

## ST. PETER'S.

Anniversary of Laying the Foundation Stone.

### A History of the Building.

On Wednesday four hundred years ago—April 18th, 1506—was laid the foundation stone of St. Peter's in Rome, writes a correspondent of the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

When St. Peter's body was taken down from the cross on which he had given up his life for Christ it was laid to rest in a simple grave just beside the place of his martyrdom, on the other side of the Via Cornelia, which flanked the Circus of Nero.

The first years of infant Christianity were such as left but scant opportunity of adorning the burial places of the martyred dead, and more than a generation had passed before any monument decked the last resting place of the Prince of Apostles. But about the end of the first century Pope Anacletus was able to erect a little oratory over the tomb of Peter, and for more than two centuries this was the only memorial that marked the grave of the first Vicar of Christ. Around and near this lowly monument the successors of Peter were buried, down to the year 202, when owing to causes that have never been satisfactorily explained the Popes began to be laid to rest in the Catacomb of St. Calixtus, outside the city, on the old Applan Way.

The years that followed were big with mighty changes. Persecution raged long and terribly. But persecution could not last for ever. The battle of the Milvian Bridge was fought, and Maximian, the last of the persecuting emperors, was defeated and lost his life in the Tiber. Constantine unfurled the standard of the Cross over the conquering Roman legions, and the Catholic Church stood forth at last in the full light of day and liberty. One of the Emperor's first cares was to erect suitable temples to the God of Battles in whose name victory had crowned his career. Foremost amongst these was the Basilica of St. Peter, which he raised over the lowly tomb where the Fisherman of Galilee had been buried.

In the years and centuries that followed no place was more venerated than this. From the ends of the earth pilgrims thronged unceasingly to visit the tomb of the Apostle enshrined in the centre of the Basilica of Constantine. Once more it became customary for the Popes to be buried there, and of all the successors of St. Peter, one hundred and thirty-four Pontiffs have been laid to rest within the precincts of the temple that was erected to his memory, martyrdom and ashes. Writing in the fourth century, St. John Chrysostom exclaimed at the sight of that temple: "Here, as one stands, the view of the shrine strikes on his heart—he is affected as if they that lie there were present; and he quits the place almost another man. I admire the city of Rome, not for its columns or any other vain display, but because of these two glorious pillars of the Church—St. Peter and Paul."

From the day of its first erection by Constantine the history of St. Peter's is but a reflection of the story of Papal Rome—now witnessing Royal scenes, such as the coronation of Charlemagne; now—during the dreary days of the captivity of Avignon, and the still more dreary days of the great schism of the West—with grass growing up to the very steps of its altar, and cattle grazing undisturbed amid its storied aisles. Then was Rome nothing more than the skeleton of a city, as the old chronicler expresses it—so poor that there was no lamp to light on the altar, and the church itself was a tottering ruin, and wolves prowled freely in its precincts and dug up the bodies that had been laid to rest in the consecrated clay round about.

These evil days ended with the election of Pope Martin V., who at once devoted 20,000 gold florins to the erection of a new roof over the venerable temple, which he repaired with unstinted labor and unwearied hand. But the sacred pile was old. It had stood the brunt of

1200 years. Time had laid a heavy hand on its walls, so much so that in the course of some years it was found that these walls were unsound and repairs but temporary.

Under the inspiring influence of the Renaissance, Nicholas V., in 1450, conceived the design of demolishing the old edifice and rebuilding it from the foundations. His idea was taken up by Paul II. and Sixtus IV.; but the project languished for want of funds, and little had been done towards its accomplishment when Julius II. became Pope.

For a time it was the intention of Julius merely to carry on the work of restoration begun by his predecessors, and to extend the old edifice. It was in fact an accident which led him to change his plans. He was a man of great deeds and magnificent projects, and among other plans, he proposed to erect a stately monument to deck his grave in St. Peter's when he should be called away to join those who had gone before him. For this purpose he invited Michael Angelo, who was then a young man, to come to Rome and take charge of the undertaking.

Michael Angelo consented, and in accordance with the Pope's wish, drew up the design of a monument, which was, however, of such colossal proportions that if it was to be carried into effect a new and vast edifice should be erected to contain it. The great architect Bramante was then in Rome, the right-hand man of the Pope. Julius consulted him on his project. Bramante's answer was to plan a new and glorious Basilica that was to surpass all other existing structures in size, beauty, and magnificence, and was to "embody the greatness of the present and the future." Pastor thus expresses the idea that dominated the minds of the Pope and the architect:—"The mausoleum of the poor fisherman of the Lake of Genesareth was to represent the dignity and significance of the office which he had bequeathed to his successors. The idea of the Universal Church demanded a colossal edifice, that of the Papacy an imposing centre; therefore its main feature must be a central dome of such proportions as to dominate the whole structure. Thus, Bramante thought, could be best attained by a ground-plan in the form of a Greek cross, with the great dome in the centre, over the tomb of the Apostles. His contemporaries were enthusiastic in their admiration of his design, and the poets of the day sang of it as the ninth wonder of the world."

Julius was a man of action. He lost no time once he had made up his mind. Accordingly he made rapid preparation for a beginning, and was able to lay the foundation stone on Low Sunday, April 18th, 1506. Accompanied by Cardinals and Prelates he went in solemn procession to the excavation that had been prepared for the foundation, twenty-five feet deep. Into this he descended along with two Cardinals and a few masons, and fitted into its place the foundation stone of white marble, which was in readiness, with a suitable inscription recording the contemplated work. Underneath the foundation stone were placed twelve medals specially struck for the occasion. Will the evolutions of time ever bring them to light?

The progress of the undertaking was as swift as the beginning had been prompt. Julius had 2500 men employed, and he personally superintended much of the work. But his was not a long life, and he was cut off ere he was able to see anything more than the erection of the four gigantic pillars that were to support the dome. But his project was eagerly taken up by Leo X. and Clement VII., and the huge structure continued to grow inch by inch and year by year.

Bramante, too, died while yet the work was in its infancy, and his place was taken by Raphael, Veronesi, and Sangallo, who made some alterations in the original designs. These were in turn succeeded by Balthazar Peruzzi and Michael Angelo, who made further changes in

Bramante's plan, and who, during the Pontificate of Paul III., Julius III., Marcellus II., and Paul IV., labored with all his boundless energy down till his death in 1564. Pius V. and Sixtus V. entrusted the work to the architects Della Porta and Fontana, who, under Gregory XIV., completed the dome, which later on was adorned with mosaics by Clement VIII. At the suggestion of the architect Maderno, Paul V. consented to change the final plans prepared by Michael Angelo, and lengthened the structure considerably—a change that, like most of the ideas of Maderno, has met with little favor ever since. The Basilica was finally dedicated to Urban VIII, in 1626.

Thus, after 120 years' incessant labor, under the direction of the most brilliant architects the world has yet seen, at an expenditure of twelve millions sterling, the glittering pile was complete, and men could gaze in wonder on the

"Rich marbles, richer paintings, shrines where flame  
The lamps of gold, and haughty dome which vies  
In air with earth's chief structures, though their frame  
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the clouds must claim."

It is a common thing to hear visitors at the first sight of St. Peter's complain that it falls short of their expectations—that it seems much smaller than they had imagined. Such is, indeed, the case. But this impression arises not because the building is small, but because of its perfect proportions—each part is so well adapted to all the rest that the gigantic dimensions of the structure are toned and mellowed into harmonious appearance. In reality it is difficult to imagine that the measurements of St. Peter's reach the following immense figures:—It is 614 feet in length, 445 in breadth, 152 in height. The distance from the floor to the cross surmounting the dome is 448 feet; while the dome itself is 139 feet in diameter and 443 in circumference. All this, added to the glittering ornamentation that decks every inch of St. Peter's, fully justifies the enthusiastic language of a writer of sixty years ago: "We have before us a scene which no earthly edifice ever presented, which no imagination can picture, no pen describe. The vastness, the solitude, the symmetry—the richness, the beauty, the grandeur—the gorgeous magnificence, in a word, that surrounds us on every side, enchants the eye, expands the mind, warms the heart, lifts the soul to the lofty objects of eternity, and prompts us to fall down in spontaneous and grateful acknowledgment to God, Who has gifted man with such sublime conceptions, and enabled him to call forth such wondrous creations."

The stupendous monument designed for the tomb of Julius II. was never carried out. An obscure memorial in a deserted corner of St. Peter's marks his resting-place. Nothing could have better pleased the Pope. In him there was nothing selfish nor mean. His one object was the glory of God and the exaltation of the Church, and assuredly, had he lived to see it, he would have been well content with the glorious pile that, out of a plan for his own tomb, was raised above the resting-place of the Prince of Apostles. None could say with better reason than Julius: "Si monumentum quaeris, circumspice"—if you seek a monument to my name, gaze on the mighty dome of St. Peter's.

### AN AID TO MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets is the very best medicine in the world for curing the minor ailments of babies and young children. It is the best because it is absolutely harmless. It is the best because it never fails to effect a cure. A few doses relieve and cure constipation, indigestion, colic, diarrhoea and simple fevers. It breaks up colds—thus preventing croup—expels worms and brings teething without tears. Not one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff is in this medicine. Mrs. Hugh B. Denton, Scotchtown, N.B., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have always found them a satisfactory medicine." You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## PAPACY PRESENTED AND OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

Connection of Pius X With St. Peter as Historically Evident as That of Roosevelt With Washington.

(F. D., in the Intermountain Catholic.)

In this age of critical examination and religious investigation two facts, as important as they are far-reaching in their logical consequences, are deserving of serious consideration, and these are, (1) the unbroken continuity of the papacy and (2) the unchangeableness of the teachings in faith and morals of all the successors of St. Peter in the papal chair.

The former is as historically evident as the succession of president George Washington down to President Roosevelt. As historical facts the legitimate succession of Theodore Roosevelt to President Washington to the highest honor that could be conferred by the citizens of the United States is no more evident than that of Pope Pius X to St. Peter, the first Pope and Bishop of Rome. This being a public fact around which all other facts of history have centered for twenty centuries, the long lapse of time between these distant extremes is not to be taken into consideration in the investigation of this important truth. The consequence of this unbroken succession proves that the church of which Pius X is the present Supreme Pontiff is the church of St. Peter who received his appointment from Christ, its divine founder, as the succession of Theodore Roosevelt, as President of the United States, proves that we have the same government; i. e., the same political body as we had when George Washington first presided over the new born government.

But this fact suggests another and still more important fact, viz., the power and authority attached to the commission given by Christ when he made his appointment. In the first place, his selection of teachers, who were to be invested with his power and authority, were not the proud, haughty, learned and rich men of Judea, but humble, lowly and poor fishermen. In empowering these to continue his work he said: "All power is given to me in heaven and in earth. Going therefore teach all nations. . . Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." These words of the Savior, taken from the last chapter of St. Matthew's gospel, are repeated in St. Mark's gospel. "And he said to them: Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." These texts prove clearly that Christ, before he ascended into heaven, commissioned a body of teachers to perpetuate his work. He was addressing his apostles, and they were "to go into the whole world." The power and authority conferred on the apostolic body whom he had chosen, was either personal, and therefore limited, or it was general and therefore extended to their successors. "According to all the lights the contexts afford, it could not be personal, in the sense that it would cease, and therefore limited. (1) "They were to teach all nations." (2) "They were to go into the whole world." These two requirements were impossible, humanly speaking, for the apostles to personally accomplish. Therefore it was not a mere personal commission which would cease when the apostles died. (3) It must then extend to their successors, and the teachers, who inherit it, must be in some way identical with the apostles because the context shows that Christ contemplated who were to succeed them. "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." To be always present, as directly stated, must mean that the apostles were always to remain as teachers; i. e., till time ended, and eternity began for all. As the teachers are, in every sense, inseparable from the apostles, so they cannot, in every sense, be identified with the apostles. Personally the teachers cannot be identified with the apostles in the sense that

the apostles have long since passed to their reward, and yet those who received that commission were to continue as teachers till the end of time—"unto the consummation of the world." The end of time, when the consummation of the world takes place and the commission given to the teachers will cease has been and is yet a future event. Then if the commission given to the apostles personally meant limitation and therefore ceased after their death, the word of our Lord would be meaningless, since it was to continue "unto the consummation of the world," which simply means that it would survive their natural lives. In this sense only it must be conceded that the words of Christ addressed personally to the apostles are to be taken. But how were the apostles to survive themselves and perpetuate the power and the authority contained in the texts already quoted? Only as a corporate body of teachers, which, like any corporation, must always preserve its identity after the original members of the corporate body have passed away.

