



Letters of Regret Received by Pastor of St. Patrick's.

The following letters of regret for inability to attend the ceremonies in connection with the consecration of St. Patrick's Church were received by Father Callaghan:

Montreal, June 18, 1906.
Mr. James Orathern regrets that owing to absence from the city next week he is unable to accept the very kind invitation of the pastor and clergy of St. Patrick's Church to the banquet on Tuesday, 26th June.

The Pastor and clergy will please except his most sincere congratulations on the happy event of the consecration of their church, indicating the result of their faithful ministrations throughout the parish.

Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D.

Sherbrooke, June 24, 1906.
Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—It would afford me great pleasure to accept of your Rev. brother's and your own kind invitation to be present at the consecration of St. Patrick's Church and at the banquet to be given on that occasion.

Not to speak of the rather precarious condition of my health at present, I regret to say that engagements which I cannot cancel compel me to decline the graciously proffered invitation.

May I be permitted to say, however, that on the 26th proximo, I will be heart and soul with you, with the clergy and parishioners of St. Patrick's. May the 26th of June, 1906, be inscribed in the annals of St. Patrick's as the red letter day par excellence: a day of extraordinary spiritual joys and blessings for all who, by their persevering efforts and generous sacrifices, prepared its dawn; a day which will not only redound to the glory of God, but also to the honor of St. Sulpice and all English-speaking Catholics, now or in the past connected with the grand old church they fondly style "dear old St. Patrick's."

With renewed expression of my regret and the assurance of my best wishes for the complete success of the grand celebration you are now engaged in preparing, I remain, Rev. and dear Sir,

Very truly yours in Christ our Lord,
PAUL,
Bishop of Sherbrooke.

Hotel Dieu, Kingston,
June 24, 1906.

My Dear Father Callaghan:

Accept my most sincere thanks for your kind invitation to the consecration of St. Patrick's Church and the dinner afterwards. At present I am here under treatment for an affection of one eye, and the doctor will not permit me to go to the consecration of the Bishop of Alexandria, and I am also forced to deprive myself of assisting at the solemnities at St. Patrick's on next Tuesday. At least I will be with you and your reverend brother in spirit to pray that Almighty God may continue to shower abundant blessings on the clergy and people of St. Patrick's.

Believe me yours sincerely in Christ,
R. A. O'CONNOR,
Bishop of Peterborough.

Quebec Priests Honored by the Pope.

Two of Quebec's most prominent and popular priests have recently been signally honored by the Pope, who has named Rev. Cure Faguy, of the Basilica, and Rev. Cure Gauvreau, of St. Roch's, Domestic Prelates, with the title of Monsignor. The honor conferred is well merited, for two more zealous and self-sacrificing priests it would be difficult to find anywhere, and when the news of their elevation was officially announced it gave great pleasure not alone to the members of their respective parishes, but to the entire Catholic population of the Ancient Capital. Both are ardent apostles of temperance, Cure Gauvreau especially distinguishing himself in this respect, he being the originator of

Hamilton Ont., June 16.
Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D.,
Montreal.

Dear Father Callaghan:

His Lordship the Bishop has received Father Martin's invitation for the consecration ceremony, and also your own for the banquet, for both of which he is thankful. Nothing would give him more pleasure than to be present, both for the sake of dear old St. Patrick's itself and also out of regard for the Callaghans, of whom he often speaks. His Lordship is, however, under medical treatment, and on June 22nd inst. will have to undergo another surgical operation. He has asked me, therefore, to write and explain that in his absence Rev. J. M. Mahony, rector of the Cathedral, would be sent to attend the ceremonies as his representative.

Yours in Christ,
J. M. MAHONY.

St. Hyacinthe, June 16, 1906.
Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D.

Dear Father Callaghan:

On my return home, late last night, from Bishop Delaney's funeral, I received your very kind invitation to the consecration of St. Patrick's Church. As an old, and, probably, the oldest altar boy living of the sanctuary, where my vocation was fostered by Father Dowd, continuing the care given it by the saintly director of Bonsecours in 1844, the duty of assisting at the ceremony of the 26th would be a loving duty and one most agreeable, were it possible. I have two engagements for the 25th and 26th, of such a delicate kind that it is impossible for me to cancel them. With deep regret I must submit to the inevitable and beg you to excuse me. You may easily imagine how I deplore the occurrence of a duty I cannot forego, and the pleasure, I may say, of taking a last farewell of the church so full of the best remembrances of my boyhood. You were very kind to think of me. Though not at the ceremony in body, I will most certainly be in mind in St. Patrick's on the 26th.

Please accept my thanks, and believe me that no one will more regret not being with you on that day than your very grateful and devoted parishioner,

A. O'DONNELL, V.G.

St. Agathe des Monts,
Co. Terrebonne, 20th June, 1906.
Rev. L. Callaghan, D.D.,
St. Patrick's, Montreal.

Reverend and Dear Father:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation to be present at the ceremony of the consecration of the dear St. Patrick's Church on Tuesday next.

Owing to ill health, I will be unable to attend, but I will be with you and your dear brother, my old friend, the devoted Father Martin, whom I congratulate with all my heart and soul.

I have the honor to subscribe myself,

One of your devoted friends,
JOHN O'NEILL.

the movement set on foot some time ago for the closing of saloons at 7 p.m. on Saturdays, and which resulted in the City Council passing a by-law to that effect.

Rev. F. X. Faguy was born at Quebec on the 15th October, 1853, and educated at Quebec Seminary, and graduated from Laval University. He was ordained priest on the 7th June, 1879, and was professor of literature in the Quebec Seminary for eight years. He was afterwards curate at Charlesbourg, St. Jean-Baptiste and St. Roch parishes, and was also chaplain to the Congregationists of St. Roch, now the parish of Notre Dame de Jacques Cartier. When the Northwest Rebellion broke out, Father Faguy was appointed chaplain of the 9th Battalion, and served with that regiment until the close of the troubles. He received a medal for services rendered during the campaign. He is also one of the judges of the Ecclesiastical Court of the Archdiocese of Quebec. He is a very eloquent preacher, and since he has been curé of the Basilica has done much in the way of beautifying that historic church.

Rev. Antoine Gauvreau was born in Rimouski on the 22nd September, 1841. He received his education at the College of Ste. Anne, where he pursued a complete course of classical studies. In October, 1864, he was ordained priest, and was appointed missionary vicar to the parish of Riviere au Renard, Gaspé, filling this charge until 1866, when he was appointed almoner at the Archbishop's Palace, Quebec, being at the same time chaplain of the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of Charity. In 1870 he was named curé of St. Nicholas, remaining there until 1875, when he was removed to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, and labored in that parish until 1878, being then sent to the parish of St. Romuald, where he remained for six years. He was then sent to Levis, and had charge of that important parish until 1895. From Levis he was transferred to St. Roch de Quebec, where he now labors in season and out of season for the greater honor and glory of God and the salvation of souls.

In Fields Far Off.—Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is known in Australia, South and Central America, as well as in Canada and the United States, and its consumption increases each year. It has made its own way, and all that needs to be done is to keep its name before the public. Everyone knows that it is to be had at any store, for all merchants keep it.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

The concert given by Branch 26, of the C.M.B.A. in aid of the Catholic Sailors' Club, would bring back to our memories some of the like evenings spent in the company of our seamen's friends last season. Even before the appointed time the hall was well filled, and when the chairman for the evening, Mr. J. H. Maiden, opened the proceedings, everything certainly wore a most encouraging aspect.

Previous to introducing the chairman, the Rev. Father Malone, S.J., chaplain of the Club, thanked the people present for their generous and hearty support, and referred most feelingly to the change presented there then as compared with the sombre appearance of a few hours earlier in the day.

The programme was a splendid one, and was certainly well carried out. Special notice is due to Misses Foley, Broderick, Rowan and Gerkin, as also to Messrs. Kiely, Murphy, Beauchamp, O'Byrne, Parkinson, and seamen Howard and McNamara, all of whom certainly put forth their best efforts to make the entertainment all that could be looked for. Towards the close of the evening the chairman announced that next week's entertainment would be given by St. Mary's Court, No. 164, C.O.F., when certainly an evening as refined as enjoyable may be justly looked forward to.

Now, seeing that the societies appear to have again taken hold of the weekly entertainments, let us hope that the enthusiasm so grandly displayed last season may not only be maintained but increased to such a degree as to justify the sailor, no matter whence he hails or whither he intends to direct his steps, in the thought that within the precincts of our fair city, he may find home, friends, and comfort whenever he wishes to make just claims upon either their friendship or protection.

WHY HE DID NOT MIND.

Some ladies made their appearance at a papal reception, to the grave displeasure of the Pope, in ballroom dress. A well-known Cardinal was instructed to apprise these offenders of their breach of etiquette. The Cardinal thus performed his somewhat delicate mission: "The Pope," he said, "is old-fashioned, and does not like décolleté dresses; but I am quite accustomed to them, for I have been so much among savages when a missionary that I do not mind them."

FATHER McCALLEN'S LECTURE

A large and appreciative audience greeted Father McCallen in Stanley Hall, June 28th. The lecture was a fitting sequel to the grand celebration on the occasion of the consecration of St. Patrick's Church. On June 26th Father McCallen had spoken eloquently of the spiritual treasures of the newly consecrated church. His lecture might justly be called the "Treasures of the Christian Home." Rev. Martin Callaghan pastor of St. Patrick's, introduced the lecturer in the following well chosen words:

I trust you will pardon the vanity I may be thought to indulge in by congratulating myself upon having invited Rev. Father McCallen to preach on the day St. Patrick's Church was consecrated—his sermon was a masterpiece of logic and eloquence—and to lecture on this occasion. I deeply feel and frankly acknowledge that I am in his debt, and I request him to accept on account a verbal tribute of gratitude in presence of the select audience assembled in this hall. Speaking for myself and in your name, I thank him.

If you could know the tone in which he answered my two-fold invitation, you could not but reserve him a privileged place in your esteem and affection. It is a striking illustration of two things which could not be called into question. He is a veteran in the ranks of the priesthood, which he has honored in Canada and in the United States. He blends with the freshness, elasticity and activity of youth the intellectual maturity of manhood. Though according to the theory ascribed to a Baltimore professor, Osler must be his name, he has stepped into the chariot zone, still he finds it an easy task to excel in whatever he undertakes. He is the first of the Irish-American generation that joins resources at his command—a community, the nobility of whose aims has always captivated the faculties of his soul and monopolized all the resources at his command—a community whose prolonged term of spiritual ministrations will be everlastingly remembered by the Irish Catholics of Montreal.

He has not forgotten St. Patrick's parish, and I scarcely need assure him that it has not forgotten him. St. Patrick's parish—I could add every English-speaking parish on this island—is anything but inclined to bury in oblivion any priest—no matter what might be his position or nationality—who is identified with its welfare. If Father McCallen left this parish, it was in compliance with the will of his superiors which he has at all times taken for the standard he should follow.

Father McCallen has never ceased to love St. Patrick's parish, a parish with which he was for twelve years connected, and upon which he reflected lustre as the almoner of the poor, the apostle of temperance, and a curate noted for his skilled zeal in every department of the sacred ministry. Always will he consider it a happiness to serve the parish when unprevented by the duties assigned him in the land of his birth—in the country over which proudly floats in the breeze a flag to which dips the flags of all nations—in a country which perhaps might be termed the Chanaan of modern times, and particularly of the twentieth century. I will not introduce him. You knew him and you recognize him. I shall say nothing in praise of his lecture. It will speak for itself in a language which I could interpret only inadequately. I am confident you will duly appreciate it.

Father McCallen, before beginning his lecture, expressed his pleasure at being again among so many dear friends. He pleasantly retorted that Dr. Osler was not a product of Baltimore, but of Canada, and amid much laughter, greeted Father Martin as a dear brother of the Oslerian order. The lecture was full of instruction and entertainment, and held the audience from start to finish. The lecturer paid his compliments first to the men, who were called upon to do more than merely contribute cash to the wife and mother, sister or daughter who conducted the household. Women needed more and de-

manded more than cash. She clamored for love, affection, appreciation and sympathy.

His description of woman dragged from the high niche in which God had placed her, and reduced to the condition of servitude—a mere chattel to be bought and sold, the toy and plaything of man's passions—then restored by Christ through His virgin mother to the high estate from which she had been degraded, was one of the most beautiful descriptions it has ever been our good fortune to hear.

The protection the Church always gave womanhood was forcibly illustrated by the story of Henry VIII and his demand on the Pope to grant a divorce from Catherine of Arragon; the firm stand for Catherine taken by the Pope and his well known "Non possumus," "I cannot," was a wonderful exhibition of the father's elocutionary ability.

Throughout the lecture there was, however, a vein of humor, which convulsed the audience, and drove home the most telling truths in a way which will never allow those truths to be forgotten.

Men and women were thoroughly drilled in the necessity of giving one another that sympathy, affection and appreciation, that mutual bearing of one another's burdens, which contribute so much to make a home happy.

Seldom did an audience leave a lecture hall more pleased, appreciative and satisfied than that which departed from Stanley Hall on the evening of June 28th.

Truth was brought home to them in so pleasant a manner, that, though all felt that they had been "hit," no one was sore over the blows received. Father McCallen's humorous stories, witty repartee and wonderful power as an elocutionist will keep long in the memories of his hearers the lesson of how kings and queens may make Christian homes happy.

We have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

Victorious Race with Death

Rev. Father Purcell had a grim but victorious race with death on Lake Coeur d'Alene, east of Spokane, last Friday. Arthur McQuillan was run over and fatally injured on the Michah creek logging railroad. Knowing that he was about to die, McQuillan asked for a priest. He was placed upon a special train and hurried to the lakeside, then transferred to a steam launch and started in the direction of Coeur d'Alene City. In the meantime Father Purcell had been telephoned to, and he also rushed to the water front, boarded a launch and started up the lake to meet the incoming boat. The two launches met in the middle of the lake. The dying logger was transferred to the boat of the priest, who administered to him the last rites of the Church. As the priest spoke the last words of the closing prayer McQuillan, with a sigh of relief, died.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

The late Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia, used to relate this to himself. "I preached a funeral sermon at one time, and spoke longer than was my custom.

