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The Witness

Vol. LV., No. 3

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

AT THE ABBEY OF GROTTAFERRATA

Writing from Rome on June 29th, Mr. P. L. Connellan, in the Dublin Freeman's Journal, says:

The Sun shown down through the hot sirocco atmosphere as we reached the station of Frascati. In all the Latin land, perhaps in all Italy, there is not a more attractive station, with its pleasant flower-covered bank facing you as you descend from the train. The high bank which slopes down from the level of the town to the railway is cut steeply, and on its face is a sort of hanging garden, full of the choicest flowers of the season, forming an exquisite introduction to this little town set amidst magnificent villas. Another sort of introduction is that with which the cabmen around the station greet you, each cracking his whip, shouting and gesticulating wildly to attract your attention to his more or less shabby turnout. Finally one is chosen, and the journey to Grottaferrata begins.

The road lies on the side of the Tusculan hills, with villas bearing grand mediaeval names spreading on either hand. The eye ranges over the wide Campagna, with its varied colors and its strange, dreamy aspect, to the distant city, where the great dome of St. Peter's rises pale against the paler sky like a great captive halloon.

Scarcely were we half an hour on the road when our cab driver pulled up in the courtyard of a great fortress-like building surrounded by trenches and formidable walls, and strong towers at the angles of the building. You might imagine you had entered the courtyard of a mediaeval castle instead of that of a monastery—for this is the Abbey of Grottaferrata—did not the bronze statue of Saint Nilus standing in the centre of the courtyard reassure you.

Such fortifications were not constructed for adornment; their presence here suggests that the dwellers within these walls were attacked by their neighbors, and had provided themselves with means of defence.

In the tenth century of the Christian era this place enters into history. Greek monks of the Rule of St. Basil, driven out of their monastery in Calabria by the Saracens, sought a refuge here. At their head was the Abbot Nilus. He, seeing how charming was this spot, with the Alban Hills in the background, and away in the distance, across the sun-lighted plain, the City of Rome, settled down here. Since then nine centuries have passed over the Abbey of Grottaferrata, and it may be said that every one of them has left its traces in this monastic retreat.

Among the historical memoirs of the place, one that is not readily forgotten is associated with that paganus Emperor Frederick II., of the thirteenth century. He and his followers sacked the Abbey, and among other precious objects which they carried off to Lucera, in the south of Italy, was a bronze cow which adorned the fountain. This is supposed to have been the work of the celebrated Greek sculptor Myron, who lived three centuries before Christ. It was given to the Abbey by one of the Counts of Tusculum, who found it in one of the ancient villas of this neighborhood, where it was brought by one of the generals who conquered Greece and carried off its treasures to Italy. This exquisite work of sculpture was held in such esteem that the Abbots had it copied into their seal as the distinctive device of the place. People believed that the symbol of the cow in the seal was the symbol of the Church, or the Abbey, which supplies nourishment to the poor; whereas the real fact is that it was a record of the ancient Greek sculptor's work. In the centre of the architrave over the door of the church a bas-relief in marble of that work is still to be seen; and this is probably the only existing memorial of Myron's cow.

Three centuries later Cardinal della Rovere, who was afterwards Pope Julius II., was appointed Abbot Comendatory of Grottaferrata. He was by nature a warrior and by grace a priest. Following his bellicose instincts, he arranged the outer part of this Abbey as a fortification, and the inner part—the courtyard—

was reconstructed, a magnificent portico according to the designs of Bramante being begun. One of the sides of this splendid work—arches supported on tall and elegant columns—was completed when Cardinal della Rovere was elected Pope in 1503, and since then it has remained unfinished. The walls, the towers, and the vedettes, which look so warlike and capable of resisting siege, date from that period; and the great ditch or moat which surrounds the Abbey, except on one side where a stone bridge has replaced a wooden drawbridge, are also the constructions carried out by the Cardinal's direction. Within the walls of this old castellated building, constructed for the peaceful prayers of pious monks, yet with full provision for defence against marauders and church robbers, you feel as if transported back into the age of the Renaissance with its troubles and its triumphs.

That you are in the presence of an order of things different from what you meet with in Rome, becomes apparent when you enter the church. The names of the saints painted on the walls are written in gold letters, but in the Greek tongue. The sweet chant of the office which the Fathers are singing in choir is strange both in its music and in the words chanted, for both words and music are Greek. Here within fifteen miles of Rome, the centre of the Latin Church there is a community of monks using the Greek rite, with the consent and authority of the Holy See. Another unfamiliar feature is the concealment of the altar behind a richly adorned stone screen, in which there are two arches, with curtains, which are drawn at certain periods of the service, when the celebrant is seen.

The founder of this Abbey, Saint Nilus, born in 910, at Rossano, in Calabria, was of Greek origin. The great spirit of the hermits of Egypt and Palestine—of Antony, Saba, and Hilarion—lived in him also. How well he laid the foundations of his rule may be judged from the fact that it has endured all these ages. The church as it is to-day is the result of several restorations, each showing its own traces. The latest is perhaps the worst of all.

A side chapel, richly adorned at the expense of Cardinal Odoardo Farnese, is celebrated for its art in this land of art. Domenichino painted its walls with splendid frescoes, the subjects being chosen from the lives of St. Nilus and the second Abbot of the monastery, St. Bartholomus. People come from Rome to visit this chapel, attracted solely by the renown of its works of art, and romantic legends have grown around the figures in one of the pictures—that of St. Nilus receiving the visit of the Emperor Otho III. Apart altogether from the splendid arrangement of the picture, which shows the Emperor wearing his crown, advancing to meet the aged monk, and their cordial embrace, the fact that in St. Nilus the monk Filippo Morotti, contemporary with the artist, is portrayed, heightens popular interest in the picture. That interest is increased when it is said that the personage holding the Emperor's horse is a portrait of Domenichino himself; and that the one leaning on the horse is Guido Reni; and that Guercino is beside him carrying a lance. Romance reaches its height when we learn that the amazon seen in the middle of the picture is the lady that Domenichino loved—a certain Fallani of Frascati, where the family still reside.

Interesting as all these things are, it is not here that the attraction of Grottaferrata now lies. In a series of halls there is an exhibition of Italo-Byzantine art which is unique. This exhibition is held on occasion of the commemoration of the ninth century of this noteworthy Abbey. The objects exhibited here have been gathered together from many private collections, from churches and cathedral chapters, and from towns never visited by the Baedeker-guided tourist. This art, which takes its origin in the East, has in it something of the gorgeousness of color and richness of material associated with the mysterious Orient. Strange-ly wrought goldsmith's work, quaint-

ly colored enamels, many hued mosaics all glittering with gold borders and backgrounds, magnificently carved ivory diptychs and silver reliquaries, and richly woven textiles, constitute a variety of artistic objects all brought together as beautiful as they are rare.

How, you ask yourself, have these fragile objects endured through the centuries; how did they escape the robbing hands of the French revolutionary troops that ransacked convents and carried off church treasures in their raids into Italy at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century? There is scarcely a grand work of art in church or gallery in Italy that has not made "the grand tour" to Paris, and the story of some of the migrations of celebrated pictures would were they related, prove as interesting as a nowadays novel.

The gem of the collection is a manuscript copy of a portion of the New Testament containing the Gospel of St. Mark and a portion of that of St. Matthew. It contains 188 leaves. It is a magnificent volume, written in silver letters on purple stained parchment. Enclosed in a glass-covered case, over which a green silk curtain is drawn when visitors are not inspecting it, there are two pages open to view. These are changed every few days, so that frequent visitors to the abbey might in time study the whole of the illustrative pictures or illuminations which adorn this beautiful book.

For the first time in history this "Codex Rossanensis," or manuscript of Rossano, has been removed from the little city in Calabria from which it takes its name, and which also claims to be the birthplace of St. Nilus, the founder of Grottaferrata. It is in Greek, and where the silver letters are still fresh and clear on the bluish-purple of the parchment the sense of richness is brought home to the mind. It dates from the sixth century, and is one of the five or six purple parchment documents with silver letters in existence. There are seventeen illustrations in it of New Testament scenes, and forty figures of Prophets. Here the student of early art will find the first steps in the development of the art of the Catacombs into that of the Middle Ages. The figure of Christ in the several scenes is so grand and so expressive of what one imagines Christ to have been in His earthly appearance, that one is surprised at the height the artist reached. This excellent painter, whose name is lost to us, has grouped his figures with effect, and his crowds, as in the picture of the entrance into Jerusalem, when the people came forth to meet the Saviour, and carried palm branches in their hands and laid their garments beneath His feet, are treated with a mastery that is rare. Such a book is a treasure worthy of its high theme.

There are other manuscripts of beauty and value here, but one has scarcely eyes for them after seeing this of Rossano. There are a few specimens of palimpsests, or parchments written twice over, the first writing being erased and a second written on the space thus cleared. The art of bringing back the original script sufficiently clear so that it might be read, was invented by Cardinal Mai early in the nineteenth century. These documents have a blue look from the acids employed in restoring the lost writing. In those palimpsests of Grottaferrata fragments of the Geography of Strabo were found, and the Abbe Battifol found in a Vatican manuscript some years ago two palimpsests with additional fragments of Strabo. Father Cozza Luxi, Abbot of Grottaferrata, who died a few weeks ago, was the discoverer of other important fragments of Strabo, and he held that all these came from Calabrian monasteries. Abbe Battifol is convinced that all the manuscripts of the series came from the Basilian monasteries of Calabria, and the greater number of them from Carbone and Rossano. So far as Greek palimpsests are concerned, Rossano seems to occupy a position similar to that of Bobbio. The Irish monastery in the Apennines founded by St. Columbanus, whence came all the existing Latin palimpsests to be met with in the libraries of Europe.

(Continued on Page 8.)

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

(By Rev. Father Sykes, S.J., in Canadian Messenger for August.)

It was Edmund Burke, who, more than a hundred years ago, called the Press in England the Fourth Estate of the realm, adding that it was the most powerful of them all. What would he have said, I wonder, if he had lived in the opening days of the present century, and been a witness of the gigantic and ubiquitous importance to which the modern Press has attained, eclipsing with its fiercer light those inferior orbs, the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and the Commons, and causing them to "pale their uneffective fire"? Generally speaking, it may be said that a country is blessed or cursed with a Press which it deserves to have; and if a civilized country loves order, moderation, liberty, as opposed to license, justice and decency, its journals, which are a reflex of the prevailing public tone and sentiment, will be the organs that will voice the common feelings and virtues of the people. Even in the best-ordered communities there will be, of course, journals and newspapers which do not reach so high a level, as well as disreputable prints which disgrace a respectable profession and calling, but these will not be representative of the true spirit and the better-class elements of the community; and they will have to hide themselves away from the full light of day, as guilty men steal out only after dusk, and the night birds love the shelter of the darkness.

One of the most useful and valuable functions of an honest public press is the exposure of abuses. There is no doubt that even the fear of exposure by the newspapers often acts as a wholesome deterrent to people who might otherwise be indifferent to conscience or justice. It is precisely here, to my mind, and not alone in the purveying of news to their readers, which is generally regarded as the most important function of the daily newspapers, that the existence of our journals is justified. Abuses, systems, conduct, which are worthy of reprobation, and which might otherwise continue to flourish, can be dragged to the light of day, without trenching on the reticences of private life, can be pilloried and driven out of existence. But this presupposes a healthy public opinion, a love of justice, freedom from corruption and other suitable conditions in the community concerned. The public Press in England has often rendered invaluable service to the welfare and interests of the country by representing, by fearlessly fulfilling this part of its duty, and by circulating a sound and healthy public opinion on many important matters, and has thus earned the undying gratitude of those who really love the land of which they are citizens.

It is the object of this paper to say and to maintain that Catholics as Catholics underrate the immense power for good or evil of the public Press. Will any one assert that the disgraceful proceedings now enacting in France would have been possible if the Catholics of that country had at their back a powerful, a popular and a thoroughly representative Press? The same thing is true of other countries in which measures inimical to the Church's interests have been passed, though the majority of the population is Catholic. There the Press is either in the hands of the anti-religious minority or under the management of those who are at least indifferent to the interests of the Church and of Catholicism. It may be urged that if Catholics, in the instances referred to, had a strong public sentiment behind them, they would find it easy to obtain effective representation of their interests and principles in the great and influential organs of public opinion. But I do not think that their failure to secure such backing and support in the public press is owing to the weakness of their cause. It is rather owing to their policy of laissez faire, to apathy, to timidity, to a want of energy, of enthusiasm for their cause, and especially to a lack of appreciation of the great forces, intellectual and political as well as social, which are moving the world, and to a lack of union for

effective purposes. No doubt there would have to be wise and wide-minded management in the conduct of their journals; but I feel sure that ability, enthusiasm, intellectual force, liberal-mindedness and a bold prudence would secure for a Catholic in a Catholic country a newspaper Press which would effectively advocate their policy and principles, and find support amongst a large and important section of the community. By this means they would raise up for themselves a strong wall of defence, which could stand them in stead in times of difficulty, when they would not be left as they are at the present moment—"naked to their enemies."

Of one thing I am persuaded, and that is, that we entirely underrate the power of the Press, and that Catholic interests in many lands are suffering thereby. It is all very well to say that we must trust to supernatural means and leave aside all carnal weapons. On the contrary, we are to make use of all natural means first; and surely the public Press is a thing at least indifferent in itself, and can be turned into an engine for effecting untold good. Why should we not recognize facts? Is the cause of Christ, of His truth, of His Church to be allowed to go by default? Is it not worth every effort, and deserving of our warmest enthusiasm? Surely Catholic newspapers—not necessarily what we call religious journals, but journals conducted by loyal and intellectual Catholics, for the world at large as well as for Catholics themselves, would have a large field of endeavor and effective good before them, a career of precious usefulness! Would it not be their function in all things honest and honorable to compete with secular journals, and with fairness and ability to explain, or if need be to defend, Catholic faith and Catholic practices from ignorant and mendacious attack? How can Catholics be said to love the Church of which they are members (those of them who have the necessary equipment, if they will not step down into the arena, and do their devoir for the noblest cause that can nerve the hand or the brain, or stir the devotion and enthusiasm of the heart of man? If we would move the world we must have our hand on the mighty lever which directs its motions, or else we must step aside and with folded arms see it turn in the direction contrary to that in which we wish it to revolve.