Admitting the premises, which are undeniable, namely, that Christ gave his apostles a commission to teach which was universal both in space and in time, the conclusion is inevitable, namely, (1) that it was given in the sense that the corporate body of teachers would survive "unto the consummation of the world;" (2) that as the apostles, after the ordinary span of life, had passed away, and could not survive as individual teachers, the commission was not meant for them in their individual capacity; and (3) its survival and perpetuation could be only in the sense of a corporation or a constituted body of teachers. Then only the body of teachers who are linked with the apostles can or do share in the power and authority contained in the original commission. "Go teach all nations." How can they teach unless they be sent? The connection of Pius X with St. Peter is as historically evident as that Theodore Roosevelt with George Washington, the first president of the United States. In the long list of Supreme Pontiffs, numbering 256, the date of each pope's accession to the chair of Peter and the length of his reign are officially authenticated. In this long unbroken, yet visible, chain, we are taken back to the solemn moment when Christ was commissioning the original members of the corporate body of teachers. "Go teach all nations. Go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature. I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

But the old objection to the supreme authority and universal jurisdiction of the pope over the entire church appropriately suggests itself here. The objection is founded on the fact that Peter received no special commission as distinct from that of the other apostles, nor did he exercise any authority over them. Therefore he had none. Only the popes, in the lapse of time, assumed such arrogant power and authority over the universal church, including bishops, priests and laity. The conclusion does not follow from the premises laid down. Because Peter exercised no authority over the other apostles, it does not follow that he had no such authority. Again can it be proven that Peter received no special authority or unlimited jurisdiction in spirituals? The Bible, to which we are always referred as the court of last appeal, gives frequent intimations of the supremacy and superiority of Peter over the apostles. It mentions his name always first, and tells that our Lord bestowed on him a special mark of distinction when he commissioned him, and him alone, "to feed the lambs and sheep," also, "to confirm the brethren." This surely denotes a very great distinction and marked superiority. What, then, becomes of the objection founded on a mere assumption, or, as the logicians say, "beg-

ging the question?" It may be true that Peter exercised no authority over the apostles whose mission, like his, was an extraordinary one, and who equally with him were inspired. But the same is not true of their successors. Peter's successors succeeded him in the authority and jurisdiction of his apostleship. The successors of the other apostles succeeded them in the episcopate. Both the Scriptures and Christian tradition dating back to the days of Peter prove that he was the prince of the apostles, and if our Lord had not established his primacy of authority and jurisdiction it could not be established at all. "Only the popes in the lapse of time assumed such arrogant power," contradicts the history of the early church, and the unbroken tradition of all the early Christian people of the East and West, including the Greek as well as the Latin Church. Long before Constantine, the first Christian ruler, the primacy of authority and jurisdiction, exercised by Peter's successors, was universally acknowledged. Therefore it existed independent of any temporal power, or before any temporal ruler could aid or prop it up. If "arrogantly" assumed, we would naturally conclude that other bishops and patriarchs, no less arrogant and equally ambitious, would rebel against any such usurpation. Yet the verdict of history, confirmed by the early tradition of the first centuries, is, that they did not. This fact, coupled with the fact that the popes never changed the ancient faith, are the two facts that are as important as they are far-reaching in their logical consequences, and appeal to every man's critical examination.

## Archbishop Riordan Cancels Trip and Returns to Stricken Flock.

When the great catastrophe overtook San Francisco, Archbishop Riordan of the stricken city had reached Chicago on his way to Baltimore to take part in the joyous celebration of the Cathedral centenary, says the Catholic Union and Times.

"I must return to my people," he said, "I am anxiously awaiting news from home and as soon as the way is open I will return to aid in the work of relieving the sufferings of the people."

"I can hardly realize that the noble city I left four days ago is now a pile of fire-swept ruins. The churches in which I have spent the best years of my life are all gone. The work of a lifetime was wiped out in a moment."

"The suddenness, the enormity of it all has stunned me. I know that many of my people are dead and all of them are suffering and in danger. I wish that I was there to help them in their hour of need. All that can be done at present is to rush food and medicines to the city in order to save the panic-stricken people from starvation and to care for the sick and wounded."

"When I left San Francisco last Monday there had been no warning of the awful catastrophe. It was an ideal spring day and the city seemed to be in its holiday attire. Crowds of laughing, pleasure-seeking people filled the streets as if rejoicing in the beautiful spring weather."

"I received no news of the earthquake until I arrived at Omaha. As the train I was on drew into the depot I heard a newsboy crying that San Francisco had been destroyed. I bought a paper and read the terrible story, but still I could not believe that it had happened."

"I thought that the story of the earthquake had been exaggerated and that later news would prove that the destruction was not so great as had been reported. When I arrived in Chicago this morning, however, I realized the full extent of the tragedy."

"I understand from the newspaper reports that St. Mary's Church has been destroyed by fire and that the Dominican Church fell at the first upheaval. When I return I will make an effort to organize the priests of my diocese into a relief corps, and we will do all that is possible to aid the helpless people."

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

If women dress to please men, they will always be gowned simply, appropriately, more quietly and consequently more becomingly than if they wear their clothes for the benefit of women.

OLD FURNITURE.

Pieces of furniture that are undesirable in design, finish or covering and yet cannot be discarded from motives of economy may be entirely hidden and rendered quite attractive by slip covers of pretty material.

AN HOUR WITH MOTHER.

"One of the happiest memories of my little girlhood," said a mature woman, "is of that hour between the dusk and the daylight, when the night was beginning to lower, when we all sat around my mother in the sitting room waiting for lamplight time, and telling stories.

IN FASHION'S MIRROR.

Parasols of leaf green taffeta are both pretty and restful. A decided liking is shown for the new shade of gray called mole.

Separate bodices of pongee are unusually smart this season. There will be many plain coats worn with plaid or checked skirts during the early spring.

CULTURE OF FERNS.

Few need to be told of the infinite variety and beauty of form and exquisite shades and tints which are to be found in the fern class of plants.

One of the essentials is a good supply of water, and to enable the soil to withstand the effects of frequent watering without being turned sour all pots or other receptacles should be exceptionally well drained and the soil itself made extremely porous.

A frequent cause of disaster to ferns of delicate root action is overpotting and using too deep a body of soil in the pots. A good depth of soil may be suitable for some of the strong growing perishes, but for delicate adiantums and all ferns that spread themselves by creeping as rhizomes, it is especially wrong to pot or plant in a big body of soil.

All potting should be carried out in spring just as the new fronds of the year are about to appear. In splitting plants be careful that each division is well provided with roots and crown, so that they will soon make a good and shapely plant.

Ferns may be raised from spores, the operation being a somewhat delicate one. Shallow pans should be filled with rocks, and on these should be placed a few thin layers of lumpy soil. Press the soil flat, watering well, and then place over the surface a few fronds which are well supplied with ripe brown spores.

In spring fertilize ferns at least once a week with bone meal; the washings of a bird cage is also good for them. They should be bathed occasionally in tepid water. They require but little sunlight. Treated in this way the ferns will grow majestically.

TEMPTING THE APPETITE.

With spring one longs for something to give zest to the appetite. To supply this craving the home cook is taking lessons in the making of vegetable and fruit salads.

One of the most popular on the list, especially advocated on account of its medicinal value, is made from grape fruit with a French dressing in which there is the least suspicion of garlic. Just a rub of the dish with this pungent tasting bulb, and you have that indefinable something which tickles the palate and constitutes one of the tricks of gastronomy.

Other salads on the list are made from celery, the stalks being sliced thin and laid on lettuce; string beans cooked and cold; spinach, oysters and grape fruit; banana and orange and the apple and English walnuts, commonly known as the Waldorf salad.

HIS WIFE'S LUNGS BOTH AFFECTED

But the Great Consumptive Preventive brought Health and Happiness to his Home

"Our doctor said there was no cure for my wife as both her lungs were affected," says Mr. L. H. Walter, of Pearl Street, Brockville, Ont. "It was a sad disappointment to us both, just starting out in life, only married a short time. But before she had finished the first bottle of Psychine the pain in her lungs quickly went away, and after taking six bottles Mrs. Walter was a new creature and perfectly well again."

PSYCHINE

50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes 81 and 82—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

TIMELY HINTS.

When cleaning a looking glass, first rub the surface with a little methylated spirit, then sprinkle it with powdered blue. Wipe this off and polish well with a silk duster.

To clean old oak, whether furniture or paneling, dust it thoroughly and then wash it with warm beer, using a soft brush for carvings. Meanwhile boil together two quarts of beer, one ounce of beeswax and one ounce of moist brown sugar until the wax and sugar are perfectly dissolved. Then apply this with a large, soft brush, and when quite dry, rub it until bright and clean, with soft cloths. Some people, after washing with the beer, when dry polish it with a cloth slightly sprinkled with paraffin oil.

Common seashore sand will greatly improve the appearance of old velvet and remove all the dust. Sprinkle the velvet well with fine sand and then brush until none remains, always brushing the pile the wrong way.

To clean sponges when very soiled wash them in diluted tartaric acid, rinsing them afterwards in water. It will make them very soft and white.

Cologne dropped on a handkerchief and held under the eyes will remove the dark lines that come from fatigue. It is an excellent plan to use delicately-scented soaps as sachet bags. One can purchase soaps of almost any perfume, and two or three of these in a drawer of lingerie will be much more lasting than sachet powder.

Books will keep better if exposed to the air than when shut in a bookcase.

RECIPES.

Mustard-Delicious mustard is made by first slicing an onion in a bowl and covering it with vinegar. Let this stand forty-eight hours, when pour off the vinegar into another bowl, add a little red pepper, salt, sugar and enough dry mustard to thicken to a cream. The proportions should be a teaspoonful of the pepper and salt and twice that of sugar, but tastes differ somewhat as to the quantity of sweet used.

Spaghetti Timbals.—Boil two ounces of spaghetti in plenty of salted, boiling water for thirty minutes or until tender. Drain. Make a cream sauce and mix with one pint of finely-chopped and well-seasoned meat. Grease the timbal molds, line with the spaghetti, and fill with the meat and sauce. Stand in a pan filled with hot water to the height of one-half the molds and bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Serve with sauce.

Stuffed Prunes.—Wash half a pound of fine, large prunes. Put in a saucepan, cover with cold water and soak two hours or more; then cook in the same water until soft. When nearly cooked, add sugar to sweeten and a spoonful of lemon juice. When done, remove the seeds and replace with a blanched almond. Chill thoroughly.

Curried Apples.—Choose tart cooking apples and cut in half the round way, removing the core. Make a cream by beating together one cupful of dark brown sugar, half a cup of butter, and a teaspoonful of curry powder. Spread cut side by side of the apples with this mixture, filling in the hollows left by the removal of the cores. Bake in a quick oven, observing the usual directions for baking apples.

FUNNY SAYINGS

"My sisters sing 'Il Trovatore' in five sharps." "Mine sang it in six flats, but they made her move out of every one of them."

THE GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND.

There is a public library in Baltimore that has a regulation by which any member wanting a particular book which is not "in" can, by paying a small sum, secure the next turn, and upon the book's coming in, the librarian sends him a notification.

In this connection an attaché of the library tells of an amusing incident. A member desired a copy of a novel entitled "The Girl He Left Behind Him." The book, not being in, he made the customary deposit, and in due course received a notification. This the member's wife received to her alarm at first—for it read as follows:

"Mr. Blank is informed that 'The Girl He Left Behind Him' is now in the library and will be kept for him till Friday morning next."—Success Magazine.

Teacher—Johnny, can you tell me anything you have to be thankful for in the past year?

Johnny (without hesitation)—Yes, sir.

Teacher—Well, Johnny, what is it? Johnny—Why, when you broke your arm you couldn't ease us for two months.

Aunt—Now, Charles, you must be a very good boy. You have a nice new brother. Aren't you pleased?

Charles—Oh, I don't know. It's always the way; just as I'm getting on in the world competition begins.

Old Gent (proposing health of happy pair at wedding breakfast)—And as for the bridegroom, I can speak with still more confidence of him, for I was present at his christening, I was present at the banquet given in honor of his coming of age, I am present here to-day, and I trust I may be spared to be present at his funeral.

FATHER'S FORGOTTEN CLASSICS.

John was home from college for the Christmas holidays, and one of the things that struck the impressionable young man was that Dora Mason, the daughter of a near neighbor, had during his absence changed from a tomboyish schoolgirl into a very beautiful young woman. His father had also noticed it.

"Have ye noticed how old Joe Mason's daughter's shot up, John?" he asked his son. "Seem's to me she's getting quite a handsome young critter!"

"Father," said John enthusiastically, "she is as beautiful as Hebe!" "She's a jolly sight purtier than he be!" objected the old man. "Where's your eyes, boy? Joe's got a face like an old barn door! It's her mother she gets her looks from!"—Answers.

KIPLING TABOOED.

Mother—"Don't you dare use such language! I'm ashamed o' you!" Bright Boy—"Why, ma, Kipling uses it, and he's—"

"He does? Then don't you ever play with him again."

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.

They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash. Mrs. R. S. Ogden, Woodstock, N.B., writes: "My husband and myself have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take."

