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Vol. LV, No. 4

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A MEMORABLE DIVISION.

Scene in the House of Commons when the Government Was Beaten.

A Parliamentary correspondent, describing the scene in the House of Commons after the recent division which resulted in a Government defeat, says:

It was apparent when the House filled for the division that there was an exceptionally large muster on the Liberal side, although while the debate was proceeding the Opposition benches had been no fuller than usual. As the division proceeded there were evidences of growing excitement, the members on both sides returning to their places in the House instead of going out, as they almost invariably do after the last division of the night. The Ministerial whips came in before the whips of the Irish party, who were telling for the motion for the reduction of the Land Commission vote. There was instantaneously an outburst of cheering on the Opposition benches, but it was as quickly checked, members evidently fearing that they had been too precipitate. But immediately after an Irish member rushed in from the Opposition lobby, shouting "The Government is defeated!" and there was at once a terrific cheer. Then, as the tellers advanced to the table to announce the figures and the Clerk handed the paper to Sir Thomas Esmonde, thus denoting that he was the winning teller, the whole Opposition and Irish Party rose in their places and rent the air with a perfect tornado of cheering, waving of hats, handkerchiefs and papers, while Sir Thomas Esmonde, with Captain Donegan by his side, both of them smiling cheerfully, stood with the two defeated and palpably dejected Ministerial tellers, waiting for the storm to subside before formally declaring the numbers. There they stood while the members on the Opposition benches exhausted themselves in manifestations of delight, while Ministers, one and all, looking ghastly and desperately perturbed, sat with folded arms, trying to appear unconcerned. Mr. Balfour was not in his place, but as the demonstration continued he was forced to come from his room, and his appearance was the signal for a fresh and more furious burst of cheering, directed especially at him. He walked with slow, dramatic steps to his seat, carefully arranged the tails of his coat, and threw himself back on the bench, but the face he turned to the House was distorted with excitement and anger. Poor Sir Acland Hood sat next him, deeply studying the notice paper, a pathetic figure; while Mr. Arthur Lyttelton and Mr. Auston Chamberlain, confronted with the possibility of ejection from office, were pitifully overwrought and dejected. At last there was silence, and Sir Thomas Esmonde, in a clear, steady voice, read out the figures—199 for the reduction, and 196 against—a near thing, but the balance was stopped against the Government, which is the important matter. Again there was a roar of cheers, and cries of "Balfour! Balfour!" "Resign! resign!" rang out in the midst of the din. Mr. Balfour, however, showed no intention of rising; and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, uproariously cheered, asked whether he had any statement to make in view of what had just happened. Mr. Balfour rose slowly, while his followers cheered him in a faint-hearted way, and he said that if he had any statement to make he could not make it on that occasion. His followers and his colleagues, who evidently expected that he would have stated at once that he intended to ignore the vote just given, looked anxious at this announcement. Mr. Redmond then rose—his voice was hoarse after his speech in the afternoon—and at once put the situation before the House with his usual force. He pointed out that the vote just given had followed almost a day after the Prime Minister had specially summoned his followers to improve them to ensure his defeat in the House of Commons. For over two years, said Mr. Redmond, amid enthusiastic cheers, the country on every opportunity afforded it had

THE FRENCH "SEPARATION" CAMPAIGN.

The following article on the so-called Separation Bill, which was passed by the French Chamber of Deputies recently, is from the Saturday Review, of London, July 8:

On Monday at midnight—the hour of crime—the French Parliament voted the text of the Revised Bill for the separation of the churches from the State—whereby the Republic lightly endorsed an act of the weightiest consequence, not only to France herself, but also to the rest of Europe. It would, however, be premature to say that the Bill is "passed," or that the separation is accomplished: for it will have to go before the Senate, where its passage may be obstructed for a very long time, during which the general election (which is within sight) may overthrow the whole scheme, since it is not as popular as the Socialists, Radicals, Atheists, and their chief organ, La Lanterne, intend the uninitiated to believe. Four million eight hundred and seventy-two thousand persons, all of them over twenty-one years of age, have already signed a petition against the Bill; and, as Le Temps observes, the Catholics may, in due course, turn the scale at the future election, and a Moderate, if not exactly a Catholic, majority replace the present anticlerical Bloc. Once returned to even a modified degree of power, the Opposition might follow the methods of M. Combes' all-too-famous majority, and vote unreasonably yet steadily, as bidden by its leaders, and with surprising results.

A Famous Irish Woman in London

The typical representative of modern education for women in the British Islands is an Irish woman, Dr. Sophie Bryant, successor to the late lamented Miss Buss, a famous educational pioneer, as principal of the North London Collegiate School for Girls, perhaps the chief establishment of its kind in England. Dr. Bryant is by birth a Dublin woman, the daughter of the late Rev. W. A. Willock, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College. She had the good fortune to have a father who was keenly interested in education, and who was, what is even now rare in Ireland, a man who raised no barrier of sex in educational matters, and treated boys and girls alike as human souls deserving and worthy of sound knowledge. The fact of little Sophie being a girl was never considered an obstacle to participation in the mathematical studies of her brother, or in philosophy, in both of which subjects she excelled. She says herself: "It had never been suggested to me in my life that I had not an equal birthright to knowledge with my brother. Hence it happened most naturally that I was an early candidate for the Senior Local Examination, out of which came my acquaintance with Miss Buss." At the time she first met Miss Buss, Mrs. Bryant was already a widow. She married Dr. William Hicks Bryant, of Plymouth, at nineteen, and lost her husband by death within a year, when she resumed her work as a student. "The girl whose chief subject is mathematics," as Miss Buss designated her, when she first attracted that lady's attention in 1879, took second place in honors at the London Matriculation. She graduated B.A. in 1881, taking first place in the First Class in the Moral Science Honors list, and a Second Class in Mathematics. In 1884 she took her degree of D.Sc., Doctor of Science, of the London University, being the first woman to attain this distinction.—Charlotte O'Connor Eccles, in Donahoe's for August.

FATHER SLOAN ON TEMPERANCE

In St. Bridget's Church, Ottawa, on Sunday, last, Very Rev. Canon Sloan, in announcing the re-organization of the Father Mathew Temperance Society, urged the mothers and daughters of the parish to do their utmost toward strengthening the society by encouraging the men and boys to join and continue in it. His remarks were strongly worded, and he laid particular emphasis on the fact that intemperance is the curse not only of the world in general, but of the Irish race especially.

THE FRENCH "SEPARATION" CAMPAIGN.

The outlook for religion in France is distinctly ominous just now, but it is by no means hopeless. Human affairs are much influenced by action and reaction, and probably the climax of anti-religion, rather than of anti-religion, in France was reached last Monday night. We may be on the eve of a powerful reaction that will undo the nefarious work of the Bloc, and this much sooner than is generally imagined. The extraordinary conspiracy of silence on this momentous matter in the English press is doubtless due to the fact that English Christians and gentlemen are usually considered unfit to represent English newspapers on the Continent. The Paris correspondents of our leading journals, being nearly all of them men of Oriental extraction, can not, however honorable and enlightened, be expected to entertain any particular interest in the fate of the Christian religion. We are invariably led by these gentlemen to believe that all is for the best in the best of Republics. The unanimous protests of the archbishops and bishops have been barely alluded to, and most Englishmen believe that the French Episcopacy is more or less indifferent to the Separation Bill whereas in reality it has already vehemently protested against all the innumerable arbitrary acts of the present Government, and this not only by individual pastorals addressed to their respective flocks, but in a joint note endorsing the powerful letter written some time ago by the aged Cardinal Archbishop of Paris to President Loubet, a letter which, by the way, that gentleman never answered. Then again we hear nothing of the countless meetings which are being held in every city, town and village, at which the anti-religious policy of the Government is severely attacked and violently condemned. It was mainly because the deputies witnessed such meetings during the recent vacation that they personally realized the danger to which they were exposing their chances of reelection by their excessive anti-clericalism, and, therefore, they introduced several modifying clauses into the Bill, which, as it now stands, is much milder than it was when first presented to the Chamber. The churches, for instance, are not likely to be closed for some time to come, and "the baseless procession," as a Republican journal expresses it, "in which figure so conspicuously the infamous One and his vile Mother," are still to be tolerated, always provided the Prefect or the Mayor proves obliging and conciliatory.

On the whole to a thinking foreigner the spectacle presented by contemporary France is an amazing one. Here is a great nation, which for sixteen hundred years has proclaimed herself the "eldest daughter of the Church," renouncing her great position as protector of the Catholics in the East and breaking off her official connection with the Vatican, at a time when Germany is menacing her and proclaiming at Metz, of all places in the world, her imperial wish to become more and more friendly with the head of the Church of which France has so long been the natural ally! Surely a great statesman would have considered the present an ill-chosen time to quarrel with the Papacy, when by a more conciliatory policy an Ambassador could have been retained at the Vatican, if only to keep an eye on the manoeuvres of the Triple Alliance.

Belgium and Ireland.

The recent pilgrimage to Fontenoy has brought Belgium prominently before the minds of Irishmen, says one of the pilgrims in the Dublin Freeman's Journal. Such a visit as that which has just been paid has a two-fold value: It is valuable because it reminds Irishmen of a glorious episode in the country's history, and, therefore, helps to cultivate that pride in our country's past which is one of the most precious of a nation's possessions. But it has a more practical and immediate value as regards our present and our future. Belgium bears many resemblances to Ireland: It is a small country; it is a predominantly, nay, an almost exclusively, Catholic country; it is a country which, though it has manufactures, relies chiefly on its agriculture for the support of its population; its agriculture is carried on on a similar scale to that on which it is, or might be, carried on in Ireland. The tillage of Belgium bears no resemblance to that of the vast wheat-growing plains of America; it is a country of small farms; machinery is not, and, indeed, could not be employed to work the land; it is cultivated by hand labor. With what wonderful care and with what extraordinary success this kind of cultivation is carried on those who have just visited Belgium can testify. In the district round Fontenoy the houses are clustered thick all along our route; we were hardly ever out of sight of them, and the space between Tournai and Antoin seemed almost like a continuous street. And their number is not more remarkable than their cleanliness and tidiness, and the air of prosperity which manifests itself everywhere. Equally remarkable is the thrift which shows itself in the arrangement of the fields. No hedges, or ditches, or stone walls; no corners cut off by subdivision, as in Ireland; no cattle (with few exceptions), grazing in the fields, for all the cattle in Belgium are stall-fed. In fact, not an inch of ground seems to be wasted anywhere; and while the diversity of an Irish landscape certainly makes it more picturesque, still man does not live by the landscape, and we may be sometimes excused for wishing that, without sacrificing any of our poetry, we had a little more prosperity.

Belgium, of course, enjoys many advantages which Ireland does not yet possess. She has a peasant proprietary; she is without, so far as can be discovered, anything in the nature of an idle class; and she has self-government. We may hope that the time is not far distant when every inch of the soil of Ireland will be owned by the people of Ireland, and when such a thing as a class living in idleness on the produce of the labor of others will no longer exist within our shores. The attainment of self-government may be longer deferred, but its advent is none the less certain. Then, and then only, will Ireland have a perfectly free hand to do what Belgium has been enabled to do, and there can surely be no doubt that we have the capacity to do it. But even under our present conditions much can be done. We cannot fold our hands and wait till the millennium dawns. The work of building a nation must go on here and now. And, therefore, it seems to me that Ireland has many lessons to learn from Belgium, and that the application of methods such as are followed in this and in other Continental countries may do much to stop the ruinous flow of emigration, which is Ireland's greatest danger to-day. It would seem, then, of the utmost importance to bring Irishmen to a larger extent than has yet been done into touch with Continental life. Such an excursion as that to Fontenoy might be profitably organized every year, for there are many places of Irish interest in France and in other countries on the Continent which would well repay a visit. Our agricultural experts, too, might do more in the way of visiting Continental countries and studying the methods practiced there. Such study might be especially valuable in regard to the question of transit. The State-owned railways of Bel-

Belgium and Ireland.

gium are extraordinarily cheap in their rates both for passenger traffic and for the conveyance of agricultural produce. And it is certain that transit in Ireland must be cheapened if Irish producers are to be given a fair chance. The contrast between the cheapness and efficiency of Belgian railways and the ruinous competition and high rates that exist at home is a strong argument for the nationalization of Irish railways.

Belgium, with an area one-third that of Ireland, supports a population of over 7,000,000. It is the most thickly peopled and the most rapidly increasing country in Europe. What might not Ireland do if her resources were properly developed?

ENGLAND'S IRISH POLICY.

It is difficult for an outsider to understand England's policy in Ireland. A few recent happenings illustrate that fact. On May 20 a dinner was given in Dublin by Irish Tories in honor of Mr. Long, Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. The Duke of Abercorn, who presided, introduced Mr. Long "as a statesman who was among them to protect the liberties and property of the peaceful and loyal population, and to put down the conspiracies of the disloyal population." In the Duke's opinion, no improvement in the country could be effected "until ordinary liberty and order were secured." The Chief Secretary, in a lengthy speech, covering more than three columns of the daily newspapers, declared that he "coincided with the Duke's opinion." He scored the Earl of Dunraven's project of "Devolution" as quasi-self-government, veiled Home Rule, and accused the Earl of "drifting down that road which others before him have followed who have begun their downward career by the policy of surrender to the forces of disorder." His whole speech is of like tone.

If one were to judge from these utterances, Ireland must be seething in conspiracy and crime. But, on the other hand, some startling facts arrest our judgment. Within the month immediately preceding the Duke's Chief Secretary's speech the county court judges for Sligo, Kerry and Westmeath, whose jurisdiction practically corresponds to superior judges in Massachusetts, were each presented with white gloves by the sheriff, a symbol that the criminal docket was blank; that there were no criminals to be tried. And four days after the Tory banquet in Dublin, on Wednesday, May 24, the county court judge for Louth, W. H. Kisby, was presented by the sub-sheriff with a pair of white gloves, emblematic of the crimeless condition of that county. Judge Kisby, acknowledging the presentation, said from the bench that "over and over again, sometimes for three and sometimes for four sessions of the year," he was presented with white gloves, a fact which spoke well of the people of the county. No criminal docket in at least four Irish counties within a month makes a curious contrast to the Duke's and Chief Secretary's deliveries.—Boston Transcript.

PASSING OF THE WINE CELLAR.

(From the London Express.)

One of the leading wine merchants in Pall Mall told an Express representative that the keeping of a wine cellar was a declining fashion. "No longer is it considered essential to the dignity and good name of the country squire or the owner of a mansion to have a good wine cellar," he said. "Our men frequently find the bins quite empty. "Flats and the camera are among the minor contributory causes of this new feature of the mansion wine bin. A person living in a flat is obliged to order a little at a time, and families living in mansions often find that the cellar makes an excellent dark-room. "At the bottom of it all, however, lies the great fact that the 'two bottle' man is nearly extinct, and that the great bulk of the community are far more temperate than ever before." The national drink bill has fallen during the last five years by no less than £16,940,062.

FATHER SLOAN ON TEMPERANCE

In St. Bridget's Church, Ottawa, on Sunday, last, Very Rev. Canon Sloan, in announcing the re-organization of the Father Mathew Temperance Society, urged the mothers and daughters of the parish to do their utmost toward strengthening the society by encouraging the men and boys to join and continue in it. His remarks were strongly worded, and he laid particular emphasis on the fact that intemperance is the curse not only of the world in general, but of the Irish race especially.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Apròs of the much elaborated reports of a bargain crush in an American city the other day, the question might be asked, Why has the alluring sign: "This all-wool so-and-so will go at \$3.99 to-morrow morning at eight o'clock" such an effect when the simple announcement "\$4.00," is passed by without a thought. Here in our city we are accustomed to the sight of a crowd struggling at an early hour in the morning for first place long before store doors are opened. Then when the mad rush is made articles are mauled and dragged out of one another's hands, greater reductions are implored, and to give a semblance of truth to the so-called bargain sale, this last request is sometimes granted, people forgetting all the while that they are paying full value (perhaps more) for, in most cases, rubbish a store-keeper could not otherwise get rid of. How these same men must smile while they look on at the public being gulled.