"The undertaker was a man of nervous temperament, and as the afternoon was going he began to be anxious to be on the way to the cemetery. He finally whispered to one of my members: "Does your minister always preach as long as that at a funeral?"

"Well," said the brother, "that is a good sermon."

"Yes," said the undertaker, "the sermon is all right, and I believe in the resurrection, but I am afraid if he does not stop pretty soon I will not get this man buried in time."

A GOOD INVESTMENT

There is a dollar's worth of comfort and satisfaction in every package of "Foot Elm." Every one who walks should use it.

Monuments of

Noted Irishmen.

What wonderful men and women of genius that little Isle of Erin has sent forth into the great world to work for other nations? That question I have asked myself a hundred times in a hundred different places when I have noticed some striking memorial which attracts wonder and admiration, writes Jas. K. McGuire to The Catholic Light.

The other day in Washington, on a bright, clear May morning, in the park opposite the White House, in the center of an emerald green verdure, a noble environment, mounted on horseback, in bold relief, was the sculptured bronze figure of Andrew Jackson, whose mother was an Irish Carrickfergus linen weaver.

Later in the day, standing in the rotunda of the Capitol, speaking to a friend, I noticed that I had been standing alongside of the statue of Robert Fulton, the father of steam navigation and an Irish exile. And as I left the corridor, I observed the splendid figure in marble of the noblest son of Maryland, signer of the Declaration of Independence, friend of Washington and Jefferson—Charles Carroll of Carrollton.

Speaking of these figures, later to Mr. Henry J. Kearney, a traveler of wide range and older experience, he had this to say on the same subject, one of many similar incidents:

In the year 1868, Mr. Kearney stood on the streets of Lima, Peru. The day was a sad holiday, a funeral day. A vast multitude accompanied the funeral cortege. A nation was in mourning over the dead patriot and soldier, who was pronounced by all present as the liberator, the Washington of Peru. The coffin approached, the name of the hero of Peru was seen, and the name in life of the great dead was O'Higgins. The people were consigning the body of General Patrick O'Higgins to its final resting place.

The traveler who approaches close to the celebrated Morro Castle in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, observes the great light on the rocks over the castle. And encrolled in the stone, in vast letters is the name "O'Donnell," who was a celebrated captain general of Spain.

I remember on one occasion being struck with the same thought in London. I was entering the British House of Commons, through doors on the Westminster Abbey side, and as I passed under the portals I noticed one statue on the right, another on the left, the one the figure of Edmund Burke, the great Irish patriot, the other the sculptured figure in stone of Henry Grattan, patriot and statesman.

I noticed a similar coincidence on entering the little graveyard of St. Paul's Church, in New York City, only the other day. In the center of lower Broadway's busy and strenuous life lies the silent old church graveyard, sacred and unyielding to the march of office buildings, sky scrapers, banks and material and commercial things. There are three monuments in the old cemetery which attract the eye of the visitor. The three are conspicuous for their size and state of preservation aside from the memories clustered about them.

In the center wall of the church, in front, lies the bones of General Richard Montgomery, who was killed under the walls of Quebec, Dec. 31, 1775, an Irishman, gentle, brave and patriotic. Congress placed this unique monument outside the church wall where the remains of the gallant soldier are buried. In the year 1818 the remains were brought by the State of New York from Quebec to this spot.

To the right of the church is the tall obelisk shape granite monument over the grave of the famous physician, Dr. William James MacNiven. This celebrated scientist was born in Ireland in 1763, and died in New York in 1841.

The other monument, a tall shaft of granite, stands over the grave of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, and the name of Emmet requires no explanation in these columns. St. Paul's is a very old Protestant cemetery, and be it remembered that many of the noblest Irish patriots in Catholic Ireland were not of our faith.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

It may be a homely phrase which makes the "head save the heels," but it is a wise thought for a busy housekeeper. I see many busy housewives running hither and thither getting up the materials needed to cook with. Why not use what progressive business men use in their business—a memorandum? They never think of carrying a day's plan of work in their heads, or trust to memory for dates. Have a pencil and pad—a "calendar" you may call it—made of thick, heavy paper tied with pretty ribbons and hung in your kitchen ready for reference. If you try this awhile you will never be without it again. First it has a menu for every day in the month, classified as suitable for breakfast, dinner and tea. These furnish suggestions which remove a heavy burden day after day. They have a list of needful household necessities, such as flour, coal, sugar, bacon, tea coffee, coal oil, candles, mustard, borax, soap, a complete grocery list. When Saturday comes and the weekly replenishing of stores must be made the busy housewife simply runs over her list to see what is needed and supplies the various items. Also have a timetable. Borax is one of the most helpful items to have in the kitchen, as it not only cleans quickly and easily, but it purifies and disinfects at the same time. It is inexpensive and good for cleaning all cooking utensils, tinware of every kind.

A PRAYER.

Let me remember that I failed, So I may not forget How dear that goal the distance veiled Toward which my feet were set. Let me forget, if so Thy will, How fair the joy desired, Dear God, so I remember still That one day I aspired. —Theodosia Garrison.

TO REMOVE GRASS STAINS.

At this season of the year small children and perhaps grown-ups as well, are apt to have their tub dresses injured by grass stains. It is claimed that the only sure way of removing these marks is to rub them thoroughly with molasses, and allow it to remain on the article until it is sent to the laundry, when it will be seen that the stains have disappeared.

THE MASTER'S QUESTIONS.

"Master, I have this day broken no law of the Ten—have hurt no one. Is it enough?" "Child, there stood one by thy side burdened with heavy tasks of lowly earthly labor. For a little help, a little easing of the burden, he looked to thee. Thou hast time and strength." "Master, I did not hear." "Thine ear was dull. There came a guest to seek thy converse, a human friend in quest of fellowship. I marked thy sigh, the frown. Why was thy heart not glad?" "I was reading. I hate to be disturbed, to be called from great thoughts to trifling talk." "The children would have thee some few moments in their play. Without thee they went wrong—how far wrong thou wilt not know. It is too late." "Child's play? But I was searching for a hidden truth of spiritual import." "Thou didst not turn aside to lift that lame one who had fallen by the way." "I was in haste to do what I had planned. I meant to help him when I should return." "Another lifted him. Shall I question further?"

HOW TO MEND LACE.

Now that real lace is in fashion, it is quite an accomplishment to know how to repair the delicate web. Lace mending requires both good eyesight and patience to accomplish it properly. Lace thread, a loose thread which comes especially for the purpose, is used. The groundwork mesh should be imitated as well as possible. To keep the lace in place it is best to baste it to a piece of enamelled leather,

such as is used in embroidery, repairing carefully the damaged portion. If the mesh is badly torn take a scrap of fine Brussels net the size of the tear, lay it on a strip of the mending tissue, procurable at any of the dry goods shops, and pass a warm iron over it. If carefully done the mended spot will be scarcely perceptible.

CLUB WOMEN AND SIMPLE LIFE.

Responding to the toast, "The Club Woman and the Simple Life," at a meeting of the women's clubs in this city a few days ago, one of the cultured members expressed herself in substance as follows: Nothing apparently could be further apart than the club woman and the simple life. The club woman herself is admittedly complex, and as for the simple life, she had no faith that the club woman could succeed in returning to that relic of barbarism. She thought greater simplicity and increased frequency in entertaining might be a good thing, but in the simple life of the past she as a club woman expressed no faith.

How the average man must blush and hang his head, to think that his mother or his wife, instead of devoting herself to the lofty purpose of club life and "increased frequency in entertaining," is merely a "relic of barbarism," attending to household duties, bearing and rearing children, making the home cheerful and happy, administering comfort and solace to the tired and worried breadwinner, giving him renewed strength to battle with the world, filling the children's minds with fond recollections such as influence their afterlives, teaching them prayers and keeping them clean, and generally fulfilling the housewife's duties in the old-fashioned way. How he must long for the club woman, who scorns to descend to such relics of barbarism, and devotes her time to writing essays and "increased frequency in entertaining."

Some women are model wives and at the same time can deliver interesting addresses to audiences, can write and read essays on various topics, and give a certain amount of attention to club duties without neglecting their home duties. With such women the home life is first and foremost, and they never belittle it. That is what constitutes their chief charm. The other accomplishments are merely incidental, the same as music, painting, or diversions of any sort.

As there is butter and butterine, so there is culture and culture. The imitation of real culture, which scorns to descend to the practical duties of life, bears the same relation to real culture, which butterine bears to butter. Real culture does not consist in ability to string words together and recite them to an audience. Such work has rather a tendency to detract from the charm and refinement which have made women the idols of men since the world began. The sexless, short-haired species, with the aggressive face, and the elaborate essay, never could and never will command one hundredth part of the influence commanded by the gentle and refined wife and mother. If the latter are relics of barbarism, then give us plenty of the relics.—Intermountain Catholic.

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Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart or nerve system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Pain and Dizziness, Brain Pain, etc. They are especially beneficial to women troubled with irregular menstruation. Price 50 cents per box, or \$1.00 for 3 boxes. All dealers, or THE T. MILBURN CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

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MISTAKES OF WOMEN.

One of the mistakes of women is not knowing how to eat. If a man is not to be fed when she is, she thinks a cup of tea or anything handy is good enough. If she needs to save money she does it at the butcher's cost. If she is busy she will not waste time in eating. If she is unhappy, she goes without food. A man eats if the sheriff is at the door, if his work drives, if the undertaker interrupts; and he is right. A woman will choose ice cream instead of beefsteak, and a man will not.

Another of her mistakes is in not knowing when to rest. If she is tired she may sit down, but she will darn stockings, crochet shawls, embroider dollies. Doesn't she know that hard work tires? If she is exhausted she will write letters or figure her accounts. She would laugh at you if you hinted that reading or writing would fall to rest her. All over the country women's hospitals flourish because women do not know how to rest.—Exchange.

BUSY LIVES ARE PURE LIVES.

Busy lives, like running water, are generally pure. Nothing will do more to improve the looks than sunshine in the heart. Endeavor to keep your life in sunshine—the shadows will catch it soon enough. A child's mind is often much like a piece of white paper upon which anything may be written. Don't blot it. Those who have the "best times" when they are young begin the habit of nurse their rheumatism. Happy is he who learned this one thing—to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be. If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if you want food you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life should be happy and useful. Therefore learn to enjoy your work. "Triumph and toil are twins."—Pennsylvania School Journal.

TIMELY HINTS.

Lemon rind steeped in the water in which you bathe is not only refreshing, but of actual benefit to the skin, as it forms a splendid tonic.

For stings or bites of any kind of insects apply dampened salt, bound tightly over the spot. It will relieve and usually cure very quickly.

To prevent colored cotton goods from fading in the wash put them first in cold water in which a cupful of coarse salt has been dissolved. This will preserve even the delicate tints of organdies, chambrays, etc.

Suede gloves may be cleaned dry by being drawn upon the hand or upon a glove-tree, and rubbed with powdered oyster-crackers. Another way is to procure a dry nail-brush, dip it in a dry mixture of equal parts of fuller's earth and powdered alum, and scrub the gloves until clean.

A brilliant polish may be given to brass door fixtures, ornaments, etc., by washing them in alum and lye. Make a solution by boiling an ounce of alum in a pint of lye and wash the article in it.

Baking dishes that become burned in the oven and plates and platters that become blackened with food scorched upon them should not go through the tedious process of scraping. Simply put a little water in the ashes in the dish and let it become warm, and the burned and discolored portions may be easily cleaned without injuring the dish.

RECIPES.

Delicious Potato Salad—Chop very fine indeed half a small onion and half a green pepper pod. Cut six boiled potatoes into cubes less than half an inch in diameter. Mix the onion, pepper and potato-together with five or six tablespoonful of oil. Add a teaspoonful of salt and a little paprika. Add vinegar in whatever proportion is liked. Rub the salad bowl with a split clove of garlic; put in the salad, shaping it firmly into a mound. Cover with a smooth mayonnaise. With lines of capers or sliced olives divide the mound into six sections. Fill in these sections with finely chopped hard boiled eggs, with chopped boiled beets. Decorate the sections in contrasting colors. Set a tuft of lettuce hearts in the top and decorate the edges with tiny gherkins cut in the thinnest of slices and spread out fan fashion. Baked Apples—A Pennsylvania housewife cooks her "baked apples"

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

on top of the stove. She cores them and places them in a covered pan with enough water to prevent them from burning. She then lets them cook until partly done, sprinkles them with sugar and cinnamon and puts them in the oven to finish cooking. This is a good method for the busy housewife.

Devonshire Meat Pie—Remove the meat from a knuckle of veal. Put the bones in a kettle, cover with cold water and add one slice of onion, one slice of carrot, a bit of bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, twelve pepper-corns and two teaspoonful of salt. Then heat slowly to the boiling point. Add the veal, and let simmer until the meat is tender. Remove the meat, and reduce the stock to two cupfuls. Put a one-half pound slice of lean raw ham in a frying-pan, cover with lukewarm water and let stand on the back of the range, for one hour. Brown four tablespoonful of butter, add four tablespoonful of flour, and when well browned pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, the two cupful of stock. Then add veal and ham, each cut into cubes, and let simmer for twenty minutes. Put in a serving dish and cover with a top made of puff paste of correct size. It is much better to bake the paste separately, and cover the pie just before sending to the table.—Miss Farmer, in Woman's Home Companion.

FUNNY SAYINGS

CIRCULAR HENS. A New Jersey farmer has developed a breed of hens that ought to prove popular. For a number of years he has been annoyed by a neighbor's hens scratching in his garden, so he set about devising a strain of hens that would stay at home and not annoy the neighbors. He says he has succeeded. The new breed of fowls has legs of an uneven length. The right leg is about six inches long and the left leg four. Owing to this, inequality of underpinning, a hen is unable to take steps of equal length. When she endeavors to wander any distance from the coop she walks in a circle and, soon finds herself back at her own door. Furthermore there can be no scratching by the hens with mismatched legs. When a hen stands on the short leg the long one is put out of business and when she stands on the long one the short one can't reach the ground.—Ex.

SICK OF HAMLET.

