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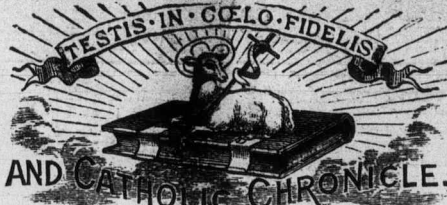
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By a degree dated May 25, 1908,
the following books, all but one by
French authors, were placed on the
Index. L'Abbe Emmanuel Barbier,
"Le Progres de Liberalisme Cathol-

The True Witness



MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Vol. Gardien de la Salle
de Lecture
Feb 19 1909.
Assemblée Legislative

Note and Comment.

In the parade at the laying of the corner-stone of the Minneapolis Pro-Cathedral a few weeks ago were 20 Japanese converts who were received into the Church in March and April last by Father Cosgrove, of St. Vincent's, St. Paul's, Minn.

Count Albert de Mun has issued an appeal to the Catholics of France for the promotion of a religious revival. He says that only by social reformation can the Church in France recover contact with the people. Ever since the passing of the Jules Ferry education laws, the French masses have become more and more estranged from the Church, and they are now so organized that they can not be induced to listen forthwith to religious discourses.

At the conferring of degrees at Trinity College, Dublin, amongst the recipients of honors were Sir Horace Plunkett (LL.D.), and a Benedictine Father, the Right Rev. Cuthbert Butler, Lord Abbot of Downside (Litt. D.). The honoring of a Catholic priest in this way by Trinity College is believed to be quite unprecedented.

In response to Mr. Redmond's recent call for a vigorous Home Rule campaign in the English constituencies, the members of the Batterssea Branch of the United Irish League have arranged a series of open-air meetings to be held in that district each Sunday during the next three months.

Visitors to Cork will be glad to learn that after a few months' detention in England the Bells of Shandon have been restored to their home. One of the famous chimes having got cracked the whole set was transferred some time ago to Loughborough to be completely repaired by the successors of the firm by whom the bells were originally cast. In the interval the "Bells of Shandon," that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee, have lain dumb in the foreign place to which it was, unfortunately, found necessary to send them.

On Monday the Grand Trunk Pacific had completed the laying of their rails from Winnipeg to Battle River, a distance of 675 miles, where the work of construction will necessarily cease for the next three months, and until the completion of the new bridge which is being erected over the Battle River. The concrete approaches and piers for this bridge are now approaching completion.

An "all Irish" industrial conference is to be held in Galway, September 16 and 17 at which one of the special subjects will be the opening up of new markets for Irish goods outside Ireland. In addition to delegates from Irish chambers of commerce and public bodies, acceptances have already been received from Dr. Douglas Hyde, president of the Gaelic League; the Duke of Abercorn, Lord Pirrie, of Belfast, Lord Castle-town, the Earl of Dunraven, Stephen Gwynn, M.P., Lord Clonbrock, Sir Horace Plunkett and representatives of all political opinions.

Invitations have been sent to the chambers of commerce of America, Canada and the Australasian colonies with a view to their taking part in the attempt to open up fresh outlets for Irish trade.

The death at Kilkenny of Mr. Geo. King Magee, who, until four years ago, occupied the position of chief reporter on the staff of the Irish Times, occurred recently. Mr. Magee began his career as a reporter on the Kilkenny Times more than forty years ago. On the resignation of Mr. Short, Mr. Magee was appointed chief of the reporting corps, and during the long number of years he occupied the position he discharged his responsible duties with vigilance and activity.

By a degree dated May 25, 1908, the following books, all but one by French authors, were placed on the Index. L'Abbe Emmanuel Barbier, "Le Progres de Liberalisme Cathol-

ique en France sous le Pape Leon XIII." Histoire Documentaire. Paris: Lethielleux. And by the same author, "Ne melez pas Leon XIII. au Liberalisme" (Ibid. 1907). Jean d'Alma, "La Controverse du Quatrieme Evangile." (Paris: E. Nourry, 1907). Antoine Dupin, "Le Dogme de la Trinite dans les Trois Premiers Siecles" (Ibid. 1907). C. Romano d'Azzi, "Un Vasto Inganno: La Risurrezione dei Morti." Studio Critico. (Rome: Enrico Voghera, 1907). Ferdinand Hamelin, "Le Journal d'un Pretre." Roman. (Paris: Stock, 1908). It is announced at the end of the decree that Paul Bureau, whose book was condemned by the Congregation of the Index, has made his submission.

One million three hundred thousand applications for divorce in the past twenty years, and about nine hundred thousand decrees of divorce granted! We can scarcely believe it, but such are the figures of the Census Bureau. No wonder Cardinal Lague said the great danger threatening America was by divorce. We doubt whether there is even a pagan nation in the world except Japan that can equal our undesirable record in this respect. It is a pre-eminence of which we are not proud.—True Voice.

An exceptional incident occurred a few days ago in the monastery church at Melleray, Iowa, when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson, farmers, and their ten children were baptized and became Catholics, the parents and five of the children receiving First Holy Communion together at the hands of the venerable pastor of the parish, Father David, who gave the family instructions in the faith they had accepted.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson belonged to no church. They lived in a neighborhood which had a strictly Catholic atmosphere, and they drew closer to the faith day by day. Finally they made up their minds to join the church and interviewed Father David. The aged priest was only too happy to assist them in their quest for knowledge and their conversion followed.

French Priest Artisans About to Display Their Products.

One cannot but admire the courage which the French priests have shown in the losses which the separation act has brought upon them, says Rome. Out of the fifty thousand priests in France, nearly forty-five thousand were practically dependent on the Government stipend for their maintenance. Now, therefore, that this has been taken away, they are dependent on the charity of the faithful for their support, except in so far as they are able to do something other than the performance of their sacred ministry to help themselves. On this account it occurred to the Abbe Ballu, of the town of Farnay, to suggest a means by which priests could be free from solely depending on their people to provide for them. This suggestion was that an association should be formed of priests who were willing to use their hands as well as their heads for providing themselves with an income. The idea was taken up, and there are now some six hundred priests belonging to the association of Priest Workmen.

The association has an office where orders for work are received, as well as an official circular which it issues, advertising what its workers have for sale, and inviting orders. Pretty well every sort of work is undertaken, including the rearing of fowls and rabbits, the cultivation of vegetables and the preparation of various kinds of confections, as well as the more arduous labors of carpentry, carpet weaving and book-binding.

These plucky workers are now about to hold the first exhibition of their work, which is to be opened by the Archbishop of Tours. It is to be hoped that it will prove the success that the pluck of its promoters deserves.

CORNER STONE LAID OF NEW TORONTO CHURCH.

In full view of the largest crowd which ever witnessed such an event, the corner stone of the new St. Helen's Church was laid on Tuesday. The clergy and altar boys formed in procession and wended their way to the north-west corner of the church, where the stone remained suspended by pulleys. The blessing was given by Bishop McEvay, assisted by Rev. P. Coyle as deacon and Rev. Fawcett Canning as sub-deacon. Dr. Tweedy showed the need of such sacred edifices in a well planned discourse. A large number of clergy were present.

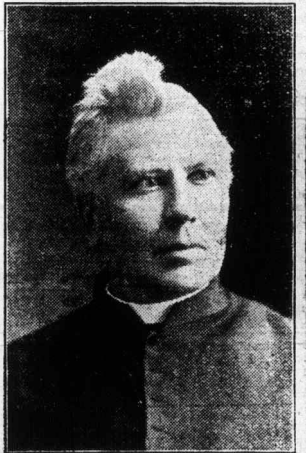
Silver Jubilee of Rev. D. P. McMenamin P. P.

The sun rose in all its glory and splendor on Sunday, the 12th inst., bringing good cheer to the happy hearts of the parishioners of Biddulph, who were celebrating the silver jubilee of their noble and worthy pastor.

At 10.30 o'clock the church was crowded to its capacity and with the joyful peal of the organ the happy jubilarian, assisted by Rev. J. T. Brennan and Rev. W. S. Benn, and the sanctuary choir, proceeded to the main altar, which was richly decorated with brilliant lights and sweetly scented flowers, to offer up the happy event of his festival day.

During the Mass the choir ably rendered appropriate music, solos being sung by Miss Lena and Mr. T. Morkin, Miss M. J. Martin, Mr. A. Crumican, Miss A. and Mr. J. Dewan and Miss Christina Breen.

A very touching and instructive sermon was preached by the Rev. Pastor himself, who took for his text, "Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedek." At the introduction of his sermon he briefly outlined the principal events of his priestly career during the past twenty-five years, after which he discoursed in eloquent terms upon the great dignity of the holy priesthood.



REV. D. P. McMENAMIN.

At the end of the Mass Mr. Z. McIlhargey, assisted by Mr. Ed. McLaughlin and Mr. A. Lamphier, on behalf of the parish, read the following address, accompanied by the presentation of a well-filled purse: Rev. and Dear Father:

On behalf of the congregation of St. Patrick's Parish of Biddulph, we, the undersigned, take great pleasure on this the occasion of the celebration of your Silver Jubilee to offer you our best wishes and sincerest congratulations, and with hearts filled with joy we have come to join with you in the happy commemoration of eighty-three.

Over five years ago you came amongst us, a stranger you may say, and since then you have so endeared yourself in our affections that we look upon you as one of our own. Your interest in our spiritual as well as our temporal welfare; your priestly labor, at all times, regardless of occasion, place or circumstances; your undying zeal coupled with your sterling qualities of prudence and consistency, have linked our hearts with yours in never ceasing love and appreciation. The excellent work you have just accomplished in our church is ample proof of your great love for the House of God and the people of Biddulph, whose welfare has been your sole and long ambition for the past five years.

Little thought we that this envied opportunity would be afforded us, parishioners of Biddulph, as it is the first occasion on which we have assembled to congratulate our pastor on the happy event of his silver jubilee, and we do so to-day, dear Father, with hearts filled with love and pride and as a token of which we ask you to accept this accompanying purse, which we know and trust you will not place in the scale of our devotion and appreciation, for it is only a slight manifestation of our good-will and heartfelt wishes, and we sincerely hope that God in His goodness will spare you and your beloved parents to celebrate your golden jubilee, and that it will be amongst the people of Biddulph, who have learned to love you so much.

Signed on behalf of the parish, ZACHARIAH MCILHARGEY, ANTHONY LAMPHIER, EDWARD MC LAUGHLIN, JAMES DEWAR

Immediately after Dr. T. D. Orme, Mr. J. Fox and Mr. J. J. Hodgins, on behalf of the Protestant faith of Lucan, presented a beautifully mounted sterling silver service, accompanied by the following address: Rev. Father McMenamin,

P. P. of Biddulph. As this is the first occasion on which a clergyman of your faith has celebrated his Silver Jubilee in this community, it is, therefore, the first opportunity of this kind that we lay-

men have had of expressing our gratitude to the Giver of all good for having continued His divine favor unto this time of life upon so humble yet so worthy a follower of our common Lord and Master. We therefore congratulate you, Reverend Father, upon having attained to the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination, and pray the continuance of God's mercies until you celebrate your golden jubilee in the same high calling.

We have long since learned to appreciate the worth of your true manhood and have been deeply impressed with that honesty of purpose, that broad sympathy for your fellowmen, and that kind yet sterling integrity which has won not only the hearts of your own parishioners but also the admiration of the whole community.

While we are deeply conscious of your zeal for your church, yet we have ever found you ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to true men wherever they may be found. Thus your genuine broad-mindedness has been a true blessing to this community, blessing not only him that gives but also those that receive.

We ask, you, Reverend Father, to accept this silver service as a slight token of our esteem and as you quench your thirst from it with the water of earth's pure fountain, may your soul be ever refreshed with the living water from the Fountain of Life which flows from God's eternal throne.

Signed on behalf of your Lucan friends, G. A. STANLEY, J. E. SCHMIDT, H. A. MCWEN, T. D. ORME, M.D., JOHN FOX, J. J. HODGINS, C. HASKETT.

Rev. D. P. McMenamin, in reply to both addresses, heartily thanked both his own parishioners and his Protestant friends for the honor and kindness conferred upon him, hoping that the friendly relations would ever exist and that he was happy to be living in a community that upheld the golden rule of the Divine Master "Love ye one another as I have loved you."

On the following day several priests of the diocese of London, among whom were the Rev. Fr. T. Brennan, Rev. P. Corcoran, Rev. D. McRae, Rev. T. West, Rev. G. Northcotes and Rev. J. Hanlon, assembled at the residence of Father D. P. McMenamin to offer him their sincerest congratulations. After a sumptuous dinner Rev. Father Hanlon, on behalf of his brother priests, presented him with a handsome golden chalice, and an address expressing their esteem and best wishes.

One happy feature of the occasion was the presence of the parents of Father McMenamin, who came from Montreal to assist at their son's jubilee.

In the evening St. Patrick's choir met at the pastor's residence and presented him with a beautiful address and sermon, in testimony of their kindly wishes and congratulations, to which Father McMenamin replied with feelings of pride and gratitude.

Among the many presents received were conspicuous a rich stole, from the Sacred Heart Convent, London; a beautiful lace alb from Mount St. Joseph's Convent, London, and an Irish lace surplice from friends in Ireland, besides several costly pieces of silverware from friends in Montreal, Detroit and Cleveland.

The event in every way proved to be a very happy feast and one to be long remembered.

Father McMenamin is in truth a son, and a very worthy one, of St. Gabriel's parish, he having served his first Mass there, was ordained and celebrated his first holy Mass, and also, at the invitation of the pastor, Rev. W. O'Meara, preached the first sermon in the new church. So it is easy to understand that a close bond exists between Father McMenamin and St. Gabriel's, and we are sure that they rejoice with him in having reached the 25th milestone in his priestly career. May many more happy, fruitful years be granted him.

Catholic Summer School.

Cliff Haven, July 23. With one of the most beautiful and eloquent sermons ever heard in the chapel of Our Lady of the Lake, Rev. Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P., of New York, on Sunday fittingly inaugurated the fourth week of the Catholic Summer School of America. Full of unusual interest, the past week will take a high place in the history of the School, not alone in point of numbers, in the richness of the intellectual feast, in the delightfulness of the social gatherings, but especially in the realization of the noble purpose for which the colony was founded for which the colony of all these with a beautiful Catholic atmosphere pervading all.

The family gathering on Sunday evening took the form of a reception in honor of Rt. Rev. Mgr. J. F. Loughlin, of Philadelphia, second president of the School. Following the overture by Greene's orchestra, Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D.,

made a few opening remarks, after which Mr. C. W. Zeckwer favored the assembly with two piano selections, "Irish Idol," written by himself, and "Polonaise in C sharp minor," by Chopin. Following Mr. Zeckwer, Father Smith introduced Mr. James Francis O'Donnell, who gave a powerful delineation of the great Cardinal Richelieu in the Curse scene. A soprano solo by Miss Frances O'Donnell brought to a close the musical part of the programme, after which Mgr. Loughlin in his happiest vein expressed his appreciation of the gathering and programme arranged in his honor.

With the series of five lectures on "Education during the age of the Renaissance," Rev. Robert Schwiebert, S.J., Professor of History at Holy Cross College, opened the morning lectures for the week with a most lucid and scholarly presentation of the educational system of that period, giving due and deserving credit to the Catholic Church for the building up and conservation of that great educational force.

