

Our Observer.

I was speaking to a person connected with a Department Store the other day, and incidentally I inquired if the amount of business transacted on Bargain Day was greater than on any other.

From out of the window where I sit, I can see into the offices of a big Insurance company, and it is a noticeable fact that every time any one in authority goes out, the staff thereupon begins a mildly hilarious reign of revelry, which goes to prove the truth of the old adage: "When the cat's away the mice will play."

William Curtis, the well known Washington correspondent, writes that the Korean minister will have to shut up his legation at Washington and go home, and all because his government has not paid his salary.

Montrealers have had to pay pretty dearly for the lighting of their streets and houses and this paragraph will hardly add balm to their feelings on the matter.

A Catholic High School has been a necessity for some time, and now it would appear that the object is nearer attainment than at any other time.

Harold Frederick in his latest novel, "Gloria Munda," through one of his characters, calmly informs his readers that "they do not how to cook in Ireland," and furthermore, that Irish people pay no attention to eating at all.

One of their peculiarities is that they are able to live without the troublesome necessity of eating. Of course some of them die, and then others go to countries where they can get something to eat and learn to cook.

Appropos of all that has been said regarding the forms which lacrosse players in the Senior Series are to sign before being permitted to play the game, I spoke to a prominent official of the Amateur Athletic Association of Canada about the matter and pointed out to him certain published statements that the whole affair was "a slap in the face for the A. A. A. of C."

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

The National Flag of the Republic and the Masses.

Some Interesting Notes on the Subject from Many Standpoints.

PHILADELPHIA, May 30, 1898. DURING the whole month of May it has rained in Philadelphia. Morning after morning, the gray sky and the chill damp of February rather than the sunlight and warmth of May; evening after evening, the drizzle, drizzle of approaching storm or the downright pour of a winter's rainy night.

There are some pictures of the flag that are wonderfully beautiful, although both small and cheap. The folds and the slow sway of that moment when it is most majestic, that instant when it hesitates, as it were, to unveil the glorious blending of blood red stripes of struggle and star-brightened blue of the heaven of peace, is most effectively produced in countless colored prints.

A great deal of very foolish "stuff" is undoubtedly written about "Old Glory," and there are mock heroic written unmistakably to fill out the measure of the paragraphs, while the uses to which the flag and its representation are so often put as advertisements, and worse, too surely prove that there is, after all, a gross misunderstanding and disregard of what is due to the standard of our country.

Biliousness

Is caused by torpid liver, which prevents digestion and permits food to ferment and putrify in the stomach. Then follow dizziness, headache,

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biliousness, nervousness, and, if not relieved, bilious fever or blood poisoning. Hood's Pills stimulate the stomach, cleanse the liver, cure headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. Sold by all druggists. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

the glib tongued setting of them forth, and I will not believe nor assume to believe all that I am told. But I love the flag. In the gayest mood and most thoughtless enjoyment of parade or review or celebration, those tattered battle flags that are borne in line bring some thing with them that thrills my very soul, something that overawes the hour, I know not why, and brings a loftiness of spirit that ennobles. No less, the flutter of the "colors" deepens the blue of heaven and brightens the sunshine, while, always and everywhere there is with the gladness, a remembrance, that, perhaps, accounts for it all.

One morning long ago, I saw that flag float "union down" from the last mast of a sinking ship. A little child, I was one of a crowded boatfull in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, and those around me said to each other in lowered tones, that unless the help came for which that signal of distress was raised, and unless it came soon, the wreck must sink with all on board of her.

FAMINE-STRICKEN DISTRICTS OF IRELAND.



INTERIOR OF A CABIN—CARRAROE.—See Page 2.

flutter of their country's flag. It is not wonderful that I can testify to the hold the flag has on the feelings, and the interest that awakens search for knowledge as to its meaning and its symbolism. A thousand memories, a thousand hopes, a thousand beliefs, hover round every tiny rag that bears the 'red, white and blue' for, as it is to me for reasons of my own, so it is to every other American, and as we feel for the 'red, white and blue' of the fair flag the world knows in its broadest sense as the American flag so the men and women of other countries feel for other flags—their own.

And it seems to me a lesson we need to learn here, that so they should feel. It is one of the extravagances and part of the mock heroic sentiment I speak of as written to fill out a paragraph's measure that it is not allowed in the sensational journalism that there should be any flag on the globe save "Old Glory." To an American, no! No other to equal it in honors or in affection or in devotion to its cause.

There are Englishmen who are Americans by election and service; there are Irishmen who stand shoulder to shoulder in every rank where there is battle needed for us; there are men of every nation under the sun who are ours by adoption. We know that they are true and faithful; but if there is one among them who is false or will be false in time of trial, it is the man who has trampled on his country's flag in the race for the spoils and the honors that reward the followers of the "Red, White and Blue." An adopted son must wear two flags side by side in his heart, if not on it, or he is a traitor to both. This is reason and common sense. As a man must, in the usual course of events, love his mother at least as well as his mother-in-law, so must this other be strong as a two-fold love, or no love at all.

