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Vol. LIV., No. 49

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

A CATHOLIC APPOINTED.

President Roosevelt Appoints Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, Secretary of the U. S. Navy.

Paul Morton has written his resignation as Secretary of the Navy, and Charles J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, Md., will succeed him on July 1. Mr. Bonaparte is a grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, and brother of Napoleon Bonaparte. He is fifty years old, and a lawyer.

President Roosevelt himself made the announcement of the selection of Mr. Bonaparte for Secretary of the Navy. The President said that Mr. Bonaparte had not only been selected, but the arrangement that he was to succeed Mr. Morton was made when it became certain that the latter was to leave the Cabinet.

cestors have no charm for him. He is, perhaps, prouder of his grandmother than of his more historical ancestors. She was Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of a Baltimore merchant and known as one of the fairest women of her time, one of the group of Baltimoreans that have won wide distinction for beauty and brilliancy.

THE FOUNDER OF THE GREAT FAMILY.

Students of heredity have pointed out the importance of the women in the Bonaparte line in determining the character of its men. The father of Napoleon was an indolent, easy-going Corsican gentleman of Tuscan descent, proud of his titles and patents of nobility from the Doges of Genoa and the Tuscan princes, but he in no wise showed any disposition to take steps toward adding lustre to the name of Bonaparte. His wife, Letitia Romolino, who was of plebeian birth, was of different character, and she deserves the title "Mother of the Bonapartes." She was energetic, strong-minded, abounding in will power and original ideas, and Jerome, the grandfather of the distinguished Baltimorean, seemed most like his mother of the eight children. It is to her that Napoleon Bonaparte owed so much of his genius. Students of the family traits find in the intensely energetic and independent Charles J. Bonaparte a closer resemblance to her striking characteristics than was manifest in his father, Jerome, Jr.

UNEARTHED THE GREAT POSTAL FRAUDS.

Mr. Bonaparte two years ago was selected by the President as special counsel for the Government, with Holmes Conrad, of New York, in the investigation of the postal frauds. The President chose Mr. Bonaparte because of his implacable hatred of "grifters." He has had no previous experience with naval affairs, but the President considers this no drawback. He is not a wealthy man, but has a moderate fortune.

Several years ago Mr. Bonaparte was talked of as a candidate for the Senate. Mr. Wellington then represented Maryland in the upper branch of Congress. Had Mr. Bonaparte been chosen instead of Mr. McComas there would have been in the Senate the namesakes of the rival commanders on the field of Waterloo. Mr. Bonaparte was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1871 and at the Harvard Law School in 1874. Since then he has practiced law continuously in Baltimore. In 1875 he was married to Ellen Channing Day, of Newport, R.I.

MR. BONAPARTE ACCEPTS THE APPOINTMENT.

Baltimore, Md.—Charles J. Bonaparte was presiding over a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Reform League, of which he is chairman, when the Associated Press dispatch announcing his appointment to succeed Paul Morton as Secretary of the Navy was shown him. He said: "The President tendered me the position about ten days ago. After due reflection I decided it was my duty to accept. I had no reason to think previously that he had my name under consideration for this office. It is needless for me to say that I appreciated very highly the great and unexpected compliment implied in his offer. Nevertheless I did not accept without much hesitation, for I have always been very reluctant to enter public life. There is nothing more to be said except that I will try to do my duty and hope to make a creditable record."

GRANDSON OF A KING.

Charles Joseph Bonaparte is a grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, who was a brother of Napoleon I. It does not take a close look at his face to see features that recall the familiar pictures of his ancestors.

Persons who have made a study of heredity point to his rise to prominence as an example of its influence, and that his greatness is the awakening of a spirit that has been dormant in his family for a time. Mr. Bonaparte has never been conceited about his ancestry, but has always considered himself as an independent individuality, and he has a positive aversion to being compared to his ancestors.

He frowns when asked if he is a descendant of the French Imperial family, and likes still less to have persons just introduced to him whisper to one another that he looks much like the great French warrior and statesman. He is not a descendant of Napoleon Bonaparte, but is a great-grandson of Charles Marie de Bonaparte, who was the father of Napoleon and Jerome Bonaparte.

AN AMERICAN THROUGH AND THROUGH.

Mr. Bonaparte is an American through and through. He cares little for foreign travel, and the places made famous by the deeds of his an-

cestors have no charm for him. He is, perhaps, prouder of his grandmother than of his more historical ancestors. She was Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of a Baltimore merchant and known as one of the fairest women of her time, one of the group of Baltimoreans that have won wide distinction for beauty and brilliancy.

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When King Jerome died in June, 1857, he said nothing in his will whatever of his first marriage, Mme. Bonaparte applied for a share of the estate, but her claims were not allowed in the French courts. She recognized her rights to a share of the will of her husband would have been tantamount to recognizing her as a member of the Imperial family, which would have complicated the succession to the throne.

JEROME BONAPARTE'S MILITARY CAREER.

Mr. Bonaparte's father was never naturalized as an American citizen. This act would have interfered with his aspirations to recognition as a member of the French Imperial family. He lived the quiet life of a gentleman and cultivated literary pursuits. He had two sons—Jerome Napoleon and Charles Joseph Bonaparte. The elder, Jerome, was born in Baltimore in 1832. He had a decided bent for military life, which pleased his grandmother. He served first in the United States army, later as a lieutenant in the French army. The young man displayed great bravery at Balaklava, Inkerman, and at the siege of Sevastopol he won the Crimean medal from Queen Victoria. Until his death he fought in the courts of France for his right to a place in the Imperial line. The French allowed him the title of Prince Napoleon, but to it were attached no privileges, and he spent the latter part of his life in the United States. He died in 1893.

Mr. Bonaparte never shared any of his brother's ambition for noble rank, and he had little sympathy in the contest. No one doubts that he is prouder as an American citizen, with the rank of Secretary of the Navy, than of all his ancestors' titles combined.

A SPEAKER OF GREAT FORCE.

Aside from the interest that would naturally attach to a man of such distinguished ancestry Mr. Bonaparte has a very distinct personality of his own that in any event would have attracted attention to him. He is a speaker of great force, and his telling smile is a fitting accompaniment to his piercing sarcasm and punctuates his epigrams.

The greatest of his speeches were, perhaps, made in 1895, when he was at the head of the campaign waged by the Baltimore Reform League against the group of men then in control of the Democratic party in the city. He has said many stinging things about Republicans, as well, in his fights for what he thought would bring about reforms.

It was the prominence he gained as the head of the Baltimore reformers that attracted the attention of President Roosevelt. Mr. Bonaparte has an extensive law practice, and his annual income from this source is large. He owns much real estate, and is thought to be worth probably a million dollars.

He is of refined, simple tastes. His city home, at the corner of Park avenue and Centre street, is comfortably but not lavishly or expensively furnished. He possesses many rare relics, the greater part of which are at his country home, Belle Vista, in the Long Green Valley, between Towson and Belair. He owns several other estates in Maryland, but it is here that he now spends much of the year. He takes great interest in farming, and has a large force of workmen employed. He is a regular churchman, and attends the Cathedral every Sunday. About two years ago he was the recipient of the Laetare medal, conferred each year by the University of Notre Dame on some leading Catholic layman.

A UNIQUE APPOINTMENT.

With the appointment of Mr. Bonaparte there came a slight gasp of surprise from every republican political centre of the country and something like a similar expression, but indicating hope or something else, from the camp of the enemy. All solemnly agreed that it was perhaps the most interesting of the many Cabinet appointments made by the President. All agreed on one characterization—"unique," and declared themselves as impatiently awaiting results.

"Unique," they said it was, because the grandnephew of the man whose genius for conquest ended only at the shores of the sea is to head the fighting fleets of the United States. "Unique," because a man who has never in his career been bound down by any particular party ties was to become the adviser of a partisan administration.

A MAN WHO HAS NEVER SHYED AT A FIGHT.

But chiefly was it unique, they concluded, because for the first time at President Roosevelt was to have confronting him at his own council table a lover of the open fight; a man who has won from the President himself the compliment of, "the most forceful mind of the country"; a man who has never in his life shirked a fight or acknowledged defeat; whose high sense of right will lead him to combat his dearest friend as cheerfully as he will go forth against a foe who has ideas and principles of his own and never fails to advocate them; a man who has been a political leader, but has held salaried office for three weeks only; who had the temerity as an overseer of Harvard University to oppose the granting of the degree of LL.D. to President McKinley because he did not think it was the proper degree for him; a man of great fortune, who has spent his life in hard work. "Friendly they are," was the verdict, "but Bonaparte, the man, will as soon accept dictation contrary to his principles as the President himself."

IS A THOROUGH AMERICAN.

Mr. Bonaparte may be called an American of Americans, for patriotism has been the subject of his lectures as well as his writings. He has never been known to pride himself upon his family or lineage, and, indeed, has been known to resent inquiries or remarks on this subject in general conversation. In this respect he differs from his elder brother, Jerome Bonaparte, whose life of incident ended in 1893.

Mr. Bonaparte was prepared for college at private school and by tutors, and entering college was graduated in 1871. Three years later he was graduated from a law school, and, returning to his native city, began the practice of law with all the ardor of a penniless practitioner, although it is estimated he had inherited something like \$1,500,000.

Wealthy young men of good family usually select a career, in deference to American tradition rather than with any idea of pursuing it, and it may be supposed that his friends were of this opinion until something happened in the fall of 1875 that caused them to change their minds. It showed the young Bonaparte as the true descendant of his family, a fighter.

OBSEQUIES OF RT. REV. ALEX. MACDONELL, Bishop of Alexandria.

We take the following sketch and account of the funeral of Rt. Rev. Bishop Macdonell from The Glengarryian:

The late Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell was the son of James Macdonell by his wife Christina Macdonell and was born in the township of Lochiel, Glengarry, on November 1st, 1833. He was educated at the local schools and subsequently taught therein for three years. When determining upon entering the priesthood, he took a full theological course at St. Joseph's College, Ottawa, being also for some time a student at Regiopolis College at Kingston, when that institution was under the charge of Vicar-General Angus Macdonell, the nephew of the first great Bishop of Upper Canada. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1861, commencing his pastoral service as curate at Gananoque, near Kingston. In June, 1863, he was appointed parish priest of Lochiel amongst his own people and here to their great and inexpressible satisfaction and advantage he remained for sixteen years, being then called to the pastorate of Alexandria. He was appointed Vicar-General of the Diocese of Kingston in September, 1886, and on July 18th, 1890, was raised to the episcopate as first bishop of the recently erected Diocese of Alexandria, his consecration as such performed by the late Most Reverend Archbishop Cleary.

The Bishop's characteristics were marked; he was, for instance, essentially a Highland Scotchman in feature and in depth of feeling, nor was this to be wondered at considering his descent, his early associations and his life long environment. As a matter of fact he was a well grown lad, sixteen years of age, we believe, before he could speak the English language, his mother-tongue being the Gaelic and his elementary education being conducted as was then not uncommon in Glengarry, entirely in that language which alone his parents spoke and understood; the son of a native of Glengarry, Invernesshire, Scotland, by his wife who belonged to a family of the adjacent District of Knoydart, who upon coming to Canada settled upon lot 15 in the first concession of Lochiel, he was full of the folk-lore, history and traditions of the old Glengarry; born and brought up in the new Glengarry, his whole life was practically spent within the county, amongst his own people and those surroundings which were natural and congenial to him, and to which he clung with all the tenacity of his steadfast nature and with a wealth of affection beyond the expression of words. With eminent propriety he took no active part in politics, never alluding to political questions in the pulpit or in general conversation or in the society of those whose opinions he had reason to believe were not in consonance with his own, and never obtruding, unasked, his individual views; yet everyone knew exactly what were the political principles of Bishop Macdonell and where he stood in relation to public affairs, nor did he ever seek when questioned to conceal or disguise his political opinions.