Under the guiding hand of Mr. William P. Oliver, of Brooklyn, most delightful trips were taken "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," to "The Days Gone Bye," and other charming spots which the poet Riley has so beautifully portrayed. From "Old Aunt Mary's" to the "Sage of Archey Road" may seem a sharp turn, but Mr. Oliver proved the homely philosophy of Mr. Dooley as ridiculous and effervescent with rich humor as he had shown the wholesome dialect of Riley full of pathos and heart-interest.

The two lectures on "The Rediscovered Ancient East," by Rev. William F. Sullivan, C.S.P., of Chicago, were intensely interesting studies in those much neglected Oriental races, and brought to a close a splendid week of lectures.

A week filled with notable events, not the least interesting was the fine musical programme presented. Under the direction of Mr. Camille W. Zeckwer, of the Philadelphia Academy of Music, the Choral Union on Wednesday evening gave the first sacred concert of the year.

The social week was opened most auspiciously on Monday with a euchre party at the Curtis Pine Villa under the direction of Captain B. J. Kiernan and Mrs. H. Curtis Lenihan, hostesses. The Albany cottage was also on Monday evening the scene of one of the pretty social gatherings of the season. In honor of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Loughlin, the Philadelphia Cottage on Thursday gave a farewell reception and a host of friends gathered to bid the Monsignor adieu and to enjoy the musical programme which Miss Katherine Powers had arranged in his honor. With a reception at the Marquette and a musicale at the Algonquin, the most brilliant social week was brought to a close.

The camp fire this week proved full of "live coals" as the boys had promised, and the new amphitheatre could not accommodate the crowd which gathered around the fire in the woods to witness the unique performance which the boys had prepared for the occasion.

One of the pretty events of the week was the presentation of medals to the successful contestants in the week's sports. Between the performances of "Dream Faces" and the "Violin Maker of Cremona" this evening, Rev. John Talbot Smith formally presented the beautiful medals to the winners of the different contests. It was a most felicitous occasion, especially to the youngsters who, amid the plaudits of proud parents and friends, stepped up to receive the coveted honors.

English Catholics and Irish Home Rule.

On the devoted head of the Rev. R. H. Benson, the distinguished English convert and author, the wrath of representative Irish Catholic public men continues to fall, as a result of his unfortunate letter in the London Tablet on Irish Home Rule, to which the Observer alluded last week. Mr. John Redmond, M.P., the chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, has made a calm and effective reply to Father Benson and other English Catholics who share his doubts, or rather misgivings, on the question. Now that valiant and self-sacrificing patriot, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., comes forward to express his views on the same subject. Addressing a meeting of Irishmen in England he said: "I cannot refrain from reading a passage of that letter, because it is so characteristic of the whole of this campaign, against which this resolution is a protest. It is written by the Rev. Hugh Benson, a distinguished Catholic priest and writer: 'Political Irishmen would, of course, form a large part of any Irish Government that might be set up—what a horrible thing—and unless English Catholics are satisfied that these men put their faith before all else, they are hardly likely to wish to see their elevation to power. If it is possible to be reassured on these points, I shall be very grateful.' I think human audacity and impertinence never reached a higher pitch. If Father Benson is assured that we, Irish Catholics, who, throughout the whole course of our history, have never sacrificed

Father Holland to be Honored.

As a mark of the high esteem in which Rev. Father Holland is held and as a tribute to his priestly zeal his friends intend to give him on his birthday, Sept. 19, a handsome testimonial, which is to take the shape of raising the mortgage on St. Joseph's Home, a very worthy institution and for which Father Holland has worked so hard. The present building cost \$6300, one thousand of which was paid at time of sale.



REV. FATHER HOLLAND, C.S.S.R.

There is consequently a large balance of \$5,300 to be wiped out, on which the interest alone amounts to a pretty high house rent for an establishment that has subsisted since its foundation on voluntary contribution, mostly from poor people.

Father Holland never asked a cent from anyone to aid his venture, and started it on nothing but Mr. Bickerdike's guarantee to the Grand Trunk Railway three years ago, that the rent of the original Home would be paid, and the kindness of Mathewson Sons in giving all the groceries needed to feed the first inmates who came penniless.

The True Witness will be very happy to receive contributions for so worthy a cause. No matter how small the sum, everything will be most thankfully received and acknowledged.

our faith for worldly advantages, will only remain faithful to the Catholic Church, then he and his English Catholic friends will give us Home Rule. We are very much obliged to them, but we would invite them to read their own history first. I wonder any English Catholic has the audacity to address a word of advice to us, Irish Catholics, for, it truth be told, in the whole annals of nations there is not a more scandalous story than the way in which the Catholic people of England, with hardly a struggle, sacrificed their faith for temporal advantages. And, foresooth, these gentlemen say that their one dread of Home Rule is that they are not sure that we Irish politicians will stand by our faith. Why, what was it that maintained the faith in Ireland? Was it not the politicians of Ireland? The "political" priests and bishops of Ireland, who knew and understood how to make faith and Fatherland stand together, never allowed them to be separated. Was it not that which saved the faith of Ireland, and made Ireland what it is to-day, the greatest Catholic race on the face of the globe? There is not an old peasant woman in Ireland who could not teach the whole crowd of them how to serve God." Another letter from Father Benson, embodying the results of his recent studies "in retirement" of the communications which have been addressed to him in support of Irish Home Rule would probably do much good, in the way of eliminating this controversy between the Irish and English Catholics, the bitterness which has, unhappily, entered into it. At a time when the existence of the Catholic schools of England are menaced by a government bill which is now before the House of Commons, harmony and not disunion should exist in the Catholic ranks.—Pittsburg Observer.

Word has reached the city of the drowning in the McLeod River. Albert, of Mr. John E. Rowan. Deceased, who was the son of Mr. Rowan, postmaster, Bowdon, was employed by the Land Office at Edmonton and was one of a party of surveyors when he met his death. Sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

A Safe Pill for Suffering Women.—The secluded life of women which permits of little healthful exercise, is a fruitful cause of derangements of the stomach and liver and is accountable for the pains and lassitude from which many of them experience. Farnette's Vegetable Pills will correct irregularities of the digestive organs and restore health and vigor. The most delicate woman can use them with safety, because their action, while effective, is mild and soothing.

MIR. J. E. ROWAN DROWNED.

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Hon. William in the Chicago Brig great part played the Irish in the can independence race has ever been it describes at the "The army and the French archi- ban," shows that war, mounting by 32,600 offing employed in navy American seaboard 12,000 land force cost to France o- mies and the loas- way to the colon- puted by a comp- \$30,000,000! "I do not need be continues, "th- of the Irish Brig- battlefied in Eur- twentieth century their valor and c- blood. In France- and in the Low- fied soldiers foug- can impetuosity t- est enemies of the- they admiratio- "When the col- their independence and the aid of the co- ly French army pres- the war office in- should be sent to- the British, who- their hereditary e- the French origin- may be seen in th- demy, Dublin. Irish regiments v- the French fleet- dies and on the- cluded in this co- regiments of Dill- and Fernoy. Th- so designated in- colonel in comm- Proprietaire." In- Count d'Estaing- a considerable lan- the Irish brigade- second in comm- and at the siege- held by the Britis- regiment in the s- fenses. "There was als- an American Co- manded by Gener- sault ended, dis- the French and A- vere loss in kill- ward of 1200 of- unns fell in the- tes; of these 821- forces and the res- The utmost brave- in the attack and- the storming col- d'Estaing and Dill- stand the terrific i- and were forced t- sault. "D'Estaing was- ried off the field. Count Pulaski, w- American forces, in command of a- gular cavalry or l- the first of the k- of the French att- find the names of- Dillon's regiment- captains; Tauffe- many other famili- fiers and sub-offi- gade. The name- file are not given, flout, to surmise- been the gallant- when we see the h- killed and wound- "The particulars- attack on Savann- great fullness in a- many years ago by- torical Society, co- nal sources. The- geant Jasper, an I- siege and his hero- battles while r- raise thereon the fl- has immortalized h- bravery. A statue- of the public squ- fittingly commemo- memory of the gall- "I am tempted- incident in Count- gery in the expedi- ed the failure at S- part in the attempt- French fleet and fo- the English possess- the attack made on- Estache. "The frigate being- proach sufficiently- fications to land al- only 377 men, lan- led the assault. Th- the head of the- was the impetuosi-

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

COURTESY AT HOME.

One is often reminded, in going from place to place, how small and seemingly trivial are the things which go to make or mar the comfort and peace of home. In some households there is a genuine good will and kindness which only works out half its mission, for the reason that it does not express itself in little courtesies of speech and action. These are more important than some of our busy men and women may realize. The ready "thank you," "if you please," etc. at table and elsewhere; the quiet "excuse me," when obliged to pass directly before or inconveniently near another; the loving "good night" and cheery "good morning," although little things, are helps in making a happy home. Courtesy is but the ready overflow of kindness and good-will to all; and is, therefore, but a natural expression which costs nothing, but which often cheers an aching heart, and which never fails to make home brighter and more attractive to young and old.

THE CROSS.

Teach me, my God, to bear my Cross
As Thine was borne
Teach me to make of every loss
A crown of thorn.
Give me Thy patience and Thy strength
With every breath,
Until my lingering days at length
Shall welcome death.
Banished from Thee where shall I find
For my poor soul
A safe retreat from storms that bind
Or seas that roll?
Come to me, Christ, ere I forlorn
Sink 'neath the wave,
And on this blessed Easter morn
A lost one save.
—James Ryder Randall.

True Witness Beauty Patterns



A DAINY BLOUSE OF TUCKED BATISTE.

814—Ladies' Tucked Blouse. Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. The 36-inch size will require 2-3-8 yards of 36-inch material. The design illustrated is appropriate for all materials that tuck nicely, and is especially suitable for organdies and lawns. The trimming of Valenciennes insertion gives a dainty touch to the mode. The sleeves may be in elbow or full length.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

NAMING THE BABIES.

"Babies," says a contemporary, "are the victims of fashion like their elders. Whatever happens to be the name-phase of the period in which they made their advent, to that are they doomed. Just now Elizabeths and James are being literally christened by dozens, and Peters are alarmingly prevalent."

We are pleased to know that just now fashion has turned to good old names like Elizabeth and James and Peter. We prefer Elizabeth to Mabel and Maud. We prefer James and Peter to Percy and Sydney.

Faith and sentimentality sway the naming of the new baby. Wherever it is faith, the child will always bear a sensible and acceptable name. When it is mere sentiment, the family custom will, in many instances, determine the name by which the child shall be known. Sometimes the mother's caprice will give the name: When this is the case the name bobs up from the pages of a sentimental novel, or floats in through some newspaper story of a newspaper hero or heroine.

There are some names that appeal to a woman's heart as stylish or high-toned or unusual or something else. Often these names are without meaning—waifs drifting around in literature. But the aristocrat of the mother's heart is soon properly labeled for his journey through life.

It has been within the experience of some priests lately that the infant is presented at the baptismal font with a request that she be named Evelyn. The type of sanctity which the name has suggested of late so appealed to the foolish mother who bent for hours over the daily paper that must, needs dedicate her girl at the sanctuary of her newly discovered heroine.

That there should be mothers so foolish! But there are. Not long ago, a priest friend of ours told us of a fond mother who asked to have her child named Rubiola. When questioned about the unusual name, she declared that she had heard the physician who had attended the child call the name. And so she had—or something like it, for it was the Latin term for scarlet fever. The priest suggested "Typhoid" or "Cancer," as equally fit names though lacking in the music of a final "a." The mother was offended, but the child was preserved from the affliction of going through life with a diseased name.

We confess to a great admiration for the names which Italian parents find for their babies. Their choice is the result of the custom of their country; but the custom has centuries of faith back of it. The names given refer to the mysteries of our holy religion, to the choirs of angels, to the saints. They are sweet to the ear and filled with religious suggestion for the soul. You might build up the doctrines of the Christian faith from the names you will hear in an Italian settlement. It is the spirit of the Church that the names of the baptized babes be redolent of faith. They are designed to inspire piety in after life and to give a model of the Christian virtues. The name should be an invitation to godliness; it should establish a powerful patron amidst the temptations of the future. Names should not be chosen for their mere sound, or through an inane sentimentality.

A custom which we must reprobate also, is that of twisting our good ordinary names until they are almost unrecognizable. There is no name for a woman to compare with Mary. But how that beautiful name is contorted by every conceivable device! We are not content with style in dress and manner and many other things; we must have it in the form of the name that is used. Plain "Mary" must, of course, be plain Mary. And no girl wishes to be plain.

Now, in most instances the mother determines the name of the child. Sensible Christian mothers will choose sensible Christian names.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

There is a land, mavournen,
A land of beauty rare,
A fairy land, mavournen—
Oh! I can meet you there.
And through the vales enchanted
We'll wander hand in hand—
Oh! come to me, mavournen,
And to that happy land.

There is a land, mavournen,
A land no monarch owns;
'Tis freedom's land, mavournen,
To slavery unknown:
Where faithful hearts can conquer
The vagaries of time—
It is the land, mavournen,
Where love is not a crime.

There is a land, mavournen,
Surpassing all the rest;
A sunny land, mavournen,
The one I love the best.
Where grow the flowers of fancy
In purest brilliancy,
Where life is bright, mavournen,
The land that shelters me.

There is a land, mavournen,
Elysian and divine,
And there—oh! there, mavournen,
I feel that you are mine.
Though hopeless be the longing,
And vain the yearning seems,
You are my own, mavournen,
In that sweet Land of Dreams.
—Maurice Fitzgerald, in The Leader.

DIET VALUE OF THE LEMON.

It is not generally known that lemon juice, taken in proper quantities, is a most excellent tonic. The juice of half a lemon taken in a tumbler of cold water, a half hour before breakfast every day will stimulate the liver and digestive organs, causing an increase in the appetite and making the skin fresh and clear. If the majority of women could be made to realize that their dull, colorless complexions generally are the results of the inactivity of their digestive organs, there would be less use for objectionable cosmetics that never, in the slightest degree, resemble nature.

LITTLE PACKAGES OF BEAUTY.

Little beauty helps, like other good things, come in small packages. Women carry them around on their person in such concealed places that mere man would never dream of them being in her possession.

They carry tiny tissue papers arranged neatly in a tiny book, each tissue paper holding enough power to use once on the face.

Tiny powder boxes, no bigger than a trinket, contain powder, a puff and a mirror.

Rouge boxes, no larger, come also for the woman who wants a touch of color to her cheeks.

There is a manicure buffer from Paris which is most innocent looking. The handle is of wood and the pad of red leather; but wait—it holds a fragrant powder and rosoline, and it perfumes, polishes and tints the nails all in one. It is warranted to last for two years.

For the lips there are rose-hued sticks of paste inclosed in tubes of ivory. Of course, these are perfumed. Red lips, a sweet breath and a pleasant taste are all obtained from these little nothings.

A NOVELTY IN SHOES.

A real novelty in the way of foot-gear has recently made its appearance in Paris, and has immediately "caught on" in the fashionable world. The novelty consists of shoes or boots with a vamp of very soft leather and uppers of linen made specially for the purpose, and of a particularly firm and velvety weave. Many of the smartest of the new chausseries have the vamp of tan or beige skin, and the upper of striped linen in two tones of the same shade. Brown kid and brown striped linen are also much in demand, whilst already a few colored examples, such as Natter-blue or watercross-green leather, combined with striped linen of the same color, are to be seen. Needless to say, the linen-topped boot or shoe is infinitely cooler to wear than the boot of leather or kid, and it is more than probable that this new mode will be greatly adopted by the smart women during the warm weather.

WASHING SUMMER DRESSES.

An excellent laundress who has never been known to fade a summer frock says she has a special "fixative" for every color.

