

CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL OF AMERICA

Visit of the Most Reverend Archbishop Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate to the United States.

Eloquent Sermon, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, "The Poetry of Religion."

An unusually large number of persons were attracted to St. John's Church on Sunday last, the attendants including many non-Catholic citizens of Plattsburg and many from out of town.

The celebrant of the Pontifical Mass was the Most Rev. Archbishop Martinelli, Apostolic Delegate; Assistant Priest, Very Rev. T. E. Walsh, V. G., Plattsburg; Deacons, Mr. Sharetz, Auditor of the Apostolic Delegation, and Rev. M. Lavelle, President of the Summer School.

The Poetry of Religion.

The sermon, which was preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, O. C. Columbus, on the Poetry of Religion was one of the most powerful, eloquent and scholarly yet heard by a Summer School audience.

This he did in a masterly manner giving many beautiful portrayals of the beauties of the Church in her history and literature. The congregation listened with rapt attention, and with such absorbing interest and appreciation that the hour consumed by the discourse appeared as but a few moments.

The following abstract will give but a faint idea of the strength, eloquence and beauty of the discourse.

The Bishop has a noble presence and a splendid delivery. In the course of his beautiful sermon, he said: "It gives me great pleasure to be at the Catholic Summer School of America, as representative of the Holy Father Leo XIII."

While as students in general and members of this Catholic Summer School in particular, we are devoting ourselves to what, by way of antithesis, we may call the prose of religion in the application of its principles to our own wants and to the intellectual and moral needs of modern society, we should not lose sight of the poetic aspect of our holy faith and of the many forms of beauty in which it is ever appealing to the aesthetic as well as to the intellectual side of our nature.

The Bishop then developed the proposition that the truth, the beauty and the good in their last analysis are one. What is true is good both in the metaphysical and the moral sense, and what is true and good is beautiful, and in God these three are one.

Whatever therefore in the moral or religious world reflects most faithfully the divine perfections must combine within itself the true, the beautiful and the good in the highest degree. If then the true and the beautiful are one, religion which deals with the highest truth must have the highest beauty; and religion from the standpoint of beauty was thus the subject of the discourse.

The poetry of religion was illustrated from the old and the new Testament, and the history of the Church was outlined and skilful touch as a great epic poem. The Bishop also showed how the Church has adopted and utilized the spirit of poetry in her magnificent organization, the harmony of laws, and in all that concerns her mission to mankind, and especially in her homage to the Blessed Sacrament, the central mystery of Christian worship, round which the rest all cluster and to which they all do deference, for it is the mystery of the Emmanuel, the man God perpetually dwelling among man in the tabernacle of His love.

The liturgy of the Church from the beginning to the end of the ecclesiastical year was next presented as a great dramatic poem, in which through her offices and festivals the Church sets before us, scene by scene, the glorious drama of her history, presenting vividly to our view the beginning, the progress, the accomplishment, the continuation and the application of the wondrous work of our redemption.

This was one of the most effective parts of the discourse, giving the key to the purpose and the meaning of the various ceremonies of religion and exhibiting the ritual of the Church in all its beauty and impressiveness.

The Bishop next showed how the Church not only addresses the sight, the hearing and the imagination by calling all their activity into play through the grandeur of her architecture, the magnificence of her painting, the glory of her sculpture, and the sublimity of her music, but by her teachings provides also for the wants of the understanding, and through it appeals to the will and the heart, and rouses the holiest affections. Music is one of the voiceings of the poetic spirit of religion, and owes its preservation and advancement to the Church.

The admiration of the beauty of religion has never been merely sentimental, but always been practical in the Church, and has had its constant outcome in works of benevolence and beneficence to mankind. This was illustrated from the institutions of education and charity that have sprung up everywhere under its influence for the relief of every want of society. The poor, the sick, the orphan, the outcast, all are cared for and comforted; the education of the ignorant is provided for. There are vocations for the solace of every class of sufferers. Men and women, filled with love of God and zeal for the good of their fellowmen, have shown themselves everywhere the heroes and heroines of the poetry of religion, even amid the dull

prose of the very poverty and misery of life. Thus through her truth and beauty the Church satisfies the whole nature of man the aesthetic as well as the intellectual. And the coming time is hailed, when her voice will be more widely heard, her truths more widely known, her goodness more widely loved and her beauty more widely felt, and truth and beauty and goodness will walk the world together once again, and fervent hearts rejoice in the beauty and poetry of religion.

