat, or such an unbecoming one? I suppose it was made up in the country somewhere, and she doesn't know any better than to wear it." The warning came to late. The small ears under the hat which Hazel had criticised turned a pink that deepened slowly to crimson. Madge was distressed, and for a moment even Hazel felt a little ashamed of herself. Then she laughed. "What difference does it make?" she said, "we'll never see her again."

In that conjecture Hazel was right. The girl with the unbecoming hat changed cars at the junction, and they did not see her again. The probability is that their paths will never cross in the future, and if they did none of the girls would be likely to know it.

But that was not the end of the incident as far as Hazel was concerned. Two days later she went to call on Mary Stewart, a newcomer in the town, whose father had purchased one of the fine old residences of the place. In spite of her father's wealth and position, Mary was a sweet, unspoiled girl, and Hazel fell in love with her from the start. Mary was quite pleasantly impressed. "I believe I shall be good friends with her," she told her mother. "She's such a lady-like girl."

Mrs. Stewart was silent for a moment. Then she said, reluctantly: "I'm afraid you're mistaken, dear." Mary stared. "Why, didn't you like her, mamma? I don't see what there was in her manners you could object to."

"Nothing to-day, Mary. But, unfortunately, I sat behind her in the train the other afternoon when she commented on the appearance of a girl near her, in a tone that was perfectly audible. She seemed to think that because she was not likely to see the girl again it did not matter whether she hurt her feelings or not. A lady would not have felt that way."

Hazel never knew why her friendship with Mary Stewart made no progress. It was a pity she could not have realized that though she may part company with those we have treated unkindly or discourteously, we can never get away from the consequences of the act itself.

DONALD'S MISTAKE.

Donald and Duncan, the Peabody twins, were always together; they never wanted to be out of each other's sight for a minute. Mamma dressed them exactly alike, and scarcely anybody could tell them apart. Even nurse made funny mistakes sometimes. They were as straight and strong and bonny a pair of lads as one often sees, and when they were out for a walk people would say: "There are the prettiest Peabody twins!" But when they stopped to say good-morning, they had to greet them together as Donald and Duncan, for they never knew which was which.

The twins had a big heap of sand in the back yard, and they never tired of playing with it. Donald was making a cavern, and Duncan a big house by its side, when nurse came to take them for their afternoon nap.

Duncan was rather sleepy, and started readily enough, but Donald was anxious to perfect his work. It might cave in, and he begged to stay for a few minutes longer.

Duncan dropped to sleep at once, and nurse went downstairs. At the foot she met by Mrs. Peabody, who wanted her to go down to the store and match some lace, that the dressmaker might not be delayed.

"I will take Master Donald along with me," she said, and accordingly the little boy went off with his nurse to the big department store,

leaving Duncan alone on his pretty white bed upstairs.

"I wish Duncan could have come too," said Donald, for he began to feel lonely for the brother who was so constantly by his side.

"Never mind, we shan't be gone long."

Donald trotted happily on, still wishing, however, that Duncan's hand was in his.

At the big store they passed counter after counter, till they came to the place where laces were sold. Then nurse and the salesgirl were busy matching the bit of lace that mamma had sent, and Donald was left to himself. He strayed from nurse's side, and walked along toward a great stairway. Then he suddenly stood still and stared—there was a little boy that looked—yes, just like Duncan! It was Duncan! And he had stopped to stare at him!

With a glad cry Donald sprang forward, and with arms outstretched he ran to meet his twin. And then—thump went poor little Donald against a big plate-glass mirror. It was only himself he had seen after all!

The ladies clustered around him, and nurse hurried up, for the little boy was sobbing with both pain and humiliation. To think that he could have made such a mistake! The shoppers laughed; how could they help it? But Donald didn't feel a bit like laughing.

At home, of course, mamma asked how he had bumped his head, and nurse told the story. Then mamma and the dressmaker laughed, it was such a funny mistake, and Donald went up to bed feeling rather sorrowful. But Duncan woke up, and he had to be told. He looked at Donald, his eyes shining.

"Why—ee!" he cried, and then he laughed.

And, of course, it would never do to laugh when your twin laughed, so Donald laughed, too!—Emma C. Dowd.

BABY'S GREAT DANGER DURING HOT WEATHER.

More children die during the hot weather than at any other time of the year. Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum, and stomach troubles come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give prompt relief, the delay may prove fatal to the child. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are children during the hot weather months. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent deadly summer complaints, or cure them if they come unexpectedly. Mrs. O. Moreau, St. Tite, Que., says: "My baby suffered from a severe attack of cholera infantum, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared, and he regained health splendidly." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Great Irish Doctor.