Alum used in the rinsing water will prevent green from fading. A handful of salt thrown in the rinsing water will seal blue.

Ox gall is good to use for gray and brown. Hay water made by pouring boiling water over hay is excellent for washing tan or brown linen.

A tablespoonful of black pepper stirred into the first suds in which cottons are washed will prevent colors from running.

Five cents' worth of sugar of lead crystals dissolved in a pailful of water makes a solution which fixes the tone of pinks, blues and lavenders. The fabrics should remain in the sugar solution half an hour or so before going to the suds.

These baths will not prevent a garment from fading if it is hung in the sun to dry. Delicate colors—in fact, any colors at all—are safe if vinegar is used in reviving colors.

Add one teaspoonful of common vine-

holes. With wide ribbon run through this effect is charming.

HOW TO MAKE A POT ROAST.

Purchase beef suitable for a pot roast, lay in an iron pot, with salt and pepper and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, an onion and carrot, diced fine. Cover with boiling water, cooking slowly for two or more hours, or until the meat is well done. Then heat a skillet hot, adding a few tablespoonfuls of oil, searing on all sides. Put the roast back in the pot, making a brown gravy by adding flour to the butter in the skillet and the gravy in the meat was cooked, with a small measure of tomato catsup and some mushrooms, if liked. Serve with mashed potatoes and Yorkshire pudding.

THE USE OF MUSTARD IN THE BATH.

The growing use of mustard in the bath tub is a modern adaptation of the principle that mustard is one of the most valuable external stimulants says Black and White. To those who have not tried it the result is really surprising. Take a tablespoonful of best mustard and add to the bath when filled. The water will be found to be of a slightly yellow-green color and absolutely free from any stinging or smarting sensation. In fact, it has a soft, velvety feeling, almost like milk, but with a glowing warmth that is appreciated by the most delicate skin.

WHAT IS A LADY?

A lady is simply the highest type of a woman. She will be gentle and modest, mistress of temper and curiosity. She will know and honor her own place in the social order, as the divinely appointed molder, teacher and refiner of men; and out of this beautiful and noble place she will not seek to move. To fit herself for her place she will cultivate body and mind; the body in health and vigor, that she may take her share of burdens and be cheerful under them, and that her work in the world shall be fairly done as her hands can do

Blue Ribbon Tea

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gar to each quart of cold rinsing water. Thoroughly saturate the article, wring tightly and dry quickly. If the color has been taken out of silks by fruit stains, ammonia will usually restore it.

To wash brown Holland dresses, use bran, but no washing soda, and no soap unless the skirt is very dirty. Boil two handfuls of bran in one quart of water and strain through muslin. Put the bran on to boil again, as you will require a second supply of bran water for rinsing.

Cool the water by adding one quart of cold water to it. Then wash the skirt. You will be surprised to see how the bran extracts the dirt. Rinse first in bran water, then in plain water. Put the article through a wringer and iron while damp on the wrong side.

HELPFUL HINTS AND AIDS FOR THE SEWING ROOM.

To Mend Hemstitching—Cover the space of the worn hemstitching with insertion and stitch both edges on to tray cloth, and it will then be as good as new and even prettier.

If space is limited in the sewing room get a small sewing table and fasten screw hooks on the under side. These hooks can be attached bags containing patterns, thread and numerous sewing articles.

The last recruit to the embroidered "shirt" is the monogram which many girls are placing on the left sleeve. Though this may seem to savor somewhat of the days when gentlemen went around with heraldic devices on their jenkins, the style is meeting with instant favor.

Braid and tape should be first back-stitched on the right side to the goods, close to the edge, then turned over and hemmed down, on the wrong side. Take care to hold the braid loosely and to allow for shrinking. It will save time if the first stitching is done on the machine and is then turned over and hemmed down by hand on the wrong side.

To keep the new celluloid collar bones from irritating the neck, take a piece of linen tape the length of the bones required, then turn over about a half inch at each end and sew the edges together, thus making the small pocket to slip the bones into. Tack in places desired. Remove the bones when the waist is sent to the laundry; in so doing one set of collar bones may be used in several.

Women who make their own under-clothing are following the kimono pattern now in making night dresses. They use the entire width of the material for the sleeves and cut the neck square. The neck and sleeves are edged with lace, and if desired the design used for a corset cover may be embroidered across the front of the gown. The gown may be given an empire effect by running a band of two-inch embroidery beading around it, a little below the arm-

its; and the mind in knowledge, accomplishments and taste, that she may delight and help in her home. There is a hidden lady in every woman, as there is a gentleman in every man, and, no matter how far the actual may be from the possible, a true lady or true gentleman is always recognized and acknowledged by this nobility in the human heart.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

ARE YOU OVER-SENSITIVE.

The over-sensitive individual must recognize the fact that if people do not want him around it may be because he inflicts his ego too obtrusively upon his associates. He must realize that others are more interested in their own affairs than in his, and that however cutting their comments and unjust their criticisms and however deeply these may sink into his soul, they are only passing incidents with them, says Lippincott's Magazine.

He must realize that if two people whisper they are not necessarily are it is of no consequence and simply shows their lack of breeding. On public occasions he must realize that others are thinking of themselves, or they are of him and how he behaves. He must realize that even if he does something foolish it will only make a passing impression on others, and that they will like him none the less for it.

He must practice externalizing his thoughts. If criticized, he must ask himself whether the criticism is just or unjust. If just, he must learn to accept and act upon it; if unjust, he must learn to classify the critic as unreasonable, thoughtless or ill-natured, place him in the appropriate mental compartment, throw the criticism into the intellectual wastebasket and proceed upon his way. This practice, difficult at first, will, if assiduously cultivated, become more and more automatic, and will materially modify a fruitful source of worry.

The next step is to practice the control of the dominating impulses or habits of thought (obsessions), both active and passive. If one finds himself impelled continually to drum, whistle, clear the throat, sniff or blink, he will find the habit cannot be dropped at once; but if he will refrain from it only once or twice a day, no matter how lost he feels without it, the intervals can be gradually increased until he has finally mastered the habit.

The bearing of this training upon worry may not be immediately obvious, but is a preliminary step of great importance. If one cannot overcome these simple physical compulsions, he will find it still harder to overcome the doubts, the fears and the scruples which underlie his worry.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

NOTHING EXTRAORDINARY.

First Boy—"Do you believe that story of the whale in the sea swallowing Jonah?"
Second Boy—"Why not? Look at the raft of people that swallow the whale, Jonah sea and all!"

CONSIDERATE.

"And would you marry me if I were a poor girl, working for a living?" asked the heiress.
"Darling," responded the accepted suitor, "it wouldn't be fair. You'd be doing enough in supporting yourself."

Jones—See the wicked artist painting on Sunday.
Jones—He might do worse.
Jones (looking at sketch)—I am so sure about that.

"Why do you book agents never shut the door behind you?" inquired the victim. "Is it carelessness?"
"No, sir," replied the book agent. "It's caution."—Philadelphia Record.

"You shouldn't treat your boy so harshly. You'll break his spirit."
"Well, he'll probably get married some time, and he might as well have it broken now."

PUZZLE FOR THE PATIENT.

Stranger—My friend, why are you swearing so?
Cussity—Why? Because of a blank fool of a doctor. I got some pills for a pain in my back, and the directions read, "Take one a half hour before you feel the pain coming on."

HE WAS VERY COOL.

A congressman who was on board a train which was wrecked says that when the shock came one of the passengers was pitched over several seats just in time to receive the contents of the water cooler, which tipped over and soaked his clothing with ice water. A highly excited passenger rushed up to him and told him to keep cool. "Go way," said the wet man, "I am the coolest man in the car. I have just had two buckets of ice water emptied down my back."

ITS ORIGIN.

"I wonder who first said 'It's better to be born lucky than rich'?" queried the young widow.
"Some old fool whose young wife married him for his money, I imagine," rejoined the wise bachelor.—Chicago News.

SANDY'S RETORT.

Yankee—I'll have you know, stranger, that I belong to Chicago.
Sandy—"Deed, an' wha'd hae thoct if I frae the way ye've been speaking I thoct Chicago belonged to you."

COMPENSATION.

Mr. Powers—"Do you mean to say that you shopped all day and didn't get anything?"
Mrs. Powers—Yes, but I know what everybody else got.

BRITTLE AND EASY TO BREAK.

"Yes, the count is a snap," confided the pretty heiress. "I got him for two millions."
"Quite a bargain," replied her chum.
"And the dear creature is always fighting duels over in gay Paris. He is full of ginger."

"How funny?"
"What's funny?"
"Why, he must be a ginger snap."

HONEST!

"And you call yourself honest! Huh!"
"Sir, I keep the commandments."
"That must be because you've got an idea that they belong to somebody else."—Cleveland Leader.

THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE.

When Dr. Randall Davidson, archbishop of Canterbury, was a curate, one day at Dartford, he took a Sunday school class in a neighboring parish. The subject was King Solomon, and after the lesson he proceeded to catechise the children.

"Tell me, boys," he said, "what was the difference between Solomon and other men?" No answer. "Come, come!" said the future archbishop. "Was there any difference, for instance, between King Solomon and myself?"

A tiny hand went up and a tiny voice replied, "Please, Sir, Solomon was wise!"—London M.A.P.

"Gilli Ma Chree."

Gilli ma chree,
Sit down by me,
We now are join'd and ne'er shall sever

This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours forever!

When I was poor,
Your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover;

With care and pain
I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.

I said, "To other lands I'll roam,"
Where Fate may smile on me, love,
I said, "Farewell, my own old home!"
And I said, "Farewell to thee, love."

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
"Come, live with me, your own true lover;

I know a spot,
A silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover.

Where gently flows the waveless tide,
By one small garden only,

Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely!"

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
"A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse
With tyrant force
That have been blest in heaven."
But then, I said, "In after years
When thoughts of home shall find her,
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends thus left behind her."

Oh, no, I said,
For me, though all forlorn forever,
That heart of thine
Shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty—never.
From home and thee, though wand-
ering far,
A dreary fate be mine, love,
I'd rather live in endless war,
Than buy my peace with thine, love.

Far, far away,
By night and day,
I toil'd to win a golden treasure;
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father's welcome I found,
I pour'd my gold into his hand,
And my gerdoun found in thee, love?
Sing Gilli ma chree,
Sit down by me
We now are join'd, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours forever.
—Gerald Griffin.

Science and Politics in France.

"A crowd of half-educated, would-be scientists and politicians of the baser sort eagerly represent the Church as the enemy of enlightenment and progress," according to Abbe Klein in the current Atlantic Monthly. "A few really eminent scholars and scientists like the Chemist Berthelot, deceived by a false philosophy, share these prejudices and give them credit. By means of many magazines and any quantity of newspapers, they get at the working classes and the peasants, and fill them with the notion that humanity cannot progress except upon the ruins of religion; that, to use a phrase of Monsieur Viviani, a member of the present cabinet, we shall see clearly on earth only when we put out the lights of heaven."

Catholics, as a matter of course, do not lack arguments to refute that sort of thing. They can insist upon the difference, the essential difference between the domain of science and that of religion and show that a conflict between things so essentially different is impossible. And for those who cannot grasp an argument logically conceived, they can cite the names of men pre-eminent in science who were as devout and loyal Christians and who have kept the faith. To contrast two men but recently dead, the faith of Pasteur is as good an argument as the irreligion of Berthelot. They can also point to some of the names of great living men of science and letters who profess and demonstrate their sincerely religious convictions. Active Catholics are more numerous to-day than ever, who are members of the French and other academies. For example, M. de Laporte, a professor of the Catholic Institute of Paris, has been recently elected perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences by the members of that distinguished body, the most pre-eminent society for scientific attainments in our country and perhaps in the world.

Don't be Too Choice.

Boys and young men who are just out of school or college and who are beginning their life's work should not be too choice and dainty in the matter of positions, remarks the "Sacred Heart Review." "The youth who waits for a 'gentleman's job' to come and beg him to take it is likely to wait a long time. Some one has well said: 'Any legitimate occupation of the brain and the hand that enables one to earn a living honestly, and that helps society, is worthy and dignified. There would be fewer failures in life were this better understood. Lawyers who never hold a successful brief, doctors who may pass a good examination, but cannot cure patients, business men who never achieve permanent results are among those whose first error was in looking out for a gentleman's job.'"

Monument to Pope Pius IX.

Pope Pius IX. has a monument in one of the smallest towns of the State of Jalisco, Mexico. The monument is unique, and was erected some years ago at Jimay, a place near Ocotlan on the shore of the famous Chapala Lake. The monument is made entirely of clay, for the working of which the Indians of that part of Jalisco are famous all over the country. The height of the monument is about seventy feet, and the proportions and general style are really beautiful, reminding one of the best works of the Spanish decorative art of the eighteenth century.

Dysentery corrodes the intestines and speedily eats away the lining, bringing about dangerous conditions that may cause death. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial clears the intestinal canals of the germs that cause the inflammation, and by protecting the lining from further ravages restores them to healthy condition. Those subject to dysentery should not be without this simple yet powerful remedy.



American Debt to the French-Irish Brigades.

Hon. William J. Onahan, writing in the Chicago Record-Herald of the great part played by the French and Irish in the struggle for American independence, says that neither race has ever received the recognition it deserves at the hands of historians. "The army and navy registers in the French archives," says Mr. Onahan, "shows that sixty-three ships of war, mounting 3668 guns, manned by 32,600 officers and seamen, were employed in naval operations on the American seaboard, and upward of 12,000 land forces. The financial cost to France of the fleet and armies and the loans and gifts of money to the colonies has been computed by a competent authority at \$50,000,000!"

"I do not need to recall to mind," he continues, "the historic renown of the Irish Brigade. Almost every battle in Europe during the seventeenth century was flamed by their valor and crimsoned with their blood. In France, in Italy, in Spain and in the Low Countries their exiled soldiers fought with such furious impetuosity that even the bitterest enemies of their race were forced to pay them the reluctant tribute of their admiration."

"When the colonies had declared their independence of Great Britain and the aid of the French was eagerly invoked, the Irish troops in the French army pressed their request on the war office in Paris that they should be sent to America to fight the British, who were, they declared, their hereditary enemies. A copy of the French original of this document may be seen in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. In 1789 several Irish regiments were embarked in the French fleet for service against the English forces in the West Indies and on the American coast. Included in this contingent were the regiments of Dillon, Walsh, Berwick and Pernoy. These regiments being designated in compliment to the colonel in command as the 'Colonel Proprietary.' In the fleet of the Count d'Estaing there was carried a considerable land force—mostly of the Irish brigade. Count Dillon was second in command to the admiral and at the siege of Savannah, then held by the British, he led his own regiment in the attack on the defenses."

"There was also on the land side an American co-operating force commanded by General Lincoln. The assault ended disastrously for both the French and Americans with severe loss in killed and wounded. Upward of 1200 of the assaulting columns fell in the space of fifty minutes; of these 821 were of the French forces and the rest of the American. The utmost bravery was shown both in the attack and in the defence, but the storming column led by Count d'Estaing and Dillon could not withstand the terrific fire of the batteries and were forced to abandon the assault."

"D'Estaing was wounded and carried off the field. The gallant Pole, Count Pulaski, who served with the American forces, was killed. He was in command of a small force of regular cavalry or lancers. Amongst the first of the killed and wounded of the French attacking column I find the names of Brow, major in Dillon's regiment; Moran and O'Neill, captains; Taaffe, lieutenant, and many other familiar Irish names; officers and sub-officers of the brigade. The names of the rank and file are not given, but it is not difficult to surmise what must have been the gallantry of the assault when we see the heavy list of the killed and wounded."