From a spectator's point of view it appears a pity that people do not think more, people particularly who have to count their money, for it is not possible to sell a first class article at a ridiculously low price any more than it is honest to charge the exorbitant prices we are much accustomed to. We wonder what will take the place of the bargain counter and the bargain hunter.

FASHIONS.

One of the daintiest sheer coats is the apricot silk mousseline inset profusely with valenciennes and heavy guipure in combination and linen with white chiffon and silk. Single velvet nasturtiums, toning in perfectly with the pinkish yellow of the mousseline, were dropped carelessly among the frothing frills of mousseline and lace and folds and knots of a deep orange liberty satin were also a part of the color scheme. Capes and little coats of linen, embroidered and perhaps lace trimmed, are numerous among the imported models, but have not taken so well here as in Paris.

The ostrich feather boa has been a summer standby for many seasons past and is still desirable, but many variations have been rung upon it within the last few years. This summer the variety in neck scarfs, ruches and stoles is even greater than usual and some of the new things are very attractive. A very pretty waist of light weight linen was made with a round yoke, embroidered with a charming pattern of butterflies and eyelet holes, while the front of blouse was embroidered in regular round spots, the size of a five cent piece.

Linen tailored suits are very manish and severe. The most desirable model at present has a long coat very loose and baggy, with reverses and collar of colored linen, blue, mauve or green. Voile, while not as durable as mohair, is far from being a fragile material, and in the heavier varieties wears very well indeed. For the black hat, which is an indispensable part of the wardrobe to many women, nothing is more satisfactory than fine horsehair braid. Crossbar and checked silks are popular. The rough weaves for silk, known as Burlington, Rajah, etc., as well as the smoother pongees, come in a variety of colors cross hatched with contrasting colors or black.

SEMPERLY WISDOMS.

Warts will disappear entirely if they are rubbed two or three times a day with oil of cinnamon. This gives no pain whatever, and is simple enough for any one to try it. Stone jars with tight covers are the best kind of vessels to keep purified water in, for they are easily filled and handled, and may be set in an ice chest to cool, says the New York Telegram. Once cold the heavy ware keeps cool for hours, even when taken from the icebox. Almost the only objection to boiled water for drinking purposes is the difficulty of keeping it cool. This is rather hard to accomplish in the summer unless you put it in a porcelain lined cooler. An English ironmonger claims that if new tinned pots and pans are filled with water and allowed to stand

in this condition for a few days before being actually put into use they will be rendered rust proof. Earthenware can be firmly mended by means of a cement made of equal parts of plaster of paris, water and white lead. Plaster of paris sets very quickly, and the cement should be made in small quantities and must be used immediately. Let dry for three days.

Fasten pieces of rubber tape near the corners of the crib, with large safety pins attached to the free ends. These can be pinned to the covers after the child is tucked in securely, and they remain in place in spite of restless movements, while in no way interfering with the little one's comfort.

The mixing pan can be quickly cleaned if a little boiling water is poured into it for a few minutes and a close cover put over it. The steam softens the dried dough so that it will readily wash off. An excellent covering for the kitchen table is zinc, which saves labor, because it absorbs no grease and is easily kept bright and clean.

RECIPES.

Sand Tarts—One cup butter, two cups brown sugar, one whole egg, and the yolks of two; cream butter and sugar and add the eggs; add flour to make a soft dough; flour your board well and roll very light and with a small brush wash over the rolled-out dough; mix the sugar and cinnamon together and shake it all over the tart; cut in any shape you desire.

Heart of lettuce salad with Gorgonzola cheese carefully crumbled between the leaves makes a delicious if very rich salad when served with French dressing. Tomatoes are never better than when the insides are removed to make room for chopped up cucumbers and little onions that have not yet acquired flavor enough to assert themselves.

Salmon Pudding—To a pint of boiled salmon add two beaten eggs, three tablespoons of cream and a little salt and pepper. Put in a bowl placed in a pan of water and bake 20 minutes. Turn the salmon on a hot platter and serve with potato balls around it and the following sauce poured over it: Mix together one tablespoon of butter and one of flour. Stir them into a cup of boiling milk until smooth. Season with salt, pepper and chopped parsley.

Fruit Punches—Mash a quart of raspberries, blackberries, currants or cherries. Cover with water and put in a preserve kettle with half a pound of sugar and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Set over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved; strain and bottle. When ready to use, fill the glasses one-fourth full of shaved ice.

Stuffed Apples—Take six large sweet apples, peel and remove cores. Stuff cavities with chopped dates and nuts or raisins. Plug both ends with pieces of apples and bake until tender. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

Any person who likes grape juice as a beverage will appreciate this grape juice frappe. One pint of grape juice, one cupful of orange juice, and the juice of two lemons are required. Add two cupfuls of granulated sugar and four of water. Boil the water and sugar fifteen minutes and add the fruit juice. Strain, add a quart of ice water, and more sugar if necessary. Remember that ices are sweeter before they are frozen than afterward. Do not freeze too hard.

The woman who goes to the seashore for the first time, takes it for granted that one of the best things she can do for her health, as well as one of the most enjoyable, is the daily sea-bath, and frequently it is a surprise to her that after her bath, instead of the exhilaration she expected, she feels languid, suffers from a headache, and possibly from a more or less acute attack of indigestion. This may be due to the fact that she goes into the water overheated. Though the results of this are not as serious in salt water as in fresh, they are bad enough. She may make the mistake of going into the water too soon after eating, or only a short time before a meal. The calling the energy of the body from the digestive process to counteracting the chill of a plunge into cold water interferes sadly with the digestion, and shows itself by headache, or in more pronounced ways,

A great many women not accustomed to sea-bathing never wet the entire surface of their bodies during a so-called bath. They simply wade about, exposing part of the body to the cool breezes. Everyone who has tried the experiment, knows that the chill is much greater than if the entire body were immersed. By far the most common mistake is that of protruding the bath unduly. The woman who for an hour or more exposes herself to the force of the breakers at our coast resorts, gets a pounding and a punelling such as only an athlete could endure without ill effects. Her teeth chatter. She looks pinched and blue. She drags herself out of the water at last, trying to persuade herself that it has all been delightful, but in reality finding it hard to put one foot before the other. A quick dip and a vigorous rub-down would have made her bath invigorating as well as pleasant.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

God bless and keep my little boy, Guard body and guide mind, Mix not his gold with base alloy—Dross of the worldly kind. Oh! lay on me the care and pain! Spare him a little while: The heart-seam ne'er will spring again Which blooms now in his smile.

Roll not the years too fast, O God! I fain would longer keep This tousel head which now doth nod, Finding the way to sleep.

And let not time with foot roughshod My few small charms destroy; For there be years to come, O God, When I must woo my boy. Lend sweetness to his mother's voice To charm his critic ear; For siren songs will court his choice As manhood draweth near.

Only the tender years are mine— Ah, stretch their shortening span; Yet, if I must my charge resign, Make him, O God, a Man. —The Delincofer.

WASHING SILK UNDERWEAR.

Directions for washing silk underwear have been asked for. The same precautions that are used in washing fine woollens need to be taken with silk. Prepare a suds of white soap and fairly hot water, and add to each gallon of water two tablespoons of ammonia. If the ammonia is strong use only one tablespoonful. Let the garments soak in the suds for some time, half an hour or longer. Wash by rubbing with the hands and gently squeezing. Never rub on a board, and never rub soap on silk unless some spots are unusually obstinate. Rinse thoroughly. This means through two or three waters, the same temperature as the washing water. Iron when nearly dry. If the garments are very delicate, press under a thin muslin.

THREE SPEAKERS, THREE CATHOLICS.

(From the London Tablet.) Two hundred women writers met as comrades at dinner on Monday evening, and three of their number were down on the programme for speeches—Mrs. Meynell (who presided over the pretty banquet, made gay with flowers and musical with the arble of feminine voices), Mrs. Katherine Tynan Hinkson and Mrs. Craige. The last note to be suggested by such a festival is a polemical one. Yet the fact that the three spokeswomen of the women writers happen all to be Catholics is something more than a lucky fluke. It represents the very generally predominating activities of Catholic women in nearly all the departments of literature and journalism.

THE SAME MOTHER IN DIFFERENT SETTING.

When one sees boys and girls congregating on the city streets, learning alley language and gutter manners, one involuntarily asks, "Where are their mothers? What are they doing so important that it forces them to leave their children to the ribald instruction of the gutterstone?" Can they take them to the country or seaside, for the summer? No; they can't afford it. When they can afford it the good fortune does not change the type of mothers who do not care to be "bothered" with the children. When rich this kind of mock-mother leaves her responsibilities to the hired nurse; when poor, she pays a higher price in trusting them to the guardianship of the street. She is occupied with fancy work, fiction and "piazza chat." In the one case, and with senseless drudgery and back-door gossip in the other instance. It's the same woman, with or without the \$—Busy-

body, in Catholic Standard and Times.

WALL PAPER PICTURE FRAMES.

Unless you have tried it, you cannot imagine what pretty and inexpensive picture frames can be made of wall paper. Select paper of a small design or of plain color and cover the panels which have been cut from heavy cardboard, turning the edges over and gluing in place. Place the front panels in a row close together, face down, and lay a piece of ribbon at the top and bottom to form hinges. The backs are then glued to these, except the lower edge, which is left open to slip the photograph in. Place a board over this with a heavy weight until dry. Some very effective frames for large photographs are made of flowered designs and are quite as pretty as hand-painted ones if fine, carefully selected paper is used. Some of the tapestry papers make excellent frames and screens, and are also effective for covering shirtwaist boxes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SELF-TONED ROOMS.

The self-toned room—that is, the room where everything is of one color—has the lead in the best houses below the bedroom floors. Two or three kinds of furniture of as many different colors jumbled up in the drawing-room are out of the question now.

In a millionaire's new house the drawing-room has a long expanse of perfectly plain ceiling, rounding down to meet a four-inch moulding of white and gold. The walls between a two-foot high wainscoting of white enamelled wood and the frieze are paneled with yellow self-toned brocade. The chairs and sofas are upholstered in brocade of exactly the same tint, and portieres and window curtains are made from the same material. The frames of the curtains are white enamel. This is the general style of drawing room most in vogue now.

Plain ivory tinted ceilings devoid of ornamentation are practically the rule. The wide, elaborate frieze has gone out. So have the vivid contrasts of color in wall hangings and furniture coverings. Harmony is the main idea rather than that there shall be several thousand dollars' worth of covering in evidence.

The showy gilt windows, cornices, mirror frames and curtain supporters once so fashionable, have vanished. Only the panel curtain hanging straight down against the glass is now used in rooms of state with the heavy curtains of brocade, tapestry or velvet, as the case may be, next to the room. As a result of fashion's change in favor of simpler and quieter effects it is perfectly possible for people in most moderate circumstances to duplicate in comparatively inexpensive materials some of the most costly rooms in the country.—Washington Star.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

UTILITARIAN. Sunday School Teacher—Of course, you'd like to be an angel, Tommy, wouldn't you? Tommy—I guess I would. I'd have wings then and could fly up and get the jam off the top shelf.

"Woman," said he, in agonized tones, "you have broken my heart." She laid her head on his manly bosom. "No," she said, after listening intently, "there is not the slightest evidence of organic lesion. There is a slight palpitation; due, perhaps, to cigarettes. That is all." And now the young man swears that hereafter when he moves love to a girl at a summer resort he will be sure she is not a medical student.

A BAD BREAK.

During the annual convention of a certain religious body, not so very long ago, an incident occurred which was not on the programme, and which completely upset the gravity of the ministers and brethren assembled. It was at the closing session, and the chairman stated that they were about \$100 short of an amount desired to be raised for a given purpose, and hoped that this sum could be made up before the final adjournment. One of the laymen jumped up with the remark: "I'll start the good work with \$25."

"I don't know your name, brother," said the chairman, "but may God bless you, and may your business be doubled during the year." Much to his astonishment a burst of laughter followed from many in the hall, which was explained when a brother up in front stepped to the platform and whispered: "Why, that's Mr. Blank, a prominent undertaker of the town."—Lippincott.

GLAD HE WENT TO ROME.

A Protestant Minister Describes His Visit to the Head of Catholic Christendom.

In a recent number of the "Young Man," of London, England, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, minister of the London City Temple, discussing Catholicism, gives some particulars of his visit to the Pope: "I have for years past," he writes, "made a point of availing myself of such opportunities of studying Romanism from within as might come my way. I have friends among the priesthood and the laity in England and out of it, and have taken careful note of much that they have told me. In the early part of the present year I visited Rome itself, where I was received with great kindness, and allowed to see a good deal of Catholic life in the Eternal City. My visit to the Pope, about which so much fuss was made by some extreme Protestants in this country, was neither the most instructive, nor the most interesting of my experiences there.

"Nothing could have exceeded the courtesy shown me by these ecclesiastics, from Cardinal Merry del Val downwards, to whom I took letters of introduction from my friends in the diocese of Westminster. Perhaps some Protestants would say this courtesy was all of a piece with the present designs of Rome upon England. I cannot flatter my own importance by thinking so. The Pope has a benevolent expression, considerable personal dignity, and there is about him an atmosphere of otherworldliness and simple goodness which is unmistakable. If any real curiosity exists as to why I went to see him, the only sensible answer is because the opportunity was courteously afforded me, and because I was glad to look on the face of the peasant boy who had risen to be head of Catholic Christendom."

On the general question of Catholicism, he admits that, in spite of all his efforts at Rome to look on things from a Catholic point of view, he was unable to discover the "secret of the power of Rome over so many minds." "And yet," he continues, "we all felt—my friends and myself—the glamour, the majesty, the almost supernaturalness of Rome. We were not disappointed, as we had been repeatedly assured before leaving England would be the case. The ecclesiastics with whom I was brought into contact were men of high culture, fine character, and true spirituality. I was even able to worship without any feeling of unreality or mental protest, and yet I came away without getting at the secret of the power of Rome over minds like that of John Henry Newman."

FILIPINOS CLING TO FAITH.

As Little Danger of Losing it as of Ireland Apostatizing.

The Filipino people are intensely and intelligently Catholic. They have been made so by the heroic work of the Spanish friars, and they will continue so under the wise and prudent rule of the American Bishops. The sects, by their own reports, have made no progress, and the schism of the excommunicated priest, Aglipay, has been unmasked and found to be a revolutionary plot for independence. There is great encouragement in the recent words of the Archbishop of Manila: "There is as much danger of the Filipinos losing their faith as there is of the Irish race apostatizing."

Direct and reliable reports inform us that Archbishop Harty's wisdom and prudence have won for him the love of the Filipino people, the devotion and confidence of the clergy, and the admiration and respect of the governmental authorities. He is consulted on all questions involving the church in the islands, and is implicitly trusted by the governor and the commissioners and President Roosevelt about the many intricate problems that arise.

The Archbishop is authority for the statement that his work is absolutely unhampered by the governmental authorities. They are eager to assist him in every beneficent move, because they appreciate the fact that he is the real ruler of the people. The government is paying all damages done to church property by American troops during the war, and has paid good rent for every religious institution occupied by the troops. The relations between church and state are most pleasant, and the commissioners do all they can under our form of government to show the people that the American government is not hostile to the church. Ten years from now we shall see

great things in those islands, and in twenty-five years the Archbishop of Manila predicts "Filipino missionaries will be going to the surrounding countries to convert the natives."—Western Watchman.

THE SONGS OF IRELAND.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

"The Land of Song" is one of many poetic and symbolic names in which Ireland rejoices. It is a title which is well deserved. Ireland is the one country which has a musical instrument for its national emblem. On her green flag gleams a golden harp. The system of law in ancient Ireland was a poetic composition set to music. The Irish airs which are best known, those adopted by Thomas Moore to his own graceful lyrics, expressing intensely every phase of emotion, never fail in their human appeal.