Price 25 cents or five bottles for \$1.00, at all dealers or direct on receipt of price. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE PROPHET LOST IN THE HILLS AT EVENING.

Strong God which made the topmost stars To circulate and keep their course; Remember me; whom all the bars Of sense and dreadful fate enforce.

Above me in your heights and tall, Impassable the summits freeze, Below the haunted waters call Impassable beyond the trees.

I hunger and I have no bread, My gourd is empty of the wine, Surely the footsteps of the dead Are shuffling thickly close to mine.

It darkens, I have lost the ford There is a change on all things made. The rocks have evil faces, Lord, And I am awfully afraid.

Remember me! The Voids of Hell Expand enormous all around. Strong friend of souls, Emmanuel, Protect me out of cursed ground.

The long descent of wasted days, To these at last have led me down; Remember that I filled with praise The meaningless and doubtful ways That lead to an eternal town.

I challenged and I kept the Faith, The secret path alone I trod; It darkens, Stand about my wraith, And harbor me—Almighty God. —Hilaire Belloc, in The Speaker.

WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?

My hands were filled with many things, That I did precious hold, As any treasure of a king's, Silver, or gems, or gold.

The Master came, and touched my hands— The scars were in His own; And at His feet my treasures sweet Fell shattered one by one.

"I must have empty hands," saith He, "Wherewith to work My works through thee."

My hands were stained with marks of toil Defiled with dust of earth; And I my work did ofttime soil, And render little worth.

The Master came and touched my hands, And crimson were His own; And when, amazed, on mine I gazed, Lo, every stain was gone.

"I must have cleansed hands," said He, "Wherewith to work My works through thee."

My hands were growing feverish, And cumbered with much care; Trembling with haste and eagerness, Nor folded off in prayer.

The Master came and touched my hands, With healing in His own, And calm and still to do His will They grew—the fever gone.

"I must have quiet hands," said He, "Wherewith to work My works through thee."

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

The Master came and touched my hands, And mighty were His own; But mine since then have powerless been,

A Protestant's Protest.

The other day the inventory was taken in the little village church of Billiere, France, almost a suburb of Pau, the winter station in the Pyrenees so much frequented by the English. The church and presbytery lie on the side of a smiling little hill overlooking the English gold ground and the vast plane of the Gave. To protest against the odious and sacrilegious proceedings, the faithful were assembled in the church—the Catholic gentry, the peasantry, and the working people. The Government's agent pursued his task while the faithful were engaged in prayer. Suddenly a tall gentleman, of military appearance, in top-boots, riding-whip in hand, rose quietly and approached the agent: "Pardon me, sir, but may I ask to what religion you belong?" "I," replied the politician-agent confusedly, "I am a Catholic." "And I," continued the gentleman, "I am a Protestant, but I have come here to tell you that the act you are performing at this

Save His are laid thereon. "And it is only thus," said He, "That I can work my works through thee."

TO-DAY.

When is the golden time? you ask— The golden time of love, The time when earth is green beneath

And skies are blue above, The time for sturdy health and strength, The time for happy play—

When is the golden hour? you ask— I answer you. "To-day."

To-day, that from the Maker's hand Slips on the great world sea, As staunch as ever ship that launched

To sail eternally; To-day, that waits to you and me A breath of Eden's prime That greets us, glad, and large and free—

It is the golden time. For yesterday hath veiled her face, And gone as far away As sands that swept the pyramids In Egypt's ancient day.

No man shall look on yesterday, Or trust with her again, Forever gone, her toils, her prayers Her conflicts and her pain.

To-morrow is not ours to hold, May never come to bless Or blight our lives with weal or ill, With gladness or distress.

No man shall clasp to-morrow's hand, Nor catch her on the way; For when we reach To-morrow's land She'll be, by then, To-day.

You ask me for the golden time; I bid you "seize the hour," And fill it full of earnest work While yet you have the power.

To-day the golden time for joy, Beneath the household eaves; To-day the royal time for work, For "bringing in the sheaves."

To-day the golden time for peace, For fighting olden feuds; For sending forth from every heart Whatever sin intrudes.

To-day the time to concentrate Your life to God above; To-day the time to banish hate, The golden time for love.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE WAYSIDE CROSS.

A wayside cross at set of day Unto my spirit thus did say: "O soul, my branching arms you see Point four ways to infinity."

"One points to infinity above, To show the height of heavenly love.

"Two points to infinite width, which shows That heavenly love no limit knows.

"One points to infinite beneath, To show God's love is under death.

"The four arms join, an emblem sweet That in God's heart all loves will meet."

I thanked the cross as I turned away, For such sweet thoughts in the twilight grey.

—Frederick George Scott.

OUR B...

Dear Boys and Girls: Such a number of letters I wish you could give how delighted I was to receive such a batch at the small things do you. Your kind teacher in course all out of the "True" ed. Already I am asking wonder will they keep it. I will tell you the idea I mind for some time. I (and big folks, too), courage, so I thought to be nice to give some kind to the one who writes to regularly. To the best or girl, who sends a letter week containing good stuff neatly written on one from date of next issue until Sept. 1, will be a nice book. Remember, and neatness, after repending, will be of count taken into account. On the letters have been fair there were cases when they were very careless. Let ambitious you will all be letters not later than 5 Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky,—

I should have written fore but my dear man 15 of last March and was eighteenth. She was just bed and we did not 1 night before she died I was, when the doctor s give us no hope which ble shock to us, Thru just as the clock was my poor mama died, at her bedside. There one hundred carriages, funeral to the church. I lonely without her. I Winnifred or Harold D. would write to the corn they are cousins apart t ner relationships and their people to know o mamma's death. I have older than myself I a girl, I was fifteen last I have 5 sisters and brot than myself, the young she will be a year old May. I will now close is getting pretty long love to all the cousins. Your affectio M. EDN Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I read some letters w the paper and I thought try and write one. I a third book. I have a l in one day, and I have miles to walk to school six come with me. We at Easter. I had a lot long hide-and-seek in the it did not seem long to had to go to school. I lot of fun at school wolf and lamb. It will until summer holidays, have to work at home. Your loving ney Lonsdale, April 25.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I suppose you thought going to write. I go t the time, and have lots did not have much sn ter to sleigh-ride. We of holidays at Easter, away from home for a in the third book. name is Miss Annie W have not a very large went to church Easter have one sister, Nellie, ing to you also. My b is Harry. We have a dog and when there is we would put our hand a bank, and he would d the bank. After we con school we all go out t and play cross tag in t then gather the eggs. have told you all the n Your loving ney Lonsdale, April 25.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Such a number of letters this week. I wish you could just imagine how delighted I was when I received such a batch at once. How the small things do count after all. Your kind teacher in reading for you all out of the "True Witness" sowed the seeds and inspiration followed. Already I am asking myself: I wonder will they keep it up? Now, I will tell you the idea I have had in mind for some time. Little folks (and big folks, too,) do like encouragement, so I thought it would be nice to give some kind of reward to the one who writes to the Corner regularly. To the best writer, boy or girl, who sends a letter every week containing good subject matter neatly written on one side of paper from date of next issue, May 10, until Sept. 1, will be given a very nice book. Remember, composition and neatness, after regularity in sending, will be, of course, specially taken into account. On the whole the letters have been fairly neat, but there were cases when the little ones were very careless. Let me see how ambitious you will all be. Mail your letters not later than Saturday of each week.

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky,

I should have written to you before but my dear mama died the 15 of last March and was buried the eighteenth. She was just a week in bed and we did not know till the night before she died how sick she was, when the doctor said he could give us no hope which was a terrible shock to us, Thursday night, just as the clock was striking nine my poor mama died, we were all at her bedside. There were nearly one hundred carriages followed the funeral to the church. We are very lonely without her. I would like if Winnifred or Harold D. of Frampton would write to the corner for I think they are cousins apart from the corner relationships and would like their people to know of my poor mama's death. I have a brother older than myself I am the eldest girl, I was fifteen last December and have 5 sisters and brother younger than myself, the youngest is a girl she will be a year old the 22nd of May. I will now close as my letter is getting pretty long.—Good-bye, love to all the cousins.

Your affectionate niece, M. EDNA M.

Kensington, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I read some letters written to you in the paper and I thought I would try and write one. I am in the third book. I have a lot of lessons in one day, and I have about two miles to walk to school. There are six come with me. We had a week at Easter. I had a lot of fun playing hide-and-seek in the barn. But it did not seem long to me until we had to go to school. I have quite a lot of fun at school playing ball, wolf and lamb. It will not be long until summer holidays, then I will have to work at home.

Your loving nephew, FRANK B.

Lonsdale, April 25.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I suppose you thought I was never going to write. I go to school all the time, and have lots of fun. We did not have much snow this winter to sleigh-ride. We had a week of holidays at Easter, and I went away from home for a day. I am in the third book. My teacher's name is Miss Annie Williams. We have not a very large school. I went to church Easter Sunday. I have one sister, Nellie, who is writing to you also. My brother's name is Harry. We have a little black dog and when there is any snow we would put our hand sleigh upon a bank, and he would draw us down the bank. After we come home from school we all go out in the barn and play cross tag in the hay, and then gather the eggs. I guess I have told you all the news.

Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N.

Lonsdale, April 25.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to write you a few lines and I would like to see my letter in the paper. I am going to school every day, and I am in the third reader. Our teacher's name is Miss Annie Williams. We have lots of fun playing ball at school. There are quite a few going to our school. I have a pet kitten. It is grey and white, and she plays with ball and gets the spool off the window and rolls it around the floor. Our priest was at the school this morning.

Your loving niece, NELLIE O'N.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As our teacher was reading a few letters this afternoon, I thought I would like to write to you and tell you about our school. There are quite a number going in the summer, when all the little ones are going. There are seven girls and eight boys. We play wolf and lamb and ball now, but we used to play ball. Our teacher's name is Miss Annie Williams. I am in the fourth book. There are four in our class. I have a brother going to the same school. His name is Eugene, and he is in the same book as I am. We have about a mile to go. We live south from the school. We have some more scholars coming home the same way. Their names are Nellie and Annie O'Neil and their brother Harry. I have a pet cat called Topsy. I have a doll, I call it Bessie. It has yellow hair and blue eyes. Our dog is yellow and we call him Fido. He will go after a stick and bring it to you. I guess I will close for this time, hoping to see my letter in print next week.

Your loving niece, AGNES McC.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to tell you what book I am in. I am in the second book. I am nine years old. We play ball, and wolf and lamb at school. There are fourteen going to our school. I have two brothers, Frank and Fred, and no sisters. I walk two miles to school. My cousins Eddie and Vincent come with me too.

Your loving nephew, CLARE B.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As the teacher read us a few letters to-day out of the True Witness, I thought I would send you one. I am going to school, and having lots of fun. There are fifteen going to our school. I am in the fourth book and getting along well. I have to come a mile to school, and I'm all alone coming and going. My brother Vincent used to come with me, but he is going to high school in Napanee now. We are working on the farm now. I have to harrow and roll on Saturday. In the evenings after school I have to get up twelve cows and help to milk them and feed six calves.

Your loving nephew, JOHN C.

Albert, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to tell about the work we have on the farm at this time of the year. We cultivate the land and then sow wheat and then drag and roll. I help when I am not at school. At school we play ball and ball, and hide and seek. It will soon be Arbor Day, and we will go to the woods to pick May flowers for the teacher.

Your loving nephew, PAT. M.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to tell you what fun I do have at school. We play ball, wolf and lamb, also ball. There are fourteen at our school to-day. It is a separate school. Our priest, Very Rev. Dean O'Connor, of Marysville, visited us this morning. I live on a farm and I have lots of work to do. I have to feed calves, milk cows, gather the eggs, and some days when I don't go to school I work in the fields. Then when I get my work done I play with my pet pigeons. I have six pet pigeons. Two are white and blue and the other four are all blue. They are quiet and will come to me when I call them. They will eat food from my hand.

Your loving nephew, EUGENE McC.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As this is Friday afternoon, our teacher read a few letters of yours for us, so I thought I would write one too. I am going to school every day. I am in the fourth book. There are only four in my class. At noon we play ball, ball, and hide-and-seek. It is not a very big school, only seventeen going altogether. When four o'clock comes we go home and plant flower seeds and go to the woods after trees to plant. In May we all go to the woods at noon and pick May flowers and bring them to the school and give them to the teacher, who puts them in a vase on her desk. Next Friday is Arbor Day. We will have lots of fun, because we do not have to work very hard, only go to the woods and get some little trees for the school yard. The trustees always hire some one to clean the school. My father is a trustee this year.

Your loving niece, LOUISA F.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am going to write you a few lines and I would like to see my letter in the paper. I have a little pet kitten. It is white, and at night it will pull everything off the floor. Our teacher's name is Miss Annie Williams. We have lots of fun playing ball at school. I am in the second book. We will soon be going to the woods to pick May flowers. All the little girls and boys go with me, and we have a lot of fun. It will soon be Arbor Day, and we are all going to the woods.