In respect of public matters the late Bishop's prototype was undoubtedly the former Bishop Macdonell, for whose character and public services he had the most profound admiration; like him he was a most loyal, uncompromising British subject, bringing to the Sovereign the warm and hearty homage of a sincere, unconditional allegiance, and his political convictions generally were undoubtedly to a large extent based on those of his illustrious predecessor and namesake, and largely also were the outcome, continuation and sequence of the historic principles and traditions of his Clan, instilled into him in earliest youth and adhered to throughout life with unwavering constancy.

Himself a man of earnest purpose and of chivalrous and unselfish nature, he was singularly and most favorably impressed with the character and personality of the Earl of Dundonald, his stern devotion to

duty and inflexible adherence to what he considered to be right regardless of all consequences to himself. The Bishop, in speaking of Lord Dundonald, invariably characterized him as being "a credit to the Scottish race" and in every way in his power endeavored to show his genuine and sincere admiration for that brave and distinguished soldier. It afforded him the highest satisfaction to entertain Lord Dundonald upon the occasion of his visit to Glengarry the last Sunday he spent in Canada. Lord Dundonald on his part heartily reciprocated the Bishop's regard, had frequently invited him to be his guest at Crichton Lodge and lost no opportunity of evincing the respect and esteem in which he held the venerable Bishop.

It is difficult to realize that Bishop Macdonell's well-known figure will never again be seen in his accustomed place in the Cathedral Church, where all eyes instinctively turned as they entered the portal; it was a sight grateful to the eyes of the people who never beheld it without mentally invoking a blessing upon the grey head which crowned it; each individual amongst them feels that he has lost a friend and many, very many, realize that they have parted with the best and truest they ever had; and beyond those of his own creed and flock a similar feeling largely prevails; and little wonder, for the one who has gone was a Glengarry man to his heart's core, its very name was sweetest music to his ears, he was redolent of its soil and typified all that was best in its people.

THE OBSEQUIES.

The late Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Alexandria, passed peacefully away in the arms of His Grace, Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston, at the Hotel Dieu, on Monday morning, May 29th, 1905. The news soon spread throughout the town. Arrangements with the Canadian Atlantic were made and a large crowd went down on Tuesday to accompany the remains back.

The body of the late Bishop lay in state in Ward St. Mathieu, and seven candles on either side of his head were kept burning.

After the remains had been viewed by hundreds of his friends and relatives, they were conducted to the chapel, where a Libera was sung by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi of Montreal, assisted by the Very Rev. Vicar-General Corbet, of Cornwall, and Rev. Father D. C. McRae, of Glen Nevis.

Mr. M. Feron had charge of the funeral and it passed to the C.A.R. train at 4.10 p.m., where the coffin was placed on a special funeral car. Upon arriving at Alexandria undertaker Kemp took charge, and the following procession was formed to march to the Palace:

- Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.
- Catholic Order of Foresters.
- Boys of the school.
- Hearse.
- Priests of the Diocese, on foot.
- The Lalty.

The citizens turned out almost en masse, because their innate love for the late ecclesiastic constrained them. Protestants as well as Catholics were there in large numbers. The town stores and dwellings were particularly well draped for the sorrowful procession.

The remains lay in state in the Sec House here from Tuesday until Thursday afternoon, when they were conveyed to the Cathedral. Whilst here they were viewed by hundreds of people, of all classes and beliefs, who had learned to respect the peaceful life of the man.

On Thursday, at 4 p.m., the body was removed to the church, which had been appropriately draped in yellow, black and purple, the yellow, the Papal colors, and purple, the Bishop's colors. The body was surrounded by burning tapers and rested upon a catafalque erected in the front of the church, covered with purple. The main and side altars were also draped with purple. The Office of the dead was then recited by the bishops and priests.

A guard of the C.M.B.A. was placed in the church, and they kept their solemn vigil throughout the dreary night.

Friday morning broke in a shower of tears. All nature seemed to weep for the loss of the great and good man. But despite the gloomy air, crowds early began to arrive by train and vehicle to be present at the last sad rites. And when the hour of 10.30 a.m. arrived, the spacious Cathedral of St. Finians was more than taxed to hold them, and many were turned away.

A solemn Requiem Mass was sung by His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston, assisted by Rev. D. R. McDonald and Rev. D. Campbell. After the elaborate ritual of the Pontifical Requiem had been performed, His Grace Bishop McEvay, of London, Ontario, delivered the funeral sermon.

The pallbearers were Fathers Fitzpatrick, D. C. McRae, McMillan, D. MacDonald, R. A. MacDonald, J. Dulin, J. M. Foley and S. E. McRae.

The Ontario Government was represented by Hon. Dr. Rheaume, Minister of Public Works, and Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., Attorney-General. Ottawa sent down Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, and Mr. Claude Macdonell, M.P. for South Toronto.

The following clergy were present: Mgr. Sbarretti, of Ottawa; Archbishop Gauthier, of Kingston; Mgr. Lorrain, of Pembroke; Mgr. O'Connor, of Peterboro; Mgr. McEvay, of London; Mgr. Racicot, of Montreal; Mgr. Routhier, V.G., Ottawa; Very Rev. J. Catey, representing the Bishop of Hamilton; Very Rev. Father Tergeon and Father Devlin, representing the Jesuit Fathers of Montreal; Rev. Fathers McShane and Ouellette, representing the Seminary of St. Sulpice; Very Rev. Father Emery, O.M.I., representing Ottawa University.

Death of the Mother General of the Nuns of the Good Shepherd.

Mother Marie, Mother General of the Order of the Good Shepherd, died at the Mother House at Angers, France, on Wednesday, May 31, at the age of eighty-two. The heads of the various provinces of this Order, now spread in every part of the globe, with their companions, were assembling for the general election, which takes place on June 30, and some of those from points most distant, as Australia, South Africa and South America, had already arrived. The representatives of the Order in the United States are on the way to Angers.

Two of Mother Marie's predecessors have died, like her, while the designated officials were assembling for the general election.

The fact of its being held in France at this time shows that so far as religious interests are concerned, the Rouvier Government is an improvement on the Combes. But then, even Combes respected the mission of the Good Shepherd, and its houses were included among the charitable institutes untouched by the recent proscription.

HEAVEN.

It is a curious fact that some of the best men and women of the world have at times doubted their ability to enter heaven.

We well remember that our own good mother (than whom few if any holier ever lived) once expressed to us such a doubt.

We replied, "If you don't get there, mother, who will?"

In contrast with the above we remember the other old lady who expressed a doubt whether anybody would ever get there except herself and the minister, and added that she sometimes had doubts about the minister.

Personally we cannot believe that any truly good man or woman (whether Catholic or Protestant) will ever be sent permanently to any worse world than the one we inhabit, and we hope that all who try to do their duty here will find and enter a better one hereafter.

There are plenty of worlds in God's universe to which He can send us if He pleases—and all his dumb creatures who innocently suffer here as well—George T. Angell, in Dumb Animals.

(Continued on Page 4.)

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

We who had been entertaining hopes of June, "with its flowers and bees awing," have been somewhat disappointed...

FASHIONS.

Animal and bird head parasols and folding umbrellas are the very latest things in the way of protection from the weather...

Wash silk petticoats are to be worn with dainty summer dresses. A charming model is of white liberty silk trimmed with two graduating flounces of accordion plaiting...

Women who like to wear high collars of thin stuffs with their summer frocks have been bothered heretofore by the collars wilting or through the pricking of the wearers' necks by bits of featherbone put in to stiffen the collars...

Ribbons were never so beautiful or so full of possibilities in fashioning the dainty summer frock. The new open-work bands of embroidery and lace are frequently used over a strip of ribbon...

A novel little hat in a sort of cap shape, with the crown bulging out in mushroom fashion, is made of pale mulberry straw. A wreath of roses in delft-blue and dead-rose shades is arranged on the band-like brim...

Little boys continue to wear the Russian suits, and certainly no style of garment is more attractive. The heavy linens and crashes are fashioned into these smart little suits...

For older boys the shirt-blouse worn with knickerbockers is the accepted mode. The Eton collar and tie is the correct neck finish of this season's shirt waist.

Equal parts of skimmed milk and water, warmed, will remove fly specks from varnished woodwork or furniture.

Clean plaster ornaments by dropping in cold starch, brushing the powder up lightly when dry.

To cure a cold, squeeze the juice of a lemon into a cup and fill up with boiling water, adding a little sugar. Drink as hot as possible the last thing on retiring to bed three nights following.

For neuralgia, cut a thick slice of bread, soak one side for a minute in boiling water, rapidly sprinkle cayenne pepper over the hot side, and apply to the face. It will not blister as mustard does.

Take a new flower pot, wrap in a wet cloth, put over butter, and the butter will keep as upon ice.

It is said that the raw potato has an acid that not only keeps the knife blade clean, but actually preserves its sharpness.

Let tea leaves gather for a few days, then soak in water in a tin pail for half an hour, strain through a sieve, and use liquor for cleaning varnished paint. It makes it look like new.

Paint stains, if fresh, may be removed by rubbing turpentine well into the material; if it has become dry, use a little ammonia mixed with turpentine.

To remove marking ink from linen dip the garment in a solution of one ounce cyanide of potassium in four ounces of water. After a few hours the stain will be obliterated.

To clean black lace wipe off all dust with a cambric handkerchief and then pin out the lace on a board, carefully inserting a pin in each of the points. Sponge over the lace with cold tea and then leave it till perfectly dry.

Two dozen clams should yield a scant quart of liquor. Strain it all from them and heat the juice to a boil; skim off the scum and drop in the clams. Cook fifteen minutes and strain again, now through coarse muslin, back into the saucepan, and season with pepper and salt.

A novel little hat in a sort of cap shape, with the crown bulging out in mushroom fashion, is made of pale mulberry straw. A wreath of roses in delft-blue and dead-rose shades is arranged on the band-like brim...

Fresh Green Peas and Onions—Take the outside leaves of a head of lettuce and enclose the peas in it. To

that add two or three very small spring onions. When boiled the peas should be served in the dish with the lettuce leaves about them. Over this should be poured a sauce of melted butter and cream.

Scrambled Eggs and Tomato—Peel and cut up a pint of ripe tomatoes; put them into a saucepan or chafing dish pan and cook until they are soft. Add a tablespoonful of butter and salt, pepper and cayenne to taste. Add two beaten eggs and stir and cook until the eggs are the consistency of scrambled eggs.

Fruit Salad in Banana Skins—Peel four juicy, sweet oranges, peel off every bit of the white inner skin from the fruit it encloses, pull the lobes apart and cut each into four pieces. Scald a cupful of English walnut kernels, strip away the bitter skin, and let the kernels get dry and cold. Mix with the bits of orange, set on the ice for an hour, work into it a good mayonnaise and fill emptied banana skins, split down one side, with it.

Strawberry Fritters—Crush one pint of fresh strawberries, and drain off the juice. Beat up the yolks of two eggs, add one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half a cupful of milk, enough flour to make a stiff batter, into which one teaspoonful of baking powder has been sifted, then stir in carefully the strawberry pulp, and, last of all, the beaten whites of the eggs. Drop by spoonfuls into hot fat and fry a golden brown. Serve with a sauce made from the juice.