An ardent club worker, bent on taking literature to factory girls, unfolded her scheme of Shakespearean readings, and dealt out three-penny copies of "Hamlet." The first comment came from a girl belonging to the immense army of bookfolders. "Oh, I know this well," she said, in a superior tone. "Really," said the gratified teacher. "Is it your favorite play?" The girl looked at her pityingly. "Lor, I ain't read it," she chuckled; "we stock 'em at our place; I've 'ad 'undreds through my 'ands. 'Amlet? Sicked to death of 'im!"

WHERE TO STOP.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "Me enemy is it, Father?" responded Michael, "and it was your reverence's self that was tellin' us to 'love our enemies!'" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."

THE POET'S CORNER

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

This world is a weary old workshop at best, And the work must go on, Day in and day out, without respite or rest, Still the work must go on; However the smile of the morn may invite The soul to a day and a dream of delight, We must turn from the lure, we must face to the right, For the work must go on. Yes, the work must go on, and the hammers must swing, And a task to be done confronts peasant and king; And the dreamer must stifle the song he would sing, For the work must go on. The heart may be heavy, the hand may be worn, But the work must go on; The spirit, within may be tortured and torn, But the work must go on. Though morning may plunge us the deeper in dole, Though evening bring nothing to soothe or console, We are yoked to a force that we may not control, And our work must go on. Yes, the work must go on, and the wheels must go round, And the hammers must swing and the anvils must sound, And new words must be spoken, new thoughts must be found, For the work must go on.

A worker outwearied falls down at the loom, But the work must go on; The toiler that falls for another makes room, And the work must go on; Another steps into the place and the pay To forward the task howsoever he may, And the worker who dies is forgot in a day, But the work must go on. Yes, the work must go on, and the dullest must learn That the life of a man is a minor concern, 'Tis our fate to fall out one by one in our turn, But the work must go on. —Denis A. McCarthy.

AND ONE HAD LOVE. One man had riches for his gift and knew The emptiness thereof; Another, where fame's topmost summits lift All pigmy peaks above, Felt the keen pangs of lofty loneliness; And one had love! Down in the lowly valley-paths of life His years were spent Where, far removed from moiling din and strife, Brook-song and bird-song blent, Babbled of quiet things, of restful peace, And deep content. Yet there was something in his cup of days Ineffably more sweet Than e'er he knew who, in the giddy maze Of fortune set his feet Or quaffed fame's goblet, wreathed with rue and bays, And found it incomplete! —Hilton Green.

Dear Girls and Boys: It will be your turn of not writing or of a est. Well, dear little are times when it is in follow out our dearest the present time is Surely next week I will give you all the atten serve. Write me as usual Believe me, Your loving AUNT

Active Liver, Good Digestion And There is no More Prompt and Certain Means of Keeping the Liver Right than DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS In calling your attention to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, it is only necessary to point to their success in the past, for they are known in nearly every home. By means of their direct and specific action on the liver—causing a healthful flow of bile—they regulate and enliven the action of the bowels and ensure good digestion in the intestines. At the same time they stimulate the kidneys in their work of filtering poisons from the blood. This cleansing process set in action by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills means a thorough cure for biliousness, intestinal indigestion, torpid liver, kidney derangements and constipation. It means a restoration of health, strength and comfort where there has been pain, weakness and suffering. It means a removal of the conditions which lead to backache, rheumatism, lumbago, Bright's Disease, appendicitis and diabetes. Mr. G. M. Smith, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "It gives me pleasure to recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For some years I have been troubled with vertigo, defective circulation, and loss of appetite, followed by insomnia, and was miserable enough in different ways. Though I tried many medicines, none had the desired effect until I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. The first box gave relief, and a few more caused the old complaints to disappear entirely. Other members of the family have used Dr. Chase's remedies with the best results. I shall always have a good word to speak for Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

A PARABLE.

Said Christ our Lord, "I will go and see How the men, my brethren, believe in Me." He passed not again through the gate of birth, But made Himself known to the children of earth. Then said the chief priests, and rulers and kings, "Behold now, the Giver of all good things; Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state Him alone who is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread Wherever the Son of Man should tread, And in palace chambers, lofty and rare, They lodged Him and served Him with kingly fare. Great organs surged through arches dim Their jubilant floods in praise of Him; And in church, and palace, and judgment hall, He saw His image high over all. But still, wherever His steps they led, The Lord in sorrow bent down His head, And from under the heavy foundation stones The son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church and palace and judgment hall, He marked great fissures that rent the wall, And opened wider and yet more wide As the living foundation heaved and sighed. "Have ye founded your thrones and altars then On the bodies and souls of living men? And think ye that building shall endure, Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?" "With gates of silver and bars of gold Ye have fenced My sheep from their Father's fold; I have heard the dropping of their tears In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt, We build but as our fathers built; Behold Thine images, how they stand, Sovereign and sole, through all our land. "Our trust is hard—with sword and flame To hold Thy earth forever the same, And with sharp crooks of steel to keep Still, as Thou leftest them, Thy sheep." Then Christ sought out an artisan, A low-browed, stunted, haggard man, And a mother girl, whose fingers thin Pushed from her faintly want and sin. These set He in the midst of them, And as they drew back their garments' hem, For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said He, "The images ye have made of Me!" —James Russell Lowell.

Dear Aunt Becky: Here is another new thing at the door. Will it be opened, Aunt I present I am visiting. Read. I intend to stay week or so. My home Hungerford, I am in the and intended trying to only my mamma died month ago, and I lost I could not try. We are ly now without poor have only one sister, F. no brother. My teacher Miss Greenan, from L. have a very nice garden of gooseberries, onions, lettuce, cucumbers and house is brick, with a in front of it. We live but keep no fowl but like to keep geese and I am very fond of them my aunt to feed her. She has eleven pet gos. old hen as her geese v hatch for her this spring has fourteen little turke long letter for the fine Good-bye. Your loving ni Stoco, June 22.

OUR BY

Dear Aunt Becky: This has been one of days, it was so cool to Wednesday. I suffered that day. All boys and forward to their first being the grandest day That is a pleasure I wait for four years I will be well prepared Him. My uncle and Farham were out yesterday had a nice visit. They of any of my cousins as t at school. It closes nex I suppose they will be school is finished. My dots chickens are to h row. I hope I will h with them. No more t Your nephew Granby, June 22.

Dear Aunt Becky: Here is another new thing at the door. Will it be opened, Aunt I present I am visiting. Read. I intend to stay week or so. My home Hungerford, I am in the and intended trying to only my mamma died month ago, and I lost I could not try. We are ly now without poor have only one sister, F. no brother. My teacher Miss Greenan, from L. have a very nice garden of gooseberries, onions, lettuce, cucumbers and house is brick, with a in front of it. We live but keep no fowl but like to keep geese and I am very fond of them my aunt to feed her. She has eleven pet gos. old hen as her geese v hatch for her this spring has fourteen little turke long letter for the fine Good-bye. Your loving ni Stoco, June 22.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

It will be your turn to accuse me of not writing or of a lack of interest. Well, dear little ones, there are times when it is impossible to follow out our dearest wishes, and the present time is such for me. Surely next week I will be able to give you all the attention you deserve. Write me as usual and believe me,

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This has been one of the loveliest days, it was so cool to what it was Wednesday. I suffered with the heat that day. All boys and girls look forward to their first communion, being the grandest day of their life. That is a pleasure I will have to wait for four years yet. I hope I will be well prepared to receive Him. My uncle and aunt from Farnham were out yesterday. We had a nice visit. They did not bring any of my cousins as they were all at school. It closes next Wednesday. I suppose they will be glad when school is finished. My white Wyandott chickens are to hatch tomorrow. I hope I will have good luck with them. No more this time

Your nephew,

JOSEPH.

Granby, June 22.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Here is another new cousin knocking at the door. Will you allow it to be opened, Aunt Becky? At present I am visiting my aunt at Read. I intend to stay for another week or so. My home is in Stoco, Hungerford. I am in the fourth book and intended trying the entrance, only my mamma died about a month ago, and I lost so much time I could not try. We are very lonely now without poor mamma. I have only one sister, Florence, and no brother. My teacher's name is Miss Greenan, from Lindsay. We have a very nice garden at home, of gooseberries, onions, beans, lettuce, cucumbers and cabbage. Our house is brick, with a lovely lawn in front of it. We live on a farm but keep no fowl but hens. I should like to keep geese and turkeys, as I am very fond of them, and help my aunt to feed hers every day. She has eleven pet goslings with an old hen as her geese would not hatch for her this spring. She also has fourteen little turkeys. This is a long letter for the first attempt. Good-bye.

Your loving niece, ANNA E.M.

Stoco, June 22.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As we were out to the church last Saturday and received our first Holy Communion, I thought I would write and tell you all the news about it. All the girls were dressed in white and had nice wreaths and veils. The boys were dressed in dark with badges of white ribbon on their left arms. We will have confirmation in September. Well Auntie, we have only one week more of school until vacation. We regret very much that we are going to lose our teacher. She is going to attend Normal school for a year. I have some more little turkeys and chickens to feed now. The flowers in our school windows are nearly all in bloom now. We are going to have examinations. My sister and I are not going to try for the fourth book. If I could have come more regularly during the year I would have been able to write for the fourth book now. My brother Harry is going to try for the second book. Well Auntie, I guess I will close.

Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, June 22.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As school will soon be closing, and as my time is getting short to write to you before vacation, I thought I would write you another letter to-night. School closes next week, and I am afraid we are going to lose our teacher. She has been here four years and a half, and we will miss her very much. We are having very warm weather now but plenty of rain. The berries are fit to use. My friend Nellie O'Neill and I went picking gooseberries this evening. I

don't like to pick them very well, for the thorns run in your fingers. We have no tame strawberries yet, but my brother and I got some wild ones the other day. We had a holiday this week as the teacher was at a wedding. I went to Lonsdale in the afternoon. My uncle and I went fishing, but we did not catch very many. It rained last Sunday and I didn't go to Sunday-school, but I could study it as well at home. We all received Holy Communion last Saturday. It looked so nice to see all the girls with wreaths and veils and all the boys with ribbons around their arms. Well, dear Auntie, I guess I will close for the time with lots of love to cousins and Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece,

AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, June 22.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I will try to write you a letter as it is the last week of school. I have not very much to tell you. I am going to school this week. I work out in the hay harvest and rake the hay when my brother cuts it down and then we draw it into the barn. Then it is time to cut the grain. After it is all gathered in they thresh it. Well, as my letter is getting rather long, I will close for this time.

Your loving nephew,

JOSEPH B.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to write to you, although I am only a little tot. It is the first time I have written to you. It is the last Friday of school till six or seven weeks. When I go home I look for the eggs and get the cows. My sister is visiting here. This is all that I have to say. Good-bye, aunty.

ANNIE M.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is a long time since I have written to you I thought I would write again. As this is the last week of school the teacher told us all to have a letter. High School has closed, and my brother is home again for two months. Our school did not stop yet, but it will close this Friday. Our teacher is going to leave so we will have to look for another one to start after holidays. We are sorry to see her leave, for she has taught here for four years and a half. We had a terrible rain here and it wet everything and made the roads very muddy and water is running off the land. As there is not much stir in the country as in the town it is rather hard to find anything to write about every week, and aunty and cousins, you must be tired hearing about our gardens, our chickens and turkeys and our farms. So for fear of wearing out your patience, I will say good-bye.

Your loving nephew,

JOHN C.

Albert, June 27, 1906.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I only wrote one letter I thought I would write another as it is the last day of school. Well, it is nice weather here just now, but we had a big storm here last night. It struck a barn in Melrose. I am tired going to school this hot weather. I have a lot of work to do at home just now as the grain is getting ripe. But the holidays will not be long going by. We milk cows but I only milk three. My other two brothers are writing, as it is the last day of school. I go to school pretty regularly. I am in the third book. This is all for this time.

Your loving nephew,

FRANK B.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I thought I would write to you this time, for it is the last day of school and our teacher is going to leave us. We are glad to have vacation, for we have a good time. My flowers are growing very nicely, and I have to water them every night when I come home from school. I wish, Auntie, you would come and see us for I would certainly like to see you. We will be sorry when our teacher leaves us, for she is here so

long with us. I am going away for a week in vacation to visit. We have fourteen ducks, and I have to feed them every night when I come home. I guess I will close for this time.

Your loving niece,

NELLIE F.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As all the rest of the boys and girls are going to write, I thought I would write, as it is the last Friday of school and we are certainly delighted to have vacation, as I expect a joyful time in my holidays. I am going to visit my aunt for a couple of weeks. We had a very big thunder storm Wednesday night. My sister and I were out picking strawberries yesterday and we got a nice lot. The raspberries will soon be ripe, and we have to walk about a mile for them. Well Auntie, as my letter is getting rather long, I will close.

Your loving niece,

LOUISE F.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I must write this time because I did not write the last couple of weeks. I have my holidays now. My cat caught a squirrel last night. We had a big storm here the other night. I went picking strawberries and I got my pail full. I guess this is all for this time.

Your loving nephew,

CLARE B.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to tell you that our teacher is going to leave us now and we are all sorry to think that she is going to leave, as she has been with us so long. I will have to work during holidays, but a change is as good as a rest. I am sorry Joseph cannot run and work, but no doubt he will receive a great reward for bearing his sufferings patiently.

Your loving nephew,

FRED B.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

To-day being the last day of school I thought I would write. On account of our teacher leaving, and we do not take the True Witness, I will not see my letters in print any more. In a couple of weeks more we will be picking the wild raspberries. When we are picking berries, while it is so hot, we pick a while and then sit down in the shade and eat some of them. On our way home we get leaves and put them in our hats and bonnets. My rose bush is all in large pink blossoms now. The mosquitoes are very bad now every night. When the cows come they seem to bring them with them. The strawberries are scarce around where we live. They are fifteen cents a box in Deseronto. I was to catechism last Sunday and as we were at catechism a big rain came up. We did not get home till five o'clock in the evening, for we had to wait until my papa came after us. I guess I will say good-bye.

Your loving niece,

ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to write to you because it is the last week of school. I am not going to try for the fourth book at vacation as I just got in the third book at Christmas. I am going to spend two or three weeks of my vacation with my cousin in Belleville. I will have to come home at harvest time for we will have to cut the grain and my brother and I will have to shock it up when it gets dry. When we have it all in we will clean up the barn for the grain.