I have heard the phrase "knights of the pen;" and, in truth, I think it not so ill chosen, for the pen may be turned into a mighty chivalrous weapon, and literature and the Press may do what the knights of old performed—stay injustice, defeat oppression, protect weakness and virtue, and fight the manly battle for all good causes. And I would say to all those who can safely wield this cunning weapon of the pen—"Gird ye to the fight and quit ye like men!" Put your spear in rest and splinter a chivalrous lance in behalf of Christ and His sacred Cause, His Church, His truth! No Paynim or Saracen opposes you, but sin and vice and guilt and injustice and oppression shall go down before your onslaught, and shall bite the dust. Wield your pen in behalf of "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame." Shall it be said that pens shall be more busy and more cunningly handled for the opposite cause than for the best and holiest? Absit! Shall it be spoken that vice can be tricked out in more attractive colors than simple virtue? Again, God forbid. Shall it be whispered that evil is more powerful than good, and that it is useless to combat it in the Press? Never! Are then the words of Lear, spoken in the excess of his bitterness, all truth?—

Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurt-
less breaks!
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth
pierce it!

Rather I would believe that that represents a great truth which is recorded in immortal story by another

great writer. Wilfred of Ivanhoe, though weak with his wound and loss of blood, overthrew in the lists, in behalf of the defenceless maiden, Rebecca, the proud and sensual Templar, in the fulness of his strength; and so it is decreed by Him, Who is greater than all evil and vice and sin, that the arm of virtue shall overcome the power of darkness. If the power of the Press is perverted to evil purposes, if books are written which undermine faith and virtue and morality, we must supply the antidote to the poison; we must show, especially to youth, that virtue is more lovely than vice, truth than falsehood. The devil should not be allowed to work his own sweet will even in books and pamphlets and newspapers; but we should endeavor by every means in our power to convert the Press from an engine of destruction into a mighty influence for good.

Balfour's Government Dead.

London, July 23.—John Redmond, M.P., chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, is the central figure in the present acute political crisis. He not only made the motion on which Balfour's ministry was defeated, but during the last fortnight he has made a series of parliamentary coups which paved the way for last Thursday's disaster. He is quoted as saying:

"It seems utterly impossible to me that Balfour can do other than resign in view of all the circumstances of his defeat. Perhaps for the convenience of both parties, neither of which desire a dissolution in August or September, an arrangement may be arrived at to defer actual resignation until October, but any way you look at it Balfour's government is dead."

"The corpse may be kept above the ground for a time, but decomposition has already set in. It has met the fate of every British Government in my memory in being defeated on the Irish question.

"Just consider the dramatic series of events. A few days ago Balfour introduced his redistribution scheme, the sole object of which was to satisfy the anti-Irish feeling of his followers by reducing the Irish representation in the House of Commons by 22 members.

"He intended to rush it through with a couple of days' discussion. Then he would have introduced his redistribution bill at the next session and kept his government alive until the autumn of 1906. By raising a crucial point of order I got a decision from the Speaker compelling Balfour to afford ample time for debating the redistribution scheme at this session.

"This was a staggering blow, and he was forced to drop his scheme. Following this up the Irish party reduced the government majority on a question directly affecting the Minister of War to such a low figure that Balfour was panic-stricken. He summoned a special meeting of his party members and appealed to them to support him by their votes, or, he said, he must dissolve. They pledged themselves, but within two days we have defeated them outright.

"The Irish Party naturally feels intensely gratified over this result. The other day Balfour proposed to his supporters to reduce our representation. Now we have destroyed his government. What more crushing retort could we have delivered?"

Peace is only to be found in reconciliation with destiny, when destiny seems, in the religious sense of the word, good; that is to say, when man feels himself directly in the presence of God. Then, and then only, does the will acquiesce.—Henry Frederic Amiel.

Knowledge cannot find or cannot prove religion. Religion is love. You cannot prove love,—but you can know its manifestations. A man's capacity for love is his capacity for religion.—"Lex Amandi"—The Dolphin.

Friendship improves happiness by the doubling of our joy; and it relieves misery by dividing our grief.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

There may be something morbid in contemplating anything pertaining to our final dissolution, but I wonder how many realize the beauty of what will be for the majority of us our last resting place. The location of our "city of the dead" is ideal, situated as it is between the mountains. And why should we feel depressed in those sacred precincts. A particular peacefulness surrounds the quiet mounds, and one likes to linger here and there to offer up a petition for Divine mercy, and thereby give tangible proof of the belief in the communion of saints. The perfect peace, the quiet rest and the happy assurance of a glorious resurrection proclaimed by the cross at every turn are surely consoling to us who when we at last fall into our dreamless sleep will, too, remain undisturbed by the bustle of commerce or noise of strife until summoned by the Angel of the resurrection before the mercy seat. May the awakening be blessed.

FASHIONS.

Ribbon forms one of the important items in the dress question now. The plain styles are quite as effective on fancy stuffs as are the fancy on the plain materials. They are shirred and plaited unmercifully and are used in the most unique forms, but nevertheless they are pretty.

Some of the silk mousseline gowns in particular, elaborated with lace, stichery, painting, applique, ribbons, etc., until the filmy foundation material is almost lost sight of, are marvels of dressmaking art; and though such frocks are for the privileged few, all may look at them and admire them.

Tight, gored skirts never associated amicably with sheer materials, and the skirt now in vogue, full at bottom but not too full over the hips to be becoming, is eminently adapted to thin summer stuffs. The bodice lines, too, less sloppy than of old, are ideal for the summer frock, the closely girdled waist, the moderately high bust line, the soft draperies or fullness over shoulders and bust suggesting trimness without severity.

Long, graceful lines are the thing desired, and many of the smartest gowns are conspicuously simple in silhouette, but the dressmaker must have some opportunity to display her skill—and justify her prices—and so she combines many kinds of trimming into harmonious wholes, mingles fine lace, heavy lace, hand embroidery, hand paintings, openwork stichery, etc., in the details of one gown. Yet, if she is an artist, she does all this so successfully that one is conscious only of the effectiveness of the finished result and quite forgets to analyze it.

The flowered materials are wonderfully lovely this season, and though a majority of the ultra smart thin frocks are in one tone effects, the woman who can spend but little for her summer wardrobe will find one of the thin flowered stuffs a good investment. Much trimming is not only unnecessary, but undesirable upon flowered organdie, net, gremeline, and the other thin cottons and silk and cottons. The material is not in itself particularly expensive, and an extremely effective frock of it may be achieved at slight expense. The flower design and the tailoring are trimming enough for the skirt, which may be plain save for a group of tucks at the bottom, or may have one of the revived Spanish flounces. If the flowered design is large the less the lines are cut the better, but the smaller designs allow a freer handling. The bodice of the frock demands, of course, a certain amount of trimming, but a fichu or draped bertha, lace trimmed or all of lace; a transparent guipure or tucker of lace, sleeve frills of lace and a dainty ribbon girdle will meet all requirements and will not call for lavish expenditure. Upon more elaborate models inset lace and ribbon trimmings are used profusely, but in many as the simpler models.

TIMELY HINTS.

A tablespoonful of sad soda over which boiling water is poured is good for taking stains of coffee.

With this treatment no boiling is necessary.

If by mistake you get a soup too salt add a few slices of raw potato and cook a few minutes longer. The potatoes will take up the surplus salt.

When the windows are washed a tablespoonful of kerosene should be added to a pail of water, and if the woodwork is greasy it should be first wiped off with a cloth dipped in kerosene, then scrubbed with hot suds made by stirring enough pearline in hot water to make a strong lather. The suds is excellent for cleaning all kinds of woodwork, and only a light suds is needed if the wood is only slightly soiled. If the suds is not made with rain water a little ammonia should be added to soften it.

A good veil will last a long time if well cared for, but if it is thrown down in a heap or left pinned to a hat it will soon grow shabby. When it is shabby, put it in a bowl and wet it with alcohol, wood alcohol will answer. Then shake it dry but do not iron it. Make a roll of paper and cover it with tissue paper. One of the picture rolls which seem to be always on hand is good for this purpose, but it should be wrapped in tissue paper. Roll veils on this and lay them away in a drawer. If the veil has a hole in it, throw it away, for nothing advertises shabbiness more surely than a hole in a veil. It cannot be mended. If a white chiffon veil must be washed, squeeze it in cold suds but do not put soap on it or wring it. Rinse and dry on the wall, or a large mirror, or bath tub.

Many housekeepers are annoyed by their flatirons becoming rusty from dampness in the cupboard. This may be easily prevented. Before putting the irons away after the ironing is finished rub them with a little warm grease on a piece of soft paper and wrap them in thick brown paper. When they are to be used again dip them into very hot water with a little soda dissolved in it and wipe them dry before putting them over the fire to heat. When taken from the fire for ironing have some brown paper on the table with a little powdered bath brick on it and rub the iron on this. Have a piece of paraffin tied in a muslin bag, rub this lightly over the iron and then polish it on a soft cloth. This almost takes longer in the telling than the actual work does, but the process makes the iron delightfully smooth and easy to use, and consequently one may get over the clothes more quickly. Flat irons frequently receive very little care, and snowy white clothes too often are spoiled by them. They should always be immaculately clean.—Housekeeper.

RECIPES.

Cauliflower is good eaten cold as well as hot. Boil without breaking the head and throw into cold water until wanted. Tear the roses apart carefully, dry, and put in a salad bowl with lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise.

Tongue Fillets—Cut cold boiled tongue in pieces about four inches long, two inches wide and half an inch thick. Dip in melted butter and seasoned flour. For eight fillets put two tablespoonfuls of butter in the frying pan, and when hot put in the tongue; brown on both sides, being careful not to burn. Remove and put one more spoonful of butter in the pan and add one spoonful of flour. Stir until dark brown, then add one cupful of seasoned stock, half a teaspoonful of parsley and one tablespoonful of lemon juice. Let this boil up once, then pour it around the tongue, which has been placed on thin strips of toast; garnish with parsley or watercress and serve.

Sardines with Curry—Make a paste in the proportion of one tablespoonful of butter to one teaspoonful of French mustard and one of curry powder, moistened with lemon juice. Wash the oil and skin from large sardines, and spread them thickly with the mixture. Broil the sardines over a clear fire long enough to heat them through, and serve on hot buttered toast. Baked tomatoes are good served with sardines. Sardines may be served on a bed of boiled rice. Form the rice on a hot platter, and arrange the sardines on the rice. Pour a curry sauce over the whole.

Coffee au Surprise—Mix together in a lined saucepan one breakfastcupful of strong coffee, half a pint of boiled

milk, the yolks of two eggs, and quarter of a pound of sugar. Stir quickly over the fire until the mixture thickens, strain through a sieve into a basin; add one ounce and a half of loaf gelatine. Pour into small coffee cups, and allow it to get cold. Hand the cups in their saucers on a tray as puddings, with a jug of cream.

Strawberry Bank—Make green jelly from granulated gelatine colored with spinach juice, sweeten, add juice of lemon and strain. Pour into oblong mold (a clean baking pan will do). Half fill the mold with the liquid jelly and place it on ice; when firm, cover with a layer of strawberries, and pour over these the rest of the jelly. When the jelly is turned out of the mold cover with ripe strawberries on their stems, and decorate with strawberry leaves. Serve with small dishes of powdered sugar.

DON'T WHINE.

A recent number of Medical Talks has an article on the evil effects of "whining." Complaints, says the writer, are usually made in a minor key. This monotony raps the vocal cords, taxes the nasal nerves and muscles that should not be brought into play at all in speaking, and tends to shallow, uneven breathing. The whiner, too, is almost without exception, a more or less idle, lazy person. The habit of whining itself tends to sap initiative impulse and increases phlegmatic tendencies. Habitual whining, not healthy, vigorous fault-finding, where fault really exists, but the helpless, futile complaining of a narrow nature too indolent to make any effort to right the cause of complaint, has a definitely deleterious physical effect on the whole constitution. Add to this the fact that eternal fault-finding is more than likely to wear out the staunchest friendship, and take the light from the loveliest countenance, and the full effects of this insidious and prevalent habit will be better appreciated.

Get the whine out of your voice or it will stop the development and growth of your body. It will narrow and shrink your mind. It will drive away your friends; it will make you unpopular. Quit your whining; brace up; go to work; be something; stand for something; fill your place in the universe. Instead of whining around, exciting only pity and contempt, face about and make something of yourself. Reach up to the stature of a strong, ennobling manhood, to the beauty and strength of a superb womanhood. There is nothing the matter with you. Just quit your whining and go to work.

INFLAMMABLE FLANNELETTE.

Surely the days of inflammable flannelette should be speedily numbered. The death roll among children who have been fatally injured by the ignition of this perilous fabric is simply appalling. The wearing of flannelette has again and again exposed children to the same risk as if their night-dresses were soaked in spirit. The fabric catches fire as easily and burns with the same intense flame as alcohol, and the flames are not readily extinguished. "An inquest was held yesterday on the body of a little boy, two years old. He was left to play in a room while his mother was absent. He was in a flannelette nightshirt. The mother had not left the room long when she heard screams and found the boy in flames. He was terribly burned and the poor little fellow died within twenty-four hours of the occurrence." Such is the sort of heartrending paragraphs constantly appearing in the newspapers. One coroner alone has stated that last year he held no less than seventy-three inquests on children who had been burned to death, and a large proportion was due to flannelette igniting.—The Lancet.

THE BAD BOY.

Somewhere in His Nature is a Hidden Germ of Manhood.

(From the Ave Maria.)