When Bishop Watterson had finished, Bishop Gabriels called attention to Sanitarium Gabriels at Paul Smith's station, pointing to this as an exemplification of the beautiful work pointed out by Bishop Watterson. He said that the formal dedication of the Sanitarium would take place on August 21st. He did not wish persons to wait for that event, however, but invited attendants at the Summer School and citizens of Plattsburg to go there at any time and see the beautiful work being done by the Sisters.

Reception to Archbishop Martinelli.

Yesterday afternoon, the Auditorium was the scene of one of the grandest events of this session of the Summer School, it being the place of the reception given in honor of His Excellency, Archbishop Martinelli and Bishop Watterson, D. D., of Columbus. After a charming vocal solo by Miss Power, President Lavelle gave the address of welcome, and said in substance: The School of America is one which has spread throughout our whole land, and which has met with a very large share of approbation and encouragement, and is an institution which is very dear to those who have been struggling to build up the work which is so far reaching. We appreciate every word and every act that has been done to forward the movement, but the greatest encouragement has gone to-day from the representative of Christ our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. in the person of the Apostolic Delegate Archbishop Martinelli.

He then gave the idea and aim of the School, which may be summed up in a word—to make better citizens in this grand republic and to make better members of the Catholic Church.

In conclusion he said that it would be a great pleasure to hear just a word from the voice of M. R. Martinelli.

And great applause, the Apostolic Delegate arose and said: "It gives me great pleasure to be at the Catholic Summer School of America, as representative of the Holy Father Leo XIII. You all know what interest he takes in education. I think I am not mistaken in saying that the Catholic Summer School of America is one of the greatest institutions of the country and I was very glad to be welcomed to it, and to be invited to say a word. Surely you will meet with difficulties, but you must remember that every good thing in the beginning meets with difficulties. And such things as meet with difficulties in the beginning, we may be sure has come from good. I hope that you will continue in the good work and that God will protect you in this your very good work. And as the representative of our Holy Father, I give you with all my heart, the blessing."

Father Lavelle next called upon Bishop Watterson, who said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I will just let you hear my voice and nothing more, because I said all this morning that I have to say, except that it gives me a great deal of pleasure to be here and to see the great progress the Summer School has made since my last visit. I think I had the honor of making the first opening address at Plattsburg. Then the meetings were held in the Theatre building. But now I am glad to see that they are held on grounds of your own. You have made great progress in the year, and it is always a good sign to see great progress and earnestness. And I hope that the Summer School will meet with great success."

Bishop Gabriels responded to the President's call. He said he had come here to-day to tender the respects of the diocese of Ogdensburg to the representative of the Holy Father, whose presence honored the school and the diocese as well. He said the diocese was honored and brought into prominence by the school. He hoped Mgr. Martinelli would visit the school and diocese frequently.

Mr. C. V. Forens was the next to speak. He gave an impromptu but spirited talk. Among other good things he said that it was the duty of all to follow their leaders, and that "we ought to follow willingly the orders which are given to us and to do it in a very agreeable manner." He hoped to see the ideas of the Summer School carried out, and education more widely diffused.

Hon. John B. Riley, of Plattsburg, at the conclusion of Mr. Forens' remarks, added a few very appropriate words. After a brief introduction, he talked at some length on the fitness of Cliff Haven, upon historic Champlain, as the location of the Summer School of America. He spoke of the many great men, both of the intellectual and religious world, called to this valley because of the Summer School, and of the great honor to day of having in our midst the representative of the Pope, the most Rev. Archbishop Martinelli.

A vocal solo by Mr. Chambers ended the program, after which a hymn was sung and the blessing of the Apostolic delegate received.

THE POPE'S SUMMER RESORT.