Your loving nephew,

PATRICK M.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have not written for so long I am going to write, as it is holidays. Harry and I do be busy every night pulling harrick. We will soon be picking berries now. I have beets, onions, carrots and cucumbers in my garden. My flowers are nearly in bloom. We do not play any at school these days for it is so hot we sit under a shade tree. I was not at school Thursday, as I had to keep house while my mamma and papa were in Deseronto and my brother and sister went to school. I have

fifteen turkeys. I remain, Your loving niece, NELLIE O'N.

Lonsdale, June 30.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As it is a long time since I wrote to you, I thought I would write and tell you what we are doing now. The grain is all heading out and especially barley and rye. The men are tending to their corn and potatoes now. I was at school only three days this week for I had to help my brother as there are only two boys at home now and that leaves quite a lot of work for us. We have a little fox colt with a white stripe on its face and one white foot. We call it Rowdy. We have about one hundred chickens and ten goslings and twenty-seven turkeys. Well, dear Auntie, this is all for this time.

EUGENE McC.

Lonsdale, June 29.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Well, dear Auntie, as I was not at school last week, I am going to write to you this week. We had an awful thunder storm last night again but it did not strike anything around here. This is the last day of school. Our teacher is leaving us at vacation. I went picking berries yesterday and got a nice lot. The berries are good this year. Vincent went with me one day. We were playing tag coming home. We took the dog with us, and he was running after a squirrel. We thought he would kill it so we made him stop. Well, as my letter is getting long I guess I will close for this time.

Your loving niece, STELLA M.

Lonsdale, June 30.

THE SPRING FAIRY.

I.

A fairy woke in the early spring, For she heard the soft winds whispering:

"Bestir, bestir! Old Winter's fled! Let every flowerlet raise its head! Ye grass-blades, grow! Ye violets, blow!"

Spring, spring is come—there's naught to dread!

II.

The fairy shook her filmy wings And flew to rouse the woodland things.

Forth from the hive she drove the bees; She tapped the wee buds on the trees She whistled shrill O'er wood and hill

To call the birds from southern seas.

III.

Two squirrels, coiled in their hollow nest Were loath to wake from winter's rest.

"Have done!" said they. "'Tis chilly yet, Until you can bring a violet We'll bide within; 'Twould be a sin

To venture out in the cold and wet."

IV.

Away to a mossy glade she flew, She brought a violet wet with dew, She sprinkled them well and bade them rise;

She tickled their whiskers and drowsy eyes. The lazy folk Yawned wide and woke, Then, kissing her hand, away she flies.

V.

So through the meadows, woods and hills The fairy her pleasant task fulfils; The nodding creatures she wakes from rest.

With a call, a song or a merry jest, That through the earth, There may be mirth.

Since winter's past with all its ills, —Tudor Jenks, in the New York Herald.

BOROTHY RUNS AWAY.

Dearest Dorothy got up one morning and she did not feel like Dearest Dorothy at all, no, not a little, little bit, not even the littlest. And so, and so, when Sweet Mother came upstairs to help her dress and put her pinkey toes into nice warm stockings, and her dimpley arms into her darling soft wrapper, Dearest Dorothy pouted, oh, awfully! And when Sweet Mother held up a mirror in front of her and Dearest Dorothy saw her own naughty, naughty face, she made a face back at it that was still more dreadful and awful. She did.

Big Father laughed at Dearest Dorothy when she came down to the breakfast table looking so cross as cross, and he made believe that it was not Dearest Dorothy at all, but some other little girl, and he said to Sweet Mother: "Why, where is our own nice little

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daughter and what is this very 'stremely unpleasant little girl doing here in her place?' But Dearest Dorothy was not dear at all this morning, so she would not smile even the teeniest kind of a teeny smile. No, indeed. She just sat and sat and sat and pouted and pouted and pouted, and when they asked her what was the matter she did not answer a single little short word, and that was because she did not know herself what was the matter except that she just felt naughty all over. And so, and so, Big Father teased her and teased her till she would have cried, oh, like everything, only she felt too naughty to cry. And she said to herself that she would run away from a home where they teased their little girls. And so she did. She did. The moment Big Father went into his study and Sweet Mother went upstairs, Dearest Dorothy (only remember that she was not 'Dear' at all just then), pulled on her bright red Tam O'Shanter and went out into the wide, wide, strange, endless, altogether wild world. And it was altogether terrible. And Sweetest Mother cried hard as hard when she found Dearest Dorothy in the station house where all the really policemen were around giving her candy and things. And Big Father lifted her up and kissed her. And then they carried her out and put her in the springy carriage and the hobery pony went trot, trot trotting home, and Dearest Dorothy looked out and saw the Wild March Wind trying to catch her only he couldn't, and the wicked Mr. Dust trying to climb into the springy carriage, but he couldn't, and he got run over again and again. And she said to herself that she would never again, no never, run away and that she would nevermore be naughty again because being Dearest Dorothy was the most fun of all.

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THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1906.

AS TO BRITISH LIBERTY.

The Twelfth of July again coming round we are quite certain to have one more repetition of the old-time performance of the scurrilous and insulting minstrelsy of Orange bands upon the streets of Toronto and many other Canadian cities. No doubt, also, we will find otherwise sensible journals excusing the survival of this ancient offence against public decency by saying that British liberty is really more important than the feelings of any people who may possibly be so thin-skinned as to feel hurt by the misconduct of the Orange musicians. But the question whether British liberty is at stake is a pertinent one; and certainly the Scottish courts do not find it so. A case was held in appeal in Edinburgh only a fortnight ago in which Orange bandsmen sued the chief of police for false arrest and imprisonment. The facts showed that the band paraded on the 12th of July to the tune of "Kick the Pope." Captain Despard, the police chief, promptly got his men out, surrounded the musicians and ran them into barracks in a bunch. He then put them into a big van and removed them to jail, where they were detained till the following day. He offered evidence that they had played "Kick the Pope," and when the case was heard on appeal that was considered enough. Their action was dismissed.

In Toronto the Orange bands always play "Kick the Pope," and the local members of Parliament, aldermen, school trustees, grafting municipal contractors and ambitious ward politicians, upper-decked in tall hats, follow the band-wagon mounted or on foot. But there are no Captain Despards in Toronto; and the evil influence of Toronto is an incitement to Orangemen in the lesser municipalities to teeter tauter through the streets once a year to the most offensive morsels in the musical repertoire of King William that the supposed charter of British liberties can be made to stand for.

ANOTHER OBJECT LESSON FOR CANADA.

The American Federation of Catholic societies was an object lesson for Canadian Catholicity that has been disregarded. Federation is the flower of Catholic organization, and adapts itself easily to the Catholic principles that each and every organization of our people stand for. It is a poor tribute to our ideals

that competition for insurance seems to be the animating principle in our work. Without the insurance feature organization would be higher and we believe quite as generally availed of. The Catholics of England were never so well organized as they have been in defence of the principle of religious education in connection with the Bill now before Parliament. This fact has enabled them to see the benefits of federation and they have found a modern-minded leader in Bishop Casartelli, who in a pastoral letter urges on the cause for fearlessness, for progress and for moral force.

The main idea of the letter is thus expressed: "We Catholics are essentially of the people. Our principles make us the best kind of citizens, and our labors, which are as hard as those of any section of the community, entitle us to perfect fair play. Let us, then, defend our rights and assert ourselves by organizing our forces, and when they are organized individually let us bind them all together in a federation."

Wise advice, which is in consonance with the wishes of the Holy Father, who has lately written through Cardinal Merry del Val to Mr. Thomas B. Minahan, President of the Federated Societies of America, stating that he has federations of this kind very much at heart, "because of the abundant blessings that accrue from them to civil society."

ITALY AND FRANCE.

There is a remarkable article in a recent number of La Civita Cattolica, of Rome, in which the writer notes the decadence of the anti-clerical spirit in Italy. This decadence, he says, is especially the case in the active arena of administrative and political life, where in former times there was manifested the greatest hostility to any religious influence whatever. He gives the following as the causes of the change: "The anti-clerical agitation which preceded the unification of Italy has naturally died away on the completion of that unification, and in public life a very natural instinct and feeling have arisen that the Church and State should be welded together by a sort of moral cohesion. The anarchistic propaganda of Socialism, with its revolutionary and anti-militaristic war-cry have driven the well-balanced and pacific minds of the Italians to band together the conservative forces of the country, in order to promote a reaction against the subversive tendencies of these destructive movements. Public opinion has also been affected by the sight of anti-clerical France and her decadence; while the progress of Anglo-Saxon nations as well as the prosperity of Catholic Germany have resulted in delivering official and lay Italy from that miserable bondage under which for more than a century Italians were led to believe that they could not safely follow their own religious instincts, but must adopt the extravagant theories of France." Italy, in fact, after the revolution through which she has gone since 1859, is falling back on her old Christian ideals. It is a remarkable fact, by the way, that the grandson of Garibaldi is studying for the priesthood.

CATHOLICITY AND THE BULL FIGHT.

The Canadian as well as the English press has evinced an aptitude for laying the reproach of Spanish bull fighting at the Church door. The Church not only disclaims the sport but proves its hostility towards it in a manner that has at least impressed the London Daily Chronicle. Speaking of the bull fight as an institution, that journal points out the ludicrous manner in which the press, having condemned Spain and its bull fights from time immemorial, has now discovered untold graces in the former, and considers that the latter is no more cruel than some forms of our own sport. The Chronicle remarks that amongst other objections to that pastime is this, that it raises the cruellest passions in those who witness it. Says the

writer, "This is so well understood that the Roman Catholic Church, which is usually supposed to be an accessory, has waged a war upon bull fights—a war in which she has been worsted. Popes have issued Bulls against this diversion, but these Papal Bulls have not made themselves heard in the clamor surrounding the bulls in the ring. It is the Papal Bulls that have got no quarter. A national habit has become ingrained... when there was an attempt made to cross the border with the bull fights, and to localize them in the southern towns of France, the outcry was more effectual; and a Pastoral Letter, in which the Bishop of Nismes twenty years ago anathematized bull fights, and all who assisted as them, procured for him not merely praise in his own country, but a letter of thanks from all the Bishops of Spain."

POPE PIUS AND THE CONGREGATIONS.

By a "motu proprio" of the 26th of May, the Holy Father abolishes the two Congregations of Regular Discipline, and that entitled the Congregation on the State of Regulars, all the faculties proper to these being entrusted to the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, the Prefect of which is his Eminence Cardinal Domenico Ferrata.

The Congregation of Regular Discipline was instituted in 1693, during the Pontificate of Pope Innocent XII. The view of the Pontiff in its institution was the re-establishment of the primitive discipline in the convents of men in Italy, where observance had been notably relaxed.

It has always run close in its work with the work of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, and sometimes it was difficult to tell by which of these Congregations a special case should be decided. Pius IX., on the death of Cardinal Ambrogio Bianchi in 1856, decided that the Prefecture of Regular Discipline should always belong to the Cardinal Prefect of Bishops and Regulars. The Congregation on the State of Regulars was instituted by Pius IX. in consequence of the political events and social revolutions, with the object of studying the state of the Regulars, the evils they had suffered, and the abuses that were to be corrected, and to seek the most fitting means of reconstituting the convents and religious observances. By the very nature of things, this Congregation had only a temporary character, and its mission being achieved, it might naturally be abolished.

The Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, to which have been committed the faculties of the two Congregations, was already in existence under Pope Gregory XIII. (1572-1585). The title of this Congregation suggests the nature of its work—the examination of questions between Regulars, of all Rules and Institutes, and the local Bishops. "There are," says an authority on this subject, "also consultors who study the proposed constitutions of new Institutes which are brought to Rome for approbation."

THE SANCTA SANCTORUM.

Father Grisar says that last summer, by a kindly and special concession of His Holiness Pius X., and through the favor of His Eminence Cardinal Satolli, Archpriest of the Lateran, he had the rare privilege of entering into the mediaeval oratory of the "Sancta Sanctorum" in Rome, preserved down to the present time, and of being enabled to study the sacred objects preserved there behind the strong iron bars which enclose them. The "Sancta Sanctorum" is the chapel which is situated at the summit of the "Scala Sancta," or "Holy Stairs."

The objects described by Father Grisar have hitherto been entirely unknown to archaeologists. The ancient catalogues give so summary a description of them that from this no accurate idea of them could be formed. From the days of Charlemagne, in the eighth century, a Papal treasure was placed there, and

it remained the constant heritage of this chapel, being kept in the altar beneath the very ancient image of the Saviour which is still preserved here. It is to this treasure that the name "Sancta Sanctorum" is owing; it is the cause why the remarkable inscription declaring that there is not in the whole world a holier place—"Non est in toto sanctior orbe locus"—is written on the architrave of the building enclosing the Holy Stairs and this chapel.

Amongst the objects of ancient date is a cypress wood cabinet made by order of Pope Leo III., who was Pontiff from 795 to 816—over eleven centuries ago; a grand cross of gold, richly enamelled, which is perhaps the most important article in the whole treasury in a historical and archaeological point of view; another golden cross with large gems, also of great historical importance; silver caskets for these two crosses, with a rich ornament in relief, made by order of Pope Paschal I. (A.D. 817-824); a silver case with the head of St. Agnes, a work of the early thirteenth century; and several other similar later works. The figures in relief on the sides of these reliquaries are of special interest to the student of early art; they show the method in which the subjects selected for illustration were represented. Several of them are of Oriental origin; and some have gems or stones taken from the sacred places in Palestine in their settings.

There are also some textile fabrics of great antiquity, which served for the enfolding of relics, or which still hold bones or dust.

FATHER B. VAUGHAN AND LONDON SOCIETY.

