



HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The daily use of the street cars makes one observant of the general mannerisms of the travelling public.

FASHIONS.

From tip to toe the summer girl will be embroidered. Peacock designs flaunt themselves in the face of superstition.

oil and finish by going over it with the bare hand. No polishing material is equal to the hand for fine surfaces.

For malaria the Roman cure is prepared by cutting the rind and pulp of a lemon into a pint of water, then boiling until there is only a half pint.

Soak lamp wicks in vinegar and then dry them thoroughly to keep the lamp from smoking. A raw egg swallowed immediately will generally carry a bone down that cannot be removed by the utmost exertion from the throat, and has got out of the reach of the finger.

When soot falls upon the carpet or rug, never attempt to sweep it up at once, for the result is sure to be a disfiguring mark. Cover it thickly with nicely dried salt, which will enable you to sweep it up cleanly so that not the slightest stain or smear will be left.

To clean velvet take pure turpentine and soft clean cloths and sponge a small spot with the turpentine, then wipe with one or more dry cloths. When the entire piece is cleaned, hang in the air and afterward, if possible, in a hot room, and the odor will leave it.

When painted woods of the interior of the house are soiled or spotted, get a plate of very good whiting. It will cost only a few cents. Dip a piece of flannel into warm water, squeeze nearly dry and dip it into the whiting. Then rub the paint with the whiting and all the dirt and grease will disappear, and the paint will look like new, no matter how delicate.

RECIPES.

Lemon Cheese Cakes—A pound of puff pastry, two stale spongecakes, the grated rind and juice of two lemons, three tablespoonsful of powdered sugar, two tablespoonsful of butter, two eggs. Method—Grate the spongecakes, add the lemon rind, juice, and sugar, melt the butter in a saucepan, add the spongecake mixture, and stir at the side of the fire until hot through; then let it cool.

Strawberry Saracen is a dish which rivals short-cake. Line the bottom of a china dish with slices of thin buttered toast. Fill the dish with strawberries, closely packed. Sprinkle sugar generously (about a large cupful to a quart of berries) over them, and set in a slow oven for half an hour. Serve cold, with whipped cream.

Red Lion Inn Rhubarb Pie—Cut in rather coarse pieces enough pieplant or rhubarb, to fill a cup. Beat one egg, add the pieplant, a cup of sugar, two common crackers rolled fine, and a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Mix together thoroughly and turn into a pie tin lined with pastry. Put a few bits of butter over it here and there. Add one grating of nutmeg and bake as a tart pie. Bands of pastry may be laid over the top before baking.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Apple Water Ice—Slice six large juicy apples without peeling; pour over them three quarts of boiling water; cover and set aside until cool. Sweeten and flavor with orange extract. When ready to serve add one-fourth of shaved ice.

Fruit Cookies—One and three-fourths cup of brown sugar, three-fourths of a cup of shortening, one egg, three-fourths of a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of salt, clove, nutmeg, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a rounding teaspoonful of soda, two rounding teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, flour to roll thin; hot oven.

Macaroni with Mushrooms—Boil half a pound of macaroni, drain and keep warm. Put in a saucepan a little parsley, one onion, a tablespoon of vinegar, salt and pepper, with a pint of water. Set over the fire; when ready to boil put in a quart of mushrooms; let cook ten minutes; heat in four eggs, stir until thick, put in a layer of macaroni in the bottom of a deep dish, then a layer

TIMELY HINTS.

Wine stains will come out of linen if the stained part is held in boiling milk for a minute or two. The bluish color on pianos is caused by the action of damp air on the polish. Rub the surface thoroughly with a bit of chamois moistened with a drop or two of sweet

of mushrooms until the dish is full, put the mushrooms on top. Set in stove five minutes.

Asparagus Salad—Boil asparagus in salt water until tender, then drain water off and arrange tips in a dish with the tips to center; add olive oil, vinegar and pepper and salt.

Cheese Toast—Grate enough cheese to make one cup, add one-quarter level teaspoon each of salt and mustard, a few grains of cayenne and a rounding teaspoon of butter. Set the bowl over hot water and heat enough to form a smooth paste. Cut fingers of thinly sliced bread, butter them slightly and toast delicately. Spread the cheese mixture over the toast, set in the oven until the cheese melts, and serve at once.

SECRETS OF THE HAND.

The handshake of some people makes you think of accident and sudden death. Contrast this ill boding hand with the quick, skilful, quiet hand of a nurse whom I remember with affection because she took the best care of my teacher. I have clasped the hands of some rich people that spin not and toil not and yet are not beautiful. Beneath their soft, smooth roundness what a chaos of undeveloped character!

All this is my private science of palmistry, and when I tell your fortune it is by no mysterious intuition of gypsy witchcraft, but by natural, explicable, recognition of the embodied character in your hand. Not only is the hand as easy to recognize as the face, but it reveals its secrets more openly and unconsciously. People control their countenances, but the hand is under no restraint. It relaxes and becomes listless when the spirit is low and dejected, the muscles tighten when the mind is excited or the heart glad, and permanent qualities stand written on it all the time.

As there are many beauties of the face, so the beauties of the hand are many. Touch has its ecstasies. The hands of people of strong individuality and sensitiveness are wonderfully noble. In a glance of their fingertips they express many shades of thought. Now and again I touch a fine, graceful, supple wristed hand which spells with the same beauty and distinction that you must see in the handwriting of some highly cultivated people. I wish you could see how prettily little children spell in my hand. They are wild flowers of humanity and their finger motions wild flowers of speech.—Helen Keller in Century.

MENDING TABLE LINEN.

One housewife always mends table linen with embroidery cotton of a number to correspond with the quality of the cloth. Under the ragged edges of the tear she bastes a piece of stiff paper, and makes a network of fine stitches back and forth over its edges, carrying the stitches about an inch beyond the edges. Thin places and breaks in linen may run with the flax or embroidery floss and towels should be mended in the same way.

The girls in Switzerland are taught in school to mend table linen according to the weaves in the cloth, but the best that ordinary housekeepers can do is to ravel out the threads from strips "evened off" from new linen and strengthen the weak places in the old tablecloths before a hole appears. When they get beyond this remedy, they can be cut up into trays, coats, fruit napkins and bibs. To hem new linen always employ the French method, that is, fold the hem backward and stitch "over and over" it is easier than plain hemming and almost invisible when nicely done.

THE FIRESIDE HER ALTAR.

Rev. Dr. Patrick Farrell, rector of St. John's Cathedral, Cleveland, gave a notable sermon recently on "The Mother's Influence in Home Life." Taking his text from the Book of Proverbs, "Who shall find a valiant woman?" he spoke in part as follows:

"For the home life an influence of paramount importance is that of the mother. As we turn the pages of memory's album, the first photograph is the fairest and the best. The mother makes the home. The word itself—mother—is sweeter to the heart of man than honey and the honeycomb."

"The influence of a good mother has saved souls in the forming of character, and the memory of her and a happy home has always exercised a restraining power upon the passions of man. Mother's love brings brightness to the home. Let me analyze that love. It has two elements—sacrifice and devotedness. The duties of the Christian mother are solemn. She was free in entering into the compact, but once entered upon her course she became a power for the full force of the natural law and its

consequent obligations for the good of the race and the preservation of public order.

"Maternal love implies devotedness. The whole being of the mother should be wrapped up in the interests of her children. She is the great priestess of the natural order; her altar, the family fireside. While her husband is busy with the affairs of the world, into her hands is committed the care of an immortal soul, the most precious treasure ever fashioned by the hand of God.

"The moral training of her child must begin at her own knee. She must teach tiny feet to walk in the ways of virtue and in the counsels of God. To do this she must make the home holy. The grace of the sacrament of matrimony alone will enable the Christian mother to accomplish this work. Insist on public order, as you will, and persuade parents of their natural duties, and after all it is religion that sanctifies the home. And if mothers lose sight of the Christian obligation, everything pure and holy is lost.

"Women may not be called to great deeds in order that they may be great. Joan of Arc and the Amazons of history are exceptions. Many unknown heroines, pure, sinless, uncomplaining, are working for the glory of God in misery and poverty, and they shall obtain their reward."

COLORS VIE WITH WHITE.

This is one of the seasons when all white, although still very popular, is not at all the prevailing shade. Even morning dresses are more prevalent in blue, pink, lavender, green and yellow than the simple white which always looks so cool and refreshing on a hot day.

Apart from the regulation shirt waist and skirt for the golf links and tennis court—which must always be white with a light colored leather or ribbon belt if some foreign note is desired—the prettiest morning dresses are of plain or embroidered linen duck. Pique is also worn, but it is heavier. Embroidered linen gowns have been extremely fashionable for quite a while, so that they are no longer new, but as smart as when first introduced. Although embroidery upon the skirt is effective it is not necessary, and the waist may be quite simply made with merely a band of embroidery down the front and back of the waist and on the sleeves. The more elaborate costumes are trimmed with lace as well as embroidery, and surely there is a certain satisfaction in putting handwork on a colored material which is never to be found when trimming linen and all are of solid white.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

AFFECTING GRATITUDE.