A WOMAN RAILROAD BUILDER.

The contractor in charge of the grading of the Old Dominion Railroad, Mrs. Theodosia Beacham, is said to be the only woman in America engaged in such work.

DISTINCTIVE POINTS OF A BEAUTIFUL EYE.

Which is the most impressive feature of the face? Which shows most the character, disposition and temperament of the person. To these questions might be answered, the eye.

Eyes are beautiful according to size. Small eyes may be pretty, they may be mischievous and twinkling, but they are never beautiful. Eyes of unfavorable size may glow, but they never fascinate.

The eyes, to be beautiful, must be large. They must express that which the owner would not say, frequently. They must be swept by very long lashes, which shade them and give to them a deepness and brilliancy not their own.

The soft brown eye is said to be the most beautiful, although those of deep gray hold more than second place in the estimation of those who profess to know something about the matter. Dark brown or black eyes will grow still darker or blacker when one is excited.

The prominent eye, sometimes very attractive, is often repulsive if too protruding. There is only one way to cover this deficiency, and that is the flesh. They are not so noticeable when belonging to a stout woman.



A Pure Hard Soap. Is the best value for all kinds of washing; lasts longest; gives the finest results; is easiest on the clothes. YOUR GROCER WILL SELL YOU SURPRISE SOAP

HINTS FOR THE MENDING BAS-KET.

We often hear the remark that a certain child is continually wearing out the elbows of her dress and nearly every boy would be out at the knees if it were not for constant mending.

THE BENEFIT OF FAIRY TALES.

It is very reasonable to argue that no creation of human fancy could last as fairy tales have lasted, through no one knows how many hundreds and thousands of years unless it was very good.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT.

Life is too short for vain regretting Let dead delight bury thy dead, I say, And let us go upon our way forgetting The joys and sorrows of each yesterday.

CARING FOR BRONZE.

The care of bronze ornaments becomes sometimes a little perplexing. It is, however, because of their previous want of care. Nothing should ever be applied to bronze in the way of preparations.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

MRS. LEADER'S LIBERALITY. Struggling Pastor—Nearly all the congregation has subscribed liberally for the Christmas tree fund, and I feel sure that I can also have your hearty co-operation.

O'CONNELL'S FIRST SPEECH.

It is perhaps not generally known, says the Dublin Freeman, that it was in the City Hall, then the Royal Exchange, that O'Connell made his first speech. Speaking in 1843 in the Dublin Corporation in the discussion on the Repeal of the Union, he said:

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood. No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties. Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions. Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action.

THE ONLY MEMBER WHO HAS A CARRIAGE AND COACHMAN, I THINK.

"Yes. The rest are poor." "Well, I will drive around and collect the subscriptions." QUITE A MISTAKE. It was in Indiana, not so very long ago, that the daughter of an old farmer was reading the local paper to him.

SAVED FROM DEADLY DECLINE BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

"When I think of my former condition of health," says Miss Winnifred Perry, of West River, Sheet Harbor, N.S., "I consider myself a lucky girl that I am well and strong today, and I owe my present good health entirely to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I suffered almost all that one can endure from weakness and nervousness.

CONVERTS TO CATHOLICISM.

Father Bernard Vaughan has lately received into the Catholic Church the Dowager Countess de la Ward and Lady Holland.

91,281 CATHOLIC PUPILS.

An interesting pamphlet just issued by the New York Catholic School Board, giving statistics of Catholic parish schools in that State, shows there are 55,629 such pupils in Manhattan and 35,629 in Brooklyn.

Teaching Gaelic to the Children.

(From N. Y. Daily News.) The Gaelic League in Ireland is building its hopes for the revival of the old tongue largely on the teaching of it to the school children of the rising generation.

Children learn much more easily than do grown folks, and, though they may not at first have the proper "bias," they get the proper grammatical construction and the sense of it, and the correct accent comes with age and practice.

In this country also the school children may be drawn into the Gaelic movement with splendid results to themselves as well as to the national movement, for it has been demonstrated often enough in this country that a love for the old sod halows and strengthens allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

A young teacher of drawing in some of the parochial schools of Brooklyn gathered some of the youngsters, boys and girls, from ten to fourteen years of age, and formed a children's Saturday Gaelic class, not many weeks ago, giving them simple lessons in the language, in singing and in drawing—just to show what might be done in that direction with Irish-American youth.

She found good material in the boys that the Franciscan Brothers had been teaching in the various parishes, instilling real Irish as well as American patriotism into them year after year, and needing only a little organized effort to crystallize the good sentiment into practical use of the Gaelic.

A LUCKY GIRL.

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THE DISCONTENTED.

The house was all still. Had gone to bed, for it was o'clock. The nursery was quiet for a long time while a queer little boy and said: "Is anybody there?" "Your voice sounds so to-night, Jacky," said "Squeaky? Why would you asked Jacky in an ir "when that baby drags by a string tied tight a throat. It has worn the skin now, so that I have throat. Some day, I suppose the string over the chair and leave me there die."

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OUR

Dear Girls and Boys: I have not had access to your gardeners. I expect waiting for results. I have been very wiggly with my pen and warmth, which pretty things backward be paid for waiting. It is almost here and I do not tell what joy will be school is out."

Your loving AUNT FAIRYLAND. "Dear little maid with big eyes, Won't you please tell me what land lies? I've looked east and west, looked north and south, Till I'm really discouraged in the month, Of guideposts to Fairy trace, Tell me, please, how I can find the place.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I have not had accounts from the young gardeners. I expect they are waiting for results. The sun has been very rickardly with its brightness and warmth, which made all the pretty things backward, but we will be repaid by waiting. Holiday time is almost here and I do not need to be told what joy will be felt "when school is out."

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

FAIRYLAND.

"Dear little maid with the wondrous eyes, Won't you please tell me where Fairyland lies? I've looked east and west, and I've looked north and south, Till I'm really discouraged and down in the mouth, Of guideposts to Fairyland never a trace, Tell me, please, how I may get to the place.

There's Elinorland east and Wonderland west, And Bogieland south. Now what would be best?"

"You'd better go, sir, through the valley of Dreams— Don't stop to count sheep by the Drowseway streams, Just notice the shadows the air castles throw, They're the Fairyland guideposts, as all children know."

THE DISCONTENTED DOLLS.

The house was all still. Everybody had gone to bed, for it was after 12 o'clock. The nursery was quite dark, and quiet for a long time. But after a while a queer little voice spoke up and said: "Is anybody awake?" "Your voice sounds very soueaky to-night, Jacky," said somebody. "Squeaky? Why wouldn't it?" asked Jacky in an injured tone, "when that baby drags me all day by a string tied tight around my throat. It has worn through my skin now, so that I have a sore throat. Some day, I suppose, he'll hitch the string over the back of a chair and leave me there and I shall die."

"Oh, no, Jacky, not so bad as that," said the voice. "Why shouldn't it?" said Jacky again. "Don't people die when they are hanged?" "Cheer up, cheer up, old boy," said the voice again. "It's all very well for you to be cheerful," replied Jacky, morosely. "It ain't your throat that has a string tied to it. You are Sir Launcelot, and they think that as soon as you they would never allow you to be treated like that. If you were a poor sailor boy, without any friends or good clothes, you'd see what it was to be turned over to the baby to maul."

"But it's because you're a sailor boy that the baby loves you so," said Sir Launcelot. "He loves to suck the paint off my face, I know that," replied Jacky. "One eye is gone already, and they won't even get me an artificial one. I hope he swallowed it," finished Jacky, vindictively. There was a general murmur of horror at this. "I won't wish anything like that," said a gentle voice. "The baby might have appendicitis if he swallowed your eye, and then we would all feel very sorry."

"That's right," said Jacky, in an injured tone; "all of you jump on me, and stick up for the baby. You ain't the baby's dolls. They won't give you to him. If they would you might talk out of the other side of your mouths. Besides," said Jacky, sitting up and throwing his legs over the side of the cradle, "besides, Aunt Patience, no one would maul you. You're a Quaker doll, and an old lady. They'd have too much respect for you. You ain't just a body," finished Jacky, bitterly. "There, there, never mind, Jacky," said Aunt Patience, soothingly. "Come over here, and I'll give you some chocolate drops. I saved them for you from the tea party this afternoon."

"That's real good of you, Aunt Patience," said Jacky, gratefully, as he hopped down from his cradle and went over to Aunt Patience's big arm-chair. He walked with a queer little stump, because one of his feet was gone. The baby had pulled it off for the letter to play with.

"Can I have some, too, Aunt Patience?" asked Sir Launcelot. A burst of laughter came from another corner. It was a funny little laugh that sounded like the tinkling of tiny silver bells. "Well, really," said a new voice, "such a fine gentleman to be begging for chocolate drops! Don't give him any, Aunt Patience. He'll get them all over his fine velvet clothes."

"You needn't laugh, Lady Geraldine," replied Sir Launcelot, in a very cold voice "you would like them, too, if you were not so afraid of your dignity."

"Children! Children!" said Aunt Patience, placidly, "don't quarrel; it isn't nice. Come here, Launcelot; there are plenty for you, and Geraldine, too, if she wants them."

Sir Launcelot got down rather stiffly and walked across the floor to Aunt Patience's chair. He wore very beautiful clothes of crimson velvet, with lace ruffles, and a velvet hat with a white plume, and a flashing sword at his side. Most of the dolls did not like him very well, because he was so stiff, and wore such elegant clothes.

"Ought to go back to England, where he came from," muttered Jacky; "we don't want no such thing as that in America." Jacky was a rather vulgar boy. His early education had been neglected.

"Oh, oh; me, too!" called a smothered voice from the other end of the room. "Come and pull me out, some of you. I want some chocolate drops, too, and they have done gone and left the express wagon right on top of me. I'm most dead."

Sir Launcelot turned toward the sound, but he moved in such a slow, stately way that Jacky was ahead of him in spite of his lame foot. He stumbled across the room very fast, and found Chloe lying flat on her face, with the express wagon, bottom side up, on her back. Jacky could not lift it until he had stumped over to the tool-box and got out a long iron spade. This he put under the edge of the express wagon, and so lifted it off. Then he helped Chloe up.

Chloe was a little negro doll, but she was very jolly and funny, and all the dolls were very fond of her. They began to talk about her accident all at once. Even Aunt Patience was displeased.

"I declare, it's a shame," said she. "Somebody should speak to those children. They should be taught better. The idea of going off to bed and leaving one of us on the floor, with a wagon on top of her, to suffer all night! It's a wonder poor Chloe isn't dead. Are you hurt much, honey?"

"I've got a misery in my back," replied Chloe; but she was such a cheerful little girl that as soon as she got a chocolate cream she forgot all about her trouble and was quite happy again.

WHEN WE TWO WALKED IN ARCADY.

I. When we two walked in Arcady How sweet the summers were! How thick the branches overhead, How soft the grass beneath our tread, And thickets where the sun burned red

Were full of wings astir, my dear, When we two walked in Arcady Through paths young hearts prefer.

II. Since we two walked in Arcady (How long ago it seems!) High hopes have died disconsolate, The calm-eyed angel men call Fate Stands with drawn sword before the gate

That shuts out all our dreams, my dear, Since we two walked in Arcady Beside the crystal streams.

