THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE



'Concerning the higher education

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ONE REASON FOR FAMILY QUARREL.

There is a certain foolish saying that sums it all up-"Love me, love

that sums it all up—"Love me, love my dog." "You love me! you are mine! Then you will think my thoughts, love my loves, desire my desires—you will be one with me. No? You can't? You don't agree with me about our grandfuther's will? about impressionist pictures? a about the best methods of making braad? the state of the weather? the way I wear my hair? Good theavens! do you call that love? You must agree with me; you shall!" Clash! clamor! struggle! Misery; bitterness—ourtrooms, even. And undermeath, Love.—Margaret Deland. To CLEAN WHITE STRAW HATS

bitterness-courtrooms, even. And underneath, Love.-Margaret Deland.

moderneath, Love-Margaret Deland,
 Mutsing Anecton Teland,
 AMUSING ANECDOTES OF FAM.
 Sara K. Wiley, a girl friend of the out of the part of the transk Stockton, has contributed to the Ladies' Home Journal some very interesting and emimently character. Failing care that all bits of lemon and sulphur over the straw, rub well in over, alas, forever to be unraveled mbout "The Lady or the Tiger?" Miss Wiley has this to say:
 "Them at told me about the thousands of lices a tiger." "What did you do.'
 "T refused them both."
 "Touged intensely to asky the fateful question, hesitated and sought a womanly compromise. "Do-you-do you-know yoursel?"
 "My dear,' he said gravely, 'it with your character. Each on

womanly compromise. Do-you-do you-kaow yourself?' '' 'My dear,' he said gravely, 'it rests with your character. Each one must decide it for himself. If you yourself feel that the tiger came out of that door, then for you he did to than They think they should give friend hard service as they wou

yourself leef that door, then for you he did come out." "We did not expect that this would be tested the next day. The lædy at whose cabin Mr. Stockton was vi-siting gave for him an afternoon tea. The room was crowded with guests when a youthful and eccentric artist burst suddenly in, with long bair flying wildly, and, blocking Mr. Stockton's slight figure into a cor-mer by his burly form, cried aloud: "Now, I am a bigger man than you are! You've got to tell me hady or the tiger!" "It was rather an embarrassing moment, for the onslaught was al-most rude. Slowly Mr. Stockton raised his quick eyes to the heated neaded in guite eyes to the heated most rude. Slowly Mr. Stockton raised his quick eyes to the heated neaded in guite eyes to the heated raised his quick eyes to the heated neaded in guite eyes to the heated neaded in guite eyes to the heated neaded is quick eyes to the heated neaded is quick eyes to the heated not t rut A wise woman once wrote the fol-lowing rules for frierds: Give your intimates the same po-lite treatment you give your ac-

most rude. Slowly Mr. Stockton raised his quiet eyes to the heated face, and, gently shaking bis head, eaid very pityingly: "'You're too young to know,' "The artist disappeared, overcome amid roars of laughter."

LEO XIII.'S HANDKERCHIEFS.

There is such a diversity of opi-nion upon the advisability of higher education of women that our readers will be interested to know the view of Msgr. Falconio, the Apostolic De-legate to the United States, upon this mooted question. Recently this distinguished prelate attended the commencement exercises of Mt. St. Agnes College, Baltimore, and dur-ing the course of an address spoke as follows: "Concerning the higher education

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A LEMON FOR THE VISITOR. Important Visitor (after describin the great advantages now er by children)—I wish I were children at school. (Pause; ingratiatingly): Why do I this 2 you then wish this ?

b) in-| this ? so-| Boy—Please, sir. 'cos you've for-need got all you ever knowd!—Punch. af wo-| GOOD FRIDAY.

"Now, boys," asked the teacher, "can any of you tell me something about Good Friday?" "Yes, ma'am. He was the feller that done the housework for Robin-TO CLEAN WHITE STRAW HATS. son Crusoe.'

-- -- --HAD HER SIZED UP.