The Holy Father installed himself a few weeks since in the gardens of the Vatican. Near the Tower of Paul IV, there is a palazzina built, and here it is that the Holy Father must perforce spend his summer, though we are being continually told by the Italian Press that he is not a prisoner—he is free to go out wherever he pleases. He is of frugal, quiet, and regular habits, is our Holy Father, in his summer palace as well as in his rooms at the Vatican. He rises early, very early, and goes to celebrate his Mass in the exquisitely beautiful chapel in the palazzina. There is the hour for walking. The Pope takes his breviary and recites his Office under the

shadow of the grand old oak trees. Against the black trunk of the tree and the dark ground he makes a striking contrast, as he walks slowly up and down reciting his Office aloud. There next follows an audience with the Cardinal-Secretary of State, who brings the Holy Father his daily report, and then commences the series of audiences. And after a frugal meal and another promenade, Leo XIII. retires to his oratory for prayer, and afterwards talks on various matters of interest with the Bishops and prelates who are invited by him. And a curious contrast to this is that these who have organized the captivity of the Pope fly from Rome and declaim against its fatal climate! The Holy Father received the other day in his palazzina Mgr. Della Volpe, the major-domo; Fr. Ehrle, of the Society of Jesus, prefect of the Vatican library; and Mr. Henry Stevenson, the principal director of the numismatic museum at the Vatican. These visitors presented to the Holy Father a magnificent volume showing the progress of the work of restoring the celebrated Borgia Apartments. The Holy Father also received in the palazzina the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, Mgr. Piava. The indefatigable Pontiff is making all preparations for the consistory in the autumn. Then will he give the hats to the three new Cardinals of France, and create more Cardinals. It is probable that he will receive the monster pilgrimage from France, organized by Leon Harmel, which should arrive at the beginning of next month, in the palazzina.—Catholic Monitor.

FASHIONABLE IRISH WEDDING

The marriage of Captain Graham Wynne (10th Royal Irish Regiment), of Cloghneagh, Co. Sligo, nephew of Sir Henry Gore Booth with Miss Anna, daughter of Lord Morris, of Spiddal, Co. Galway, took place in St. Mary's Church, Cadogan street, Liverpool, on Wednesday afternoon, July 7. The bride was given away by her father and was attended by six bridesmaids: the Misses Kathleen, Frances and Eileen Morris (sisters), Miss Julia Morris (cousin), and Lady Rachel Wyndham (Quin and Miss Gore-Booth, (cousins of the bridegroom.) The bride wore a gown of ivory-white satin, with plain skirt embroidered in pearls in a design of wheat-ears, and full Court train of white satin brocade from both shoulders. The train was carried by Miss Audrey Courtenay, cousin of the bride. Mr. H. E. Wynne, brother of the bridegroom, was best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Davies, assisted by Rev. Mark A. Kelly, Lord and Lady Morris afterwards gave a reception to a large number of friends at their house, 26 Grosvenor Place, W., which was largely attended. Captain and Mrs. Graham Wynne left in the course of the afternoon for Walls, Cumberland, lent by the Earl and Countess of Errol. The presents, which were of a very costly nature, numbered over 400.

CATHOLIC NUNS DECORATED BY THE QUEEN.

A function which is particularly interesting to Catholics took place at Windsor, Friday afternoon, July 7. Four Sisters from the Convent of Mercy, Great Ormond street, were decorated at the hands of Her Majesty with the Royal Red Cross. This particular decoration is in recognition of the splendid services rendered by these same Sisters in the Crimean War. The names of the four nuns are: Sisters Mary Helen Ellis, Mary Stanislaus Jones, Mary Anastasia Kelly, and Mary de Chantal Huddell. A Royal carriage met them at Windsor station and conveyed them to the Castle, where they were entertained to lunch, and afterwards Her Majesty bestowed the much coveted decoration on the Sisters. The Royal Red Cross was instituted in 1883, and in connection with this it is interesting to recall the fact that the four Sisters went out to the Crimea in company with Miss Nightingale, returning when the war was over with the same lady.

THE IRISH POLITICAL PRISONERS.

The suggested release of the Irish political prisoners has found favor in an unexpected quarter. The Saturday Review says if the amnesty were granted it would do much to soften hearts. It regards the refusal of the Irish members to participate in the address to the Queen to go to Windsor as "a very real and significant fact," and believes that a little generosity would pave the way for the acceptance of reforms the Government is offering to Ireland. It seems that it is the obstinacy of the Home Secretary that blocks the way. That may or may not be so, but, as we hinted, if a little gentle pressure from a higher quarter was put upon Sir Matthew White Ridley, he would probably relax his rigidity. Better late than never, imprisonment is intended to be punitive and reformatory, not vindictive. Many people of various shades of politics regret that these men were not amnestied before Jubilee day. Ireland would, then, have very likely been spared the riotous scene recently witnessed in Dublin.—Catholic Monitor, London.

SAVAGE ATTACK ON A CHURCH.