It is Decoration Day in Philadelphia, and the old battle flags have come forth to meet the new. Already men make mention of two Decoration Days in the future. There is great feeling aroused at this season this year. As '98 was memorable for Ireland, so it is to be memorable for us, yet, with a difference! Who can tell the end! A novel of the 'last war'—we called it the 'late war' three months ago!—which I picked up yesterday gives scenes that are lifelike of the Christmas of 1860. They strangely reproduced the holidays of 1897, when no one dreamed of what has come to us—and came in April, 1900—as that war came. That novel is worth reading now. It is the work of Mrs. Flora McDonald Williams and is entitled, 'Who Was the Patriot?' It is most true to nature and to the time.

From what we know of ourselves, it is probable beforehand that some amount of jealousy, dislike, rivalry, triumph, or other unworthiness may mingle with our motives, and thus not only vitiate a whole series of actions, but even be superinducing a new habit of uncharitableness, or strengthening an old one, and also hindering all other growths of grace in the soul, so long as this canker is allowed to remain.—Father Faber.

THE CAPITAL OF CANADA.

Strides of Progress Made During Recent Years.

The Part Catholics Have Taken in the Movement—Religious and Educational Praise for Sir Wilfrid Laurier—The Departure of Lord and Lady Aberdeen.

Pursuing my tour through the Dominion, I arrived in Ottawa a few days ago, and in that Capital City of Canada a visitor always sees much to interest him. The political capital of any country naturally has a prestige peculiar to itself, and, besides, Ottawa has many geographical and commercial features that attract the eye of a visitor. Its clean and well kept streets, and fine business and public buildings, denote its

rapid growth and prosperity, while its splendid Catholic churches—its educational and charitable institutions indicate, in a marked degree, that the Irish Catholic element is steadily pushing onward in the path of prosperity. St. Patrick's Church is undergoing alterations and enlargement, which shows that this prominent congregation, under the spiritual guidance of Rev. Father Whelan and his able assistant, Rev. Doctor McNally, has outgrown the capacity of the present church. St. Joseph's and St. Bridget's have also overflowing congregations. The former is now under the pastoral care of Rev. Father Fallon, the learned and eloquent vice rector of Ottawa University, which position, I think, he holds in conjunction with his rectorship of St. Joseph's parish.

The convents in the city are notable for their high standing and educational facilities, and so are the collegiate and educational establishments under the able control of Dr. McCabe, who enjoys the well-earned reputation of ranking among the ablest educationalists in this country. In such headmasters as Mr. Thomas Swift, of St. Patrick's schools, and that of St. Bridget's, and their respective staffs of efficient teachers, Principal McCabe has splendid teaching ability to lean upon.

As the tourist wends his way through the new sections of the Capital he sees evident signs of expansion and improvement on all sides, and in the older and favored residential sections he looks upon homes and grounds that bespeak comfort and elegance within and without. On Metcalf and other streets I saw mansions fit for princes to live in, and I noticed an air of freshness and cleanliness in all the avenues I visited. Of course, in the way of architectural grandeur, the Parliament buildings are the chief objects of attraction; the central block in particular, with its beautiful House of Commons, etc., and its magnificent library of two hundred thousand volumes. It greatly adds to the interest to know that Parliament is in session. The chief topic discussed one of the evenings I attended was the Dominion's tribute to the name and memory of the late Mr. Gladstone. On the first occasion after his death the words of condolence and grief were eloquently uttered by Sir Richard Cartwright on behalf of the Dominion Government, and by Sir Charles Tupper for the Opposition. But at a later date when the formal resolutions touching the great statesman's death were introduced, it remained for Sir Wilfrid Laurier to pay him the most eloquent and most just tribute perhaps ever heard in the parliamentary halls of any land. Certainly it was the finest piece of oratory ever heard within the Ottawa House of Commons. And no wonder that it should be far above the average of ordinary speeches, for it was spoken by Canada's silver-tongued Premier and orator, and it depicted the life and career of the greatest and most illustrious statesman of the century. The House was fairly thrilled by the earnest and glowing words of the Premier, and at its conclusion the members cheered again and again, for each one seemed to realize that the subject was worthy of the orator, and that he had fittingly voiced the Nation's grief for the loss of a great Christian statesman whom all the world de- plores.

Nor did the speaker fail to dwell upon the great deceased's efforts on behalf of the oppressed Irish people. Lady Aberdeen was present among the vast audience, who listened with wrapt attention to the beautiful description of the labor and life of the man who had just passed away so full of years and honors. It is said that Lord Aberdeen yearned to be a listener also, but it seems that custom precludes the presence of the Governor General at any of the sittings or debates in Parliament.