"The particulars of the memorable attack on Savannah are given with great fulness in a publication issued many years ago by the Georgia Historical Society, compiled from original sources. The gallantry of Sergeant Jasper, an Irishman, at the siege and his heroic death on the battlements while attempting to raise thereon the flag of his regiment has immortalized his name and his bravery. A statue of Jasper in one of the public squares of Savannah fittingly commemorates the deed and memory of the gallant patriot."

"I am tempted to relate another incident in Count Dillon's career of glory in the expeditions that followed the failure at Savannah. He had part in the attempts made by the French fleet and forces on several of the English possessions, notably in the attack made on the Island of St. Eustache."

"The frigate being unable to approach sufficiently near to the fortifications to land aid, Dillon, with only 377 men, landed and in person led the assault. The Irish were at the head of the column, and such was the impetuosity of the attack—

ing force that 840 regular troops of the English army laid down their arms and were made prisoners of war by less than half their number! Later on the Dillon regiment was employed in the siege of the important fortress and Island of St. Christopher, and the place was finally carried, Count Dillon remaining in command of the island as governor."

"After the treaty of peace with France and the colonies the island, under the terms of the treaty, was yielded back to Great Britain. Shortly afterwards Dillon paid a visit to London in the train of the French embassy."

"He was presented at the court, and, having paid his respects to the king, George III., the lord chancellor, Loughborough, who was in attendance, crossed over to Dillon and said to him, after some preliminary compliments: 'I must thank you for the equity and fairness of your decisions given whilst you were acting as governor of the island. My court has had occasion to pass on some of the cases you decided and we found no occasion to dissent from your judgment.'"

"Sad to say, this gallant soldier met his death on the scaffold at the hands of the ruffians who were in the ascendant during the French revolution, as did so many thousands of the noblest and best of French men and women."

"At the last moment, as he stood at the foot of the guillotine, a lady who preceded him, and who, like Dillon, was to meet her doom by the order of the same furies, turned to the count, saying, 'Would you not oblige me by going first?'"

"Certainly, madam," was the answer of the chivalric Irishman, and ascending before the lady, in a moment the horrible instrument had ended the career of the heroic Count Arthur Dillon."

"A namesake, Colonel Theobald Dillon, who had been with Rochambeau at Yorktown, was another of the victims of the French Revolution under circumstances even more revolting."

"The erection of the monument or statue of Lafayette in Paris a few years back, as a token and testimony of America's gratitude to France, has since then been supplemented by the installation of a fine statue of Rochambeau in Washington—a like tribute to the value and importance of the aid given by France in the critical period of the Revolutionary war."

"The government, by the action of Congress, has since published a large volume in which is given, I may say, not only a full narrative of all the proceedings in connection with the statue, but also a comprehensive story of French aid and services in the war for colonial independence."

"It will be of interest to many to learn that efforts have been made to obtain from the French war office a full list of the officers and soldiers of the Irish brigades who served in the war of the American revolution. I am happy to state that a volume will soon be issued by the French government containing these names. The search for the necessary data was instituted at the request of M. Jusserand, the learned and accomplished French ambassador at Washington."

"I trust I am not betraying a secret in stating that the initiative in the task of Irish historic interest has been due to Archbishop Ireland, who was himself a conspicuous figure in the ceremonies attending the celebration for Lafayette in Paris, and in the Rochambeau exercises at Washington and New York."

Loisy's Reference to Renan.

A few weeks ago, says "Rome," in an interview which created a very painful impression, the Abbe Loisy referred to Renan's conception of Our Lord as being but a reflex of Renan's own personality. There was a great deal of truth in the observation, and it makes all the more interesting the fragments of autobiography of Renan which have appeared in the latest number of *Revue des Deux Mondes*. For that these fragments, which now see the light nearly sixty years after they were written, are autobiographical, there cannot be the least doubt, although they are cast into the form of a projected romance: "The Prayer to Athena." Patrick, the young Breton hero of the story, was twenty-six years of age when he came to Rome after having lost his faith through reading of the Encyclopedists, and Renan was just the same age when he came here four years after he had abandoned the seminary and the faith. He was wonderfully affected by what he saw and felt in the Eternal City—an Eternal City greatly different in accidents from the

Rome of to-day. "No sooner had I breathed the perfume of the ruins of the Palatine, or found myself lost among the deserted fields where old Rome was and where now you hear monastery bells and the distant echoes of the city of the three hundred churches. I felt my critical sense voluntarily leaving me to yield me up to the spirit of poetry and of pleasure that rose all round. There is in those deserted streets, in the churches and monasteries, an attraction so potent that one needs whole days to recover from it. Rome has conquered me. . . . He has lost the faith, but the religious impressions re-awakened in him stir him intensely. 'I have always admired Christianity,' he goes on, 'and never loved it so much as on the day when I ceased to call myself a Christian, but never did I suffer so much at the renunciation of this title as I have done since the day I arrived here. At certain fleeting moments in the Lateran, in Ara Coeli, I thought, in sweet illusion, that I was back again in the happiest time of my life from which an abyss now separates me. . . . Rome teaches a man to judge of facts independently of men and to respect all in majesty of the past. If Rome inspires regret in me, it is that of not being able to kneel with the simple folk before those touching Madonnas in the churches where one loves to linger. I long thought that I might be able to return to Catholicism with head erect and by the road of criticism. Alas! perhaps I shall return to it as humbly as a little girl, conquered by a Madonna. I have cursed sorrow, because by weakening our rationalist pride, it makes us forget criticism—now I bless it because, by softening the asperities of our humors, it leads us back with humility, to religious thoughts.'"

In many of these fragments the imaginary Patrick and the real Renan gives himself up to his enthusiasm for the Rome of the Popes, for the great basilicas, for the churches set in the pillars of ancient temples. He is overpowered and inebriated by the greatness of the Catholicism he has abandoned: "Nothing equals the greatness of Catholicism, when you consider it in its colossal proportions, with its mysteries, its worship, its sacraments, its mystic story its patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, virgins of the eighteen centuries in which nothing is lost, an ever-growing mountain, a gigantic temple where every generation raises its own column. . . . And in the meantime what are we poor philosophers doing? We raise our little heap, each after his own fashion; we level a foundation, but with no hope that others will ever build upon it." He is filled with admiration for the "grand majesty of the inflexible empire," and the sight makes him think with disgust of the rush of unbelievers, among whom it is difficult to find even a few who can account scientifically for their unbelief. But the microscope of scepticism has already done its work in him. He confesses his inability to see truth as a whole in anything the most contradictory opinions subjugate him one after another; all that goes to form the energy of human nature, in its ingenuousness, simplicity, youthfulness, are dead in him. The abuse of analysis, like the abuse of a drug, has destroyed his power of action: "One may recognize that the spirit is crooked, but it is impossible to straighten it—and then the crookedness is so seductive and to walk straight is so tiresome."

And this is the frame of mind which was afterwards to produce the "Vie de Jesus!"

"Who can tell the great things Almighty God has done for us by means of His servant? All venerate him as a most holy man, learned preacher and most fervent missionary. Every soul is enchained and captivated by his discourses, even the most fastidious; all who came to hear him have been converted. The number that attended was very great. In the second procession of penitents we had about 15,000, and at the Papal blessing 20,000. The confessions throughout the city have had much to do, and have found in all great anxiety for the salvation of souls. The good Father went away regretted by every one, as might be seen by the tears and lamentations of the people, who all expressed the nobility, the ladies and gentlemen came at an early hour, most inconvenient for them, braving the cold, which was extreme, to make their confessions to him. The fruits of the mission were seen in the manner in which the devotions of the Way of the Cross were attended. The nobles, who previously had seemed ashamed of any external devotion, came to it with great fervor and recollection, even kissing the ground, and they continue to do this even after the mission."

The most hardened sinners could not resist his ardent and devouring zeal, and St. Alphonsus Liguori was accustomed to call St. Leonard the great missionary of the age. Benedict XIV. manifested the highest esteem for our saint, and even appointed him his confessor. During the space of forty years he was chiefly employed in giving missions in eighty-eight different dioceses. He preached in 216 different places and gave several hundred missions. He erected the Way of the Cross in 572 places."

We shall endeavor to utilize the short space at our command by giving our readers a brief historical account of the Way of the Cross. We shall also add a few important items in connection with the devotion, which, we are sure, may prove useful, if not necessary, to those who perform this saintly exercise. The works we have consulted are chiefly those of the great Franciscan missionary, St. Leonard of Port Maurice, and the decrees of the Holy See.

Adrianus, in his "description of Jerusalem," attributes the origin of this devotion to the Blessed Virgin. He tells us that, according to pious tradition, after the burial of Our Blessed Lord she frequently visited the sacred spots hallowed by the

footsteps of her Divine Son, and this seems to be the origin of the processions that were afterwards made by the faithful of Palestine along the way of sorrows. Our Blessed Lady herself revealed to St. Bridget that after the Ascension of her Divine Son she constantly visited the places where He suffered and worked so many miracles.

For ages the great servants of God and the pious people of every nation in Europe made pilgrimages to Palestine to venerate the holy places. Even St. Jerome, speaking of his own time, says that crowds of pilgrims from every part of the Christian world visited the sacred places blessed by the footsteps of the Eternal Son of God.

As the whole of Palestine was overrun by the Mahometan power, various attempts were made by the European forces to wrest the holy places from their grasp. Mighty armies rose up at the voice of Peter the Hermit and St. Bernard, whose banners were blessed by the Sovereign Pontiffs, but they succeeded in retaining a few places only a short time. And, strange to say, what the mighty and powerful armies of the Crusaders under Godfrey de Bouillon and St. Louis could not achieve was accomplished by the children of the Poor Man of Assisi.

For six hundred years the Franciscans have been the guardians of the holy places, and if they succeeded in keeping them so long in the midst of the greatest enemies of Christianity, it was at the cost of the lives of many thousands of their brethren. Within the last six centuries no less than seven thousand five hundred Franciscans fell victims for the holy places either by the sword of the infidel or the Oriental plague. True, it is a singular privilege for them to have charge of the holy places, but it is a dear privilege, for which they must be forever ready to give up their lives. It would appear as if Almighty God still wanted victims of propitiation slain where the Son of Man was so cruelly sacrificed.

When it became extremely difficult or almost impossible to visit the holy places in the fourteenth century, the Franciscans began to erect in their churches crosses and pictures representing the sorrowful way to Calvary, in order that the faithful might be enabled to visit those hallowed spots in spirit, and thus excite in their minds a lively remembrance of the sufferings and death of Our Divine Redeemer. The first indulgences for this devotion were granted by Pope Innocent XI. November 6, 1686, and these were renewed by Pope Innocent XII., December 24, 1692, but only for the members of the three orders of St. Francis, Benedict XIII., March 13, 1726, extended this privilege to all the faithful who performed the Way of the Cross in the Franciscan churches. But Clement XII., April 3, 1731, authorized the erection of the Stations of the Cross in all the churches of the world, secular or regular, provided it were done by the Fraternity Minor. This was confirmed by Pope Benedict XIV., May 10, 1742.

We now come to the great propagation of this extraordinary devotion. St. Leonard entered the Franciscan Order at an early age and advanced very rapidly in learning and sanctity. Soon after his ordination he was sent by his superiors to give missions in various parts of Italy. These missions were attended with the most extraordinary success. The priest of St. Rocco, in Pistoia, wrote in the following terms of this great servant of God:

"Who can tell the great things Almighty God has done for us by means of His servant? All venerate him as a most holy man, learned preacher and most fervent missionary. Every soul is enchained and captivated by his discourses, even the most fastidious; all who came to hear him have been converted. The number that attended was very great. In the second procession of penitents we had about 15,000, and at the Papal blessing 20,000. The confessions throughout the city have had much to do, and have found in all great anxiety for the salvation of souls. The good Father went away regretted by every one, as might be seen by the tears and lamentations of the people, who all expressed the nobility, the ladies and gentlemen came at an early hour, most inconvenient for them, braving the cold, which was extreme, to make their confessions to him. The fruits of the mission were seen in the manner in which the devotions of the Way of the Cross were attended. The nobles, who previously had seemed ashamed of any external devotion, came to it with great fervor and recollection, even kissing the ground, and they continue to do this even after the mission."

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† PAUL,

Bishop of Montreal

WORLDLINESS.

There can be no doubt that no matter what may be our avocation, we are called as disciples of Christ to live for eternity and the next world. To live as if this life were the be-all and end-all is to miss the very aim of our being. It is something far worse. It is to neglect and condemn our Lord; for it places Him in the balance with His creatures and too often prefers them to Him. In the first ages of the Church people who wished to lead a devout life left the world entirely, went out into the wilderness there to commune alone with God. Nor is the reason hard to seek. All around them was corrupt. Society was pagan, sceptical, sensual. It was a kingdom of darkness from which the apostles warned the disciples to keep themselves unspotted. Our Blessed Lord Himself frequently speaks of the world as a force which is in continual and deadly opposition to Him and His servants. "The world knew Him not." He left the world alone. He excluded it from His prayer. Gradually the old world built up with pride and tyranny began to feel that there was a Leader in its midst greater than Caesar—that there was a light guiding men away from the market of avarice and the groves of sceptical learning—that a new solid phalanx was making victorious war upon the crumbling walls of ancient civilization. Henceforth there were two camps—the spirit of the world and the spirit of the Gospel—time and eternity, this world and heaven. It may be that now things are not quite so bad as when the Roman Empire was in full sway. Still there are many snares for the unwary and marks indicating the battle ground of the two implacable foes. There is in the first place indifference to God and their souls which turns men to the cultivation of this life. It is the fruit of our irreligious education. The young not knowing their religion, or knowing it only as a law which puts tasks and duties upon them, care not for their religion. They are not taught to look to eternity and their very youth helps them to avoid its thought. They grow up hardly believing in eternity. In maturer years instead of listening to the teachers of divine truth and reading of the unseen world men and women listen to every one else. How slack people become; they think little of missing Mass. Holy confession becomes too heavy a burden and Easter Communion is missed. The creed he learned in his childhood, the name of Catholic which he bears, the faith of which he boasts—might all be jewels in his crown, weapons in his hands for truth and right and pure ideals and eternal beatitude. But because he hides them or lets them rust in carelessness and indifference they are turned against him. Free thought,

or more strictly speaking, pride, is another mark of worldliness stinging to death many of the noblest sons of earth. Pride is the oldest fault of all rebels, and is the curse of spiritual and rational beings. Men pretend to believe in God, but they protest that neither Church nor priest has any title to command them. They insist upon being free in thought and conduct. They scorn dictation, their impulse is to criticize, to be their own masters and judges in matters religious and moral. All this is human, extremely so, perfectly natural. It is in direct contradiction to the spirit of Jesus Christ, whose spirit is that of humility, childlike obedience and simplicity. Any man who is indifferent to the Church is on the world's side. Those, likewise, who in serious matters judge, criticize or condemn religious authority must recognize that they are joining Christ's enemies and betraying His interests. Another mark of worldliness is sensuality. Every Christian understands that to imitate the world in its sinful indulgence is to forsake Christ who insisted upon self-restraint. No vices can be in more direct contradiction to the spirit of the Gospel than those of intemperance and impurity. Few with any pretence of religion do not fear and shun the extremes of these degrading sins. Too many, however, think and act as if a kind of compromise is possible. They know they cannot serve God and mammon; yet they find mammon convenient. They do not wish to turn their back upon their Lord and Model, but they see how far they can go with the world. They abhor the creed of the libertine, and at the same time refuse to frequent places of amusement, the company of persons and the reading of books which they know by experience to be dangerous occasions of sin. No excuses of any kind can change sin to virtue or render clean that which is not so. It is wrong to read books and papers and magazines which sully the imagination and excite the passions. The world has no scruple upon this point. Too often its writers of books and editors of papers pander to depraved tastes. Thus do they cause sin to their readers, thus do they teach the young and lead astray the innocent. Parents should be very vigilant that no paper or magazine or book of any kind comes into the hands of their children which might tarnish the purity of their minds and hearts. It is difficult, perhaps, in these days of free libraries and over-production of reading matter to efficiently guard youth from these dangers, still the obligation becomes all the greater by reason of the more facilities there are for falls. Again amusements are too often productive of evil. There is no use concealing the fact that the world is at variance with the Church in the matter of legitimate amusements. It does not recognize as wrong many actions, many situations—dances, theatricals, variety entertainments and some kinds of games. Yet the Church regards them all as grievously harmful. Older generations were much stricter in all these respects. How near we are drawing to the precipice without falling over is quite from our worldly customs. Ere it be too late and before we scandalize the little ones let us shun worldliness, its works and pomps, with more care and love of God.