Dr. John Knott has republished in pamphlet form an article he contributed to the Dublin Journal of Medical Science on "Bernard Connor, a forgotten Irish medical exile and scientific pioneer of the seventeenth century (1666-1698)." He was born in Kerry, and, being of the Popish religion, he was not educated regularly in the grammar schools and university of that island. Nevertheless he had all proper learning given him. At the age of twenty he passed through a brilliant medical curriculum at the University of Montpellier. Thence he went to Rheims, where he graduated as Doctor of Physic; thence to Paris, where he rapidly distinguished himself in the profession of his choice; thence, after a curvilinear course of travel and sojourn through Southern and Central Europe, to Warsaw, where his previous reputation and personal magnetism so strongly and favorably impressed John Sobieski.

Bernard Connor, in fact, travelled all over Europe, everywhere impressing the great scientists and philosophers of the capitals of the Continent with his marvellous genius. In the course of his wanderings he reached Warsaw, and became a great favorite with John Sobieski, the greatest King, perhaps, Poland ever had. He had engaged while on the continent on many large scientific enterprises. Finally, he reached London, and took his place on an easy equality with all the great thinkers of the day in that country. He died at thirty-two, after having done more as an inquirer and writer than men usually do at twice the age.

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PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

Letters patent have been issued, in accordance with the first part of "The Companies Act" (Chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906), dated the fifth day of August, 1909, under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, incorporating GREGOIRE MELOCHE, contractor, of the City of St. Louis; ALEXANDRE CLAVE, glass stainer; ALBERT VERMONET, glass stainer; HENRI PERDRIAU, journalist, all four of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, for the following purposes and objects, namely:

(a) To manufacture, sell and install altar materials, viae dolorosae, statues, and other devotional objects for religious buildings and devotional institutions;

(b) To manufacture, sell and set all kinds of glass required for any building, either public or private, civil or religious;

(c) To manufacture, sell and lay terrazzo mosaic required for any building, either public or private, civil or religious; art castings; to decorate delaware for the covering of any building, either public or private, civil or religious; mural decorations of all kinds;

(d) To manufacture and sell embroideries and imitation embroidery of all kinds;

(e) To manufacture and sell pictures on glass, advertising specialties of all kinds, statues, busts and all kinds of artistic and decorative specialties for either public or private, civil and religious, buildings, for streets, public parks or private gardens;

(f) To paint all kinds of buildings public or private, civil or religious;

(g) To manufacture, sculpture, and sell all kinds of monuments for various purposes, and more especially for cemeteries; To import everything of prime necessity to the company to carry out the hereinbefore recited objects, as well as all those things which the company may rent or sell in the ordinary course of business;

(h) To apply for, purchase, or otherwise acquire, use, sell and deal in patents of invention, rights, copyrights, trade marks, improvements, privileges of using certain machines, appliances, or processes relative to the art or business of the company; to issue in payment for such patents of invention and other rights, fully paid-up and non-assessable shares of the Company, or debentures or other securities, as may be deemed best in the interests of the Company;

(i) To build, construct, buy, operate and exploit all such workshops and manufactures which the Company may need for the purposes for which it is hereby incorporated;

(j) To buy, acquire, hold, transfer, and sell shares, stock, debentures and guarantees of any other partnership, company or corporation, whose objects are similar in whole or in part to those which this Company is hereby authorized to carry on, and to dispose of the same;

(k) To issue and give, as fully paid-up and non-assessable, shares of the capital stock of the Company hereby incorporated, in payment for all franchises, undertakings, property, rights, privileges, leases, hypothecs, patents, contracts, real property, stock, assets, and all other property, rights or things which this Company can acquire from any person, partnership, company or corporation;

(l) To consolidate with any other partnership or company having similar objects to those which this Company is hereby authorized to carry on;

(m) To remunerate all persons or companies for services rendered in the placing of capital stock of the Company or its debentures or other securities, or for the promotion of the Company or the exploitation of its industries, to pay for them in cash or in fully paid-up and non-assessable shares of the capital stock of the Company hereby incorporated;

(n) To do all things which the Company may deem useful, and which may increase the value of the holdings or property of the Company, and to do all things which may lead towards the accomplishment of the purposes or businesses which this company is hereby authorized to carry on.

The Company to carry on its business throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Compagnie d'Art et d'Industries" (Ltee), with a capital stock of FORTY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, divided into NINE HUNDRED shares of FIFTY DOLLARS each, and the principal place of business of the said Company will be in the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this fifth day of August, 1909.
(Signed) THOMAS MULVEY,
Under Secretary of State for Canada.
ANTONIO PERRAULT,
Attorney for the Petitioners.