Yet the history of this matchless possession of the Irish race has never been written till now. Hitherto the best account of the music and musical instruments of Ireland was to be found in the famous "Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," which Eugene O'Curry, the archaeologist, delivered to the students of the short-lived Catholic University founded by voluntary subscription in Dublin in the '50's. Mr. Grattan Flood's work ("A History of Irish Music," just published in Dublin) is a most exhaustive history of Irish music. But it is more than that. It is a very valuable contribution to social history, to the history of manners and customs in Ireland from ancient times till the end of the nineteenth century, as illustrated by the songs and music of the people.

In ancient Ireland the bard was a person of immense power and influence. He had to undergo at least twelve years' training before the coveted title of Ollamh was conferred upon him. At that time rank was designated by color in dress. The bard had a dress of fine colors, including a white mantle and a blue cap ornamented with gold crescent. There were nine different musical instruments in use. The harp was the most appreciated, and after it in popularity came the bagpipes, flute and horn. The ancient music in Ireland, which is still extant, consists of battle marches, dance tunes, love melodies, religious hymns and chants. Right down the centuries the characteristic of Irish music has been its vein of melancholy or tenderness.

BEAR TRIES TO LIFT DEER FROM WATER.

(From the Maine Woods.)

W. M. Kennedy, who has been in the lumbering business for a number of years past, tells of seeing a bear try to lift a live deer from the Magalloway River. When he discovered them, the bear had hold of a young buck's head with his teeth and was hanging on hard with the aid of his claws. The deer swam for the shore, carrying the weight of the bear, but he swam directly into a trap in the crotch that was made by the boom. The bear made frantic efforts to get onto the logs and pull the deer after him. But the sight was too much. The bear was despatched by Mr. Kennedy.

Man-Eating Pike of Yorkshire.

Dr. G. V. A. Robertson, of Pickering, reports:—"On Saturday I received a call to visit the son of a farmer. The message was, 'The lad has been bitten by a fish.' On my arrival I found the lad suffering from a severe wound of the right foot, which required several stitches. On making inquiries I was told the lad had been bathing, along with two others, in the river Leven, which runs near to the farm at Sinnington, and on getting out of the water he sat on the bank, as lads are wont to do, when suddenly a large fish jumped out of the water on to the bank, seized the lad by the foot, and jumped in again. The distance from the water to the bank is quite two feet and the lad's foot was three feet from the edge of the bank. A lady who was passing and heard his cries went to his assistance and carried him home, as the foot was bleeding profusely. A gentleman who stays at the farm and is an enthusiastic angler, asked to see the place, and said he would try to catch the fish. On taking his fishing tackle he had the gratification of catching the fish in a few minutes with an artificial bait. It turned out to be a fine pike, measuring two feet one and a half inches long, and weighing six pounds. 'There can be no doubt,' adds the doctor, 'as to the truth of the occurrence, for I not only saw the lad and the fish, but I also saw the fish measured and the gentleman who caught it.'

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys: It seems almost like see those letters. Anna a young contributor, will not forget to get to it. I would like McG's flower bed. I you were too young, d firmation, even though enough. You touch a May, when you speak of a helpful little girl you when you are able to p duties while he is ill quite a collection of fl garden, Hugh. We hav our share of warm we hope for a continuance. Your loving AUN

Dear Aunt Becky: You must think I hav gotten you, but such is I have been so busy th got any real vacation is station agent, and well, and I have to trains in his place. I old friends will not for together, as the boys' a ner is quite deserted. For corn and tomato tir a lover of vegetables; Auntie? There is an e Burlington to-day. My gone and will not get h o'clock to-night. We are having bad v haying, as it is raining Farmers will be discou keeps on. I will clos are enjoying summer pl Sherrington, July 23,

Dear Aunt Becky: I am a little girl, 5 y as I cannot write very mamma to write for me, sisters and two brothers, is eighteen months old, pets besides the chickens papa is going to get u week. I think we will much. We have a mile school, so I can't go Our baby's name is Ma she can talk quite plain this time. Your loving n Three Brooks, N.B.

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THE LOST DOLL The seaside cottage had in order, the trunks had the expressman, and Pa was at the gate with the Even Flora Louise, Phyl doll, had her cape and al ready to go to the st "Let's go all around and say a good-by," a hugging Flora Louise in They went through all below, and then upstairs other look at the blue o ing in the sunshine and its white surf on the ben Phyllis found the windo It had been forgotten. P and Flora Louise could c mamma. Down came th int, alas! Flora Louie slipped outside to the v beneath and rolled down row railing at the edge.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

It seems almost like old times to see those letters. Anna McG. is quite a young contributor. I hope papa will not forget to get you the puppy, and I am sure you will be kind to it. I would like to see Bertha McG.'s flower bed. I should think you were too young, dear, for confirmation, even though you were wise enough. You touch a tender spot, May, when you speak of corn. What a helpful little girl you must be when you are able to perform papa's duties while he is ill. You have quite a collection of flowers in your garden, Hugh. We have been having our share of warm weather, too. I hope for a continuance of the letters.

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You must think I have entirely forgotten you, but such is not the case. I have been so busy that I have not got any real vacation yet. My father is station agent, and is not quite well, and I have to tend to the trains in his place. I hope your old friends will not forget you altogether, as the boys' and girls' corner is quite deserted. I am wishing for corn and tomato time, as I am a lover of vegetables; are you not, Auntie? There is an excursion to Burlington to-day. My brother has gone and will not get home until 10 o'clock to-night.

We are having bad weather for haying, as it is raining every day. Farmers will be discouraged if it keeps on. I will close hoping you are enjoying summer pleasures.

May O'N.

Sherrington, July 23, 1905.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little girl, 5 years old, and as I cannot write very well I asked mamma to write for me. I have two sisters and two brothers. The baby is eighteen months old. We have no pets besides the chickens now, but papa is going to get us a pup next week. I think we will love him very much. We have a mile to go to school, so I can't go all the time. Our baby's name is Marguerite, and she can talk quite plain. That is all this time.

Your loving niece,

ANNA McG.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my second letter. The flowers are quite plenty. We have some richmedels, four o'clocks, honey suckles, stars and marigolds. The weather is warm. It is dry now for haying. I hope you are well. It is hot. I have not very much to write, so I will close.

Your loving nephew,

HUGH McG.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It has been a long time since I have written to the corner, and I thought I would write a few lines to-day. Our school will be open August 15th, 1905. I will be eight years old 15th of February, 1906. I have a flower bed of my own. The Bishop was up and he said I was too small to be confirmed, but that I could be confirmed the next time he comes up. Our teacher's name is Miss Gertrude Burke. The strawberries are all gone and the raspberries are coming in. I have written a long letter this time, so good-bye.

BERTHA McG.

THE LOST DOLL.

The seaside cottage had been put in order, the trunks had gone with the expressman, and Papa Graham was at the gate with the carriage. Even Flora Louise, Phyllis' beloved doll, had her cape and bonnet on, all ready to go to the station. "Let's go all around the cottage and say a good-bye," said Phyllis, hugging Flora Louise in her arms. They went through all the rooms below, and then upstairs to get another look at the blue ocean gleaming in the sunshine and rolling up its white surf on the beach. Phyllis found the window wide open. It had been forgotten. Perhaps she and Flora Louise could close it for mamma. Down came the window, but alas! Flora Louise somehow slipped outside to the veranda roof beneath and rolled down to the narrow railing at the edge.

Poor Phyllis! She stood an instant watching the gay little heap huddled together in the sheltering angle, and then ran downstairs as fast as she could go to tell papa about it.

But papa said that they must not wait another instant. Mamma had already locked the door, as soon as Phyllis was out, and she and Baby Lou were getting into the carriage. There was nothing left for Phyllis to do but to climb in too.

With a long, lingering look at the speck of red cape that showed through the veranda railing, she laid her head on her mother's shoulder and cried as if her heart would break.

They said she should have a new dolly just as soon as she should get back to town, and it came in due season, and grew to be very dear to Phyllis; but she never forgot poor Flora Louise, out in the sun and wind on the veranda roof at the seaside cottage.

"Next summer I shall try to get her the very first thing," she said. After a month or two the cottage was let to a winter tenant, for in the South, where Phyllis lived, people often go to the beach resorts during the winter season.

Lynn and Katharine, the little newcomers, went all through the cottage the first thing, to see what their new home was like. At the front window upstairs they paused, as Phyllis had often done, to watch the blue ocean sparkling in the sun and rolling up its white surf on the sand.

"Oh, look, Lynn!" suddenly cried Katharine. "There on the veranda roof! I wonder what it is!"

"I'm going down to see," said Lynn, opening the window wide. He let himself down carefully to the roof below, and then crept slowly down to where poor Flora Louise was huddled.

"What a dear dolly!" cried Katharine, as she held it safe in her arms at the window. "Some poor little girl must have dropped her, and couldn't get her again. What fun we'll have with her!"

Many a happy day had Lynn and Katharine in the little cottage and on the warm, sunny beach, and Flora Louise shared in all their good times. But she was Flora Louise no longer. "If we only knew what her name is," sighed Katharine. "But we'll just have to give her another, poor little dear! It must be awful to be lost and not able to tell your own name. Let's call her Gertrude." So Gertrude she remained all winter.

When the time drew near for leaving, mother one day gave Katharine an idea, which she was quick to share with Lynn, and after that there were busy, busy days for both.

On the day they left the cottage Katharine came and gathered Gertrude in her arms. "You dear precious!" she murmured. "I hate awfully to leave you. But you're going to have a delightful surprise some day, when the summer girl comes back."

It was not Gertrude, however, but the summer girl herself, who had the greatest "surprise." The very first week of vacation the carriage stopped at the gate again, and Phyllis looked anxiously up to the veranda railing while Papa Graham unlocked the door.

There was no trace of Flora Louise. "What can have become of her?" thought Phyllis, as she went slowly up the steps.

But the first sight that met her eyes as she walked into the sitting-room was Flora Louise herself, gorgeous in a new gown, and seated on a cunning little bedstead just right for her! Pinned to her dress was a little note, which read:

"Dear Summer Girl: The agent told us you live in this cottage every summer, so I know you will be glad to get your dolly again. We love her, too. One of us climbed out the window and got her and made her bedstead, and the other took care of her and made her new clothes. We didn't know her right name, but we have called her Gertrude. We hope you'll have a good time with her this summer. Lovingly,

"The Winter Boy and Girl." Near by was a little trunk containing a pink silk dress and a dainty cloak and hat. There were also many dainty little garments that delighted the eye of grateful Phyllis.

"What perfectly lovely winter children!" cried Phyllis, when mamma had read the note. "I'm going to call my lost dolly Flora Louise Gertrude Graham, and I'm going to ask

the agent if that boy and girl are coming back next winter, and, if they are, I'm going to leave her here for them."—Lily Manker Allen, in Youth's Companion.

HOW FATHER WON THE MEDAL.

It was the night of the prize contest at Summerville College. Portia Bridge, one of the excited group on the platform, was in a tumult of fright, but the only person in the hall who knew it was a tall, sunburned man away back by the door.

He had come in quietly during the violin solo, and Portia's heart had given a great jump at sight of him. She had not dreamed of his taking that journey to hear her speak. She knew the expense; she knew how every penny had to be counted to keep her in college. But there he was—dear old father!

To the strangers there he was only a farmer in town clothes, but Portia knew better. She knew the keen, homely wisdom, and the natural gift of oratory that made her father the man to be sent for from all over their county whenever a stirring speech was wanted. And she knew—with a sinking heart to-night—his fond belief that his daughter had inherited that gift.

But he would see soon that this was a different matter from reciting before enthusiastic church societies at home. Oh, how had she ever had the conceit to try! Then the graceful girl in the soft black gown began to speak, and Portia saw her father leaning forward eagerly to listen—and everything seemed to whirl.

Portia's name was last on the programme. As the numbers were passed, one by one, the thrill that circled her pretty shoulders began to beat time with her heart. Over and over she swallowed to moisten her parched throat. The piano dust had begun. When that was finished she would have to speak. She tried to think of the first lines of her recitation. They were gone.

At that moment, under cover of the music, a tall, sunburned man from the very end of the long room walked deliberately down the aisle. Regardless of curious eyes, he went straight to his astonished daughter, sitting at the edge of the low platform, and whispered in her ear: "Keep perfectly cool. You've got 'em—tighter'n a brick!"

That was all. With an unmoved face he made his way back; but a sudden pink had flooded the girl's white cheeks and an unfrightened mirth shone in her eyes. As her name was announced her knees forgot to shake, and she faced her audience with a charming confidence that caught every heart in the room.

The decision was a foregone conclusion. The judges were out two minutes, and the gold medal was presented to Miss Portia Bridge amid deafening rounds of applause.

But no one except Portia and one tall, sunburned man knew just what it meant when—after it was all over—she flew into his arms, right there before the glad little group that had gathered round, and cried out: "Oh, father, dear, you did it!"—Youth's Companion.

PIGEON RETURNS AFTER THREE YEARS.

After flying about the country for nearly three years a blue checked pigeon which in June, 1902, was shipped to Gordonville, S.C., to be entered in a five hundred mile contest for young birds, returned to the lot of its owner, John Dethoff, this city, to-day.

The small ring of identification remains intact on its leg.—Reading correspondence Philadelphia Bulletin.

MOTHER BIRD'S LOVE.

An object lesson in motherly love was witnessed by the rush-hour crowd on Park Row last night, says the New York World. A baby sparrow flew from its nest in City Hall park and alighted in the middle of the busy thoroughfare.

The ever-watchful mother flew to the rescue. The helpless, featherless little creature was directly in the path of a trolley-car, when the mother flew to its side. The motorman saw the mother trying to lift the young bird from the street and stopped the car.

Several hundred persons watched the rescue. The young bird was too heavy for the mother to carry. A newsboy picked it up and took it to a fire escape at the Sun office. The mother flew over the head of the newsboy, making a great racket, as she did not understand that he was trying to aid her.

As soon as the newsboy placed her offspring on the fire escape the mother lit on the railing, and waited until the boy climbed to the ground. Then she flew to the side of a waffle vendor's cart and picked up a piece of discarded food.

FATHER Koenig's FREE A VALID BOOK ON NERVOUS DISEASES AND A SAMPLE BOTTLE TO ANY ADDRESS. FREE! Koenig Med. Co., 109 Lake St., Chicago. Sold by Druggists and per bottle 1/2 doz for \$1.

She brought this back to the young bird, and as the baby opened its greedy mouth she dropped the food in. For half an hour the crowd watched the devoted mother feed her youngster. Then some one took the little bird off the fire escape and carried it across to City Hall park and put it in a tree. By degrees the mother and several other birds succeeded in getting the young one back into the nest.

WHERE TOYS COME FROM.

Most of our dolls and other toys are made at Sonneberg, and Nuremberg, in Germany, and it is most interesting to visit the doll factories in these towns. It is a strange fact that no factory makes a whole doll; each part is made specially, and by workmen who only make that particular part.

Very little machinery is employed in doll-making, or in toy-making, but all pass through the hands of many.

A toy turtle, with a clock in its chest, has to pass through the hands of three men and thirty-seven girls before it is ready to be put on the market.

Many children in Germany help in the manufacture of toys, and enjoy the work and the money they thus earn.

"The children of Germany take pleasure in making

What the children of England take pleasure in buying.

A REMARKABLE PRIEST.

Rev. James Crickard, pastor of the parish of Loughlin Island, County Down, Ireland, recently celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday, and also his seventieth year in the priesthood. The parish of which the aged priest is spiritual head is located pretty near the centre of the county, in a rural district, a few miles from the little town of Ballymahinch, which figured so prominently in the memorable year of 1798.

With one assistant, notwithstanding his remarkable age, Father Crickard still continues to administer the affairs of his parish with great ability. Every Sunday he celebrates Mass, and every alternate Sunday preaches the sermon, which is always full of instruction and often eloquent, his voice reaching every member of the congregation.