III. Beyond the woods of Arcady The little brooks are dry, The brown grass rustles in the heat, The roads are rough beneath our feet, Above our heads no branches meet, And yet, altho we sigh, my dear, Beyond the woods of Arcady We see more of the sky!

—From Scribner's Magazine.

PEACHES AND PATCHES.

It was Dorothy's birthday, and she was seven years old for the first time in her life. She had had beautiful presents.

Mamma had given her a silver thimble with D on it, and papa had given her a lovely drawing-slate. Aunt Edith had sent her a book, and grandma a dear little box of handkerchiefs.

But the biggest gift of all had come by express from Aunt Jennie.

And it was nothing more nor less than a pink gingham dress with a pocket in it! In all her seven years Dorothy had never had a pocket before, and she begged to be allowed to wear the new dress to school, that all the girls might see the wonderful pocket.

"But you can take a holiday to-day if you like," said her mother, "and stay at home from school because it is your birthday."

"No, mamma," said Dorothy, "I want to go to school specially to-day; and I want to carry my patches in my pocket. And, oh, can't I have a piece of the 'sky'?"

"Yes," said her mother, smiling, "as it is your birthday, you may have a piece of the sky."

You see Dorothy's little school was kept by two dear, old-fashioned ladies, who taught sewing as well as other lessons. And the beginners in the sewing class always made patch-work.

And Dorothy was a beginner. Every day she took four neatly cut pieces of silk, and came home with them all sewed together in a lovely block for her quilt.

Her mother cut the pieces for her from different colored silks, and, of course, some were prettier than others. But loveliest of all was a yard of light blue satin which Aunt Jennie had sent for this very purpose. It was such a fair, clear blue that Dorothy called it her "sky," and was always glad to sew a block cut from it.

So on her birthday she happily folded the carefully cut pieces of sky in a bit of white tissue-paper, and deposited the parcel in her convenient new pocket. Her new thimble also went in, and one of grandma's new handkerchiefs.

Then the happy little maiden kissed her mother and ran off to school, which was only three blocks away. As she went out of the gate she met the grocer's man coming in. "It's my birthday!" she said, for she was well acquainted with him.

"Arrah, is it?" he said. "Thin I'll be after givin' ye a token. Here's two peaches for ye. They're not big, but they're ripe and sweet, an' will do ye no harm."

Dorothy thanked the good-natured man, and putting the peaches in her new pocket, complacently thought how many nice friends she seemed to have.

Stopping to talk to the grocer nearly made her late for school, but by hurrying a little she reached there just in time to march upstairs in the line.

Then came singing and other opening exercises, and at half-past nine the sewing class was called.

"It's my birthday," said Dorothy to Miss Katherine, "and I have a lovely sky-blue block to sew."

"That's nice," said the teacher. "Let me see it."

Dorothy dived down into her pocket, but quickly pulled back her hand in dismay. You see, the peaches were very ripe, and as Dorothy was not in the habit of sitting very still, but often wiggled about, and occasionally bumped against a desk or a chair or the girl next to her, those peaches had just smashed themselves into a jelly, and you can imagine what the sky-blue satin bits looked like!

Dorothy tried not to cry, but she was naturally a tidy little girl, and the stained, sticky blocks and peach-filled pocket just seemed as if they were going to spoil her whole birthday.

But Miss Katherine said kindly, "Oh, what a sad accident! But never mind, deary, you can be excused from sewing to-day."

"I don't mind so much about the blocks," said Dorothy, still bravely fighting back her tears, "but my new pocket is so—so horrid!"

Then what do you think Miss Katherine did? She just took her scissors and ripped out that little pocket and took it away into another room. And she threw away the soft peaches, and washed and ironed the pocket and the handkerchief, and rescued the little silver thimble, and then she sewed the pocket in Dorothy's frock again, and the sun shone once more. But Dorothy learned a lesson never to put peaches and patches in the same pocket.

COULD LOOK OUT FOR ONE.

Here is a lovely little true story which carries its moral on its face. It has been handed on more than once, and I hand it on again to you. One day a poor old woman stood in a great railway station, too bewildered by the crowd and confusion to dare stir. All at once a little girl noticed her. Just a nice, common little girl with bare hands and a strap of books.



Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Cramps, Colic, Pains in the Stomach, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Sea Sickness, Summer Complaint, and all Fluxes of the Bowels. Has been in use for nearly 60 years and has never failed to give relief.

wildered by the crowd and confusion to dare stir. All at once a little girl noticed her. Just a nice, common little girl with bare hands and a strap of books.

"Look there, girls!" she cried, hurriedly. "See that poor, frightened old woman over there! I don't believe she's got anyone to look out for her."

"Well, that isn't your lookout," said one of the others, seeing that she was about to drop her books and run across the maze of tracks. "If you aren't the queerest girl! Do you suppose you can look out for everybody that needs looking out for?"

"I can look out for one," was the answer tossed back over the girl's shoulder. In a moment she was piloting the old lady carefully, and never left her until she put her on the right car. Then she was back again with the girls, laughing and chatting as gayly as if she had not stopped a minute to give a lesson in kindness.

HELPING MOTHER.

"Oh, I never do housework!" was heard a young girl say in a crowded car. "Mother doesn't expect me. I keep my hands nice for my practicing. Mother's used to work; she doesn't mind. I never do the dishes."

Never help the weary mother who toils early and late to keep her precious daughter in school? Never lift one finger to lighten the heavy burden of her who has never spared herself for your comfort, from the time you were a tiny, helpless infant in her arms?

And this from a well-dressed, well-appearing girl, otherwise! Ah, well, there can't be many such, we think, whose eyes are thus so blinded that they cannot see the marks of time and toil on the one whose individual place could never be filled, should she be called away.

The remark was not intended for our ears, but, catching it as we passed, we thought of the many, many girls who would be glad if only they had a mother to help. And so we say, appreciate your mothers, girls, while you have them. For when you are older and wiser, you will realize that there is nobody in the world like mother.

LEW WALLACE AND WHITCOMB RILEY.

It is worthy of note that two men of Indiana who have distinguished themselves in the realm of literature should be wholly without a college education, said the South Bend Tribune. The late Gen. Lew Wallace, historical novelist, and James Whitcomb Riley, the people's poet, have attained their high positions in the literary world without the benefit of the classical training that institutions of learning grant. It is remarkable of General Wallace that he had but two years of schooling in his life, although his father paid for fourteen years. He was averse to text books and to the drudgery of the school room, preferring rather to drift out in the fields and forests with an entertaining novel and spend his time in that way. He entered Wabash College, but his stay was brief and of no value to him as affording him any intellectual culture. Riley has declared that he never had any idea of the rules of grammar, would not know an adverb or a correctly parsed sentence were he to meet them face to face on the street.

WINDY DAY IN KANSAS.

An Emporia woman, who is by no means a heavyweight, was seen going about the neighborhood on a recent windy day carrying a flatiron in each hand. Although she didn't have the iron labeled "ballast," no one asked any questions.—Emporia Gazette.

IRISH TEXT SOCIETY.

The Council of the Irish Texts Society has had the satisfaction this year of seeing their project for the production of an Irish-English Dictionary of modern Irish brought to completion through the energy of the Editor, Rev. P. S. Dinneen, M.A. The Foclóir Gaedhlice agus Béarla was launched from the press in July of 1904, and it has met with a substantial success, both from the point of view of its rapid and steady sale, and in the recognition and enthusiasm with which it has been received in almost every quarter. It is a volume of over 800 pages, and contains, besides something like 28,000 words, a large number of idiomatic phrases and illustrative passages, with valuable tables of the grammatical forms of the irregular verbs. The cost of production has been paid off, and the Council are gradually repaying the loans and guarantees by which they were enabled to bring the work to a satisfactory conclusion.

In December of the same year a new volume of the society's publications was also issued from the press. This volume contains a fine tale belonging to the Ulster Cycle of Stories, which has been preserved in one single MS. only. It is called Cathreim Conchobair Clairingheach or The Martial Career of Congal Clairingheach. It is a semi-political tale of a quarrel between Ulster and the Over-king of Tara, on account of his division of the Province into two parts, over which he appointed separate chiefs. This interference with its ancient rights was regarded by the Northern Province with great disfavor, and it led to a series of recriminations which form the main subject of the story, into which, however, numerous later episodes have found their way, such as a tale of a visit to Lochlann, or Norway, a wonderful over-sea voyage, a tale of King Arthur of Britain, and other minor incidents, loosely connected with the central theme. It is a fine story, and has been edited with the most thorough and careful handling by Mr. Patrick MacSweeney, M.A., who inserts in his preface the recorded opinion of O'Curry that in the purity and elegance of its language the tale is the best Irish romance he ever has met.

The next volume to be issued by the Society will be Miss Agnes O'Farrelly's edition of the manuscript known as the "Flight of the Earls," the author's autograph copy of which is preserved in the library of the Franciscan Monastery on Merchant's Quay, Dublin, whence it was transferred from Rome. The manuscript, which may be described as the travelling day-book of the party of retainers and friends who accompanied the flight of the Earls O'Neill and O'Donnell from the North of Ireland in the year 1604, is written by Teigue O'Keenan, one of the party. It describes the leave-taking in Ireland, (which curiously enough included a formal farewell visit to the Viceroy of Dublin), the perils of the voyage and the drifting of the vessels from the southwest coast of France, where they had designed to land with a view to proceeding into Spain, northward to the coast of Brittany, with their subsequent wanderings through the Netherlands, France and Italy. Amid much detail of lesser importance, some interesting insight is afforded into the state of diplomatic affairs in the Court of France and in that of the Low Countries where the travellers were received by the Archduke.

Miss O'Farrelly has recently spent some time in London, where she has been engaged in identifying the towns and villages visited by the party and in looking up other matters connected with their wanderings. This interesting piece of contemporary history should throw fresh light on the conditions prevailing in the countries visited by the writer in the early 17th century.

The Council have to announce, with much regret, that, owing to ill health and private affairs, Mr. David Comyn has been compelled to abandon his work on the second volume of Keating's "History of Ireland." The Council are now considering the question of appointing a suitable successor who will undertake to complete the work within a reasonable time and to whom Mr. Comyn has kindly offered to hand over his manuscripts, transcripts and materials.

The Council, with the consent of the Editor, Mr. John MacNeill, are also endeavoring to associate with him a second editor to assist in the completion of "Duanaire Phinn." By this means they hope to push forward the preparation of this work which has been for a long time, owing to Mr. MacNeill's ill health, awaiting completion.

Mr. R. A. S. McAlister is still in Palestine, but he hopes in a few weeks' time to send to press some portions of his edition of the Leabhar Gabtrala, on which he has been steadily working.

An edition of some Leinster topographical poems, to be edited by Mr. J. H. Lloyd, has been accepted by the Council.—The Monitor.

Father Mathew Monument.

A recent visitor to Cork writes in a Dublin paper:—

"The Father Mathew monument near St. Patrick's Bridge is one of Foley's best works. The figure is draped in the graceful cloak which has, unfortunately, gone out of fashion in Ireland. The pose is very appropriate—firm, dignified, alert. The face and head are splendidly modelled. The right hand is slightly extended. The left gathers some folds of the cloak to his breast. The expression is a triumph of art, and does justice to one of the greatest of Munster men, and one of the greatest of the Irish race. Strength—calm, self-contained, mighty strength—is on the brow; and the eye has the fullness of genius. The chin is massive, determined, eloquent of will-power. The lips are beautiful, with an infinite gentleness. It is a magnificent face, regular, even handsome in outline, and illumined by the inspiration of a noble and undying purpose, and with a charity sweet as the love of angels and wide as humanity. The attitude is that of a man of action—a man who would do things and get other men to do them—a man of tireless physical and mental energy, yet thoroughly self-contained—the attitude of a great leader and teacher.