Public notice is hereby given that, under the joint stock companies' incorporation act, supplementary letters patent have been issued under the great seal of the Province of Quebec, to the "Theford Asbestos Mining Company," dated 23rd and 28th day of June, 1909, by which the following additional powers are granted to wit:

To carry on the business of mining and manufacturing asbestos or any mineral in all its branches, and to purchase, hold, lease, acquire and sell mines, minerals and mining and other property rights, easements and privileges, and to mine, quarry, get, work, mill and prepare for sale any other mineral or metallic products and ores, and to manufacture and to smelt such ores and other metallic substances, and to trade in the products of such mines or manufactures, to purchase, acquire, hold, use, occupy, sell, convey, lease, exchange, hypothecate and otherwise deal in real estate, mills, machinery, vessels, vehicles propelled by steam, electricity or otherwise, and other property and to mine, smelt, dress, and in every way or process; to manufacture or any process; to manufacture or other products, and to do all necessary and proper works, and to erect and maintain all suitable furnaces, forges, mills, engines, houses and buildings, and if necessary to acquire any patent, privilege or by assignment, license or otherwise, the right to use any patent invention connected with the purpose aforesaid; and to construct and make, purchase, hold or lease, alter and maintain and operate any roads, ways, barges, vessels, or steamers for the transportation of goods, minerals or other property manufactured and unmanufactured, from and to the mines and works of the company, and from or to any other mines to any places of transshipment or elsewhere, and to do all other business necessarily and usually performed on the same, and to construct wharves, docks, and works and machinery in connection with the business of the company. To act as general storekeepers and provide board and lodging, clothing and provisions and generally all supplies, to those engaged in or about any of the company's works, and to contract for the providing of same. From time to time to apply for, purchase or acquire by assignment, transfer or otherwise and to exercise, carry out and enjoy any statute, ordinance, order, license, power, which any municipal or local, or any corporation or other public body may be empowered to enact, make or grant and to pay for aid in contributing towards carrying the same into effect, and to appropriate any of the company's stock, bonds and assets to defray the necessary costs, charges and expenses thereof. To carry on any other business, whether manufacturing or otherwise, but germane to the foregoing objects which may seem to the company capable of being conveniently carried on in connection with the business or objects of the company. To apply for, purchase or otherwise acquire any patents, brevets d'invention, licenses, leases concessions and the like conferring any exclusive or non-exclusive or limited rights to use or any secret or other information as to any invention which may seem capable of being used for any of the purposes of the company, or the acquisition of which may seem calculated to benefit this company, and to use, exercise, develop or grant licenses in respect of or otherwise turn to account the property, rights, interests to in formation, undertakings, assets or properties of any individuals, firms or corporations now carrying on a similar business incidental thereto, to pay for the same either wholly or partly in cash, or wholly or partly in bonds, or wholly or partly in stock of said company; to acquire and hold shares, bonds or other securities of or in any other company or corporation carrying on business similar to that which this company is authorized to carry on and while holding the same to exercise all the rights and powers of ownership thereof. To lease, sell, alienate or dispose of the property, assets or undertaking of the company or any part thereof; to give or grant in connection therewith options of purchase to any person or persons or other company for the working or development of the property of the company; to do any of the foregoing things upon such terms and conditions as may be deemed advisable, and particularly for shares, debentures or securities of any other company having objects similar to those of the company. To enter into any arrangement for sharing profits or union of interests, with any person or company carrying on or engaged in any business or transaction which this company is authorized to engage in or carry on, and to take or otherwise acquire shares and securities of any such company, and to sell, hold, re-issue with or without guarantee or otherwise deal in the same. To amalgamate with any other company having objects similar to those of this company. To do all such other things as are incidental or conducive to the attainment of the above objects and to carry on such operations through the Dominion of Canada, or any part of the said Dominion or elsewhere.

Dated from the office of the secretary of the Province of Quebec, this seventeenth day of July, 1909.

L. RODOLPHE ROY,
Provincial Secretary.

ROY & RAYMOND,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.



Selected Poems

Thompson

In our last book on some length of T. on Shelley, seeing appeal to Catholic appreciation of poet union of sanctity a better understanding whom the essayist d. power. We also re the general character poetry, there is a T. Shelley and Thompson brilliant passages in describes and explains not applicable to his own quality. Thompson's "Poems," "New Poems" and "Heaven"—and on the fame. Our remarks are based on a later lecture "Poems," ed. Maynard, and published Oates, price 5s.

Shelley is a poet who won a great meed from Thompson; T. poet for a poet, and in receiving judgment worthy poets, who do not define a true poet, however, it may be meant a professional words. Poeta nascitur member Keats' lines:

"I was taught in
To ease my breast

"So it is with every sense of the word. T. try was the 'sincere his life; now and the cal sufferings, though serve on this sad sul

Is all that any mortal of."

giving us occasional days and nights Thames and in the shing Cross, derelict an

"Forlorn and faint an I had endured through the right The bashless inquisi star."