On Saturday evening, July 3rd, an Orange mob, led on by a band, made a cowardly attack with sticks and stones on St. Patrick's Church, Donegal street, Belfast, at the very time when people were inside attending to their religious duties. It is not easy, observes the Freeman, to understand how such a thing was allowed to occur. St. Patrick's Church is close beside a police barrack, and also adjoins a Catholic district.—Carrick Hill—which has been repeatedly the scene of Orange attacks. Yet this lawless gathering was permitted to pass and re-pass through this district, under the very eyes of the police, who could not help seeing it from their barrack windows.

The Blind Side of Things—George: And if things go not right with us the first year, darling, I hem—presume your father will not see us suffer. Birdie (sighing): No, dear; poor papa's eyesight is growing rapidly worse, even now.

SISTERHOODS IN LONDON.

A Protestant Minister on the Labors of These Ministering Angels in the Metropolis.

Writing in the Glasgow Observer, Rev. Harold Rylet, a Protestant minister, says:

Life in London is very much what it is elsewhere, only there is a great deal more of everything. And if it be true of the small provincial town that one-half the people know not how the other half live, it is much more the case in London. London strikes me as a huge battlefield, where the struggle for life is proceeding with a fierceness and even a savagery that I never dreamed of before. One-half of the population probably gets along fairly well on the average. It includes the very rich, the small shopkeepers and the skilled artisan. But the other half is probably in a chronic state of poverty—a chronic condition of uncertainty as to where the next meal is to come from. There is no obvious struggle between these two halves of the population for the good things of life, but the struggle is going on sure enough. The result is that there are always vast numbers of wounded in both camps who need attention.

THE MORALLY WOUNDED.

There are, we must never forget, the wounded of other kinds—the morally wounded—who especially require help; the lost sheep, who so sorely need the Good Shepherd's loving care.

And the Catholic Church meets both those needs in a most perfectly wonderful manner. At East Finchley, away in the north of London, there is a convent, known as the convent of the Good Shepherd, where the Sisters devote themselves to the care of no fewer than two hundred and forty lost sheep, whom they have found wandering far from the fold and have carried to safety. Another convent of the same Sisterhood exists at Hammersmith, in the west of London. Here, again, the Sisters have charge of as many as two hundred and thirty or more poor unfortunates. Many of them, of course, through sickness and infirmity, are so reduced as to be unable to do work of any kind, and the Sisters maintain them as best they can. Both convents are in great need of financial aid, and the Hammersmith institution is in some debt. But the good Sisters are full of faith that the necessary funds will be forthcoming to enable them to clear off their liabilities and afford them a prospect of becoming self-supporting by means of laundry and needle-work. How can such work be spoken of? I frankly confess my own inability to speak of it in such terms as it deserves. I can only say that I know no more Christ-like work than this of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd (beautiful name!). They bear of a lost sheep and away they go, after the manner of the Good Shepherd Himself, and they open their arms and their hearts, and the poor, forlorn, broken hearted creature finds shelter and comfort and tender love and care.

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd, however, are not alone in this work. There are the Poor Servants of the Mother of God and the Poor, whose London home is at No. 4 Percy street. The Sisters here residing visit the poor of several missions and have charge of the Refuge of Our Lady of Pity for Penitents. I say no more Christ-like work is conceivable. And now, when, as often happens, I meet a couple of Good Sisters making their way through the crowded London streets, I quietly thank God that some poor wounded creature in the great fight is about to be succored.

NURSING SISTERS.

But these are not by any means the only functions of Catholic women who have devoted themselves to the religious life. There are, for example, the Sisters Servants of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—a congregation of Sisters having establishments in France, Belgium, Germany and Austria, and of which the provincial house in England is at Hasset Road, Homerton, in the east of London. The Sisters take a special vow to devote themselves to nursing the sick among the working classes, going to the people's homes both day and night, and doing this regardless of the religious denomination to which the people belong. In England these Sisters undertake the care of day schools attached to missions, and at Hasset road they carry on a middle class school for girls similar to that already described in connection with the Sisters of Charity at Lower Seymour street, and an orphanage for girls taken from workhouses, the work being of the same character as that going on at the Hammersmith Orphanage. These nursing Sisterhoods are scattered all over London. The Sisters du Bon Secours have one home, for example, at 166 Westbourne Grove, in the west of London, and another at Upper Park Road, Haverstock Hill, in the northwest. The Sisters of Hope have their home at Hope House, Quex Road, Kiburn, N. W. Both Sisterhoods devote themselves to nursing the sick at their own homes, regardless of religious distinctions. Then there are the Little Sisters of the Assumption or Nursing Sisters of the Poor. These ladies spend their lives in nursing the sick poor both day and night, also without regard to religious differences. They assume the entire management of domestic affairs wherever necessary, looking after the children, sending them to school, and so on, and in fact constitute themselves for the time being domestic servants of the poor and of their families. They accept no payment for their services and return to the convent always for their own meals, taking care, however, in cases of necessity to leave another Sister in charge of the patient at the house meanwhile.