Preaching in London at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm street, on the Pharisee and the Publican, Father Vaughan said life, especially the life of the leisured class, was artificial. Society was exposed to the temptation of being idle like the Pharisee, formal, conventional, and unreal, even in prayer. On the stage everything was unreal. Was the London season less conventional or unreal? The debutante beauty might be before God less than her maid who waited up half the night for her, nay, less than the meanest scullery-maid below stairs; while the millionaire with means to buy up whole countries might be in God's sight less pleasing and very much more guilty than the lowest groom in his stable-yard. It was a lamentable pity that society was so shallow, so hollow, so unnatural, and so unreal; but, most of all, it was a pity that it did not attempt to return to its true and genuine self at least on Sundays. To pretend to be what one was not, to pose and attitude before one's fellow-beings, was silly enough, but to carry on the childish game before the Almighty Himself was not only silly but sinful. Mayfair, so studded with chapels, was fast discovering it had little need of any of them. What, then, became of the privileged denizens of the West End from Saturday to Monday? Were they on the river, or in the country, or where? Certainly they were not in any church.

One of the most practical and at the same time impressive addresses on the subject of temperance that we have read in a long while is published in our Irish exchanges. Rev. Father Paul, O.S.F.C., addressing the annual meeting of the Father Mathew Union of Total Abstinence Priests, spoke many burning words to impress deeper the importance of temperance, whose principles he thus expressed. Save the present generation. Protect the rising generation. Recall deserters to the ranks. In other words: To found Temperance Societies for adults in every parish. To keep the children to their Confirmation pledge. To bring back the wayward by regular and stated renewals of the pledge. All this organization to be carried on as currently as possible over deaneries or dioceses, so that one parish may strengthen and consolidate the other.

RESULT OF FRENCH ELECTIONS

The second ballot for election of members of the Chamber of Deputies confirmed and augmented the victory of the Republican groups. The former gained forty-one seats and lost six. The net gain is therefore thirty-five seats. Sunday, the 6th of May, at the first ballot, it gained twenty-three seats. The total gains therefore are fifty-eight seats. The following is as nearly as possible the composition of the new Chamber: The Chamber contains 591 deputies, of whom 585 are known at the present time, as the results of some of the colonial elections are still unknown. The majority consists of 411 and the opposition 174. In the former Chamber the majority was only 353 and the opposition with 232, which gives us fifty-eight seats lost by the opposition and won by the majority.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

One of the most shocking accomplishments of the anti-religious movement in France is the wave of sacrilege sweeping over the country. Of this M. Huysmans speaks in his preface to a book by M. Jules Bois, "La Satanisme et la Magie." Since 1900 some six hundred churches in various parts of France have been sacked by ruffians, only a very few of whom have been captured. Among these churches is the historical one of Le Bourget, rendered famous in the Franco-German war. In 1894 thirty-two churches in the Department of the Sarthe were sacked in a few days, and many works of art were carried off. In the neighborhood of Lille, in the autumn of last year, twenty-two wayside crosses were overthrown and some of them so completely defaced that it was impossible to replace them. At Dinan in September, 1904, the crucifixes which had been taken from the schools were made into a heap in the centre of the principal school of the town, and, after being grossly insulted by the professors of the school, who took their pupils up and ordered them to spit on the crucifixes, they were burnt.

The famous Orange threat to kick the crown of the late Queen Victoria into the Boyne was a subject of reference in the Imperial House of Commons last week. This threat had an origin which is now almost forgotten. The late Rev. John Flanagan, a Protestant rector, was a prominent speaker on Orange platforms during the agitation against the Disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church. At a meeting at Newbliss, Co. Monaghan, on the 20th March, 1868, he made the celebrated "Kick the Crown" speech. The Northern Whig thus reported him. "Protestant loyalty must make itself understood. People will say, 'Oh, your loyalty is conditional.' I say it is conditional, and it must be explained as such. Will you, Orangemen of Ireland, endorse the doctrine of unconditional loyalty? The Queen should be reminded that one of her ancestors, who swore to maintain the Protestant religion, forgot his oath, and his Crown was kicked into the Boyne."

There are various reports concerning the health of the Pope prevailing in Rome at present. Some persons consider that his state is dangerous, but these are alarmists of an exaggerated type; others regard his recent illness as indicative of a condition which is dangerous; while the actual fact of his giving audiences daily, and receiving the Cardinal Prefects of Congregations, demonstrates that he is quite well.

It is pretty evident that the English authorities will have to reconsider their position in regard to the sanctuary which they give to Continental anarchists. The Governments of Europe have taken such a serious view of the recent outrage in Madrid that they have probably already made representations to England on the subject.

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A Struggling Infant Mission.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week. Average weekly Collection...3s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader, Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened. I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO A LITTLE. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly. DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

"ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton."

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart. This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

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SHAMROCKS ST MINTO C

On Monday the Shamrocks more proved their supremacy game of lacrosse their splendid playing the necessity of wear with a second game Cup. Though minus Hoobin on the home O'Reilly on the defence wearers of the green difficulty in accounting aggregation. The style of the visitors contrast to that of the has for so many years pride of the Irish people. While the Shamrocks right in on the enemy takes, any and ever score, the visitors remained and depended on long proved the easiest kick big Jim Kavanagh, with their offerings with gle. Only a few tries offer the least difficult and trusty Shamrocks deration for the visitors feeling that the score to determine the Score the contest prevented from rolling up a record more scores, and thus the Western men. Harry Smith was team, and worked sincerity and usefulness has improved somewhat glad to see him at work where he has done some unobtrusive service for. The loss of last Saturday to the Capitals is a real feeling. If it were Shamrocks that they please their opponents a sound of the bell for the match, it will be The Capitals were beaten in the early portion Kavanagh then left his visitors began to score the first tactical champions.

Paddy Brennan, a services in the past put up a first class time render any criticism seem unkindly, was responsible in a meat feat. Of course, if man nature for a man jabs as he received the match from Fagin wing in some way. command to turn the hardy applies to lacrosse anger is a bad count Paddy kept his tempo few minutes longer, the would have remained and with these two in all probability had by the Shamrocks, in visiting team. There is no room ment in the result however. It is important should go on suffering a defeat at the game. If last occurrence has the effect players more careful it will be so much good lost.

Another advantage was the manner in which Shamrocks attacked in the played in that dare an earlier stage of the would have scored if keep the aggregation busy for a week or score. It is not often put to it to do though they failed their object in those utes, the way they a revelation. Shamrocks have ahead of them on they need to use every their command to get possible shape. Mon

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SHAMROCKS STILL HOLD MINTO CUP.

On Monday the Shamrocks once more proved their superiority in the many game of lacrosse, and by their splendid playing disposed of the necessity of wearing their men with a second game for the Minto Cup. Though minus the services of Hoobin on the home and Phil O'Reilly on the defence, the stalwart wearers of the green shirts had no difficulty in accounting for the Souris aggregation. The style of play affected by the visitors was in sharp contrast to that of the team which has for so many years been the pride of the Irish people of Canada.

While the Shamrock home bores right in on the enemy's flags, and takes any and every chance to score, the visitors remained far out, and depended on long shots. These proved the easiest kind of pie for big Jim Kavanagh, who gathered in their offerings with the greatest glee. Only a few times did they offer the least difficulty to the tried and trusty Shamrocks. Only consideration for the visitors, and the feeling that the score was sufficient to determine the Souris on giving up the contest prevented the Shamrocks from rolling up a round half dozen more scores, and thus overpowering the Western men.

Harry Smith was back on the team, and worked with his usual sincerity and usefulness. His health has improved somewhat, and all are glad to see him at his old post, where he has done such sterling and unobtrusive service for years.

The loss of last Saturday's match to the Capitals is a matter for mixed feelings. If it will remind the Shamrocks that they must never despise their opponents until after the sound of the bell for the finish of the match, it will be a good thing. The Capitals were beaten to a finish in the early portion of the match. Kavanagh then left his goals, and the visitors began to score. This was the first tactical mistake of the champions.

Paddy Brennan, a player whose services in the past and ability to put up a first class game all the time render any criticism of him seem unkindly, was none the less responsible in a measure for the defeat. Of course, it is not in human nature for a man to take such jobs as he received throughout the match from Fagin without retaliating in some way. The Scriptural command to turn the other cheek hardly applies to lacrosse, but yet Paddy kept his temper, at least a few minutes longer, Hennessy and he would have remained on the field and with these two, the score would in all probability have been made by the Shamrocks, instead of by the visiting team.

There is no room for discouragement in the result of the season, however. It is impossible that one team should go on forever without suffering a defeat at some period of the game. If last Saturday's occurrence has the effect of making our players more careful in the future, it will be so much gained instead of lost.

Another advantage from the defeat was the manner in which the Shamrocks attacked in the last few moments of the match. Had our team played in that dare devil fashion at an earlier stage of the game, they would have scored enough points to keep the aggregation from By-Town busy for a week evening up the score. It is not often our boys are put to it to do their best, but though they failed to accomplish their object in those last few minutes, the way they went at it was a revelation.

Shamrocks have a hard game ahead of them on Saturday, and they need to use every method at their command to get into the best possible shape. Montreal, their old

rival, has a team this year that can take care of itself among the best. What is more, several of the players on that team have been trained in the best lacrosse school in the world—the Shamrock club. Many of them are by nature and inclination favorable to the Shamrocks, of whose club indeed several were members. The innate loyalty of the Irishman to his associates, however, will lead these very men to play their hardest to bring about the success of the club whose colors they wear. Our boys, therefore, must go into the fight with the determination to neglect no opportunity, and to stand every onslaught without return, at least until there is so little time left that it will be impossible for their opponents to catch up on them.

One sure thing is that the Shamrocks have no favors to expect from officials. Indeed, they ask none. It is a notable fact, however, that whereas Joe Lally, whose impartiality and fairness cannot be called into question, knows every turn and twist of the Shamrocks, he can detect the least semblance of a foul on the part of their men, has been repeatedly fooled by sneaky foul work on the part of their opponents. Had Lally caught Fagin at his dirty work on several occasions last Saturday, there is not the least doubt that the Capital point would have sojourned with the timekeepers for several terms. Vigilance and courage are the only things necessary for our green-shirted champions. With these they can beat any aggregation of athletes in the world at the game, and they possess the courage all right, but perhaps are sometimes apt to grov a little careless, and are too open when they do transgress the rules.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY'S EXCURSION.

The many friends of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society will no doubt be pleased to learn that they will have another opportunity of enjoying themselves to the utmost, as it is the intention of the society to hold another of its always successful outings to Lake St. Peter on Thursday, August 2nd.

It has been decided to hold this year's excursion in aid of the band of St. Patrick's Boys' School, and both the boys and officers of the society are working hard to make the outing especially successful, as regards the enjoyment of the patrons, and look forward with pleasure to welcoming a large number of people to the steamer Beupre on August 2nd.

The boys are aiming at making their band a credit to the Irish Catholics of the city, and are practicing hard and studying hard to achieve this end.

A great attraction for a large number of people will be the progressive euchre party that will be held on the boat. The steamer Beupre is particularly well adapted for this use, inasmuch as the euchre will not interfere with the dancing, for which the ever popular Casey's orchestra has been secured. Several valuable and beautiful prizes have been secured for the euchre.

Tickets can be secured from any of the members of the society, the boys of St. Patrick's School, and the Society has offered a prize to the boy selling the most tickets.

For the convenience of the people of the west end of the city, tickets have been placed on sale at A. W. Mulcahy's confectionery store, 325 St. Antoine street. Tickets and staterooms can also be secured any Tuesday evening at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, where the plan of the steamer can be examined and a choice of staterooms can therefore be secured more conveniently and with less annoyance than during the rush on board the boat.

The St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society is noted for the pleasant out-

ings it gives its patrons, and the committee in charge is bending every effort to make this outing the most successful of all. The school boys are also anxious to see that their efforts are appreciated, and that they will be enabled to win their goal, which is to put their band on a basis to enable them to study and revive the grand old music of the Irish race.

The weather man happens to be a particularly good friend of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, and has kindly consented to have one of his best sunny days reserved for Thursday, August 2nd, in order to ensure complete enjoyment for the excursionists.

President Suspenders, Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

On account of Father Holland's absence on mission there was no account of the Home's doings for the last few weeks in our columns, but a very great improvement has taken place in and around the premises; the little garden space that was on the Wellington street, side of the building is now roofed over and with the wooden building which was already there, makes a spacious dining room. The Misses Brennan are to be congratulated on the neat appearance of the Home and its proteges. The following amounts are most gratefully acknowledged as received in the last four weeks: Mrs. Stuart Brown, Britannia Bay, Ont., Miss Kate Quirk, Aylmer, P.Q., Mrs. C. Doyle, Herbert's Corners, Ont., Mrs. M. Flynn and Miss Nellie Flynn, Scranton, Pa., Mr. F. H. Stoughton, Rockville, Conn. (who had already given a bed), Mrs. McCarthy, Henryville, P.Q., and Mrs. Bailey, Montreal, each sent five dollars subscription for a bed. They are to be called St. Catherine, St. Edward, St. Helen, St. Herbert, Our Lady of Perpetual Help, St. Gerard and Sacred Heart of Jesus, so that there are beds enough now to supply every ward in the Home. It is the duty of each boy to pray for the welfare of the benefactor who bestoved the iron frame on which he rests, at night, and Father Holland remembers them all at the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Mrs. Kilroy, Mr. W. Korwin and Miss Waters, of Luskville, Que., Miss McEachen, Douglas, Ont.; Mr. J. T. Gagnon, Ottawa, gave one dollar each. Mrs. Kin-sella, of St. Patrick street, Ottawa, sold photographs for the amount of ten dollars, and Mrs. Irwin and Mrs. Daly and others sent parcels of clothing. Miss Curran sent two beds and a lot of books, so that the boys have plenty of good reading matter. Mr. Denis O'Brien, of the Lachine Canal, gave an oil painting of His Grace the Archbishop of Kingston, which he won at Father Twomey's tombola in Belleville. Through the kindness of Mr. C. M. Hays, Mr. Logan, of the G.T.R., wrote to Father Holland telling him that in future the rent of the Home would be twenty-five dollars a month instead of thirty-five, which was in the lease signed by Mr. H. Bickerdike two years ago. There is a good demand for the salve made at the Home; those who took it last year to use on the punctures made by the mosquitoes when they went fishing are asking for more. Our readers must not be shy in asking for it, for it is gladly sent to anyone making the demand, particularly if he be a benefactor, and it is so easy to be a benefactor. There is a little glass globe on the piano in the Home, and anyone putting anything into the little slot is put on the list. Several friends have given smaller sums towards the lighting fund. They will be acknowledged next time.