(From the New York Sun.) Dr. Margaret H. Norris, the physician in charge of the Sarah Seward Hospital at Allahabad, in India, furnishes beautiful evidence of the gratitude of the natives among whom she and many other American women are working in a medical way. The two letters subjoined are genuine, and from husbands of women who had been patients of Dr. Norris.

No. 1—Cured.

"Dear Sir: My wife has returned from your hospital cured. Provided males are allowed at your bungalow, I would like to do you the honor of presenting myself there this afternoon, but I will not try to repay your vengeance belongeth unto God. Yours noticeably

No. 2—Dead.

"Dear and Fair Madame: I have much pleasure to inform you that my dearly unfortunate wife will be no longer under your kind treatment, she having left this world for the other on the night of the 27th ultimo. For your help in this matter I shall ever remain grateful. Yours reverently,

These testimonials are printed in the India number of Woman's Work for April. We do not know which of the two Babu masterpieces is the most affecting.

HOW SHE LOST THEM.

A little girl of seven, after much pressure, was telling her mother how she had lost her two front teeth, which had been loose for some time. "Well, it wasn't a very nice way, mother. I was biting Nancy."

THE SUMMER MAN.

Small Tessie, in the trolley car, sat opposite a dude with fancy hose, low shoes, and shoe strings nearly an Irish wide. Tessie gazed in interested wonder at the dude's footgear, as finally observed: "See, mamma, that man wears neckties on his feet."

A CONGREGATIONALIST ON CHILD TRAINING.

Addressing the Women's Christian Temperance Union in the Court House at Binghamton, N.Y., recently, Professor J. Edward Banta, principal of the high school of that city, paid a high tribute to the policy of the Catholic Church with regard to the teaching of religious truths to her children.

Professor Banta is an active member of the First Congregational Church, the most prominent society of that denomination in Binghamton and is a member of several of its governing boards. His remarks were delivered during the time allotted to discussions pertaining to "Some Perplexities Which Confront Parents." He stated that, being himself a parent, the subject of a child's religious training was one in which he was greatly interested, and he felt qualified to speak on the topic then under discussion, as he had given it deep consideration and deliberation from the time when his oldest boy was able to grasp the meaning of the most trivial things in this life. His remarks were listened to with close attention by those who heard him, and at his conclusion he was loudly applauded. He said, in part, as follows:

"The religious training of a child is something to which, I fear, we of the Protestant denominations do not give sufficient attention. If we would have Christian men and women, we must not wait until they have arrived at the so-called age of reason. That is a grave mistake. We must begin with the child, and at an early date—at the time when the child's mind is the most susceptible and likely to grasp things which will leave a lasting impression. The things which a child's mind grasps never leaves it, and in after years, when the grown man or woman looks back on the years gone by, on the years of childhood, the things learned then will be brought back with greater force than the things learned in after years.

We do not value as we ought the truths of this fact. What we have learned in our childhood will never become a blank if they have been taught us in any manner which would tend to make even a slight impression on the young mind. It is useless to appeal to the mature mind engrossed with the things of this life, to stop and ponder over religion. True, the truths of religion as told to the mature mind will be realized and appreciated, but for a time only. The sermon on Sunday may be deep, may be full of truth and food for the mind, but the cares of life on Monday and the successive days of the week will obliterate the thoughts caused to enter the mind on Sunday in the quietness of the church, unless, as I hold, the mind has been prepared for it by an early training of the child.

"A lady once asked a celebrated man, it is said, I wish to properly educate my child, and came to you to ask when would be the proper time to begin." The answer she received was: "Madame, you are too late; the education of your child should have commenced a hundred years ago." The woman was mystified at the answer, and asked the man what he meant. He replied by stating that the education of a child must be commenced in the parent, and not only that, but it must be begun in a young mind.

"Of course, we cannot go back now, but we can begin now with our young children. I recall a recent examination held by our church board for the purpose of examining candidates for membership in our society. A young girl, of probably 12 or 13 years, presented herself as a candidate for admission to our church. When did you become a Christian?" she was asked. The question seemed to puzzle her, and she faltered an answer: "I don't know what you mean; I suppose I was always one."

"Right there I was forced to admit that there was something lacking in our system of teaching children religion, and I was forced to remember the words of a Catholic priest with whom I was well acquainted while teaching school in a small town in Connecticut many years ago.

Father Furlong was his name. He and I were intimate friends, and we had many entertaining visits together—visits which were not only social, but were mentally beneficial. Father Furlong was a man of keen intellect and a gentleman of splendid character. We were speaking of this very subject one evening, and I asked him why it was that the Catholic Church held its members and seemed to interest the children as well. His answer was a surprise to



me, and I was inclined to think he was joking.

Said Father Furlong to me: Give me your children at 7 years and let me keep them for a couple of years and I will make good Catholics of them." I replied that I could not see how that could be done, and I was forced to think to myself that he was overestimating his abilities in that line, and I determined to question Bishop McMahon, at that time Catholic Bishop at Hartford, with whom I was also well acquainted.

"A short time after that I had occasion to go to Hartford, and remembered the remarks of Father Furlong, and I determined to see the Bishop and ask him the same question and relate my conversation with Father Furlong. I did so. Bishop McMahon did not seem at all surprised, but simply smiled and said: 'What Father Furlong says is perfectly true, and I will make it still stronger by saying that at 6 years I would take the children and make good Catholics of them in the same time.'

A MOTHER'S PRAISE.

In every part of Canada you will find mothers who speak in the highest praise of Baby's Own Tablets. Among these is Mrs. Jas. H. Konkle, Beamsville, Ontario, who says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for over three years and I would not be without them. They have done more for my children than any medicine I have ever used. My little girl, now four years old, was always troubled with indigestion and constipation, and although other medicines helped her temporarily, Baby's Own Tablets were the things needed to cure her. I also gave the tablets to my baby from time to time since she was two days old, and they always worked like a charm. She is now two years old, and a more healthy child would be hard to find. The Tablets are certainly a life-saver." These Tablets cure all minor ailments of infants and young children. They contain no poisoning soothing stuff, and there is no danger of giving an over-dose as there is with liquid medicine. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE BAD BOY.

She knelt beside the bed with the boy, Who all the weary day had bawled; Tears wet her cheeks, and pressed her lips. "The while she drank grief's bitter sips. "If you but knew, my boy," her say, "How you have hurt me through a living day. If you could know the love I bear, Or that your name's the bitter prayers."

TRAINED NURSES.

May, at the Foley Guild Hall, Kalamazoo, Michigan, St. Camillus' School for Trained Nurses, under the auspices of Borgess Hospital, graduated a class of lay nurses. An excellent programme was presented, and addresses made by several physicians and others. This is the sixth class graduated from Borgess Hospital. The standard of this training school is second to none in the country. It is under the direction of the Sisters of St. Joseph. The course is three years and the graduates become very efficient in their chosen vocation. Another class is in process of formation for which applicants will be received. The young lady graduates and the Sisters have every reason to feel proud of their efforts in this noble cause for the betterment of humanity.

OUR Dear Boys and Girls: Some of the little folks up. The corner was ver last two weeks, but I an pettir things. I know it settle down to write in ful weather, for when the there must be time for p ever, I hope you are all ing hard, and will receiv kely prizes. Your loving, AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: I saw no letters in the I thought I would write Aunt Becky, we are busy planting, and I suppose every boy and girl is busy too. years old. My birthday was of March. Everything loc ly now, the trees are all in leaf. It is lovely to little birds singing in th there is not one of them. We live in a nice place in try, about 300 yards f church. It is a lovely s ing, and our parish pri Father Phelan. My broth I attending catechism day. We expect to be com summer. I think my left enough for this time. I again, so good bye, dear A I remain, yours truly JOHAN

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have not written you for such a long time, I th would write you one. M fell from the top of a barn ed up all his face. I w ears old next month. I preparing for my first Co Our priest says I am too I know my catechism. My thers are preparing for th s all for this time. I ree Your little niece BEATI

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have not written a long time I thought I w you one. I have been dow onto at Easter. I am pre my first communion and I will make it. I got my ey and I have been away fro for four months. I got a glasses and I can see well brought home lots of thing children from Toronto. Th examined us Friday. I nev sent back. I know my cate the time. I liked Toron much. I would like to go Montreal in the summer. I will go and see you. I w years old on the thirteenth. This is all for this time, as no more news to tell you. From your little neph ERNI

She knelt beside the bed with the boy, Who all the weary day had bawled; Tears wet her cheeks, and pressed her lips. "The while she drank grief's bitter sips. "If you but knew, my boy," her say, "How you have hurt me through a living day. If you could know the love I bear, Or that your name's the bitter prayers."