This exclusion must have been a disappointment to Lord Aberdeen, because he regarded the late Mr. Gladstone as a father and a friend.

The subject most discussed in Ottawa is the impending withdrawal of the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen from their official post in Canada. Lady Aberdeen herself made the announcement the other evening at the meeting of the Women's Council, and the bare thought of a separation from this charming woman provoked tears of regret among the assembly. This is a striking proof of the good influence wrought by this distinguished lady during her residence in Canada, and it proves that goodness of heart and nobility of character will always find their adequate reward in the love and gratitude of a discerning people. Lady Aberdeen is a woman endowed with high mental and natural gifts, and these she exerted to the utmost in furthering the happiness and well being of all creeds and classes in the Dominion, and in her noble husband she has had an exemplary and sympathetic helper in all her beneficent work. Canada has been favored with many very eminent rulers and several of the noblest of the people, the popular Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and many others, but it may be truly said that the noble pair who intend to leave our shores in October or November next deservedly worked their way into the love and affections of the people at large in a way and to an extent unequalled by any other occupants of the viceregal throne.

The time of final departure is yet some days distant, but the official mention of it has caused deep-seated sorrow among the whole people, and it creates a pang of regret among the ladies of the Women's Council as well as among all persons who were admitted to intimate terms with the noble pair who have so kindly moved among the people for these past years, acting always in a manner to win their attachment. When I heard or witnessed the outbreak of regrets at the coming leave-taking, my mind turned back to the scenes enacted at Dublin quay on the day the self same couple left the shores of Ireland.

In poor Erin, where famine and destitution so often visit, there were still greater scope for the exercise of Lady Aberdeen's goodness of mind and soul for she had oftentimes to relieve actual want, and she traveled over the land from Cork to Donegal on her mission of relief works to help the needy peasantry to keep starvation from their doors. And to her benevolence of purpose and business ability the numerous knitting and embroidery factories all over Ireland speak in trumpet tones. And the workers of the ruined Irish Paper Industry will bless her name for she was the instrument that put new life and vigor into that once flourishing trade. It was no wonder then that streams of tears should flow on the quays of Dublin as the grateful peasants saw their best friend and protectress take sad leave of their shores.

From what I could gather in Ottawa it seems that the session is drawing to a close, and surely the legislators may retire to their homes with a full consciousness that they have participated in the labors of a time that has produced many wise enactments that will tend to the good and happiness of the nation.

Almost every man in America has some digestive trouble. When men meet, the greeting usually is, "Well, how are you?" That develops health talk. The man who has no bowel or stomach trouble is almost a curiosity. Trouble is men take no care of themselves. They eat as though they had copper stomachs and bowels of brass. By and by, overworked nature rebels. Then comes headache, nervousness, bad blood, liver and kidney troubles. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets furnish help for constipation and torpid liver, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, sour stomach, loss of appetite, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn" pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Accept no substitute.

FAMINE-STRICKEN DISTRICTS OF IRELAND



A Starving Child—See page 2.

Kaiser Wilhelm is taking a vacation at the castle of Urville in Lorraine and amusing himself in contriving a new mitraillette that shall mow down a whole regiment at once.

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HOW SECRETARY LONG GOT A LICKING.

'Grandpapa's going to lick me. Don't let him, will you, Uncle Johnny?' cried a lad down in a little Maine village, years ago, as he winced at a twist of his car given by an irate old gentleman who held him with one hand, flourishing a riding whip in the other.

'Uncle Johnny's' sympathy, it was evident, were at once enlisted in behalf of his favorite nephew as he asked, 'What are you going to whip him for, father?'

'Impudence,' answered the stern old man, 'impudence; and he must be punished,' flourishing the whip.

'Now, let us see,' said Uncle Johnny, and he entered with spirit into the case (one of his first), making a strong argument in favor of acquittal. But the judge was obdurate, quoting, 'Spare the rod,' etc., and it was only by his earnestness and eloquence that 'Uncle Johnny' succeeded in arranging a compromise by which he was to take the 'licking' instead of the nephew, thinking, of course, that that part of it would be a farce. But he reckoned without his host, and was amazed when he was told to 'take off your coat and come into the shed!'

And when next morning the boy was asked what he was laughing at so heartily, he said: 'Heel! heel! to see Grandpa lick Uncle Johnny, and to see Uncle Johnny hop.'

It is entirely safe to say that 'Uncle Johnny' never volunteered to take another thrashing for his nephew. But today he stands ready to 'thrash' any one who would give any impudence to Uncle Sam, for he is none other than the Secretary of the Navy—the Hon. John D. Long.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The sunlight falls upon a cloud, and the cloud drinks it in, is warmed by it itself, but lies as black as ever, and sheds out no light. But the sun touches a diamond, and the diamond almost chills itself as it sends out in radiance on every side the light that has fallen upon it.

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