THE ROMAN CURIA.

The word Curia has an honorable pedigree and an unbroken history reaching to the shadowy dawn of Rome's foundations. First of all it was the place where the spearmen, the warriors, the Quirites, met. Then it came in republican days to signify the senate-house, where the conscript fathers assembled, where Cicero used to harangue them and where the destinies of western Europe were framed and fashioned. Time passed on. Pagan Rome made way for Christian Rome. The language was transferred from the old uses which had fallen into disuse and was to serve higher purposes. Thus the term Curia was applied to the whole papal court, to whose care is charged the government of the Church. It differs from a Council. It is not exactly the same as our term court; or rather it includes both the executive and administrative branches of the Church's government. It consists of the Cardinals residing in or near Rome as well as prelates of various ranks. For many centuries there was no division of labor amongst them. All met at the call of the Pope who presided at the meetings. These meetings were called consistories and were presided over by the Pope himself. In the year 1587 Pope Sixtus (or Xistus) V. made an important change by which he divided the members of the Consistory into different bodies. These he called congregations. They were al-

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Our Lady of Japan.

In a recent issue of the Observer was announced the arrival at Tokio of the Sacred Heart Nuns, who are about to begin their educational work in Japan. The account which follows gives some further interesting details of this event.

A band of ten nuns left Sydney, Australia, for Japan on the 4th of December last. The nuns of the Sacred Heart arrived at Nagasaki very early on the morning of December 28 and made their way on foot to the Cathedral. The very first object on which their eyes rested at the door of the Cathedral was a statue of Our Lady, with the inscription "Notre Dame de Japon, priez pour nous." They had an interview with the bishop, who received them with the greatest kindness, and told them the good news that the Archbishop of Tokio had rented a house for them. The Rev. Mother Salmon met her brother, the vicar general of Nagasaki, after an interval of nearly forty years. A community of French Sisters in charge of an orphanage showed the greatest kindness and hospitality to the travellers. They met there some aged

Christian women of Utsunomiya (virgins they call them), who had been instructed in the Christian faith by the mother of the Rev. Mother Salmon, who had spent some of the latter years of her life in Japan, helping on the missionary work. The convent is in the very house where she dwelt. Several of these women were confessors of the faith, having suffered imprisonment during the last persecution of 1867-72.

The Bishop of Osaka paid the nuns a visit at Kobe and they had the privilege of assisting at his Mass in the little convent there. It was a touching sight at the consecration to see all the Japanese orphans prostrate themselves flat on the ground. After breakfast the nuns went to see these little ones, and distributed among them rosary beads, chaplets of the Immaculate Conception, etc., which they received with the greatest joy. They ran with their treasures to show them to the bishop, just like children to a kind father.

They arrived at Yokohama on New Year's Day, but so much earlier than was anticipated that the train for Tokio had started before the good sister, who, it appears, were expecting them, knew of their arrival on the Mikko Maru. There was no one consequently to meet them at Tokio. But the watchful care of Providence is everywhere, and just as they stepped from the platform and were facing the unknown they perceived a priest, who, astonished to see them alone, came up to them and told him was going to the archbishop to wish him a happy New Year, and asked them to accompany him. How gratefully they accepted the invitation. His Grace was most kind and fatherly, and expressed his regret that he had not been at the station to receive them, but no telegram coming from the Sisters at Yokohama, his plans were upset. The first night in Tokio was spent with the good nuns of St. Maur, who gave their new sisters a loving welcome, and the next day the Rev. Mother conducted them to their own little home where, according to their letters, in the midst of intense cold and cares of Mother Poverty, their joy and merriment are indescribable.

They have already opened a boarding school, and the two first pupils are the daughters of Admiral Ito. These nuns are the first English-speaking religious to open a school for girls in Japan. The Jesuit Fathers have begun a university in Tokio. Father Meyer, S.J., recently assistant to the Father General, is the rector. He is an American. One of the Japanese public men published a fly sheet reproducing a letter in which St. Francis Xavier extolled the valor and other good points of the Japanese character, and prophesied that "one day this nation will be at the head of the whole Orient." This letter determined the Mikado and his government to recall the Brothers of St. Francis Xavier.

Ligue Patriotique.

Pope X. recently granted a collective audience to about one hundred and fifty ladies who went to Rome as delegates of the "Ligue Patriotique Francaise," which now numbers nearly 40,000 members and which is organized principally to help the bishops and priests of France in such religious work as may be done by lay women.

In England a somewhat similar organization has been effected among the Catholic women, suggested by a corresponding movement, the Frauenbund, in Germany; and this, in turn, has its parallel and counterpart in the "Daughters of the Faith" in the United States.

And now we are told that in this country another organization known as the Catholic Ladies' Aid society has been recently organized; and that its first annual report promises an agreeable surprise in the amount of valuable and practicable work accomplished during the first year of its existence.

Pope's Sisters Wear Irish Poplin.

We learn that, within a short time, the three sisters of His Holiness Pope Pius X., will appear before him arrayed in Irish poplin, the gift of Surg-Gen. Dr. Nugent McNamara, of County Clare, who visited Rome recently and was presented to the three sisters of the Pope. He determined to send each of them the material for a black poplin dress; and a few days ago a packet containing three rolls of this excellent material reached Rome, and was addressed to the Very Rev. Father O'Meehan, O.F.M., Guardian of the Irish Franciscan College of St. Isidore, with whom Dr. McNamara became acquainted during his recent visit to Rome. The rolls were addressed to Rosa, Maria, and Anna Sarto, and were delivered to them at their residences on June 24, by Rev. Father O'Meehan, O.F.M. As might be expected when these ladies saw the very fine gift that was brought to them they were quite grateful and requested the Rev. Father to thank the Surgeon-General Dr. McNamara. The sisters of the Pope always appear at the Vatican in black dresses and veils; there is a special place reserved for them in St. Peter's at grand ceremonies. The youngest of the three, Anna, is 60 years of age, Maria, 56, and the eldest, Rosa, is 70 years old, or three years younger than the Pope.

So Young and Yet So Clever!

Longfellow's first poetry was published at thirteen. Shakespeare left school at fourteen, John Bright at fifteen. Scott entered the fair realm of literature at twenty-five. At thirty-four he was the most popular poet of the day. Galileo discovered the isochronism at nineteen. Byron's first poems appeared at nineteen. At twenty-four he reached

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the highest pinnacle of his literary fame.

Wilberforce entered Parliament at twenty-one.

Pit the younger was in Parliament at twenty-two.

Burns' first volume was published at twenty-seven.

Napoleon at twenty-seven commanded the army in Italy.

Tommyon at thirty-three took that high stand among the poets he held till his death.

Brougham, that strange and wonderful phenomenon, entered school at seven and graduated at the head of his class when twelve. At twenty-five he was a noted scientist.

Answer.

Archbishop Brings Books to Pope.

When Archbishop Farley sails for Rome next Saturday he will carry with him three books for presentation to the Pope which will represent in a way the literary finish and scholarship of American Catholics.

The largest will be the third volume of the Vatican edition of The Catholic Encyclopedia. This edition, which costs \$3000, is said to be one of the most costly ever printed in America. It is bound in vellum with a stamped design in blue and gold, and is profusely illustrated with rare photographs and color plates. The Papal coat of arms, which appropriately, is painted on the fly-leaf of each volume. There are only 26 sets in the edition, and the first volume of each set has been signed by Pope Pius X., as a mark of his personal interest in this, the most comprehensive literary venture of Archbishop Farley's administration.

The Archbishop's own history of St. Patrick's Cathedral, which he prepared for the recent centenary, will be doubly acceptable to the Pope inasmuch as it shows the gratifying progress of Catholicity in New York and is in the hand of New York's foremost Catholic churchman. The "Catechism of Modernism," compiled at the diocesan seminary of Dunwoody, will complete the trio of gifts. Both of these will be bound in vellum to match the Encyclopedia. Mgr. Merry del Val, the Pope's secretary, will also be the recipient of copies of these volumes.

The Late Sir Nicholas O'Connor.

Sir Nicholas O'Connor, British Ambassador at Constantinople, whose death was recently reported, was a descendant of the last King of Ireland, Roderic O'Connor. Sir Nicholas was educated at the famous Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, and had a most distinguished career in the diplomatic service. "Though naturally amiable and polite," Sir Nicholas (says the Times biographer) "did not belong to what has been called the oily school of diplomacy; on the contrary, in manner he was direct and straightforward almost to bluntness, and when he held strong views on any subject he usually did not seek to conceal them. In harmony with this trait of character, and with the unceremoniousness which is not infrequently to be met with in the best class of Irishmen, was a tendency to neglect the minutiae of ceremonial. On one or two occasions in his official life this tendency gave momentary dissatisfaction in certain quarters, but it never affected injuriously the public interests or his own career. Among his colleagues and in general society he was extremely popular, and among those who had opportunities of knowing his private character and

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MONTREAL STOCKS

our, Grain, and Hay Markets.

There was less enquiry for Manitoba spring wheat from foreign buyers today, and as cables were easier in some cases, the volume of business transacted was not large. American corn on spot is strong, with No. 2 mixed in car lots quoted at 82 1-2c per bushel, ex-store. A stronger ruling prevails in the local market. Buyers and sellers are asking an advance of 1c per bushel, but it has not been realized yet. We quote:

quart at 5c to 6c.
Advices from England on potatoes are easier and in consequence prices here have a lower tendency. We quote:
First sorts at \$5.97 1-2; seconds at \$5.47 1-2, and first pearls at 6.65 per 100 lbs.

Fruit Trade Dull This Week.

Trade in the various lines of fruit has slackened off this week, but prices continue firm, especially for California fruits, and the indications are for higher quotations.

Bananas—Jumbos, \$2.25 per bunch.

There are some Catholics who pride themselves on the fact that they never miss mass on Sunday, and yet their attendance at that sacred function can scarcely be characterized as anything else than automatic.

They rush from their homes on Sunday morning, hurrying along as they catch the peal of the Mass bell from the distance, only to arrive at the church door as the congregation is rising for the reading of the Gospel. They consume a few minutes in personal comfort and by about the time they have fixed themselves comfortably the Sanctus bell has rung. They have hardly caught sight of the altar yet, they turn distractedly from side

years old, but in common with other Irish industries it has languished under the political conditions from which Ireland has suffered so long. It is Father O'Flanagan's belief that more good will come to Ireland, and that quicker relief from the unhappy situation will come from the support and revival of her many old-time industries than from any appeal for aid in other directions. To this end he has been sent by Bishop Clancy to make a lecture tour of America, that the industrial situation in Ireland may be placed before Americans and his compatriots in America, and an effort made to awaken interest in one of the most

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Custer	—	43
Green Meacham	—	43
Lake	—	43
Little	2.75	3.00
McKinley-Darragh	—	25
North	1.75	2.00
Ora	7.12½	7.37½
Parker	2.00	2.10
Anderson Lake	—	2.00
Light of Way	—	1.00
Queen	2.50	2.60
Over Leaf	1.00	1.00
Muskoka	1.13½	1.13½
Muskoka	—	86
Empire Cobalt	—	45

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The market for honey is dull, there being no improvement in the demand. We quote:

White comb honey at 13 1-2c; dark at 12 1-2c; to 13c; clover at 11c to 12c; and buckwheat at 10c to 11c per lb.

The demand for maple products is low and the tone of the market is easy. We quote:

Maple syrup at 5c to 5 1-2c per lb. in wood, and 6c to 6 1-4c in vins.

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ways felt that I cannot too strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the many women who suffer as I did."

You can get these Pills from any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

RUNNING TO EARLY MASS

How Some Catholics Attend Summer Services During Hot Weather.

There are some Catholics who pride themselves on the fact that they never miss mass on Sunday, and yet their attendance at that sacred function can scarcely be characterized as anything else than automatic.

They rush from their homes on Sunday morning, hurrying along as they catch the peal of the Mass bell from the distance, only to arrive at the church door as the congregation is rising for the reading of the Gospel. They consume a few minutes in personal comfort and by about the time they have fixed themselves comfortably the Sanctus bell has rung. They have hardly caught sight of the altar yet, they turn distractedly from side

that but his means to an end—and that end is to get him a hearing wherever he goes on behalf of Ireland and the industrial revival that is to make Ireland first commercially and then governmental a success. It is a simple plan, but all across this continent it has proved wonderfully effective.

The three girl lacemakers are Mary Flanagan, Rose Eagan and Mary Gustafson Davoren, all graduates of the industrial school established by the Knight Rev. Bishop John J. Clancy at Loughlyn, County Roscommon, Ireland.

The lace industry in Ireland is 60

years old, but in common with other Irish industries it has languished under the political conditions from which Ireland has suffered so long. It is Father O'Flanagan's belief that more good will come to Ireland, and that quicker relief from the unhappy situation will come from the support and revival of her many old-time industries than from any appeal for aid in other directions. To this end he has been sent by Bishop Clancy to make a lecture tour of America, that the industrial situation in Ireland may be placed before Americans and his compatriots in America, and an effort made to awaken interest in one of the most

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The Magpie Fountain.

Midwinter—and yet all that morning I had been thinking of spring. Are there not days of snow when without reason spring is one's thought? To explain this I have a theory that year-long spring is the secret spirit of all things; and that she walks masked, now as ripe summer, now as yellow autumn, and now, when the fancy seized her, as white winter. But all the time the happiest hearts understand the jest and know that whatever she may wear—wreaths of corn or grapes or snow—yet spring is never absent from the world.

I am wont to call this secret presence the Little Spring, and all that morning, though the snow blew and piled about my casement, I had known that the Little Spring was in the air.

Then Peleas came in, and the winter sun touched his white hair as it touched mine, for we are both 70 and everybody believes that we belong to the Winter people, the people whose hair is white and whose steps are slow. But we laugh at this because we know that we harbor spring in our hearts.

"Ettare," said Peleas, "Nicola has a friend who is ill in the hospital. She has gone to see her, and she has got in her place for to-day the most pathetic little woman. She is down there in the kitchen now making a salad. Her eyes look as if they had seen nothing but the things they did not want to see."

"Then her salads will be good," I said. "Haven't you often noticed how the disappointments of life come out in appetizing dishes or exquisite needlework or beautiful dispositions?"

"Ah, yes," said Peleas, "but their eyes never look any less sad. Isn't it curious that excellent salads and kind deeds leave the eyes sad—as if they wanted something more? I wish we could cheer her up. Her name is Mary."