And then she prayed till her back to her, And happy tears replaced the drops' blur; She prayed for patience, prayer light; but more, Prayed for the boy for whom she love she bore. She prayed that he might ch better part, And lose the growing hardnes heart; She prayed until joy into he returned, And mother-love through all ing burned.

How like her God she seemed kneeling there, Her lips attuned to sweet, u prayer,

RISE OAP

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Some of the little folks have asked me...

Your loving,

AUNT BECKY.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

I saw no letters in the corner so I thought I would write one...

I remain, yours truly,

JOHANNAH M.

Sturgeon, P.E.I.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have not written you a letter for such a long time, I thought I would write you one...

Your little niece,

BEATRICE D.

Sudbury, Ont., May, 1905.

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Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have not written a letter for a long time I thought I would write you one...

From your little nephew,

ERNEST D.

Sudbury, Ont., May, 1905.

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THE BAD BOY.

She knelt beside the bed where lay the boy...

And then she prayed till hope came back to her...

How like her God she seemed while kneeling there...

How like the Christ that nightly comes to me...

Believing, trusting that my love for Him may be...

—Baltimore American.

LIKE OTHER BOYS.

"Hello, Rusty! Say, can you come fishin'?"

The speaker, a small boy of about fourteen years, dropped down from the top of the fence...

"Oh! I hate that old fence! Did your Aunt Jane say you'd got to go?"

"Sh! She'll hear you."

Both boys lowered their voices and turned their backs toward the old house...

"Rastus! Rastus! If I see you a'iding agin to-day, into the house you'll march and you'll not get out agin soon, sir!"

Aunt Jane, having eased her maternal mind, disappeared indoors.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Rastus, as his aunt called him...

"She's as cross as she can be. Say, I'm going over to the house to ask her if you can go fishin'..."

"Rusty," or to call him by his proper name, Erastus Wheeler...

Through all that long siege, which proved not to be two weeks, but more than two months...

"Aunt Jane, you have been so good to me. How can I ever do enough for you when I get well?"

She was silent for a moment then she said: "Rusty, you can play all you want to now..."

"The boy did not answer in words, but he threw his thin arms around her neck and kissed her..."

Aunt Jane had learned her lesson well, and there came to her mind that night, too...

"CALLING GOD'S ATTENTION." One bright winter day, a long time more than fifty years ago...

"It looks jes' for all the world like a live snake," John Hoover was saying. "Jacob, our man, gave it to me; he stuffed the skin himself, and put a wire all through, clean out to its tail..."

do Saturday mornings, that's no sign that other folks haven't; so run right home now like a good boy."

"No, you can't go," he announced sadly, to the eager boy at the fence.

"When at last the fence was finished, Rusty took his pail and went up to the house."

"Rusty's task over, he proceeded to the pantry, and was about to help himself to some bread and butter..."

"Go right upstairs, you miserable boy, and you needn't show your face again down here to-day."

"All the day he stayed in his little attic room, and toward evening fell asleep."

"Erastus! Erastus! Come down!" It was the fourth time that Aunt Jane had called...

"What can all the boy?" the woman thought, as she mounted the stairs and pushed open Rusty's door.

"He didn't say our names," whispered Henry, as the tide of children poured out of the little schoolhouse.

"Come long, let's run and hide under the hedge."

"Come long, I say," urged Henry; "nobody'll know where we are goin'."

"Maybe not," agreed John, reluctantly; "but you see he's done called God's attention to us!"

"The habit of seclusion was a distinct trait in the family of Nathaniel Hawthorne."

put a wire all through, clean out to its tail."

"Where is it?" asked Henry Blair, cagerly.

"I hid it under the osage hedge close to Joe Bell's gate. It's the very place. We can stoop down close to the hedge, and when the little greenie gets jes' opposite, out'll dart the snake, right up agin' his legs."

"Oh, my, won't he holler!" cried Henry, slapping his own legs so viciously that his "Mitchell's geography" slipped from under his arm...

"But that very morning, directly after school prayers, a sharp-faced little girl held up her hand for permission to speak."

"Well, Mary," said the teacher, "what is it?"

"Miss Lou," said the high, shrill voice, "I saw Joe Bell talking to himself in prayer-time."

"What were you doing with your eyes open in prayer-time, Mary?" The child's look fell, and the scholar giggled.

"You can stay in at recess, Mary, and say the eighth column of your multiplication table for looking around in prayer-time..."

"Why were you talking in prayer-time, Joseph?" asked the teacher.

"I wasn't talkin', I was—I was—" "Well, Joseph, what were you doing?"

"I was asking God not to let them two boys tease me so bad," blurted out the new scholar...

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"Maybe not," agreed John, reluctantly; "but you see he's done called God's attention to us!"

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heard her name, but I knew her at sight as the intelligent questioner who crows you into idioecy by her faint cleverness.

"So delighted to meet you at last!" she said, seating herself beside him.

"But at that moment his wife came up and said that he was wanted outside, and he escaped."

"The old farmer died suddenly; so when Judge Gilroy, his only son, received the telegram, he could do nothing but go to the farm for the funeral."

"As he sat with bent head in the gray little train which lumbered through the farms, he could not keep the details of his case out of his mind."

"He had never given his father a headache, and the old man died full of years and virtues."

"I wish to tell you," said the doctor, gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you."

"John! John!" he cried, "I don't know, my son. Times are hard—there is no work."

"He was greatly disappointed that you missed your half yearly visit last spring. Your visits were the event of his life," said the doctor.

"Last spring? Oh, yes; I took my family then to California."

"I urged him to turn down and see you on your return, but he would not go."

"No, he never felt at home in the city."

"The Judge remembered that he had not asked his father to come down. Ted was ashamed of his grandfather's wide collars, and Jesse, who was a fine musician, scowled when she was asked to sing the 'Portuguese Hymn' every night."

"The farmhouse was in order and scrupulously clean, but its barrenness gave a chill to the Judge, whose own home was luxurious."

"The Judge was alone with his dead. Strangely enough, his thought was still of the cold barrenness of the room."

"Looking now into the kind old face, with the white hair lying motionless on it, he found something in it which he had never taken time to notice—a sagacity, a nature fine and sensitive."

"There hung upon the wall the photograph of a young man with an eager, strong face, looking proudly at a chubby boy on his knee."

"My father should have played a high part in life," he thought.

"There is more promise in his face than in mine."

"In the desk was a bundle of old account books with records of years of hard drudgery on the farm."

"John Gilroy suddenly closed the book. 'And this is the end!' he said."

"The man knelt on the bare floor and shed bitter tears on the quiet old face."

"The quiet old face. He was too late."

BREAD.

A Simple Study Which Does Not Perplex Us.

"May I have another slice of bread, papa?" asked the boy, as he bent over the kitchen table...

"It was early morning, and the rich, golden sun lighted up the room as it fell through the open door and danced upon the flaxen curls which surrounded the boy's head."

"The father started. He had been absorbed in thoughts while watching the child devouring his scanty breakfast, he had even anticipated that the very question would come—yet, when it did come, it pained him like the sting of some venomous insect."

"There is no more bread!" "Who is that piece for?" asked the boy.

"For mamma!" "And that?" "For your sister!"

"And where is yours, papa?" "The man did not answer."

"Papa," said the boy after a pause, "why are we so poor?" "I don't know, my son. Times are hard—there is no work."

"Will you have a chance some day, papa?" "I don't know," said the father.

"Every man does not have a chance." "It is a shame," said the boy and fell to musing.

"After a while he looked up and said: 'Papa, does not God love us?'"

"The father was surprised, and he said: 'I do not know, my son. Why do you ask?'"

"Because I thought he took care of everybody and all things, and only turned away when he was angry."

"Perhaps he is angry," said the father, evasively.

"I ask him every morning, as mamma has taught me, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' and yet we scarcely get any."

"Maybe he thinks it is enough, and we ought to be thankful."

"But it is not enough," said the boy, with emphasis, and went once more into a brown study.

"Why don't you ask some rich man for money, papa?" said he, after a while.

"Rich men do not part with their money in that way."

"They do, though! Mamma read from a paper of one of our rich men who gave a hundred dollars to the poor."

"Was not he good?" "Very!"

"Papa, what do rich men do with their money, when they have more than they need?"

"They buy nice things—horses, carriages, toys for their children, dresses, shoes!" and he looked down sadly upon the boy before him.

"Will I be rich when I grow a big man, or will I be poor like you?" "It is hard to say," answered the father. "I hope you will never be as poor as I am to-day!"

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THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1905.