Your loving niece, NELLIE F.

Lonsdale, April 27.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have not written to you since Easter, and I see you are anxious to hear from all your little nephews and nieces, and hope they will all remember you. Well, aunty, we did not have Mass here Easter Sunday, but the priest came the following week and is still here. I go to Mass every morning, and think it is nice to be able to go. My little brother Michael was received as altar boy yesterday morning. How proud he was coming to the altar with the others. We are having very wet weather here at present; it rains almost every day, and makes the roads awful bad. I hope all my cousins will wake up and drop a line to their aunty. With fond love and kisses, I remain,

Your loving niece, LENA R.

Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We have been sugaring. We finished last week. I had a good time. If you could have been here you might have enjoyed it. I expect to go to school next Monday; this will be my first time. Grandma hgs taught me at home. Will let you know in my next how I like it. We have 15 lambs and six calves. I would like to know what you have in view for our corner, I am

Your loving little nephew, FREDERICK A.

Smith's Mills, Que.

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say "It is only a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY-PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effective remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Grip, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Dr. Woods Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Flax Trees is the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Refuse substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

A SAD DAY FOR MY DOLLIES.

"O, dear, such an accident happened to-day. While Dora and Molly and I were at play! We harnessed my kitty to Molly's red cart and fixed it the dollies all ready to start; My kitty behaved just as well as could be. Then into our yard trotted Molly's dog Rover, My kitty just flew with the cart at her heels. And purred every minute, she liked it, you see. And tore 'round the corner, when off came the wheels, Then Dora's rag baby bounced into the street. And Molly's Amanda cracked both china feet. And—Isn't it sad? My wax Ethelind Rose. Lost of the wee tip of her dear little nose!" —Elizabeth Leigh.

PETER AND POLLY.

Peter Waddle, just fresh from a combing, with his fluffy tail fluffier than ever and a new pink bow on his new leather collar, sat on the backyard walk.

Peter was six months old, and the most trusting Angora kitten that ever mewed to be cuddled. He loved everything and everybody, even the housemaid, who shooed him out of her way twenty times in the morning. In fact, the reason for his sitting on the walk was because Nora had just closed the door on him.

He held no hard thoughts against Nora. He knew she would save him the best of the chicken bones, and see that he had plenty of gravy on his potatoes. So he sat in the sun and blinked.

Now all was different with Polly Coddle. Polly Coddle could get into the same yard with Peter Waddle, but she did not belong there. She lived in a shabby yard on the other side of a tall fence, where housemaids were unknown. She had a three-colored coat of fur, and wore no leather collar, nor any kind of bow; and the nearest she had ever come to the chicken bones was to small feathers thrown away in some ash barrel. But she was like Peter in this—she was only six months old and had come to sit in the sunshine.

Peter spied her as she was giving a final touch of cleaning to her rib. "Something more to love," he thought, and started along the walk. But to his amazement this "something more" humped its back, flattened its ears, and spit. This was a reception so unexpected that Peter halted.

Thereupon Polly Coddle let her ears come back to their natural position and curled her tail complacently around her toes. "I may be poor," was what she seemed to say, "but I'm proud, too, and I don't know that kitten." Peter sidled round and said "Miau!" He meant it in the friendliest spirit, but Polly was not used to friendliness. She got up, and, with one eye on Peter, moved nearer her own fence. Peter, mistaking this for an invitation to play, made another dash, but this time was brought up so abruptly by Polly Coddle's bristling manner that he barely saved himself from a backward somersault. He looked at Polly. Polly looked back, unflinching.

Peter considered. When he wanted anything in the house, and they would not give it to him, at once, he sat on his hind legs. He certainly wanted that three-colored kitten to play with him. Perhaps she was like the people in the house. Sitting up might move her. He rose on his hind legs, dropped his front paws as he had been taught and waited. Polly looked at him out of sleepy eyes, and went on with her washing. Peter dropped on all fours again. He felt about discouraged. There was one thing more, however. He had known it to happen that he got his way sometimes if he rolled over. He did not like to do this. He felt so silly afterwards, but he would try it.

He made ready, squirmed, twisted, squirmed some more for good measure, gave a big flop, and it was done! And whether it was the plumpy tail waving aloft, as Peter went over, or whether Polly Coddle thought a kitten like that must be nice to play with, is not certain, but no sooner had Peter righted himself than Polly drew near, put a cautious paw on the tip of Peter's tail, allowed him to sniff noses with her, and in another minute the two were rolling one another over as if they had been lifelong friends.

And then into the midst of the frolic came an interruption. Some, how, from somewhere, through the unlatched front gate or over the low front yard fence blundered a dog. Turning the corner of the house, he caught sight of the kittens, and, making a dash from the walk, was close upon them before they could untwist themselves.

It was an awful moment, and Peter, who had never had to meet danger before, would have turned to run. But Polly's life had taught her better than that. She knew you must never run from a dog unless you are sure you can get to a tree or fence before he does; and this time she was not sure, the trees and fences were so far away.

Instead she faced squarely about, braced her paws, and, swelling herself up beyond anything one could have thought possible, spit with all her might. And Peter, catching the spirit of defiance, swelled himself up and spit, too. It was a sight to daunt a braver dog than this one, who not only stopped short, but backed with a foolish bark. Upon this Polly, humping her back higher and flattening her ears flatter, advanced sideways. Peter, showing that he could learn rapidly, followed her example.

The dog stood perfectly still for a moment, regarding the kittens with a look that seemed to ask if they were really in earnest, and, apparently deciding that they were, gave a silly pounce on the grass, and, barking at every step, as if to protest that he was not frightened, lumbered round the house to the street.

Slowly the kittens unswelled themselves, and slowly, but together, followed to the corner of the house. Here they looked carefully round. Nothing was to be seen. All was safe and quiet.

Peter drew near Polly and bumped his head against hers. Polly bumped back. "P-r-r-t!" said Peter. "P-r-r-t!" answered Polly, which meant that they knew the danger was over, and they were very good friends indeed.

Each envelope bore the address in the lower corner, but at the top was a photograph of the one for whom the letter was intended. There was a picture of Bobby drawing his cart across the lawn. There was one of Molly standing by the greenhouse. The boys were taken coming through the gate; Ned's letter showed him tossing his cap, while Tom's picture looked as if he were walking right down the envelope. There was one of nurse holding a tray of cakes. Molly ran to call her in.

Mother had made snapshots of them long before, when they had not even guessed it, and had made the plans to surprise them while she was away. Somehow it took away all the loneliness to find that mother had realized just how it would be, and that her love had looked forward to this very minute, when they would need the letters so much. And then it came out that nurse was in the secret, for while they were reading the letters and looking at the picture the door opened, and there she stood with the tray of cakes, looking just like her photograph.—Mary Wight Saunders.

"Why don't you tell her, then?" asked a still voice somewhere inside of Rob. He could not tell what it was; he heard it with his "inside ears."

"She'd be glad to know," he repeated. "Tell her, then," urged the voice. And Rob ran.

"Mother!" he called, before he reached her room. "I gave my mittens away. I can't get them to-morrow," and he stopped outside her door.

"Gave away your new mittens?" Mother's voice did not sound glad. "Why did you say they were at school?"

"Oh, 'cause." "Cause is no reason. Come in here."

Rob slowly came in, and his mother took him on her lap. He hid his face against her heart while he told his story.

"There's a poor little boy at school and his mother's dead, and his hands are bloody with chaps. And I felt so sorry I gave him my mittens; and then I was afraid you wouldn't like it."

Rob was sobbing, but he felt a tear drop on his forehead. Mother crying, too!

"Rob, darling, I would have been so glad you wanted to make the poor boy warm, if only you had told the truth. You might give everything away rather than tell a lie."

Rob cried harder at the dreadful word.

"But you have confessed and I forgive you. This will make you remember. Tell the boy you had no right to give the mittens and ask him to bring them here."

When the boy came, what do you think? Rob's mother gave him a new pair of mittens just like Rob's.

THE LETTERS MOTHER SENT.

It was a rainy day, and the children were lonely. Bobby had drawn his little cart up by the fire, and sat looking into the flames, wondering if the feeling he had was what sister called "homesick." It seemed queer if one could have it right in one's own home. Molly was drumming on the window pane, and there was no doubt to her mind about the matter; she knew it was homesick. The boys, Tom and Ned, were in the woodshed whittling out a boat for Bobby. They did not seem to mind.

The reason for this cloud on the house was that mother had gone away, and would not return until the next day. At first they had amused themselves by saying, "Now she has reached the station," "Now she has stepped into the train," and after a long time and much discussion, "She is at grandma's now." Somehow when they reached this point in the journey this strange loneliness had settled on the house. They knew she would be back the next day, but that was to-morrow—and to-day it was raining.

When this moment of the afternoon had come and the shadows were getting a little longer, Molly saw the postman coming up the walk. She almost flew to the door, although she thought it could not be possible mother had written a letter.

"Here are letters enough for two postmen," said the man, fumbling the pile he had in his hand and counting off five letters. "I guess you can find out who they are for."

Molly took the letters and began to jump up and down with delight. "Run and call the boys," she told Bobby, and he hurried away as fast as his fat little legs could carry him. Soon they were all seated by the fire. And what do you think they found?

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—The Sunbeam.

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The whole Catholic world... the present month of giving special honor to the Mother of God.

This title, gentle though it appears not to our minds... much as that other who comforts, so consoling with confidence, R. ners.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

SS. PHILIP AND JAMES. The Church celebrated the particular feast of Philip and James, the latter is patron of the

NO LIQUOR LICENSE

At St. Evariste de Bonaventure, the B. M. licenses to sell liquor granted this year, as they have decided to conform with the wishes of the Archbishop and the parish priest important matter.

HIS GRACE AT BONAVENTURE

On Tuesday evening His Grace, the Bishop of Bonaventure, presided at the month of May in the Bonsecours, which was decorated with flowers and brilliantly illuminated on the occasion.

CONFIRMATION SERVICE

On Saturday His Lordship Raciotti officiated at the exercises at the Church of St. Charles, Centre street. One hundred children received the sacrament of Confirmation. Monday the pupils of the primary were confirmed at St. Mary's Church, and on Tuesday confirmation took place at St. Mary's Convent.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

The Farmers' Bank of Ontario, office in Toronto, is advertising a subscription of 5000 shares of value stock at par. The bank is incorporated by special Act of Parliament, has a capital of \$1,000,000 and is extremely well known men being directors. The general manager is W. J. B. B. a gentleman well known in financial circles. The bank is a conservative banker. All terms of payment is to be made in advance. An advertisement elsewhere. The investment is safe and profitable, and it sends itself to the public.

HIS GRACE HAS SUCCEEDED AS QUOR SELLER

On Sunday afternoon, His Grace, the Archbishop of Montreal, officiated at the confirmation service at St. Mary's. His Grace was returning from the city, he noticed a large gathering of one of the hotels in Montreal. Upon inquiry he found that a fight between two drunken men. The man was called, and the proprietor of the hotel was standing near by. The man was called, and the proprietor of the hotel was standing near by. The man was called, and the proprietor of the hotel was standing near by.



Twenty-five years ago it was difficult to sell spring wheat flour for pastry at any price. People didn't want it—they were using soft, winter wheat flour, and saw no reason for changing. But hard wheat flour was persistently pushed and prejudice has been overcome. The women tried it, succeeded with it and appreciated it.—To-day hard wheat flour is the favorite for pastry as well as for bread. The flour that is doing the most for the reputation of hard wheat flour is the brand known as

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It is hard wheat flour at its best—milled by modern methods, retaining all of the good of the wheat and none of the bad—it is without an equal for every kind of baking in which flour is used.

Talk to your grocer about it—if he isn't enthusiastic it's only because he isn't informed.

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"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never before published. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.



of the Church. The further away their homes were the more he appreciated their love and devotion.

The "Civitas Cattolica," organ of the Jesuits, issues an appeal for help to the sufferers by the eruption of Vesuvius. This is described as a tremendous misfortune that came unexpectedly, and which destroyed entire districts by incandescent lava, or buried them within the ashes and lapilli of the mountain in eruption. Churches are in ruins; houses are falling in many places, and dead and wounded are lying under the fallen masses. Thousands of peaceful and industrious inhabitants are rendered homeless, and are without bread, and are fugitives from their villages seeking a shelter elsewhere. Pius X.—the common father—suffers more than others, because he cannot send them the help that his heart would desire.

When the United States refuses outside aid for San Francisco, the charitable may well send their money to Italy.

Forerunners of Immortality.

