

A MINISTER AT MASS IN COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

In the morning at 9.30 o'clock I went to Mass in the Cathedral. I was early, and walked about to view the interior. Here was the forest. The pillars were as tall trees and the arches above them as their meeting branches. The light melted within softly as through thick leaves. The air was cool, as though the dim half-night dwelt here always.

I saw long rows of pillars. Books by various art critics will tell you what is the matter with them, and how to cock your eye at them in a superior way and say, "Yes?" But if you are wise enough to open your heart and empty it of all this cheap, foolish knowledge, and look around you, as a baby looks at the moon you may receive something of the spiritual meaning of the place.

Watch the pillars as they spring up and up, slender and graceful, until they "break into a marble foam" yonder in the distant roof. Before you are aware your soul will escape and mount with them.

When you look at the base of them, they seem to be rising from the floor, like clustered palms. When you look at their capitals, they seem to be dropping like stalactites from above. The whole vision of the processional columns is airy, light, delicate. The mind is not weighed upon by stupendous size; it is lifted up and given wings by the cunning of the builder.

The clock chimed. The organ began to grumble. A long row of priests and vested boys came in through a side door and wound toward the altar, headed by a frail old man in bright robes, supported on either side by an assistant priest. The Bishop was about to celebrate Mass.

I do not recall much about this Mass, but above all is the memory of a voice. It came from the choir loft. Some boy—I never saw him, but I want to hear him sing in heaven—broke forth with a "Kyrie Eleison," and I thought he would break my heart. It was a sweet, wholesome voice, unspoiled as yet by masters who teach singers not to sing. It was clear as the River Reuss, that gushes out of Lake Lucerne. It was sweet as the sunshine that falls on ripening orchards. It was as caressing as a woman's love. It was as pure as a calling angel.

It filled all the distant arches of the great Cathedral, ringing sonorous and distinct to the remotest corner. The organ displayed its loudest harmonies: the chorus sang strenuously, but easily above all, as an angel soars above all the lesser flocking birds, rang out this sweet, glorious voice, "Kyrie, Kyrie, Eleison!" until I found myself choking with sobs and my face wet.

I brushed away furtively my tears and looked around me. The faithful were counting their beads and moving their lips in prayer, and rising up and kneeling down to the tinkling of the bell. I suppose they knew more of that Mass than I, but I know what "Kyrie Eleison" means and I said one prayer there.

So I saw the Cathedral of Cologne, "the most magnificent specimen of pure Gothic architecture in the world." I do not know how long it is, nor how high. I do not know its cost, its date or its builders. I read all of this in my guide book, but have forgotten it.

But I hope I caught something of the feeling the builders and makers meant me to have. I looked from the side at the monstrous outline of the roof in profile against a moonlit sky, and saw my spiritual mother and her shadow lay on me and blessed me. I gazed at the two towers of the facade and saw my two sky-piercing brothers and they put their arms about me, and I walked for a space with them along the milky way. I threaded the interior and sensed the shaded glory of that forest in stone, and my soul ran up along the grouped pillars and peeped into heaven. I attended Mass and heard, if not the voice of God, a voice that God made and man had not yet spoiled.

I visited the Cathedral of Cologne. Often the Cathedral of Cologne visits me.—Rev. Frank Crane, D.D., in the Advance (Congregationalist).

Once A Warship, Now a Mill

It is not widely known that the Chesapeake, widely known for her historic encounter with the British ship Shannon in 1812, is in existence to-day, but she is used in the somewhat inglorious capacity of a flour mill in the little Hampshire parish of Wickham. After her capture by Sir Philip B. V. Broke, she was brought to England in 1814, and in 1820 her timbers were sold to John Prior, of Wickham, Hants.