As regards age, he is now the spiritual Father of the diocese to which he belongs, is very popular, and still full of quick wit and good humor. Father Crickard comes of a long-lived family, most of the members living over ninety years, and some even passing the century mark. His mother lived to be 103.

THE CHINAMAN'S FOOD FOR THE DEAD.

Admiral Hichborn, long chief constructor in the navy, has a Chinese servant named Chow, whom he brought with him from the East. One day Chow asked permission to go to a funeral.

"All right," said the Admiral. Then he added: "I suppose you will put a lot of food and sweetmeats on his grave as they do in China?"

"Allee same China," Chow replied. "Now, Chow," continued the Admiral, "when do you think the dead Chinaman will come up to eat the food you leave on the grave?"

"Allee same time Melican man comes up to smell flowers you leave on his grave," answered Chow, urbanely.—Boston Herald.

HOT WATER AILMENTS.

The best medicine in the world to ward off summer complaints is Baby's Own Tablets, and it is the best medicine to cure them if they attack little ones unexpectedly. At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the child Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. These Tablets cure all stomach troubles, diarrhoea and cholera infantum, and if occasionally given to the well child will prevent them. Mrs. Edward Clark, McGregor, Ont., says: "I used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl who suffered from colic and bowel troubles and I found them the most satisfactory medicine I ever tried." This is the experience of all mothers who have used this medicine. Keep the Tablets in the home during the hot weather months and you can feel that your children are safe. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A POINTED MORAL.

It was the middle of June and the little ones were holding high festival.

"Only a week more—" "And sister will be here." "Oh, I'm so glad she'll be done with that nasty old school!" "She's going to stay with us all the time now, isn't she, mother?"

"We can't tell till she comes, dear." Mother's tone was a little sad, for the thought of her eldest daughter coming home from school to be her help and comfort, to take her share of the home cares, had lain warmly at her heart.

"Why can't we tell, mother?" clamored the little ones. "Perhaps sister Emily will want to go somewhere else, after spending the summer here."

That was it. Latterly, Emily, in her letters, had thrown out suggestions of a desire to go to the city, not far from her home, to teach.

It was hard to think of it, but all looked forward so long to the homecoming, but if she earnestly desired it, mother would not let her wishes stand in the way.

"I shan't let her go," said little Alice, stoutly. "I'll take such tight hold of her she can't get away any more."

A letter was brought to mother. "I don't know what you'll think of me, mother dearie," it began, "but I want to ask you if you will be willing for me to spend the early part of the summer away from you. Margaret Marshall, my chum, has asked me to visit her. I would not wish to do it, except that it will give me an opportunity to attend the summer school and lectures—a great advantage to me in view of what I hope to accomplish in the future."

"Of course the next few years ought to be the most useful of my life, and I'm sure you will agree with me in thinking that I ought to seize on every chance of improving myself."

"As you are coming up for the distribution, I shall have a nice little time with you. It's too bad I cannot see the little ones, but they can wait, and what good times we will all have when sister does come! Write and tell me what you think of it, mother, darling."

A forlorn wail went up from three little voices when the small girls were told of the new plan. Mother felt that she could have joined in it easily, the blessed home-coming had meant so much to her. How could her daughter disappoint her so?

But she could understand it better when she reached the school; in the whirl of the closing days the glow of delightful anticipation, in the crowding in of new interests and new pursuits, was it to be wondered at that the quiet demands of home should be shoved aside? Certainly, it would require much of the grace of God to turn from all this pleasant excitement to the simple routine so satisfying before years of school. Mother was sure it was all right, but her heart kept on aching.

Music was popular in the school, and formed a conspicuous part in the closing exercises. Emily was to sing, and the glow of the loving pride with which her mother looked at her as she stood before the audience in her simple white dress, she forgot, for the moment, everything else, but the shadow fell again. All the sweetness, the beauty of the young life was for others, not for those who loved her at home.

As she paused in her song, Emily's eyes fell on her mother, who sat near the stage. A pain smote her to the heart, for mother's face wore a look of pathetic sadness which her daughter had never seen before. And through the light and the music and the upturned faces came a rush of feeling so strong that she almost forgot her part. She saw, as never before, the contrast between mother's life, written so pathetically on her gentle face, and her own, filled to overflowing with all the joy and enthusiasm of youth. Her whole heart was in the close of her song, for she sang to her mother as she had never sung before. A burst of applause greeted the close.

The next morning was full of stir, for in the afternoon the young people were to separate, some to return, others to take up a new life. Emily was to travel a short part of the distance with her mother, then to change trains and continue her journey with her friend, leaving her mother to go home alone. All that morning Emily was in wild spirits.

"I'm going to have such good times, mother, such good, good times." Not one word of regret at the prospect of being separated from

SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP



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her again, not a thought, apparently, of the little ones who mourned because sister Emily was not coming. Mother really began to wonder if her daughter was growing absolutely selfish.

When the time came to change trains, Emily was on her feet, still laughing and chatting.

"Aren't you going to wish me good-bye, dear?" said mother, as Emily followed her friend to the door of the carriage. She turned with a merry laugh.

"Good-bye, mother. It won't be long before I see you again."

The door closed on her. Mother sank back into the corner of her seat with a sob, while out on the platform the merry voices still kept on. How light-hearted those girls were, and how thoughtless of all besides their own desires and pursuits. She never would have believed, Emily could be so.

"You're making the mistake of your life, Em."

"No, I think not."

"It isn't too late yet to change your mind. Come, Emmy, see to your luggage while I get you a ticket."

"Thank you, dear; but I am decided."

"You will regret it when it is too late."

"If I do you may be sure I'll tell you. You must write and tell me of all the good things you hear. Now—time for you to go—good-bye."

Farewell shouts echoed back and forth as the other train moved away; but mother, who had not heeded the light talk, did not look up until a pair of arms held her in close embrace, and she looked up into Emily's face.

"Did you think I could leave you, mother, darling? It has been my little joke all the morning—to get this little surprise on you. Oh, mother, do you think me the most selfish, undutiful daughter in the world?"

"How you talk, my dearie!" "Because if you don't, you and I have a disagreement. Well, mother, I seemed, somehow, to come to my senses all at once, and last night I fought it out with myself, with the result that here I am going to the dearest little home with the dearest mother in the world; and to stay—not to leave you when the summer is over."

"But, Emily—you are giving up so much. You said these next few years were going to be so important to you—"

"I said so, and I may say so still. But I don't think that the next few years can be better spent than in doing what I can at home. You see, I am looking at the other side of things. There are plenty of girls—poor things—who have no home. I will let them do the struggling and the tugging, because they have to. But there is one girl who is not going to throw away the blessing which belongs to her. Now for the precious little ones and the dear old home life!"

"But, my child, you are giving up a great deal. Have you considered it well?"

"I know I am," said Emily, with a serious look on her face. "But I have thought it all out, mother, and believe I am keeping more than I give up."

"Judge not, that you may not be judged," also judge not because you do not know all the "mitigating circumstances." God knows these.—The Western World.

One can make a great sacrifice now and then, with a martyr's passion, but the petty thorns in one's path hurt as cruelly, and must be endured in silence.—Amanda Douglas.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1905.

CATHOLIC SCHOOLS EXCEL.

The Toronto News, the self-constituted organizer and tribune of the anti-Catholic element in Toronto, played a strange prank upon itself the other day. After publishing a wordy and vehement communication from Rev. Dr. Carman, a Methodist firebrand, charging Catholic schools with maintaining the lowest standards, and with fostering ignorance and medievalism, The News launched out on its own account as the duly appointed reformer of this deplorable state of things. But in the news columns of the paper another tale was unfolded. There the results of the entrance examinations for the Collegiate Institutes of Toronto were published. Over 1200 children drawn from the public schools, the Separate schools and the private academies entered the contest. About sixty per cent of the total number passed; but the News reporter, with unexpected devotion to detail, pointed out that a large percentage of the children from the Catholic or separate schools went through successfully than of any other group. Less than 20 per cent of the Catholic children failed; the children who, according to Dr. Carman and the editor of The News, learn nothing in the separate schools but Catechism. The separate schools of Toronto are taught by the Christian Brothers, the St. Joseph Sisters and the Loretto nuns. These religious teachers, according to Fr. Carman and The News, are the cause of "virtual stagnation of social and national progress"; and they "call it education." But they show that they educate their pupils better than the teachers of the public schools along the lines laid down by the State Department for public school examinations.

GOT IN THEIR BAILIWICK.

Some public journals in Ottawa and Montreal have assumed the responsible task of helping the proper authorities to administer the affairs of the Catholic Church in this Province. The Ottawa Journal derives great satisfaction from the circumstance that La Patrie and itself are of one mind about the administration of Catholic affairs in Quebec. We think it was La Patrie that considered it necessary some years ago to intervene in behalf of a section of the Catholic laity in New England. It also says a word now for the French Academics for whom it would like to nominate a Bishop. We are hardly prepared in Canada to receive political or newspaper suggestions regarding the selection of Bishops. Even upon the foundation of the Concordat French politicians have not satisfied the Holy See. And we are greatly afraid that La Patrie and the Ottawa Journal would not give complete satisfaction, if the

present method of appointing Bishops were done away with and the right of nomination conferred upon them. Though they are in agreement today they may quarrel to-morrow, and there would be great danger of their saying unpleasant things to each other. The "administration of Catholic affairs," as the Ottawa Journal puts it, is best understood by Catholics themselves, who know that no difficulty is likely to arise amongst them as long as all have the welfare of the Church at heart. Therefore it might be as well not to extend the legitimate spheres of influence, on account of any light which newspaper publicity is likely to throw upon the interests of English-speaking Catholics in this Province. The affairs of the Church here are in excellent hands. We have all the machinery that is good for us. There is no influence that is not available to every element of our people from the Papal Delegate down to the humblest of our devoted priests.

The best feature of the discussion raised between the Journal and La Patrie is that they are so heartily in agreement with each other. Upon this basis they might be content to let matters that really do not concern them alone.

THE GLOBE CALLED DOWN.

We are glad to see that Le Soleil and other voices of the Liberal party throughout the Province have echoed our remarks of a few weeks ago upon the attitude of the Globe towards certain particular members of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Cabinet. The effect of these protests against the arrogance and narrowness of whatever element the Globe may speak for, cannot but be good. The True Witness did not open this subject without cause. Indeed, we had it on excellent authority at the time when the school question had begun to assume a more or less critical appearance during the recent session of Parliament, that the President of the Globe had openly boasted in the presence of several parties that he rejoiced because the Globe had the power of making and unmaking Governments. It may have been chagrin after this bootless boast that accounted for the recent tantrums in which the Globe indulged, and a little plain speaking to the over-conceited organ at this time of the day, when politics in the ordinary sense come in for a much needed rest, may possibly have a salutary effect. We reproduce in another column the article of Le Soleil.

NO SUNDAY THEATRES.

A local paper has been interviewing the managers of Montreal theatres concerning the reported intention of one place of amusement to cater to Sunday seekers after pleasure. It is hardly within the exclusive jurisdiction of theatrical people to decide whether our Sunday shall be desecrated in this manner. Public opinion will quickly settle any schemes that may be hatching among proprietors of the theatres for the maintenance of their revenues in the dull season. The manager of one house takes a slap at our French-Canadian fellow-citizens as a body, assuming that they are in favor of Sunday theatres. The assumption is of course perfectly gratuitous. Sunday or Monday the theatres of Montreal are no great credit to the city, and the only wonder is that the people can stand the entertainment they ordinarily afford. If any of them hope to get busy upon Sunday they wholly misapprehend the strength and respectability of our public opinion, and it will not take them long to become disillusioned. Nor is there much chance that any legislature, Provincial or Dominion, will help them in the direction of disregarding the religious convictions of the citizens of Montreal.

FOOD ADULTERATION.

Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Minister of Inland Revenue, is to be congratulated upon the energy he is bringing to bear upon the problem of the

adulteration of foodstuffs. For some time his department has had special agents working in the country collecting samples which have been subjected to analysis at Ottawa. It is rather alarming to learn that upwards of 25 per cent. of the prepared foodstuffs sold to Canadians are adulterated with compounds more or less injurious and some of a decidedly poisonous nature. The ingenuity brought to bear by the operators in this line is truly remarkable. Amongst their compounds are mentioned rotten stone—one of the least harmful when mixed with pepper; cheap wood alcohol, employed promiscuously in drugs and liquors; glucose, which, compounded with cheap sugar, makes a marketable brand of maple syrup, and so on. Public opinion will strengthen Mr. Brodeur's strong right hand in the punishment of all offenders against the public health.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Bishop Archambault has founded a kindergarten school in Joliette, the opening of which is fixed for September 1.

The Viceroy of Canton has ejected the monks from the monastery at Canton, in consequence of their opposition to a proposed school, and has sold the monastery and its lands at auction, realizing \$900,000. He is spending the money in establishing a normal school on foreign lines for the children of two provinces.

The Count de Mun, in a review last week of the future of the Church in France, takes an extremely gloomy view of the passing of the Separation Bill in the Lower House. He describes the Bill as marking the official apostasy of France. He says this legislation will lead to the opening of a terrible era in which violence and disorder may be anticipated.

It will interest the Irishmen of Montreal to know that Mr. B. B. Kelliher, the new chief engineer of the G.T.P. railroad, is the third son of the late Mr. John Kelliher, of Ballypamore, Castleisland, County Kerry. His selection for the position which he occupies was made solely upon merit, one of the chief evidences of his energy and capacity being the Oregon Short Line system, one of his first successes in America.

A cable of last week brought the news of the death in England of Earl Cowper, who will be remembered as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1880 to 1882. When Mr. Gladstone adopted the Home Rule cause Earl Cowper became a Unionist; but as chairman of the famous Cowper Commission he made the remarkable report that the Land League had been the salvation of Ireland, as the people had no hope under laws which were not made for their protection but for their oppression.

The Pope and the Irish College.

The Vice-Rector of the Irish College has received the following letter from the Pope:—"Dearest Son:—"While praying that the peace of the just be accorded to the blessed soul of the illustrious Monsignor Murphy, I feel it incumbent upon me to express to you and the dear pupils of the College my most sincere condolences on the occasion of the great loss which we have all suffered. We are comforted by the thought that the good rector has been called to receive the reward of his virtues, that he will not forget us before the Throne of God, and that he will be a powerful advocate in obtaining the highest grace for us. We shall be grateful if on an opportune occasion you will make known our sentiments to the relations of the dear defunct, and to all those who in their relations with him justly appreciated the beautiful gifts of a truly exemplary priest. Deeply moved, We impart to you and the students the Apostolic Blessing.

(Signed), PIUS X. Do the duty which lieth nearest to thee. Thy second duty will have already become clearer.

LE SOLEIL, OF QUEBEC, ASSAILS TORONTO GLOBE.

"If the cap fits you, wear it" is the heading of a sensational attack published in Le Soleil (French) of Quebec, against the Toronto Globe. "The article results from the English paper's evident desire to see Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick leave the Cabinet.

"We are going to say what we think, and all what we think," begins Le Soleil. "The lines which follow have been written after full reflection, and let those to whom they are addressed take note of the same.

"Where would the Liberal party be to-day without its leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier? "What would become of the party, and what would become of the Government itself, without the work, the energy, the ability and the legal light of the Minister of Justice, Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick? "We put those questions to the Globe, and we ask that paper to answer them.

"We have the Globe announcing three times in one year the retirement of Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick, and it was on each occasion when the party was in the greatest need of his services. The first time was on the eve of the general elections last fall. Was it the Globe, for instance, that carried the district of Quebec for the Liberal party? As a matter of fact, that paper did not even consider the status quo in its own province, which it lost completely at the provincial elections. The second time was during the crisis caused by the school question. Is it the Globe that would have saved the party from complete disintegration in which the Conservatives are to-day and conserved the Confederation by means of mutual concessions from both French Catholic and English Catholic elements?