THE MOST DELICIOUS OF SUMMER DRINKS. BREW IT THE SAME AS IF YOU WERE GOING TO SERVE HOT TEA, THEN POUR IT OFF THE LEAVES INTO A PITCHER AND PLACE ON THE ICE. WHEN QUITE COLD SERVE WITH A SLICE OF LEMON(DO NOT USE MILK) AND ADD SUGAR ACCORDING TO TASTE. THE MOST REFRESHING AND WHOLESOME SUMMER BEVERAGE KNOWN

pupils, she took the class in hand to question them. "Children, which is the greatest of all virtues?" No one answered. "Think a little What is it I am	Rome Liberals W By Illegal T
doing when I give up my time and, pleasure to come down among you for your moral good?" A grimy fist went up. "Well, what am I doing, little boy?" "Buttin' in!" ** ** ** "The man of the house," said the man at the door who was taking mames for the city directory. "is a	A cablegram from Rom The results of the municipa in Rome are profoundly and may prove to be the of a new departure in It litics. The elections have triumph for the popular Li- ty. As a rule the municipa.
blacksmith, I believe?" "Yes," replied the young woman with the prominent pompadour; "but Papaw is quite wealthy now, go please make it "blacksmytha,""	several parties. Heretofor servative and Catholic ele



A peace for the restless heart.

There's a somewhere, I trust, with a cushion of dreams, Maybe, with the sleeping dead, A place where the wing of an angel It is nature's specific for Diarrhoed Bysentery, Cramps, Colic, Pain in the

gleams Aslant on the weary head. mach, Cholera Morbus, Cholera In fantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Com

There's a somewhere, I dream, with a crystal well, And a dew for the lips that crave; But who in this dreary old world can tell If it's here or beyond the grave?

It has been a household remedy for WHATEVER IS, IS BEST. Refuse substitutes. They are danger-

I know as my life grows older, And mine eyes have clearer sight, That under each rank wrong some-where There lies the root of right; That each sorrow has its purpose, By the sorrowing oft unguessed; But as sure as the sun brings morn-inc. writes : "I find it much pleasure to ecommend Dr. Fowler's EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY as a grand cure for Summer Complaint. My little boy, one ing, Whatever is is best.

I know that each sinful action, As sure as the night brings shadt Is somewhere, some time punished Though the hour be long delayed. I know that the soul is aided Sometimes by the heart's unrest And to grow means often to suffer-But whetever is is best. other six children for cramps and still

But whatever is, is best. An Eye For Business.

SUMMER COMPLAINT AND CRAMPS

EXTRACT OF

WILD STRAWBERRY

Rapid and reliable in its action.

leasant and harmless to take.

ixty-two years.

it too much."

A

Its effects are marvellous, and it is

Mrs. Wm. Flewelling, Arthur, Ont.,

year old, was very bad with it, and a few

doses cured him. I also used it on my

have half the bottle left. I cannot praise

know there are no error I know there are no errors In the great sternal plan,. And all things work together For the final good of man, And I know when my soul spee onward In its grand sternal quest, I shall say, as I look back ear A Massachusetts man recently came to grief in a horse transaction at Westlield in that state. A day or so after his purchase he sought out the man who had "done" him, and, in a tone of mingled anger and reproach, demanded what the owner had meant by telling him that the horse was "without a fault." "This morning I discovered that the beast is billed in one eye," pro-tested the purchaser. "You weren't telling me the truth, you know!" "Aw, gwan!" came from the hard-emed dealer. "That ain't his fault; that's his misfortune!" Massachusetts man recently

back earth

ward Whatever is, is best.

NATURE'S SOFTENING TOUCHES Yet still the wilding flower would

blow, The golden leaves would fall, The seasons, come, the seasons go, And God be good to all. The

Above the graves the blackberry

hung In bloom and green its wreath, And harebells swung as if they ru The chimes of peace beneath.

The beauty Nature loves to share, The gifts sin bath for all. The common light, the common air, O'ercrop the graveyard's wall.