If you would hit the mark aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

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HARNESSED ZEBRAS

The United States Department of Agriculture has obtained a zebra. There have been trying days for the department lately, what with the Keep commission investigating its bureaus and skeptics criticising crop estimates, so that the acquisition of an animal as unfamiliar as the zebra is something of a consolation, especial when coming after a long quest. The expectation of the Department of Agriculture is that the zebraization of American draft animals will add greatly to the economic resources of the nation. Zebras are known to be swift of foot and strong of sinew. Their wild blood will impart to that of the horse and its congeners just the desirable qualities that will enable the draft animal to be a trotter at its owner's will.

The zebra has done well in harness. There was once one of the London Rothschilds who astonished the natives by driving a zebra in a light buggy. Once your zebra is broken he is a tractable beast, save when memories of his home rise in him to trouble his driver and they are said to rise quite frequently. The zebra's peculiarities and the difficulties attending upon first catching your zebra have heretofore prevented his employment, economically, but the department of Agriculture is sanguine that, proper conditions being secured, its experiment will be successful. If these hopes are justified by the event shall we witness strangely transmogrified animals in our streets? Will our eyes be gladdened, for instance, by striped mules? The striped pig lives in song and story, but the striped mule may come or even the checked or arabesque mule to add to the gayety of transportation.

A striped mule will be a noble sight, far more eye-arresting than the calico horse. Everything of course, depends upon acclimatization. The zebra may not have the nervous versatility required to catch our climate as it flies and keep up with its changes. Much has been expected of other strange animals we have imported, only to suffer disappointment. Fifty years ago, when Jefferson Davis was secretary of war and people believed in the existence of the "Great American Desert," our government got the notion into its head that camels would solve the problem of transportation of army supplies. A ship load of camels was imported and were employed in Texas, but they did not take kindly to the change and never became influential factors of progress. They did not increase and probably long ago mingled their bones with the Texas soil. Once in a while a Southwestern paper tells us that some one has seen a camel believed to be the last of that bright band, but there is a lack of specification in these narratives that prevents confidence.

One of the yarns that had its origin in the presence of the herd of government camels is that some of the animals went northward and crossed with the elk. A strange animal, the camelko, was said to have been seen by soldiers returning from the sutler's and this report received so much credence in the east that a New York paper sent out a commissioner to find the haunts of the creature. He was passed from post to post, only to learn that the camelko disappeared the night before he arrived.—Exchange.

World's Youngest King

The youngest king in the world is Daudi Chau of Uganda, Africa, a protectorate of England. He is now about eight years of age and hold court seated on a scarlet throne with a leopard skin under his feet and bearing in his hand a toy gun.

Body Twenty-eight Years in Ice

In an almost perfect state of preservation and easily recognizable, the dead body of a guide named Nagi, a native of Aosta, Italy, who fell into a crevasse in 1877, near the summit of Monte Rosa has just been recovered from the ice. Nagi was descending the mountain in company with two Milanese Alpinists when he suddenly disappeared and the cord which bound him to the others was cut by a sharp piece of ice.

Where It Always Rains

There is a group of islands to the south of New Zealand called the Sisters, or Seven Sisters, which are reputed to be subjected to a practically constant rainfall. The same may be said of the islands and mainland of Tierra del Fuego, saving for the difference that the rain often takes the form of sleet and snow.

The Blood is the Life

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The Honest Business Man

Cardinal Gibbons does honor to the upright merchant when he writes: "The man of business who has never soiled his hands with ill-gotten wealth; who has never taken undue advantage of his neighbor in a monetary transaction; whose word was his bond; the man who has actually paid his honest debts; who has never sheltered himself behind a legal technicality to escape a financial obligation; the man who in every vicissitude of trade and commerce, in adversity as well as prosperity, has maintained the honor of his good name—in a word, all honor to the man who has passed through the perils and battles of commercial life with a character unblemished—such a man, I hold, is more worthy of our esteem and veneration than the victorious general who returns in triumph from a prolonged war. For surely a business campaign is usually more protracted and requires more persevering energy and courage than a military conquest. 'Peace hath her victories not less renowned than war.'"—E.V.