"No, never. "For a miserable question of petty rancor, according to the avowal of its Ottawa correspondent, the Globe started in to follow suit with the World, the News, the Mail and the Telegram. The Globe, in a word, preferred its subscribers to the principles of tolerance, of justice and liberty. It linked the spirit of George Brown, and in order to compete with the circulation of the World, the News and the Mail it came out against its leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

"The Globe evidently ignores the fact that it was the spirit of George Brown that defeated the Liberal party, while it was his death that gave it victory, although the reappearance of the same spirit may again bring defeat. "The third time the Globe announced the retirement of the Minister of Justice, to replace him, let it be noticed, by Mr. Aylesworth, and this at the close of a session in which almost the entire responsibility of the Government was placed on the shoulders of Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick.

"Do they believe in Toronto that it would have been possible to trample under foot the rights of two-fifths of the population of Canada, of 2,500,000 Catholics, and then ask the support of those 2,500,000 Catholics for a party who would have sacrificed them, and for a constitution that could not have protected them.

"No. If the Liberal party is strong, if it is united to-day, if the outlook of the Confederation still appears under glorious auspices, if peace and harmony exist to-day in Canada, it is not due to the intemperances of Toronto and those who are inspired by them, but rather to the principles of right and justice indicated by Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick and Sir Wilfrid Laurier? "It appears that the Franco-Catholic element, thanks to its energy, its breadth of view and to that liberality which distinguishes it, holds today a predominant place in the government of the country.

"Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick are certainly the two strongest men in the Cabinet. And the others, Hon. Messrs. Prefontaine, Brodeur and Lemieux certainly hold their own with their Anglo-Protestant colleagues. "This superiority is displeasing to Toronto, and the Globe and the News, which have frequently exalted the value of the men from Quebec, did it evidently from interest at a time when they were needed to strengthen the party. And when the Globe, in articles which we have been pleased to reproduce, paid homage to our element, did it do this also through interest? Everything, in fact, points this way.

"Now that the Liberal party is all powerful, it attacks in an underhand

ed manner those who have made the party what it is, under pretext that they are not of its race and creed. "What does the Globe hope to gain? "These who made the Liberal party necessary for its conservation. "Who, after Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has done as much for the Liberal party as Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick? Who works harder than the Minister of Justice? Who has more ability? Who is more eloquent? Who speaks better than he in both languages? It is exactly for these reasons—because he is strong, because his name imposes itself on the deputations, and because he is necessary that he is designated by the Globe, the chief organ of the English Protestant Liberal party, to give place to Mr. Aylesworth. We sincerely hope, however, that the Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick will not recede before this disloyal and underhanded persecution of the Toronto Globe. He must know that he has no sympathy to expect from the intemperances of whatever class they may be, for the Minister of Justice has done too much to destroy them, and he has succeeded only too well. If, not because of these little Toronto and Protestant cabals, but because of ill-health, the Minister of Justice prefers retirement to combat—we hope he will elect to remain—let it be well understood at Toronto that Catholics and French-Canadians will not be less united in future combats.

"The Globe has already four Protestant candidates in the field, one of whom is not over a Liberal. Let the Globe retire them or there will be trouble."

DEATH OF SIR AMBROSE SHEA

Sir Ambrose Shea, formerly governor of the Bahamas, died at his residence in London at the age of 90.

Sir Ambrose Shea was a fine type of those colonial statesmen who play such an important part in the scheme of Empire by untiring labors to advance the interests and develop the resources of those colonies with which they are connected. A native of Newfoundland, having been born at St. John's in 1818, he spent the most strenuous years of his life in behalf of the oldest colony, and achieved much for which Newfoundlanders will hold his name in grateful remembrance. It was not until he had made a mark in commercial life, however, that Sir Ambrose, then plain Mr. Shea, entered the political arena.

At the early age of thirty-two he was already recognized as one of the smartest business men in St. John's, and when he entered the Newfoundland Assembly it was soon made manifest that he was destined for political distinction. Five years later his undoubted talents and his sound penetration and common sense had won for him the position of Speaker of that turbulent Assembly, and he retained this post for six years.

After his retirement from the office of Speaker he conducted with success negotiations for the admission of Newfoundland to reciprocal treaty arrangements, and was despatched to London as a special delegate from the Newfoundland Government to urge that colony's right to enforce restrictions upon the fishing operations of the French.

In 1888 he proceeded to England as Commissioner from Newfoundland to the Fisheries Exhibition, and prepared an elaborate report on the results of that exhibition in their relation to Newfoundland.

His lengthy and disinterested services on behalf of his native island won for Sir Ambrose the reward of K.C.M.G. in 1888, and four years after this he was selected by the Secretary of State for the Colonies to fill the post of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahamas. He occupied this post until 1895, and the manner in which he discharged his duties while in the Bahamas can be gauged from the fact that on his departure he was presented by the inhabitants with a service of plate as a testimony of his signal services to the colony by the establishment of the now famous fibre industry and of the marked ability of his general administration.

After his retirement from the Colonial Civil Service Sir Ambrose went to live in London, England, where he still retained wide commercial interests, being a director of several companies and in some instances chairman of the board of directors.

Sir Ambrose was a Roman Catholic, a man of wide tolerance and sympathies which enabled him to tackle successfully knotty colonial problems which a less tactful and less broadminded man would have failed to solve.

OVER A DOZEN MARVELLOUS MIRACLES

At the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beauce.

Over a dozen marvellous miracles were wrought during divine service in the church of Ste. Anne de Beauce on Wednesday, July 26th, and no less than six pilgrims from the vicinity of Boston, Mass., who arrived there on Monday, shared in the wonderful manifestation of God's bountiful goodness. The occasion was the annual feast of Ste. Anne, and over four thousand pilgrims from all parts were in attendance at the imposing and impressive service when the miracles took place.

The Rev. Father E. F. Saunders, curate of St. Ann's Church, Somerville, Mass., a suburb located about three miles from the city of Boston, who came here with an organized pilgrimage of 300 persons to pass three days in devotion at the church dedicated to the mother of the Blessed Virgin, told the story in the presence of some twenty of his party who confirmed his statement, and which was also confirmed by Rev. Father Fisher, of Berlin, Ont., who was also present at Ste. Anne's when the miracles were performed.

Rev. Father Saunders, who is deeply impressed over his experience, said he had the pleasure and privilege of witnessing the phenomenal manifestations wrought through the intercessions of St. Ann and he never could or would forget the wonder. He said that over a dozen miracles took place, but outside of one or two others he only took a written note of special blessings that occurred in his own party, as follows:

THE MIRACLES.

Frank O'Neil, who keeps a small cigar store at Cambridgeport, and well known to every resident in the city of Cambridge, Mass., for some years suffered with hip disease and could only walk with difficulty by the aid of two crutches. He took the trip to Ste. Anne's, and devoutly made the triduum presided over by Rev. Father Daly, C.S.S.R., connected with Ste. Anne's church. He approached the altar rail, received the Blessed Sacrament, and then stood up and walked back to his pew with only one crutch, leaving the other behind. He was cured.

Miss Annie A. Reynolds, who resides at Revere, Mass., also near Boston, has been the victim of a deformed hand for years, and after she partook of the sacrament, she also left the rail cured.

Mrs. O'Reilly, a member of St. Joseph's Church, Union avenue, Somerville, who suffered from a bad knee that caused her pain and precluded her from walking, was cured. This lady was advised not to make the journey on account of distance and fatigue, but she persisted and her courage and faith were rewarded.

Miss Edna Stoddard, of Melrose, Highland, Mass., who was almost totally blind from a cataract on her left eye, could see perfectly after she received Holy Communion.

Adele Boutin, of Somerville, Mass., who has been a martyr to violent headaches for years, was also cured. Mrs. James Kane, Lowell, Mass., afflicted with deafness for the past nine years, and who had been pronounced incurable by numerous American ear experts, including professors of Tufts University and Corney Hospital, walked away from the communion rail perfectly cured.

Miss Mamie T. Griffin, a well known milliner of Chicopee, Mass., who was partially blind, was also among the number cured.

"But the most wonderful manifestation of all," said Father Saunders, "was the cure wrought upon a boy named Harry Doyle, aged six years, whose place of residence is No. 9 Clifford avenue, Rochester, N.Y. This lad, who was accompanied by friends, was so deformed with his disease that he had almost to be carried to the altar rail to receive Holy Communion, and one of those who assisted was Mrs. Peter Kelly, belonging to our pilgrimage from Charlestown, Mass. This boy as soon as he received the Blessed Sacrament and raised his head from his act of adoration, stood up and, casting his two crutches on the floor of the church, walked away unaided with his face radiant with divine pleasure. This case, like all the others, was witnessed by the multitude that thronged the church, and every person was deeply affected with the wondrous sight.—Quebec Telegraph.

OPERATION ON BISHOP DOWLING

A successful operation was performed on Tuesday at St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, on the Right Rev. Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton. His Lordship is doing well.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The officers and committee in charge of the annual pilgrimage of St. Gabriel's Juvenile Society and Benefit Society are making arrangements for the day, August 26th. Next Sunday, in high Mass, St. Gabriel's Juvenile Society and Benefit Society will have their regular monthly meetings to take charge of the arrangements in connection with the annual excursion will be held and all other matters in which it will be arranged.

The men's branch (Fraternite) of St. Francis of Assisi, Third Order of St. Francis, very successful pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beauce on Saturday, August 14th, returned on Sunday, August 19th, accompanied the pilgrimage. The men's branch (Fraternite) held their first pilgrimage on Sunday, August 20th.

Monday morning at 9 o'clock Mass was celebrated at St. Ann's Church. Rev. Father St. Armand, the Archdiocesan of Boston, in charge of a large pilgrimage, officiated. A group of the pilgrims were present. Rev. Father M. Lagan, the pastor, welcomed the party left after a train for Ste. Anne de Beauce.

FEAST OF ST. ALPHONSE. The feast of St. Alphonsus was celebrated at St. Ann's Church on Wednesday. Solemn high Mass was sung by Rev. Father Riou, assisted by deacon and subdeacon. The altar was tastefully decorated and a large statue of the saint surrounded with electric lights. In the evening a sermon was given, during which a choice prayer was read.

FEAST OF THE PORTIEN. The feast of the Portiense was celebrated at the Franciscan church on Wednesday. The church was crowded at 4 a.m., and the first Mass was celebrated at 4.15, followed by Masses at 6.15, 7 and solemn high Mass at 8 o'clock. Large crowds of the Masses, and made the gaining of the indulgence and piety were much in evidence. People came from all over to participate in the exercises.

CATHOLIC SAILORS'. Joseph Morgan, aged 18, of Bootle, Liverpool, England, one of the sailors on board Dominion, died on Thursday at the Montreal General Hospital. He remains were taken in charge of the Catholic Sailors' Club, and in their lot in Cote des Neiges. Too much cannot be said in praise of this excellent institution and its every success in their noble effort.

ST. GABRIEL'S Y.M.C.A. RIDE. The officers, of the above desire to thank their many patrons and the public for their patronage on the occasion of the recent trolley ride, and to apologize for the inconvenience to those of their friends who were unable to be accommodated. The Society also desires to know that all persons still holding tickets for same, may have them refunded, or tickets will be issued on presentation at the drive.

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL. Blinckson Academy will in the future be the Catholic School. The property bought on Durocher street will be used for building has been completely renovated and fitted up in excellent style. The Principal will be Mr. Hales-Sanders, and a very staff will assist him. The sum of studies will be the same as at Blinckson Academy. Pupils of the Academy made excellent showing at the late Art Association examination. Wish the new Catholic High School every success.

ST. PATRICK'S ORPHAN ASYLUM PICNIC. The children of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum are enjoying their annual picnic at their annual picnic. This pleasure they owe to a long friend of the institution, Bernard Tansey. This gentleman an ideal entertainer, and he

WELLIOUS

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The officers and committees having charge of the annual picnic of the St. Gabriel's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society will hold their regular monthly meeting...

Next Sunday, immediately after high Mass, St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society will hold their regular monthly meeting...

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ST. GABRIEL'S Y.M.S. TROLLEY RIDE. The officers of the above Society desire to thank their many friends and the public for their generous patronage on the occasion of their recent trolley ride...

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL. Blinkbonnie Academy will be known in the future as the Catholic High School. The property bought at 55 Durocher street will be used...

ST. PATRICK'S ORPHANS' ANNUAL PICNIC. The children of St. Patrick's orphan asylum are enjoying themselves at their annual picnic to-day. This pleasure they owe to the life-long friend of the institution, Mr. Bernard Tansey...

sure that nothing is left undone to give the youngsters a jolly time, and he is as happy as the little ones whom he so generously treats to this annual outing at the Shamrock grounds...

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTIONS TO BISHOP McDONALD. His Lordship Bishop McDonald, of the Diocese of Harbor Grace, Nfld., who is visiting his extensive diocese, is meeting with great receptions in the different parishes...

RIGAUD COLLEGE. Among our educational establishments which give a thorough classical and commercial course is Rigaud College, situated in a very healthy spot in the beautiful village of Rigaud...

CHANGES AT ST. MARY'S AND LOYOLA COLLEGES. On Monday evening, the feast of St. Ignatius, founder of the Jesuits, the changes for the year were announced...

THE IRISH BOYS WIN FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP. On Wednesday, July 26th, the Benevolent Irish Society football team of St. John's, Newfoundland, captured the senior Association football championship of the Island by defeating the Stars by 1 goal to 0...

CATHOLIC EDUCATION TO THE FORE. St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's, Nfld., is to be considerably enlarged to meet the growing demands of higher education...

ST. MICHAEL'S GARDEN PARTY. The St. Michael's parish garden party for the benefit of the new parish church opened on Tuesday evening, July 25th, by the blessing of all present and their undertakings by the Rev. J. P. Kiernan...

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF C. O. F. Thirty-one delegates, representing the Provincial Court of Quebec, Catholic Order of Foresters, left the Bonaventure Station on two special cars at nine o'clock Monday morning...

ably. The fourth and closing evening witnessed an interesting and well contested euchre. At the close the Rev. Pastor was treated to a grand surprise in the form of a splendid crayon portrait of himself and a suitable address...

The following is the list of prize-winners: Jubilee Cake—Miss Eva Perrin. Cottage Clock—Mr. Seabrooke. Silver Berry Spoon and Pie-fork—Mr. Wm. Donnelly...

Father Leonardo Relieved of His Charge as Italian Pastor. Rev. Father Leonardo, the pastor of the Italian colony of this city for nearly thirteen years, has been relieved of his charge by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi...

On Sunday His Grace the Archbishop assisted at the little church of the Italians on St. Catherine street and preached in Italian. He spoke about the change and introduced the new pastor, Rev. Father Caramello, S.J., who is also an Italian...

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Catholic High School.

Re-opening of Classes TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5th. Classical Commercial and Preparatory Courses. Boys prepared for McGill, Quebec, B. M. C., and other examinations...

IN THE LACROSSE WORLD.

A magnificent afternoon for lacrosse, a large and enthusiastic crowd, a fine exhibition of our national game by the giants of the N. A. L. U., went to make up a very pleasant time for lovers of lacrosse on last Saturday at the beautiful grounds of the Shamrocks at Mile End...

Notes of the Game. The home of the champions is badly in need of a general to direct their efforts. A lot of useless work is done which could be avoided by having a leader...

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CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Last evening witnessed a typical sailors' concert, the programme being almost entirely in the hands of the sailors themselves. Mr. B. McGovern, of H.M. Customs, acted as chairman for the evening...

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., has left for Labrador with a party of scientists. Rev. Father Killoran, of St. Patrick's Church, left on Monday for a three weeks' trip...

OBITUARY.

A faithful pastor, a noble clergyman, one beloved by Protestants as well as Catholics, in the person of Rev. H. A. Meahan, parish priest of St. Bernard's Church, Moncton, N. B., was called to his reward a few days ago...