THE VALUE OF SUCH WORK.

Who can doubt the value of such work? We make much fuss when a dozen ladies go out to nurse the sick and wounded in a war between Turks and Greeks, but we take comparatively little account of work just as nobly done amongst the sick and wounded in a great battle of life going on immediately around us. I, for my part, am very grateful for the opportunity I have enjoyed during the past few weeks of seeing how the great Mother Church cares for the poor; and if these sketches of the charitable work of the Catholic Church in

London have served to interest any one or have moved any one to think more kindly of their poor fellow-creatures, or have stirred the hearts of any and impelled them to give a little more generously to the support of the several institutions I have endeavored to describe, I shall be greatly gratified.

THE LIFE BEAUTIFUL.

One thing I have learned in particular. I am afraid we Protestants are very generally impressed with the idea that the life of the Sister or nun is a joyless sort of existence. Now, my recent experiences have quite removed that impression from my mind at all events. I have not seen the nuns under Arcadian conditions, but under conditions the very reverse of Arcadian. I have seen them engaged in all sorts of occupations in the heart of this great city of London. The casual visitor might find one Sister acting as kitchen maid and another as cook. He might find still another on her knees scrubbing the floor.

But he would find all happy. They are leading the life beautiful. It is not the only life beautiful, of course. But it is in a special sense the life beautiful, because it is a voluntary renunciation of the ordinary way of life and the deliberate adoption of the life of self-sacrifice, devoted service to the poor, the suffering and the sinful and I repeat what I have so often said before, that while our present social system lasts and one half the world knows not and cares not how the other half lives, it is evidence of Divine Redemptive Power that all over this vast metropolis the Catholic Church maintains institutions to which the prodigal and the penitent may retreat and find peace and healing, and where helpless children or infirm and forlorn old men and women may have loving care, and other institutions from which women with hearts brimming over with love will go to the help of the poor and suffering. I thank God that this good work is being done. I pray that it may be abundantly blessed; And I frankly confess that the Church that does such work has no occasion to apologize for its existence, but is, on the contrary, entitled to the respectful consideration of all right-minded men and women.

HAMMER THROWING.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—Tom Carroll, the local athlete, broke several hammer throwing records yesterday in an exhibition at Central Park. Starting with the eight-pound hammer, he threw it from a nine-foot circle with one hand 241 feet 10 inches. He then threw a sixteen-pound hammer from a seven-foot circle 159 feet 3 1/2 inches, and from a nine-foot circle hurled it 153 feet 11 inches. His next effort was with the 21 pound hammer from a seven-foot circle, from which he threw it 112 feet 1 1/2 inches. From a nine-foot circle he created a record of 121 feet 10 inches.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

There is no doubt that, as a rule, great decision of character is usually accompanied by great constitutional firmness. Men who have been noted for great firmness of character have usually been strong and robust. There is no quality of the mind which does not sympathize with bodily weakness, and especially is this true with the power of decision; which is usually impaired or weakened from physical suffering, or any great physical debility. As a rule, it is the strong physical man who carries weight and conviction. Any bodily weakness, or lassitude, or lack of tone and vigor, is, perhaps, first felt in the weakened or debilitated power of decision. Nothing will give greater confidence in a young man, and bring assistance more quickly from the bank or from a friend, than the reputation of promptness. The world knows that the prompt man's bills and notes will be paid on the day, and will trust him. "Let it be your first study to teach the world that you are not wood and straw; that there is some iron



THE WHEELS OF HEALTH.