Character, Love and High Tastes

Once in addressing a body of college students, the late Senator Hoar said: "Do not hurry. For those who want to work well there is time. They may disregard the hustle and bustle, and should place thoroughness above speed. Remember that there is something more to live for than money. You may devote yourself to the practical arts, but remember that there is something nobler in human life. A man may be ever so rich, and ever so skilful, but he does ill who forgets tastes and affection."

There was an old man, one who has had the fullest opportunities of seeing and knowing life in all its varied phases, and who, at the end of seventy-nine years of such vigorous living, was not afraid or ashamed to express publicly his belief in truths which are too often looked upon as the impossible dreams of youth or the glittering but unstable generalities of philosophers who know little of practical, every-day living. If only practical, every-day men and women

worship, and the source and crown of its perfection. What is religion? It is a virtue, and thus a quality of the soul. It is a virtue by which we know and fulfil our relation with God. Thus it is rather generic than specific in its character. In so far as it concerns our knowledge of God it includes faith. And in so far as it regards our duty to God it includes worship, obedience, love, and the like. We cannot live without God, for we are His creatures. We stand in the closest relation with Him. He is above us as our Sovereign Ruler, beneath us as our unflinching support without whom we should fall into nothingness. He is within us, about us. We could not separate ourselves from Him. His omnipotence created us, it rules us now and will control us forever. His justice is His law. We are not created to be away from God, to play a part in the great drama of the universe, and then have the curtain of oblivion drop when we pass off the scene. Possessed of a conscious intelligence, we are capable of knowing and loving God. And because this capability is ours, then it devolves upon us to carry it into act—to actually know and study God and the things of God, to actually love and serve God. It is to honor God and imitate Him. We honor God by worship, praise, adoration, thanksgiving, prayer. We imitate Him by truth, justice, charity and all other virtues. This is religion. This is what our Blessed Lord came to enable us to do. He enabled us to honor His Eternal Father, and the Most Blessed Trinity. Without Him there could be no honor given to God. Not only was man helpless, he was guilty. It required the Precious Blood and the strong voice from our eldest Brother to praise God and make atonement. And our Blessed Lord secondly enabled us to imitate God. He, the Eternal Son of God, in becoming man was made like to us in all, except sin. Thus we could learn God's truth and justice and practice, and by the grace of our Saviour we could carry these into practice. This is religion, the full honor of God and His near or distant imitation by the sons of men. Two things are necessary for this, knowledge and grace. Now if these fountains of our Saviour are to be preserved for all time and to be bestowed then should He establish a guardian of His teaching and custodian of His grace. This is the Church, which is the living teacher of Christ's truth and the administration of His graces and merits. From this we see the relation of the Church with the soul and the virtue of religion. It becomes a society, for Christ was King. As such the Church has laws for its children coming from its divine Founder. It has the power of judging and of deciding causes. Religion, at least Christian religion, and none other is worth considering, depends upon the Church. How the graces and knowledge of Christian revelation could have spread throughout the world and could have lasted to our own time without a Church, is not within the range of practical possibilities.

"Unless we hand over our schools under conditions that will rob us of the right to have Catholic teachers for Catholic children they will be denied all share of public money, whether coming from the rates or the general taxation of the country. It will save a world of trouble in the long run if we say at once that all talk of 'facilities' counts, as far as we are concerned, just for nothing at all. What good is it to us to tell us that if we can keep up our proportion of four-fifths of the children the teacher may give definite Catholic teaching to Catholic children when we are also told that these teachers may be infidels or Nonconformists, and so ignorant of the very elements of the religion they are expected to teach? And here comes in the cant of it all. When faced and staggered by the grossness of this absurdity the very men who have never been tired of telling us that the inviolable corner stone of the Bill is its abolition of all tests for teachers are the first to give us whispered assurances that in practice only Catholic teachers would be appointed to Catholic schools. How are they to get there except through the imposition of those religious tests which the Bill is to be passed to forbid? Mr. Birrell and his advisers may take this as certain that we are going to have Catholic teachers in Catholic schools for Catholic children, first, last and all the time—and those teachers shall be appointed openly and above board, and not through any dodging of the law or through the temporary connivance or complacency of local officials." "In the same way the financial provisions of the bill need not detain us. Our schools are not for sale, and though we might be willing to lease them to the local authorities, the condition precedent is and must be that we have full guarantees for the preservation of their Catholic character. When those are forthcoming it will be time to think of negotiating." "In Lancashire alone there are 140,000 Catholic children. The Government may be able to prevent these children going to Catholic schools; what it cannot do is force them to go to Protestant schools. This army of children has got to be educated, and it can be educated only in one way. When this is made quite clear we can confidently anticipate a change in the Government Bill. We understand its original draft underwent revision no less than three times after successive Cabinet councils, and each time the result was to stiffen it in accordance with Nonconformist prejudices. What pressure has done in one direction pressure may do in another. And then at the worst the House of Lords will have an opportunity of saving the Government itself. When the Bill goes to the Upper House the Peers may feel themselves at liberty to carve the thing up as they will; and they may do so with the comfortable assurance that under no provocation whatever will the Ministers face the country on such an issue. In conclusion, it seems impossible not to marvel that the Liberal leaders should be so willing to force a conflict which must alienate some of their truest friends and stir the deepest passions of which human nature is capable, when all the while a little common sense would solve the whole difficulty. They have got Catholic teachers who must be employed somewhere. These are not specially suitable for teaching the municipal religion to Nonconformist children, and they would be more than welcome in the Catholic schools. Why go out of the way to put the round pegs into the square holes instead of simply enacting that Catholic teachers shall go as a matter of course to Catholic schools? We all pool our rates paid for education, and if it is fair to apply Catholic rates to pay for that municipal religion which Mr. Birrell assures us is so suitable for the Protestant majority, how can it be unfair that part of the rates paid by Protestants should go to schools in which is given the religious instruction which is suitable to the Catholic minority?"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Two Australian Bishops have recently visited Rome. They were received in private and special audience by His Holiness Pope Pius X. This was one of these audiences which profoundly impress the hearts of those to whom they are granted, for the Pope is particularly and most affectionately interested in the progress of the Church in the great continent of Australia. The Most Rev. Dr. Dunne, Bishop of Bathurst, and the Most Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of Armidale, after their own private audiences, presented a numerous group of Australian clergy and laity and a few other friends in Rome, 75 in all, to His Holiness. The Pope expressed the special delight and great comfort he experienced in seeing these faithful sons of the Church, who have come half the world over to Rome, to pay their filial homage to the Head

RELIGION AND CHURCH.

In these days of searching analysis and destructive criticism one finds much to discourage him yet not a little to inspire hope. All is not swept away. The soul has a question to put after science has given its ultimate answer. A need is felt which nature cannot satisfy. It is the need of religion. And this want becomes keener according as thoughtful men reflect upon themselves or upon the very existence of that feeling. It cannot be suppressed; it seeks for its object. With in or without, above or below the soul turns for the person or the thing that will be the object of its

cational field. The Toronto papers now bring to hand a very scandalous insinuation which has been permitted to go out against the Catholic hierarchy. An Orange publicist has been circulating a story that the Catholic Church in Ontario operates a system of espionage upon provincial politics through Catholic office-holders. When cornered upon so audacious a fabrication, the author has practically thrown himself under the protection of the Provincial Secretary, and it is apparent enough that some inspiration of the libelous inventions is attributable to Governmental channels. Indignation is aroused by this condition of things, and even the pro-Orange daily press of Toronto denounces and condemns it. Mr. Whitney and his lieutenants in the general election made strong appeals for Catholic votes, and made explicit promises that Catholic opinion would be consulted in educational affairs. These promises have not only been blown to the winds, but enough insult and injury has been offered to the Catholic supporters of the Administration in the Legislature to bring the blush of shame to their faces, and to incite them in a spirit of manliness and self-respect to assert their dignity and independence. Such a condition of things would not be tolerated in any other Legislative Assembly in the world, nor would Catholic politicians hold themselves so cheaply as to allow their bishops and their religion to be canvassed between Orange lodges and Orange papers with the object, perhaps primarily of appeasing Orange prejudice, but necessarily of insulting the Catholic electorate.

POLITICAL RUMORS. There are persistent rumors in the Ottawa despatches that Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick will accept the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court which is now vacant. The retirement of the Minister of Justice from public life has been anticipated for a long time, because it was well known that his sense of duty in performing the whole of the increasing labors of his department, together with the incessant demand for his assistance in the transaction of the heavier cares of government policy had overtaxed his strength. Physical endurance and intellectual energy have their limitations. Liberals and Conservatives admit today that no lawyer in Canada would raise and adorn the Bench of the Supreme Court more than Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick. Though this is so, there has not since the Liberal Government came into office been a time when the services of such a man were more needed in the political field. In connection with the Ottawa reports, it is at least satisfactory to learn that nothing can be done until the close of the session in the way of Cabinet reconstruction. Irish Catholics throughout Canada must be asking themselves with deep concern the question, who would represent them in case of Mr. Fitzpatrick's retirement. While writing with the reserve that an undeveloped political situation demands, we must express unqualified regret that any circumstances either of health or personal inclination should urge the Minister of Justice to take leave of his exceptionally brilliant public career.

THE ENGLISH EDUCATION ACT.

Our article of last week upon the principles of the English Education Bill pointed exactly to the difficulty that would confront Catholics. They cannot without danger concede a plan that denies the right to instruct their children in the faith. The theory that facilities for religious teaching could be introduced with the operation of the law is now pretty well sized up as a delusion, and it is reported that the Marquis of Ripon will leave the Campbell-Bannerman government as a protest. The union of the Catholic hierarchy in a public repudiation of the Bill is anticipated by The Tablet, which in its latest issue says:

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NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.



THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1906.

DOWN WITH THE CLERICALS!

Such was the alarming cry heard in our streets on Tuesday evening, when some hundreds of irrepressible, respectors of no law, and outscourings of the cities of Europe—Socialists they are called—walked in a body singing revolutionary songs and shouting: "A bas la calotte," "Down with the clericals." The Mayor, it appears, did not have any objection to the red flag, but gave the Chief of Police orders to watch the procession which the Socialists had arranged in honor of May Day, and to immediately check all disorder. We are sorry to see, in a city such as this, enjoying all the privileges in the gift of the Crown, that there is a festering sore which at any moment bids fair to put a blemish on our fair name. We are told that the crowd was a heterogeneous one. (That we do not doubt); and that they were fired with a common enthusiasm. According to Webster enthusiasm means brain afire. With a red rag tied to a long pole, at the head of a motley crowd shouting party songs, it is easily imagined that some brains had caught fire; but when it came to insult offered to our clergy we ask why were not the offenders held up and made to understand that it was not through the streets of unhappy France they were walking, but in a city where law is respected, in the city of churches, in the city where the clergy enjoy the confidence of all, and where they claim nothing but respect from all classes of citizens. Our Chief Magistrate has it in his own hands now to repress any further Socialist demonstrations, because we see in this the thin end of the wedge, the outcome of which must be viewed with alarm.

BAD POLITICS.

The Conservative Government of the Province of Ontario appears to be allowing itself to drift into an undesirable reputation for sectarianism, which if not wholly deserved, may readily enough be cleared away. The Minister of Education of that Province is a prominent Orangeman, and under his administration it is not denied that he is clearing Catholics out of the public service with little regard to the calls of justice. It is also apprehended that the school legislation and the intended changes within his department are carefully calculated to place Catholic interests at such a disadvantage as they have never been in since the Rev. Mr. Ryerson occupied a dictatorship in the Ontario edu-

THE MONTH OF MAY.

The whole Catholic world is during the present month of May united in giving special honor to the blessed Mother of God.

This title, gentle though it sounds, appeals not to our May Queen so much as that other appellation, so comforting, so consoling, so inspiring with confidence, Refuge of Sinners.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

SS. PHILIP AND JAMES.

The Church celebrated on Tuesday the particular feast of the Apostles Philip and James, the Minor. The latter is patron of the Cathedral.

NO LIQUOR LICENSE.

At St. Evariste de Beauce, Que., no licenses to sell liquor will be granted this year, as the councillors have decided to conform to the wishes of the Archbishop of Quebec and the parish priest in this important matter.

CONFIRMATION SERVICES.

On Saturday His Lordship Bishop Racicot officiated at the confirmation exercises at the Church of St. Charles, Centre street. Three hundred children received the rite.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

The Farmers' Bank of Canada, head office in Toronto, is advertising for subscription 5000 shares of \$100 par value stock at par.

HIS GRACE HAS SUNDAY LIQUOR SELLER PUNISHED

On Sunday afternoon, the 22nd ult., Archbishop Bruchesi held a confirmation service at Viauville. When His Grace was returning to the city he noticed a large gathering in front of one of the hotels in Maisonneuve.

premise. The Archbishop then asked him what he intended to do next Sunday. Not receiving a satisfactory reply, he frankly warned him that he could rely on the most vigorous opposition on his part for the future.