But the life of his thought, that indeed every page, telling of his love, his anguish his hope and his lonel

"Therefore must my so be That my tone be Fresh with dewy pain

Every poet is a pro of himself—

"We speak a lesson ta not how, And what is it that The hearer better than knows."

And so it is; the through which we cat better and higher thing Thompson wrote—"The his box of toys"; it is also, but he is a little at play; Shelley was a sagan gods and godde the greatness and gran works. It is the ultra of their song that is di genius is alike. Shelle, chanted child, fulfilling description of what it child—"to know not a you are under sentence petition that it be com death"; too rude and reality broke such a Thompson, but in his thought is echoed and gladly to the time, wh

"We did then Divinely stand, not k against us Sentences had passed of mutation Petitioning into death."

He loved children and where of "the heart of divine for me," and in ful lines to his godchild young boy that when t dead—

"Look for me in the n Heaven."

After a rough and try London and Manchester retired (having shown

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ROY & RAYMOND,
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Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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Attorneys for Plaintiff.

THE BOOKLOVER'S CORNER

Selected Poems of Francis Thompson.

In our last book notes we spoke at some length of Thompson's essay on Shelley, seeing that it was an appeal to Catholics for a greater appreciation of poetry, for the reunion of sanctity and song, and a better understanding of Shelley, whom the essayist defends with fine power.

Shelley is a poet for a poet, and he won a great meed of appreciation from Thompson; Thompson is a poet for a poet, and he was happy in receiving judgment from contemporary poets, who recognized his worth at once.

"I was taught in Paradise To ease my breast of melodies." So it is with every poet in the true sense of the word. Thompson's poetry was the "sincere effluence" of his life; now and then of his physical sufferings, though he shows reserve on this sad subject.

"Therefore must my song-bower lone be That my tone be Fresh with dewy pain alway." Every poet is a prophet in spite of himself.

"We speak a lesson taught we know not how, And what is it that from us flows The hearer better than the utterer knows."

And so it is; they are media through which we catch glimpses of better and higher things. Of Shelley, Thompson wrote: "The universe is his box of toys"; it is Thompson's also, but he is a little Christian boy at play; Shelley was sporting with pagan gods and goddesses.

"We did then Divinely stand, not knowing yet against us Sentence had passed of life, nor commutation Petitioning into death."

He loved children and speaks somewhere of "the heart of childhood so divine for me," and in some beautiful lines to his godchild tells the young boy that when they both be dead—

"Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven."

After a rough and trying time in London and Manchester, Thompson retired (having shown his gifts as

In all his robes pontifical exult, Liffeth slowly, liffeth sweetly, From out its Orient tabernacle drawn, Yon orbéd sacrament confessed, Which sprinkles benediction from the dawn; And when the grave processions ceased, The earth with due illustrious into Blessed,—ere the frail fingers feath'ly, Of twilight, violet-cassock'd acolythe, His sacerdotal stoles unvest— Sets, for high close of the mysterious feast, The sun in august exposition meetly Within the flaming monstrance of the West."

Only a Catholic could have written that, and one who was conscious of the rich beauty of his religion.

Thompson's best piece is perhaps "The Hound of Heaven," pronounced by Coventry Patmore to be "one of the very few 'great' odes of which the language can boast." We have read it over and over again and ever with fresh delight. It describes the anguish and unsatisfied longings of a soul fleeing from the love of God. God is Love. It is the history of a soul which thought to find perfect joy with man, with Nature, but not with God. The soul failed in the attempt; whithersoever it turned, the presence of the omnipresent God was evidenced. In the end the soul sees the truth—

"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest, I am He, Whom thou seekest. Thou dravest love from Thee, who dravest Me!"

The rhythm is marvellously adapted to the thought, and as typical of the style of the piece, we quote the first verse.

"I fled Him down the nights and down the days; I fled Him down the arches of the years; I fled him down the labyrinthine ways Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears I hid from Him, and under running laughter, Up vistaed hopes I sped; And shot, precipitated Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fear"

From those strong feet that followed, followed after— But with unhurrying chase, And unperturbed pace, Deliberate speed, majestic instancy, They beat—and a Voice beat, More instant than the Feet "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

The poems "The Poppy," "The Making of Viola," "To Monica Thought Dying," "To my Godchild," "Sister Songs" and "Love in Dian's Lap" form Thompson's legacy to a London family (apparently that of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell) into which he was received. The conception in the first of these is characteristic:

"Summer set lips to earth's bosom bare, And left the flushed print of a poppy there; Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came, And the fanning wind puffed it to flapping flame."