A recent issue of the Catholic School Journal contains a thoughtful paper on a perennially practical subject—the management of the bad boy. The writer disbelieves in the utter depravity of even the worst of boys. "Somewhere in each boy's nature there is a hidden germ of manhood. Find it, stimulate it into healthful growth, and you will have saved your boy from a life of shame, your son from endless anguish." There can be no question that a sympathetic soul can discover in the most unpromising youth bright spots of virtue; nor can there be any doubt that patience, knowledge, love and wisdom are capable of preserving many a boy from the downward path

on which he seems determined to set out. The writer whom we have quoted supports his final advice, "Never give up," by this paragraph in conclusion:

"Less than five minutes before this paragraph was written a fine young man and his wife left the house of the writer. Six years ago I was helped from my sick bed to an office, where, to save this same young man from the penitentiary, I gave a check for \$300. Pages would be required to detail his many terrible errors during the next year. Few believed he would ever do as he should. Yet for the past five years he has been one of whom his widowed mother and young wife may well be proud. No one can know what satisfaction such cases are to those who have worked persistently and prayerfully to save such as seemed beyond human power to save."

EDUCATION OF THE CHILD.

The child who has not learned obedience at the age of two never learns it. The child of eighteen months out late at night in the perambulator, whose mother said, "It won't go to bed till we do," had begun the education of its parents very early.—Address of Archbishop of Canterbury.

In a recent case of illness in which a trained nurse was employed the pleasant air of the sick room was noticeable. When commented on, the nurse explained how it was managed. A few pieces of brown paper had been soaked in saltpetre water and allowed to dry. When occasion required a piece of this was laid in a tin pan kept for the purpose (the coal skuttle will do), and a handful of dried lavender flowers laid upon it and a match applied. The aroma was particularly refreshing and agreeable. Another suggestion in the same line applies to the use of lavender in another form. A few drops of oil of lavender poured into a glass of very hot water will purify the air of a room almost instantly.—Catholic Sentinel.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

SURPRISING CLOCK.

She came all the way down from Willits, in Mendocino county, says a San Francisco paper, to buy a wedding present and confessed to the salesman in the jewelry store that she was to be the bridesmaid and was willing to set back as much as \$8 for the present.

"Now, that's a pretty thing, and useful," she said, fastening her eyes on a clock. "How much is that?"

"Fourteen dollars," said the salesman.

"My! Isn't that a good deal for a clock?"

"That's a very fine eight-day clock, madam."

"I guess that's something new, isn't it? I never heard of one of them before."

"Yes; the very latest; runs eight days without winding."

"For the land's sake! What will they be getting up next? Say, how long will it run if you wind it?"

WAR HISTORY.

An old darkey was watching the G.A.R. parade one Memorial day and was vociferously cheering the band. "I suppose you were through the civil war, uncle?" said a bystander. "Ever' step of it, suh!" "At the surrender, too?" "Ever' step of it, suh!" "What did General Lee say to General Grant?" "Never said nuttin', suh; des chopped off his head an' went on!"

THE WAY WITH CLUBS.

Aunt Ann—How do you girls get along at your club?

Miss Mandy—Well, of course, we don't get along at all, but we have a good deal better time than if we did.

THE DOMINIE'S MARE.

Senator Deboe, of Kentucky, tells an interesting story concerning a schoolteacher in his state who was also a preacher, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. He loved horses and dogs and he was the owner of a trotter with a good record for speed. One Friday afternoon before dismissing the school he addressed the boys thus:

"Now, boys, I suppose you all know that there will be some horse racing to-morrow. Now, don't you go to the races. The track is no place for boys. But, boys, if you do go to the races, don't do any betting. It is not right to wager money on horses. But, boys, if you do go and if you do bet—mind what I tell you—bet on Deacon Abernathy's mare. This is a straight tip."

And the mare won too. She was the old preacher-schoolteacher's thoroughbred under another name.



WOMEN IN ANCIENT IRELAND

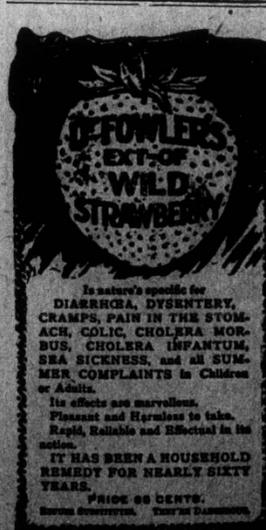
Women held an enviable place in ancient Ireland as contrasted with other countries. Elsewhere they were regarded as slaves or playthings, and seeing that English law until recently denied to married women the right to own property, and still refused to admit their evidence in many cases in which their husbands were concerned, the tradition was not extinguished.

In Ireland, on the other hand, free women were in most respects quite on a level with men. Married women retained the control of their own property, and were, moreover, entitled by law to a share in any increment on the same footing as their husbands. In respect of certain goods regarded as peculiarly the subject of women's care and industry, they received a special share in addition to what they were entitled to in consideration of actual work. Women of all classes were workers. In the higher ranks their works were works of art, such as artistic needlework and embroidery. A separate building in the sunniest and pleasantest part of the homestead was devoted to their use.

Equally with men, women were guests at the feasts of kings and nobles, but, as a rule, they sat at separate tables; at Tara they had a separate hall. In an ordinary home the principal duties of the women were grinding the corn, preparing the food, spinning wool and linen, dyeing and making garments, etc. A needle was an implement of high value, and the law fixed the compensation to be awarded for it at a yearling heifer, a two-year-old heifer, or an ounce of silver, according to the kind of needle. These tasks so filled the women's time that it does not appear that they were as a rule engaged in outside work.

Nowadays when the home arts have largely disappeared and nearly everything is bought which formerly was made in the house, women must either be idle or take part in the heavy labor of men. That women shared in the education of their age is clearly evidenced. In pagan times they were admitted among the Druids and, indoctrinated with their lore. The mother of Brandubh, King of Leinster, had her writing style of the sixth century; the daughter of the King of Cualain read Latin at Clonard; girls as well as boys were admitted to the schools founded by the Irish St. Mugin in Scotland, and the Life of St. Brendan makes mention of women's studies in the schools as of ordinary matter.

Music, thirteen hundred years ago, was cultivated among Irishwomen more highly than by women abroad. Gertrude, Abbess of Nivelles, in Belgium, and daughter of Pepin, mayor of the palace, had her nuns instructed in the Celtic Revival in Brittany.



WOMEN IN ANCIENT IRELAND

ed in psalmody by Saints Follan and Ultan, who, we may be sure, would not have undertaken the task if it were at variance with their Irish usage. A female harper is figured on the high cross at Monasterboice. Women took part in those great national assemblies which combined the social functions of a court, the sittings of a parliament, the meetings of academies of art and literature, concerts and entertainments, a trades congress, athletic championships, horse races, outdoor sports of all kinds, with the principal markets for native and foreign wares. At the Fair of Carman they had special games, and the people of Leix were charged with the management of the games and the safety of the ladies and their jewelry. They had special councils to deal with women's affairs and no man was allowed to be present.

As to personal adornment, it is evident that the Irish women, famous though they were for their natural attractions, did not disdain the aid of art. It was the fashion to tinge the finger nails with crimson, to stain the eyebrows black, and to redden the cheeks. Both men and women wore their hair long and carefully combed and curled. The hair of unmarried women was allowed to fall down loose, while married women commonly wore theirs bound round the head with gay ribbons and pins. The number of elegant hair ornaments of precious metal still preserved shows to what extent their use prevailed. The ordinary dress of the people was linen and woolen silk and satin were much worn by the higher classes. Furs of different kinds were used for capes and trimming. The outer garment was a loose cloak, reaching nearly to the knees, under which was a variously colored material reaching to the feet, and made so loose as to contain twenty or thirty yards of material; beneath this again was a long gown or kiltie. The long cloak appears on one of the crosses at Clonmacnoise. Such cloaks are still to be seen in the Irish-speaking localities, and whether in the form of a long dark cloak of the Munster woman, or the shorter red cloak of Galway, are becoming and handsome garments, which Irish women should be proud to wear as a part of a national dress.—John MacNeil, in New World.

The Celtic Renaissance in Brittany, France, is making rapid progress. At the recent Congress of the Union Regionaliste, Brestonne, founded at Morlaix in 1898, there were present scholars, tradesmen, priests and politicians, who, although differing from each other on many questions, were united in one essential particular—love of country. They met determined to resuscitate Brittany and to revive its language, customs and traditions. The progress announced at the Congress referred to the large number of volumes written in the old Breton idiom, to the rise of new poets and writers, to the efforts made to improve the taste of the people, and, finally, to the steps taken to help poor Bretons who had gone to Paris and elsewhere and failed to get back to their native country. Referring to poets, two new ones have arisen—the bards Jaffrenou and Berthon, who are regarded as one day to become as famous as Mistral and Roumanille of Provence. There are also several Breton societies, the members of which go about to fairs and "patrons" to sing for the people songs of a moralizing tendency, and at the same time amusing enough to interest rustic auditors. Also at the Congress, a priest, Abbe Bossard, of Rennes, stood up to declare that the Celts of Brittany were artists from time immemorial. He said that from the sixth to the tenth century Celtic art replaced that of Greece, and it was made chiefly manifest in the light and graceful lines of their church architecture.

My name is not upon fame, 'Tis on the page of impressed, But I'll keep marking, the same, And do my best, And if I see some fellow, Far, far above me, s breath I keep on climbing, cl the skies, And do my ven It may not be the grand, But I must try to be It fail to be what's hand— My very best.

"I had a boat," said don, "I know what I'd do. The Prince Gladiolus thing else romantic." "That shows what you name boats! Nobody a boat a boy's name. to give it a girl's name one, after somebody something fine." "Oh, Tom," said Dolly, "I do hope you'll run she wished her own name; she wished she had thing fine. How lovely to have a boat named Tom looked about his odd pieces of work. "I forgot the traces. Dolly! They're Run and get them, like and get back as quick can! I'd go myself, but time. The boats have entered this evening, you But Dolly was already boat, running away to Although she hated fence and was afraid Dolly decided to run be traces through the mead past Tilly's cabin, be the quickest way. W within sight of Tilly's was Tilly running up to ing her apron.

"Aw, Miss Dolly, hor ma'am, fotch de doctah sot de preserve kettle a here'st to death. Run whiles I try to hesh he dassen't leabe her." "Oh, Tilly," said Dolly, "I'm sorry." "Oh, yes, you kin, he de brook way. Hit's Run right quick, honey chile. My po' little Jij Dolly stood irresolute, weren't finished, and it what would Tom say? "I wish she hadn't," hiding the braces in the tangle, and was off across toward Dr. Carter's calling after her: "God honey!"

It was a long way, but on. When she got to the found it much swollen, bridge had been swept followed the bank, trying place to cross. Tom, being by this time, not go for Dr. Carter's would go back to Tom. no bridge across the bro and that was excuse on started back. A lone vine caught at her skirt to stop her. "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" She turned at last into the stream, catching as she went. What about there being no b

THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1905.

OUR

Dear Boys and Girls: I wonder if you read at all those times. It like it, for if you do have such a lonely, certainly looks deserted letter. But I think before, and it is not plain now. Some d will remember

Your loving

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls: I wonder if you read "The Corner" at all those times. It does not seem like it, for if you did it would not have such a lonely look, and it certainly looks deserted with not one letter. But I think I excused you all before, and it is not nice to complain now. Some day I hope you will remember

Your loving friend, AUNT BECKY.

I'LL DO MY BEST.

I may not paint a perfect masterpiece, Nor carve a statue by the world confessed. A miracle of art, yet will not cease To do my best. My name is not upon the rolls of fame, 'Tis on the page of common life impressed, But I'll keep marking, marking just the same, And do my best.

And if I see some fellow-traveller rise Far, far above me, still with quiet breath I keep on climbing, climbing toward the skies, And do my very best.

TOM'S BOAT.

"If I had a boat," said Dolly Brandon, "I know what I'd name it." "The Prince Gladiosa, or something else romantic," said Tom. "That shows what you know about naming boats! Nobody ever gives a boat a boy's name. You ought to give it a girl's name, a beautiful one, after somebody that's done something fine."

"Oh, Tom," said Dolly, wistfully, "I do hope you'll win the race!" "I wish her own name was beautiful; she wished she had done something fine. How lovely it would be to have a boat named after her."

Tom looked about his tools and the odd pieces of work. "Well, I declare, I forgot the two wooden braces. Dolly! They're in the barn. Run and get them, like a good girl, and get back as quick as ever you can! I'd go myself, but there isn't time. The boats have all got to be entered this evening, you know."

But Dolly was already out of the boat, running away toward home. Although she hated the barbed wire fence and was afraid of the cows, Dolly decided to run back with the braces through the meadow and down past Tilly's cabin, because that was the quickest way. When she got within sight of Tilly's cabin, there was Tilly running up the road waving her apron.

"Aw, Miss Dolly, honey! Please, ma'am, fetch de doctah; Jinny up-est de preserve kettle an' mos' burn herse'f to death. Run right quick, whiles I try to hesh her cryin'. I dassen't leabe her."

"Oh, Tilly," said Dolly, with panting breath, "I'm sorry, but I can't." "Oh, yes, you kin, honey! Go by de brook way. Hit's de quickest! Run right quick, honey! Oh, my po' chile. My po' little Jinny!"

Dolly stood irresolute. If the boat weren't finished, and it was her fault, what would Tom say? "Oh, Tilly, what made Jinny do it?" she said. "I wish she hadn't." But she was hiding the braces in the blackberry tangle, and was off across the meadow toward Dr. Carter's home, Tilly calling after her: "God bless you, honey!"