His Grace then telephoned to the Mayor of Maisonneuve and as a result, the police at once paid a visit to the hotel in question, the proprietor being since fined \$30 for Sunday liquor selling.

When speaking to the parishioners of Viauville, the Archbishop referred to the evils of drink and openly declared that twenty-five liquor licenses in Maisonneuve were entirely out of proportion to its population of ten thousand inhabitants.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

The port of Montreal is now open to navigation, and with it last night the first concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club took place. The above event, under the auspices of the Canada Council of the Knights of Columbus, certainly bids fair for a season of unsurpassed enjoyment and culture in this spot, so justly favored and watchfully guarded by its many patrons.

Notes From a Subscriber.

Dear Sir,—For the past two years I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper. I cannot speak too highly of it. It always brings some fun with it, always brings some causes for reflection, and best of all its contents, are its lessons in Catholicity.

Spring is with us again. Her never failing signs are every day becoming more and more certain. The bright sunshine, the warm west wind, the cheering songs of birds, the loosened streams babbling by and the springing flowers all betoken the glad return of spring.

has created man. Some there are who heed not the teachings of God through His Holy Church but through the prayers and zealous labors of the faithful, many of these poor unfortunates are every day hastening to become Christians, so that when they must appear before the judgment seat of Christ there will be nothing between the Creator and creature to mar the retrospect and they will hear the pleasing sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

Our Bishop, Rt. Rev. Dr. McDonald, has been gone from us since January. He was in Rome during the past winter. He is on his way home now and will soon be with us again.

In conclusion, I wish the True Witness every success and may its readers long be spared to reap the benefits of this instructive paper.

CRIPPLING SCIATICA

A Sure and Certain Way to Cure this Terrible Torture.

There is just one sure, scientific cure for sciatica, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, headaches—you must drive the pain from your blood and nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Liniments never cure nerve and blood diseases. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike straight at the cause because they actually make new blood.

Mgr. Le Camus

The Bishop of La Rochelle is admitted to be one of the most learned and far-seeing prelates in France. His opinion, therefore, of the effect of the separation law upon the Church is important. He looks upon it as ushering in an era of renovation, which Catholics will be wise not to misunderstand.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

May 2. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.60; strong bakers, \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4 to \$4.25; and straight rollers, \$3.85 to \$4 in wood; in bags, \$1.80 to \$1.90; extra, in bags, \$1.35 to \$1.50.

GRAIN MARKETS.

One of the large milling companies has advanced their quotations on hard wheat flours 10c per hundred pounds, bringing spring wheat patents up to \$4.60, strong bakers to \$4.10. While this lead has not been followed by all the others as yet, it is likely that a general advance will be made in view of the former feeling that has been ruling for some time and on account of the good demand from all sources.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

The finest grades of creamery today would probably bring from 18c to 18 1/2c per pound, but there is on the market such a quantity of butter which, though not of the finest grade, is good enough to compete with the 18c lines that wholesalers are quoting butter to-day at 17 1/2c to 18c per pound, according to quality.

CANCER OF THE FACE.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

R. J. LATIMER & CO. 21 ST. ANTOINE STREET MONTREAL. We have in stock and sell nearly anything to run on wheels. Light and heavy, one and two horse farm and lumber wagons, Dump Carts, Farmers and Merchants' Express and Delivery Wagons, Speeding and Road Carts, Open and Covered single and double seated buggies and traps.

OBITUARY.

MRS. THOS. MORRISSEY. On Friday last the sudden death occurred of Mrs. Thos. Morrissey. The deceased lady had attended that morning the anniversary service of her father, Mr. John Callaghan, at St. Patrick's Church, and to none was there intimation of the near approach of death.

MR. WILLIAM MALOUGHNEY.

The death occurred on Tuesday morning, the 17th April, at his home in Belledune, N.B., of one of the most respected citizens of the community in the person of Mr. William Maloughney. His death was due to heart trouble. He was a native of Belledune, and was fifty-three years old.

Franciscans and Oxford.

The late Mr. Gladstone, says a writer in The Franciscan Annals, was but voicing the verdict of history when he said that the proudest and the greatest period in the history of Oxford was the time when its most brilliant teachers were Franciscans.

J. J. M. Landy

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FITS CURED

If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you

LEIBIG'S FITCURE

ed the order to its high renown in the championing of Our Lady's great prerogative. And so in the nature of things Oxford will always have an attraction at once romantic and classic for the children of St. Francis in England, somewhat akin to that which Glastonbury or Reading must ever hold for the sons of St. Benedict. Our readers will therefore be interested to know that once again sons of the Seraphic Francis have got back, if not actually into Oxford, to within sight of its towers and hearing of its bells. Our fathers have had the good fortune to secure a home at St. Kenelm's, Temple Coffey, just outside Oxford. It is proposed to establish a preparatory school there for the training of boys intended for our order. The school will not be opened until the autumn. Meanwhile Father Anselm, O.S.F.C., our late provincial, and more recently superior of Crawley, has been appointed to take charge of the new establishment, in which he will have Father Alexius as his first assistant, with Brothers Felix and Pacificus.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. The late Mr. Gladstone, says a writer in The Franciscan Annals, was but voicing the verdict of history when he said that the proudest and the greatest period in the history of Oxford was the time when its most brilliant teachers were Franciscans. To Oxford the sons of St. Francis soon made their way after their first arrival in England, and in Oxford some of the men who for centuries have been the glories of the Order were trained. But especially can we never forget that in Oxford was trained that friar who more than any of his brethren helped

Rev. Father Charlebois, O. M. I. Lost in the Forest.

Rev. Father Charlebois, O.M.I., at Duck Lake, Sask., Canada, writes to the Montreal True Witness:

I received some letters from readers of your paper expressing a desire to hear more about the happenings in my missions, so to please them I will tell a few more incidents.

One midnight there was a brisk rapping at my door and excited voices saying: "Quick, quick, Father, she is very sick."

"Who is it?" I asked. "Marie Canada."

"What can I do for her? She is a Protestant, and I have no medicine in the house."

"Hurry, Father, she wants to be a Catholic before she dies."

Upon those words, I rose up like electricity and was ready in five minutes to go to her.

She was lying on a board, her head propped up with two pillows, an old blanket thrown over her. I had met her a few days before, and she was kind and hospitable to me, as I was passing her cabin.

I looked pleased when she saw me at her side.

"Grandmother" said I, (for the old squaws like the title) what can I do for you?"

She put out her hand to me and said "my Grandson, I wish to say Catholic prayers."

"That is well, grandmother, it will help you to enter the home of the Great Spirit; have courage, the Blessed Mother in heaven will aid you."

I began to instruct her but she told me that she had already been baptized by a priest.

"Long ago," said she, "a Black Robe, like you, passed through the woods and he made a Christian of me, but he went away and I never again saw a priest in the deep forest—there were only Protestants there, and I became like one of them."

I heard her confession and prepared her for death. She was truly penitent. She longed to receive Jesus into her heart; when she did so her grateful prayer was: "My God, I thank Thee; my grandson, I thank you also. I am very happy."

The admirable providence of a merciful God is visible in this conversion for this poor old squaw, contrary to her habit, left the dense woods to come to visit her sister near my mission. Three days after she was about to return home, she fell ill. Behold the goodness of God, when He sends us an affliction it is because He is about to give us some precious grace.

A few days after she died happily while I was offering up the holy sacrifice of the Mass and praying for her. Her last request was that her daughter and grandson, who were Protestants, should become Catholics.

Not long after word was brought to me that a Protestant family at Lake Castor, 60 miles away, wished me to baptise them, so I started off in the face of a fierce north wind, extreme cold and heavy snow. Truly a priest needs the help of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to venture out in such frightful weather in search of souls!

Thank God, I arrived safely, traveling from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. I had gone about 50 miles and was half dead from fatigue when I reached the cabin of a half-breed family. They kindly took me in and let me rest over night. Next morning I finished the distance of 10 miles. It turned out that the mother of the family was the daughter of Marie Canada. As I entered their hut they shook my hand but said not a word. In respect for their grief I also was silent for a time; then I spoke to them of the dead grandmother, exhorting them to be resigned to the holy will of God. They shed many tears, and as I sympathized with them I told them how happy she was in heaven.

"We all wish to become Catholics," said the chief of the family, "we loved her one earth, she was kind to us, we wish to meet her in heaven."

Please baptize us. I wish you would also make my father a Catholic. He is not bathed in prayer (not baptized) and he will soon die."

I was very sorry to hear this about his father. "You have a good will," said I, "but I cannot do this right away. I must first instruct you. I will stay with you for a few days and prepare you and try to convert your father."

This suited them very well. Next morning I said Mass in their miserable cabin. They were on their knees and very attentive. Then I went to see the father. He was civil. I spoke to him of his illness, of the chase, etc. He seemed intelligent and well able to hear and speak, but when I spoke of religion he lost, at once, all power of conversing. He kept saying "I have dull ears, I do not hear you."

His son begged him in a touching manner to listen to me, but it seemed in vain to move his heart. His grandsons said to him: "Grandfather, will you not let yourself be baptized? Oh we would be so happy to have you with us." But these little apostles also met a refusal. Not succeeding for the time being, with this old madman, I still had great consolation with the children. What an ardent desire they had to be instructed. Nearly all the time they were on their knees near me while I taught them their prayers. Their first act in the morning was to assist at Mass. Immediately after, "come quickly," they would say to one another, "let us make the traps to catch the hares so we can give them to the man of prayer (myself). Let us ask the good God to help us." They would return in triumph with twenty or thirty hares. "The Great Spirit has given us plenty for the day, now we will learn more about the religion."

I instructed the family all the time and in three days they had learned the Pater and Ave, the Creed, and the principal truths of religion. They were all extremely happy when I baptized them. I gave them some crucifixes, medals and pictures. I was short one crucifix, and the poor child who did not get one burst out crying. I tried to console him by giving him pictures, and promised to bring him a crucifix when I came again. The family was sad on my leaving them, and so was I, for I was so happy among those simple, innocent souls, sharing in their privations and poverty. Among such as these one feels nearer to God than in the palaces of the rich. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

I returned to my mission, thanking God for the success of my journey. In visiting the different missions I am obliged to travel through immense forests where no railroad has yet reached. Here is one of my ventures. Our caravan was made up of two trains of dog sleds with two Indian guides, a brother, and myself. As the road was bad we led the way on foot, the dogs following with our baggage on the sleds. The sun melted the snow, and we had to plough through this up to our knees in slush. As night came on the cold thickened the snow and it froze to our clothing and made it difficult for us to drag along. After hours of walking the cords of the snowshoes cut our feet, and our socks were soaked with blood. The numerous falls we had made me think of the falls of our Saviour under the weight of His heavy cross, and encouraged us to brave the perils of the road. We started at 4 a.m., and at 6 p.m. we came in sight of a little chapel at Pakitawakan. Here we stopped to rest and to dry my vestments.

We had a board for a bed, but the shelter of the walls was preferable to sleeping outside under the stars. Anxiety for the morrow gave me very little repose, for I met with a great disappointment. I had expected to meet an Indian here who could conduct us to Opapiskotinak. The two guides with me did not know the way beyond Pakitawakan. There was not a man visible at the

place. On entering the chapel I found a shawl hanging from a beam and attached to it a note written in Cree characters which read: "Father, my wife has left me for the other life (she is dead). My heart is sad. I cannot rest here. I will go afar to live. I leave the fish for the dogs. This shawl belonged to my dead wife. Take it and pray for her soul. Joseph Colomb." This old Indian was the guardian of the mission. Imagine in what straits we now were. We were 60 miles off from the nearest camp, separated by a forest, rivers and lakes, which we had never yet seen. I was grieved at the desertion of the Indians from this little mission of the Assumption, thinking what a loss it would be to their souls' salvation. It would not be wise to turn back and yet where could we strike the right road? If we went astray we would perish in the wilderness. In the midst of these sad thoughts I fell asleep. At daybreak I was awakened by the bright sunlight shining upon my face. Instantly recollecting that this was St. Joseph's Day (March 19) I called upon the saintly protector of the Holy Family to lead us out of our danger. I offered the Mass with that intention, and felt that St. Joseph and our guardian angels would become our guides. How fervently we pray when we are in distress. We should pray the same at all times for we are always needy.

We let the poor dogs rest until noon, while we baked the little flour we had, and we made some traps to catch hares in case of a famine. At 1 p.m. we put on our snowshoes and I started ahead, the Brother bravely following me, and the dogs and sleds coming after us. Before leaving Lake Pelican I had a map of the road made on paper by an Indian to guide us to Opapiskotinak, and now I was glad of it. As I went ahead I carried the paper in my hand, examining the forms of the lakes and mountains, the number of islands, etc., to try to discover the right trail.