**ANTI-CATHOLIC CAMPAIGN IN ONTARIO.**

Although Ontario has witnessed and survived many bitter politico-religious movements instigated by prejudice and bigotry, it is doubtful whether any of them have exceeded in point of direct attack the campaign now being waged on the Conservative platforms in North Oxford and London. The Margaret Sheppard incident was too disreputable for public men of prominence to allow their names to be used openly in connection with it. But it is well known that politicians standing high in the Ontario Conservative organization winked at Margaret Sheppard in her role of a religious reformer and hoped for a popular ovation of the electorate as a consequence thereof. It attested neither for their intelligence nor their notions of public decency; and they discovered the error of their ways to their loss and chagrin all in due time. But they were willing to try it all over again under the auspices of the P. P. A., which resulted no more profitably for them.

The present situation, however, shows new features which are well worthy of observation. For the first time in the history of Ontario, when platform ruffians are appealing to the lowest passions of the anti-Catholic element, the Provincial Conservatives are trying to keep out of the procession, and the Dominion Conservatives leaders are the official spokesmen of the mob. There is no use in disguising this fact, and the more frankly it is proclaimed the better for the public welfare of the Canadian people. Never in the past could it be said that the Dominion Conservative party approved of or participated in periodic spasms of Ontario bigotry. Sir John Macdonald was too much of a statesman to entertain any sympathy for factional and sectarian spirits even within his own party; and though he had the support of the Orange organization, the Orangemen kept within bounds in the political household which he ruled. Sir John Macdonald and his successors also drew a line of demarcation between Federal and provincial issues, and whenever the provincial party went on the rampage, the Federal Conservatives stood apart as disinterested spectators. The provincial Tories were out of power then and the Dominion Conservatives evinced no disposition to make common cause with them.

To-day, however, the Conservative party holds office in Ontario, and have adopted the policy which Sir John Macdonald made his own. Mr. R. L. Borden, in opposition, on the other hand, is willing to wear the cast of clothes of Mr. (now Sir William) Meredith. If the local Tories were to join in the anti-Catholic crusade they would split their party in fragments. That is reason enough to account for their role of masterly inactivity.

But why should Mr. R. L. Borden do what he is doing? This is the

most interesting question that has come before the attention of the Canadian people since Confederation. Mr. Borden is the leader of a federal party. He represents the Conservative electors from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Though he may stand for an Ontario constituency, his official position is not affected by his affiliations with the riding that calls him its local representative. If Mr. Borden is the leader of the Conservative party he represents Quebec and the Maritime Provinces as well as Ontario and the West. But how can he represent Quebec when he goes into North Oxford and London and declares that there shall be no separate schools in the new provinces, and that it is contrary to the constitution to make provision for them in the autonomy bills. Quebec, as we know, has declared unanimously in favor of separate schools for Alberta and Saskatchewan. The Conservative electors of Quebec, through their representatives in the House of Commons at Ottawa, have so declared. Nova Scotia, and all the provinces other than Ontario, have likewise declared that Catholic rights within the Constitution shall be respected by the new units of Confederation, the same as by the old.

Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster are in London and North Oxford to say that the Constitution must be interpreted according to the views of the anti-Catholic bigots of Ontario. They make no secret of their mission. They admit to the electors that the result of these by-elections cannot have any effect upon the life of the present government or upon the dark fortunes of the Opposition. They say the issue of these elections is not as between Conservative and Liberal in Canada, or between government and opposition. They profess that the general policy and record of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's government are in no respect under discussion. According to the reiterated and emphatic declarations of Mr. R. L. Borden and Mr. George E. Foster, the one and only issue of the London and North Oxford by-elections is the "coercion" of Alberta and Saskatchewan by the school clauses of the Northwest provincial government bills. Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster proclaim their unalterable determination to go arouse Protestant feeling in Ontario that the government will be influenced to leave the new provinces absolutely free to abolish separate schools to-morrow or next year if they feel so inclined.

Mr. Borden's platform associates go further. They say the issue is Protestantism or the Pope. A vote for Borden is a vote for Protestantism. A vote for Laurier is a vote for the Hierarchy. There is but one canvass being made through London and North Oxford by the Conservative party. It is a straight anti-Catholic canvass. To alarm and inflame the electors the more, Mr. Bennett, who has come out of the West somewhere, has announced the certainty of an armed opposition to Catholic schools. He says they mean to fight with rifles.

As we have said already, the policy of the Conservative party in Quebec and the Provinces other than Ontario is not the abolition of Catholic schools. The original policy of abolishing Catholic schools is the policy of the Orange organization in Ontario, which at Grand Lodge assembled last week, passed a resolution that there shall be no let-up in the present agitation until Separate Schools throughout Canada have been declared unconstitutional. Mr. Borden says Catholic schools as provided for Alberta and Saskatchewan by the autonomy bills are unconstitutional. There is, then, no appreciable distinction between his position as leader of the Conservative party and the position as laid down by the Orange Grand Lodge resolution.

Now, then, comes the consideration that must interest every elector in Canada. If Mr. R. L. Borden is leader of the Conservative party, what is the Conservative party that he professes to lead? It cannot be the Conservative party of Canada,

because Quebec and the Provinces other than Ontario repudiate the interpretation of the constitution that Mr. Borden insists upon and emphasizes in London and North Oxford. Quebec will never tolerate such a leader. The Maritime Provinces will not own him. The Nova Scotians knew what they were about when they rejected him at the general election. But it is a fact that the Conservative party in the House of Commons have formally re-elected Mr. Borden as leader. That party, of course, includes the Conservative representation from all the provinces as well as from Ontario. And in that party the Ontario men have the majority control. Mr. Borden owes his election to the Ontario Conservatives, and it is their will he considers himself bound to obey. Can the Quebec Conservatives accept the same conditions? Mr. Borden's policy is an insult and an offence to them. They cannot do otherwise than resent it. They are forced to accept the logic of the situation which seems to be that the future Conservative party in the House of Commons, at least under the leadership of Mr. R. L. Borden, will speak and vote only as the Orange Grand Lodge of Ontario dictates.

Looked at from every point of view this state of things as affecting one of the two great traditional political parties of Confederation is menacing and disquieting. The logical outcome of it would be to concentrate Conservative power in Ontario and to raise a hostile camp in that province dominated by the Orange Grand Lodge against the other members of Confederation.

It is the duty of the Quebec Conservative leader, Mr. F. D. Monk, to bring this grave question before the attention of Parliament and the country at the earliest possible moment. His duty to himself, to his confederates and constituents is to state his own position, and to do this must inevitably entail the isolation of the Quebec wing. It is an intolerable anomaly to have the official leader of a federal party in Parliament flouting the avowed principles of a section of that party for the purpose of working in with the prejudices of another element affecting the most vital principle of Confederation.

**MASONRY AND THE CHURCH.**

In another part of the present issue of the True Witness, we publish an article taken from The Atlantic Monthly, a magazine that is in no way concerned with the interests of the Catholic Church or the defence of those interests against the designs of the Masonic organization. The facts stated in this article are not new. They are the admitted documents and declarations of policy brought out in connection with recent debates in the French Chamber of Deputies. Their value as presented here is in their correct arrangement and the light they shed upon the battle the Church is waging not in France alone, but in other countries as well, against her secret enemies.

It is a somewhat curious fact that Catholics were not disturbed either within or outside France when the full disclosure was made of the secret cast iron contract existing between the French politicians in high places and the heads of the Masonic order. Catholics had known it all full well for years. To know anything and to be able to prove it are sometimes quite different matters. When the Masonic conspiracy was rendered susceptible in proof all Catholic France experienced a sense of relief. But it is doubtful that this feeling can last. M. Rouvier, Combes' successor, has been warned by the immediate consequences of exposure, and he hesitates to follow the direct lines of Combes' policy. Meanwhile, lethargy seems again to have set in after the popular sensation, and neither France nor the Catholics of the Republic can foresee beyond the day how or where the work of the enemies of religion and Christianity may fall next.

**MR. C. R. DEVLIN PILLORIES SECRETARY LONG.**

Writing of the scene in the British House of Commons on May 25, a correspondent says:

The proceedings from the opening of the sitting were marked by considerable animation. At question time Mr. Long got a rather severe roasting over his cooked returns of agrarian "crimes." He also found himself in damaging conflict with Mr. Charles Devlin as to the treatment of Mr. Thomas Higgins at Carrowkeel. Mr. Devlin saw Mr. Higgins caught by several policemen and flung over a wall. These men, of course, deny violence, and Mr. Long accepted their statements. Mr. Balfour has been coaching him, apparently in the golden rule he followed when defending police ruffianism—viz., when you state a lie stick to it. That really was the only kind of strength or consistency that Mr. Balfour displayed as Irish administrator, but with all his natural and highly trained gift for preparation he nevertheless found himself convicted before the House in several instances. Mr. Long may have all the will in the world to mold himself on the Balfourian pattern, but he has already been caught and exposed more than once in a few weeks. He is a clumsy sort of trickster, and it is doubtful whether, with his choleric temperament, he can withstand the pressure which the mean and infamous policy of provocation he is now pursuing will subject him at the hands of a vigilant Irish party.