There is no better exercise for a young woman in thoroughly good health than bicycling. On the contrary, if she suffers from weakness or disease of the distinctly feminine organs, if she rides, at all, such exercise should be very sparingly indulged in. Women are peculiarly constituted and their general health is peculiarly dependent upon the health of the specially feminine organism. It is the health of these delicate and important parts that "makes the wheels of general health go round." Their strength and vigor are as important to a woman as a man's; and it is as important to a woman as a man's to have a watch, or a sprocket and chain to a bicycle. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for delicate women. It makes them strong where they most need strength. Taken during the "interesting interval," it banishes the usual squeamishness and makes baby's admission to the world easy and almost painless. It fits a woman for in-door work and out-door sports. Honest druggists don't advise substitutes.

"I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, as it has undoubtedly saved my life," writes Mrs. Florence Hunter, of Corley Logan Co., Ark. "I miscarried four times; could get no medicine to do me any good. I tried the Favorite Prescription and after taking several bottles, I made my husband a present of a fine girl. I think it is the best medicine in the world."

A man or woman who neglects constipation suffers from slow poisoning. Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative, and two a mild cathartic. All medicine dealers.

GEORGE BAILEY.

Dealer in Coal and Wood. Hay, Straw, Oats, Bran, Mould, etc. Pressed Hay always on hand. Gravel, Sand, etc. Dry Kind. The Wood, \$1.50 large load.

in you." "Let men know that what you say you will do; that your decision, once made, is final—no wavering, that, once resolved, you are not to be allured or intimidated."

THE NICK OF TIME.

Some minds are so constructed that they are bewildered and dazed whenever a responsibility is thrust upon them; they have a mortal dread of deciding anything. The very effort to come to immediate and unflinching decision starts up all sorts of doubts, difficulties, and fears, and they cannot seem to get light enough to decide nor courage enough to attempt to remove the obstacle. They know that hesitation is fatal to enterprise, fatal to progress, fatal to success. Yet, somehow, they seem fated with a morbid introspection which ever holds them in suspense. They have just energy enough to weigh motives, but nothing left for the momentum of action. They analyze and analyze, deliberate, weigh consider, ponder; but never act. How many a man can trace his downfall to the failure to seize his opportunity at the favorable moment, when it was within easy grasp, the nick of time, which often does not present itself at once.

If we told you that your baby was starving, that it actually didn't get enough to eat, you might resent it. And yet there are thousands of babies who never get the fat they should in their food or who are not able to digest the fat that they do get. Fat is a necessity to your baby. It is baby life and baby beauty. A few drops of Scott's Emulsion for all little ones one, two and three years of age is better than cream for them. They thrive and grow on it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville, Ill.

EXTRA Special Reductions

In all Lines of Stationery.

Grand opportunity for Colleges, Convents, or Separate Schools, to secure all Stationery necessary for the coming school term, consisting of:

- NOTE PAPER, LETTER PAPER, FOLIO PAPER, ENVELOPES, PAPETERIES, PENS, INK, LEAD PENCILS, SCRIBBLING BOOKS, all sizes and designs, PEN HOLDERS, BLANK BOOKS, COPIES, Etc., Etc.

SEE OUR JOB LINES OF NOTE PAPER, 5c per quire ENVELOPES, 3c per package

D. & J. SADLER & CO., CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS and STATIONERS. 123 Church St., Toronto, Ont. 1699 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Que.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

He: Darling, will you love me when I'm gone? She: Yes, if you're not too far gone.

Friendly Criticisms—First: I think I put my soul in that face. Second—It would improve it if you put your sole clear through it.

Bride (just after the wedding): John, you promised me a great surprise after we were married. Say, what is it? Bridegroom (a widower): I've got nine children, my pet! And then she fainted from sheer surprise.

He: We are coming to a tunnel; are you not scared? She: Not a bit if you take the cigar out of your mouth.

Love-mitten Swain (just introduced to mother of adored one): Your face, madam, seems somewhat familiar to me; can it be that we have met before? Mother of Adored One (sternly): Yes, sir, we have. For about three miles the other day I hung on to the strap in a tram, while you sat opposite to me reading a paper.

"Oh, would you mind doing me a favor?" "With pleasure; what is it?" "Kindly remove that costly mantle out of your window."

"Why, pray?" "I shall be passing your shop with my wife in half an hour."

Mr. Homeymoon (making up his fist): Now, Fanny, let us declare it a drawn battle. Mrs. Homeymoon: No, our married life must be a fight to a finish.

Young Author: Can you tell me how to become a good poet? Editor: The very first thing for you to do is to die. All the good ones are dead.

Pure, rich blood feeds the nerves. That is why Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures nervousness.

275 CENTRE STREET.