The previous autumn some Indians had gone over this road on a visit to Rev. Father Ronald, but the snow hid all traces of their pathway. We struck one portage easily, but not the second one, for we wandered two hours without making any headway, going over and over the same road still determined to push on, trusting in God to lead us safely out of the forest.

When darkness came on we halted and said our rosary. A new anxiety worried me. Suppose the Indian had made some mistake on this map or had omitted some indication. Exhaustion brought on a sleep, and we rested on our beds of pine branches till dawn. Then we started off again. I going ahead with my rosary in one hand and the map in the other.

It seemed to me that the Blessed Virgin took one end of my rosary and led me on. We made no mistake this time; we reached each portage safely. Night approaching again we halted and while the Brother and an Indian prepared the beds of pine and the supper, I went with the other Indians to fix traps to catch hares. In the morning we found four hares in the nets. This was enough to feed the dogs on for a day. We had some fish for our meal.

According to my map we were still far off from the camp we were seeking. At noon we crossed a great lake and were delighted on beholding in the distance a man with a dog sled. I felt a great weight roll off my heart at this. We went in his direction and soon saw little huts on a hill above the lake. Seeing us, the Indians came out from their huts, one after the other, like sheep issuing from a fold, the likeness being heightened by the long wrappers they wore made of bearskins. They all offered us their hands, but said not a word. They

SUFFERING WOMEN Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The present generation of women and girls have more than their share of misery. With some it is nervousness and palpitation, with others weak, dizzy and fainting spells, while with others there is a general collapse of the system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart and make it beat strong and regular, create new red blood corpuscles, and impart that sense of buoyancy to the spirits that is the result of renewed mental and physical vigor.

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looked so disconsolate that we knew something sad had occurred. Finally one spoke, "Father," he said, "look here is the child the good God gave me." He pointed to a dying child in his cabin. He could say no more for his voice was choked with sobs. Another Indian, with tears streaming down his face, told me how many he had lost by a raging malady of influenza. "We have all been sick," said he, "but many children have died, and there is one which will soon join them in the other life." The poor Indians' faces showed their sufferings. I consoled and cheered them up.

I thank all those kind people who have sent me clothing for my poor Indians. I will be glad to get it at any time, summer or winter. As long as it is good enough to wear, some poor man, woman or child will be made happy by getting it. God will surely reward the giver. Ship it to me in a strong box by freight only. Put your name inside and outside and address it as follows: Rev. O. Charlebois, O.M.I., St. Michael's School, Duck Lake, Sask., Canada. Charity clothing, Care C.P.Ry.

A letter can be addressed to me as above. A good lady in Ohio sent me two dollars, and a young boy in Hoopston, Ill., sent me one dollar, I will put this into the school fund to try to clear off that debt of \$20,000 due on it. We must bring up the children in the faith so that they will influence others, and in time become parents able to bring up good Catholic children. For this we need the school to keep them under our care. Limited means prevents me from bringing into it hundreds of little souls who to-day are running like animals through the woods. We cannot support them, so cannot take more than we have at present. An offering, no matter how small, will be greatly appreciated and acknowledged. I will write again.

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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 as 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 residence upon the said land. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, 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 of intention to apply for patent. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. OORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior. "I must be off before so you're a Congressman. High up, isn't it? rian, blushing like a am pretty close to g close to make much I get them. And you you said to me about that it would be perhaps. Ah! how er man must live to prophesy." "I have not eaten Scott, "and perhaps

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THURSDAY, M. S. B. CHAPTER XXI.

"We can go to the one of the gentlemen "and rest until the please tell Mr. Waller man on important call upon him after As he is compelled to early in the morning him during the course They went away trouble, and the se forgot to mention the sage. Coming to hi after one, jaded and as was the draught which he had quaffed self on a chair and to aimless thought, stood directly in front he had a full and fa new Congressman—the of society and fam form of the serious y boy who fished, swam many years back on reme. It was a del a satisfying feeling honors gave him. T fulness about the be ple lull of that bitti ambition which had long. He could have this elegant gentlem parted beard and mus serious face, was real loved Ruth Pendleton loved.

The mirror which shapely form seemed its light on him. was very dark, and was looking a shado to grow out of the o come nearer to him and studied it as a cu of the brain until a his ears and notified person had really en The first look at the Florian to believe dreaming, for the m gravely there, as if welcomed, was the li Scott, the hermit o Islands, just as he Paul's play or when him at Linda's grave helmet-fashion, his bl high boots, and the the sharp blue eyes He made no moveme no word, but stood rian until a chill cre Congressman's should "Scott, is this yo holding out his hand like an apparition. "And so I am," sai the proffered hand fo "a ghost of the past more out of place th house?" "You don't look so rian, who felt that t pletely would not be homes of kings, and te his hand and sho it as if he never wou "This is the hand l said in excuse for his have overthrown me glad, but I can't feel snow had happened, yo dently."

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SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXI.—Continued.

"We can go to the hotel," said one of the gentlemen to the other, "and rest until that time. You will please tell Mr. Wallace that a gentleman on important business will call upon him after the reception. As he is compelled to leave the city early in the morning, he must see him during the course of the night."

Florian was stronger to that opinion. Being a Congressman at thirty-one isn't so great a show. It's ordinary in these days, and it's not an evidence of piety, either; do you think so?"

"No doubt you will be able to say that, too, some time," said Scott, and Florian thought his seriousness was intended to mask his sarcasm.

"No doubt, Scott. And you hint that I shall be able to say no more Pshaw! I went to confession and communion last—last spring, and I never miss Mass. I have no taint of liberalism. I object only to Papal infallibility, and that is not yet defined."

"Which means that the whole world is in the secret." "It was a big fall from Clayburg notions," Scott said, with his sharp eyes piercing his very soul.

"I was only a boy then and had no experience." "If you were mine I would be prouder of the boy's actions than of the man's. It was a fair and square move to keep clear of Protestant wives for the sake of the little ones. I don't think you improved on it."

"Perhaps not; but the world, I find, thinks little of these things. I shall always regret my Clayburg obstinacy on that point." He looked up sadly to the picture hanging over the bookcase, and his firm lips trembled. He had lost it all forever, and no one to blame but himself.

"I've no doubt," the hermit said shortly, "an' you'll lose more time than that before you wind up." "See, friend," said Florian, turning with playful sharpness upon him.



From Newfoundland.

LITTLE BAY MISER, Nfld. I suffered five years from epileptic fits. I tried several doctors but they didn't do me any good. Then Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic was recommended to me by our pastor. Since I took it I had no more attacks in six months and I find myself as well as ever.

Mr. W. Ferry writes from Brantford, Ontario, Canada, that he broke an arm, which caused quite a nervous shock to him, for which he took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and derived great relief therefrom.

From Otisabee, Can., Mr. J. E. Devlin writes, I consider Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic a good thing for the nerves and I recommend it to every one suffering from nervousness or any disease of the brain or nerves.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Few patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the

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over periodical literature, and, recognizing among them some of the worst sheets of the day, pointed to them as one would to a rotten carcass, saying, "I've heard the pere give his opinion of them things."

"And it was not a favorable one, I feel sure. Well, a politician must see and read these things in order to keep abreast of the times. They leave no impression on me, save regret for the folly and the crime which produced them."

"The whole place," said Scott, "has a literary atmosphere. I should think you'd want to keep it pure. You were brought up to pure air, pure thinking, pure doing. But this, with a comprehensive gesture around, 'don't look anything like your bringing up.'"

Florian was gnawing his lips with vexation by this time, for the hermit ignored his arguments, his attack and defence and apology entirely, and spoke as if in a soliloquy.

"Bringing-up was a little roughly done in Clayburg," said he carelessly, "and a little narrow-minded. If I had remained there I would have gone on ignorant of the world and its great though erring minds. It does not injure man to know of his great brethren, even if they be fallen."

"Has it done you any good?" asked the hermit, fixing once more upon him the gentle eyes. "You say you read 'em because you wanted to talk about 'em with people who had them on their lips always. Well, you have done your talking, and your end is reached. What's the good?"

"I have learnt something from their errors and from their story, like the sailor who passes the scene of a comrade's shipwreck. You will never find me advocating Rousseau's civil-government ideas or believing in Hume's idealism or—but I beg your pardon; I had forgotten that you were unacquainted with these things. Dry enough, aren't they, even when compared with dry politics! But there, my dear friend, this is not what you came for from Clayburg. You have some news for me, have you not? How's fishing in Eel Bay? And how do people comport themselves in the steady old town?"

"I don't know much about 'em, but I believe they're well. Your sister's eldest child died, you know—'he did not but thought it best to say nothing—and your father, as you heard, had a narrow escape with rheumatism of the heart."

He had not heard that either, and was ashamed to think that letters from home had been lying unopened and forgotten for weeks on his table.

"They was kind of expectin' you'd show up there soon. They don't know your vocation is so well settled, and they thought your likin's was stronger."

"Business with a young man," said Florian, "is usually too pressing to admit of much recreation."

"I s'pose." The tone of these two words was delightful, and, although they stung him, Florian was compelled to laugh.

"When you return, Scott, you can tell them how well I am looking and how neatly my new office fits me. Next year I shall try to deliver an oration at their Fourth of July turnout. And to this you can add your own opinions of me."

"I would not like to," said Scott shaking his head. "It wouldn't please your friends to know you as you are. You've changed, boy, for the worse. The man that reads such books and thinks as you think—he's on the wrong road. I hope for Linda's sake you won't reach it's end. That little grave ought to be a reproach to you. I have a paper that you writ before you left, and I brought it down, thinkin' perhaps you might care to read it."

"Nonsense!" said Florian roughly; "let the buried past stay in its grave."

The hermit sighed secretly, and before either could speak again a knock came to the door, and Pete Rougevin entered and shook hands with Florian warmly.

"Glad to see you in your new honors, Flory," with the gentle, upward wave of the hand that the young man knew so well; "hope they will wear and stand a public washing. Scott here is quite sombre-looking. You've been recalling old reminiscences. What a fine library! Standard works, too! Um, um! Voltaire—oh! Schlegel—very good! Goethe—ah! Rousseau—there's the politician! Your reading is comprehensive, Flory, shining, like the sun, on the good and bad indifferently! There's the mind of your true modern statesman."

"See the difference between the two men," said Florian, smiling, yet quite aware of the pere's biting sarcasm. "Here this vicious hermit has been reviling me for reading these things."

"Well, Scott has old-fashioned views," said the pere. "He hardly understands the vigor of the faith in our rising Catholic generation—how easily these assaults of Satan are beaten back by their vigorous arms, and how quickly these storms of infidelity melt from them like water off a duck's back, as the old lady said. But no one can persuade him. He is morbid and melancholy. He would have us all hermits."

Scott rose and prepared to go. "I am sorry for you," he said, with a long look at Florian, more direct and earnest than he usually gave to any one. "Good-by."

"Good-by," said Florian, but they did not shake hands. The pere was standing with his eyes on Ruth's picture.

"That should not be there," he said, as he offered his hand for the parting salute; "but the old love seems to die hard."

"Shall I see you in Washington this winter?" said Florian, ignoring these remarks. "You are always talking of a visit there; surely you will make it now."

"It is likely, thank you, unless,"—and he looked at him slyly—"you begin to make speeches on education."

He was gone the next minute, and the new Congressman, weary and irritated, returned to his meditations in disgust.

These two men were slowly fading out of his life, and it was hard to endure in silence their rustic sarcasms, but he was determined they would disturb him no more with their allusions. Even if their charges were true, what use in making them? He would not go back to the rusticity of Clayburg, and in minor points a politician could not bathe with the strict laws of conscience. In essentials it was different. The mention of Linda's grave had stirred him and it brought back her dying words and the sweet love she had for him.

"I wonder," he thought curiously as he fell asleep—he would once have spurned the thought with indignation—"if I could ever forget that last scene and those last words. O Linda! I pray with all my heart that we may meet again."

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM. The Slightest Backache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system.

The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain.

How many women have you heard say: "My, how my back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating spots before the eyes, etc.

These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50 as all 4 values, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

CHAPTER XXII.

The clouds had been gathering over the city of Washington during the whole of a warm afternoon, and a little after sunset the rain began to fall, lightly at first in a troublesome drizzle, and later in a heavy downpour. The city lamps were not lighted. The municipal almanac had that night announced a full moon, and although the threatening of the heavens was plain enough for six hours before darkness, the officials preferred to stand by the almanac and leave pedestrians and thieves to stumble and grow profane in the Egyptian darkness. A private dwelling on one street had lighted the lamp before its own doors, as if in order that thirsty people might the better see the advertisement of a neighboring drinking-shop, and under this lamp at the same moment two dripping gentlemen stopped for the purpose of lighting cigars. Both stood in the rim of light that fell from the lamp, and naturally each eyed the other with polite though ill-veiled curiosity.