**Catholics Celebrate an Achievement.**

The great Simplon tunnel was completed on Sunday, April 2. It unites Switzerland with Italy in the bonds of steel.

Engineer Brandeau, who had directed the work on the tunnel, conducted the Italian train, which part of the way was lighted by miners with lanterns. The train from the Italian end was the first to reach the iron door, but a little later the train from the Swiss side was heard on the other side of the door. There was a brief time spent in communicating through the door by means of hammering, and finally the door was knocked down amidst frantic applause and cries of "Long live Switzerland" and "Long live Italy."

Bands played the Italian Royal March and the Swiss anthem, and the two parties embraced and kissed each other. Engineer Brandeau shook hands with Engineer Rosemund, the director of the work on the Swiss side, and the Italian Bishop, Novara, embraced the Swiss Bishop, Sion. The latter then preached a short sermon, in the course of which he said:

"The Church blesses progress." In the name of God he then blessed the tunnel.

The invited guests, numbering more than 200, were met at the entrance of the tunnel at the Iselle station and carried by special train as far into the tunnel as the iron gates erected to keep the overflow of hot water on the Swiss side, and there the Bishop of Novara celebrated a Mass of Thanksgiving, at which all the officials assisted. On the return to Iselle there was a great display of fireworks. On the following day the Bishop of Novara celebrated a special requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of the men who met death in the tunnel in the prosecution of the work.

The length of the Simplon tunnel from Briga in Switzerland to Ielle on the Italian side of the mountain is about twelve miles. Work was begun November 13, 1898. A very hard formation of rock was encountered which rendered necessary the construction of special machinery for the tunnel work.

After the boring had been pushed about two miles, powerful cold springs were met, from which poured more than 500 gallons a minute, and for a time caused a suspension of all work on the Italian side. Hardly had this difficulty been overcome when, about 200 feet farther on, a stratum of shifting material was encountered and the further tunneling of about 150 feet required six months' time and an expenditure of over \$100,000.

So soon as the boring is thoroughly completed and the track laid, a smaller tunnel is to be constructed parallel to the large one, which will be increased in size so as to permit of traffic both ways at the same time. In the meantime, a switch station is to be constructed about half way inside the large tunnel so as to allow for the passing of trains.

The piercing of Simplon is regarded as one of the greatest engineering achievements of the age.

**COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.**

**GREAT ANNUAL JUNE SALE**

**10 Percent for Cash in Addition to all Other Discounts or Reductions.**

**LINEN DEPARTMENT.**

TABLECLOTHS, 20 percent and 33 1-3 percent.  
 TABLE NAPKINS, 20 percent and 33 1-3 percent.  
 BUREAU AND S. B. COVERS, 20 percent and 33 1-3 percent.  
 TEA CLOTHS, 20 percent and 33 1-3 percent.  
 BATH TOWELS, 20 percent.  
 BEDROOM TOWELS, 20 percent.  
 SHORT ENDS of Table Linen, Roller Linen, Glass Linen and Kitchen Linen, less 20 percent.

**QUILTS.**

WOOL COMFORTERS, less 20 percent. White Satin, finest finish, less 20 percent. Sizes, 10-4 and 11-4, less 20 percent.  
 BLANKETS—A lot of Blankets to clear at 20 percent.

**COTTON DEPARTMENT.**

ENGLISH COTTON, in 10-yard pieces, less 20 percent.  
 Remnants of SHEETING, at 10 percent and 20 percent.  
 ENGLISH FINE LONG CLOTH, less 10 percent.

**FLANNEL DEPARTMENT.**

Canadian and Imported Wool and Wrapper FLANNELETTE, less 20 percent.  
 FANCY OPERA AND CASHMERE FLANNEL, less 20 percent.  
 400 yards FRENCH OPERA AND CASHMERE FLANNEL, to clear at half price.

**BOOK DEPARTMENT.**

COPYRIGHT NOVELS, paper covers, large type, including all recently published. Regular, 65c. Special, 50c.  
 ENGLISH COPYRIGHT NOVELS paper covers; the most popular authors are represented in this series. Regular, 2 for 25c. Special, 5 for 50c.  
 CLOTH FICTION—Any \$1.25 Book for 95c. Any \$1.50 Book for \$1.10.  
 ALL OTHER BOOKS 10 percent off.

**STATIONERY DEPARTMENT.**

A few hundred WRIST BAGS, ranging in price from \$2.50 to \$6, at \$1.50.  
 ALL OTHER BAGS, PURSES, etc., 20 percent off.

**STATIONERY DEPT.**

1 lb packets NOTE-PAPER, octavo size, in four grades:  
 IVORY CREAM LAID.  
 CLUB VELLUM WOVE.  
 LIGHT SILURIAN.  
 DARK SILURIAN.  
 Regular 20c. Special, 15c.  
 Boxes of Envelopes to match—Regular, 20c. Special, 15c.

**STATIONERY DEPT.**

FRENCH CAMBRIC NOTE-PAPER AND ENVELOPES, in boxes containing 1 lb Note, Lalewood size; Envelopes to match; White, Grey or Blue shades. Regular, 75c. Special, 60c.

**FANCY BRONZE DEPARTMENT For This Week Only.**

ENTIRE STOCK of Parisian Bronze Figures, Busts and Statuettes to be offered at 20 percent. SPECIAL TABLE AT HALF PRICE, all suitable for Wedding Gifts.

**CUTLERY DEPARTMENT.**

TRAVELLERS' SAMPLES, Pearl Fruit and Fish Knives and Forks, in cases.  
 Celluloid Fruit and Fish Knives and Forks, in cases.  
 Carver Sets, Game Sets, Fruit Knives, etc., etc.  
 Less 33 1-3 OFF.

**SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS.**

**HENRY MORGAN & CO., MONTREAL.**

**CUTLERY DEPARTMENT.**

LEADERS FOR SUMMER RESIDENCES.  
 GOOD SHEFFIELD STEEL BLADE, CELLULOID SECURED HANDLES. Dinner size, regular, \$3.75, for \$3.  
 Dessert size, regular \$3.25, for \$2.50.  
 LIGHT SILVER-PLATED CUTLERY. Will stand good use.  
 TEASPOONS, \$1.50 dozen.  
 DESSERT SPOONS AND DESSERT FORKS, \$2.50 dozen.  
 TABLESPOONS AND FORKS, \$3 dozen.  
 Regular stock Patterns Cutlery, less 10 percent.  
 All above prices subject to 10 percent for cash.

**GLASSWARE DEPARTMENT.**

WINE STOCK PATTERNS, 10 percent.  
 ODD LINES TUMBLERS, 20 percent.  
 PRESSED GLASS DISHES, 20 percent.  
 AUSTRIAN CUT GLASS—Vases, Oil Bottles, Cream and Sugar, Nappies, Jugs, etc., etc., 20 percent.  
 CANADIAN CUT GLASS—Bowls, Nappies, Jugs, Vases, Celery Dishes, etc., etc., 10 percent.  
 AMERICAN CUT GLASS, consisting of  
 BOWLS, NAPPIES, CREAM and SUGAR, Water Bottles, Carafes, Vases, Bon Bon Dishes, Jugs, etc., etc., 10 percent.  
 ENGLISH ROCK CRYSTAL, less 33 1-3 off.

**JAPANESE DEPARTMENT.**

ENTIRE STOCK FROM 20 percent to 50 percent.  
 Bronze Lamps, Vases, Jardinières, etc., 50 percent.  
 Paper Umbrellas, Banners, Fans, etc., 20 percent.  
 Bamboo and Bead Portieres, 33 1-3 off.  
 Umbrella Stands, 50 percent.  
 Cloisone Vases, 20 percent.  
 SPECIAL TABLES of Vases, Ornaments, Dishes, etc., 50 percent.  
 JARDINIÈRES, all descriptions, 33 1-3 off.  
 ANTIMONY WARE, 20 percent.  
 SILK CUSHION TOPS, 50 percent.

**PYROGRAPHY DEPARTMENT JUST RECEIVED.**

200 PYROGRAPHY OUTFITS, guaranteed to give satisfaction, with good points. Price, \$2.50.  
 A NOVELTY IN WHITE WOOD. 1000 three-ply Bass Wood Postal Cards; can be sent by mail; an assortment of subjects; stamped, 5c each; burnt, 10c.  
 Also a large assortment of Plaques for beginners, from 10c up. Dutch designs.

**ART DEPARTMENT**

**We Will Offer for This Week**

**UNFRAMED WATER COLORS At HALF PRICE.**

**Special for this Week 10 P. C. OFF All Framing Orders.**

**ITEMS OF INTEREST.**

Next Saturday being Pentecost, will be a fast at the Catholic churches of the holy water for the year solemnly blessed.