We are given seven selections from "Sister Songs" of which perhaps "A Child's Kiss" is the best. "Love in Dian's Lap" includes a fine ode entitled "Her Portrait," in which the poet bewails the insufficiency of language in which to praise his "dear administratrix":

"Oh, but the heavenly grammar did I hold Of that high speech which angel's tongues turn gold So should her deathless beauty take no wrong Praised in her own great kindred's fit and cognate tongue, Or if that language yet with us abode Which Adam in the garden talked with God! But our untempered speech descends, poor heirs! Grimy and roughest still from Babylon's bricklayers."

"An Anthem of Earth" deals with the exalted theme of Life and Death. It is the picture of short-lived man—the "nos morituri," saluting the earth, our "Roma immortalis"; the picture of mysterious man, filled with ambitions, hopes and ceaseless longings—and yet at the end,

"successive unto nothing But patrimony of a little mould, And entail of four planks"

The earth gives us not the lijes, glory; "not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these," No; we are foisted off

"With hasty tarnished pieceage negligent, Snippets and waste From old ancestral wearings, That have seen sorer usage; remainder flesh After our father's surfeits; nay with chains Some of us, that if speech may have free leave, Our souls go out at elbows."

"What is this Man, thy darling kissed, and cuffed, Then lustingly engendered? To sweat, and make his brag, and rot, Crowned with all honor and all shamefulness!"

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Disappearing Difference. Mr. Birrell, in one of those phrases which cling to memory, defined the differences between the Protestant denominations and the Catholic church by saying "It is the Mass that makes the difference." Some of the Anglicans are doing all they can to make the difference disappear, and according to the latest evidence they are not content with imitating the Low Mass but go still further. In the "Ecclesiastical Intelligence" of the "Times" for Friday, July 16, we read "The Bishop of Chichester dedicated the chapel of the Convent of the Holy Cross, Hayward's Heath, yesterday, in the presence of a large gathering. At the dedication festival in the morning there was "Solemn High Mass" at which the Rev. A. H. C. Cooks, rector of St. Bartholomew, Brighton, preached." What about the twenty-nine articles, which assert that the Mass is a blasphemous fable? We think plain people will be puzzled to understand how members of a church which thus emphatically affirms its disbelief in the Mass can with any pretence to consistency entertain and show a belief in the Holy Sacrifice. It is manifest that their true home is not the Church of England which rejects the Mass, and in which hostility is expected by the mere mention of the name, but the Catholic church, which has always preserved it.—London Catholic Times.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS HAVING DESIGNS ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO LA PRESSE PUB. CO. PHOTO ENG. DEPT. EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS. Engravers to the TRUE WITNESS.

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EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS. CHOIR OF 16,000 SINGERS. Trades Guilds and Professional Men Form in Procession.

Interesting as a contrast to last year's barren demonstration in London, the account of the glorious procession of the Blessed Sacrament which ended the Eucharistic Congress in Cologne is also inspiring and edifying on its account. Nothing could add to the impressiveness of this simple and graphic description of the memorable spectacle by the correspondence of the London Catholic Times:

That Sunday afternoon Cologne was one vast sanctuary. The procession of the clergy, with the Legate bearing the Blessed Sacrament, was to leave the west doors of the cathedral at 3.30, but before 2 o'clock the various lay contingents were being marshalled. Each body of men had its own mustering place. The foreign contingents were marshalled in the streets around St. Ursula's Church under the direction of Mgr. Windthorst, a nephew of the famous Catholic statesman. At 3 the various organized bodies moved on to the line of route of the procession, forming up one behind the other, so that when the clergy began to come out of the Cathedral there were already nearly two miles of men marshalled eight deep along the streets from the centre of the city to the broad lines of the outer boulevards. Then the signal was given for all to move forward.

WONDERFUL SCENE.

I had gone over and studied the line of route in the morning. As the march began I went forward and joined one of the leading German sections, afterwards standing aside to see the whole procession pass by. Frankly I almost despair of being able to give any adequate impression of the wonderful scene. First came the cross, and then the first part of the procession was formed of a great column of 50,000 German working men, and young men's associations, and organizations representing trades and professions. The largest contingent in this army of processioneers was that from Essen, the great gun, armor and machinery works of Krupp. There were no less than 10,000 ironworkers led by their engineers and foremen from the workshops, and displaying a long array of banners. Splendid men they were, some of them giants of strength. They had their rosaries and hymn-books. Now they all sang together. Now they said the rosary. I wish some of those who say devotion is only a thing for women could have seen this march of the strong men who forge the weapons of the German Empire. Then there were a thousand miners from Westphalia. There were contingents of every trade. The banners they carried showed religious emblems, St. Joseph with his tools, Our Lady, or some patron saint, or again the Sacred Heart or the Cross—and there was an inscription telling us what town or district had sent its trade guild. Nor were the workmen only. One society I noticed was that of the merchants of Cologne. There were bankers and railway directors there, walking shoulder to shoulder with shopkeepers. Here and there was a band of music, or a church choir singing as they marched.