"And a great leader and teacher Father Mathew was. He had the simplicity of genius and the constancy of all virtue that is heroic. In no place is his memory held dear than in Cork City. His grave is in St. Joseph's Cemetery, but the good he did is not buried with him. As I gazed on the sculptured features of the face overlooking Patrick's Bridge, I could not help thinking of the other statue by the same artist—the statue of O'Connell overlooking the Liffey. You will seldom see it stated that much of the might of the O'Connell movement was due to Father Mathew. Yet such is the clear historical truth. The temperance, which the Cork priest preached and fostered, bred moral strength and self-respect, and when the clarion voice of O'Connell sounded the rally of the men of Ireland, they hastened to him in millions—millions of temperate, vertebrate, manly men."

THE PATIENT BRAIN.

The brain is one of the most patient and industrious organs of the body. It can be induced by good treatment to perform prodigies of labor. Few realize its capabilities and endurance. But it is sensitive. It will not long brook abuse. It bitisly responds to the whip at first but if the lash is laid on too hard and often it balks. It insists upon having plenty of good, red blood when it works hard, and good, red blood is made from wheat and roast beef, not from pie a la mode, lobster salad and cocaine or whisky. The most essential thing for the man who works with his brain is plenty of sleep. Only in sleep does the brain find the rest and refreshment that are necessary to maintain its vigor and integrity.

PATENT REPORT.

For the benefit of our readers we publish a list of Canadian patents recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington D.C.

- Information relating to any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-named firm. Nos. 93,234—Alfred Lorenzo Etherington, Cornwallis, N.S. Seats for agricultural implements. 93,238—Peter Joseph Leahy, St. Henry, Que. Brake-pressure releasing apparatus. 93,241—Joseph F. McDermott, Umattilla, Man. Delivery spouts. 93,253—Wallace G. Parker, Kentville, N.S. Harness yoke. 93,301—Herbert Embree, Oxford, N.S. Hose coupling. 93,354—Fred Corda, Elmwood, Ont. Clothes reel. 93,508—Robert Donaldson, Montreal, Que. Truck. 93,522—Henri Edmond Soulard, St. Ubalde (Portneuf), Que. Fanal.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1905.

A CAMPAIGN OF INSULT.

Canada never witnessed an election campaign like that which closed in London and North Oxford on Tuesday. From first to last the Conservative party worked upon a single calculation. London was considered a favorable field for sowing the seeds of anti-Catholic bigotry.

liberty, and the Bishops of the Church as common conspirators against the nation. It is worth while, perhaps, to ask what may be the public and political results of the Conservative work done in London and North Oxford.

THE WITNESS RESPONSIBLE.

It is perhaps only natural that Protestant prejudice should seek to express itself in this city in the pages of our contemporary, The Daily Witness. But surely in any newspaper of good standing, intelligence should exercise a saving measure of control.

BONAPARTE IN THE U. S. CABINET.

The inclusion by President Roosevelt in his Cabinet of Mr. Charles Jerome Bonaparte is by no means an empty tribute to the position of that distinguished Catholic citizen.

Our city fathers are bent on doing away with the street musician, or, at least, there is talk of restricting him to certain districts. There are very few to whom music does not appeal, but one dare not rank the hurdy gurdy in the category with things musical, more especially when they insist on serenading us just as we are thinking out a weighty problem.

He who has genuine and perfect charity seeks nothing in himself, but desires God to be glorified in all things.

BIGOTRY SILENCED.

In another article we have dealt with the shameful character of the election campaign in the Ontario by-elections of Tuesday. As against the firebrand attempts made in London and North Oxford to set race against race and religion against religion throughout this Dominion, there is the reassuring fact of the election returns.

A FEARLESS PROSECUTOR OF CRIMINALS.

Of course, the smile had not developed so far at that time, but such as it was it drew about him some few good citizens, who, in the year 1875, willingly went down to defeat with the young man. But the fight was on, and so thoroughly had the public spirit been aroused that the selection of Charles Joseph Bonaparte as special counsel to prosecute the ballot box frauds was demanded and allowed.

COMPOSER OF THE "PALMS."

President Loubet has appointed M. Gabriel Faure to be director of the National Conservatory of Music, succeeding M. Theodore Dubois, who has retired. Gabriel Faure, a musical composer of note in France, was born at Palmiers, on May 13, 1845.

Occasionally a disagreeable person will boast that at least he is sincere, but that is no excuse for being disagreeable.

Three things you never discover till there is death in the house: The goodness of the neighbors, the way time drags, and how loud the clock ticks.

Sables d'Olonnes, nas, by the way, been recently in Rome, and it is said that the Sovereign Pontiff approved his action in going to prison rather than pay the unjust fines levied on him. The Holy Father, it is also affirmed, highly approved of the resistance of the religious orders to their persecutors; but, he added: "Unfortunately opinions in France are divided. Some advise going to the right, some to the left, but there is only one road to follow."

A CATHOLIC APPOINTED.

(Continued from Page 1.)

ATTACKED THE FAMOUS BALTIMORE RING.

Baltimore was at that time ruled by a political ring, of which it has been said that Tweed might study with admiration, while Ames, in Minneapolis, and the "gang" in Missouri before Governor Folk arrived would both hang their heads for envy.

FEATURES OF HIS ANCESTORS.

It has sometimes been remarked that Mr. Bonaparte does not look unlike his distinguished ancestor. It is said that this irritates him, because he is taller, stronger than "the Little Corporal." His body is thick and sturdy-looking, and his hands and feet are almost as small as a woman's.

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COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

GREAT ANNUAL JUNE SALE 10 Percent for Cash in Addition to all Other Discounts or Reductions.

Ladies' White Waists.

WHITE LAWN, three plaits, with insertion; back, collar and cuffs, tucked, at \$1.50. WHITE LAWN, three rows of insertion, buttoned at side, back, collars and cuffs tucked, \$2.10.

Children's Headwear.

Caps, Hoods, Hats and Tam o'-Shanters, in Muslin and Silk, light and airy; Sun Bonnets, Poke Bonnets, Crash Hats.

Trimmed Millinery. HATS, TOQUES, BONNETS.

SUITABLE FOR ALL AGES. FOR COUNTRY, SEASIDE AND CITY WEAR. \$4.70.....Cash price, \$3.45 \$5.00.....Cash price, \$3.43 \$6.50.....Cash price, \$4.99 \$7.50.....Cash price, \$5.74

MEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.

A GOOD LINE OF MEN'S SUITS AT 50 PER CENT. MEN'S DOUBLE BREASTED SACK SUITS, \$13.50, \$15.00, \$16.50, sizes, 33 to 44, in Imported Tweeds and Worsteds; a great variety of patterns, at HALF PRICE.

Furniture Department.

104-39, OFFICE CHAIR, Golden Oak, \$8.00, less 15 per cent. 104-38, OFFICE CHAIR, Golden Oak, \$5.00, less 20 per cent. 104-37, OFFICE CHAIR, Golden Oak, Revolving, \$6.50, less 20 per cent.

Carpet Department.

Special line of WILTON AND AXMINSTER CARPETS, less 10 per cent to 15 per cent. Special line of BRUSSELS CARPETS, less 10 per cent to 15 per cent. Special line of TAPESTRY CARPETS, less 10 per cent.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS. HENRY MORGAN & CO., - - Montreal

NOTES FROM P...

Whence arose this devotion? Sacred Heart? Who to mankind? It was Our Lord His coming to earth and of His life was a manifestation of the love of His Sacred Heart even this did not seem Him. On the cross and death He permitted His to be opened as though to show us that He had given love for us. St. Bernard lover of the Sacred Heart another and most consoling for this last act of our life: "Your side, O pierced so that a passage made for us leading to You and the same wound has Your Heart in order that, from fruitless anxieties, objects, we might, under the shadow of Your Heart, the chief reason why You that Your Heart should was, that we might see, the wound of love. He could Jesus have offered to prove of the ardor of His by allowing the lance to pierce His body, but even the bodily wound makes of the spiritual wound. could help loving a Heart? Who would not return love towards so loving? Who would not attach himself to a Heart? Then let us be able, while we are down by our mortal bodies, love to offer for love, and attach ourselves to our dear Jesus, whose hands and Heart have been pierced, wicked men: let us be able to bind us to Him by the chains of His love, His glowing hearts, still so insensible as tent."

At St. Patrick's Church Mass was sung by Rev. Killoan. The sermon was by Rev. Father Walsh, a diocesan member of the Dominion who for seven years has been on missionary to the Cape of Good Hope, Port of Spain, Bermuda, also professor of Oriental at the University there. The preacher took for his text: "The day the Lord hath made, let us rejoice and be glad exceedingly." "The words of my text," "would have been more appropriate seven weeks ago, when we celebrated Easter. Still they are appropriate to the feast of Pentecost, the birthday of the Christian Church, the feast of Pentecost, God's greatest work, the foundation of His Church for the redemption of mankind."

At St. Ann's Church, solemn Mass was sung by Rev. Strubbe, assisted by Rev. Rivet and Fortier. The Mass was preached by Rev. Father Land preached, and Benedict the Blessed Sacrament was in by Rev. Father Rioux, P.P., by Rev. Fathers Trudel and Rivet.

At St. Anthony's Church, Rev. Shea officiated at solemn Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Heffernan and J. E. Donnelly and sub-deacon. The Mass was preached by Rev. Father Ryan. "This is pre-eminently the birthday of the Catholic Church." When Christ left this earth He left 120 members of His Church. They assembled together in the Cenacle, and the Holy Ghost descended, and a wonderful change wrought. The Apostles who, at this time, had been timid and of the Jews, now went forth to preach Christ and Him crucified. The Holy Ghost, being distinct from the Father and the Son, has a special mission to perform, to guide and direct the Church until the end of time.

At St. James Cathedral, His Archbishop 'Bruchesi officiated

NOTES FROM PARISHES

DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART

Whence arose this devotion to the Sacred Heart? Who taught it to mankind? It was Our Lord Himself. His coming to earth and every act of His life was a manifestation of the love of His Sacred Heart.

PENTECOST.

The Feast of Pentecost was celebrated with splendor in all the Catholic churches of our city last Sunday. The altars were tastefully decorated with red silk banners and streamers.

ST. ANTHONY'S CATECHISM PICNIC.

The annual picnic for the children attending the Catechism classes at St. Anthony's took place on Thursday last. At 9 o'clock ten double street cars loaded with children started from Fulford street.

AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

At St. Patrick's Church, solemn high Mass was sung by Rev. Father Killoran. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Walsh, a distinguished member of the Dominican Order, who for seven years has been attached as missionary to the Cathedral at Port of Spain, Bermuda.

AT ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH.

At St. Anthony's Church, Rev. Father Shea officiated at solemn high Mass, assisted by Rev. Fathers T. Heffernan and J. E. Donnelly as deacon and sub-deacon.

Pontifical High Mass, assisted by Rev. Canons Vallant, Dauth, Martin Gauthier, Roy, Vice-Chancellor, Rev. Abbe Perrier and Rev. J. B. Demers, Secretary. The sermon was preached by Rev. Abbe Deschamps, chaplain of the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Next Sunday afternoon, the monthly meeting of the St. Gabriel's Juvenile T. A. & B. Society will be held at St. Gabriel's Hall.