It knew the glow of eventide, The sunrise and the moon,

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> How did they become Catholics? Some twenty-five years ago a man named Monk received a package around which was wrapped a copy of a New York daily paper. In this paper was an article by Archbishop McCloskey on "The Authority and Infallibility of the Church." Dr. Monk read the article and became so impressed by it that he wanted the



LITTLE CHILD

THURSDAY, JULY

BY

Little childheart, hi hittle form of airy Little lips of love ' where the elf-smiles chases Little wonder of the n treasure of the nigh When the stars are in and your eyes are

Little childheart, un take my hand and

take my hand and trust Lead me down the lau from the tumult and Light and lead, O littl all the avenues of co With the glory of love's

By the Author of "Doll

CHAPTER VI.-Co

CHAPTER VI.-Co "That's tellin'-young have their secrets same folks," observed the bo ""Twas Miss Ellie's h "Oh! Mrs. Marjory, w guesser you be," return cally; "a young lady's i stable! ho-ho-ho!" It grated upon the ea three brothers to hear and yet it somehow thr off the keen edge of hea "Are you telling me the

"Are you telling me the

you say you don't know children are?" she quest

children are?" she quest three boys. "Yes, Marjory, the sob "Do ye think I'd laugh 'em up in a lie, and a li a-hidin' trouble?" put in Dr. Wenley was coming back door; he had return jaded. He was having a with many patients on and now here was this f ble.

HER

Secure on God's all-tender heart Aike rest great and small; Why fear to lose our little part, When he is pledged for all? Little childheart, litt little dancer in the All the oldheart turn -for the dear delight All the marvel and the the wonder and the of the world of heave drift around you in

O fearful heart and troubled brain! Takie hope and strength from this-That nature never hints in vain, Ner prophesies amiss.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1907;

Her wild birds sing the same sweet

stave. Her lights and airs are given. Alike to playground and the gr And over both is heaven. —John G. Whittier. grave:

MY SHEEP.

I tended my sheep with love

(The sheep to my heart so dear); (The sheep to my heart so dear); I led them daily to herbage sweet Adown by the waters elear. As birds at home in a warm, soft

nest, My sheep safeguarded in fold were blest.

warned them oft of the ills beyond The bedge of the snow-white

thorn; thorn; Of ravening wolves that lie in wait For sheep and the lambs new born. Of evil spirits that lurk unseen Within the depths of the forest

Alas! in the Spring when the thorn

Atlast in the Spring when the thor was white, Life parted my sheep and me. I called in haste but they woul not hear, I wept till I could not see. Then up on Calvary's Hill I trod, To leave my flock in the hands of God.

I pray, I pray; while the sun rides high; I pray when the winds fierce blow. Oh! Mother Mary, thy Mother's

heart Hath sounded the depths of wee, Be kind and good to my poor lost

sheep--The road is long and the hills 80

My skies are dark, but my sheep

with a second se

low). Ah! what if the desert must leave its

If out in the desert my sheep find

grace.

Beyond the Alps.

Well boys, what tidin, guired, as Marjory went "They're not found, is mainstord is gone our to look for them," said." "Is that all you know said his father, laying hi his shoulder.
"Well, no, father, it is "truned he candidy. "W Ellie's bonnet, and old G is missing, 'tis said."—and Jimny Green's story.
Down to the shore went tor, the boys with him, to under the starlight, to to and fro, and anon the wept over, the rain came torents, and far, far into the boat returned from ij errand: the children were A sorrownil task now lay Mr. Rainsford, to go home the sad news to his wife the sad news to his ming." "Were the children were a sorrownil task. May were scattered here and t ig and waiting—for the ti-the children were missing "Aye, many seekers were shore, and found nothing-ing—of the missing ones. : the uncertainty lasted the "Pe. Mrs. and Mr. Rain the fall gone to Harboury to to ports and senside place be a vessel had picked the prome them on there. Bu came no good tidings of the Kr. Rainsford sped hither ther to make personal inqui still the mystery continued was known of them. The diversion of them. The third day came to do Grant's boat was cas to much as it to crush out s to do Grant's boat was cas to much and the poor batty out of Grant's boat was cas to much and the poor batty to be a set to crush out s to do dram's boat was cas the third day came the sourd them.