STREETS LIKE SANCTUARY AISLES.

Overhead flags fluttered. The houses on each side, the banks and business establishments, were all decorated with green garlands and bright tapestry. The roadway was strewn with leaves. In many windows candles burned round a crucifix or a Madonna. Window and balcony were crowded with ladies. No women but the nuns were in the procession. Numerous as the processioneers were, only a small number of the men in Cologne could find a place in the long column. But those who could not march lined the streets in dense crowds. And what crowds there were! The few tourists and mere curious visitors were unnoticed in the vast throng. There were very few policemen—perhaps one every fifty yards. But the police had nothing to do. The people themselves kept order. For the moment the streets were like the aisles of some great sanctuary. Women and children, and old people were given the front places. The men stood behind them. There was no pushing, no sign of the mere sight-seeing, holiday-making spirit. In many places as they waited the people said the rosary. The men stood bare-headed for hours in the sun, even before the Blessed Sacrament was within a mile of them. Our Lord was not yet passing, but this was His mighty escort marching by, and they paid honor to Him by respect for it. As the processioneers passed the crowd joined in the hymns or answered the Rosary.

Often the front rank of the crowd was a line of white-dressed school girls. They held up garlands of flowers, or bunches of white lilies and red gladioli. Sometimes they bore the emblems of the Blessed Sacrament: a eucharistic wafer, the Lamb, the Pelican, or models of the instruments of the Passion. Some had flowers ready to strew before the canopy. At the street corners there were boys with lights. Before St. Michael's Church acolytes waited with incense burning in shrouds. Before the Church of the Sacred Heart a beautiful statue of Our Lord stood on an improvised altar. Along the house fronts from the boulevard to the Church of St. Maurice the verses of the Te Deum were inscribed. At the church Children of Mary were grouped at the open door, and looking in, one saw the altar lighted up. Beyond the church to the Neumarkt Square, and on the houses round it, tablets displayed the verses of the Lauda Sion. As the head of the procession approached each church its bells pealed out a welcome.

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1600 VOICES.

After the workmen's societies were tens of thousands more. There were the national delegations—French, Italians, Spaniards, Dutch, Belgians, English, Irish, Switzers, Poles. These Polish delegations were a picturesque feature in the long array. It seemed as if every Polish city had sent its banner. The standard bearers wore the national headdress with varying colors for each district and a broad colored sash. Being in a kind of official uniform, the headdress was worn in the procession. Each banner had its 1611-formed escort of swordsmen with weapons drawn. Another uniformed army was that of the German veterans, and a rifle club who carried their shouldered rifles. Then there were the students' corps of the universities in quaint costumes, a blaze of color. Next we saw the habits of the religious orders of men, and more than a thousand nuns. Then the clergy in their surplices, parish priests in copes, professors in their robes. The Chapter of Aix-la-Chapelle were there, led by their Provost; the Canons of many German cathedrals; the Chapter of Cologne. Then there was the great choir of 1600 singers, and the sixty bishops in cope and mitre, bearing their croziers. Then acolytes bore silver vases filled with flowers, and candles burning in huge gilded lanterns, and then came the Chamberlains of the Papal Court in their crimson uniforms, and the great canopy escorted by the Knights of St. John, with bright swords at the slope, and under it the Papal Legate carrying the monstrance, and accompanied by Cardinals Fischer, Ferrari and Mercier. Few in the dense crowd could kneel, but every head was bowed in solemn silence as the Legate went up to the great Altar of Repose, before which some 3,000 clergy, acolytes and singers were grouped.

FIVE HOURS TO PASS.

From first to last the procession had been nearly five hours on the way when at last the Legate placed the Blessed Sacrament on the throne of the altar erected before the great door of the Cathedral. On either side were grouped hundreds of lappets, by children who had made their First Communion; this year. Behind them the massed banners of the processioneers formed a wall of color. The two spires soaring up to a height of 500 feet into the sunlight formed a gigantic proscenium for the altar. The great open spaces around, and all the converging streets, were crowded. It must have been a congregation of 200,000. Again the Tantum Ergo was sung, and the hymn was taken up far away through street and square. Then came the solemn hush as the Legate, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, passed into the Cathedral where the Benediction was given once more, the crowds began to disperse in perfect order. There was no sight or sound to mar the effect of the wonderful scene.