Last Sunday afternoon St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society held its monthly meeting. One new member was initiated. The tickets for the annual outing, which takes place on August 3rd, will be ready to be distributed at the meeting in July.

A SUCCESSFUL PILGRIMAGE. The English-speaking ladies of the Third Order of St. Francis held their annual pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre on Saturday afternoon, and over four hundred participated. Religious exercises were held by Rev. Fathers Christopher, Ethelbert, and Wulstan, O.F.M.

CLOSING EXERCISES. The closing exercises for the Catholic Commissioners' Schools will be held on the following dates: June 22nd, Sarsfield, La Plateau and Montcalm schools; June 23rd, Belmont and Champlain schools; June 24th, Olier and the Edward Murphy schools.

ST. GABRIEL'S BRASS BAND. St. Gabriel's independent brass band held its annual election of officers a few days ago, which resulted as follows: President, Wm. Lamont; Bandmaster, James Burns; Assistant Bandmaster, James Monahan; Secretary, J. Gaudry.

SCHOOL CHOIRS' OUTING. The annual outing of the Belmont and Montcalm school choirs was held on Tuesday to Isle Gros Bois, where nearly two hundred enjoyed a pleasant day. Games of various kinds were held, on the grounds, and on the return homewards an enjoyable concert was given.

NEW ENGLISH PARISH. Rev. Father Provost, P.P., Hochelega parish, announced a meeting of the English-speaking Catholics for Sunday next, June 18th, in the College Hall, Desery street.

PAPER MILK BOTTLES. Dr. Louis Laberge, medical health officer, is considering the merits of a new kind of milk bottle, made of paper or wood fibre.

ST. AGNES' CHURCH FESTIVAL. The festival held last week in aid of the building fund was quite successful. The affair opened with a promenade band concert given by St. Ann's pipe and drum band.

HYMENEAL. At St. Ann's Church, Wednesday morning, June 7th, a very pretty wedding took place, when Miss Mary Farrell, daughter of the late James Farrell, was married to Mr. D. J. McKenna, both of this city.

PRESENTATION TO MR. PATRICK KENEHAN. Mr. Patrick Kenehan, of the City Comptroller's office, was married on Monday morning at St. Ann's Church. On Thursday afternoon his friends at the City Hall presented him with a purse of gold.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

the presentation, and expressed the appreciation of the employees for Mr. Kenehan.

Mr. Kenehan thanked his conferees for their good wishes, as well as their substantial gift. He alluded to the good feeling existing among the civic workers of both races.

Mr. Kenehan is well known in fraternal circles. He is President of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, Vice-President of the Shamrock Amateur Athletic Association, and is a rugby football player of more than ordinary ability.

On Saturday afternoon the Shamrock directors presented Mr. P. Kenehan with a purse of gold. Mr. Kearney, the president, made the presentation, and read an address conveying the best wishes of all the Shamrocks.

Mr. Kenehan was married to Miss Florence McReary on Monday morning at St. Ann's Church.

CONFIRMATION AT ST. VINCENT DE PAUL PENITENTIARY. The Semaine Religieuse has the following account of Archbishop Bruchesi's visit to the penitentiary: His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal, in making his pastoral visit to St. Vincent de Paul, followed the dictates of his heart and went to the penitentiary.

Christ's actions here on earth are picture lessons of the majestic movements of the Eternal in the history of the universe.

We know that all hushed sensation, especially after an evening service of more than usual earnestness, that bringing away with us, as it were, into the far and dim of the world some small portion of the "peace that passeth understanding"—some tiny fragment into this busy, mocking life of the joys of that other world about which for the last hour we have been thinking, and whither our praises and prayers have been directed.

OBITUARY.

MR. WILLIAM MURPHY. On Friday last there passed away, at Ste. Agathe, Mr. William Murphy, of the firm of Murphy Bros., grocers, of this city.

MRS. JOHN McVEY. The death of Mrs. John McVey, an old and respected member of St. Anthony's parish, occurred on Monday of this week.

FUNERAL OF BRO. SYLVIE. The funeral of Rev. Brother Sylvie, Director of the Christian Brothers' School at Point St. Charles, took place on Friday morning and was largely attended.

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The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. M. F. Farrell, and was attended by Miss B. Broderick. Mr. Charles Killoran was best man. The bride was gowned in white chifon satin, trimmed with real Irish point lace, and wore a very picturesque white hat.

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THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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A RECORD LACROSSE MATCH.

The lacrosse match on Saturday last, between the old rivals, Montreal and Shamrocks, was one of the most remarkable matches seen for years, and probably one of the greatest ever played between the two Montreal teams.

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PHILLIPS SQUARE. SALE to all lions. sts. and cuffs, long tucked sleeve, deep button front, Knot, front, most complete for Cash. ar. silk, light and in Leather. y. TS. ce, \$3.83 ce, \$5.74 ce, 7.65 ce, \$11.48 ce, \$15.30 ce, \$26.78 ALF PRICE. ENT. \$15.00, a great va. 5.00, \$16.50; all at HALF ip. VESTS, IN rna to select \$1.35, \$1.50, and \$4.00. All ent. cent. less 20 per 00, less 15 Seat, \$8.25. 25, less 15 less 10 per \$20.00, less 3.25, less 10 less 20 p. c. \$10.00, less 10 p. c. less 15 p. c. \$23.00, less 20 p. c. al, Quartered Oak, extra 10 p. c. finish, \$21.75. gh, low and bookcases. t. less 10 per to 15 p. c. per cent. less 20 p. c. TAINS, suit- ms, smoking ARE, less 25 ORDERS. Montreal

NOTES OF THE GAME. Referee Lally is, without doubt, the king of referees in lacrosse to-day, and for any roughness he promptly penalizes the offenders. Canada's national game in Montreal will be seen played in all its glory when Joe Lally has charge of the game. Big Jim Kavanagh, the man with the eagle eye and wonderful reach, plays with great judgment, breaks up many a fine combination of the opposing team, and marshals his men in great style. Jim is the Togo of the lacrosse world to-day. Tommie Currie, Frankie Nolan and Tracey form a great trio of midgets, as well as tireless home fielders. The slippery grass interfered considerably with the players. Roddy Finlayson, of Montreal, was the same old war horse as in the days of yore, when he wore the green sweater and performed feats of valor for the Shamrocks. When the Shamrocks won the deciding game, the scene that followed can better be imagined than described. Next Saturday another great game will take place, when Cornwall will cross sticks with the Shamrocks. The youngsters from the Factory Town are a plucky bunch, and will keep the Shamrocks guessing. The ball will be faced at 3.30 p.m. A record crowd will be in attendance, as lacrosse is growing in popularity. The standing of the clubs in the Senior League is as follows: Shamrocks ... Won, Lost, 2 0 Montreal ... 1 1 Capital ... 1 1 Cornwall ... 0 1 National ... 0 1

A PAGE FROM A MEMOIR.

The relatives of the famous beauty, Gracia Wells, who was so greatly admired at Newport, when the French officers were there in the days of the American Revolution, were shocked when she married a "Papist," the Count de Lac-Joselle. At Newport he had paid marked attention to this "prim and proud beauty," as his brother officer, De Lauzun, had called her. It was not until she met him in President Washington's house at Philadelphia that she discovered to her notice him. It was curious that she—a strict Protestant—should have wandered into the "Popish" chapel one afternoon, and been pleased to see the young Count on his knees before the mysterious lamp in front of the altar. His friend, De Brugere, had asked her to marry him; and, as De Brugere was "liberal" in all beliefs, her people preferred him to any other foreigner. Gracia, tall and blonde, with a face, as De Brugere said, "like that of the Princess de Lamballe, only beautiful," waited for him. He started and flushed when he saw her, and he began to apologize. "I am far from home," he said, "and my mother—

in flames. "Ca ira!" yelled the crowd. "Ca ira!" It meant death to all within the chateau. And he realized now that De Brugere, who had dined with him in a half-friendly way, was his enemy. "The goodness of my wife has ruined us," he said. "Well, we must try to escape." At the garden gate, Lac-Joselle, his wife, and little Louis met the mob. "Aristocrats!" cried the leader, who was masked. "The father and the cub must die! As for you, madame," the man added, in a voice Gracia knew too well, "you are a child of the sister nation for which I fought. Go, madame," he added, with a cynical laugh, "and see whether you can live by your goodness." She clung to the little Louis. His yellow hair shining in the moonlight was the last thing she saw, as she fell back fainting into the bed of heliotrope, at the foot of the statue of Niobe. The rage and sin of Paris, the hatred of God, pent up for years, was having its way. Priests had gone out in crowds from the Carmelite monastery, now a den of murderers, to their death in blood. An actor from one of the theatres, more kind-hearted than the others, had sat behind the blood-stained table, acting as judge for some time. He had just been relieved by the Citizen Brugere. A pale man, with a blonde child by the hand, had come through the reek and smoke and the ranks of pikes, to be examined. "Ah, ha!" Brugere said, looking more cynical than ever, in his red shirt and cap of liberty. "Two aristocrats! The big one and the little one! You'll have to die, my friends. The little one may grow up, and he will be harder to kill!" Lac-Joselle made no reply; he stood erect, but he seemed to have lost consciousness. A woman, draped in a long, black cloak, made her way in spite of all opposition, to the opposite side of this terrible table of judgment. She was white, but her eyes were luminous with grief and hope. "The little one," she said; "my husband! The little one!" The child held out his hands. De Brugere's face lighted up. "Madame," he said, in a whisper, "deny that this is your husband or your child. You are American—the tribunal knows it. Deny that you are the wife of Lac-Joselle and the mother of his child. They are not known; I may, then, say that they are of the people. Let your wife lie with grace," he said, in a low tone to Lac-Joselle, "and disown you. You and the boy may go then." Gracia stood erect, facing her husband and the boy, who dropped his hands to his side at a sharp, low word from his father. "Ah, citizenship of America, formerly the Countess Lac-Joselle," said De Brugere, with evident enjoyment of the situation, "these people claim, from pride or foolishness, to be your former son and husband. They are fools, idiots! And the guillotine is not for idiots." The circle about the table were breathless. What would she do? To deny her child, to tell a lie in his face, to cast him off, to save the two she loved most in life by a falsehood? Her husband looked at her, hope and love in his eyes. To lie in her child's presence, even to save his life? It would be best to die with him. "These are my husband and my son," she said, in a low voice. There was silence in the group immediately around the table, but loud cries came from the courtyard. De Brugere started, and looked straight into her eyes. "The goodness of my wife has destroyed us!" Lac-Joselle muttered. De Brugere heard him and laughed. "A good woman!" he said, solemnly. "Of the race of Regulus," cried the stony-faced man at his side. The mob took up the shout. "Your goodness," he said, half-mocking, "has enabled you to live. If you had lied," he added in her ear, "I would have killed them and you. The loss of one bad woman would not have mattered; but you are too rare a creature to kill. Go with your husband and child. The way will be made for you." "Of the race of Regulus!" the mob said. And drunken murderers in the courtyard echoed it, as she passed with her precious ones to freedom! When Madame de Lac-Joselle died,

twenty years after, the lawyers found in her will a bequest of perpetual Masses for the soul of Fernand de Brugere. "At least," he said, when he was on his way to the guillotine with the Duke of Orleans, "I can recall one good deed!" Orleans laughed. "You have an unusual memory," he answered. Maurice Francis Egan.