ST. BONIFACE COLLEGE STAFF

The annual announcements made on July 31, the feast of St. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus, were given out last Monday. The staff of St. Boniface College for 1906-07 will be as follows: Rev. James Dugas, rector, prefect of studies, director of ecclesiastics, member of the University Council; Rev. Eugene Tourangeau, minister, prefect of discipline; Rev. Lewis Drummond, writer, prefect of cases of conscience, member of the University Council and Board of Studies, University examiner; Rev. Joseph Blain, professor of physics, spiritual father, University examiner, professor of French in English University course; Rev. Ludger Arpin, Bursar; Rev. Philip Bournival, professor of philosophy, director of first sodality, professor of moral theology for ecclesiastics, librarian; George Robichaud, professor of mathematics, University examiner, musical director; Rev. Armand Chossegras, professor of classics in first and second year French University course, professor of French in fourth year, University examiner, moderator of French Academy; Rev. Louis Cotter, professor of Classics in first and second year English University course, local director of Apostleship of Prayer (English section); Guy Leclair, professor of Third Grammar for French students, librarian of students' library; Lawrence Drummond, professor of Third Grammar for English students, director of Campion library Society; Adelard Dugre, professor of Second Grammar for French students; Rev. Francis Xavier Robichaud, professor of Second Grammar for English students, director of second sodality; Rev. Ignatius Adam, professor of First Grammar for French students, local director of the Apostleship of Prayer (French section); Rev. John McDonald, teacher of First Commercial Class; Francis Kennedy, teacher of Second Commercial class; Revs. Charles Vandriessche, Samuel Lemay, Wenceslaus Tessier and

Augustine Messier, disciplinarians. Those engaged in the work of the laybrothers are: Louis Boily, buyer; Louis Gauthier, carpenter, with care of the furnaces; Edward Angers, farmer; Emeric Soucy, doorkeeper, tailor, infirmarian; John Bernard, sacristan, dispenser; Joseph Delisle, farmer's assistant; Leo Renard, refectorian; Theophilus Rousseau, farmer's assistant; Ulric Paquin, cook.

A flea and a fly in a flue,
Were imprisoned; now what could they do?
Said the fly, "Let us flee."
"Let us fly," said the flea,
And they flew through a flaw in the flue.—Our dumb Animals.

U.S. SILVER COINS

The Montreal Banks have taken hold of the problem of exporting United States silver as arranged for between The Dominion Government and Canadian Bankers' Association, and already the supply of foreign coins has visibly decreased. For a month's time the city banks, such as the Montreal, Molson's the Sovereign and the Bank of Commerce have been collecting and shipping to New York such U.S. coin as they can get hold of.

Concerns such as department stores and breweries, both large receivers of American coin, are turning their daily supply over to the bankers, who in turn, immediately ship it. One bank official stated that probably \$50,000 would cover the amount of American silver in circulation when the banks began shipping it, and he thought that in another month the last will have practically disappeared.

"Women are hard to understand," said the callow philosopher.
"Not at all," answered Mr. Meekton.
"Henrietta has never yet spoken her mind to me without making herself perfectly clear."—Washington Star.

Mediaeval Politics

Finley Acker, one of the leaders of reform in Philadelphia, said the other day: "From time immemorial there has been room for reformation in town councils. In a mediaeval German tale it says that the parish council of a small village met one evening to discuss certain improvements in the water supply. In this debate, the town's one watchman entered the room quietly, placed in a corner his lantern and spear and sat down to listen to the argument. Suddenly a councilman turned on him fiercely.
"Fritz," he cried, 'what are you doing here? Who is to watch that nothing is stolen in the village.
"Fritz, with an easy smile, answered: 'Who is there to steal? We are all here.'"

Said the nightwatchman when about dusk he was invited to drink a cup of coffee: "No thank you; coffee keeps me awake all night." And then he saw his blunder, looked very embarrassed, and tried to explain, but it was of no use.—Exchange.

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