On July 8th, the 2 Irish Catholic pilgrimage to de Beaupre, under the direction of the Redemptorist Fathers, place. It will be for ladies, to be followed by men on August 12th.

Next Sunday afternoon (July 9th) St. Ann's Total and Benefit Societies their regular monthly meeting immediately after high Mass day St. Gabriel's T. A. & C. city will hold a special

The work of building the steps in front of St. Church has now begun, and finished will add greatly to the edifice.

The fancy fair will be held on the spacious lawn near the church and La Prairie streets, 26, 27 and 28. The chief attraction will be the Festal Day Supper, 27th, at 8 o'clock p.m., given by the ladies of the parish in honor of St. William. The pastor, R. O'Meara, and his band of are working zealously to make whole affair a great success. 700 tickets have already been for the supper and good Gabriel's will be the scene of the event during the last week

**ST. PATRICK'S SACRED LEAGUE.**

Everything is in readiness for the excursion of the ladies of the Sacred Heart on Lan June 22nd. The steamer has been secured for the and a large number will be on board. Rev. Father Peter I has worked zealously for the and feels elated over the sale of a large number of tickets.

**FELL DEAD IN SCHOOL.**

The Rev. Brother Sylvien, of Chauveau School, on 1 street, Point St. Charles, died about 9 o'clock y morning, while he was teaching catechism to a class of boys. W. Collette, 347 Centre street, called, but his services, course, of no avail. The sacre created some sensation school, which was closed for Brother Sylvien was stationed for some time.

**FETE DIEU PROCESSION.**

The programme and route of Fete Dieu procession, which will place on Sunday, June 25, has definitely fixed. The following will take part in the procession:—St. Helen, Cathedral, Patrick, St. James and Notre. The route will be as follows: The Church of Notre Dame d'Armes, St. James street, V Square, Beaver Hall Hill, Dor Cathedral and St. James street boulevard square and Notre Dame back to the church.

**PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANNE BEAUPRE.**

Next Saturday, June 10th, the Irish speaking ladies of the Th of St. Francis will hold the annual pilgrimage to St. Anne de p.m. The boat leaves at 4 p.m. On the return trip c made at Cap a la Madeleine, solemn Benediction will be held the return to Montreal, M morning at 5 o'clock, a Mass thanksgiving will be said at the secours Church. Rev. Fathers topher, O.F.M., Ethelbert, O and Wulstan, O.F.M., accompany pilgrimage.

**PRESENTATION TO BISHOP CICOT.**

Last Friday the Catholic te of the city met at the Archb Palace and presented Bishop R with an address and a crayon trait of himself. The address read by A. D. Lacroix, Director of the city schools. His ship made a happy reply in French and English. He said the teaching profession was a important one, that the teacher an important task to perform community. He was glad to see unity between the two nations as they were belonging to the society, had the same end in and were members of that great the Catholic Church.

**MONTHLY CONCERT.**

Last Tuesday afternoon the of the Belmont School held last monthly concert for the sel year. Rev. Abbe Luche,

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Next Saturday being the vigil of Pentecost, will be a fast day. In all the Catholic churches of the city the holy water for the year will be solemnly blessed.

On July 8th, the 25th annual Irish Catholic pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, under the direction of the Redemptorist Fathers, will take place. It will be for ladies and children, to be followed by another for men on August 12th.

Next Sunday afternoon St. Patrick's and St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Societies will hold their regular monthly meetings. Immediately after high Mass next Sunday St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society will hold a special meeting.

The work of building the stone steps in front of St. Gabriel's Church has now begun, and when finished will add greatly to the imposing edifice.

The fancy fair will be held in the spacious lawn near the church, Centre and Laprairie streets, on June 26, 27 and 28. The chief attraction will be the Festival Day Supper, June 27th, at 8 o'clock p.m., given by the ladies of the parish in honor of St. William. The pastor, Rev. Wm. O'Meara, and his band of helpers are working zealously to make the whole affair a great success. Over 700 tickets have already been sold for the supper and good old St. Gabriel's will be the scene of merriment during the last week of June.

ST. PATRICK'S SACRED HEART LEAGUE.

Everything is in readiness for the excursion of the ladies of the League of the Sacred Heart on Lanoraie on June 22nd. The steamer Beaupre has been secured for the occasion, and a large number will be in attendance. Rev. Father Peter Heffernan has worked zealously for the affair and feels elated over the sale of such a large number of tickets.

FELL DEAD IN SCHOOL.

The Rev. Brother Sylvien, Principal of Chauveau School, on Laprairie street, Point St. Charles, died suddenly about 9 o'clock yesterday morning, while he was teaching the catechism to a class of boys. Dr. D. W. Collette, 347 Centre street, was called, but his services were, of course, of no avail. The sad occurrence created some sensation in the school, which was closed for the day. Brother Sylvien was stationed at Hull for some time.

PETE DIEU PROCESSION.

The programme and route of the Pete Dieu procession, which will take place on Sunday, June 25, have been definitely fixed. The following parishes will take part in the proceedings: St. Helon, Cathedral, St. Patrick, St. James and Notre Dame. The route will be as follows: From the Church of Notre Dame, Place d'Armes, St. James street, Victoria Square, Beaver Hill Hill, Dorchester, Cathedral and St. James street, Chabollez square and Notre Dame street back to the church.

PILGRIMAGE TO ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

Next Saturday, June 10th, the English speaking ladies of the Third Order of St. Francis will hold their annual pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre. The boat leaves at 4 o'clock p.m. On the return trip a call will be made at Cap a la Madeleine, where solemn Benediction will be held. On the return to Montreal, Monday morning at 5 o'clock, a Mass of thanksgiving will be said at the Bonsecours Church. Rev. Fathers Christopher, O.F.M., Ethelbert, O.F.M., and Wulstan, O.F.M., accompany the pilgrimage.

PRESENTATION TO BISHOP RACICOT.

Last Friday the Catholic teachers of the city met at the Archbishop's Palace and presented Bishop Racicot with an address and a crayon portrait of himself. The address was read by A. D. Lacroix, Director-General of the city schools. His Lordship made a happy reply in both French and English. He said that the teaching profession was a very important one, that the teacher had an important task to perform to the community. He was glad to see such unity between the two nationalities, as they were belonging to the same society, had the same end in view, and were members of that great body—the Catholic Church.

MONTHLY CONCERT.

Last Tuesday afternoon the pupils of the Belmont School held their last monthly concert for the scholastic year. Rev. Abbe Luche, S.S.,

Notre Dame Church, presided. Several choruses and duets were sung by the school choir under the direction of Prof. J. A. Archambault, with much vim and spirit. At the end of the affair Rev. Abbe Luche warmly congratulated the boys on their success in the musical line. Over three hundred merit cards, besides medals and prizes, were awarded to the pupils by Mr. V. Desaulniers, Principal of the school. The distribution of prizes for the year takes place on Friday evening June 23rd, at 8 o'clock.

NEW PARISH FOR HOCHELAGA.

On Saturday evening, a delegation of the English-speaking Catholics of Hochelaga, Maisonneuve, Viauville, and Rosemount, waited on Canon Martin at the Archbishop's Palace. The members of the delegation pointed out that there were three hundred English-speaking Catholic families in Hochelaga ward, and many more were taking up their abode there since the locomotive works were started there. Rev. Canon Martin informed the delegation that His Grace had given his approval to the formation of the new parish on the understanding that there were enough Catholic families to support a church. It was decided to hold a meeting of the ratepayers in the College Hall, Desory street, Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

BEAUTIFUL STATUES.

All this week at Carl's sculpture rooms, 1466 Notre Dame street, may be seen five beautiful statues representing the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Our Lady of Mercy, St. Joseph, St. Anthony of Padua and St. Casimir. They are veritable works of art, and will add very materially to the adornment of the church for which they are intended. The colors employed are appropriate and blend in perfect harmony, showing good taste as well as ability and finish. The statues, which are destined for St. Mary's Church, Orange, Mass., have been purchased here through the untiring efforts of Miss C. J. Brennan, of St. Hypolite street, who, with her friends, is presenting the magnificent statue of the Sacred Heart, the largest of the group, while the lovely statue of St. Joseph comes through the efforts of Miss O'Shaughnessy, of the firm of D. & J. Sadlier. Both ladies deserve great praise for the charitable work. The statues will be on view till Saturday, the 10th inst., inclusive.

PRESENTATION TO MR. PATRICK BRENNAN.

Mr. Patrick Brennan, the well-known home player of the Shamrock team, was on Monday evening presented with a purse of gold to the amount of \$150. The presentation took place at the Shamrock Club House after the players' practice. It was made by Rev. Father Killoran, of St. Patrick's Church, who felicitated the recipient on his splendid record as an athlete and extended to him the good wishes of the Shamrocks and of himself. Mr. Brennan replied appropriately, and stated that while he proposed to retire from active participation in the game, he would lend the club any assistance he could in the way of coaching. Other speakers were: Messrs. Thos. Moore, John White, T. Slattery, F. Quinn and Emmet Quinn. Mr. Thos. O'Connell presided.