Presently I went down to the kitchen. It was strange to see in her place this quiet woman with the young face and the sad eyes and the gown of heliotrope gingham.

"Mary," I said, "what fresh, crisp lettuce! I am glad to know that the world smelled of spring this morning."

"Spring, ma'am," said Mary, as if she hardly knew what the word meant.

"Yes—spring," I said, "March, April, May. Surely, in spite of the snow, you have not forgotten?"

Mary smiled faintly, and sighed but the smile was a sigh after all. I understood her silence. I protest I think that no one could properly answer that question, thinking only of spring.

"Ah," said I, "Mary—if it were spring at this moment I suppose that you and I would be with one whom we like best to be with."

"Ma'am," said Mary, "Yes'm."

I had only to look in her eyes, swiftly lifted, to know that in her heart some wish was hidden of which that swift look was the spirit. Whom did Mary like best to be with? I wondered. I moved about the spotless kitchen about.

"For myself," said I, "spring or winter, I would wish the same thing. Mary, let us both wish that to be near some one very, very dear. And if, as I suspect, spring is somewhere about, I think we shall have our wishes."

"Oh, ma'am," said Mary, "Yes'm." But the sadness of Mary's eyes was like the outer winter itself.

"Ah, well," said I as I left her, "this I am persuaded is a very special day. And I know that spring is somewhere about listening."

I went back upstairs, smiling at the pleasant mystification in Mary's face. And I protest that as I passed through the corridor, I smelled the sweetness of flowering currants and of Forsythia.

In the upper hallway Peleas stood with a workman.

"Ettare," said Peleas, with that adorable helplessness which the most charming men always assume in the presence of the processes of domesticity, "this man says something about water-pipes."

"Ah," said I, "to be sure. The water-pipes in the attic. Have you forgotten the school play?"

"I had," Peleas confessed, "I had. So many good things have happened this last week that only a magician could remember them. This will be the man to make the fountain that Lisa wanted."

"This will be the man," I assented, "and let us go up to the attic at once."

The man—a great earnest giant in blue clothes and soft felt hat, followed Peleas and me to the attic, that place of deep windows and mysterious trunks which has never lost its fascination for me. Here Lisa and some of her butterfly friends had begged leave to come on a holiday, and pursue a most astonishing course to which Peleas and I had assented only after proper hesitation. They wished to give here a kind of play, something which seems of late years to be a necessary part of education; and they had selected our attic for the simple reason that the heroine of the piece lived in an attic chamber, all cobwebs and rafters, and fell asleep, and dreamed that she was a princess by a fountain in a garden, and met there the prince waiting for her. After which she woke and found herself in an attic, fountain and princess crown gone, but the prince was still there among the cobwebs and rafters. It was a charming little play, and a true allegory of much love, and for that reason Peleas and I had consented to have it

given in our attic, where there would be room for eighteen or twenty of Lisa's friends to watch it. This was the man who had come in that attic by which the princess should meet the prince.

At four o'clock Lisa and her friends came to rehearse for the fountain play. I saw them all safely above stairs, and then I slipped down to the kitchen, for I had a fancy to send Mary up, when they were finished, with a tray of tea and jam, and little cakes and bonbons.

I found that Mary had miraculously anticipated my wish and had already spread the sandwiches and opened the jam.

"Mary," I said, as I arranged the bonbons, "it is still snowing. Have you got your wish yet?"

"O ma'am," said Mary, "No'm." She looked up at me suddenly. I hardly know how I knew, but at once I understood that her sad eyes spoke but one wish.

"Who is it, Mary?" I asked on a sudden impulse. "Is it your sweetheart?"

"No'm," said Mary soberly, "it's my husband."

"Do you care to tell me, Mary?" I asked, for one must live to be seventy before one learns that there is a sympathy that transcends all false reticence and consists simply in holding out one's hand and listening to what some one else is longing to say. And then she told me of the trivial dispute and the parting.

"Is he dead, Mary?" I asked, laying the bonbons on the dish.

"O ma'am," said Mary, "No'm. But I do not know where he is. And he won't never forgive me."

The pretty play was just over, and the little maid, in her gown of gold with her gold hair about her shoulders, had just shyly answered the prince, and sat with him on the rim of the fountain, back in her attic house, when I heard Mary coming upstairs with the tray of tea and tarts.

She looked very pretty in her print gown, her sad eyes lighted by the faint excitement of the moment. No sooner was she there than Lisa, who can coax bewitchingly, begged that we should have tea down in my room, where there are a half dozen deep window seats—for the joy of dreams and tales.

Peleas and I stayed behind—and as the cloud of Lisa's friends went in soft laughter down the attic stairs we turned and fancied that the fairy tale had come true before our eyes.

Between the dormer window and the ancient chest the fountain, was still sparkling to the sun, as it had sparkled when the little mock princess had found her lover by her side. And where she stood, Mary stood now, and she was suddenly and unexplainably in the arms of that earnest young giant in blue clothes, whose magic had struck the fountain upward in the sun of our sombre attic.

"Mary," said the young giant brokenly; and then he saw us and tried to make us know all that the moment brought welling to his heart. And Mary met our eyes, unashamed that his arms held her, and her hand was in his hand; and high above their heads in the late sun of afternoon sprang that magic fountain which he himself had brought from some place of the winter world.

"O ma'am," said Mary, "it was him I told you about. It was him I meant. I says to him: 'It was you,' and he says to me: 'It was you,' and they didn't neither of us have the sense to see that it wasn't neither him nor me, but just the way things naturally was."

"That's right," said the young giant huskily, "that's right. We didn't see."

To Peleas and me, standing almost awestruck in the presence of this great actuality, it seemed as if the voice of the whole world were there beside us crying passionately to love: "We didn't see."

But yet the moment was so piercingly glad that the gladness, after all, was its chief significance. I looked at Mary, her sad eyes magically lighted with something that could never go out; and—

"Did I not say?" I cried, "that spring was somewhere about? And that we shall all have our wishes?"

"O ma'am," said Mary, "Yes'm."

Peleas and I, laughing happily, went down the attic stairs, and left them by the magic fountain in the sun. And the air about us smelled the sweetness of the flowering currants and of Forsythia. The Little Spring is never far away.—By Zona Gale, in Exchange.

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The Shepherd of the Hill.

It was a wild, stormy night late in October. A heavy torrent of rain was falling. The main street of the little village of Ionia, nestled among the northern hills of New York, was deserted. The wind came in sharp, cold gusts, driving the rain in angry splashes against the lighted windows that shone here and there through the darkness. Now and again a great streak of lightning flashed across the skies, followed by a deep roar of thunder. It was not a comfortable night to be out, but rather one of those nights of storm when the moaning winds and the dripping rains outside made an armchair and a warm room all the more cosy and inviting.

At one end of the village one man sat listening to the storm. He was the young resident priest of Ionia—"Father Dan," the people called him. His mission consisted of the village and a territory of several miles of surrounding country. He had been reading, but as the storm increased in violence, he laid aside his book and began to listen. As he heard the rain dashing against his window, he hoped no call might bring him out that night, for he thought it would not be the most pleasant duty on such a night to leave the warmth and comfort of his modest study.

Father Dan had been ordained only two years. For a year he had been assistant in a large city church, where he had plenty of work and experience. Then one day a letter came from the Bishop asking him to go to Ionia. "It was a backward parish," the Bishop wrote, "and would be a good test of a young man's zeal." Father Dan liked his "backward parish," as the Bishop called it. He was happy amid such peaceful surroundings, for he loved the country with its simpler ways and kinder hearts.

As he sat, and listened to the storm imagination led him back through the two years of his priestly life. He remembered the morning when he stood with his companions in the sanctuary before the Bishop. It was the fearful moment of decision, when in his heart he had feared the self-sacrificing life of the priesthood, and he deemed himself unworthy of the call. True, he was well on in years when he decided to take the step. He had given up a lucrative position and all that is sweetest in life, and cheerfully underwent the long, severe studies and rigid discipline of the seminary, which in itself is no small test of a true call to the priesthood. Those years of preparation had cost him many a hidden conflict, that none knew save himself. But he had never wavered until the morning of ordination. While he knelt before the Bishop in prayerful anxiety, he thought of the words the Bishop had spoken to himself and his companions—that "their lives were to be the lives of shepherds caring for and guarding their flocks." Then with these words in his ears, he remembered a picture that passed before his mind that morning. It was a green hill, upon whose pasture rested a flock of sheep and lambs. The Shepherd who was watching them was tall and kindly and across His shoulders His hair fell in long, waving curls. His eyes seemed infinitely beautiful and gentle. Then he imagined the Shepherd speaking: "These are the ninety-and-nine that are safe in the fold, but one has strayed and even now may be perishing." It was this picture of the Good Shepherd that gave Father Dan courage and decision for his future life-work.

The storm was still raging when the priest, awakening from his reveries, arose and placed the volume in his hand in the bookcase. The clock slowly chimed the hour of ten. Suddenly a knock came upon the front door! The priest, wondering who his late visitor could be, went and opened the door. A man stood before him drenched with the rain. "Is this Dr. Harrison's?" "No," replied Father Dan; "the Doctor's house is the next one farther down. What is the matter?" "Joe Miller's child up at the Creek is very sick. Joe himself thinks it's diphtheria. It's his only child and Joe is feeling very bad about it."

"Well," replied the priest, "the Doctor went away this afternoon on a case ten miles north of here, and I'm doubtful if he will come back on a night like this. Better leave a message at his house anyhow, in case he should return."

Father Dan, closing the door, thought of the sick child. He remembered the first time he met the little fellow. He called him "Curly-head" because he had long golden curls. The priest had won instant favor with "Curly-head" by giving him a ride upon his shoulders, for which Father Dan was to be repaid with two long golden curls. After the messenger had gone away he asked himself whether he should go and see the sick child. It was two miles out to Joe Miller's, and on such a night without a horse it was far from being a pleasant tramp. There was no obligation for him to go, as the child was only five years old and baptized. But the child's father was a stray sheep of the flock, and perhaps, the priest thought, "if I went up to Joe Miller's to-night in the hour of his anxious grief, I might bring him back to the fold." He stood listening for a moment to the storm and the rain without, then putting on his storm boots, raincoat and hat, he went out in the darkness and rain.

Joe Miller was surprised when the priest stood before him on the doorstep. Father Dan explained the circumstances of the messenger's mistake, and the Doctor's absence, but that word had been left for the Doctor to hasten up as soon as he returned. Joe brought the priest to the sick child's cot, beside which the mother sat in deep anxiety. He saw

from the little flushed face that the fever was running high. Then he noticed that the child was breathing with very great difficulty, and it dawned upon him that unless respiration could be kept up until the Doctor arrived, the child would die. Kneeling at the bedside of his little friend, the priest prayed God to spare the boy to his sorrowing parents. Then with full knowledge of the risk he ran, Father Dan placed his lips to those of the suffering child, now almost choked with the terrible disease. For a long time it seemed like hours—he kept it up, hoping all the time that the Doctor would come. Joe Miller watched in silence the heroic efforts of the priest to save his child. He knelt down in a corner of the room, and only God saw what passed through that man's heart. The Doctor at last arrived, and quickly operated upon the child's throat. Turning to the parents, he said: "This good priest has performed a very brave act of heroism, at imminent danger to himself. He has undoubtedly been the means of saving your child's life." The Doctor then warned Father Dan "to be careful for a few days and watch out for the slightest symptom" of the dread disease.

In a few days little "Curly-head" was well on the road to recovery. Once or twice he asked "Where is Father Dan? I want to give him my curls. Will he come and give me a ride again on his shoulders?" But the days passed and Father Dan never came up the road again. "Curly-head" missed him and asked his mother: "Mamma, why doesn't Father Dan come for my curls?" He said he would come.

The mother told the child to her heart's content: "Father Dan has gone to the nurse-maid of heaven to gather golden curls from the angels; he will come again some day; he will come again for yours." "Then I will keep my curls for him," Curly-head said.

It was only a few days after Father Dan had knelt at the sick child's bedside that the toilers on the fields heard the slow, sad tolling of a church bell, and every head became bowed, for they knew Father Dan had answered his last call. He had gone out through the hills in search of the missing sheep, and he, the shepherd, had given his life for his flock.—Victor T. Noonan, in the New World.

Peevish, pale, restless and sickly children owe their condition to worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will relieve them and restore health.

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(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

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

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

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I had then, and I have now, no Church, no Presbytery, no Diocesan Grant, no Endowment (except Hope).

I am still obliged to say Mass, and give Benediction in a mean upper room. Yet, such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the County of Norfolk measuring 35 x 20 miles.

The weekly offerings of the congregation are necessarily small. We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us, and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—"For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

FATHER H. W. GRAY,
Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng'd.

P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

(EPISCOPAL AUTHORIZATION)
Dear Father Gray,
You have duly accounted for the thealms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this mission, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

SPECIAL OFFER

During the Month of September, 1908, or until our stock is exhausted.

FREE: Along with the regular premium we will give One Class Fruit Bowl on Stand to every one returning more than 3 Dozen 6 lb. empty XXX Self-Raising Flour Bags, and for less than 3 Dozen 6 lb. Bags one medalion (picture).

Brodie & Harvie
14 and 16 Bleury St., Montreal

Established 1864.
C. O'BRIEN,
House, Sign and Decorative Painter
PLAIN AND DECORATIVE
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Wholesale and Retail. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.
Residence, 76 ALEXANDER STREET, Office, 64 Dorchester street, east of Bleury street, Montreal.

numbered section of Dom-
Maillots, Saskatchewan
excepting 8 and 26,
who is the sole head of a
family over 18 years of
age, more or less,
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one of the following
at six months' residence
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W. W. CORY,
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STRUGGLING MISSION

se of Northampton,
Norfolk, England.

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and I have now, No
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H. W. GRAY,
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Dozen 6 lb.
Self-Raising
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Harvie

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EOCRATIVE
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Sensory Office, 647 Dor-
street, Montreal.
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ere is no prepara-
Mother Graves'
It has saved
children.

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1908.

BOYS' AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

This week Uncle Joe has a word to
say to the boys and girls. He would
like to see them solve a problem in
long division. This is the problem:

TL) RRROROA
NCC (OCKAR

HTO
HNO

HBR
OTH

HAO
HCR

NNA
NNA

The letters represent the figures 1,
2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. The solu-
tion will consist in finding the right
figures, and when the corresponding
letters are placed in order they will
read a word.

But every move in the solution
must be explained and absolutely no-
thing guessed. Before a figure is
put in place, evidence must have been
obtained that that figure is and no
other can possibly be the one that
must take the place of that letter.
Two weeks will be given to the boys
and girls to figure out this long di-
vision. But as it is very simple, no
prize will be offered this time. Uncle
Joe wants to see how many youth-
ful readers of the True Witness are
interested in mathematics.

So boys and girls, get your wits
to work. Solve the problem, say-
ing in your letter to Uncle Joe why,
for example, B must be 6, why HT
must be together in the answer, why
N must be 1 and so on till the very
last one is explained. In two weeks
Uncle Joe will explain the problem
in the True Witness and give a hard-
one, and at the same time will
give the names of the boys and girls
who will have succeeded in solving
this long division.

Send the answers with your explana-
tion to

UNCLE JOE,
True Witness Office,
Montreal.

I WONDER WHY.

My mamma's gone away to-day.
And grandma's cross:
My mamma told me to be good,
I've tried to help just all I could.
And haven't done a thing that should
Make grandma cross.