Does the reader know of any homeless working boy? There is room for him in St. Joseph's Home, 396 Wellington street, Point St. Charles.

SAVE THE BABIES.

Mother, an investment of 25 cents now may save your baby's life. Colic, diarrhoea and cholera infantum carry off thousands of little ones during the hot weather months. A box of Baby's Own Tablets cost but 25 cents and there is security and safety in this medicine. Give an occasional Tablet to the well child and you will keep it well. Give them to the child if trouble comes swiftly, and see the ease and comfort this medicine brings. And you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate. Mrs. R. Mellin, Halifax, N.S., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are a valuable medicine for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

OPEN FOR A CHALLENGE.

St. Michael's Y. M. A. lacrosse team is open for a challenge from any Club whose players are 18 and under. Apply Mr. G. Dillon, secretary S. M. Y. M. A., 13 Amherst street, St. Denis ward, city.

THE ARCHBISHOP VISITED ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, accompanied by his secretary, visited the Alexandra Hospital for contagious diseases on Tuesday afternoon. He was escorted through the building by Dr. Roddick, the president, and Mr. C. F. Smith, one of the governors.

MASS AT CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

A requiem Mass was celebrated at nine o'clock Tuesday morning for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. F. B. McNamee, at the Catholic Sailors' Club. Many of the old-time, intimate friends of the lamented gentleman were present and we unite our sympathy with the many who learned to know and thoroughly appreciate the sterling qualities of mind and heart of the late Mr. McNamee.

RECEIVED FIRST COMMUNION.

Mr. Bernard Burton, twenty-one years of age, who was recently baptized a Catholic, received his first Communion in the little chapel of the Sisters of Providence. The young man, who came to the city some time ago from Michigan, was converted through the work of Sister Rosalie, who for many years has been a zealous laborer among the English-speaking people of the East End. He was not before a member of any church.

FATHER ALBIN SMITH, O.F.M. SAYS HIS FIRST MASS.

Sunday, 24th ult., the Rev. Father Albin Smith, O.D.M., who was lately ordained, celebrated his first Mass at St. Anthony's Church. Rev. Father Christopher, O.F.M., acted as deacon, and Rev. Father Shea as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Schaefer, O.F.M., of Batesville, Ind. At the conclusion Father Smith imparted his blessing. He was born at Chatham, Ont., and in future will labor in the diocese of Cincinnati. Early in the morning, the father of the newly ordained priest, being a newly-made convert, received his first communion from the hands of his son.

MISS McDONNELL'S ACADEMY.

The closing exercises of Miss McDonnell's Academy, 42 Prince Arthur street, took place Friday morning last. The following pupils received special prizes: Noëlle Daig-neault, Aileen O'Brien, Irene Guay, Christina Guay, Rita Brophy, Hildred Brophy, Katie Cooney, Kathleen McCrory, Beatrice McKeeough, Agnes Hogan, Grace Pang, Mary A. Delano, Annie Edwards, Mary Galardo, Helena Moran, Gladys Halley, Isabella Price, Dominick Galardo, Patrick Sheeran, Harry Power, Reginald Pang, Robert McCrory, Wilfrid Hogan, Ernest Galardo, Pascal Calderone, Lawrence Brophy, Arthur Derjnek, Percival Buchanan.

ST. GABRIEL.

Never in the history of the parish was a grander sight witnessed within the walls of the church, than that presented on last Sunday, when three well known young men appeared at the altar. High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Polan, assisted by Messrs. M. O'Brien and M. Reid, of the Montreal Seminary of Philosophy, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The sermon of the day was preached by the pastor, Rev. Father O'Meara, and the choir rendered the pure and solemn plain chant Mass with feeling and effect. On the whole the event was a memorable one, calling forth in the hearts and minds of the many friends of the young priest and his assistants sweet and cherished memories of days long passed away.

CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL.

At the closing exercises of the Catholic High School, Rev. Father Luke Callaghan presided, and quite a number of city clergy and citizens occupied seats of honor. The pupils acquitted themselves admirably. Father Callaghan made an able address. He hoped and predicted that the Catholic High School would go

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on prospering. He gave some excellent advice to the pupils, and closed his eloquent speech with warm congratulation to the able principal and his staff. Mr. Justice Curran also spoke, and in the course of his remarks, said he wished to emphasize one incident; the prize of honor was given for gentlemanly conduct. This was awarded on the vote of the boys of the school. Three-fourths of the pupils were English-speaking, but so far were the majority that Mr. De Bellefeuille, a French-Canadian, had secured the prize by an overwhelming majority. This he considered a good augury for the future unity of our citizens, more especially as this was the second occasion in the history of the school when such an incident had taken place. The audience greeted the Judge's remarks with great applause.

The Numismatic Society visited Caughnawaga last Saturday afternoon. The village was decked out in gala attire. The visitors were shown many interesting relics of a former time by the missionary, Rev. Father Granger.

Manual Garcia, the veteran teacher of singing and inventor of the laryngoscope, died on July 1 at his house in London, aged 102 years. Jenny Lind was his pupil.

Sir Robert Bond, Prime Minister of Newfoundland, who is at present in the city on his way back from Muskoka, speaking on Confederation, said that it was not within the range of practical politics. The people preferred, he said, to work out their own destiny, retaining their autonomy as the most ancient colony of the empire.

They Wake the Torpid Energies—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with digestive organs. Un-regulated from time to time, they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

JOTTINGS
 The great Church of St. Michael's at Hamburg was destroyed by fire on Monday. Its spire, 426 feet high, in falling crushed several houses and killed four men.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who goes to Philadelphia for the Irish conference in October, in company with Hon. Edward Blake, will, it is said, visit Canada on the invitation of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.

Sir Wilfred Lawson, the wit of the British House of Commons, is dead at the age of 77.

A CATCH.
 The late Susan B. Anthony once attended a wedding in Rochester, and at the reception she said to the bridegroom:
 "If you want this marriage to be a happy one, you must be as kind and tender always as you are now. I once knew a young couple whose marriage had not turned out as happily as it should have done. The wife said to the husband one evening:
 "Before we were married, dear, you were always giving me presents. Why do you never give me any now?"
 "My love," the husband replied, "did you ever hear of a fisherman giving bait to a fish he had caught?"

The Right Hon. Charles Owen O'Connor Don, known as "The O'Connor Don," Lord Lieutenant of County Roscommon, and for 20 years member of Parliament (Liberal), for Roscommon, is dead. He was born in 1828.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effective expeller of worms.

An Oblate Father's Busy Life Among the Indians.

Rev. Father Charlebois, O.M.I., who has been a missionary among the Cree tribe of Indians in Saskatchewan, for a number of years, sends the following account of his experience with that abandoned people:

I had long desired to visit a camp very far distant from my mission, so I started there alone to see those Indians, who were either Protestants or infidels. The Protestant minister heard of my resolve, and he determined to get there ahead of me. He went a day in advance of me, and was much surprised when I overtook him on the road. He was civil to me, and grateful, when he got an attack of rheumatism, and I gave him some Pain Killer to relieve him. When he reached camp, however, he rushed to the Indians and warned them not to come near me nor to listen to what I had to say. Fortunately, they did not pay much attention to him, but came to my tent and looked at the pictures I showed them, which gave them an idea of heaven and hell.

I stayed with them for two weeks and meanwhile the minister was in despair; he wanted to return to his home, and yet he could not bear to have me stay there for fear of the Indians listening to his instructions. He went to consult his superior minister and the result was that he returned to camp bringing with him wonderful promises of what he was going to do for them. He was to build a school, a grand church etc. The Indians laughed at him. "Before this," said they, "he came only once a year to see us; now that the priest is here, he can not bear to leave us."

One of the Indians said to me: "When I become a Christian, I will be a Catholic, for I respect the men of prayer (the priests). They give all their time to religion; they are not like the ministers, who have wives like ourselves."

The child of an Indian was very ill, and he screamed out: "Papa, the devil has come to carry me off! Chase him away, I am afraid of him." The father could see nothing where he pointed to, but the boy still cried out in terror. The father then got a Protestant Bible and placed it under his head, but it was of no use to stop the child's screams. He then ran to the tent of a Catholic neighbor and got a small statue of the Blessed Virgin, which he put into the sick boy's hand. On the instant the child stopped his screams. He fell asleep and quickly improved in health. When he got well, he begged his father to let him be baptized a Catholic. This favor of the Queen of Heaven made a powerful impression on all those who heard of the cure. They came to listen to my sermons and it was the means of many conversions.

There was an old squaw who had treated me disrespectfully and spoke against the Church. What was my surprise when she sent her daughter to me and asked me to come and see her. I went and found in her tent a crowd of Indians from far and near awaiting my coming.

"Black-robe," said she, "my son and I are very ill. We beg that you will speak to our hearts the good words that you say to those who go to your church."

I sang for them the hymn "Blood of God that was shed for me," then I spoke to them on the Passion and death of our Lord. They paid great attention to the sermon, and the poor squaw was in tears. She declared to me that she had never before heard of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. I instructed them in the Catholic faith and she said that now she saw how wrong she had been in speaking against it. She begged me to come and instruct them again. Her son had been ill for six months and he was greatly pleased when I gave him a catechism printed in Cree characters, which he could read. He read it over and over and explained it to his mother. His sister, who was deaf and dumb, asked me by signs to give her a medal to hang around her neck. The poor girl was happy when I gave her one of the Infant Jesus of Prague.

At one of the camps, where I was hearing confessions as usual, a poor squaw came to me in tears and said: "Father, I deserted the Catholic faith a year ago, and I am very unhappy. I will tell you how it was. When my child died the Protestants told me that it was because a priest had baptized it. I believed their lies then, but now I see they deceived me, for since then a Protestant minister baptized another one and that also died. My husband threatened to kill me if I stayed a Catholic, and I was in

terror of him." She was sorely distressed and sorry for her sin. I counselled the poor woman and she went away encouraged. Some time after that, one night, as I got back from a hard journey through the forest, where I had been visiting a camp, an Indian rushed into my house and implored me to come at once and baptize his child, whom he feared would die. Grasping up my surprise I followed him. We got onto the dog-sled which he had brought with him and started off on a gallop. We soon reached his tent and I baptized the child. To the great joy of her parents she recovered. The mother was the poor squaw who had come to me to confession, and she now told me that her husband was more favorably disposed to the Catholics than before.

This Indian came afterwards to me alone and said: "I am very sorry that I did not do right long ago. When I was married, the Black-robe, like you, made me promise that I would let the priest baptize my children. Lately that good priest appeared to me in a dream, and he seemed very much displeased with me, because I did not always keep my promise, and because I scared my wife into giving up her church. Now I will do better after this."

Once when I drew near a camp far from my mission, I perceived a crowd of Indians gathered around one who was holding a bible and making a great noise as if he were preaching. The attention was then drawn to me, and they came up to see me, for a priest was something new to them. This was a Protestant camp, and the Indian was taking the place of the absent minister. They offered me their hands, even the preacher doing so and carrying the big volume under his arm. I told them I had come to visit them and would like to have a tent to stay in while I was there. Not one offered to shelter me. Then an infidel came and said: "Come with me, man of prayer, and I will give you my tent, my family and myself will find another one."

Grateful to him and, above all, to the good God, Who moves the heart to do right, I accepted his offer and lodged there. The Indians came in crowds to hear my sermons, and to learn about the true religion.

It is in this way that many conversions are brought about. Lately a poor squaw, aged 100 years, sent for me to baptize her. I went and two of the Sisters brought with them five of her grandchildren who are in our school. She was so weak that I had to baptize her in her bed. Two old squaws, ragged and miserable, were with her, trying to console her. She was happy upon receiving the Sacrament, and grateful to God for His mercy to her and to her grandchildren. It was owing partly to the good example, prayers and instructions of these children that she became a Catholic.

The influence of the children is powerful over their relatives, for they have the benefit of a sound training in the faith, which their unfortunate ancestors did not have. For this reason we are anxious to support in our school as many as we possibly can, teach them to earn their living when they leave us, and above all, to lead good Catholic lives.

The charitable can do an immense amount of good if they will aid me by an offering to continue my work among the Indians. Money thus given helps to spread the faith and to bring souls to eternal salvation. I can use any kind of new or second-hand clothing, so long as it is wearable, for men, woman and children.

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ALMOST HOPELESS. The Condition of Thousands of Pale, Anaemic Girls.

"Almost hopeless, is the best way to describe the condition I was in about a year ago," says Miss Mamie Mannett, of Athol, N.S. "My health had been gradually giving way until I reached a condition when I feared I was sinking into chronic invalidism. I was as white as a sheet, my blood apparently having turned to water. I had no appetite, suffered from headaches and dizziness, the least exertion would leave me breathless, and it appeared that I was going into a decline. I had seen Dr. Williams' Pink Pills highly recommended by the newspapers, and I decided to give them a trial. It was a fortunate day for me when I came to this decision, as the pills have not only restored my health, but have actually made me stronger than ever I was before. I now have a good appetite, a good color, and new energy, and I am satisfied that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I cheerfully recommend to other pale, feeble, ailing girls."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills quickly cured Miss Mannett, simply because they make the new, rich red blood which enables the system to throw off disease, and brings robust health and cheerfulness to pale anaemic sufferers. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure bloodlessness just as surely as food cures hunger, and the new blood which the pills make braces the nerves and tones and strengthens every organ and every part of the body. That is why these pills strike straight at the root of such common diseases as headaches, sideaches and backaches, kidney trouble, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and the troubles from which women and growing girls suffer in silence. It has been proved in thousands of cases that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure after doctors and all other medicines have failed. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. All medicine dealers sell these pills or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MEMORIES OF HOME.