A CANDIDATE'S DIFFICULTIES.

Up in northern Pennsylvania a candidate for Congress has to do a lot of hustling for votes if the stories told by Bradford county men at their recent dinner in New York are to be believed. One of these stories was related by Congressman Mial E. Lilley, who was willing to let the diners laugh at his expense. "We had a political contest up in old Bradford last fall that came pretty close to the speed limit," said he, "and as usual I was a candidate. I tell you things were moving mighty brisk. There were mass meetings every afternoon, debates in the evenings and no end of hustling for votes all the time among the farmers. "Hustling being the proper thing, I thought I'd get up before sunrise and sound some of the farmers on the voting question before they left their homes for the fields and before my opponent was out of bed. So up I got one morning and found one of the farmers whose vote I was after in his barnyard trying to milk an unruly cow. He was chasing her all around the place with his milk pail, but couldn't hold her and milk her at the same time. "That was the opportunity of my life. I jumped over the rail fence, grabbed the obstreperous cow by the horns, and patiently wrestled with her until my voter finished his milking. "Then I intimated that I'd like to have him vote for me, but he didn't seem to be over responsive. "Perhaps you've seen my opponent?" "By cracky, that reminds me," he exclaimed, "he's over behind the barn holdin' the calf." Assemblyman L. T. Horton contributed this yarn about the same candidate: "Mr. Lilley was driving around in the country trying to find a man whose vote he hoped to get, but didn't know exactly where his man lived, so he drove along until he came upon a girl about 12 years old who was standing in front of a farmhouse holding on to a rope which had a calf at the end of it. "Could you tell me where Mr. Brown lives, little girl?" he asked. "The youngster had just begun to give the desired information when a loud female voice came from beyond the half open door. "Mamma, it said, 'who's that you're talking to?' "Well, Mamma, was the answer. "Mr. Lilley, ma, was just march yourself right into this house; and Mamma, here there was a pause, 'you'd better bring the calf in with you."

A SCENE IN THE LADY CHAPEL.

(By Caroline Donnet, in Donahoe's for June.) The month passed quickly. It was night in the square St. Sulpice. The seminary frowned behind a wall of silence. A few broken moonbeams glittered across the park and fell coldly into the waters of the fountain. The church stood dark, deserted, with great doors fast locked and only the little entrance open for those who seek to find. The interior was unlighted save for occasional dotted gleams that dimly outlined giant pillars, high unpictured windows, vast expanses of vaulting. In the Lady Chapel there were lights, for the little lamps burned steadily their flames of fire. A solitary priest in working blouse knelt at the altar. He was bearing some great sorrow. His face was drawn in silent grief. With haggard eyes uplifted he gazed steadily on Mary with her Child. There was no sound in the church, only a silence that could be felt. The man remained motionless, waiting, waiting for the promise. Soon it came. The tense lines slowly relaxed, the tired eyes brightened, hope was born again. With the look that "passeth understanding" he arose and quietly went away. Grand had been the feasts and fetes with their crowds and lights and jewels, but in the month there had been nothing that could compare with the look of peace that came into the face of a humble workman kneeling in the pulsating stillness of night time, alone in the great church of St. Sulpice.



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THE NEGRO QUESTION.

Now that a Bureau of Catholic Negro Mission is about to be established, the following extract from a contribution to The Ave Maria may be of particular interest. The author of the article, which deals with the late Cardinal Vaughan, is Lady Mary Elizabeth Herbert, who is quoted in the following: After spending two or three months in Baltimore, Father Vaughan went on a tour to the South, to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, New Orleans, and many other places, to judge for himself the state of the colored population, and to arrange for catechists to be sent into different districts later on—the admirable results of which are now well known. He also determined to induce the Franciscan Missionary Sisters to share in the work; and in his last letter from America, dated May 16, 1872, he writes: "I am returning to England, and shall bring with me three ladies for our convent at Mill Hill; one belonging to one of the best families of the South, who has been spending herself the last five years in teaching the blacks and has been a perfect apostle amongst them; another, a Northerner; and a third, from New York—all very good. They will form the nucleus of a missionary band of Sisters to be sent out next year from Mill Hill. The greatness, the real extent of this mission to the colored people and of the future contained in it, is beyond conception. I thought highly of it from the beginning; but my experiences during the last six months have increased my estimate of it tenfold." It is needless for me to dwell on the success of this work which Cardinal Vaughan thus inaugurated thirty-four years ago. It has become a prominent portion of the Catholic life of the United States, and is enriched by a special benediction from the Holy Father, Pius X. But to carry out the full measure which the Cardinal had planned, a great deal has yet to be done. In the Colored Harvest of October, 1904, there is an "Appeal on Behalf of the Colored People," by the Right Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, D.D., Bishop of Nashville, Tenn., of which I will give one or two extracts, as he has embodied the feelings of Cardinal Vaughan in the minutest particular. He begins with the words: "It is very doubtful if the Catholics of the United States have ever fully realized the importance or full meaning of Missionary work among the negroes and Indians, or their duty and responsibility in promoting it. We are not really a missionary people, nor have we the spirit and zeal which should inspire and characterize missionary work. And yet we must be missionaries or be derelicts in our duty to God. This is a serious charge to bring against Catholics, who, valuing above everything else their own faith and salvation, should be desirous of putting within the reach of others the blessings and privileges they themselves enjoy. This neglect of a vital duty, or carelessness in discharging it, comes, perhaps, from the fact that it has never been brought before them in its naked truth and startling significance. If they knew and appreciated what mis-

sonary work means, especially among the Negroes of these United States—i.e., that it means the saving of souls for whom Jesus Christ died,—they surely would not be so listless and remiss in the discharge of the duties which this work imposes,—duties which weigh equally upon priests and people. "Laymen sometimes quiet their consciences with the excuse that this work and the grave responsibility attaching to it belong entirely to priests and bishops, and that it is no concern of theirs. This is a grave and dangerous error. It is not only the concern, but it is the stern duty of every Catholic, man and woman, to be deeply interested and instrumental in the saving of souls; and if souls perish because of their neglect or lack of active co-operation and support, they will be responsible before God; and the guilt of the loss of those souls will rest with them. "It is not an overstatement to say that the bishops of the South could to-day put one hundred priests into the missionary field among the Negroes and find abundant work for them all. Nay, not only that, but they would be well rewarded for their zeal. The priests would go forth and bear fruit, and their fruit would remain. It is frequently asserted that nothing can be done with Negroes; that results are not permanent; that they are made Catholics and unmade again by the first adverse influence under which they come; and so on. Facts entirely controvert and absolutely disprove flippant assertions such as these, recklessly made by those who either attach no serious meaning to their words, or whose dislike of the Negroes is characteristic. Not only do they persevere, these poor colored men, but they become zealous and successful missionaries. Among the conversions being made in the South at this very day there are some of the best and most representative people, physicians, lawyers, merchants, master workmen,—as well as the more humble classes; all of whom prize their Faith as highly as the best of white men, and have an abiding sense of the obligations it imposes upon them. "It may seem trash, but it is with the truth to say that if there were to-day missionaries for the work—zealous, earnest, self-sacrificing men,—there is not a considerable city or town in the whole South in which within twelve months a Negro congregation of fair size and good promise could not be established. This is not said rashly or without knowledge, but from an experience that guarantees the moral certainty of the statement. If this be so, on whom does the responsibility rest for all these souls? For years the bishops of the South have been holding out their hands and craving aid from their more fortunate brethren, but receiving little if any financial encouragement for so stupendous, so important a work. At times we bow our heads with shame and ask ourselves if Catholic men and women, living almost in the radiance of God's presence, have really an intelligent and living faith, and if so, if they are at all sensible of the heavy claims it imposes upon them. In other words, do they really know Jesus Christ and love Him? And have they any zeal for His mission and His work on this earth? "Good God, just think of it! There are 9,000,000 Negroes in the United States, and of these not more than 150,000 are Catholics. And yet they are people free from prejudice and ready to welcome all the truths and graces of the Church. It is doubtful if any more promising field ever lay before a missionary, or one whose successful cultivation boded more good to a country. For good or for evil, the Negro will certainly exert a commanding influence in this country in a not very distant future. Only a few years ago it was confidently asserted that there was no such thing as a Negro question, and to challenge this statement was to invoke only scorn and ridicule. To-day the menace has got well above the horizon, and is discussed in newspapers and periodicals, on platforms, in pulpits and in legislative halls; and every means is being suggested and employed to minimize the power of the colored race against a coming day of grave danger." I have quoted a portion of this admirable discourse because, when I have talked of Cardinal Vaughan's views on the Negro question in 1871-2, people have answered that, in the last thirty-four years, everything has been changed and the spiritual wants of the Negroes have been provided for. On the contrary, the bishops of the South need money more urgently than ever,—for training, educating and maintaining missionary priests; for building schools, which are absolutely essential; and also for pro-



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WOMEN IN ALL TRADES.

Of the 303 principal occupations in which the men of the United States are engaged, it is astonishing to learn that there are only two in which no women are found. The reason for these two exceptions, moreover, lies through no fault of the fair sex. In the one case she is prevented by Uncle Sam; in the other the prohibition is undoubtedly due to the fact that she apparently is physically disqualified from climbing a rope. Thus it comes about that there are no female soldiers or sailors, nor are there any telegraph or telephone lineswomen in the United States. In all other branches of labor supposedly masculine, the women of the United States have a free field, and the statistics gathered by the Census Bureau shows they are not backward in taking advantage of it. There are, for instance, female hostlers, some of whom may be employed by the 190 women-keepers of livery stables. There are 193 female blacksmiths. Moreover, that such arduous work has not frightened women away is evident from the fact that ten years ago there were only 60. In the comic journals the boiler factory has long been synonymous with the superlative of noise, yet the Census Bureau gravely records the fact that there are eight women steam boiler makers at work in the country. If she cannot climb a pole, she has at least summoned up sufficient courage to climb upon the roof of a house, for among the persons engaged in the business of roofing and slating two women are recorded. Ten years ago there were three, and in lieu of more information one can only conjecture what may have happened to the one who dropped out. The next time your water pipes burst how would you like to have a woman plumber come and fix them, just for a change? You might have to hunt around a bit to find her, for there are only 126 of her in the United States, as against nearly 28,000 of her male competitors; but that she has evidently found the field a profitable one is probable, because in 1899 the women plumbers numbered only 46. Ten years ago not a female electrician was recorded in this country, now there are 409 of them. The technical schools are largely responsible for this. Should one desire to have a house built from bottom to top by women he would have no difficulty in getting it done. To begin with, 1041 women architects stand ready to draw plans, while there are 167 stone masons and bricklayers on whom one may call to lay the foundations. Having progressed thus far, 545 women carpenters now offer their services—an emphatic refutation of the ancient slander that a woman cannot drive a nail.

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LABOR WARS ON SOCIALISM.

The socialists, ever on the alert for an opportunity to attack a possible weak place in the bulwark of trade unionism, in order to plant upon its ruins a movement for the realization of their vaunted Utopia, have recently issued a call for a convention to meet in Chicago, June 27th, 1905.

This information is derived from a document addressed "To the Workers of the World," copies of which in several languages are being scattered broadcast in every industrial centre of the country. This document is entitled "A Manifesto," and purports to be issued by an organization styled the "Industrial Movement of America." Its subject matter mainly consists of a virulent indictment of the whole trade union movement, under nine several counts. Let us briefly glance over these charges.