I cleared away the breakfast things
Quick as a fly;
The gravy spilled a little mite,
Although I hugged the platter tight,
But, if I was an "awful sight,"
I didn't cry.

I went upstairs to make the beds
And dust around;
I filled the bathtub to the brim,
So Jack Tar could learn to swim.
And then I jumped in after him
Before he drowned.

I really thought the parlor should
Be dusted too;
An angel fell down on his face
And hit a royal Worcester vase—
I put the pieces back in place
With Stickum's glue.

I've been as good as good can be—
But grandma's cross;
I've swept, I've ironed all my
clothes,
I've washed the windows with the
hose.

What in the world do you suppose
Makes grandma cross?
—Sara A. Davis.

THE SLIPPERY PRONOUN.

Many are the circumlocutions which
have been devised by civilized races
in order to avoid the bluntness of
direct address. In fact, it may be
said that at the moment when a na-
tion standardizes its language it be-
gins to have trouble with its pro-
nouns.

"Thou" has, of course, become ob-
solete except in prayer, although it
flourishes colloquially in the north
of England. The second person plu-
ral is substituted. In parts of the
south "you all" is heard, a further
step toward refined elusiveness.
In France and Germany "thou" has
been retained in familiar or semi-
contemptuous speech. In Spain and
Italy, on the other hand, the third
person is substituted habitually in
place of it.—Harper's Weekly.

MOTHER'S VACATION.

For a good many weeks you girls
have been counting the days before
vacation. Busy times of review
came first, and then those hard ex-
aminations which you do not care
to remember even now. But all this
is over, and the summer stretches be-
fore you, the dear, delightful sum-
mer with its blue skies and warm
breezes and its days so full of good
times that some of them have to
overflow into the long evenings!

And how about mother's vacation!
Some of you look puzzled by that
question. For even though warm
weather is here, there is just as
much work for mother.

You cannot help it, you say? Do
not be too sure of that. "Many hands
make light work," the old proverb
tells us, and this is true even if
some of the hands are very small.
One does not need to be very old or
wise or strong to wash dishes or
sweep a kitchen or dust a parlor
neatly.

Besides helping in the work that
has to be done, you can be careful
about making unnecessary work. In
a thousand little ways you can keep
from adding to the burdens mother
has to carry.

Even though you do your best,
there will be plenty of hard work
mixed in with mother's vacation. But
if you are thoughtful and loving and
ready to help, you can make the
summer a resting-time for her heart
as well as for her tired body.

THE FUTURE.

The future is a distant realm
That none have ever yet explored
'Tis ours to scale its mystic walls
And seek its treasures safely stor-
ed.

What lies within those noble walls?
What stretches out on every side?
A life of opportunities,
Advantages as yet untried.

To-day is but a passing hour,
A little gleam of what's to be;
And when it goes, it ushers in
That much-desired futurity.

WHEN SUSIE WAS READY.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Babcock! Is
Susie ready?"

"She's upstairs, dear, dressing.
You didn't expect to find her ready
on time, did you? You know Susie
too well for that."

Mrs. Babcock's laugh ended in a
sigh, and Rose laughed, too, as she
ran up stairs.

"Poking along as usual!" she
cried, throwing open the door of
Susie's room after a hasty knock.
"Were you ever known to hurry?"
"Oh, there's plenty of time!" said
Susie, serenely. She was brushing
her hair before the mirror with her
usual leisurely air. "Do sit down,
Rose. I never could see the use of
getting into a flurry just to be ready
half an hour beforehand."

Rose laughed and subsided into a
chair. Then she caught sight of a
glove thrown across the white bed-
spread, with sewing materials con-
veniently near. "Something the mat-
ter with your glove?" she question-
ed.

"Yes, there's a button off, and one
of the forefingers is ripped a little.
Would you mind fixing it for me,
Rose?" "Oh, thank you!"

By the time the brown locks were
smooth and in place, Mrs. Babcock
came into the room. "You haven't
many minutes to spare, my dear."

"Oh, I guess there'll be plenty of
time, mamma! Will you get me my
dotted Swiss? I think it's in the
wardrobe in the hall. And I want
a fresh rushing dasted in."

Mrs. Babcock, returning with the
white dress under her arm, found her
daughter thoughtfully scrutinizing a
pair of shoes.

"They really must be cleaned, mam-
ma. I had forgotten that it rained
the last time I wore them. I wonder
where Arthur is?"

"I'll see, Susie, though it is en-
tirely wrong to have left them for
the last moment."

Mrs. Babcock disappeared hurried-
ly, and a minute later, a fresh-faced
boy dashed up the stairs, seized the
muddy shoes and rushed away to
clean them, his manner indicating
that it was not the first time he
had been called on in such an emer-
gency.

"Is your cake ready to take?" asked
Rose, knowing from long experience
that the question was not un-
called for.

"Oh, dear! I completely forgot
about it. Rose, run to the head of
the back stairs and ask Mary to
put it in a box and put tissue pa-
per around it so it will carry well."

Rose obeyed. Mary stopped in the
midst of ironing a white shirt-waist,
set her iron on the stove with a
thump, and rushed to attend the ne-
glected cake.

The time was getting very short.
Mrs. Babcock helped Susie into the
white dress and buttoned it. Arthur
came running upstairs with the pol-
ished shoes in his hands, and gal-
lantly going down on one knee be-
fore his sister, slipped on the shoes
and tied the laces firmly.

Rose stood holding the hat and mended
gloves. Mary appeared breathless,
with a neat package in her hands.
"That's everything, I guess!" Susie
declared, with a satisfied glance
about her. "Oh, a handkerchief,
mamma! Good-bye, everybody!"

Seated in the car a few minutes
later, she spied a clock in a neighbor-
ing steeple, and turned on her friend
triumphantly.

"Well, Rose, we are not late! I
told you there was no reason to
hurry! I knew I could be in time!"
And then she wondered why Rose
laughed.

GET BUSY.

Don't sit down in silent woe;
Get busy;
Swear you'll get another show;
Get busy;

Luck will stop and smile on you
If you'll stand a knock or two;
Don't give up and don't get blue;
Get busy;

Start something, Stir something up;
Get busy;
Use up a holy's cup;
Get busy;

Fortune loves the busy bee,
Plum chuck-full of energy;
Face the rough-house cheerily;
Get busy;

Stagnant waters do not flow;
Get busy;
Microbes in the slow blood grow;
Get busy;

Where despair discolors brows;
Shake the moss roots from your
shoes;
Get busy;

Here's your creed and here's your
tip;
Get busy;
Practice that stiff upper lip,
Get busy;

Here's a prophecy for you;
If you'll only up and Do,
You'll triumphantly go through;
GET BUSY!

—Charles M. Finch.

THE GREENBACK KID.

He came into the Greenback mining
camp one afternoon on the stage,

having paid his fare by helping the
driver change the horses at the sta-
tions. Though only a boy, his face
wore the seriousness of manhood,
and the creases of his eyes told of the hardships
of the mines.

His father had been killed in a
dynamite explosion at the "Silver
Bell," and his mother had died of
fever soon after. The men had
kicked and cuffed him around there,
and he had come to the Greenback in
search of work.

"A kid around a mine is as useless
as a hole in a doughnut," Simpson
the foreman, told him when he ap-
proached that worthy. But the boy
looked up Hudson, the big superin-
tendent, and was more successful.
The lad was given a job sorting ore
on the sump, picking "pay rock,"
from the waste, and in this way
he earned enough to pay his board
and clothes. His name was Rod-
ney Harris, but he was known by
the miners as the "Greenback Kid,"
or just "Kid."

He got along with all except Simp-
son, the foreman, who had never let
an opportunity slip to curse and abuse
him. Simpson was continually assign-
ing the lad tasks which he really was
not required to do, but which he
did cheerfully.

One of these duties was to take
the foreman his breakfast. And one
morning when he went up to the cab-
in he found him ill. The big fellow
ate only a little breakfast, and or-
dered the boy to the "Dew Drop Inn"
for a flask of whiskey. Rodney re-
fused to go.

This enraged the foreman, who
drove the boy from the cabin, de-
claring he would discharge him. A
little later the foreman secured his
liquor through a roustabout, and af-
ter drinking he fell into a heavy sleep.
All this occurred in the early spring
about a month after Rodney's arrival
at the mine. The north wind had
turned soft and warm, but the snow
was still piled deep on the mountain.

On the afternoon of that day there
was consternation in camp. The big
gong at the superintendent's office
suddenly clanged out loud and shrill,
as it did when there was a fire or a
serious accident. Almost instantly
blue and red-shirted miners filed out
of the bunk house and cabin. From
the canon came a roar and a crash as
of a hurricane tearing the forest. The
earth trembled, and the mountain
sides were shaking.

"It's a slide!" cried the superinten-
dent. "There's a big snow slide on
Preston's Peak! Run for your lives!"
Then he ran up the hill to the shaft
house to give the alarm, calling the
men to get them out before the shaft
was covered up, and to prevent them
from being buried like rats.

Then came the slide. Half Preston's
Peak broke from its apex and slipped
down, leaving a great deep scar. At
first it moved gently and easily, then
it jumped and leaped. Towering pine
trees broke and snapped like twigs or
were twisted like straws under the
avalanche of snow or earth. The cab-
in and buildings of the upper part
of the camp were crashed and buried
beneath a mountain of debris.

After the first slip had passed, the
crowd looked up and beheld a little
cabin, half torn from its foundations,
hanging at the base of the avalanche.
"It's Simpson's cabin," said one.
"Simp, Simp" where is Simpson?"
the superintendent anxiously inquired.
"He's in the cabin asleep!" half a
dozen answered.

A shudder ran through the crowd.
Though accustomed to dangers there
was not one but whose heart sank at
the thought of the big foreman in the
doomed cabin. Was there one
among them who would go to the
rescue? It was one chance in ten thou-
sand. If the slide would hold for a
few minutes, he might be saved; if
it did not—

Some one rushed suddenly from the
crowd. "The Kid! The Kid!" a hoarse
voice shouted, and then all knew the
truth. They vainly tried to stop him.

Up, he climbed, with gravel rat-
tling and rolling under his feet, and
the snow slipping treacherously. The
watchers below held their breath.

He reached the cabin and tugged
viciously at the door, which refused
to open. Finally he tore it from its
hinges, and rushed in. Shortly he
appeared at the door supporting the
limp and intoxicated foreman. The
crowd cheered lustily.

The boy shouted into the ear of
the dazed miner, and when he looked
out, he understood. Impending dan-
ger sobered him. The boy clinched
him tightly by the arm, and started
down the slope, tugging and pulling
with all his strength, and wading
knee deep through the spongy snow.

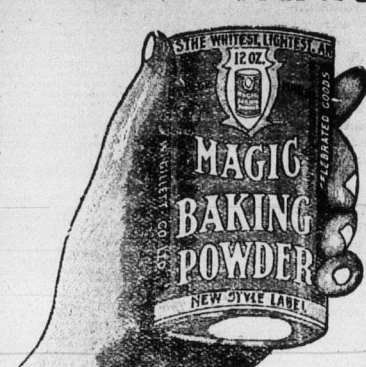
When half way down the slide
broke with a deafening roar, and
hurled its tons of snow and earth
upon the camp. The cabin was
swallowed up instantly, and the
boy and the man were caught in the
van of the whirl. They were lifted
high and thrown completely over
the mill, the wall of which held the
snow and earth and saved them, as
they were scooped far out to the
open valley and safety. Eagerly the
men rushed forward to pick them
up. Simpson was hurt a little but
was soon on his feet; but the boy
was wounded, and blood flowed from
a cut upon his head. It was some
time before he regained conscious-
ness, and when he opened his eyes
half a hundred men were standing
about him, all waiting anxiously, al-
most breathlessly, for the dormant
spark of life to return. Simpson had
both the boy's hands in his own big
palms, and lowered his weather-beat-
en, work-hardened face till it almost
touched the lad's cheek.

"Thank God!" spoke the big min-
er, "the boy breathes again! I want
to be the first to thank you, lad,
for what you have done for me this
day. Were it not for you I would
have been buried deep under that
mountain of snow, so deep that all
the miners in the camp couldn't have
dug me out in a year."

"That's all right," Rodney ans-
wered. "I only did what any of the
miners would have done."

"You're wrong, sonny," interrupt-

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

SOLD and USED EVERYWHERE in
the Dominion.

Makes Baking Easy, Dependable and Economical,
All Canadian Dealers Have It. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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TORONTO, ONT.

ed Hudson, the superintendent. "We
all had the chance you had, but
wouldn't take it."

"That's right," chorused the
crowd, "The kid is the pluckiest one
in the camp."

"And I want to repay you, my
boy," continued Simpson, chokingly,
still holding Rodney's hands. "How
can I do it?"

"Just be my friend," answered the
boy, simply.

"With all my heart," the big min-
er replied, squeezing hard the boy's
hands. "From this time we're pals,
never to play quits."

And they never did.

A SONG OF SINCERITY.

We love the man whose actions
prove
A loyal semblance of the heart,
Who stimulates no worthy move,
Nor counterfeits with studied art.

We reverence him who is the same
In soul and body, day and night,
Whose honor glitters not in fame,
But in Truth's permeating light.

In cold appearance of the good
True excellency cannot live;
Hypocrisy is 'neath its hood,
Reality—it cannot give.

The knave may feign sweet honesty,
The fool may play the wordy-wise,
Still knave and fool they'll ever be,
Though others see not their dis-
guise.

It seems to be—is not to be—
A latent untruth in disguise;
True wisdom's in sincerity
Which no man ever will despise.

We love the man whose actions prove
A loyal semblance of the heart,
Who stimulates no worthy move,
Nor counterfeits with studied art.

Papal Courts In Lateran Palace.

The Pope has announced his inten-
tion of rebuilding the old Lateran
Palace, the residence of the papacy
from the time of Constantine to the
migration of Avignon, for the purpose
of housing the Rota and Segnatura
courts, while the Penitentiary Tri-
bunal will have quarters at the Holy
Office, near St. Peter's. The Lat-
eran Palace is now uninhabited. All
the valuable pictures there will be
transferred to the new Vatican gal-
lery, which will be opened next Sep-
tember. With the exception of the
rooms devoted to sculpture and the
museum, the entire Lateran Palace
will thus be available for the uses
of the courts.

Cold Settles on Kidneys

Cure is obtained promptly by
using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kid-
ney Liver Pills.

Medical authorities place colds as
the most frequent cause of kidney
diseases.

It is customary to consider the
lungs alone in danger from colds.

This is a mistake.
The kidneys are quite as susceptible
and the effect is to congest and clog
these filtering organs until the whole
system is poisoned and there comes
backache, lumbago, aching head,
painful limbs and urinary derange-
ments.

In a wonderfully short time Dr. A.
W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills afford
relief and cure.

By reason of their direct and com-
bined action of kidneys, liver and
bowels they cleanse the system, puri-
fy the blood and carry away the
poisons generated by reason of the
cold.

The great secret of health lies in
keeping these filtering organs regular
and active and this can best be done
by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-
Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cts.
a box, at all dealers, or Edmanston,
Bates & Co., Toronto Ont.

On the extraordinary success of this
medicine as well as on the reliability
of his great Receipt Book rests
the fame of A. W. Chase, M.D.

University of Ottawa, Canada.

Conducted by the Oblate Fathers

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Church and State.

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Business Departments.

Over Fifty Professors and Instructors.

Finest College Buildings and finest Athletic
Grounds in Canada. Museum, Laboratories and Modern
Equipments, Private Rooms.

For Calendar and particulars address

REV. WM. J. MURPHY, O.M.I.,

Rector.