ST. ANTHONY'S LAWN PARTY.

St. Anthony's lawn party promises to be a grand success. Several bands have been engaged to discourse music during the afternoons and evenings, and nothing will be left undone to make those who patronize the affair welcome and happy. The following are the names of the young ladies at the different booths: Ice-cream—Miss Maloney, Miss Laing, Misses Moriarty, Miss E. Carey, Miss Ferrigo, Miss Proud, Miss McLaughlin, Miss Charlebois, Miss McGuire, Miss O'Neill, Misses Meehan, Miss Regan, Miss Hamilton, Miss S. Coughlin, Miss Carry, Miss Hayes, Miss McNamara, Miss Foley, Miss Cooney. Flowers—Miss Margaret Dineen, Misses Hicks, Miss Singleton, Miss B. Dineen, Miss McCarrey. Candy—Miss Brown, Miss Stewart, Miss Madeline Cullen, Miss Loffen, Miss Moriarty, Miss Kavanagh, Miss McNally. Cigars—Miss Mulcair, Miss E. Brennan, Miss Finn, Miss Molloy, Miss McGee, Miss Mullavy.

Pop-Corn and Pea-nuts—Misses M. and E. Mulcair, Miss Hoobin, Miss L. Foley, Miss Mamie Mulcair. Fish Pond—Miss Whitty, Miss Moriarty, Miss Guinan. Fortune's Tent—Miss Doyl, Miss McDonald. Ping-pong Tent—Mrs. T. Kinsella. Refreshments—Mr. James Corcoran.

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF ST. AGNES CHURCH.

Last Sunday afternoon the corner stone of St. Agnes Church was laid in the presence of a large number of people. His Lordship Right Rev. Bishop Racicot performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Fathers J. Casey, P.P., St. Agnes; J. E. Donnelly, P.P., St. Anthony's; J. P. Kiernan, P.P., St. Michael's; M. Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's; J. Belanger, P.P., St. Louis de France; F. Malone, S.J., Loyola College; J. Kavanagh, S.J., St. Mary's College; F. Christopher, O.F.M., and F. Ethelbert, O.F.M., Franciscan Monastery; Canon Lapaille, P.P., L'Enfant Jesus, Mile End; W. O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's; F. Choquette, St. Denis Church; D. Holland, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; R. E. Callahan, St. Michael's; A. Cullinan, St. Mary's; P. McDonald, St. Mary's; F. Devine, S. J., St. Mary's College; F. Singleton, St. Agnes; W. H. Condon, C.S.C., St. Laurent College; B. Devlin, S.J., St. Mary's College. The sermon was preached by Rev. Wm. O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's. He said that all should understand that the blessing of the stone of which they had just been witnesses should perpetuate the glory of our holy mother the Church. In this Church of St. Agnes, God, the great Master of all, will be honored and glorified. What better proof, added he, do you wish for the perpetuity of the Catholic Church than this. He hoped the event would serve to proclaim to the entire world the generosity and good will and the faith professed by the members of this parish. The church is indeed the house of prayer. It is at the same time the house of God, from whom flows many and abundant graces. He hoped that the parishioners of St. Agnes would work with one common accord to raise up this new monument, and that after its erection all would be proud of it. After the sermon, the corner stone was laid, and in a short time another beautiful structure will be adorning the "Rome of America." The musical portion of the ceremony was under the direction of Prof. J. I. McCaffrey, and was well executed. The canonical erection took place on May 1st, 1904, and the first High Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. Father Casey, on May 8th of the same year, in the hall of Olier School, Roy street, which has been used ever since as a chapel awaiting the time when their own temple will be ready for occupation. The civil erection of the parish took place on June 4th, and a short time later the first church wardens were elected. These were Messrs. D. Ford, J. F. Quinn, M. Keegan, T. Murphy, Andrew Thompson, M. Donovan, T. Markey, G. A. Billot. These gentlemen set to work with the pastor, and assisted by the five hundred families of the parish they soon collected together a sufficient sum to justify them in looking around for property on which to construct their church.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

Resolved, that Division No. 1, Buckingham, A.O.H., in regular session assembled, wishes to express its heartfelt sympathy with Bro. H. F. Cosgrove in the time of his deep affliction owing to the loss of his beloved mother, and it is further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to the True Witness for publication. J. LEWIS O'NEILL, President. JAMES H. FARNAND, Sec.

Renaming French Holidays.

The approaching separation of Church and State in France has disclosed a curious situation, whereby Christmas, Easter and other holidays will be abolished under the separation bill. This led M. Gerault-Pichard to attempt to satisfy public opinion by an amendment continuing the principle holidays under new names. The amendment, which has been accepted by those in charge of the bill, substitutes Spring Flower Festival for Easter, Harvest Festival for the Feast of the Assumption, Memorial Festival for the Feast of All Saints and Family Festival for Christmas. A tree with a lofty head has less shade at its foot.—Abbe Roux.

Imposing Triduum Ceremonies At St. Ann's Church.

The triduum in honor of St. Gerard Majella, the humble lay brother of the Redemptorist Order, was celebrated with great eclat at St. Ann's Church, McCord street. The high altar and sanctuary were lavishly decorated. Above the main altar a life size statue of the Saint has been placed, surrounded with hundreds of colored electric bulbs. At the base of the statue were the words: "St. Gerard, pray for us." Large silk banners, evergreens, flowers and other gorgeous decorations were hung in the sanctuary, making a scene of dazzling brightness and beauty. On Thursday evening the opening exercises took place. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R. It was a vivid picture of the life and great work of the wonder-worker of his time, one though only a simple lay brother of the Congregation, who had risen to great sanctity, and was now raised to the dignity of a saint of God, and worthy of the honors of the altar in every Catholic Church throughout the entire world. It was a fervid discourse, and will long be treasured by the vast congregation who had the happiness of being present on the occasion. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Rev. Father Rioux, C.S.S.R., after which the relic of the Saint was venerated. On Friday morning solemn high Mass was sung by Rev. Father Rioux, P.P., assisted by Rev. Father Trudel as deacon, and Rev. Father Rietvelt as sub-deacon. In the evening Rev. Father Cox, S.J., preached the sermon, which was an eloquent tribute to the life work and glory of St. Gerard, and the many practical lessons which may be derived from the new saint. Saturday morning solemn high Mass was sung by Rev. Father Fiset, C.S.S.R., Rector of Hochelaga Church, assisted by Rev. Fathers Fortier and Trudel as deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Ethelbert, O.F.M., of the Franciscan Monastery, Dorchester street. In choice diction he portrayed the work of the saints while here below, sanctifying themselves and leading others to sanctity, and dwelt at length on the glorious work of St. Gerard, whom they were now honoring for the first time as one of God's special friends. On Sunday, Pontifical High Mass was sung by Right Rev. Z. Racicot, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal, assisted by Rev. Father Rioux as assistant priest, Rev. Father Fiset as deacon, and Rev. Father Rietvelt as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were Rev. Fathers Fortier, Holland, Strubbe, Trudel and others. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., of St. Ann's, and like the previous ones was a fitting tribute of love and praise to the newly canonized saint. In the evening the sermon was preached by Rev. Gerald McShane, S.S., of Notre Dame Church, who spoke chiefly of the heavenly triumph of the saint, his earthly career and labors having been treated by the speakers on the two previous evenings. The following is a summary of Father McShane's eloquent panegyric: We have now reached the end of these solemn festivities in honor of St. Gerard Majella. For the past three days you have assembled in this sacred edifice, and before the resplendent image of the saint you have offered up your hymns of joy and thanksgiving, you have whispered your prayers of love and confidence, and now you have come to-night to sing, as it were, the last solemn notes in this glorious refrain that rises from the hearts of a devout people to the feet of a newly erected throne in the realms of God's invisible kingdom. Gathering daily around this pulpit, you have already heard the touching and eloquent story of the earthly career of this heroic soul—you have step by step followed him along the painful route of this earth's pilgrimage, and now it is our privilege to-night to follow him still further, to behold him in the midst of that bright shining halo, in that abode of glory that is henceforth his home. But how are we to contemplate him in this invisible sphere, how are we to pierce those heavy veils of mystery that are drawn at the portals of the heavenly mansions, beyond which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him? God, in the wise and loving design of His Providence, has placed in us a twofold element, one, our soul, that is like unto Himself, spiritual, immortal, immaterial. Another, that

CHAMPIONSHIP LACROSSE. Montreal vs. Shamrock, (CHAMPIONS) S. A. A. GROUNDS, SATURDAY, June 10, 1905.

Ball faced at 3 P.M. Play Rain or Shine. Admission 25c. Grand Stand, 35c. Reserved Seats, 50c. On sale at BRENNAN BROS., St. Catherine street, JOHN T. LYONS, Bleury street. W. J. MCGEE, Hon. Sec.