The Hon. Florian Wallace shivered slightly at the first impression of the stranger's face. It was so white, so dull, so cruel; and the flickering light of the lamp, and the red glow of the match gave it a very sinister expression besides. The stranger looked at him slyly but strangely for a long time, as if he were studying a familiar but long-forgotten scene and trying to place it in his memory.

"It is a queer meeting," thought Florian. "We came from opposite directions with the same intention, and we are interested in each other. I never saw a face that disgusted me more."

In fact, Florian grew very nervous and unsettled while they stood in that central spot of light, and the inquisitive glances of the stranger's little, sharp eyes actually pained him. With a hasty remark about the weather, he plunged into the darkness on his homeward way, and stumbled along the street for a few blocks until want of breath had assisted the wind and rain in restoring his senses. He tried to analyze the circumstances which had induced a sensation so new and so apparently unworthy of its object. He had walked the streets on such nights many a time, had met with people of every shade and manner, some more disgusting than the stranger, had faced dangerous characters even, and had never feared or trembled as he had to-night. It might have been the strain of the day's labor. He was not so strong, or he might be taking a cold, and was prepared, like weak-nerved people, to make ghosts of unusual-looking men and to tremble at presentiments. He was ready to laugh at himself when he reached the hotel in its warmth and brightness and social cheer he felt ashamed of his fears, and amused acquaintances with a description of his feelings and an analysis of the features of the stranger.

It was awkward that in the loneliness of his room the face should return to his mind like the memory of a portrait, shaping its thin lips, sharp eyes, pallor, beard, and coldness against a darkness of wind and rain. He began to think he was going into a fever, but his steady pulse and cool head were not indications. Sleeping, he found the face in every contortion of his troubled dreams. It was the more peculiar because of Florian's cold, steady character. His imagination was warm enough, but habit kept it in a refrigerator. What state of feeling could account for the phenomenon? The rush of business next day prevented him from dwelling on it often, and until he came to speak on some bill in the house he did not once recall the strange face. He was in the middle of a speech, and the house was listening with more deference than young members usually get, when he stopped, stammered through a sentence, hesitated, and then, with an effort, resumed his speech and finished. The cause of the interruption was a glimpse he had gotten of the stranger in the gallery surveying him with an opera glass.

He began to get angry with himself. He determined that if the face were to haunt him forever he would never allow it to disturb him again. When he was preparing to attend a late session next evening he met the stranger in the office of the hotel and shivered involuntarily. The gentleman was a man of ordinary ugliness, and seemed to be a foreigner, of an expression not particularly agreeable nor yet decidedly repulsive. He was dressed well and looked human, but Florian's obstinate fancy persisted in seeing his face as he had seen it two nights before, apart from his neat dress, gay necktie, handsome felt hat, and other pleasant circumstances; yet he had to admit that any countenance



SURPRISE SOAP

A PURE HARD SOAP



SURPRISE SOAP

is pure hard soap made of the finest grade material by the best available skill with the latest and most approved type of machinery, and is sold at the same price as ordinary soap.

would look terrible when seen under a strong light with no other part of the human figure visible. After he had addressed him politely and referred to their meeting in the rain and the stranger had courteously replied in a foreign accent, he still was uncomfortable. "Evidently," he thought, "we represent the poles of human feeling. We should be miles apart for our own happiness. I can never take to him."

The stranger was probably a traveller studying life at the capital, for Florian saw him often at remote distances examining buildings and watching the scenes of everyday life. It came to be a positive irritation to meet him, which required all his resolution to keep under restraint. The stranger frequented the hotel, and was occasionally in conversation with a daintily-dressed, dark-skinned young man of light, engaging manner, who made Florian the object of his careful study. However, the face ceased to be troublesome within a few weeks, and almost passed out of his memory.

He was pleased and surprised to find Mrs. Merriion's card on his table one evening. She did not usually spend the winters in Washington, but he was glad to know that she was to be in the city during the session; for of the many women he had met in casual society, Barbara was one of the most charming, and appeared to appreciate him without being capable of matrimonial designs. A father clever woman he thought her, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the world—an immense addition to the household of any man. What would stupid Merriion be, whom no one ever heard of except in connection with his wife, if he had not taken this diamond from its rough setting in Clayburg and transferred it to his own bosom? This reminded him—and he needed little reminding—how necessary it was that he himself should soon set up his household. He was heartsore yet with regard to Ruth, and he hardly cared to put any one in her place, except as ambition stirred him.

The ball which Mrs. Merriion gave a week or two later was filled with an assemblage of the highest people in the city, and was really a brilliant scene. Mr. Merriion had come expressly from New York to be present at it, and was assisting his wife in doing the honors of the evening when Florian entered and paid his respects. Uniforms of embassies were sprinkled plentifully through the throng, and Mrs. Merriion gazed upon them in ecstatic delight.

"If there is anything I do like," said she, with a giggle, to Florian, "it is the army, navy and embassy uniforms. They give such an air to a room! By the way," she added, "I wish you to make the acquaintance of one of the nicest young men here to-night."

They proceeded to the music-room and heard a tenor voice rolling off some foreign syllables.

(To be continued.)

John Philipot Curran is remembered as the great forensic orator of a day when eloquent advocates were more plentiful than ever since, and as a great wit among great wits.

A tall and portly Irish barrister remarked to him: "If you go on so I'll put you in my pocket."

"Egad! if you do, you'll have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head," was the neat retort.

1906. ELSON, BUILDING, AGENT, STREET, ing and Col- ate charges, ay & service OS., reot Steamfitters, EN, ended To, 04, EN, live Painter, ATIVE, Orders promptly Office, 647 Dor- set, Montreal. 205. ILEY, BR. ublished in 1866. ing, Repairs of, Estimation fur- to. t. Charles. to. OF, AGENT; LIGHTS WORK & CO., t. W. NORTH-WEST. ATIONS. ection of De- Manitoba on, excepting. ed, may be- son who is- ly, or any- age, to the- ection of 180 personally at- the district, or if the- may, on ap- r of the In- mmissioner of or the local- for some one- quired to per- nected there- owing plant- ha's residence the land as- a. nother, if she- is homestead- the vicinity, the require- may be satisfi- in writing; Commissioner Ottawa of in- ent. blication of not be paid. O. CORY. e Interior- ITS

Nestor of Catholic Journalistic Fraternity Passes away

Was Prominent in the Irish Political Movement in '48.

Patrick J. Meehan, editor of the Irish American, the oldest distinctively Irish newspaper in the United States...

Mr. Meehan was born in the city of Limerick, Ireland, Aug. 17, 1831, of an old and respected family...

His school days, up to his seventeenth year, were passed in one of the old-time classical schools for which the "City of the Violated Treaty" was famous...

After the death of O'Connell and the gloom and disaster of '48, Mr. Lynch, like so many others who had been prominent in the political movement...

Mr. Meehan's inclinations leading him to adopt journalism as a profession, he became attached to the Scientific American, where he remained but a short time...

On the death of Mr. Lynch in May, 1857, Mr. Meehan succeeded to the chief editorial chair of the paper...

As a leading journalist Mr. Meehan had naturally been prominently connected with Irish-American politics. The tone of his paper has always been conservative and consistent with the fixed principles of Irish nationality...

When the Civil War broke out, and there was question as to how Irish-Americans should stand on the subject of secession, Mr. Meehan strongly espoused the cause of the Union...

Besides his journalistic work he has edited and prepared for the press a number of volumes of the "Irish-American Library," notably Father Burke's sermons and lectures...

These he enriched with copious historical notes and references. He also compiled for many years the "Irish-American Almanac, a valuable year book, and published the Gaelic class books without whose aid the movement for the resuscitation of the Irish language would have been inoperative.

He was thoroughly familiar with all the mechanical science of journalism which, united with a quick perception and ready flow of thought, expressed in the most pleasing and ornate style, made him one of the journalist leaders of the day.

His success is practically evidenced by the Irish-American, which during the fifty-eight years it has been published has seen so many promising rivals come up and disappear into

oblivion after brief and fitful careers. Of contemporaneous Irish history he had an intimate familiarity...

Mr. Meehan often appeared on the platform, where as a public speaker, his success was no less marked than it was in the editorial chair.

When the New Jersey Militia was reorganized he formed Company A of the old Fourth Battalion and was the senior Captain of that command until it was merged in the Ninth Regiment...

Mr. Meehan is survived by a widow and eight children. Surrounded by his family and a host of friends he celebrated two years ago his golden jubilee.

The funeral from St. Paul of the Cross Catholic Church, Hudson City, was attended by a distinguished gathering of priests and laymen...

WOMEN WHO SUFFER SHOULD READ THIS

She was Cured of Female Troubles by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Made a New Woman of Her and she Blesses the Day She First Heard of Them.

Newmarket, Ont., April 30.—(Special.)—The case reported below is another of the many thousands of instances of Dodd's Kidney Pills coming to the rescue of weak, suffering women.

"For more than three years I suffered from weakness and female trouble brought on through my kidneys failing to act properly. I was bothered with a pain in the small of my back, headaches, dizzy spells, heart flutterings, depression, loss of sleep, poor appetite and a terrible dragging sensation as if a weight was fastened round my loins.

Cardinal Newman's Pen Picture of Attica.

Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there—Athens, the city of mind—as radiant as splendid, as delicate, as young as ever she had been.

Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue Aegean, many is the spot more beautiful or sublime to see, many the territory more ample, but there was one charm in Attica, which in the same perfection was nowhere else.

The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift. Boeotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it.

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length and thirty its greatest breadth, two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle, three prominent mountains commanding the plain—Parnes, Pentelicus and Hymettus—an unsatisfactory soil, some streams, not always full—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica.

Always a Good Friend.—In health and happiness we need no friends but when pain and prostration come we look for friendly aid from sympathetic hands.

Photography COMPLETE INSTRUMENT with two plates, only \$1.00 post paid. Includes a small illustration of a person operating a camera.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE Shareholders of the Montreal Bridge & Terminal Company for the election of Directors...

Dated at Montreal, this 30th day of April, 1906. C. A. SARA, Secretary.

have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive, silver mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first rate; olives in profusion.

He would not think of writing a word to his employers how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out yet blended and subdued the colors on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth.

He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus, he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees, nor take much account of the rare flavor of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand.

He would look over the Aegean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but this thought would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those graceful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and disappear, in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore—he would not deign to notice the restless, living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it.

He would not deign to notice the restless, living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distant detail, nor the refined coloring, nor the graceful outlines and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun—our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure.

Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, to whom a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery, choking sands, would have shown him in a measure what a real university must be, by holding out to him the sort of country which was its suitable home.

Always a Good Friend.—In health and happiness we need no friends but when pain and prostration come we look for friendly aid from sympathetic hands. These hands can serve us no better than in rubbing in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, for when the Oil is in the pain is out. It has brought relief to thousands who without it would be indeed friendless.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Double Daily Transcontinental Train Service. Commencing May 6th

Leave Montreal daily 9:00 a.m. Arrive Montreal daily Atlantic Express 7:00 a.m. Imperial Limited 6:30 p.m.

CHANGES IN TIME Improved Suburban Service Taking Effect May 6, 1906 FROM WINDSOR ST. STATION.

Montreal Jct., Dorval, Lakeside, Beaconsfield—19:30 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 11:30 p.m., 14:15 p.m., 15:15 p.m., 16:15 p.m., 17:15 p.m., 18:15 p.m., 19:15 p.m., 20:15 p.m., 21:15 p.m., 22:15 p.m., 23:15 p.m., 24:15 p.m., 25:15 p.m., 26:15 p.m., 27:15 p.m., 28:15 p.m., 29:15 p.m., 30:15 p.m., 31:15 p.m., 32:15 p.m., 33:15 p.m., 34:15 p.m., 35:15 p.m., 36:15 p.m., 37:15 p.m., 38:15 p.m., 39:15 p.m., 40:15 p.m., 41:15 p.m., 42:15 p.m., 43:15 p.m., 44:15 p.m., 45:15 p.m., 46:15 p.m., 47:15 p.m., 48:15 p.m., 49:15 p.m., 50:15 p.m., 51:15 p.m., 52:15 p.m., 53:15 p.m., 54:15 p.m., 55:15 p.m., 56:15 p.m., 57:15 p.m., 58:15 p.m., 59:15 p.m., 60:15 p.m., 61:15 p.m., 62:15 p.m., 63:15 p.m., 64:15 p.m., 65:15 p.m., 66:15 p.m., 67:15 p.m., 68:15 p.m., 69:15 p.m., 70:15 p.m., 71:15 p.m., 72:15 p.m., 73:15 p.m., 74:15 p.m., 75:15 p.m., 76:15 p.m., 77:15 p.m., 78:15 p.m., 79:15 p.m., 80:15 p.m., 81:15 p.m., 82:15 p.m., 83:15 p.m., 84:15 p.m., 85:15 p.m., 86:15 p.m., 87:15 p.m., 88:15 p.m., 89:15 p.m., 90:15 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