It was a long way, but she hurried on. When she got to the brook she found it much swollen, and the log bridge had been swept away. She followed the bank, trying to find a place to cross. Tom must be wondering by this time. She could not go for Dr. Carter after all. She would go back to Tom. There was no bridge across the brook, anyway, and that was excuse enough. She started back. A long blackberry vine caught at her skirt as though to stop her. "Oh, dear!" she said, "what shall I do?"

had trusted her to get the doctor. The water was deeper than she thought. Half way across she stood shivering and ready to turn back. Then she went on and slipped a little. The swift water tugged at her clothes, and, more than all, she was afraid. She got to the other bank at last, and scrambled up, muddy and forlorn. The woods looked dark ahead of her. She ran on, cold and afraid, up the little hill, then to the wood's edge, and there was Dr. Carter's house. At the gate was Dr. Carter's "Jim" mending the fence.

"Oh, Jim!" cried Dolly, "run and tell Dr. Carter to come over to Tilly's cabin. Little Jinny's hurt." "Bless gracious, missy, what is you done?" said Jim.

"Oh, I came through the brook because it was quickest. Run, Jim, quick as ever you can, please." Dolly watched Jim a moment while he ran toward the house, then she started back—not by the woods this time, for the sun was almost down, and she dared not. She must go back by the long way. She hurried on. The wind made her clothing cling to her icily. By and by she began to feel weak, and her head swam. When she got to Tilly's cabin she called out that Dr. Carter was coming, and then took the braces from the blackberry ticket. A little more, however, and the path to the river would come in sight. She looked up. Tom and Jeff were coming across the hill.

"Tom! Tom!" she called, "here are the braces." "I don't want them," called Tom, sharply. "It's too late! There's no use now! I can't get the boat done and it's your fault! I'm going over to Jeff's."

Later, old Dr. Carter, driving by, drew rein and looked down at what seemed to be in the dusk a heap of bedraggled clothing by the roadside. Then he got out and stooped over a very limp little figure.

"Pon my soul!" said he, stooping closer, near-sightedly, "if it isn't Dolly Brandon!" He took the limp little body up in his arms. "Wet as a drowned rat! 'Pon my honor, I believe the world's gone mad!"

Dolly looked around her bewildered. The sunlight was streaming across the red and white checks of the quilt on the big bed in her mother's room. She did not quite know where she was. Her head felt so strange and light. Then there was Tom sitting in a big armchair.

"Hello, Dolly! Are you awake?" Tom got up and leaned over her gently. "Say, Dolly, I didn't mean to be so dreadfully cross about the braces. It was just plucky of you. Yes, it was."

"Oh, Tom, I was too late, wasn't I?" said Dolly. "Don't you bother," said Tom, "You didn't know."

Dolly lay still a moment; then she turned to him wistfully. "What name did you choose?" she asked. "The Rowena, an' Ivanhoe," you know."

"Did you?" Somehow her throat felt tight again. "But I went down this morning and scraped it off."

"Oh, Tom, why?" "I've painted it all over again, and she looks fine. I've called her 'The Dolly Brandon.'"

"Oh, Tom," said Dolly, breathlessly, "you haven't?" But Tom only nodded his head wisely, and pursed his lips in that funny way he had, and said: "Yes, I have."

TWO VISITS. The brave old face was serene and calm as Mrs. Burton looked out from behind the muslin curtains, although the cruel pain that was slowly eating her life out was worse than usual that day, and her hands had trembled so all afternoon that she had had to lay aside her embroidery.

The door opened and Myra Burns stood on the threshold. "May I come in, Mrs. Burton?" she asked. "I thought you would be all alone, and so I came over to cheer you up a bit. Mother sent this little glass of jelly," laying it on the table as she spoke.

"Thank you very much, Myra," Mrs. Burton said, with her bright smile. "You and your mother are very kind to remember me."

"Well, I do think people should be kind to anyone who is old," Myra said, seriously. "Old people have so many pains and aches, and so many

weary hours that we young people know nothing about. I brought you a book, too, Mrs. Burton. I haven't read it, but I think from what I've heard of it you will like it. We are all going out to the park to-night, so I must hurry home and dress. Good-bye—no, don't trouble to rise. I will come again soon."

When she was gone Mrs. Burton sighed and sat in silence for a few moments.

A knock sounded on the door and Grace Heath, in her quick, impulsive way, came in.

"Oh, Mrs. Burton!" she cried, "what would I do without you to help me in time of need? Will you show me how to hemstitch? I want to do a pair of towels for Aunt Nellie. Won't she be surprised! She thinks that I don't know a needle from a clothespin; and I didn't, either, until you took pity on me and showed me how to do things."

When the hemstitching lesson was over, Grace took Mrs. Burton's thin hand and laid it lovingly against her cheek.

"Mrs. Burton," she said, "I want to tell you something. I was cross with Ellen this morning. She scolded my muslin dress, and I scolded her; but, when I passed by your windows on my way to school, I thought of you sitting here all alone, so sweet, so brave, so patient, bearing all your pain without a murmur, and something rose up in me that shamed my ugly, black temper, and I went back and told Ellen how I felt. I was of the way I had spoken. I asked her to forgive me, and she asked God to forgive me, too," she added. Mrs. Burton took the bright young face between her two trembling hands.

"May God bless you, Grace, my child, for the happiness you bring me every time you come," she said. One brought gifts; the other brought understanding love."

BOYS' REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

(Etna Correspondence Sacramento Bee.) Lawrence Brown was struck by lightning recently while out salting cattle. His right ear was burned, the lightning went down his right side, burning his leg in several places and scorching the leather of his stirrup. The horse that he was riding was killed under him, dropping instantly, and its body did not show the slightest mark.

The lightning came down a pine tree under which the horse and rider were passing, and the whole thing occurred in the sunshine. He was about twenty feet from the dead horse when he recovered consciousness, and his hat, which was cut by the lightning across the top, was at a much greater distance. When he came to himself the first thing he wanted was water. He crawled to a ditch, and his right side dragged as if paralyzed. However, there is none of that numbness left.

It simply cannot be explained how he escaped. From the path the lightning took down his body, it would appear that it passed into the horse's body from his spur, but nothing on the body of the dead animal furnishes any clue.

FEEDING YOUNG HUMMING BIRDS.

(From the Country Calendar.) When I first crawled in among the bushes close to the nest the little mother darted at me and poised a foot from my nose, as if to stare me out of countenance. She looked me all over from head to foot twice, then she seemed convinced that I was harmless. She whirled and sat on the nest edge. The bantlings opened wide their hungry mouths. She spread her tail like a flicker, and braced herself against the nest side. She craned her neck and drew her dagger-like bill straight up above the nest. She plunged it down the baby's throat to the hilt and started a series of gestures that seemed fashioned to puncture him to the toes. Then she stabbed the other baby until it made me shudder. It looked like the murder of the infants. But they were not mangled and bloody; they were getting a square meal after the usual humming bird method of regurgitation. They ran out their slender tongues to lick the honey from their lips. How they liked it! Then she settled down and ruffled up her breast feathers to let her babies cuddle close to her naked bosom. Occasionally she reached under to caress them with whispings of mother-love.

Is it just to forget all the kindness done us by those with whom we live for a little pain which, after all, may have been given unintentionally?—Golden Sands.

DEATH OF RECTOR OF IRISH COLLEGE AT ROME.

Mgr. William G. Murphy, rector of the Irish College at Rome, Italy, died July 7. Many and various were the duties he discharged, and the services he rendered to the Church during his all too brief career. Born in Athy in 1857 the 23rd year of his life saw him an ordained priest. Educated at Clonliffe and at the Propaganda, he was ordained, as he died, at Rome. His first ecclesiastical appointment was that of Dean of the Clonliffe College, which he resigned to become chaplain to Cardinal MacCabe. He was for a time on the mission in Terenure, and became secretary to the Archbishop of Dublin on his appointment in 1885, to resume again in 1893 his duties as a missionary priest attached to the University Church, Stephen's Green. His rare qualities were appreciated by all who attended the church where he officiated. His preaching won universal admiration; simple, unaffected, his sermons were classic in their grace and beauty of style. They were replete with persuasive power. They had the best of all eloquence that comes warm from the heart—which moves others, because the preacher himself is moved. They were the sermons that not only won the listener's admiration, but govern his conduct. In 1901 Father Murphy was appointed rector of the Irish College of Rome. He was a man of such varied gifts, so easily and so admirably applied, that he dignified each position which he held by the power and charm of his own personality. But as rector of the Irish College at Rome he found special scope for their full employment. The rector of the Irish College at Rome is not merely the head of a great ecclesiastical college which has given a multitude of able men to the Church. He is something more. He may be fairly described as a kind of ambassador representing Ireland to the Eternal City, and to the great Pontiff to whom Ireland has so often proved her admiration and devotion. Only experience can indicate the various and delicate duties of this position which Father Murphy was so suddenly called upon to assume. It was at Rome that the special gifts and greatness of the man were first made completely apparent. Never was that high position more adequately or more admirably filled. The great college thrived under his vigilant guardianship, yet he found time and opportunity to discharge the various other duties, important if less apparent, which are customarily associated with that position. How thoroughly he did this every Irish visitor to Rome during his term of office—the humblest as well as the greatest—can bear grateful testimony. The rector of the Irish College is, as it were, an intermediary in Ireland's National relations with the Vatican. The Irish College is the rendezvous of all Rome associated with Ireland by affection or sympathy. The last great function of which it was the theatre was when Cardinal Vanuttelli, who had won the hearts of the Irish people during his mission as Legate of His Holiness, and others among the more distinguished Princes of the Church, met at its hospitable board, under the presidency of the rector, to do honor to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. It then appeared that a great career, brilliant in high hopes, gracious with great services, stretched out before the rector of the college. It seemed otherwise to the great disposing Power to whose services his life was dedicated. But human nature must be pardoned for human grief at the news of the sudden close of a great career, the loss of a beloved friend. He was not of those who in the consciousness of great power and a high career shut themselves out from human affections. Nor did he believe that religion forbade cheerfulness. Rather, he served God with joy and brightened the lives of those around him. His friends will find it hard to credit the grievous tidings, to realize that so brilliant, so sincere, so delightful a personality is extinguished.

Franciscan Friars Will Revive an Ancient Custom in the Hop Fields of Kent, England. The hop fields of Kent will this year witness sights which have been absent since the Reformation. When the hopping season commences, about the first week in September, a small part of the friars of the Order of St. Francis, accompanied by a large party of members of the Third Order and several Sisters of Mercy, will proceed to the fields to look after the spiritual welfare of the Roman Catholic portion of the hoppers. The friars, in their picturesque brown habit, will conduct services by the roadside and in the fields and in barns, and altars will be erected and Masses said whenever and wherever the sacrament is needed. In order to increase their usefulness, the friars will have no set place of abode, but will sleep wherever they happen to be, in a cottage or in the open if necessary. The significance of this mission, which is to be undertaken at the request of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, lies in the fact that the friars and the members of the Third Order of St. Francis will be re-establishing a custom which was prevalent in pre-Reformation days, and that, a start having been made, similar open-air preaching missions are to be undertaken in other parts of the country.—London Daily Mail.

BISHOP POTTER'S SISTER BECOMES A CATHOLIC. Mrs. Launt Thompson, sister of Henry Codman Potter, Episcopal Bishop of New York, widow of the celebrated and erratic sculptor, has been received into the Catholic Church.

That the daughter of Alonzo Potter, Bishop of Pennsylvania, and the niece of Horatio Potter, Bishop of New York, that this talented and brilliant woman had been converted to Catholicism was not known even to her most intimate friends in Florence, where she has long resided with her daughter Florence, at 109 Via del Seragliai.

Mother Church took Mrs. Thompson to her arms very gladly and very unostentatiously. She made solemn abjuration of Protestantism in the ancient Church of San Piero Gattolino, and this was followed by her confession and confirmation. The Archbishop of Florence graced the ceremonies with his presence, which were conducted by Father Gioacchino Bonardi, rector of the church, one of the oldest in Florence, which Dante mentions in his "Divine Comedy."

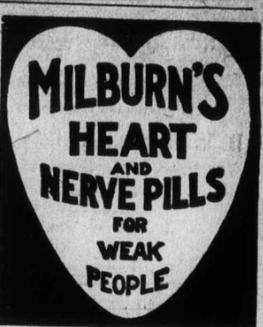
Mrs. Thompson is now a member of the parish of San Piero Gattolino, and she has given money to the rector to be distributed to the poor of the parish. The best Florentine society, in which Mrs. Thompson has been distinguished for her hospitality, her amiability and her charity, is intensely interested in Mrs. Thompson's conversion. The news of it quickly spread, although she made no statement giving her reasons for leaving the faith of her fathers.

DEFENDING THE CRUCIFIX

The town of Limoges, which has recently been disturbed by the exploits of revolutionary Socialists also contains sterling Catholics amongst its working people, as the following incidents, related by the Univers, prove. In a certain quarter of the city resides the corporation of butchers. Their shops are side by side in a narrow little street, at the end of which is a small square. In this square, facing the Church of St. Aurelian, the patron of butchers, rises a Calvary, surmounted by a great crucifix, an object for the in-

habitants of this quarter of constant and pious attention. Every day flowers and candles are placed before the railing by the corporation of butchers. Warned by recent sacrilegious attempts throughout France, the butchers informed the Commissary of Police that they would themselves keep watch by the sacred emblem and, by every means in their power, would resist the invasion of their quarters and prevent any damage to their Calvary. In fact, for the past fortnight five of the most powerful young men of the corporation have kept strict watch all night. A few nights ago, about 1 a.m., a score of scoundrels, wearing noiseless sandals, and armed with bludgeons, penetrated stealthily into the butchers' quarter. In two minutes all the butchers were in the street, called out by the watchers and by the barking of their dogs. The mobilization was complete. The aggressors fled with all speed, and have not returned.

These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anaemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Pain, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood purifier, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.50, at all druggists.



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ORDER OF HOLY SEPULCHRE. all intents and purposes, a Papal order of knighthood. Its origin dates back to the days of the foundation of the Sovereign order of St. John of Jerusalem, otherwise known as the Knights of Malta, and of the Teutonic order, but membership thereof does not entail celibacy. The order was recognized by Pope Alexander VI in 1496, by Benedict XIV. in 1746, and also by the late Pope Pius IX.