"I Believe"—An Everyday Creed.

I believe in my job. It may not
be a very important job, but it is
mine. Furthermore, it is God's job
for me. He has a purpose in my life
with reference to His plan for the
world's progress. No other fellow
can take my place. It isn't a big
place, to be sure, but for years I
have been molding in a peculiar way
to fill a peculiar niche in the world's
work. I could take no other man's
place. He has the same claim as a
specialist that I make for myself. In
the end, the man whose name was
never heard beyond the house in
which he lived, or the shop in which
he worked, may have a larger place
than the chap whose name has been
a household word in two continents.
Yes, I believe in my job. May I be
kept true to the task which lies be-
fore me—true to myself and to God
who entrusted me with it.

I believe in my fellow-man. He may
not always agree with me. I'd feel
sorry for him if he did, because I
myself do not believe some of the
things that were absolutely sure in
my mind a dozen years ago. May he
never lose faith in himself, because if
he does, he may lose faith in me,
and that would hurt him more than
the former, and it would hurt him
more than it would hurt me.

I believe in my country. I believe
in it because it is made up of my
fellow-men—and myself. I can't go
back on either of us and be true to
my creed. If it isn't the best coun-
try in the world, it is because I am
not the kind of a man I should be.

Loyola College

MONTREAL

An English Classical Col-
lege conducted by the Je-
suit Fathers.

Opening of Tercentenary Celebration.

There was a touch of historic poetry in the scene when the United States battleship New Hampshire arrived at Quebec. The three nations most intimately concerned with the wars of this continent were represented; France, which founded Canada; Great Britain, which won it on the Plains of Abraham; and the United States of America, which tried to win it from the British and failed. Yet yesterday the ships of the three nations met on the scene of their former fierce combats, and, where in time past they had fired powder for the stern purpose of war, yesterday they used far more terrific armament for the purposes of peaceful courtesy, while after the official ceremonies were over the sailors of the various ships were fraternizing in the city, not only with each other, but with the land forces, in picturesque good fellowship.

It was nearly one o'clock when the big United States battleship swung around the curve in the river below the city, and long before then the news that she was coming had spread through the city, so that the Dufferin Terrace, the ramparts and the Citadel were thronged with spectators as the New Hampshire forged her way up the stream.

The battleship was reported only a hundred miles from Quebec Monday at noon; she proceeded slowly up the river and anchored for the night near Grosse Isle, rounding St. Joseph de Levis, the New Hampshire greeted the Governor-General in the Citadel with a salute of nineteen guns, at the same time flying the British ensign. The Citadel replied with a like salute, and the battleship slowly steaming ahead, fired a second salute of 16 guns to Vice-Admiral Curzon-Howe, H.M.S. Exmouth replying. Still proceeding up the river, and coming to hailing distance of the Admiral Aube, the New Hampshire broke the tri-color from her mizenmast and saluted Admiral Jaureguiberry with sixteen guns. The Leon Gambetta replied with her fighting top, at the same time flying the Stars and Stripes. When within a cable length of the Admiral Aube's stern, passing on the right-hand side, the New Hampshire's band struck up the "Marseillaise," and the French warship answered with the "Star Spangled Banner." Steaming ahead slowly, with the band now playing the "Maple Leaf," "God Save the King," and "Rule, Britannia," the United States warship dropped anchor between the Albemarle and the Leon Gambetta. The new addition to the fleet in front of the city, with her white hull, outlined with red on the water's edge, and her yellow funnels, presented a striking contrast to the vessels of the other two nations with their sombre neutral gray colors.

Slowly and majestically the "Indomitable" and the "Minotaur" made their way up stream, and finally they dropped anchor opposite the King's wharf, which like the whole of the city, had been improved and decorated almost out of recognition. Two large triumphal arches marked the way which the Prince was to take to enter the city.

On the wharf itself was a great assembly of distinguished people—His Excellency the Governor-General, Lord Roberts, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Admirals of the fleet in port, the Lieutenant-Governors and Premiers of the various provinces of the Dominion, and the higher representatives of the military, the brilliant uniforms of the naval and military officers, and the picturesque levee dress of the other representatives accorded well with the statelyness of the occasion.

Soon after the arrival of the "Indomitable" the formalities of visiting the Prince of Wales began, so that it was nearly two hours later when the Prince landed, and again the heavy guns of Citadel and fleet boomed forth. His Royal Highness was conducted to a marquee, where an address expressive of the most loyal greetings and hearty welcome was read by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the name of the Canadian parliament and the people of the Dominion.

His Royal Highness briefly replied, saying how much pleasure it gave him to find himself in Canada for the sixth time, and how particularly pleased he was to come as the representative of his august father at the Tercentenary.

Then attended by a mounted escort, the Prince and the assembly of dignitaries drove off to the Citadel. The final rehearsal of the pageants was held on Monday afternoon on the Plains of Abraham, and was attended by over fifteen thousand people. Among the spectators were the Governor-General, Lord Roberts, the Duke of Norfolk and other distinguished visitors to the city, who gathered in the Prince's box.

The pageants went off splendidly. The difficulties that had been previously experienced in securing some shifters were obviated by borrowing a hundred British blue jackets from the visiting fleet, who not only proved capable assistants, but added greatly to the picturesque quality of the scene, their natty work being frequently applauded.

The scene was very brilliant on Monday evening, when, for the first time, the electric illuminations were turned on. The results revealed a scheme of decorative illuminations on a scale greater probably than has ever been attempted in Canada. Throughout the centre of the city almost every large building was a blaze of light, while Dufferin Terrace was illuminated from end to end, the Chateau Frontenac being picked out with electric lights, while on every coign of vantage were colored pictures in electric lights that added greatly to the charm of the scene.

Amongst other buildings, Laval University attracted enormous crowds, being decorated on an ambitious

scale that eclipsed the celebrated decorations in honor of the cardinal-archbishop of the late Mgr. Taschereau.

The fireworks display on the heights of Levis in honor of the Prince on Thursday night will be one of the most brilliant efforts of the kind ever engineered on this side of the Atlantic. Among the main features will be the representation of a naval battle, the set in this piece measuring over six hundred feet in length, while the Falls of Montmorency will be shown in a mass of white fire, 900 feet in length. The set pieces will also include portraits of heroes of the old battles, with entirely novel effects. The whole display will be started off with an illumination of the surrounding country with masses of colored lights, to be followed by the setting off of huge rockets of every description, while a massed flight of over 2000 rockets will bring the whole display to a close. The effects will be aided by the illumination of the warships in the harbor.

The naval display proper will be given on Monday night next, and the vessels are preparing for something on a magnificent scale. One of the vessels alone has thirty tons of fireworks on board.

Mounted patrols clatter up and down the city streets in every direction. The main portion of the city has been marked off into districts, and each has its band of mounted men to aid in preserving order. The patrols from the war vessels, always distinguishable by their gaiters accompanied infantry patrols from the various camps, working together under the direction of a policeman, whose knowledge of the city enables him to keep the patrols where trouble might be expected. So far there has been no disorder, and under the complete organization now in working order there should be none at any time.

The town of Levis will give a reception next week in honor of the French Marquis, whose family name is borne by the municipality on the other side of the river. The Marquis de Levis visited Canada in 1893, and was then made a citizen of Levis, the town adopting his crest as its official insignia.

The congress of French-Canadian Physicians of North America opened in the Assembly Hall of Laval University on Monday afternoon. Two hundred members of the medical profession were present, and as many more are expected before the congress closes. Dr. Simard presided, with Dr. A. Paquette and Ald. Simard to his right and left on the platform. An interesting feature of the gathering was the presence of a number of physicians from the French warships. Aldermen Simard and Picard welcomed the physicians on behalf of the city.

Costumed in the uniforms of the time of Champlain, and under the command of Captain Chartier, mounted heralds-at-arms and men of the watch appeared on the streets for the first time on Monday evening. They were followed by large crowds, who found this little picture of life in Quebec three hundred years ago of interest. The men of the watch sang the Curfew as they proceeded through the streets.

Seventy-five persons, considered undesirable in view of past records, have already been quietly told by the police and detective force to leave the city. A close watch is kept at the railway stations for such gentry. Lord Roberts was entertained at a brilliant banquet by the members of the Garrison Club on Monday evening. About 150 were present. The tables were laid out on the lawn in the rear of the club, the scene in its pretty setting at the foot of Citadel Hill, being one of picturesque beauty. The feature of the evening was the ovation given to Lord Roberts by the officers when he rose to reply to the toast of "The Guest." Lord Roberts replied briefly, referring feelingly to his connection with the Canadians in South Africa and enthusiastically as to his impressions of Canada.

Among those present were the Duke of Norfolk, General Sir R. Pole-Carew, Rear Admiral Jellicoe, Vice-Admiral Jaureguiberry, Admiral Cowles, Col. Dennison, General Otter, Colonel Scott, Colonel Turnbull, Major Panet, General Duchen, Judge McCorkill and General Cotton.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier were among the distinguished guests who arrived in Quebec on Tuesday morning. The big pageant has been the cause of probably the greatest and most cosmopolitan gathering of newspaper men that has ever been brought together in Canada. Already one hundred and fifty representatives of the press have arrived and registered at the Central Press Bureau, and a number more are expected. These represent not only the leading journals of Canada and the United States and France, so that the English and French world will be well posted on the scenes enacted during the national birthday celebration.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

In our last week's issue, we promised those who would attend the concert offered to our friends, the Catholic Sailors, by Branch 26 of the C.M.B.A., a rare treat in many respects; and now, more than ever, we feel fully satisfied by the event.

About the usual hour, as the evening's performance opened, the hall presented on appearance seldom seen. Almost every available seat was taken, and those present appeared fully intent upon enjoying every item to its fullest extent.

The chair was occupied by Mr. Frank Curran, who, in a well-worked address, welcomed those present

MONTHLY CALENDAR

7 July, 1908.

W. 1 St. Therese, C.
Th. 2 Visitation of the B. V. Mary.
F. 3 St. Martial, B. C.
S. 4 St. Bertha, A.

Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

S. 5 The Most Precious Blood.
M. 6 St. Pallas, C.
T. 7 St. Cyril and Methodius, B. C.
W. 8 St. Elizabeth of Portugal, Q. V.
Th. 9 St. Ephrem, B. C.
F. 10 Seven Brothers, M. M.
S. 11 St. Pius I, P. M.

Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.

S. 12 St. John Gualbert, A. H.
M. 13 St. Anacleto, P. M.
T. 14 St. Bonaventura, B. C. D.
W. 15 St. Henry, Emp. C.
Th. 16 Our Lady of Mount Carmel.
F. 17 St. Alexis, C.
S. 18 St. Camillus of Lellis, C.

Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

S. 19 St. Vincent of Paul, C.
M. 20 St. Jerome Emilian, C.
T. 21 St. Praxedes, V.
W. 22 St. Mary Magdalen, Pen.
Th. 23 St. Apollonia, P. M.
F. 24 St. Christina, V. M.
S. 25 St. James, Ap.

Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.

S. 26 St. Anne, Mother of B. V. M.
M. 27 St. Ignace, P. M.
T. 28 St. Nazarius and Co. M. M.
W. 29 St. Martha, P. M.
Th. 30 St. Abdon and Sennen, M. M.
F. 31 St. Ignace Loyola, C.

and thanked them for the ever increasing patronage extended to the worthy object that called them together.

The programme was an ideal one, and mention is due to Mrs. Maragan, Misses Derkin, Fitzgerald, Kitts, and Leitch, as well as to Messrs. Battie, Gladis, Burgess, Kitts, Morgan and McDermitt.

In this connection we would deem our work unfinished and our account lacking seriously; did we not make special note of the services rendered at last evening's entertainment by Mrs. and Mrs. Benit-Gibbons, who certainly lent no effort unexercised to do full justice and honor to the work so pleasantly undertaken and so thoroughly carried out.

On the whole the evening was one of those calculated to strengthen a lasting interest in a work so deeply rooted in the hearts of many among us and to help, as far as possible, to promote the interests of those who have certainly become objects of deep and lasting interest to us all.

The next concert will be in the hands of the Ladies' Committee, and judging from past experience nothing will be neglected to make the evening enjoyable and pleasing in every possible way.

The management of the entire staging of last evening's entertainment was in the hands of Mr. Mortimer, an old and valued friend of the Club, and to him, also, do we wish to present our sincere and hearty congratulations upon the success of his work.

Rev. Dr. Lambert Restored to Health.

The legion of Rev. Dr. Lambert's friends will rejoice to learn of his almost complete restoration to health and even to his former vigor after a protracted illness with a dangerous malady. The news of repeated surgical operations sent a thrill of apprehension all over the country, for we remembered his advanced years and how powerless is science often, when natural laws assert themselves. But the fine constitution of the patient, and his temperate, regular habits of life, supplemented by the prayers of his countless friends, prevailed. Dr. Lambert is almost himself again. While he was in the enforced rest of his sick room his new book, showing the fallacies of the latest fad, "Christian Science," was winning golden praise and doing good apostolic work in a thousand different directions. Its literary merits and the fact that its author carried it all over the world, to all kinds of thoughtful readers, Lovers of Christ and His Church recognized it at once as a peerless champion in a new fight with untruth.

The enemies of the Church recognized it, too, as a factor they must reckon with.

The literary folk enjoyed its clear, vigorous style, keen logic, dry humor and the forceful sending home of a nail clean to the head every time. Dr. Lambert ought to feel encouraged in his work as his friends feel thankful and happy in his renewed health and strength.—N.Y. Freeman's Journal.

Prize for Name of New Steamer.

The Northern Navigation Grand Trunk route announces the launching of a new ship this year, and have offered a prize for a name. She will run between Sarnia, Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth. It is intended that this steamer will be the largest and finest steamer in the Lake Superior trade, and her interior decorations will be most elaborate and complete.

The following are the conditions to be observed in this contest:—

"Name to consist of one word of not more than ten letters.
"It must end in the Line's characteristic termination of 'ic.'
"It is desired that the name selected have some bearing on the history or geography of the territory she will serve.

"Contestants must give their name and address clearly in sending in their suggestions.

"The decision will be made by an impartial committee appointed for the purpose, from whom the names of the contestants will be withheld."

The contest will be closed on July 31st and the decision announced by August 10th and a prize to the successful competitor will be given of

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Tercentenary Quebec

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Montreal-Portland Sleeping and Parlor Car Service, daily, including Sunday, has been extended to Old Orchard and Kennebunkport. Leaves Montreal 9 a.m. and 7:45 p.m. daily. Sleeping Car leaving Montreal on Saturday night will run to Kennebunk only on Sunday morning. Passengers for Kennebunkport will take electric cars at Kennebunk.

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First sleeping car will leave Montreal at 8:15 p.m. Sunday, June 28. First Parlor Car will leave Montreal at 8 a.m. Monday June 29. Sleeping Car leaving Montreal on Saturday night will run to Kennebunk only on Sunday morning. Passengers for Kennebunkport will take electric cars at Kennebunk.

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GEO. STRUBBE, City Pass & Tkt. Agent.

H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal, No. 623. Superior Court. N. Trudel, Plaintiff, vs. L. Trudel, Defendant. On the 27th day of July, 1908, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, at the domicile of the said defendant, No. 2001 St. James street, in the City of Montreal, will be sold by authority of Justice, all the goods and chattels of the said Defendant, seized in this cause, consisting of household furniture and 200 shares of one hundred dollars each fully paid up in the Louis Trudel, Limited, Co. Terms, cash.

J. E. COUTU, B.S.C.

Montreal, July 14, 1908.

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