Sermon in Irish.

Telling Feature at Congress in Germany.

One of the features of the recent Eucharistic Congress held at Cologne, Germany, was a special service and an Irish sermon in St. Martin's Church. As far back as the year 690 Columbanus, whose name Latinized is Telmo, an Irish monk, founded the Irish abbey of St. Martin at Cologne. One of his Irish disciples was the great St. Wiro. It adopted the Benedictine rule in 975, when Warinus, Archbishop of Cologne, appointed an Irish monk, Mimborinus, as Abbot, whose successor, St. Helias (1015-1042), was a native of Monaghan, Ireland. Donnachadh, Abbot of Dunshaghlin, Ireland, died as a pilgrim at St. Martin's, 1097 as also did Bran, King of Leinster, Ireland, in 1052. St. Helias was the first to introduce the Roman chant at Cologne, and to him was dedicated the famous book on the Laws of Symphoy and Torze by Berno of Reichenau. Arnold, the last Irish Abbot, died in 1103; but the Abbey of St. Martin flourished until the French Revolution, when it was seized and converted into a parish church, in July 1803.

AVOIDING TEMPTATION.

Tommy—Me, I met the minister on my way to Sunday school, and he asked me if I ever went fishing on Sunday. Mater—And what did you say, darling? Tommy—I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan,' and ran right away from him.—Judge.

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Tenth Week at Catholic Summer School.

Though but one week remains of the session, the beautiful weather and the social activities have kept the crowd pretty well up to the end. The fine lecture schedule which has been of a very superior type, has maintained its high standard to the very end. Coming as they have from two of the leading active figures in the charity field in this country, the morning lectures this week on "Causes of Dependency in large cities," by the Rt. Rev. Mgr. D. J. McMahon, D.D., President of the Summer School and General Supervisor of Catholic Charities for the Archdiocese of New York, and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. William J. White, Supervisor of Catholic Charities for the Diocese of Brooklyn, had been of special interest. By reason of it being one of the most stubborn social problems to solve, and by reason of the vital interest on the part of the Catholic Church to meet the needs of the hour, the authoritative source and the lucid exposition of the question have really been 5 more than current significance. Mgr. McMahon, as head of the Catholic charities of New York, spoke with appropriateness and from a mastery of the details of the field of work of the extent and meaning of dependency. The Rev. Mgr. White spoke of "Preventive Remedies" and "Social Reform."

The evening sessions of this week have been given over to song recitals by Mrs. Katherine McGuckin-Leigo of Philadelphia, an old favorite at the summer colony, who again brought delight to the friends and patrons of the school. Sunday is ever quite the pleasantest day of the week. The religious or spiritual side of life here, which is the element for which the summer school movement really stands, is emphasized in its happiest fashion on Sunday. The usual solemn high Mass was dispensed with this week, the ten-thirty Mass being said by Rev. John Byrnes, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. The sermon at the last Mass was delivered by Mgr. McMahon, who spoke with much force and feeling of the true essence of charity and its vital import to all Catholics.

The Sunday evening family gathering was well attended and the programme was most entertaining. Rev. Thomas, C.S.P., chairman of the Board of Studies, in his happiest vein, acted as chairman of the evening and introduced the first speaker of the evening, Prof. Arthur Remy of Columbia University, who spoke facetiously of "Impressions and expressions". Miss Rosemary Rogers of Brooklyn was cordially received by her many friends in two vocal selections, as was Miss Jennie Kerr, whose beautiful soprano voice was heard in all its sweetness in the grand concert a week ago. Mr. John G. Coyle, of New York, the lecturer of the past week, concluded the speaking portion of the programme with a most eloquent tribute to the Catholic Church. The Summer School movement, and those who by their unflinching labors had made such an institution possible. The concluding number on the programme was a baritone solo by Mr. Leigo of Philadelphia.

In the social line this week has been quite a busy week. The old familiar barn dance at the club on Monday evening was a great success. The musical and vaudeville show in the Auditorium Saturday evening was the revival of an old custom at Cliff Haven of using the fine talent for an evening of amusement and the success of the entertainment gives assurance of the wisdom of return to such. The Camp boys occupied the boards with a minstrel setting for the opening numbers, and the campers really did justice to black-faced art. Mr. John Egan acted as interlocutor and added much to the merriment of the minstrels. The "Nifty Newport Girls and Boys" sketch by a sextette under the direction of Mr. Walter Atkinson was one of the cleverest stunts seen in a long time at Cliff Haven. The sextette was composed of Miss Eugenia Bannin, Miss Mary Davin, Miss Jane Davin, Mr. Walter Atkinson, Mr. Harold J. Carlton and Mr. Edward Davin. The "Yarns, Mama Dance" by the little Misses Regina and Margaret Haslam was most delightful and graceful. The Gavotte under the direction of Miss Mollie Geary was a most charming dance executed with exceeding nicety by Misses Helen Gillespie, Dorothy Page, Nina O'Reilly, Dorothy Mosher, Marie O'Dougherty and Charlotte Nolan. Mr. Ben Franklin, of the Troy Vocal Society, and an old favorite of the Summer School, was in splendid voice and gave a fine programme.