There are three grades of the order, grand crosses, who wear the star on the left breast; knight commanders, who wear the cross of the order suspended from their neck, and ordinary knights. The ribbon of the order is like that of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, black silk, and the cross is of red enamel, framed in gold, with four smaller crosses in the angles, which design is reproduced in conjunction with a palm wreath on the silver star worn by the Knights Grand Cross. As a general rule the order is restricted to those who have made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and Emperor William is the only Protestant in the annals of the order, as above stated, to receive it, his appointment thereto being by way of recognition of his gift to the Roman Catholic Church of the site and building in which, according to tradition, the last supper took place at Jerusalem, the building and grounds having been some time previously conveyed to him as a gift by the Sultan.

BURNE-JONES ON CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The English artist, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, paid the following tribute to the influence of Cardinal Newman: "When I was fifteen or sixteen he taught me so much I do not mind—things that will never be out of me. In an age of sofas and cushions he taught me to be indifferent to comfort, he taught me to venture all on the unseen, and this so early that it was well in me when life began, and I was equipped before I went to Oxford with a real good panoply and it has never failed me. . . . So he stands to me as a great image or symbol of a man who never stooped and who put all this world's life in one splendid venture, which he knew as well as you or I might fail, but with a glorious scorn of everything that was not in his dream." And at fifty-eight he wrote of Newman's death: "He was a great hero to me, and I like to think of his splendid life. People write on the whole prettily about him somehow he touched them, and I cannot wonder—to make one's life a great poem is the height of art."

NOT A MASTERPIECE.

A Scotchman who had married a widow noted for her plainness, says Harper's Weekly, was accosted by his employer. "Well, Thomas," said the latter, "I hear you're married. What sort of a woman is your wife?" "Weel, sir," answered the Scot, "she's the Lord's handiwork, but I cannot just say she's His masterpiece."

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THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1905.

IRELAND DOWNS BALFOUR.

Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., in his audacious proposal to wipe out 22 Irish seats by a party gerrymander, has been overtaken by a swift rebuff. Upon the first opportunity, Mr. John E. Redmond, leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, moved in the House a resolution of the annual vote for the Irish Land Commission, which being a straight want of confidence motion, was accepted by the Government as a challenge. The party following was instantly summoned to resist it; but to the consternation of the Government the motion carried by a majority of four. After several days' consideration of the square defeat, Mr. Balfour has decided to cling to office as long as possible. No English statesman of modern times has suffered and swallowed more humiliation than Mr. Balfour within the past few years; and this is the greatest humiliation of all. He knows full well that the country has turned against him; he beholds his following steadily dwindling down. Now he has been defeated openly and in spite of every effort on his part to save himself. Afraid to go to the country, afraid to attempt the infamous legislation he announced in regard to Irish representation, he has reached a point from which he cannot move in any direction, and where he must lie until his party is driven out of power. It is a known fact that had he carried out his threat against Ireland, thirty Unionists would have abandoned him and he would have been defeated even in that reckless venture. The British political conscience, while it may not be above resort to gerrymandering, draws the line at all the swallowing of principles Mr. Balfour ever proposed. The Unionist party was organized and has been held together avowedly to vindicate the letter of the Act of Union, notwithstanding the corruption by which it is carried and the long trail of misgovernment which has followed it. For this party, in the extremity of partisan need, to tear up the Act of Union and wipe out the representation allowed to Ireland by the Treaty, would have been the basest and most imprudent fraud in the whole range of political history. It would, moreover, have been a fraud for which not a shadow of excuse could have been offered, because had any British redistribution been drafted upon an arithmetical basis, forty-one English constituencies, known as "rotten boroughs," would have gone by the board before a single Irish constituency could have been touched. However, the danger of a Unionist gerrymander is past for the present, because this discredited and defeated Government can never propose to the House of Commons another measure of any kind until the verdict of the country has been asked and recorded.

CATHOLIC IMMIGRATION.

The Catholic people of Montreal will appreciate all the more the work that is being done by the societies interested in the welfare of Catholic children brought into Canada from the Old Country when they understand the rigid exclusiveness of the lines followed by other immigration agents. As an example we take from the Northwest Review the following comments upon the work of Mrs. Sanford, the Government agent, who annually imports servant girls from the British Isles. "When she was in Glasgow this spring," says the Review, "several prominent Scotch Catholics complained that she did not select any Catholic girls. She replied that, since it is to the Protestant provinces of Canada, particularly Manitoba, she is at present promoting immigration, it would not suit Catholic girls to be sent to such districts, where they would be remote from Catholic churches or Catholic clergy. From this answer of Mrs. Sanford's people in the old country naturally conclude that there are hardly any Catholic churches or priests in Manitoba. It is therefore our duty to inform them that there are no less than five Catholic churches in Winnipeg and that there will soon be seven, besides the Cathedral of St. Boniface (which is only a mile and a half from the centre of Winnipeg) and half a dozen chapels where Mass can be heard. There is no large town in Manitoba without its Catholic church. This province contains forty Catholic churches with resident priests. The Catholics of Manitoba are at least one-fifth of the entire population. The archdiocese of St. Boniface, which extends from the 91st to the 109th degree of west longitude and comprises, besides the Province of Manitoba, the most westerly portion of Ontario and a great part of Assiniboia (soon to be called the province of Saskatchewan), now numbers 175 priests and nearly 70 churches with resident priests. Consequently, Catholic servant girls can very easily select places that are visited by priests or have one or more resident priests; for instance, in Manitoba, they could choose Winnipeg, Brandon, Portage la Prairie, Selkirk, Gretna, Morden, Oak Lake, Manitou, Killarney and Deloraine. There are a great many other places with resident priests; but we mention these few because they are the places most likely to desire servant girls from Great Britain. There are, no doubt, some country districts in Manitoba where the Catholics are so few and far between that they are seldom visited by a priest; but such remote places are not likely to contract with Mrs. Sanford beforehand, and at any rate the places we have mentioned, especially the first four, offer an excellent opening for Catholic domestics, inasmuch as these four towns contain about one-third of the entire population of Manitoba and fully three-quarters of all the people who are in a position to employ first-class servants. Now in and around these four towns there are at least thirty resident priests who can speak English. What, then, becomes of Mrs. Sanford's excuse for not hiring Catholic girls? Winnipeg alone would welcome one hundred Catholic servant girls every year."

THE CATHOLIC PEOPLE OF FRANCE.

That the Catholic people of France still slumber in a false security concerning their religious interests is made clear by a correspondent who writes of the passage of the Church and State bill as follows: Notwithstanding the recent demonstrations of union among Frenchmen before impending danger, the rabid anti-clericals have carried the day, and have succeeded in dividing the country by voting for the separation of Church and State. Thus at last a measure is passed for which the advanced parties have been clamoring for over thirty years, and which all the leading men of the Republican Party frequently tried to shove. The Senate is now inspired by the Radical and Socialist leaders to accept the Bill passed by the Lower House en bloc.

The application of the law will be difficult, and will proceed very slowly, for, as the Math points out, 40,000 priests cannot all at once be deprived of their Government stipends. By Clause 9 of the bill the suppression of the Public Worship Estimates will take eight years to accomplish. And in the meantime many things may happen during this eight years. The war clouds have cleared away for the present, but it is absurd to try and make out that there was no danger. The French Republicans, Radicals and Socialists who hate the priests so heartily have now found a far more formidable foe than the man in the cassock and shovel hat. The "man with the mailed fist" is there, brandishing his big sword. This is what Senator Clemenceau has been lately writing, and he is no poet or sentimentalist prone to imagination and romance. "You now know what you have to expect," says M. Clemenceau, alluding to the recent alarm, "and you had better be ready for anything." And M. Deschanel, ex-President of the Chamber of Deputies, tells his fellow-countrymen, in a voluminous article, that the future is gloomy, that France had never before to grapple with such intricate problems of foreign policy as those now confronting her.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION AND PROGRESS.

Archbishop Farley, of New York, spoke honest words to the recent conference of Catholic education when he said: "The only path of progress is to look honestly at our defects—going to the root of our faults and analyzing them, and applying the remedy. We are passing into a period of transition; we may and must and ever will, as time goes on and progress is made, have to sacrifice many of our ways of doing things without, however, infringing on Catholic principles. Put aside prejudices, especially if we find that prejudices stand in the way of improvement. Our Colleges do not seem to stand to-day much higher than they did twenty-five or thirty years ago, and that is seen from the number of our young men that crowd the universities elsewhere and from the attendance at our Catholic Colleges. These are plain facts, hard to hear, but unless taken as facts there will be no progress made. I trust that you, gentlemen, and others of the delegates of this Catholic association will take this matter up and act efficiently. Your association is a voluntary one; your legislation and your decisions are not binding upon any, but the fact that you meet together to improve each other's institutions is an honest confession that improvement is necessary."

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father McPhail, of St. Ann's Church, has left for Ste. Anne de Beaupre, where he will stay a few days. Rev. Father Casey is at present away on his vacation. Rev. James White, late of the Archdiocese of St. John's, Newfoundland, is acting pastor. Rev. Brothers Fennessy and Strapp, members of the Irish Christian Brothers of St. Bonaventure's College, St. John's, Newfoundland, arrived last Friday, and were the guests of Rev. Father White at the Hospice Auclair. The rev. gentlemen have visited several of our large educational establishments, including St. Mary's College, Bleury street; Mount St. Louis College, Sherbrooke street; Mont de la Salle College, Maisonneuve. On Tuesday evening they left for a trip to Niagara Falls. On their return they will visit Ste. Anne de Beaupre and Quebec. Mr. P. Mangovan, better known as the "Rambler" of The Catholic Register, of Toronto, was in the city, and called at our sanctum. He is on his way to Quebec in search of missing funds, the receipt of which our Toronto contemporary awaits with much patience. We always wish the collector who is engaged in the delightful work of hunting up delinquents every success, and we will be rejoiced to learn that the labors of the "Rambler" result in replenishing the coffers of The Catholic Register.

MARRIAGE OF THE MARQUIS OF BUTE.

There were great rejoicings in Ireland and Scotland at the marriage of the Marquis of Bute and Miss Augusta Bellingham, which took place at the pretty little church of Kilsaran on July 6th. The people in the village of Castlebellingham and the district had been looking forward to the day with lively interest, and their artistic tastes were admirably applied in the preparations which had been made for the reception of the bride, the bridegroom and the fashionable gathering that assembled for the ceremony. Every house bore evergreens and flags, and signs of rejoicing in the form of arches of flags with complimentary mottoes were to be seen on the roads leading to the village. The bridegroom and his best man, Lord Ninian Stuart, drove to the Church at Kilsaran before ten o'clock. The Marquis's piper, who played various march tunes on the way, proceeded there. Large crowds lined the route, and the Marquis as he passed was heartily cheered. He was in Highland costume, as were also Lord Loudoun and Captain Colin MacRae, who accompanied him to the church. Kneeling at a prie-dieu, the Marquis awaited the ceremony. The bride, who, accompanied by her father, Sir Henry Bellingham, arrived soon after ten o'clock, was greeted with loud cheering on approaching the church. At once the Scotch pipers struck up the tune, "Happy we've all been together," and "An Invocation to the Holy Spirit" was effectively sung by the choir of Marlborough-street, Dublin, conducted by Mr. Vincent O'Brien. Walking up the aisle, she took her place at the prie-dieu. The church was very handsomely decorated with festoons and evergreens. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. P. Fagan, P.P., assisted by the Rev. P. Murtagh, C.C. The Right Rev. Monsignor Segrave was also present. Attired in white satin and a beautiful lace veil, which was worn by her mother and grandmother at their marriages, the bride looked charming. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley, white orchids and lily lanciflorium. A nuptial Mass followed the marriage ceremony. The Rev. Father Fagan, authority having been received from the Holy Father for the purpose, bestowed the Papal Benediction upon the bride and bridegroom. It was also extended to the parish, the past home of the bride, and the home to which she was going. During the Mass the "Veni Creator" in Plain Chant, the "Sanctus," "Agnus Dei," "Regina Coeli," and "Exultate Deo" were sung by the special choir. At the close of the service a feu de joie of rockets was fired outside the sacred edifice, and the little girls of the local schools, attired in white, strewed flowers in the pathway of the bride. In driving to the Castle the nuptial party were greeted with enthusiastic cheering all along the route. In the Castle grounds they were photographed. After due preparation the bridal party drove to Annagassan, where they embarked. The journey was marked by continual scenes of enthusiasm. The band of the Dublin Metropolitan police played Irish and Scotch airs as the party proceeded towards the embarkation stage, which was prettily decorated, as was the whole wharf. The barge in which they were conveyed to the steamer Princess Maud was followed by a boat containing the pipers, who played "Johnny Stuart's Gone Awa." The Princess Maud an hour later weighed anchor and steamed for Stranraer. As she left the Green Isle the band played "Come Back to Erin." The happy couple had an enthusiastic welcome on the landing, and everywhere they appeared the tenants and other inhabitants had arranged a great reception. The roads were decorated and at night bonfires were lighted on various parts of the estate. The Marquis and Marchioness motored to Mochrum Castle, where the honeymoon is being spent. The presents were numerous. Lady Dudley, on behalf of the Irish Industrial Association, sent some beautiful Limerick lace. A cross, which is a model of the world-famous cross of Murdacks, of Monasterboice, has been sent to Rome to be specially blessed. There were eight deputations on July 5th at Castlebellingham from Scotland, and addresses were presented by the tenantry of Camnock and Wigtonshire, and also by the tenants of the Isle of Bute. The Ayrshire tenantry presented a diamond and ruby bracelet, and the Wigtonshire tenantry diamond and ruby earrings. The Bute tenantry presented silver pierced dishes. The Corporation of Cardiff, represented by the Mayor and Town Clerk, presented an address on behalf of the Council of their county borough. The Marquis

of Bute assured them that his great desire was to continue in the footsteps of his father and grandfather in all the works connected with the town and port of Cardiff. Some of the Welsh tenantry presented the bride with a beautiful Maltese cross of diamonds. The Bute Welsh workmen connected with the estate, docks and collieries presented an address and a very large silver loving cup. The officials on the estate presented the bride with a diamond pendant and brooch. The Castlebellingham Branch of the Gaelic League, of which Sir Henry Bellingham is president, presented in Irish an "Address to the Stuart, Lord of the Isles Chief Pillar of the Gaels of Scotland, and to his Lady Augusta Bellingham, on their marriage day, from the Castlebellingham Gaelic League." In it they said: "Since we are aware, O Princely Chieftain, that you, yourself, and your princely ancestors are sprung of the illustrious race of the Gael, we deem it unfitting to let this opportunity pass by without offering to you a mark of our esteem and extending to you a kindly Irish welcome on your coming to Erin. There was ever kindly intercourse between the Gaels of Ireland and the Gaels of Scotland, and it will, henceforth, be a closer bond of union between the two branches of the Celtic race that you have chosen from amongst us a partner eminently worthy of your high station. It is a great loss to us that the noble and beautiful young maiden should depart from us, but we are consoled by the fact that it is not amongst strangers she is going, but amongst our own kindred 'race.'" Mr. D. Lynch, Dunleer, read a nuptial ode, of which he is the author. It was in Gaelic. There was also an address from the Emmet Band, Duadals.