THE WAR AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

It is an axiom of the politics of history that no war ever took place, however much harm it brought about, that did not do some good in one direction or another.

This boon to the Catholics of Russia can hardly be appreciated by the Catholics of those countries, who, naturally, know little about the condition of the Catholic community in the great Eastern Empire.

Count Plunkett, M.R.I.A., F.S.A., etc., a well known figure in Irish life, is a specialist in art, which he has studied since boyhood in all the great centres of the world.

In 1882-3, in union with some large-minded friends, he issued "Hibernia," a review that tried to find a common platform for Irishmen who desired the intellectual elevation of the people.

Count Plunkett, who is of the Fingall branch of the family, is a landlord in sympathy with the people, having joined the Home Rule Association in 1871, and worked for Catholic and national ideas all his life.

The sequel of this story must have a profound interest for the Catholic people of this country. "That the late proclamation is genuine," says the writer in the Monitor, "is attested by the fact that many thousands in Lublin and Siedlce have already joined the Catholic Churches of the Latin rite, and the Bishops of Lithuania have issued circulars ordering their priests to receive all who offer themselves.

There will be little music in your voice unless there is a song in your heart. The things we want most in this world are always beyond our reach.

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry medicine, treating Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults.

nationalism that must perish in the contest, not the religion of Christ and His Church." And the paradox of the situation is that all this has been brought about by a heathen nation.

COUNT PLUNKETT, IRISH ART SPECIALIST.

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opportunity to study all the details of the cases, and took away with them such definite ideas as had never been given by a medical teacher before, in America at least.

Dr. Emmet was more than a teacher, he was an original investigator of high order. Long before Lord Lister insisted on the necessity for precaution to prevent the external infection of patients, Emmet emphatically taught and practised the custom of thoroughly cleansing all surfaces that were to be operated upon.

ABLEST DOCTOR IN AMERICA

Someone has said that the really great man can be told even more readily from his avocation than from his vocation, that what a man does at his leisure is the best index of his character and culture.

FATHER DE SMET AND LINCOLN

How the Pioneer Missionary to the Indians Became a Chaplain in the Army.

H. E. Robinson, president of the Missouri State Historical Society, delivered a lecture at a recent meeting on Father De Smet, in which he related the following interesting story of the pioneer missionary.

When Francis P. Blair was elected to the United States Senate from Missouri, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Charles D. Drake, Father De Smet took active interest in behalf of Blair's candidacy.

After leaving the carriage, and when just about to enter the President's mansion, he stopped me and said: "Father De Smet, I am about to introduce you to President Lincoln, and to ask from him a favor for you. Please promise me that you will express no surprise at what either he or I say, but that you will content yourself with thanking him if he grants my request."

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ter leaving the carriage, and when just about to enter the President's mansion, he stopped me and said: "Father De Smet, I am about to introduce you to President Lincoln, and to ask from him a favor for you.

"I readily acceded. We found the President in his room, leaning upon his hand with a weary expression of countenance, as though he were entertaining sad thoughts. His face, however, lighted up at our coming, and after being formally introduced we took chairs, and he opened the conversation with this remark to General Blair:

"Frank, is Father De Smet trying to make a Catholic out of you, or are you trying to make a Presbyterian out of him, which?"

"Neither, Mr. President, but I have come here to ask a favor for him from you."

"Mr. Stanton tells me," said the General, "that his regiment—I think it is the Fourth Cavalry—is stationed out on the northwestern frontier, and that they have no chaplain. I want you to make, Father De Smet the chaplain of that regiment, and give him twelve months' furlough, at which time he wants to go into the war."

SOCIETY DIRECTOR. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustin street.

C.M.E.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 13th November, 1888. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month.

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR CATHOLIC MUTUAL Benefit Association GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC. Organized at Niagara Falls, N.Y., July 5, 1876.

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AT ARMS

I never could quite understand Tom Hopkins came to me to get a medical certificate for the whole term at a medical college he inherited his aunt's and had been considered a therapeutic.

After I came back we sat fire and got our brains going about eight minutes Tom sent into a gentle collapse.

I routed out another young fellow who roomed on the floor at sent him for old Dr. G. squares away. Tom Hopkins much money to be attended young practitioners alone.

"Well, old man," I said, had a narrow squeak, but we ed you through. When you attending lectures, Tom, did of the professors ever issue a mark that m-o-r-p-h-i-a novel "guinea," especially in fo doses? But I won't pile it you until you get on your feet you ought to have been a d Tom, you're splendidly qualified prescriptions."

Tom looked at me with a and foolish smile.

"Bly," he murmured, I like a hum'n bird flyin' arou jolly lot of most 'sphenis 'Don' bozzer me, Goin' loop r. And he went to sleep in th tonsils. I shook him by the s "Now, Tom," I said, several won't do. The big doctor sa must stay awake for at least hour. Open your eyes. You entirely safe yet, you know up."

Tom Hopkins weighed one and ninety-eight pounds. I me another somnolent grin, into deeper slumber. I would made him move about, but as well have tried to make Tom's needle waltz around the with me, Tom's breathing stentorous, and that, in con with morphia poisoning, meager.

Then I began to think I co rouse his body; I must strive cite his mind. "Make him was an idea that suggested "Good!" I thought, "but There was not a joint in Tom mor. Dear old fellow, he w nature itself, and a gallant man, fine and true and clean light. He came from son down South, where they still ideals and a code. New York charmed but not spoiled him had that old-fashioned, ch reverence for women—that Eu

AT ARMS WITH MORPHEUS.

I never could quite understand how Tom Hopkins came to make that blunder, for he had been through a whole term at a medical college—before he inherited his aunt's fortune—and had been considered strong in therapeutics.

We had been making a call together that evening, and afterward Tom ran up to my rooms for a pipe and a chat before going on to his own luxurious apartments. I had stepped into the other room for a moment when I heard Tom sing out:

"Oh, Billy, I'm going to take about four grains of quinine, if you don't mind—I'm feeling all blue and shivery. Guess I'm taking cold."

"All right," I called back. "The bottle is on the second shelf. Take it in a spoonful of that elixir of eucalyptus. It knocks the bitter out."

After I came back we sat by the fire and got our briars going. In about eight minutes Tom sank back into a gentle collapse.

I went straight to the medicine cabinet and looked. "You unmitigated hayseed!" I growled. "See what money will do for a man's brains!"

There stood the morphine bottle with the stopper out just as Tom had left it.

I routed out another young M.D. who roomed on the floor above me, and sent him for old Dr. Gales, two squares away. Tom Hopkins has too much money to be attended by rising young practitioners alone.

When Dr. Gales came we put Tom through as expensive a course of treatment as the resources of the profession permit. After the more drastic remedies we gave him citrate of caffeine in frequent doses and strong coffee, and walked him up and down the floor between two of us.

Old Gales pinched him and slapped his face and worked hard for the big check he could see in the distance. The young M.D. from the next floor gave Tom a most hearty, rousing kick, and then apologized to me.

"Couldn't help it," he said. "I never kicked a millionaire before in my life. I may never have another opportunity."

"Now," said Gales, after a couple of hours. "he'll do. But keep him awake for another hour. You can do that by talking to him and shaking him up occasionally. When his pulse and respiration is normal, then let him sleep. I'll leave him with you now."

I was left alone with Tom, whom we had laid on a couch. He lay very still, and his eyes were half closed. I began my work of keeping him awake.

"Well, old man," I said, "you've had a narrow squeak, but we've pulled you through. When you were attending lectures, Tom, didn't any of the professors ever casually remark that m-o-r-p-h-i-n-e never spells 'guinea,' especially in four-grain doses? But I won't pile it up on you until you get on your feet. But you ought to have been a druggist, Tom, you're splendidly qualified to fill prescriptions."

Tom looked at me with a faint and foolish smile. "Bly," he murmured, "I feel just like a hum'n bird flyin' around a jolly lot of most 'spenise roses. Don' boozee me. Goin' loop now."

And he went to sleep in two seconds. I shook him by the shoulder. "Now, Tom," I said, severely, "this won't do. The big doctor said you must stay awake for at least an hour. Open your eyes. You're not entirely safe yet, you know. Wake up."

Tom Hopkins weighed one hundred and ninety-eight pounds. He gave me another somnolent grin, and fell into deeper slumber. I would have made him move about, but I might as well have tried to make Cleopatra's needle waltz around the room with me. Tom's breathing became stentorous, and that, in connection with morphia poisoning, means danger.

Then I began to think. I could not rouse his body; I must strive to excite his mind. "Make him angry," was an idea that suggested itself. "Good!" I thought, "but how?" There was not a joint in Tom's armor. Dear old fellow, he was good-natured itself, and a gallant gentleman, fine and true and clean as sunlight. He came from somewhere down South, where they still have ideals and a code. New York had charmed but not spoiled him. He had that old-fashioned, chivalrous reverence for women—that Euraleis-

there was my ideal! I worked the thing up for a minute or two in my imagination. I chuckled to myself at the thought of springing a thing like that on old Tom Hopkins. Then I took him by the shoulder and shook him until his ears flopped. He opened his eyes lazily. I assumed an expression of scorn and contempt, and pointed my finger within two inches of his nose.

"Listen to me, Hopkins," I said, in cold and distinct tones, "you and I have been friends, but I want you to understand that in the future my doors will be closed against any man who acts as much like a scoundrel as you have."

Tom looked the least bit interested. "What's the matter, Billy?" he muttered, comically, "don't your clothes fit you?"

"If I were in your place," I went on, "which, thank God, I am not, I think I would be afraid to close my eyes. How about that girl you left waiting for you down among those lonesome Southern pines—the girl that you've forgotten since you came into your confounded money? Oh, I know what I'm talking about. While you were a poor medical student she was good enough for you. But now, since you are a millionaire, it's different. I wonder what she thinks of the performance of that peculiar class of people which she has been taught to worship—the Southern gentleman? I'm sorry, Hopkins, that I was forced to speak about these matters, but you've covered it up so well and played your part so nicely that I would have sworn you were above such unmanly tricks."

Poor Tom. I could scarcely keep from laughing outright to see him struggling against the effects of the opiate. He was distinctly angry, and I didn't blame him. Tom had a Southern temper. His eyes were open, now, and they showed a gleam or two of fire. But the drug still clouded his mind and bound his tongue.

"C-c-confound you," he stammered, "I'll smash you."

He tried to rise from the couch. With all his size he was very weak now. I thrust him back with one arm. He lay there, glaring like a lion in a trap.

"That will hold you for a while, you old looney," I said to myself. I got up and lit my pipe, for I was needing a smoke. I walked around a bit, congratulating myself on my brilliant idea.

I heard a snore. I looked around. Tom was asleep again. I walked over and punched him on the jaw. He looked at me as pleasant and ungrudgingly as an idiot. I chewed my pipe and gave it to him hard.

"I want you to recover yourself and get out of my rooms as soon as you can," I said, insultingly. "I've told you what I think of you. If you have any honor or honesty left, you will think twice before you attempt again to associate with gentlemen. She's a poor girl, isn't she?" I sneered. "Somewhat too plain and unfashionable for us since we got our money. You'd be ashamed to walk on Fifth Avenue with her, wouldn't you? Hopkins, you are forty-seven times worse than a cad. Who cares for your money? I don't. Perhaps if you didn't have it you'd be more of a man. As it is, you've made a cur of yourself, and—I thought it quite dramatic—perhaps broken a faithful heart. (Old Tom Hopkins breaking a faithful heart!) Let us be rid of you as soon as possible."

I turned my back on Tom and winked at myself in a mirror. I heard him moving, and I turned again quickly. I didn't want a hundred and ninety-eight pounds falling on me from the rear. But Tom had only turned partly over, and laid one arm across his face. He spoke a few words rather more distinctly than before.

"I couldn't have—talked this way to you, Billy, even if I'd heard people-lyin' about you. But jus' soon 's I can s-stand up—I'll break your neck—don' f'get it."

I did feel a little ashamed then. But it was to save Tom. In the morning when I explained it, we would have a good laugh over it together.

In about twenty minutes Tom dropped into a sound, easy slumber. I felt his pulse, listened to his respiration and let him sleep. Everything was normal and Tom was

safe. I went into the other room and tumbled into bed.

I found Tom up and dressed when I awoke next morning. He was entirely himself again with the exception of shaky nerves and a tongue like a white oak chip.

"What an idiot I was," he said, thoughtfully, "I remember thinking that quinine bottle looked queer while I was taking the dose. Have much trouble in bringing me 'round?'"

I told him no. His memory seemed bad about the entire affair. I concluded that he had no recollection of my efforts to keep him awake, and decided not to enlighten him. Some other time, I thought, when he was feeling better, we would have some fun over it.

When Tom was ready to go he stopped, with the door open, and shook my hand.

"Much obliged, old fellow," he said, quietly, "for taking so much trouble with me—and for what you said. I'm going down now to telegraph to the little girl."—S. H. Peters, in Ainslee's Magazine.

A POSTAL CARD RACE.

With a view to testing the time required by a post card to go the round of the world, and to ascertain also the route which the card should take to accomplish its journey in the least possible number of hours, an interesting experiment in the form of a competition is being made at Paris.

At three o'clock one afternoon, at the central post office, and in the presence of a number of witnesses, 470 post cards, sent by an equal number of competitors who had beforehand secured the services of correspondents in America and the Far East, were handed in after examination by and on the certificate of a sheriff's officer. Some will go by the Havre route, others by Marseilles, by Cherbourg, by Southampton. After a few brief resting places, necessitated by the time taken by the correspondents in the United States or in Asia to reposit them, the post-cards will return to Paris, when the sender of the one that arrives first will receive a prize of money.—London Globe.

316 Doctors at His Bedside.

A physician has just returned from China, heavily laden with stories of Chinese medicine.

"Medical consultations are carried to their extreme limit in China," he said. There, when any one becomes seriously ill, a consultation of fifteen or twenty doctors is held. The doctors fill the house with their arguments. They make as much noise as a political convention. But such a consultation as that would be considered small and futile if a great man—a mandarin, say, of the third class—were to be ill. To consult on his case at least a hundred doctors would gather together.

"A member of the royal family was taken sick while I was in China, and my Chinese host told me with a good deal of pride that the largest consultation known to history had been held over the sick man. No less than 316 physicians, he said, had come from every part of the kingdom, to study and discuss the case.

"The royal patient, I heard afterward, died. This mammoth consultation had been held in vain."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

RUNNING A RAILWAY FLYER

It oftentimes occurs that in arranging a schedule of a fast and important train it is necessary to change the time of other trains which are not so important. Other occasions arise where a fast train overtakes a slower one, and it is then necessary to schedule the slower train so that it can be side tracked at a convenient and proper station for the fast train to pass. This is usually done in such a way as not to delay the slow train more than five or six minutes, and where the slower train has a considerable distance to run this time is usually made up in the schedule, so as to bring the train into its terminal at its old time. On some railways where the destiny of traffic is unusually great, the change of one train has been known to disarrange the schedule of nine or ten others. Previous to the change time table a notice is issued, posted on all bulletin boards and in all stations, calling attention of employees to the fact that a new time table will be issued on a certain date, and it is the duty of every employee whose occupation requires it to secure a copy of the new time table, receiving it from one of the various places where they are supplied for distribution. The supply for stations and block stations is sent out, and receipts received for them. No employee is allowed to go out on the road when a new time table takes effect without first having a new time table in his possession, and this information is secured before he is allowed to go.—George H. Daniels, in Harper's Weekly.

Thomas Edison, the famous inventor, prefers girl mechanists for the details of his electrical inventions. He says that they exhibit more fine sense about machinery in one minute than most men possess in a lifetime, and before I had taken them all my back was O.K. and I have not been troubled since.

It is I and you cannot be too careful about it. A little backache let run will finally cause serious kidney trouble. Stop it in time.