(By Rev. Robert Kane, S.J.) Home—what gentle memories of dear, dead days that word awakens within our minds! What full, deep meanings that word conveys of a spot where peace should always be present, and where true affection should reign supreme! What faithful messages are breathed through that word of a sympathy that never fails and of a friendship that never forgets! In time of joy the word is like an old song, learned in days of childhood, that still ever echoes in our ear with the lullaby of our earliest love. In time of trouble or of trial, the word, even though it recalls many a memory of disappointment, even though it bring back many a moment of regret, has still a strange sweetness in its sadness, a strange balm in its bitterness, for it speaks to our hearts of an unselfishness that survives death. Home!—the very word vibrates through all the deep strong chords of character with the music of a beloved melody, with the tenderness of an innocent tear, with the sacredness of an heroic prayer. For home is that charming circle within which live and love the nearest and the dearest friends of earth.

Home does not merely mean the house that happens to shelter one, nor only the furniture within. Home is something more than what is made of bricks and mortar, with added means of domestic use and comfort. Home must mean the hallowed resting place where linger the loves that are most sacred on earth. It is the temple of heart affection. It is the sanctuary blessed by the noblest human unselfishness. It is the shrine consecrated to the highest human love. Home means the bonds

of blood and ties of tenderness which clasp into one close intimacy the hearts of those who, hand in hand, journey heavenward. Home is the moral circle within which minds and hearts share the same shelter, breathe the same atmosphere, bear the same burdens, sympathize in the same sorrows, enjoy the same pleasures, divide the same toils and contribute to the same success. Home is that one place where our most cherished human hopes blossom in secure shelter, and where God's brightest blessings fall, for there is no place like home.

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Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land for each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his home, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa in intention to apply for patent.

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THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1906. CHAPTER XXXIX-C

"I had resolved long to leave the convent," Ruth Barbara did not believe that.

"We had arranged a marriage and Paul long ago," Barbara laughing, "and I assure you bitterly disappointed when he failed. The poet is not and no one can tell whether 'Florian must know,' confidently."

"Oh! dear no. They have rel of some kind after you have never since been invited in the spring Mr. Ros his quarters and has not heard of."

"Not been heard of?" mured tremulously. "Oh! I we can find him. 'If he is not in town, turn at once to Clayburg. 'And have him seek Love has a sure instinct, You cannot escape so easily ever. Were you aware that the poet's departure there mystery, that he was ill and wretched when he was that Madame Lynch dismissed because of a false story of her's, that he left the holy and that there is a sum shall I say it?"

"Suicide," said Ruth, though her face was pale. "say it, but I do not, could leave it of him."

"No!" Barbara added phasis, "but the poor fellow such a sad plight and went no man knows."

"He was at my convent spring, and went north how far or in what direction not known."

"A little money will do and when you have found may run home to Clayburg shall send him after you."

"Barbara!" protested Ruth.

"That will do," said Ruth sharply. "You know Pendleton, by this time, and they you like it or not, shall be done. You had drag me into the affair, if not wish me to interfere. Now go to bed for a few when you come down I want you with the new hemispheres—some of it in assure you."

Ruth obeyed in silence. She had not mentioned to object in visiting New York only said: "I will go as once more, be satisfied that well, and then return to me. In making Barbara her confidant did not seek more than to advice, and was consequently troubled in heart about interference."

When she sought Mrs. Pendleton in the day, the vivacious was carrying in both hands manual of prayer as she waltz through the long hall. "You are piously engaged Ruth, smiling at the unusual. 'I must be, having here,' replied Barbara, smiling then I am making preparations my baptism."

"For your baptism?" an inclination to laugh. "going over to the Baptists?" "No, to the Catholics," eyes fell. Ruth stood transfixed and actually said "I congratulate you," although, but there was little in her good wishes. "What happiness come to you?" "So long ago that I see member. It was not supposed grow within me. But let something more to your vertebrae suspicious of one. You have heard, perhaps, a man is soon to be married. 'I have heard none of it, but I supposed it would be some time. Who is the happy one?' 'You remember that Frank who—'

"What a good choice made!" Ruth exclaimed. "I hardly expected it from it. It will save him—surely it will."

"Save him from what?" Barbara sharply, and crossly. "From himself and the temptations which surround him in his Florida needs a check of a I think him apt to fly by his wits."

"You would make a Puritan of him. I think he was for missing you."

"It was fortunate for both."

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXXIX—Continued.

"I had resolved long before to leave the convent," Ruth replied, but Barbara did not believe the assertion. "We had arranged a match for you and Paul long ago," Barbara said, laughing, "and I assure you we were bitterly disappointed when our plans failed. The poet is not here now, and no one can tell where he is."

Ruth answered, and dismissed the subject with a sigh. Barbara sat watching her secretly. She had improved very much during her absence, and the pale, spiritual light which shone about her face rendered its natural beauty more remarkable. The old aggressive firmness seemed gone from her manner, the old determination had found a different way of expressing itself; and, sweet and gentle as Ruth had ever been, these qualities were now intensified.



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really care for him?" "I owe him a debt," said Ruth. "And you can pay it only by marrying him, he thinks. He is deeply religious indeed, or he would have taken you bodily from the convent."

"It will be such a coincidence," whispered Barbara as they entered the hall, "to see together three great admirers of Florian."

"And so Ruth Pendleton is back!" was the cry in Clayburg two days after a tired and disappointed woman left the train at the station, and, unrecognized by her friends, walked in the direction of the squire's now lonely mansion.

"I have never wondered, Barbara," Ruth began. "I beg your pardon," said Florian, "but it is true. I have had the honor of obtaining Miss Lynch's hand."

"I must be, having an ex-nupt here," replied Barbara smartly, "and then I am making preparations for my baptism."

"For your baptism?" repressing an inclination to laugh, "Are you going over to the Baptists?" "No, to the Catholics," and her eyes fell. Ruth stood for a moment transfixed and actually suspicious.

"I congratulate you," she said at length, but there was little warmth in her good wishes. "When did this happiness come to you?" "So long ago that I scarcely remember. It was not sudden. It grew within me. But let us talk of something more to your taste. Converts are suspicious of one another. You have heard, perhaps, that Florian is soon to be married."

"I have heard none of those things, but I supposed it would take place some time. Who is the happy lady?" "You remember that Frances Lynch who—"

"What a good choice he has made!" Ruth exclaimed in delight. "I hardly expected it from Florian. It will save him—surely it will save him."

"Save him from what?" said Barbara sharply, and crossly too. "From himself and the temptations which surround him in his position. Florian needs a check of some kind. I think him apt to fly beyond limits."

"You would make a Puritan of him. I think he was fortunate in missing you."

"It was fortunate for both of us,"

enough to give old Merrion the slip, and she'd coax an angel into stealing, I swear."

"Florian is engaged to Frances Lynch." "O Jerusalem!" said the squire, with a mighty roar of pain. "Then it's all over, Ruth—it's all over."

"It was all over years ago," Ruth replied gently. "I did not think you expected it still, father."

"And I had no right to," said the squire, striding impatiently down the room. "You never held out a hope, though Florian thinks just as much of you to-day as he did ten years ago. Let it pass. I'm always making a fool of myself. Don't know when I cried before. And so Barbary is a Papist, hey? I wonder how long she will remain one? And Florian's done it at last! Well, he's got a mighty nice girl, but it won't please Peter Carter much."

Ruth started at the name, while the squire shook with hearty laughter. The memory of Peter was a source of mirth to him.

"What about Mr. Carter?" she asked timidly. "Oh! you knew him—the greatest fool that ever lived; and I dunno," added the squire dubiously, "but that I was a greater fool, for I actually thought that man a genius. He had an idea that Flory was no match for that Lynch girl, and was anxious to help me in matching you and Flory. He did, but he helped me the wrong way. I'm inclined to invite him up here this summer, and let him make an ass of himself through the town."

Ruth grew alarmed. "It would not be becoming," said she, "he is too—"

"Too much of a talker," supplemented her father. "Yes, he gives one away every five minutes when a secret is entrusted to him. Well, Ruth, you're back, and I'm consoled for all my waiting. I'll have to stand a pile of chaff, though, from the boys when they see you going up to the Catholic Church. It's better, though, than to see you at Buck's establishment. How does that man live with his eternal polishing? He ought to have been polished out of existence long ago, by all rules of calculation; but he's just the same as ever. I've got the drop on the boys there. I have the tongue, you know. I'm a match for them. How will you stand the women, though?"

"I am not afraid," said Ruth, cheerfully, "for I am a sort of balance for Sara Wallace's defection."

"That's a good argument," said the squire in delight. "I'm glad you mentioned it, for I'll give it to 'em first thing. I hope you're contented, Ruth, with your new clothes. Do they fit easy?"

"So contented," said Ruth, with a happy smile. "And, oh! if I could but persuade you—"

"There, there!" he interrupted hastily. "It's all right if you are happy, but don't try to rope me into any of these religions. They're good enough for women, but they're beyond me. I thought more of Catholics, though, before Barbary joined them."

With a sigh Ruth relinquished the appeal which she had intended to make to him.

"I must warn you," continued the squire, "that if you try to convert



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me I'll take to drink, upon my honor. I'll get too stupid to understand an argument. So just let up on ideas of that kind. Go to bed now, and sleep off convent notions."

During the next few days the greater portion of the town paid its respects to Ruth. Among her visitors were the worthy elders of the various congregations, curious to know by what process of reasoning this young lady had gone over to the enemy, and many were the amusing questions put to her. Her great defence was the perversion of Mrs. Buck, and the right of private judgment. With these weapons she triumphed easily, and Clayburg accepted the position with the easy-going, matter-of-fact slowness which is an inheritance from Manhattan ancestors and does not prevail in bitter, unforgiving New England.

Mrs. Wallace had not yet called, much to Ruth's surprise, and at the first opportunity she went over to see her. Time had dealt hardly with that placid lady. The Mrs. Winifred who feebly grasped Ruth's hand was an insignificant shadow of the stout, timid lady of three years ago. She tried to smile and chat with the old-time manner, but had not breath enough for so large a word as "seemingly," and Ruth sorrowfully recognized the fact that Mrs. Winifred's days were numbered. Billy was full of anxiety. He questioned every one eagerly for their opinion of her condition, and brought doctors from Albany to assist her. There was something mysterious in her complaint. She had begun to decline slowly and almost unnoticed a year ago. Without suffering any pain or making any trouble, her flesh began to disappear and the wrinkles made themselves visible in her face. In vain they questioned her. She knew not why her appetite should fail, or her hands tremble violently, or her sight and strength give way. Nor could Ruth's sympathetic inquiries elicit any intimation. Her chief anxiety was for Florian. She hoped he was well.

"Oh! very well," Ruth said, "and getting so rich and famous, and moving in the very highest society."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Winifred, "that he is a great friend of the count that was here some time ago."

"I believe they spoke of a nobleman to whom he was attached, but I never saw him."

"Did he look troubled or anxious?" said the mother earnestly. "He has not written in so long a time."

"Florian never shows much of his inward thought or feeling, but to me he seemed full of happiness. Why should he not be? He is about to marry a handsome and good woman. He is fortunate."

"Not as fortunate as he might have been," protested Mrs. Winifred; "but I am glad he is happy. I do have such terrible dreams about him, and I dreaded some of them might come true."

Ruth looked at her with great pity and a suspicion that all was not right in her mind. And this suspicion took deeper root after a few more visits. Florian was the theme of every conversation, and her chief anxiety was whether her boy was easy in mind and haunted by no apprehensions.

"Because if he is," she said very plainly to Ruth in Sara's presence, "I can help him, and I will in spite of every one."

It was the most determined expression Mrs. Winifred had ever been known to use, and only her extreme weakness accounted for and excused it. Sara shook her head sadly. It was plain that her mother's mind was giving way.

"I have no patience with you," said Sara. "You were always the queerest woman. Why can't you tell us what you think is the trouble with you or Florian, so that we can do something for you?"

The lady did not reply to her mother's sarcasm, for even her defective taste could see how utterly shameful it would be to bandy words with an invalid.

"I think it will not last much longer," said Mrs. Winifred, after a few moments of silence. "I wish it had ended long ago. But no matter. Ruth, let me tell you something—Sara had gone—this trouble is all about Florian and Linda, and I feel it here," laying her hand on her breast, "gnawing always. In a few days I shall send for you, may be, to do me a favor. You will come, won't you? Promise me, Ruth."

"Oh! certainly," said Ruth assuringly, for the sick woman began to get dangerously eager.

"Ah! but you must promise, dear," she cried, catching Ruth's dress with feverish hands. "Seemingly, you must promise that you will come no matter what stands in the way."

"I promise," answered Ruth. After scanning her features for a moment in an invalid's pitiful way she lay back satisfied.

"What do you think of her?" said Billy when next he met her. "What can you think of a dying woman? You will not have her long. Why not send for Florian? She is always speaking of him."

"The père wouldn't hear of it," said Billy tremulously. "No, no, he wouldn't hear of it. I couldn't permit it. It was that Russian, the devil! that did it all. Ever since he came here we got no good of her. It's awful!"

Ruth wondered at the père's interference in the matter, but said nothing, as she wished to speak to the priest later.

"It seems reasonable," she remarked to her father, "that if the poor woman would like to see her son she ought to see him."

"Why, of course," shouted Pendleton, "and so she shall. I'll send for him—no, I'll go for him myself."

"And do all sorts of harm," Ruth interposed. "No, no, father; but you might find out from Billy what his reason is for not informing Florian of his mother's condition. Then we would the better know what to do."

"Jes' so," said the squire, with a blush for his own stupidity.

"And to-morrow," said Ruth, "you must get out the boat and take me over to the islands. I have not seen the hermit since my return."

"There isn't much about him to see," said her father in disgusted tones. "He's had a doctor running over there for some time seeing a patient who lives with him or near him, and not one of us can find out who the sick man is."

"Trust a woman to do that," said Ruth. "I shall know what is to be known about him by this time to-morrow night."

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University of Ottawa.

Commencement exercises at the University of Ottawa, on Wednesday, June 20, were largely attended by the students, friends of the graduates and distinguished citizens.

The English valedictory was delivered by William Derham, of the graduating class. Charles Seguin, B.A., was the valedictorian in French.

"Very Reverend Sir,—I, in thanking you for the honor that you have conferred on me, I refer for a moment to the simple, annals of my own life, it is in order to mark my deeper sense of its value. For, by a happy coincidence, this is actually the jubilee of what your kindness may permit me to call my literary career.