The entertainment was to have been in the hands of Prof. Goulet, but owing to some unforeseen accident, that gentleman and those expected to accompany him were prevented from doing so; the concert was therefore of an entirely impromptu nature, and proverbially a sailors' concert in every sense of the word. The chair was occupied by Dr. Atherton, and a grand and varied program was done full justice to. In this connection mention is due to Messrs. Tully, Laurie, Ryan, Watson, Williams, Wilson, Smith and Daily. On the whole, the evening was an ideal one, and does very great credit to the sailors, showing clearly the amount of talent that lies dormant in their ranks, only awaiting the moment to show itself to thorough advantage.

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LOCAL AND DIOCESAN.

ST. ALOYSIUS CHURCH OPENING.—The opening of the new church of St. Aloysius will take place on Sunday next. The first Mass will be celebrated at 8 o'clock, the second at 10 o'clock, at which latter the sermon will be preached by Rev. J. P. Kiernan, pastor of St. Michaels. On Wednesday, the 8th inst., there will be an entertainment given under the auspices of the young ladies of the parish.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.—Our friends the Catholic sailors were, as usual, favored with a well

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The favorites are those of Black Vicuna and Oxfords Grey Cheviot Cloth. The full silk facing, careful cut and workmanship stamp them as garments of the first class. You can save dollars on your fall coat, by seeing those at \$10.95 and \$15.00.

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Vol. LIX., No. PROSTITUTION OF F... MODERN CRAZE Moral Enthusiasm and Alone Bring A striking article in Bookman on "The Religion" by A. A. I... as a good deal of C... as well as sane philoso... "The cure of disease... ing of nerves are goo... they may be bought... price, one would rath... lid than a paranoiac... CURED BY "SUG... The actual religious... ing the body by treat... is not always clear... win, "and in many i... health of the body i... means that degrade r... point of prostitution... write most scientific... ing an explanation of... of mental healing of... results are secured b... termed "suggestion,"... seem to mean that an... exclusive possession o... execute itself by contr... functions that are ord... tary... The point th... stressed is that sugge... the subconscious self i... rily a religious proces... supposing it to be suc... real harm to true relig... "That there are a la... cases in which genuin... has been the chief ins... curing the desired res... health must be recogn... have overcome our see... regarding the possibility... and are convinced of... do frankly recognize th... come to recognize th... and joyfully... VIRTUE OF P... Here Mr. Irwin expr... Catholic idea in expl... the good, the virtue o... "Those sentimental a... persons who think th... pain and secure comfo... the aching brow and c... or terrified soul... beautiful and virtuous... suppose that if religio... whatever it is in acco... such works of mercy... need of vigorous pr... such a misconception... We are told that the r... earliest races was litt... a vaguely expressed de... crease of the food sup... faith-cure is the highes... religious experience, w... removed from our salva... "The trouble is that... pride ourselves upon r... superlative value of th... attempt to use it to se... of the flesh; we act... because we find it act... ate, and we believe i... cause it is 'good for th... call God our Heavenly... we treat Him as thoug... jinnec, and we imagin... we believe that He can... things for us we real... Him. Prayer has cease... ship and exhausts itse... tion. This is the p... of religion, and... so that neurotic patient... ed the price is too ge... IS PAIN AN E... "The chief cause of th... prostitution of the spiri... but commonly received... pain is an evil. As a... we are not greatly con... our health, not even th... body, but we do w... free from pain. The... should be long and fu... works is not our ambit... they should be both c... comfortable while they... very desirable; we care... justice if only we car... ing: dread of punishme... more than the fear o... Faith is looked upon... inhibiting power, whic... the operation of the l... and effect and make i... us to sow tares and re... and we think religio... because it makes us... consequences... "All this is not relig... caricature, and decay o... at its heart. We must... lovers of ease and bec... righteousness. We mus... so far from being an e... ten most beneficent, th... sign of the disorder th... evil and also a sign of... that Nature makes to... self. It is an indictio... flict and a call to effo... est amount of physio... comes, not at the po... but before hope has bee... and while there is still... recovery. If we deny o... we encourage disease... —or if we take such me...