Lieb XIII.'S HANDKERCHIEFS. Many people have read of the beau-tiful layette presented by Pope Pius X to his godson, the Prince of the Asturias, but the historical interest attaching to part of it is not gener-ally known. When giving the order ally known. When giving the order all known. When giving the order all known. When giving the order all known. When giving the order attaching to part of it is not gener-ally known. When giving the order attaching the source of weats order be done in connection with it with some exquisited Pope Leo XIII. and which had, in the course of events order into the possession of his successor. Accordingly, after consultation in the proper quarters, these handler-chiefs werg fashiomed into some of the dainty little gaments that help-ed to swell the ittle one's wardrobe and so during the property of the group and good Pope who twenty-one years ago assumed the duties of godinather to the royal infant's own

Don't try to be included in every-thing. Don't always say that you have something like it when she shows you some new possession. Don't interfere with the manage-ment of servants or children. Don't keep your friends waiting. Don't fail them in times of trou-ble. ble. Learn to overlook little things and don't be exacting. Help in whatever way you can. Do not try to outdo your friend. Be content to share attention or admiration. Don't preach.

** ** ** WOMEN'S FRIENDSHIPS. Some people only have themselves o thank that they do not possess

Don't use your friend's house as

you would a restaurant. Don't rush in at all hours. Don't tell your troubles. Don't fied fault. Be liberal with your words

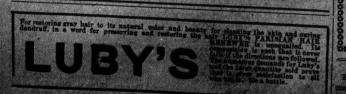
Don't accept favors you can't won't return. Don't try to be included in every-

quaintances.

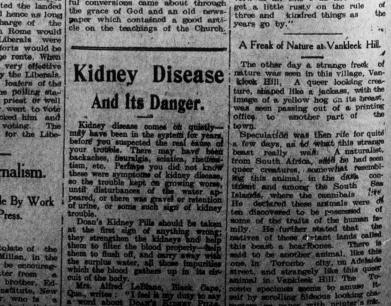
admiration. Don't preach. Don't talk about yourself. Now, it really would seem in view of all these rules that there is more in friendship than most women think.

GLOVE HANDKERCHIEFS.

a in GLOVE HANDKENCHTERS. The glove handkerthiefs are very see of theips mail and are edged with lace. They are tiny enough to tuck in the glove and are most alaborate in de-glove and are most alaborate in de-sign. A bride withose panchant is pretty handkerchiefs has nearly one hundred, all worked in various ways. the wenty-and cotton. And they are in all colors and in many kinds of stripes and plaids. They are in three sizes.







Kidney disease comes on quistly-may have been in the system for years before you suspected the real same of your trouble. There may have been backaches, fisuralise, selatics, the ma-tion, etc. Perfasse you did not know these were symptome of kidney disease, so the trouble kept on growing wome, being or there was grave or retenition of urine, or some such sign of kidney trouble. Dour's Kidney Pills should be taken at the first sign of snything wrong; they strengthen the kidneys and help them to filter the blood property-help the surgiture water, all those impurities which the blood gathers up in its cir-ouil of the body.

shem to flush off, and carry away to the surplus water, all those impur-tion the blood gathers up in its uit of the body. Mrs. Alfred LeBhao, Black Os die, writes "I feel is my duty to o word about Doar's Kinsur Pin suffered dreaded pains scross 1 ack-to bad I equid shot stoop or bas if the having used swotcomes. I now 3

indeed, high and dry upon t ly beach. Then a hush fell upon t homes, and Mr. Rainsford or to comfort his wife. ** ** CHAPTER VII.—THE RF POOR GUY — OLIVE BOARD—JIM'S HOME.

BOARD-JIE & ROMAN Poor little castaways, is in concoming vessel in the sunshine. Guy screamed ar ed, and laughed a little wi he held up his handkerchief oar. He shivered too, and ha taken cold, mayhap ho his eyes were like stars, a laughed and laughed again tapped har hands: hope for ware forgotten at the thou present deliverance. Ohl would they see them? were bearing down on them ing their way along, as the path of suphema and the vessel laden with coals, a vessel, laden with coals, a to and for around the oons or aft, a dirgy crew, save

GUALTERIUS BOGHAN.