TAKE DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They cure where all others fail. As a specific for Backaches and Kidney Troubles they have no equal. Here is what MR. GEO. H. SOMERVILLE,

of Stewarton, N.B., writes: "I was so troubled with a sore back I could not get out of bed in the mornings for over a year. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had them half taken I could see I was deriving some benefit from them, and before I had taken them all my back was O.K. and I have not been troubled since."

OWLS KILLED BY ELECTRICITY

Mining Company's Trouble With Birds That Aight on Their Wires.

The temporary suspension of work at the mine and mill of the Granite-Bimetallic Mining Company, caused by an owl becoming entangled in the wires, recalls the fact that since the transmission line was put in commission, nearly four years ago, twenty-five owls have been electrocuted by coming in contact with the wires, and since November of last year twelve fine specimens of the owl family have gone to owl land over this route.

The transmission line is eleven miles in length and furnishes a current of 16,000 volts to the mine and mill, No. 4 copper wire being used. The line traverses a wild and unsettled country, the abiding place of all kinds of wild beasts and birds. Shortly after the line was opened there was a sudden break in the current one night. The line crew began an investigation at once.

A few miles from the power station a monster owl was discovered dead just below the pole line. The bird bore every evidence of having been electrocuted. The occurrence was then considered a novelty, and the bird was stuffed by some of the company's employees and placed on exhibition. Since then, however, the act has been repeated so often and with such serious loss of time to the company's operations that the freaks of the owls have become a serious nuisance.

As might be supposed, the breaks always occur at night, just at the time they are most difficult to find. In nearly every instance the wires are burned outright, but in a few cases where the owls fail to land with both feet on both wires no serious damage is done to the wires, but the bird is always a victim. Goo. T. MacGuire, the electrician at the power house, has a memento of one of these night tragedies in the shape of a rabbit's foot, which was found in the talons of an electrocuted owl.

A big owl became entangled in the wires one night, causing the customary suspension of work at the mine and mill. Midway between the station and the mill next day Mr. MacGuire found the owl suspended from the wires, the claws of one foot clutching the wires and the other holding fast a rabbit's foot. The rabbit had evidently been killed by the owl and partly eaten. After making a meal of bunny the owl had carried away the foot for a future repast or perhaps for good luck, and later struck the high voltage wires with disastrous results. The owl had such a death grip on the foot that Mr. MacGuire was compelled to cut away the claws to secure it, and he has carried the amulet ever since.

—Philipsburg Correspondent Anaconda Standard.

DECLINE OF A GREAT RIVER

The Niger is the third largest river in Africa and one of the greatest rivers of the world. If a channel as long as the Niger were to be cut across the continent in the latitude of New York it would make an island of the northern part of North America. But the Niger is now showing more evidences of the desiccation that is gradually spreading over large parts of Africa than any other large river, for it is the run off for the waters of a great part of the western Soudan, where the decline in rainfall has been uncommonly marked for a considerable period.

The British have made several futile attempts in the last two years to reach Jebba from the Niger mouth with their steamer Nupe. Ten years ago this point, where the railway from Lagos is to cross the Niger, was accessible at all stages of water to light draft steamers. At Timbuktu, some 1200 miles up the river, the French report that the water level is slowly but steadily sinking. This is very apparent among the islands that divide the Niger into many channels from 100 to 300 miles above Timbuktu. As long as we have had knowledge of these islands some of them have been completely covered at high water, so that the native inhabitants have been compelled to make an annual sojourn on the mainland till the fall of the floods. Not a single island is now abandoned, for none of them is covered even when the flood is unusually high.

The French officers Toutine, Hourst and Fourneau prove the possibility of carrying supplies from the mouth of the Niger to the upper river in spite of the long stretch of rapids about 50 miles above the delta. Hundreds of tons of freight have thus been distributed from the ocean among the French posts in the western Soudan, and as late as last year some supplies were still forwarded by this route; but this highway to inner Africa, hailed as a great discovery when the French declared its practicability, had been abandoned this year. The water is so low in the rapids that no boat can get over the rocks.

Fortunately for the French they have completed their railway from the Senegal river to the upper Niger, giving a new inlet to the Soudanese possessions. But geographers are wondering how long the drying up of Africa is to continue. It has been

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A NEW POET.

(R. W. Gilder, in the Atlantic.)

I.

Friends, beware! Stop babbling! Hark, a sound is in the air! Above the pretty songs of schools (Not of music made, but rules), Above the panic rush for gold And emptiness manifold, And selling of the soul for phantom fame, And reek of praise where there should be blame: Over the dust and muck, The buzz and roar of wheels, Another music steals— A right, true note is struck.

II.

Friends, beware! A sound of singing in the air! The love song of a man who loves his fellow men; Mother-love and country love, and the love of sea and fen; Lovely thoughts and mighty thoughts and thoughts that linger long: There has come to the old world's singing the thrill of a brave new song.

III.

But listen!—a master voice! They said there were no more singers, A voice of the true joy-bringers! Now will ye heed and rejoice, Or pass on the other side, And wait till the singer hath died, Then weep o'er his voiceless clay? Friends, beware! A keen, new sound is in the air— Know ye a poet's coming is the old world's judgment day!

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The Niger is the third largest river in Africa and one of the greatest rivers of the world. If a channel as long as the Niger were to be cut across the continent in the latitude of New York it would make an island of the northern part of North America. But the Niger is now showing more evidences of the desiccation that is gradually spreading over large parts of Africa than any other large river, for it is the run off for the waters of a great part of the western Soudan, where the decline in rainfall has been uncommonly marked for a considerable period.

The British have made several futile attempts in the last two years to reach Jebba from the Niger mouth with their steamer Nupe. Ten years ago this point, where the railway from Lagos is to cross the Niger, was accessible at all stages of water to light draft steamers. At Timbuktu, some 1200 miles up the river, the French report that the water level is slowly but steadily sinking. This is very apparent among the islands that divide the Niger into many channels from 100 to 300 miles above Timbuktu. As long as we have had knowledge of these islands some of them have been completely covered at high water, so that the native inhabitants have been compelled to make an annual sojourn on the mainland till the fall of the floods. Not a single island is now abandoned, for none of them is covered even when the flood is unusually high.

The French officers Toutine, Hourst and Fourneau prove the possibility of carrying supplies from the mouth of the Niger to the upper river in spite of the long stretch of rapids about 50 miles above the delta. Hundreds of tons of freight have thus been distributed from the ocean among the French posts in the western Soudan, and as late as last year some supplies were still forwarded by this route; but this highway to inner Africa, hailed as a great discovery when the French declared its practicability, had been abandoned this year. The water is so low in the rapids that no boat can get over the rocks.

Fortunately for the French they have completed their railway from the Senegal river to the upper Niger, giving a new inlet to the Soudanese possessions. But geographers are wondering how long the drying up of Africa is to continue. It has been

marked within the last ten years by the appearance of Lake Nagami, in the south, and the diminution of Lake Shad, 2400 miles further north, to a fourth of its former size, and there are as yet no signs that the great decrease in rainfall is merely a temporary phenomenon.

A Day's Journey in Island of Crete

A day's ride in Crete leads you through every variety of scenery, from a flat, treeless plain, past gray olive and dark green carob trees, over gently rising hills, and across a chain of rugged mountains, along dizzy heights beneath which yawn deep ravines and gorges. Even in the interior the sea is seldom out of sight, and its deep blue combined with the intense blue of the sky forms a striking contrast to the violet shades of the mountains and the white cliffs along the shore. The vegetation, too, changes with the character of the land. In the flat, sandy plains near the sea lie cultivated fields, where vegetables and grain grow luxuriantly as a result of careful tillage and a primitive system of irrigation from well sweeps. Often the foothills of the bare mountains abound in natural springs, and then the vegetation is almost tropical in its luxuriance. Fig, orange, lemon and pomegranate trees interlace their branches, and by the edge of the streams the pink oleanders make bowers of loveliness. Higher up in the mountains are groves of oak, chestnut, and plane, but the top of a Cretan mountain is almost bare, except for a low, scraggy growth of carob trees, or, in the spring, when the rough hillsides are veiled in the misty lavender of the asphodel. To a lover of wild flowers the Cretan flora would be a deep source of delight. Great blue and pink anemones, scarlet poppies, wild gladioli, and later the fairy-like myrtle blossoms and scores of other flowers make the journey a continual joy. Vineyards are found everywhere in Crete; in the low plains by the sea, on the terraces of mountain valleys, and even up on the great plateau of the Kavousi mountain range, the highest point where the vine is cultivated in this part of the world.

A Cretan town is always situated on a height, and it looks most attractive to see a white village crowning the summit of a hill or nestling on a dark mountain side; but, as you approach, the apparent whiteness grows darker and darker, and you find yourself riding into a little town along narrow, tortuous alleys, with pigs and sheep and cattle getting in your way and all the inhabitants standing in the doorways or on the housetops to greet you.—Scribner's Magazine.

ORIGIN OF WHITE SKINS.

(From an address by Dr. T. F. Macdonald, of Geraldton, Queensland.) The origin of colored skin, or white either, is still unknown. If the sun is really the active agent in its evolution, the power of sunlight must have been curtailed when people took to wearing clothes. The slightest protection, as seen in the use of ladies' veils, keeps the white skin pure. Therefore, if there is any protection afforded by the natural dark skin, an equivalent is obtained for white people by the use of clothes. Until white people begin to discard clothing in the tropics their skin will remain white. Sunburn must not be confounded with pigmentation of the skin. Sunburn is merely a tanning of the epidermal cells on the surface of the skin, whereas pigmentation is caused by a deposit of dark matter within the deeper layers of the true skin.

Summing the whole evidence up, considering all the arguments derived from history, anthropology, ethnology and general evolution, it seems to me that the colored skin is an intermediary stage of development between our primate ancestors and the pure white or Caucasian skin. My general contention is that white-skinned peoples come from the oldest stocks of humanity, and that in the process of evolution they became white by the use of clothes.

Various small advertisements and notices on the far left margin, including mentions of 'CULAR', 'LANCER', 'EMBAULT', 'SHANE'S', 'COMPANY', 'BRICKS', 'PERRY', 'STREE'.

MORE ABOUT THE SHAMROCKS' TURN DOWN

Last week the True Witness defended our Irish Catholic Athletic Association against the turn down given them by the other athletic organizations in the senior Rugby Union. It was the one and only paper that stood by the Shamrock Association in its hour of trouble. It has been receiving many congratulations on the position it took in behalf of the S.A.A.A. This week it returns to the difficulty. Many reasons are given for the other clubs knifing the Shamrocks, the principal ones being the stand taken by the Shamrock lacrosse delegates against professionalism, and if the Shamrocks were admitted many players would leave the two city teams to play for the green and gray. When the Shamrocks last year upheld amateurism at a meeting of lacrosse delegates, who praised their work in this respect and sent a congratulatory letter? Was it not the M.A.A.A.? The letter is in the possession of the secretary-treasurer of the Shamrock Association.

Who fought hard to have professionalism introduced into lacrosse this year? The M.A.A.A. But because Shamrocks did not follow in their path the knife was used against them at the Rugby Union meeting. If the enticing of players away to another team is a good excuse to turn a team down, why did not the Shamrocks turn the Montreal Lacrosse Club down? Because they have never resorted to such tactics, and never will. The enticing away of Howard, Robinson and McIlwaine this year is not forgotten, neither is the fact that the present Montreal lacrosse team is composed of five old Shamrock players, Finlayson, Nolan, Ward, Liston and Muir. Let us take Westmount's case. What reason can they give for voting against Shamrock? Do they forget that only two months ago the Shamrock delegates to the intermediate lacrosse league were the means of forming a new league. Why? Simply to get Westmount into it after they had received the knife from every club except the Shamrocks. Did not Westmount promise to support Shamrock's application? Why did they change after what Shamrocks had done for them? An explanation of such conduct would now be in order. What had the Rough Riders against the Shamrocks? They instructed their delegates to vote against them, but one at present in Montreal, whom they had sent as a delegate, did not follow the instructions, and one ballot was marked for the green. What special right had the St. Patrick's Club to be taken in the senior league? If the rule had been followed they would simply be told to go to the intermediate ranks and prove their worth. They are simply the so-called St. Patrick's Club. They do not belong to any athletic organization, neither have they any grounds of their own. And still if reports be true they seem to have been the guiding star in the whole movement, thus making the matter worse than at first.

And now we reach the end of the treacherous drama in three acts which is being played against the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association. Two acts have been played. One succeeded, the other failed. The football team is stabled and dead; the lacrosse team still lives in all its glory. The third and final act is being prepared, and a full dress rehearsal will shortly be held before it is staged at the council chamber of hockey delegates. The latest move is to drive the Shamrock hockey team out of the senior league, and no doubt to substitute a new one in its place, possibly an Ottawa club. We warn the hockey delegates of the Shamrocks to go to the league meeting prepared to hear their doom, and to witness the last act of a stabbing in the dark, a plot which has no parallel in the history of athletics the world over to-day. When the last act is accomplished, will the handwriting on the wall read as follows: "Down with the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association. We'll stab it even unto death." Honor and justice rest with our Irish Catholic athletic organization after thirty-five years of a magnificent record in which they have captured honor after honor on a fair field without favor, while shame, treachery and injustice mark the "Black Hand" that is doing its best to destroy it.

We learn the true emptiness and nothingness of this world, of its pleasures and gains and honors, by being forced either to suffer or to devote ourselves to the care of the sick and afflicted.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

CHEESE UNCHANGED—BIDDING SLOW FROM BRITISH MARKET.

The condition of the local cheese market is unchanged, prices ruling too high to encourage speculative trading. One feature that may be noted is the fact that cables sent out on Saturday and Monday offering cheese to the British importer at 55s remain unanswered, indicating that the English trade is unwilling to move in sympathy with the advance here. Local prices this morning are 11 1/2c to 11 3/4c for Western, and 11 1/2c to 11 3/4c for Quebec.

EGGS WORTH MORE IN THE COUNTRY.

Eggs are firm but not over active on the local market, and prices here are about the same as have been ruling for some days in spite of an advance of about half a cent in the country. Commission merchants express themselves as disappointed with the quality of last week's gathering of eggs, an improvement in the quality, which has not taken place, being looked for as a result of the cooler weather.

Selects are sold to the local retail trade at 20c to 21c; No. 1 candled are worth 16 1/2c to 17c, and straight stock, 16c to 16 1/2c; No. 2, 12c to 14c.

BUTTER MARKET FIRM AND FAIRLY ACTIVE.

The local butter market is firm and trading is fairly active, though the export trade is feeling the effects of the recent rise in values in the reluctance of English importers to give the prices asked; 113s is about the average offering, but orders on that basis are slow in coming in; 23c to 23 1/2c the local quotation to-day for finest creamery, though one lot of fine was offered at 22 1/2c. Dairy is scarce, and brings from 18c to 19c.

FLOUR—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$5.40 to \$5.50; strong bakers, \$5.00 to \$5.20; winter wheat patents, \$5.50; and straight rollers, \$5 to \$5.15 in wood; in bags, \$2.40 to \$2.50.

ROLLED OATS—\$2.42 1/2 per bag.

PEARL HOMOINY—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs.

MILL FEED—Ontario bran in bulk at \$14.50 to \$15; shorts, \$17.50 to \$18.50; Manitoba bran in bags \$15.50 to \$16 1/2; shorts, \$19.

HAY—No. 1, \$9 to \$9.25 per ton on track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$6.50, and clover mixed, \$6.75 to \$7.25.

OATS—No. 2, 48c to 49c per bushel; No. 3, 47c to 47 1/2c.

BEANS—Choice primes, \$1.70 to \$1.75 per bushel; \$1.65 in car lots.

PEAS—Boiling, \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bushel (60 lbs., bags included); No. 2 in car load lots, 82 1/2c to 84c.

POTATOES—New potatoes, in bags of 90 lbs., \$1, and \$2 per barrel. Old potatoes, 50c to 60c per bag.