"But, Reverend Sir, the great comfort to me of the honor which you have conferred on me is that it is representative. In my own case, it is representative of many, very many fellow-workers, some of whom have rested from their labors, while others are still with us—fellow-workers with some of whom it is my privilege to have been personally associated.

"In your case, Sir, I would fain hope that this function is also representative—that it implies a 'securus iudicis' which it would be false modesty for me, in my representative capacity, to decline.

"A few years before the date just referred to, as one of the most illustrious members of your congregation was on his way to that then unknown Canada, in which so important a work awaited him, he (as he has himself recorded) 'saluted the Fathers of Bytown.' Did the 'Fathers of Bytown' on that occasion entertain angels unawares? At any rate the young brother, who then visited them, was destined to be the angel of the Church in the Northwest and went to his reward after a life consecrated to the glory of God and the good of mankind.

And what of the Fathers of Bytown whom he left behind. Surely they have done well. He and they stand, in to-day's retrospect, in largely representative guise, and what they represent is a great deal of what gives significance to Bytown's new name, Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion, for from the city of Maisonneuve, Ville Marie, to Fort Simpson and the mouth of the Mackenzie, your congregation has had a most important share in making known to the world the vast expanse of newer Canada.

"As to your special ward in this city, sir, the old myth of the Phoenix may well occur to one's mind, in contemplating this substantial witness to your faith and energy and power of organization and recalling the happy days on which all that is best in Canada and beyond the border united in hailing the marvel of a great institution risen from its ashes. The Phoenix soars heavenward once more, and full of peace and good will is the strain that one hears.

"On that day Randall's once stirring appeal to Maryland found sisterly response in McGee's fine adoption of it to Canada; 'Carroll's sacred trust' found new and happy meaning, and 'Sic Semper' not only retained its old force, but became the aspiration of a grander hope. On that day, sir, you represented this continent, as, in the diverse origin of your pupils, you continue to do. While the principles that you teach prevail, discord's head is hidden and her hands are prisoned. So far as I represent anything, may it ever bear witness to the same lofty principles. In this spirit, reverend sir, I would thank the governors and senate of Ottawa University more deserving for this mark of choosing me out of so many of their approval. For myself and my fellows of the pen, accept my warmest and fullest thanks."

CONSECRATION AT ALEXANDRIA
Rev. W. A. Macdonell Raised to Dignity of Bishop.

Rev. William Andrew Macdonell, late parish priest of St. Andrew's, was on Sunday consecrated Bishop of Alexandria, which comprises the counties of Stormont and Glengarry. This very impressive ceremony took place at St. Finnan's Cathedral, Alexandria, in the presence of about 2000 people.

His Grace Archbishop Gauthier, himself a Glengarry man, was the consecrator. The Bishop-elect was supported by Bishop McEvay, of London, and Bishop Scollard, of Sault Ste. Marie. Other princes of the Church present were: His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal; Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, and Archbishop O'Connor, of Toronto. In the absence of Bishop O'Connor, of Peterboro, owing to illness, the sermon was preached by Rev. Archdeacon Casey, of Lindsay. Rev. Father Forbes, of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, preached in French. Over three score priests and bishops were present. Rev. D. C. McRae, of Glennevis; Rev. T. Fitzpatrick, of Dickenson's Landing, and Rev. D. A. MacDonald, of Crisler, were deacons, with Rev. A. J. McMillan as sub-deacon. Rev. J. McRae, of Alexandria; Rev. J. O'Brien, of Peterboro, and Rev. J. J. Macdonell, of Greenfield, acted as masters of ceremonies. Rev. Father D. A. Campbell, of St. Raphael's, read an address to the newly-consecrated Bishop from the priests of the diocese, to which His Lordship made a suitable reply. Immediately after the ceremony the visiting clergymen were entertained at Alexander Hall. Later on His Lordship Bishop Macdonell was presented with a handsome cross by Ontario Council, Knights of Columbus, of Cornwall, accompanied by an address, read by John A. Chisholm, of Cornwall. The Knights of Columbus of the province of Ontario presented His Lordship with a handsome gold signet ring, accompanied by an address, which was read by Mr. M. J. Gorman, of Ottawa. His Lordship made appropriate replies to both addresses. The village of Alexandria was in gala attire for this notable event, the streets were gaily decorated with bunting and there were several beautiful arches on the Main street. One of the banners displayed the Gaelic welcome, "Failte Dileas No N-Easburgh Roghnachte." (Welcome to the Bishop-elect.)

HYMENEAL.
MULLALLY-MULLALLY.

Last Thursday morning St. Mary's Church was the scene of a very pretty wedding, the contracting parties being Miss Mary E. Mullally and Dr. Emmet James Mullally. The ceremony took place at 8.30, the Rev. Gerald McShane officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked exceedingly pretty in an elegant silk gown with overdress of Mechlin lace, and tulle veil, and she carried a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley. The church was crowded with interested friends, and the sanctuary was transformed into a bower with plants, lights and cut flowers. Miss Birdie Kehoe was maid of honor, Miss Lily McCabe and Miss Florence Mullally were bridesmaids, while Miss Irene Morley acted as flower girl. The best man was Mr. George Ryan, and the ushers were Mr. J. McCrory and Mr. T. Wright. After the ceremony a sumptuous repast was served at the residence of the bride's father, after which the young couple left for a trip to the Lower Provinces. Hearty good wishes and congratulations followed them.

KENNEDY-CARROLL.

The beautiful month of June is universally regarded as the month par excellence for weddings, and, of course, a wedding now is only in accordance with the nature of things. In unison, then, with the nature of things and in accordance with the universal conception of the highest degree of propriety in nuptial affairs, Mr. Luke Kennedy, of St. Mary's parish, Almonte, led to the altar Miss Elizabeth Carroll, daughter of Mr. Thos. Carroll, of the parish of St. Michael's, Huntley, on the nineteenth instant. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Jane Carroll, and Mr. Willie Kennedy, brother of the bridegroom, fulfilled the duties of groomsmen. The sacred contract was blessed and the nuptial mass chanted by Rev. Father Newman, pastor of Richmond, Ont., and half brother of the bridegroom. The day was all that a happy young couple could wish for, and if the wedding day in any way respects the future prospects of brightness

and happiness of the bridal pair in their married life, there will surely be one long day of happiness and sunshine.

The pastors of both bride and bridegroom, Rev. Fathers Oavanagh and Harkens, of Huntley, and Almonte, respectively, with Rev. Father Newman, of Richmond, graded the festive board with their presence. A number of friends awaited the arrival of the wedding party at the bride's father's residence and warmly welcomed them. The bride was made the recipient of many beautiful and useful presents.

In the evening the entire party, accompanied the newly wedded couple to their handsome residence in Ramsay, where song and story and music and mirth went hand in hand until the night was well nigh gone. May they live to see their children's children unto the third and fourth generation, and may their happiness never be less and their troubles never greater than they were on the bright June morn when before the altar of God they vowed mutual love and fidelity to each other.

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ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF FRENCH-CANADIAN ARTISANS.

The members of the large and prosperous society of French-Canadian Artisans celebrated their annual festival on Sunday last, when over fifteen hundred took part in the proceedings. In the forenoon there was a procession from the society's headquarters, at the corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier streets, to the Church of St. Louis de France, where a religious service was held. Each section of the society had its flags and banners, and five bands marched in the procession. Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield, officiated at the service, and the sermon was given by the Rev. Abbé Perrier, who spoke on civil and religious duties of the citizen.

In the afternoon a banquet was held in the large hall of the St. Jean Baptiste College, under the chairmanship of Mr. Alfred Lambert, general president of the organization.

This society, founded in 1876, now numbers nearly twenty-nine thousand members in Canada and the United States. It has a reserve fund of seven hundred thousand dollars, and has already paid over two million dollars to the heirs of deceased members.

Archbishop Bruchesi, who is the chaplain of the Society, paid an official visit to the members assembled in convention on Tuesday afternoon. The President, Mr. Lambert, thanked His Grace for the interest taken by him in the work of the society, and for his presence on this occasion.

The Archbishop congratulated the members on their past progress and wished them continued success for the future. He said that it gave him much pleasure to support the proposal that women should be admitted to share in the benefits of the Society. His Grace also made a strong appeal on behalf of temperance, expressing the desire that every member should join the temperance society.

Wednesday morning a Requiem Mass for all the deceased members was chanted in the Church of St. Louis du Mile End.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

July 4.
Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents \$4.20 to \$4.40, and straight rollers \$3.90 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.95; extra, in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.50.
Rolled Oats—\$2.15 to \$2.20 in bags of 90 lbs.
Cornmeal—\$1.85 to \$1.40 per bag; granulated, \$1.65.
Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$17.50; shorts, in bags,

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Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure. I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy, and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. Brown, Chicago.

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Electric Cafe-Parlor Car on 9 a.m. train. Pullman sleeping Car on 8 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. trains.

MONTREAL-OTTAWA.
Leave Montreal 7:30 a.m., 10:40 a.m., 4:10 p.m., 7:30 p.m. Arrive Ottawa 11 a.m., 12:40 p.m., 11:10 p.m., 10:30 p.m. Leave Ottawa 8:35 a.m., 7:30 p.m., 15 p.m., 17:15 p.m. Arrive Montreal 11:35 a.m., 7:30 p.m., 9 p.m., 10:15 p.m.
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This evening the Motor car will leave Beaconsfield at 11 p.m. for Montreal, stopping at intermediate stations for the accommodation of passengers attending the Fancy Fair at Beaconsfield in aid of the Bremer Rest at Ste. Agathe.

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Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.55 to \$1.60 per bushel; hand-picked, \$1.80 per bushel.
Hay—No. 1, \$9.50 to \$10 per ton on track; No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9; clover, \$6; clover mixed, \$6.50.
Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, \$1 to \$1.02 1-2 per bushel.
Potatoes—75c to 80c per bag of 90 lbs.
Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; buckwheat, 10c to 11c per pound section; extract, 7c to 7 1-2c; buckwheat, 5 1-2c to 6c per pound.
Provisions—Barrels heavy Canada short cut pork, \$23.00; light short cut, \$21.50; barrels clear fat back, \$22.50; compound lard, 7 1/2c to 8c; Canadian pure lard 11 1-2c to 12c; kettle rendered, 12 1-2c to 13c; hams, 13 1/2c to 15c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 17c to 18c; Windsor bacon, 17c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.50 to \$10.75; alive, \$7.75 per 100 pounds.
Eggs—Straight receipts, 15 1-2c to 16c; straight candled, 16 1-2c to 17c.
Butter—Choice salted creamery at 20c to 21c; unsalted, 21c to 21 1-2c.
Cheese—Ontarios, 11 3-8c to 11 5-8c; Quebec, 11 1-4c.
Ashes—First pots, \$5.40 to \$5.50; seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; thirds, \$4.70; pearls, \$6.75 per 100 pounds.

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Great Rush for Taffeta Silks. Thousands Buy Silks at Half-Price.

This has proved the most popular Silk offer of the season. The values are simply wonderful. The range of colorings so vast. Bought these silks at bankrupt prices and are selling them less than wholesale.

PLAIN TAFFETA SILK, worth 65c, comes in a very large and choice range of new colors, most desirable for summer wear. The quality is of a superior character, and the Silk should be sold for 65c. Special 39c

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SHIRTWAIST SUITS TWO NEW STYLES

LADIES' SHIRTWAIST SUITS, in fine Chambray, pretty shades of blue and gray; waist and skirt trimmed with tucks and pleats, small green silk buttons, self strappings and green silk pipings, latest sleeves and cuffs. Very nice suit for \$5 95

LADIES' SHIRTWAIST SUITS, in lightweight Duck, shades of blue and white stripes, black and white stripes, self strappings and buttons, full top sleeves and cuffs. Very nice suit \$4 45

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Vol. LV, No. 31 "BOY ORANGE" POLICE

A reader of our leader's issue, "As to Brity," so much appreciated that he requested us to reproduce the article which caused our comment:

An interesting sequel to demonstration which took place on the 12th July, heard in the Court of Sessions Tuesday and Wednesday, Mackenzie and a jury tried in which David Carson, mess, Airdrie, secretary of the bands which took Captain Herbert John Alexander Anderson, Superintendent of the Police, North Bridge Airdrie, for £100 damages alleged wrongous apprehension of Wilson, K.C., and Mr. Colpeared for the pursuer, at fenders were represented by Dickson, K.C., and Mr. In opening the case for the Mr. Constable, the juror said they had raised the settle the right of private assembly and form a procession as they were not in the public safety, and the question of whether the police to be entitled by an arbitrator, such as that in the case, to suppress such right.

The first witness for the case was James Orr Wylie, street Mosson. He is a member of the Loyal Orange Lodge, and that he was in charge of the demonstration on July 12 and headed the procession was to march through several villages in the locality. The demonstration passed off satisfactorily until they were on their way to the town of Mosson. He said he thought it was the anniversary of the battle of the Boyne.

I suppose you had a full on that day?

Yes, something similar you have (Laughter.) Mr. John Wilson—But f er. (Laughter.)

Witness—Yes; orange and scarlet. (Renewed laughter.) twenty years there had breach of the peace in with these processions. Witnessed how the lodge assembled Holytown, accompanied by bands, in July last.

What are the party tunes? Well, I know "Boyne Water Surrender," and "Protestantism."

He only knew that they marching tunes. As the band, of which the pursuer was secretary, was wheeling in the town to Mosson, an inspector came forward to major and said, "What tune you're playing?" He no time to the man to answer wheeled him about. All policemen did likewise with other bandmen and marched off to the police station.

What tune was the band playing? I could not swear. Was each band playing a tune?

I could not swear to that. (Laughter.)

The other bands in the which were playing party tunes did not interfere with the demonstration. He said that an attempt was made to rescue men with drawn swords.

only two swords in a lodge were carried were very good, solid, substantial swords did not hear the cry "Sw the front." He saw no bottles thrown.

A jurymen asked what object of the party tunes was, and the witness replied to commemorate the anniversary of the Boyne and the "Derry."

Mr. Scott Dickson (in connection)—Do you know aroused the Roman Catholic designation?