SEARCH FOR EMMET'S GRAVE.

For some time past expensive excavations have been made in St. Peter's Church, Augier street, Dublin, and in the churchyard adjoining, with a view to the possibility of discovering the burial place of Robert Emmet. The search has proved fruitless, so far as any direct indications of the last resting place of the patriot are concerned; but an interesting discovery has been made in the shape of part of a slab which had undoubtedly lain, at one time, over one of the graves in the Emmet family vault.

Up to a few years ago it was believed that Emmet's remains having been first interred in Bully's Acre, were removed from there and placed either in the family vault in St. Peter's churchyard, in the Old Glasnevin churchyard, or in St. Michael's churchyard, Church street; and plausible theories were advanced in favor of each of the three as being the real final burial place of Emmet. In St. Michael's Churchyard a slab was pointed out under which, many confidently asserted, the body reposed. At the request of Dr. Emmet of New York, careful investigation was made under the direction of Mr. J. F. Fuller, architect, and the reputed grave in St. Michael's having been excavated a skeleton was discovered, which it was found on examination by skilled medical men, could not have been that of Robert Emmet. An examination of the reputed grave at Glasnevin revealed nothing; and the search has since been confined to St. Peter's Churchyard.

If Emmet were buried there at all, it was taken for granted that he would have been interred in the family vault; and the efforts of those engaged in the undertaking were directed in the first instance to the discovery of the Emmet vault. The excavations made a few years ago on the extreme southern side of the churchyard, where the vault was supposed to have been, failed to reveal any indications whatever of it. Subsequent investigations made a few months ago in other parts of the churchyard were equally barren of result. But Mr. Fuller did not give up the search; and his perseverance, resulting in the discovery of the slab already referred to, has made it possible to fix approximately the location of the vault, which, as will be seen, was probably destroyed in the course of the building of an addition to the Church in 1867.

Dr. Madden, in his "Lives of the United Irishmen," states that the Emmet vault was situated at the right hand entrance close to the south wall. As there are two entrances from Augier street and one from the rear it became necessary to fix on the particular entrance referred to by Dr. Madden. The more southern entrance from Augier street was the most likely, and Mr. Fuller's recent investigations have been pursued on this supposition. In 1867 a transept extending 24 feet from the South wall of the church was

added, and there was the possibility that the Emmet vault had lain under this transept. Mr. Fuller's investigations have now almost established this as a fact. Through the courtesy of the Rev. Canon Mahaffy, the Rev. Mr. Robinson, the churchwardens and other officials, by whom every facility was afforded to him, he has been enabled recently to excavate the transept, with the result that he was able to satisfy himself that it was clear of all human remains. Had any existed there at the time when the transept was being built they would probably have been removed, for sanitary reasons, to a grave in some other part of the churchyard, and the conclusion which is drawn from the discovery of the Emmet slab in the churchyard quite close to the southwest corner of the transept is that the Emmet family vault was situated within the place on which the transept was built, that the remains found in the graves there were removed during the building operations, and that this slab had lain over one of the graves in the vault. There was no grave under where the broken slab was found some feet under the surface, and it is reasoned that the grave to which it had originally belonged was probably situated a very short distance from where it was discovered.

The part of the slab which was found is the upper portion. It is about two feet six inches in width; about an equal length of one of the sides is intact; about six inches of the opposite side remains; and the break extends in an irregular line between the lower angle on both sides. The inscription is partially decipherable and indicates that the slab had been placed over the grave of Catherine Emmet, who died on the 10th of February, 1784, and that Christopher Temple Emmet was also buried in the same grave. There were several of Emmet's relatives who were named Catherine. The Christopher Temple Emmet referred to is probably the patriot's eldest brother.

If the supposition be accurate that the Emmet vault had really been situated within the transept, and that Robert's remains had been interred there, they now probably lie in some other part of St. Peter's Churchyard in an unknown grave, where the possibility of their identification is very remote. But other facts may yet come to light that may altogether disturb this theory and reveal beyond the possibility of doubt the burial place of the patriot whose epitaph remains to be written.

PARISH OF STE. HELENE.

Archiepiscopal Decree Extending Its Boundaries has been Issued.

The following canonical decree extending the limits of the parish of Sainte Helene de Montreal has been issued:

Paul Bruchesi, by the Grace of God, and of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of Montreal.

Considering the petition under date of the eleventh of the present month presented to us, on the part of the majority of the parishioners residing in the territory hereinafter described, of the parish of Notre Dame, for the purpose of obtaining the canonical annexation of the said territory to the parish of Sainte Helene de Montreal;

Considering that this annexation will allow the faithful to provide most efficaciously for the performance of their religious duties and the education of their children;

Considering that the Reverend Gentlemen of Saint Sulpice willingly agree to the annexation to the parish of Sainte Helene, of that portion of the territory of the parish of Notre Dame, the dismembering of which is prayed for;

Accordingly, having invoked the Holy Name of God and with the consent of our venerable brothers, the titular canons of our Metropolitan Church, we have dismembered and do hereby dismember from the parish of Notre Dame and annex canonically to the parish of Sainte Helene, at Montreal, all the territory, bounded on the north by a line passing in the centre of Sainte Jacques street, on the south by a line passing in the centre of Notre Dame street, on the east by a line passing in the centre of McGill street, and on the west by a line passing in the centre of La Montagne street.

Given in Montreal, in our archiepiscopal palace, the thirtieth day of the month of April, nineteen hundred and four, under our hand and countersigned by our vice chancellor.

PAUL Archbishop of Montreal. By order of His Grace, PHILIPPE PERRIER, Vice Chancellor.

True Copy. L.S. NAP. DUBUC, Priest. Montreal, 19th July, 1905.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Last Sunday afternoon a large number of English speaking members of the Third Order of St. Francis largely attended meeting which was preached by the Rev. Father Christopher, O.F.M. for his text, "Be with the Jews and to the Church of God. All things please all men, but to many; that he ed." (I Cor., chap. 10, v. 33). "St. John," said "often made use of the one another." Why? In the fulfillment of the law of the bond of perfection, heaven, and the character of the sons of the seraphim." He exhorted the members to have a constant mutual love one another, so that I example they may lead to God. Solemn Benediction Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father Christopher. Conclusion of the religious special meeting was a vestry room of the B. which Rev. Father Ethel. He thanked the members for their work in connection with the Franciscan Review, which sent had a large circulation. He announced that the first grimmage for the month of June take place to the Shrine of Lourdes at Rigaud. Father expressed the hope that the members would work to make the affair a success.

JESUITS' RETIREMENT.

The Jesuit Fathers at Mary's College, Bleury street, present making their annual retreat for eight days. The exercises close next Sunday evening.

SUCCESSFUL EXCURSION TO HIGHGATE SPRINGS.

St. Mary's Young Men's Society, under the leadership of their successful excursion to Highgate Springs last Saturday, greatly enjoyed by the members.

NEW ORGAN FOR ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

Arrangements have been made for the building of a new St. Ann's Church, Messrs. Bros., St. Hyacinthe, woodworkers. The new instrument is ready for next Easter.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

Last Thursday afternoon Young Men's Society held their annual excursion to Lake St. Lawrence. The excursion was attended by nearly 80 members. A fine orchestra furnished the music for the dance which was held at the residence of the members all the afternoon. Rev. Strubbe accompanied the excursion.

ENCOURAGE THE YOUTH.

The first excursion of the Montreal's Juvenile Total Abstinence Society will be held at the Casino on Saturday, 26th. Children's tickets and adults \$1. Casey's will furnish the music, and attend are promised a fine time.

LOYOLA COURT, C.O.F.

Last Saturday the members of Loyola Court, C.O.F., held their annual field day at the grounds, Mile End, which was attended by a large gathering. Races and games were indulged in, and a very enjoyable time was spent. The Court is gratulated on the success of its first efforts.

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

The committee in charge of the annual excursion of St. Patrick's T. A. & Society are meeting with success in their arrangements for their outing. A large number of tickets have been disposed of and an enjoyable time is promised to those who will attend. The orchestra has been secured for the excursion and the members are themselves to their heart's content.

ENTERED INTO ETERNITY.

Sister M. Bridget, nee M. Carroll, went to receive her reward for a life well spent in the service of the Master at Borgess Hospital, Michigan, on the 24th. She was greatly beloved by her family and friends. Her funeral services were held at the church, and she was buried in the cemetery. Her soul, earnest in every duty, went to God and man. The funeral was held at 10 o'clock.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Last Sunday afternoon the English speaking members of the Men's branch of the Third Order held a largely attended meeting. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father Christopher, O.F.M., who took for his text, "Be without offence to the Jews and to the Gentiles, and to the Church of God. As I also in all things please all men, not seeking that which is profitable to myself, but to many; that they may be saved." (1 Cor., chap. 10, vs. 32-33.)

"St. John," said the preacher, "often made use of the words 'Love one another.' Why? Because love is the fulfilment of the law. Charity is the bond of perfection, the gate of heaven, and the characteristic mark of the sons of the seraphic St. Francis." He exhorted the tertiarials to have a constant mutual charity for one another, so that by word and example they may lead others to God. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was imparted by Rev. Father Christopher. At the conclusion of the religious exercises, a special meeting was held in the vestry room of the Brothers, at which Rev. Father Ethelbert presided. He thanked the members for their work in connection with the Franciscan Review, which at present had a large circulation. He also announced that the first annual pilgrimage for the men's branch would take place to the Shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes at Rigaud. The Rev. Father expressed the hope that all the members would work earnestly to make the affair a success.

JESUITS' RETREAT.
The Jesuit Fathers attached to St. Mary's College, Bleury street, are at present making their annual retreat of eight days. The exercises will close next Sunday evening.

SUCCESSFUL EXCURSION TO HIGGATE SPRINGS.
St. Mary's Young Men held a very successful excursion to Higgate Springs last Saturday, which was greatly enjoyed by the crowd.

NEW ORGAN FOR ST. ANN'S CHURCH.
Arrangements have been completed for the building of a new organ for St. Ann's Church. Messrs. Casavant Bros., St. Hyacinthe, will be the builders. The new instrument will be ready for next Easter.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S EXCURSION.
Last Thursday afternoon, St. Ann's Young Men's Society held their annual excursion to Lake St. Peter and was attended by nearly 800. Casey's orchestra furnished the music, and lovers of the dance were kept busy all the afternoon. Rev. Father Strubbe accompanied the excursionists.

ENCOURAGE THE YOUNGSTERS.
The first excursion of the St. Gabriel's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society will be held to Higgate Springs on Saturday, August 26th. Children's tickets are 50c, and adults \$1. Casey's orchestra will furnish the music, and all who attend are promised an enjoyable time.

LOYOLA COURT, C. O. F.
Last Saturday the members of Loyola Court, C.O.F., held their first annual field day at the Shamrock grounds, Mile End, which was attended by a large gathering of friends. Races and games were indulged in, and a very enjoyable time was spent. The Court is to be congratulated on the success attending its first efforts.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY EXCURSION.
The committee in charge of the annual excursion of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society are meeting with great success in their arrangements for the day's outing. A large number of tickets have been disposed of, and an enjoyable time is promised to those who will attend. Casey's orchestra has been secured for dancing, and the lovers of the art can enjoy themselves to their heart's delight.

ENTERED INTO ETERNAL LIFE.
Sister M. Bridget, nee Miss Mary Carroll, went to receive the crown of life well spent in the services of the Master at Borgess Hospital, Kalamazoo, Michigan, on the 21st. She was greatly beloved by all who came in contact with her; an exemplary religious, a pious, devoted soul, earnest in every duty, pleasing to God and man. The funeral took

place the following Monday, and she was laid to rest with her Sisters in the little cemetery near Nazareth Academy, belonging to the Community of the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of Detroit. Say a prayer for her soul. R.I.P.

SCHOOL INSPECTORS' EXAMINATION.

There will be a meeting of the examiners appointed by the Catholic Committee of the Council of Public Instruction, to examine candidates for the office of school inspector, at the Laval Normal School, Quebec, on Wednesday, the 30th day of August, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon. Any person who wishes to present himself at this examination must, before the 20th day of August, send a request for that purpose to Mr. Paul de Cazes, secretary of the Catholic Committee of the Council of Public Instruction, the sum of \$6, and all documents required under the regulations of the Catholic Committee of the Council of Public Instruction.