HONEY—White clover in comb, 11c to 12c per section in 1 lb sections; extract in 10 lb. tins, 7 1/2c to 8c; in 60 lb. tins, 7c.

PROVISIONS—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$20.00 to \$21.00; light short cut, \$18 to \$19; American cut clear fat back, \$18.50 to \$19; compound lard, 5 1/2c to 6 1/2c; Canadian lard, 9 1/2c to 9 3/4c; kettle rendered, 10 1/2c to 11c, according to quality; hams, 12c, 13c and 14c, according to size; bacon, 13c to 14c; fresh killed swine, \$10; alive, \$7.25 for mixed lots, \$7.50 for selects.

EGGS—Straight stock, 17c; No. 2, 14c.

BUTTER—Choice creamery, 22 1/2c to 23c undergrades, 21 1/2c to 22c; dairy, 18c to 20c.

CHEESE—Ontario, 11 1/2c to 11 3/4c; Quebec, 11 1/2c to 11 3/4c.

ASHES—Firsts, \$5 to \$5.10; seconds, \$4.55; first pearls, \$7.

INSPECTING APPLE CROPS.

Member of English Firm Tours Canadian Orchards. Toronto, Aug. 1.—Mr. Edward H. Woodall, a junior member of the Liverpool fruit firm of Woodall & Co., is at the King Edward Hotel. He has been inspecting the prospects of the apple crop in the orchards east of Toronto, travelling in company with Mr. Eben James, of Toronto, the firm's resident agent. Mr. Woodall said that his firm bought fruit from the Hudson River county as long ago as 1847. They are now included in the six great firms who auction ninety per cent of all the fruit imported into Liverpool, which is the largest fruit distributing centre in the world. He says the home and continental crops are light this year, and offer good hope of fair prices for the Canadian grown apples.

THE IRISH LACE DEPOT OF AMERICA

We take this name upon ourselves because we are the selling agents, in Canada, of the Irish Home Industries' Association, an organization formed for the purpose of reviving the ancient industry of the making of laces in the homes of the Irish peasants. The Countess of Aberdeen, as president of the Association, first placed these laces upon the American market, by selling them herself across our counter; but that was ten years ago. Since then the business has grown enormously. At this time of the year we are especially busy on account of the tourist trade. We are often told by New Yorkers and Boston people that they heard of us in connection with Irish laces long before they left home.

We keep in cable touch with the Lace Depot in Dublin as well as carry an enormous stock at this end. The latest arrivals comprise a choice assortment of the following:

- Real Irish Crochet Edgings, Real Irish Crochet Insertions, Real Irish Crochet Allovers, Real Irish Crochet Medallions or Motifs in beautiful designs, embodying the shamrock, the rose, and the thistle, etc.; Real Irish Carrickmacross Applique, Real Irish Carrickmacross Applique Edgings and Insertions, Real Irish Carrickmacross Gulpure, Real Irish Carrickmacross Edgings and Insertions, Real Irish Limerick Edgings and Insertions; also the newest productions in Real Irish Crochet Collars, and Real Irish Crochet Collar and Cuff Sets.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Certainty in Religion," by Rev. Henry H. Wyman, Paulist. The Columbus Press has issued, under the above title, a popular manual of Christian Apologetics which is a valuable addition to its missionary literature so widely distributed throughout the land. Father Hyman, its author, is an old and experienced missionary, who, as he modestly says, has endeavored to supply a Christian Apology suitable for distribution on Catholic and non-Catholic missions.

Father Hyman remarks: "It is a pity that the arguments for the Faith contained in the works of our standard apologists are not better known. Published as they are in large volumes, written in a scientific and learned style, they are inaccessible to ordinary readers." Priests and missionaries, who, like the author, have felt the need of such a book, will welcome this volume as a valuable aid on missions and in instruction classes. The price is five dollars per hundred copies. Published by the Columbus Press, 120 West 60th Street, New York. Paper, 10c per copy. Cloth, 50c per copy.

GLENANAAR.

A correspondent has sent the following criticism of Canon Sheehan's latest work: Glenanaar is a beautiful story. From a historical point of view it is important as being a vivid picture of the White Boy days, the terrible famine years of '48 and '49, and the true horror of the Irish heart for that monstrous British production on Irish soil—the informer. The story is very well told and true to nature. In these respects it resembles Father Sheehan's greatest books—The Student, and Triumph of Failure, The New Curate and Luke Delmege. The phases of life in Glenanaar are, however, altogether different from those encountered in other works of this able author. The story itself is a very pathetic one, and brings out into bold relief some of the tenderest and most estimable traits of the Irish character. One cannot easily forget poor dear Noddy after following her through life as portrayed by Father Sheehan. With all, however, this work is not so high or so deep, so great or so beautiful as those other works of this gifted author above mentioned. In our humble opinion Father Sheehan's greatest work is the Triumph

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM PERSONALLY CONDUCTED TOUR TO PACIFIC COAST, CALIFORNIA, AND THE LEWIS & CLARK EXPOSITION, PORTLAND, OREGON, BY SPECIAL TRAIN, AUG. 28TH, 1905

Round Trip Fare from MONTREAL.....\$160.00 QUEBEC.....\$165.00 Tickets good to return within sixty days. Above fares include MEALS and TOURIST SLEEPING CAR berths both ways.

PORTLAND, OLD ORCHARD. Leave Montreal at 8 a.m. and 8:30 p.m. Pullman Parlor Cars on day trains and Sleeping Cars on night trains. Elegant Cafe car service on day trains between Montreal and Portland.

Montreal-Ottawa and Valleyfield. Lve Montreal 8:40 a.m., 11:10 p.m., 7:00 p.m. Arr Ottawa 11:40 a.m., 7:10 p.m., 10:00 p.m. Lve Ottawa 8:20 a.m., 3:30 p.m., 10:30 p.m. Arr Montreal 11:20 a.m., 6:30 p.m., 9:30 p.m. Parlor Cars on all trains between Montreal and Ottawa. Lve Montreal 8:40, 9:30 a.m., 4:10 p.m., 10:15 p.m. Arr Valleyfield 9:45, 11:10 a.m., 5:17 p.m., 10:45 p.m. Lve Valleyfield 8 a.m., 10:10 a.m., 4:40, 5:20 p.m. Arr Montreal 10:33 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 6:00, 6:30 p.m. Week days. All other trains daily.

MONTREAL AND NEW YORK. Shortest line, quickest service. Two night trains daily each way. Two day trains each way, week days. Lve Montreal 12:31 a.m., 10:15 a.m., 8:10 p.m., 11:30 p.m. Arr Montreal 12:50 p.m., 10:20 p.m., 8:27 a.m., 11:45 p.m. Daily Week days. Train leaving Montreal at 11:30 p.m. connects at Albany with Hudson River line to New York. Connection with this train is also made at Saratoga Springs with the "Saratoga Limited," reaching New York at 11:35 a.m.

CITY TICKET OFFICES 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

CANADIAN PACIFIC LEWIS & CLARK, CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION, Portland, Oregon.

Until October 15th, 1905, \$75.50. Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Wash., Tacoma, Wash., Portland, Ore. And return from Montreal. Tickets now on sale, and good to return within 90 days from date issued, but not later than November 30th, 1905.

PORTLAND, OLD ORCHARD, Scarborough Beach, etc. Through Parlor and Sleeping Car Service. Trains leave Windsor Street 9 a.m. week days, 7:45 p.m. daily.

THREE RIVERS EXHIBITION. Montreal to Three Rivers and Return. August 7th, 8th, 11th, and 12th, \$2.00 August 9th and 10th, \$1.60 Return limit August 14th, 1905.

ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA. SLEEPING CAR SERVICE—Through Sleepers leave Windsor Street, 7:25 p.m., Tuesdays and Fridays, for St. Andrews. Returning leave St. Andrews Mondays and Wednesdays, arriving Montreal 8:05 a.m. next day.

Ticket Offices 129 St. James St., Windsor St. Station, Place Victoria.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert every Wednesday Evening

All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening. Open week days from 9 a.m., to 10 p.m. On Sundays from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m.

ST. PETER and COMMON STS. DIED.

GERAGHTY—On July 6, 1905, in the parish of Hinchinbrook, Que., Annie Geraghty, aged 38 years.

of Failure, and The Student. These are really two volumes, but only one story. Next in rank in our estimation would stand Luke Delmege, then the New Curate and fourth Glenanaar. Other story tellers seem the merest tyros in their art after one has spent a few afternoons with Canon Sheehan's unique novels. W. E. C.

DONAHOE'S FOR AUGUST.

The boyhood of John Boyle O'Reilly is the subject of a very interesting paper in the August issue of Donahoe's Magazine. The writer, Brian O'Higgins, visited the places where O'Reilly's youth was spent, and talked with the people who knew him, collecting from them tender reminiscences of the handsome, high-spirited boy who shared their sports, read to them by the hearth fire, or incited them to join him in the perilous adventures he loved. Photographs of the composing room in which he worked on the Drogheda Argus, of Dowth Castle, the monument in the little cemetery, and of the unending ceremony, help to bring more clearly

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED THURSDAY, August 3, 1905. Store closes 1 p.m. Saturdays and at 5:30 p.m. on other days throughout August.

THE GREATEST "CLEAN-UP SALE" IN THE HISTORY OF THIS CITY

Was Commenced Under New Management at 8 a.m. of Aug. 1st. ITS OBJECT—To effect a quick, decisive, thorough clearance of summer merchandise. ITS METHOD—Price Cutting, deep and fearless—a total disregard for losses—value-giving that is irresistible. ITS EXTENT—To every Department—to every counter of this helpful Store—every article—every fabric that pertains to summer has fallen a victim to the price cutter. ITS QUALITIES—Good dependable merchandise—our regular stock for which you have paid at least the sale price—new weaves—late styles. ITS BARGAINS—Wonderful—innumerable—matchless. More bargains and better bargains than have ever endowed any other sale event. SALE BEGINS—At the hour of eight. Montreal's Greatest Sale Event—Most Important Value Carnival on Record.

THE NEW MANAGEMENT REDUCES THE PRICES ON TAPESTRY, BRUSSELS AND AXMINSTER CARPETS.

The Carpets we offer at these reduced prices are as good as any we will have in stock for the fall. The sole reason for clearing them is that we have not enough of those particular patterns, and have decided to reduce the prices on all pieces of carpets measuring twenty-five yards and less. Tapestry, Brussels, Velvet and Axminster are all included in this Special Clean Up Sale, and will come under the same scale of reduced prices. For instance:

Table with 2 columns: TAPESTRY CARPETS, Regular price 44c. Sale price, per yard 33c. TAPESTRY CARPETS, Regular price, 25c. Clean Up Sale Price 39c. TAPESTRY CARPETS, Regular price, 65c a yard. Clean Up Sale Price 49c. TAPESTRY CARPETS, Regular price, 75c a yard. Clean Up Sale Price 57c. BRUSSELS CARPET, Regular price, 89c a yard. Clean Up Sale Price 67c. BRUSSELS CARPET, Regular price, 97c per yard. Clean Up Sale Price 73c. BRUSSELS CARPET, Regular price, \$1.25 a yard. Clean Up Sale Price 94c. All pieces of Brussels-Carpet measuring 25 yards or less, to be cleared at a reduction of 25 per cent.

BIG REDUCTIONS ON FINE FURNITURE.

145 DINING CHAIRS, made of hardwood, golden oak finish, embossed carvings. Strongly made and well finished. Regularly 75c. The New Management Sale Price 58c. 5 ONLY, SIDEBOARDS, fine surface, oak finish, extra large, beautiful design, handsome hand carved backs, highly polished. Regularly \$24.00. Sale Price is \$20.00. 4 ONLY, PARLOR SUITES, comprising five pieces, mahogany finish frames, coverings of handsome figured velour, several patterns to select from. Regularly, 22. Clean Up Sale Price is \$16.50. FANCY PARLOR CHAIRS, upholstered seats and backs, mahogany finish frames, highly polished, elegant designs. Regularly \$8.00 to \$10.00. The New Management will close them out at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

\$3.50 to \$8.00 LADIES' CAPES FOR 98c.

Of course these garments are not this season's styles, but every one is made of first class materials and perfectly finished. They will prove quite useful for seaside or country wear, and many need but slight alterations to bring them right up to date. 47 CAPES, in a variety of materials, almost every color, very handsomely made, and all capable of alteration, some silk lined, others unlined, trimmed with embroidery or silk applique. Regularly \$3.50 to \$8.00. Clean Up Sale Price 98c.

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED 1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St. Montreal.

AUGUST SALE

This being our Semi-Annual Stock Taking Month every Department will be made attractive with low prices and liberal discounts.

See our large stock of Carpets, Curtains and House Furnishings, Furniture, Beds and Bedding.

Mail sea side orders for putting your homes in order during August and be relieved of work people on your return. Carpets taken up, cleaned and relaid, furniture polished and renovated, mattresses made over. All by experienced workers.

THOMAS LIGGET EMPIRE BUILDING 2474 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

before the reader the scenes the writer describes. Count Francesco Vanutelli writes of "The Black Pope," and the part the Order he represents takes in the educational life of Italy.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is the subject of a patriotic article by A. V. D. Waterscott, and John Robertson recounts various manifestations of "The Vacation Spirit."

Other illustrated papers that attract attention are "A Holiday in Perugia," by Anna Seaton Schmidt; "Some Irishwomen in London," by C. O'Connor Eccles; "Two Women of the Stage," by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, and "People in Print."

Marie Donegan Walsh describes the Marian celebration in Rome, and the Rev. Mathew Russell, S.J., contributes a careful compilation of "Good Things Well Said."

There are poems by Maurice Francis Egan, Susan L. Emery, D. J. Donahoe, and Helen Gladys Emery, and stories by Margaret Chadwick, J. Gertrude Menard and Grace Keon.



CARDINAL

Money the Great

"Corruption corrupts evil that we must reckon as long as the present society exists in this world. Cardinal James Gibbon: 'Whenever there is an accumulation of great capital, or a concentration of men interested in making money, there is corruption. It is not a history. The only reason comes so much to the fore is that the methods of are daily growing stronger. 'Corruption has always existed as long as there is money to be made. It is the evil money creates.'"

THE EVIL MONEY CREATES

"The bright spot in the swamp of present moral is the fact that the degenerate is nowadays without belief after a while. The evil the greater the remedy. And that possibility has now become a fact that it counterbalances most, the evil which the dition of money madness. 'The fear, the dread of the counterbalancing element that fear, that dread, of having a name once dragged down is due to the metropolitan press. It is the good theology, it may be ethics, but it is certainly common sense, and a moral element that the dread of exposure in the keeps many a man stuck to the path of rectitude wise would stray off into of personal graft.' Cardinal Gibbons is speaking of the further end of the Island, in the modest life of Father O'Hara, who is of the Church of the Sacred Southampton. In the oldest settled spots where even the road sign that this particular one in 1663, the only wearer let biretta in America away the brilliant wind summer days. DOES NOT WASTE HIS

DOES NOT WASTE HIS

It was in the rectory of church that Cardinal Gibbon complained what he feared financially from the presence of the country. Cardinal talks absolutely to the point does not waste words on professions of sentiment. He beat about the bush with what he has to say he says, cally, briefly. He does not seventy-one years. Although small in stature, he is not the vigor of youth is still fortunate blessing. As he talked in an amicable, conversational, informal way occasional interruptions. priest or a visiting church be ushered in, and in a few and satisfying words Cardinal dismissed them one after another. A photographer wanted to take his picture. Hence smiled, and said: "How foolish to snapsh when there are so many pictures of me at my best which easily obtained. I do not have my picture taken, and like to have them printed, lize the fact that publication times think it necessary to portrait. I put up no. They are quite at liberty if they want to." When these various intimations of visitors had passed His settled down to a serious task concerning the grave condition country. EVERY MAN SHOULD PR REPUTATION. "There is nothing," said a man prizes more than his tion. And the only way to upset a man's reputation