The first count condemns the trade union because "it is blind to the possibility of establishing an industrial democracy, wherein there shall be no wage slavery."

This sounds very nice; but the writer is of opinion that a vast majority of the workers would prefer capitalist wage slavery to socialistic slavery without wages, although it is possible the socialist boarding house or barrack would put up a superior article of hash and enough of it for a man with the regulation socialist's appetite.

The second count charges that the trade union "shatters the ranks of the workers in fragments, rendering them helpless and impotent on the industrial battlefield."

This charge is simply absurd, since the trade union originally found the workers shattered in the dark valley of despair, and has led them to the upper heights of unity and social progress.

The third says, "separation of craft from craft renders industrial and financial solidarity impossible."

This is absolutely untrue, seeing that the existence of local unions does not prevent the solidarity of each craft in its national union, nor does the existence of national unions preclude the greater solidarity known as the American Federation of Labor.

The fourth declares that "union men scab upon union men."

So far as this count goes, such vile conduct is a rare exception to the rule; nevertheless, there has been known more than one union, a majority of whose members were socialists, which would take part in a conference of employers and union delegates, and when a scale of wages was unanimously adopted, deliberately work for one-third less wages than the scale agreed upon.

The fifth states that "craft jealousy leads to the attempt to create trade monopolies."

This accusation is certainly very inconsistent coming from men whose darling wish is the creation of a monopoly greater than any the world has ever known.

The sixth recites that "prohibitive initiation fees are established that force men to become scabs against their will."

Certainly, such men's wills must be very weak; yet the writer has known the profession of socialistic principles to serve as an excuse for the non-payment of even nominal initiation fees.

The seventh accuses trade unions of "fostering political ignorance among the workers."

If this is so, it is good that the trade union is not made a breeding ground for the raising of petty politicians and such boodles hunting as could be named.

The eighth is almost a repetition of count five. It declares that trade unions "may be used to assist employers in the establishment of monopolies."

The ninth and final denunciation of the trade unions is that they "hinder the growth of class consciousness."

This charge, as will be apparent to all, is as false as any of the preceding ones, for since that time when the workers of this country banded together as workers, and not as citizens, the trade unions have remained a standing manifestation of class consciousness, and also a denial of the possibility of solving social questions by political means.

The manifesto then goes on to state in language evidently borrowed from the Communist Manifesto of Karl Marx (London, 1847), and of the statutes of the International Workingmen's Association (London, 1864), that "previous attempts for the betterment of the working class have proved abortive because limited in scope and disconnected in action."

Arriving at length at the real gist

of the manifesto, there is found ample confirmation of the deplorable fact that this is an open declaration of war, as shown in the following passage:

"Universal economic evils afflicting the working classes can be eradicated only by a universal working class movement. Such a movement is impossible while separate craft and wage agreements are made, and while energies are wasted in fruitless jurisdiction struggles, which serve only to further the personal aggrandizement of union officials."

One may forbear to recite the names of the 26 signers of this unfortunate manifesto because an organization of this character is invariably of greater importance, for good or evil, than the persons composing it. It is desirable, however, that the trade union attitude toward socialism should not be misunderstood.

Careful study of the complex laws governing social affairs is a necessity of the present age, and action is also necessary to remedy the evils which wage workers suffer. For the purpose of such study and action societies may be found to be of great advantage. There are some such societies that are good and praiseworthy and there are in them persons who become better by contact with the good. Simple minds expand in a society more intelligent than that in which they have at first lived. Extremists become more moderate. There are other societies, however, wherein the crowd of visionary and violent extremists carry away the rest; then the sensible men are discouraged and lose little by little, their good sense. The moderates gradually lose their moderation. The men who joined the society with minds clear and penetrating give themselves up more and more to the use of mere phrases, to shallow declamation, and end by becoming incapable of distinguishing the true from the false.

The social democratic societies, whether calling themselves the International Workingmen's Association, the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, the American Labor Union, or whichever of the various names they have from time to time assumed, have not escaped the operation of this law. On examination of the course which they have run in the path of folly and injury to labor, it becomes a duty to raise a warning voice against the repetition of past errors.

If space would permit, there could be traced the fatal course pursued by the first of these social democratic societies, the famous International Workingmen's Association, from its inception in London in 1864 to its culmination in the brief but bloody reign of the commune and its final collapse in New York city.

Only three years elapsed between the first convention of the international, that of Geneva, and the last, that of Basle; but the difference between the ideas which dominated the first and those which triumphed in the last would lead to the supposition that there must have been long years to have demoralized to such an extent so numerous a membership.

It would be instructive to trace the course of the fiasco, known as the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance, under the leadership of the famous union smasher, named Daniel Loeb, alias De Leon.

It would also be profitable to glance at the brief but disastrous existence of the American Railway Union, under the leadership of Debs, for the reason that that gentleman is one of the signers of the "manifesto," and is, no doubt, destined to become its leading spirit.—Hugh McGregor, in American Federationist.

THE BAGPIPES.

They Were Used by the Early Greeks, Romans and Egyptians.

Bagpipes, mentioned in Jeremiah, xlviii. 36, "Mine heart shall sound for Moab like pipes; like pipes for the men of Kir-heres," and elsewhere in Scripture, were used also by the early Egyptians.

Both Greeks and Romans knew the instrument, for a coin of Nero shows upon one side the tibia utricularis, a bag with two reeds and nine pipes. Procopius also, who wrote about 550 A.D., asserts that Roman soldiers sometimes marched to the sound of the bagpipes, and it is not impossible that they introduced them into the British islands.

The earliest, more modern reference to them is in an Irish MS. of 1150, and an Irish illuminated MS. of 1390 depicts a pig playing on the bagpipes. The Scottish highlanders were the first and only people to use the great war pipe, as the highland regiments still do, but, in spite of Sir Walter Scott's assertion, it is very doubtful whether they charged at Bannockburn to the "skirl" of the pipes.—London Answers.

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This Store closes daily at 5:30 P.M.

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THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Appropriately for the time of the General Convention, E. M. McCullough contributes to the Dolphin for June an article on "The Knights of Columbus," in the course of which he says:

It is only within the past five years that the order has grown with such remarkable vigor as to draw upon it the attention of all classes, and to make it universally popular. The reason of this exuberant growth may perhaps be found in the superior business methods of the organization. It is well understood that, on the whole, fraternal insurance organizations are not looked upon as very practical business investments. The rates are usually so low that the paying of benefits is at a steady loss; the associations are saved from bankruptcy by recruiting new members, but a disastrous end is inevitable. The Knights of Columbus, like most of the others, were carrying on business at losing rates. Men entered the order, not considering it a profitable insurance venture, but because they approved and wished to further the good work it was doing. So four years ago a national congress was held, the insurance rates were revised, statistics studied, records compared, and the advice of professional actuaries followed. The new table of rates, based upon scientific calculation and careful estimates, increases the payments with a man's age. A good business foundation is essential in this practical age, even should enthusiasm eventually die out to such an extent that enrollment among the Knights be unsought, which seems unlikely, the order will be able to honorably fulfil all its financial obligations.

Many have endeavored to find an explanation for the remarkable spirit of enthusiasm that fires all earnest Knights, and have asked why the Order succeeds when hindred ones have failed. The Knights are pledged to secrecy, and it is a difficult matter for the uninitiated to deal with. The greatest forces in animate or inanimate nature are silent, working quietly and so known only by their results. Who has seen or heard a plant pierce the sod, grow to its fullness and unfold its bloom? It is only when the flower catches us with its beauty that we realize nature has secretly worked an ever new miracle. And in the world of men, affairs of State and financial operations are guarded carefully from disclosure to possibly injurious forces. The Order is open always to ecclesiastical investigation, and this provision is a safeguard against the danger which has caused the downfall of many others.

As the mind's eye looks backward over less than a quarter of a century,

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(For additional train service see Company's Time Tables.)

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FOR LACHINE and Int. Stations—Lv. Montreal 8.40 a.m., 9.30 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 9.00 p.m., 11.25 p.m. Returning arr. Montreal 8.39 a.m., 11.20 a.m., 6.22 p.m., 8.10 p.m., 11.00 p.m.

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when in an Eastern city near the great Atlantic the Order first rose, a comparison suggests itself between then and now. The Order's work continues to be done as quietly and unostentatiously in these days of its glory and power as in the days of its humble beginning. That it has grown to be such a magnificent body would have been a matter for marvel could it have been foretold even a decade ago. The words of the Supreme Knight are literally true,—"From Quebec to the sun-kissed shores of Mexico, and from the land of Evangeline to the Pacific Ocean, our Order has spread over the country." There by the western sea, before they have celebrated their silver jubilee, the Knights of Columbus are celebrating what is confidently looked forward to as one of the greatest meetings in this history.

Bishop Harkins, of Providence, bids the Knights,—"Be true to that for which you were established, just as the Church herself is made strong and kept alive by fidelity to the principles of her Founder." If they are

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Cool, Summery Shirt Waist Suits, in hundreds of dainty styles. You can judge the popularity of our display from the daily crowds that keep the department busy from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. We hear all sorts of flattering remarks besides. Come to-morrow.

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KING ALFONSO'S VISIT IN

The visit of the King of this country, says the Catholic Times, is an event Catholics have a special faith. His Majesty is the ruler of Catholic nation in the world to-day no other land whose faith has been so well kept, other people have done so the Catholic Church as the Moslems was crushed and withdrew broken-hearted made, a great golden cross ed upon the mosque as the success of Ferdinand and was a triumph for the faith. Again, when Columbus the patronage of the expedition bore a great to show the creed of the sovereigns, and the discovering possession of the territory of the Castilian created the first fruits of his to Our Lord Jesus Christ. The policy of recognizing the claims of the Catholic Faith variously pursued in the world and civilizing Central South America. The native placed in possession of the gift of the faith. When the Charles, after having peace between the Catholics tenants, resigned his territory to his son Philip, his words were "Fear God, live justly the laws; above all, cherish the interests of religion." When overwhelming victory of Christendom was saved from the Turks, Spain was a member Holy League that opposed the one of the wounded on that was the author of "Don Quixote." A great number of the historical collections of Spain are more intimately associated with the totes of the Christian Faith Catholics, wherever they live, der many obligations to the monarchs.

The Catholics of Great Britain under a special debt of gratitude towards the Kings and people of Not only did the Spaniards Colleges for English, Irish and Spanish Catholics in the days of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the reign of King James I, the palace, Ely was let on lease to Gondomar Spanish Ambassador, and the was used for Catholic worship. The Jarvis says that "Here the Catholic, as in the other bishops' chapels, were able to Mass without incurring legal penalties." The persecution of the Catholics was at its height about the year 1622 there were some hundred Catholic clergymen in the country. The Spanish ambassador forced a refuge to many such people who were being hunted down wild beasts. In the Howell letter is related that the Countess de Mass, with her maids, used on the morning to sweep and clear the chapel, and to get all things ready for Mass. In 1614 died here a noble lady of distinction, who, for the conversion of England, had a community of religious in London which was afterwards dispersed by order of King James, whilst herself was confined to the Spanish Embassy, where she remained for death. The Abbe Airoldi, came to England on a mission to the Holy See in 1670, in giving account of his experiences says he visited all the ambassadors' chapels and found that the Spanish chapel was the one most frequented. "So being attractive in the Spanish chapel," observes the visitor, "I saw Catholics and even heretics to its service." During the reign of George Gordon riots in 1780