TRIDUUM AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

The Triduum in honor of St. Ann opened on Monday morning at St. Ann's Church. The evening preacher was Rev. Father Strubbe. On Wednesday morning solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Rioux, P. P. The choir rendered Dumont's sixth tone Mass. At the offertory Messrs. Murphy and Hillyard sang Lambillon's "Ave Maria." At the end of the service the hymn to St. Ann was sung. In the evening solemn Benediction was imparted, during which the choir sang a special programme of music. The electrical fittings in the sanctuary and over the main altar were beautiful. Hundreds approached the Holy Table during the three days, and the feast of the patroness of the parish was celebrated on a grand scale.

DROWNING ACCIDENTS.

Rev. Father Gignac, of Sherbrooke, and three companions were drowned at Lake Aylmer as a result of a boating accident. The party of six left for a day's outing, but the boat became swamped, and two of them drifted ashore after two hours and a half on the upturned boat. Rev. Father Gignac swam around for fifteen minutes encouraging his friends to keep afloat. Seeing their condition was hopeless the heroic priest imparted absolution, and shortly after they sank to rise no more. His Grace Archbishop Brochu, accompanied by Canon Moy, went to Sherbrooke on Tuesday morning and took part in the requiem service which was offered up for the repose of the dead priest by His Lordship Bishop Bruneault of Nicolet. The bodies of the victims have not as yet been recovered.

On Wednesday at nine o'clock a requiem Mass was sung at the College of Notre Dame des Neiges for William Bunbray, a late pupil of the College, who was drowned at Chateauguay last week. R.I.P.
Last Friday a bright pupil of Mount St. Louis College was drowned at Boucherville in the person of Master Rene Normandin, son of a well known merchant of Montreal. The deceased was the youngest member of the Mount St. Louis band, and played the clarinet. He was only 18 years of age. The funeral took place from Boucherville on Monday morning, and was largely attended by his former classmates and teachers. R.I.P.

MR. KELLIHER APPOINTED CHIEF ENGINEER OF G.T.P.

Mr. J. B. Kelliher has been appointed chief engineer of the Grand Trunk Pacific.
Mr. Kelliher, who was born in Ireland on Dec. 26, 1862, is the son of the late John Kelliher, himself a civil engineer. His education, which was commercial, under the care of the Jesuit Fathers, was continued and completed in Dublin University. It is the custom in Great Britain for students who have completed the civil engineering course to serve what is called an "articled pupillage" and this period was served to James Dillon, a civil engineer of Dublin. Mr. Kelliher's principal work in Ireland consisted of surveys for the Micheltown and Farnoy Railway, and improvements on the Barrow River.
Mr. Kelliher came to the United States in 1886, and commenced work on the Union Pacific Railway, remaining with this company for the four succeeding years, filling successively the positions of topographer, transitman and assistant engineer. In 1890 he joined the forces of the Northern Pacific Railway as assistant engineer, with which road he remained until 1896, and during the greater portion of these six years he was in charge of the Cascade and Pacific divisions of the railway. Leaving the Northern Pacific, Mr. Hedges

Kelliher entered the employ of the late Marcus Daly, the "Copper King" and was made mining engineer of the Anaconda Copper Company's mines in Butte, Montana. In 1897 he was appointed division engineer of the Oregon Short Line Railway, in whose employ he continued until 1903, when he resigned to accept the position of chief engineer in charge of location work for the Denver, North-western & Pacific Railway.
Mr. Kelliher's headquarters will be in Montreal.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Last evening's concert at the Catholic Sailors' Club was under the auspices of St. Mary's Court, No. 164, Catholic Order of Foresters. The chair was occupied by Mr. John J. Ryan, Chief Ranger of the Court. The hall was thronged by the Foresters and their friends long before the appointed time, and certainly those who attended were not disappointed. The programme was long, varied and enjoyed by all present. Miss Bennett, in a soft and exquisitely cultivated voice, sang a song entitled "A Lesson with a Fan, and as an encore gave the Bay of Dublin with good effect. Miss Fitzgerald sang "You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May, and as an encore Alexander. The musical selections by Messrs. C. Thompson, Birch and McMillan were both interesting and enjoyable. The comic songs by Mr. Tesdale and the clog dancing by Mr. Bury were very good. Mr. Cameron, in his description of a Scene on Corey Island, and the Golden Jubilee, was very fine. Mr. Burns sang the old song "Aileen Aroon" in fine style. Messrs. Connors and Segers, in their specialties, gave much pleasure, and Miss Bennett sang "Annie Laurie" in fine style. We had also the pleasure of the company of Rev. Fathers Malone, Cullinan and Kavanagh, as well as that of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. McNamee.

SHAMROCK FOOTBALL CLUB TURNED DOWN.

On Friday evening at the annual meeting of the Quebec Rugby Union, the Shamrock intermediate football team was refused admission into the senior series. The vote was unanimous against them. Last year Westminster, who had won the intermediate championship, was admitted into senior company. The Shamrocks had won the intermediate championship last year, and were entitled to be admitted into the senior ranks. But no, the Association which has given for years past the greatest athletes, has been ruthlessly knifed and thrown overboard. To make fish of one team and flesh of another seems at first strange, but when we consider that ignorance, prejudice and bigotry enter even the arena of athletics, the fate of our Irish Catholic organization is easily solved. The Shamrocks, in every case, have worked for the good of every other athletic organization, and in return for such kindness they are treated to a dose of meanness and unsportsmanlike conduct never before recorded in the annals of athletics. Nor did the dirty work stop here. Another game was being worked by which our famous lacrosse team, the champions of the world, was also to be cut off. On Saturday afternoon the Capital executive were asked to sign a document that if Montreal was put out of the League on account of playing professionals, the Capitals would refuse to play against Shamrocks. But the executive of the Capitals refused to have anything to do with such rotteness. It is a well known fact that if Shamrocks withdraw from the N.A.L.U. to-morrow, lacrosse would receive its death knell. One team draws the crowd in Ottawa, in Cornwall, in Montreal—the greatest exponents of our national game to-day—the famous Shamrocks. It would be well for those engaged in such despicable work to cry halt before athletics in our midst will become a laughing stock and a farce, and receive from the public a death-dealing blow which will ruin our many sports.

The great danger of valuing life too easily and taking it too hard, how difficult it is to balance that!

"The 'good' that is done by lowering our ethical standard would better be left undone."

Defeat is our great strength. Through it alone can we become fine and noble and beautiful. Adversity, which is only another form of defeat, is the universal inspirer and corrector. Men generally may not realize this, and it may seem, at first thought, a careless statement. But when analyzed and considered it looms up as about the most useful attribute life has.—Lugh Mitchell

THE PROVING OF THE TRUTH.

ENQUIRY AS TO ADVERTISE- MENT IN THE PRESS.

Miss Jamison, of Masson, Tells a Reporter She Did Not Give Fruit-a-tives Enough Credit.

(From the Ottawa Journal.)

Many hundreds of people read and marvel at the columns of advertising matter put in the daily papers all over the world in connection with the advertisements of patent medicines. Millions of dollars are spent every year in bringing to the attention of the public the benefits to be derived by the use of the remedies, and it is to the free use of printer's ink that many notable successes have been made. These medicines are advertised in all kinds of ways, but the bulk of the money expended by the exploiters of patent medicines goes into the columns of the newspapers. But how many people read a glowing account of good done by a patent medicine and take any trouble to find out the bona fides of the case mentioned? The writer admits being something of a sceptic in matters pertaining to patent medicines.

AN ENQUIRY MADE.

A few days ago, however, the writer happened to be stalled at Masson, or as it is now known, Buckingham Junction, with a wait of a couple of hours for the train. Now Masson is a very pretty little village, but two hours with nothing to do to a newspaper man is a somewhat tedious proposition. The columns of the Evening Journal were carefully run through when one of the patent medicine ads caught the eye of the scribe. It was that given by Miss Jamison, of Masson, for Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets.



In her letter to the proprietors of this remedy under date of Nov. 16, 1904, Miss Jamison said that she "had much pleasure in reporting to you the great benefit I have received from taking Fruit-a-tives, and I feel I cannot say too much for a medicine that has done me so much good." Continuing, Miss Jamison told of suffering from kidney trouble, that her complexion was sallow, with dark rings under the eyes, back ache, indigestion, constipation and headaches every morning on getting up. Miss Jamison took the remedy and, with careful following of the directions as to diet, after taking three boxes she lost all her ailments and regained perfect health.

VISIT TO MISS JAMISON.

Here was just a suitable case and favorable opportunity for the newspaper man to look into one of the cases of the genuineness of the advertisement.

Miss Florence Jamison is a charming young lady of about 22 years of age, and she had no hesitation whatever in talking of the merits of Fruit-a-tives.

"Miss Jamison," said the reporter, "I see you have been making statements over your name in the papers giving great credit to the merits of Fruit-a-tives. Might I ask you your reason for giving such a strong testimonial of the efficiency of this medicine?"

"Why, certainly," replied Miss Jamison, "I am only too happy to give you any information I can. I have said nothing about Fruit-a-tives but what is the actual fact. Following sickness and death in the family, when I had a great deal of worry and nursing, I became terribly run down and few of the neighbors thought I should ever be well again. I consulted the late Dr. March and took considerable medicine but with poor results. In May of 1904 I started taking Fruit-a-tives knowing that it was a patent medicine, but having a medical man's authority that it would do me good. Personally I felt it could not do me any harm and I was prepared to do anything to do me good. I made up my mind to give the medicine a good

fair chance, and with this end in view I carefully followed all the directions as to diet. I had suffered terribly with a chronic constipation, which caused backaches, and I never knew what it was to get up in the morning without a headache that invariably lasted the whole day. In a very few days I felt the benefit of Fruit-a-tives, and in an incredibly short time the headaches left me and I was cured of my other ailments. "Why," continued Miss Jamison, getting enthusiastic on the subject, "I had a sallow and muddy complexion and look at me now! I do not take Fruit-a-tives all the time, but I always have a box handy and take them occasionally. They are worth ten times the price in my estimation if they were only used for the benefit of one's complexion. You cannot say too much for Fruit-a-tives so far as I am concerned, and I am only too pleased to give my experience with the medicine."

A LOCAL CONCERN.

The above inquiry is of more than usual interest, due to the fact that Fruit-a-tives, Limited, is a local concern, and from what is said of the medicine it is bound to become an institution of great magnitude. The medicine is made up from pure fruit juices, put up in tablet form and no difficulty is experienced in taking them. They are the product of the experience of an Ottawa physician who combines the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, making a compound which strengthens the stomach and makes the liver active. The establishment of a company and the manufacture of the tablets in large quantities also naturally resulted in the reduction of cost of production, the result being the fact that this household remedy can now be sold for 50c a box, or a quarter what the original cost had to be.

The sceptical writer who looked into the case of Miss Jamison does not regret the time spent on the investigation, which certainly proved that that young lady not only derived wonderful benefits from Fruit-a-tives but that she is naturally anxious to let others who are suffering know the facts.

IN THE LACROSSE WORLD.

Next Saturday afternoon an exciting lacrosse match will take place between the champion Shamrocks and the Nationals. Paddy Brennan, the veteran home man, will be found again on the team, replacing Henry Hoobin, who was severely injured in the last match which the champions played. It is to be hoped that the game will start sharp on time, and that a record crowd will be seen at the S.A.A.A. grounds, to witness the match. It is up to our people to stand nobly by the boys in green, and support the team which has made its name famous the world over. Now is an opportune time to show sympathy for the organization which is getting the thin end of the wedge from other athletic organizations.

Last Saturday the Capitals met defeat at the hands of the Montreal Lacrosse Club by seven goals to two.

In the intermediate series, the plucky Points defeated the Balmaines of Quebec by the decisive score of nine goals to three.

FOURTH WEEK AT CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

The solemn High Mass which was celebrated last Sunday morning in the Chapel of Our Lady of the Lake at Cliff Haven, was marked by the presence of two clergymen who were instrumental in founding the School, Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Ph. D., of New York City, and Rev. Walter P. Gough, of Philadelphia. The latter was celebrant of the Mass. He was assisted by Rev. Daniel Kehoe, D.D., of St. Charles Seminary, Overbrook, Pa., as deacon, and Rev. Daniel McGinley, of Philadelphia, as sub-deacon. The preacher of the occasion was Dr. McMahon, and he delivered an impressive and powerful sermon on The Authority of the Church.

The alumnae course in literature given this week by Jean F. P. Des Garennes, Washington, D.C., was a marked success. The discussion centered about a study of French and English comedy, of which a most I. P.

scholarly comparison was made. Two evening lectures by the eminent Jesuit, Rev. James P. Fagan, S.J., on Forgotten Facts in the History of Education, aroused considerable interest because of their eloquence and informational value. The lecture recitals on Ancient Church Music and Volk Music, by Camille W. Zockwer, director of the Philadelphia Musical Academy and organist of St. John's Church, Philadelphia, were hailed with delight at Cliff Haven, where Mr. Zockwer's artistic gifts are well known and thoroughly appreciated. He was ably assisted by two of Cliff Haven's most talented singers, Mrs. Amelia Devin, contralto, and Mr. Bernard Sullivan, baritone, both of New York City.

Socially, the week just ended has proved the banner week of the season. There have been four evening affairs, all carried out on a large scale with brilliancy and eclat. The attendance is now gaining at about the rate of thirty a day. As a result about 900 persons are now to be found within the boundaries of Cliff Haven. One hundred and fifty extra accommodations are promised within a few days by the opening of the handsome new Buffalo Cottage.

OBITUARY.

REV. BRO. CYRIL O'REILLY.

A distinguished member of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, in the person of Rev. Brother Cyril O'Reilly, passed to his reward on Sunday morning, July 23rd. The deceased was born in Ireland, and was educated at the Irish Christian Brothers' Schools there. Nearly fifteen years ago he entered the Order in Canada, and taught at St. Ann's, St. Joseph's and the Scholasticate at Mont de la Salle, Maisonneuve. He was a great student and a devoted member of the Order. He was an artist of exceptional ability, and his pen and brush showed forth his genius in many fine mottoes, pictures and addresses which are to be found in several of the houses of the Order in the city to-day. Deceased contracted tuberculosis two years ago, from the effects of which he died. The funeral took place at Mont de la Salle on Tuesday morning. The requiem Mass was celebrated by the chaplain, Rev. Abbe Chausse. Over three hundred brothers and novices assisted at the funeral obsequies. The remains were laid to rest in the churchyard of the Order, near the mother house. R.I.P.

MARTIN KIELY.

The funeral of the late Martin Kiely took place on Tuesday morning from the family residence, 210 Ottawa street, to St. Ann's Church, and was largely attended. At the church the body was received by Rev. Father Rioux, who also sang the requiem Mass, assisted by Father Trudel as deacon and Father McPhail as sub-deacon. The choir rendered Perreault's requiem Mass. St. Ann's boys' choir assisting the regular choir. The chief mourners were the four sons of the deceased, Thomas, John, James and Martin. Interment took place at Cote des Neiges. R.I.P.

REV. FATHER DEVINE DEAD.

Rev. Father F. M. Devine, the widely known parish priest of Osceola, in North Renfrew County, died at the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, on the 12th inst. He was visiting in the city when attacked by illness, which ere long it was seen would prove fatal, and members of his family were hastily summoned and had the good fortune to reach the dying priest in time for a last farewell. The zeal and administrative ability of Father Devine were so great as to be conspicuous and two handsome churches, besides schools and other institutions, speak of his active work amongst his people, by whom his memory is everywhere loved and revered. Father Devine is survived by his aged mother and two of his sisters are members of the Community of St. Joseph, one Sister Crescentine of the House of Providence, Toronto, and the other Sister Victoria of Thorold. Mr. T. W. McGarry, M.P. of Renfrew, is a brother-in-law. The funeral took place from his old church on Tuesday of last week, many attending from a distance. R. I. P.

CHAMPIONSHIP LACROSSE.
National vs. Shamrock,
S. A. A. A. GROUNDS,
SATURDAY, July 29, 1905.
Ball faced at 3 P.M. Play Rain or Shine.
Admission 25c. Grand Stand, 50c. Reserved Seats, 50c. Ca- site at BRENNAN BROS., 84, Catherine street, JOHN T. LYONS, Bleury street.
W. J. McGEN, Hon. Sec.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

BUTTER FIRM, BUT PRICES AT VERY HIGH LEVEL.

The local butter market is steady and very firm at the high prices that are ruling at present.

QUALITY OF THE EGG RECEIPTS STILL UNSATISFACTORY.

There is a slight improvement in the demand for eggs for local trade and if the quality does not improve there will have to be an advance in prices.

OATS DULL AND PRICES EASIER.

Dull and quiet conditions rule on the local market, and what sales are made are to supply current demands.

HEAVY DEMAND AND MANIPULATION CREATE HIGH CHEESE VALUES.

There seems to be a feeling in provision circles that the high prices that are reported for cheese have been caused partly by manipulation and partly by a heavy demand caused by those who had shorts to cover.

FRUIT PLENTIFUL AND IN GOOD DEMAND.

Heavy shipments of fruits are being received daily in Montreal. The hot weather created a good demand, and trade is brisk at prices that are not to high to permit of general consumption.

ROLLED OATS—\$2.42 per bag.

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

MILL FEED—Ontario bran in bulk at \$14.50 to \$15; shorts, \$17 to \$18; Manitoba bran in bags, \$15.50 to \$16; shorts, \$19.

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

Oats—No. 2, 48c to 49c per bushel.

BEANS—Choice primes, \$1.60 to \$1.65 per bushel, \$1.55 in car lots.

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

POTATOES—New potatoes, in bags of 80 lbs., \$1, and \$2 per barrel. Old potatoes, 50c to 60c per bag.

HONEY—White clover in comb,

FATHER KOENIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A VALUABLE REMEDY FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY AND ALL THE SYMPTOMS OF NERVOUSNESS. For get this medicine FREE!

12c per section, in one pound sections extract in 16 lb tins, 7c to 7 1/2c in 60 lb tins, 6c to 6 1/2c; buckwheat, 6c to 6 1/2c as to quality.

EGGS—Straight stock, 17c; No. 2, 14c.

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

CHEESE—Ontario, 10c to 10 1/2c; Quebec, 9c to 10c.

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

At the Abbey of Grottaferrata

(Continued from Page 1.)

The Christian museum attached to the Vatican Library has sent here on exhibition some of its rarest treasures—pictures and ivories and reliquaries. Of these last the most important is the silver coffer, found about twenty years ago in Africa, and sent in gift by the late Cardinal Lavignerie to Leo XIII. on the occasion of the Pontiff's Jubilee in 1888.

And the halls of this monastery are filled with objects only less interesting than those already mentioned, and which would require for their due appreciation a description equally detailed. Pages of ancient history and mediaeval lore appeal to you as you pass before the contents of these glass-covered cases that are the shrines of Christian art.

Finally, a visit being made to the halls in which exact reproductions in water color of the more important mosaics of Venice and Ravenna are displayed, we left the monastery, and committing ourselves again to the tender mercies of our taciturn cab-driver, came back through the dust and the heat of Frascati. Here the memory of Lucullus still lives in the ruins that are met with in several parts of the town, which is said to be built on the site of his villa; but the people of Frascati have forgotten the reputation he enjoys as a gourmet; and so thoroughly have they forgotten it that I am convinced that you can find as wretched a meal in Frascati as in any other city in Italy.

One of the most beautiful diamonds in the world is the Regent. It belongs to France. Besides its dimensions, which are considerable, it unites various qualities which further augment its value. When rough it weighed 410 carats. Its present weight is only 136 carats. Its cutting, which is of great excellence, required two years of work. It was valued in 1791 at 12,000,000 francs. This diamond was purchased in the rough state by the grandfather of William Pitt for \$12,000 francs. The Duke of Orleans, then

The Story of a Great Diamond.

regent of France, acquired it in 1717 for the sum of 3,375,000 francs. According to St. Simon, who gives an interesting recital of the purchase of the stone, there is quite a different version from that ordinarily accepted.

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According to St. Simon, who gives an interesting recital of the purchase of the stone, there is quite a different version from that ordinarily accepted.

"Through an extremely rare opportunity an employee in the diamond mines of the grand mogul was able to extract one of very large size. He found means of embarking and reaching Europe with his diamond. He took it to England, where the king admired it. A model of glass was made in England and the man was sent with the diamond and model to Law, who proposed it to the regent for the King. The price frightened the regent, who refused to buy it.

"The state of the finances was an obstacle on which the regent insisted. He feared incurring censure for so large a purchase, while there was trouble in providing for the most pressing necessities and many people were left in suffering.

"I applauded this sentiment, but I said to him that it was not suitable to exercise the same economy for the greatest king of Europe as for a private individual; that the honor of the crown should be considered and the opportunity of procuring a diamond which would eclipse all others in Europe should not be lost. I did not leave the Duke of Orleans until I had obtained the promise that the diamond should be purchased. Law, before speaking to me, had represented to the possessor of the diamond that it would be impossible to procure the sum that he had hoped for, and the loss that would be occasioned by breaking it up into pieces, so that the price had been reduced to two million francs, including the scraps that would come from the cutting. The bargain was concluded in this way. The interest of two million francs was paid until the whole amount could be raised, and in the meantime two million francs in precious stones were hypotheated."

In the celebrated robbery at the Garde Meuble, in 1792, this stone was stolen and concealed behind a roof timber of a barn. As a result of a proclamation it was recovered by a municipal officer named Sergeant. The Regent was the most beautiful jewel in the coronation crown of King Louis XV. Later it was held by Vanlerbergh, a banker, as a pledge of his advances. A historian of the times states that the wife of the banker took the opportunity of wearing it while it was in her husband's possession.

The First Consul, in his turn, pledged the Regent to the Batavian Government to procure the funds which were lacking after the 18th Brumaire. Later he ornamented his Austrietz sword with the celebrated diamond, which, in the words of Vatout, might well have dispensed with the ornament.—Jewellers, Circular Weekly.

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Train leaving Montreal at 11.30 p.m. connects at Albany with Hudson River day line, making that charming inland water trip down the Hudson River to New York. Connection with this train is also made at Saratoga Springs with the "Saratoga Limited," reaching New York at 11.35 a.m.

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In a Chinese Doctor's Office.

(From Chamber's Journal.)

The method of treating sick persons adopted by Chinese doctors in some cities is similar to that of the other physicians of the United States and those of Great Britain. They depend much, however, on the examination of the pulse. Their sense of touch is so wonderfully developed that it is said they can determine the condition of the heart as well as some of the other organs merely by the feebleness or strength of the beats; but they say there are no less than twelve different movements of the arteries in the human body, all of which can be detected by feeling the fingers, wrist and arm.

When a patient calls on him for examination the doctor first presses the arm, wrist and fingers, touching nearly every part. Sometimes ten or fifteen minutes is occupied with this examination. Then he may ask if the patient is married or single, and also his age; but this is about the limit of the examination. Apparently he can tell the nature of the disease, without questioning further, and if the caller wishes a prescription he writes one in the ordinary Chinese characters on a generous sized square of paper.

Ring a bell, he hands the prescription to the Chinese attendant who enters, for each physician has his own shop, filled with the ingredients which he uses in treatment. If he has a large practice, he may employ a native chemist, who makes up the prescriptions.

One of the curious features of Chinese medical treatment is the way in which the physicians administer their remedies. Nearly all the offices

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED Store closes at 8.30 p.m. THURSDAY, July 27, 1905. BIG CROWDS VISIT THE JULY CHEAP SALE!

Record business throughout the store this month. Here's why: At other times and on other occasions we hold special sales in certain departments. On this occasion we hold our biggest sale of the year in the VERY Department. It is perfectly accurate to say that no matter what goods you require you can buy them during this sale at the greatest savings not only of this year but of several years. It includes the whole stock—of which not one item in a hundred can be printed.

STUPENDOUS SALE OF BLACK and COLORED DRESS GOODS

Fancy Dress Goods, 50 PIECES OF SUMMER DRESS GOODS, in 20 stylish colors and plaids, 40 inches wide. Regularly 29c. July Sale Price 15c. CANVAS CREPON CLOTH, all wool. Regularly 55c. Sale Price..... 25c. 10 PIECES OF NAVY BLUE 30 PIECES OF CHECK WOOL VOILES, grounds in navy, brown, gray, helio, sky, with small neat checks, in white, 40 inches wide. Regularly 59c. July Sale Price..... 33c.

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When we offered these they met with a hearty reception. Still enough left to repeat the offer. You can't fail to be interested in such a splendid saving opportunity. Each one is imported direct from Paris and is quite exclusive. Some are of Muslin, most of Silk, and Linen and pure Silk. A special showing in our St. James Street Window. These prices: EMBROIDERED LINEN PARISIAN BLOUSE PATTERNS, Regular EMBROIDERED LINEN PARISIAN. July Sale Prices, \$2.40, \$2.50 and..... \$2.25 SUPERBLY EMBROIDERED SILK BLOUSE PATTERNS, latest Parisian effects. Regular prices, \$1.75 to \$2.50. Sale Price, \$1.19 Regular prices, \$4.80 to \$6.95. July Clearing Sale Price..... \$3.95 Regular price, \$10.20. July Clearing Sale Price..... \$5.00

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Record business in the Shoe Store all this week. Stock righting time, and we're clearing out new and stylish goods at prices that will surprise you. For instance: LADIES' WHITE CANVAS OXFORD LACED SHOES, hand turned soles and military heels. Sizes, 2 1/2 to 7. Regularly \$1.50. July Sale Price..... 95c

LADIES' CHOCOLATE VICI KID GIBSON TIE OXFORD SHOES, hand-turned soles and military or Cuban heels. All sizes. Regularly \$2.30. July Sale Price..... \$2.05

MEN'S PATENT COLT BLUCHER LACED BOOTS, Goodyear welted soles, dull calf skin tops. Sizes 5 1/2 to 10 1/2. Regularly \$5.00. July Sale Price..... \$4.50

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Garden de la S. de Lecteur. Feb. 19 1905. Assomblee Legale.

Vol. LV., No.

A MEMORABLE

Scene in the House when the

ment Was B

A Parliamentary

describing the scene in Commons after the which resulted in a G. feat, says:

It was apparent when filled for the division to an exceptionally large Liberal side, although hate was proceeding benches had been no usual. As the division there were evidences of citement, the members returning to their place House instead of going almost invariably do of division of the night.

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and Irish Party rose in and rent the air with a nado of cheering, waving handkerchiefs and papers. Thomas Esmonde, with Carlan by his side, both of cheerfully, stood with the feated and palpably dejected tellers, waiting for to subsist before formal the numbers. There they the members on the benches exhausted themselves of delight, v. ters, one and all, looking desperately perturbed, saed arms, trying to appear ed. Mr. Balfour was place, but as the demone tined he was forced to his room, and his appe the signal for a fresh ane our burst of cheering, di. peally at him. He wa slow, dramatic steps to carefully arranged the ta coat, and threw himself bench, but the face he tu House was distorted with and anger. Poor Sir Ac east next him, deeply stu notice paper, a pathetic f Mr. Arthur Lyttelton and ton Chamberlain, confront possibility of ejection. were pitiably overwrought. jected. At last there v and Sir Thomas Esmonde, steady voice, read out 199 for the reduction, against—a near thing, b. ance was stopped against ment, which is the matter. Again there was cheers, and cries of "Balf four!" "Resign! resign!" in the midst of the din.

four, however, showed no of rising; and Sir H. Can herman, uproariously chee whether he had any statu make in view of what had pended. Mr. Balfour re while his followers cheered faint-hearted way, and he he had any statement to could not make it on that His followers and his o who evidently expected they have stated at once that h to ignore the vote just giv ed anxious at this announce Redmond then rose—his v. hoarse after his speech in noon—and at once put the before the House with his v. He pointed out that the v. given had followed almost be the Prime Minister had summoned his followers to them to ensure his again in the House of Commons. two years, said Mr. Radcl. enthusiastic cheers, the con. every opportunity afford