IN THE LACROSSE WORLD.

Last Saturday afternoon the Shamrock lacrosse grounds at Mile End presented a busy scene, as well as interesting and lively games of lacrosse replete with scientific play, beautiful combination work and fine stick handling. It was the opening of the intermediate series between Shamrocks and the Points. Upwards of four or five hundred spectators were present, and were delighted with the exhibition of Canada's national game as played by the younger blood. The large attendance speaks well for the interest manifested in the coming lacrosse stars. Point St. Charles, the home of many a noted warrior on the lacrosse field, turned out in strong numbers to cheer their favorites on to victory, and right royally did they do it. For over two hours the battle waged, and it was not until a few minutes before the end did the plucky little Point team score the decisive goal. It was the great work of their home men, all working like clock-work, which won the day. Fearless and courageous, they bore down on the big Shamrock defence and by well directed efforts landed the winning goal (3-2) which sent their sympathizers wild with joy. At the end of the match the Shamrock players cheered lustily for the winners, shook hands, and warmly congratulated the new-comers into the intermediate field on their first and well earned victory. As the twenty-four athletes raced up and down the field, the spectators were heard to remark that the youngsters were the nucleus of a great team, and in future years would shine as stars on some of our senior lacrosse teams. Evidently the "boys in green" need not fear for players, with such young players playing the game as they do to-day. The executives of our clubs do not encourage the intermediates or juniors sufficiently. Many a promising player gives up the game in disgust for want of such encouragement. When the intermediate match was finished at 6.30 the St. Patrick's cadets and junior Shamrocks had a battle royal, but St. Patrick's cadets were too strong for their opponents and won by five goals to none. Want of practice left the Junior Shamrocks in poor condition. At the Montreal lacrosse grounds Saturday afternoon, a poor exhibition of the game took place between Montreal and Nationals. Too much scrapping marred the afternoon's sport. There is no necessity, for pugilistic encounters as such work only disgusts the spectators and lowers Canada's manly game in the eyes of the public. The spectators do not want to see gore, but fast, clean and scientific lacrosse. Montreal won by 5 goals to 2. At Ottawa, the Capitals easily defeated the Cornwalls by 7 goals to 1. Next Saturday afternoon the Shamrocks and Montreal will cross sticks at the Shamrock grounds. The match should be a good one for several reasons. No less than six old Shamrock players are on the Montreal team, and considerable interest is being shown in the match. A feature of the game will be the two centre men, the midgets of the lacrosse world, Nolan and Tracey. The game will start at 3.30 sharp as the Shamrock executive are bound to make punctuality their watchword. The public will see a clean and fast game, as referee Joe Lally, of Cornwall, the excelsior referee in the business to-day, will make the boys play the game all the time. The standing of the clubs in the Senior League is as follows:

OBITUARY.

THE LATE PETER DUNN.

Another of the few remaining pioneers of North Shefford has gone to his last reward and joined the silent majority. The late Peter Dunn was born in Marlborough, Queen's Co., Ireland, April 12, 1827, and with his father and mother and two brothers, which composed the entire family, emigrated to this country in 1847. They landed in Montreal, and subsequently settled in North Shefford about sixty years ago, and here Mr. Dunn remained engaged in farming, and on March 31, 1856, was married to Elizabeth Moran, who survives him; also his family of nine children, being, Mr. J. C. Dunn, who occupies the homestead; Messrs. P. T. and P. A. Dunn, of Windsor Mills; Mrs. Thos. O'Malley, of Magog; Mrs. Jas. O'Malley, of Miletta; Rev. Sister Mary of the Trinity, of Duck Lake; Sister M. Winnifred, of Manchester, N. H. (both religious of the Presentation of Mary); the Misses Annie, of Shoal Lake, Man., and Addie, of Gilman, Que., also one brother, Mr. Francis Dunn, survives him. Mr. Dunn died of pneumonia on May 8, 1905, and the funeral service was held at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Joachim de Shefford, May 11, and was attended by a very large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends of the departed. Solemn high Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Gillett, assisted by full choir. The bearers were two sons and two sons-in-law of deceased, and the arrangements were well looked after by Mr. Patrick McGuirk of Waterloo. Mr. Dunn's remains were placed at rest beside those of his father and mother in the family plot in the burial ground of St. Joachim de Shefford. R. I. Y.

REV. FATHER HAMEL.

Father Hamel, of the Jesuit order, died on Tuesday night, at the College of the Immaculate Conception, corner of Papineau road and Rachel street. Father Hamel was 74 years of age, and joined the order fifty-four years ago. The funeral took place this morning at 8 o'clock, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Love is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

WON. LOST.

Table with 2 columns: Club Name, Won, Lost. Shamrock... 1 0. Montreal... 1 0. Capital... 1 1. National... 0 1. Cornwall... 0 1.

PERSONAL.

The many friends of Mrs. J. Quinn, wife of the present acting Church Warden of St. Agnes parish, will be glad to learn that she is recovering from a very severe attack of illness, from which she had been suffering for the past two weeks.

# FLOWERS, AS FAITH VIEWS THEM.

(By the Rev. Albert Barry, C.S.S.R., in Ave Maria.)

Flowers have always been emblems of hope and love, of joy and sorrow. Sweet-scented flowers bedeck the cradle of the new-born babe, enwreathe the tresses of the bride, and are strewn on the casket of the dead.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers, and they tell in a garland their loves and cares; Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers On its leaves a mystic language bears.

These flowers of dazzling hue and refreshing odors, clad in richer array than Solomon in all his glory, not only give pleasure to men's hearts, but raise their minds to the surpassing splendor of the Creator. They represent in some slight degree the beauty of God.

Wonderous and manifold as wonderful God hath written in those stars above; But not less in the bright flowers under us Stands the revelation of His love.

The simple-minded Christians of the Ages of Faith mingled in their daily thoughts this world and the world to come; and as the pagans of the olden time saw nymphs and fauns and satyrs in the flowing streams and forest glades, so our ingenious forefathers in Christ beheld everywhere the footprints of angels, heard the voice of God in the thunder that shook the mountains, and shuddered at His wrath when the mighty billows of the ocean crashed against the cliffs at the seacoast. So, too, their heaven-taught fancy wove lovely legends around every flower and shrub that grew in garden and on hedge-row. They carved symbolic flowers in stone on the panels and pillars and fretted vaults of nave and aisle in the magnificent cathedrals which they raised aloft to the glory of God; they placed them in profusion on their altars, to breathe forth their fragrance in silent worship before the tabernacle; and they linked their graceful forms and sweet perfumes with memories of every mystery of our holy religion.

Those far-off ages, bearing on their brow something of the winning smile of sinless childhood, poured out a wealth of religious poetry around these lovely works of God uplifting them into harmony with the hymns of praise ever ascending to Heaven from human hearts. Unlike the heathen-minded men of our dreary and materialistic days, who, bereft of their finer feelings and nobler instincts of humanity, bestow barbarous scientific or purely pagan names on "these pretty daughters of the earth and sun," the children of that happy time christened flowers and shrubs with endearing names of the saints and the festivals of the Church. When the cold blasts of Protestantism had blighted merry England, he of Avon wrote:

O Proserpina, For the flowers now that, frightened, thou let'st fall From Dis' wagon! Daffodils, That come before the swallow dares and take The winds of March with beauty; violets dim, But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes, Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses, That die unmarried ere they can behold Bright Phoebus in his strength; Dull oxlips, and the crown imperial; Lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce being one Of these I lack to make you garlands of.

And the Blind Bard of the golden age of English literature thus also sang of the fair flowers of spring and summer-time: Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine, The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet, The glowing violet, The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine, With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head, And every flower that sad embroidery wears; Rill amaranthus all his beauty shed, And daffodills fill their cups with tears, To strow the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.

Far other were the names which our Christian forefathers gave to

these sweet letters of the angel-tongue." From the long list of flowers which their deeply-religious minds and hearts consecrated to God, we call these few:

The Passion flower; the Blood-drops of Christ (the fuchsia); the Scourge of Our Lord, or "Love lies bleeding" (amaranthus); Calvary clover; the Flower of the Blessed Sacrament (ragged robin); Maidenhair; the Virgin's lily; Our Lady's mantle; Our Lady's mirror (now Venus' looking-glass); Virgin's bower; Mary's cradle; rosemary (so beloved by the glorious martyr, Sir Thomas More); the tears of Peter; St. John's wort; Saint Columba's wort; Saint Dorothy's roses; Saint Winifred's moss; Christmas roses; Candlemas bells (snowdrops); Lenten lilies, Michaelmas daisies; the burning bush (holly). There is a lovely flower, of the orchid family, in the State of Colombia, in Central America, to which the ever-glowing faith of the first Spanish conquerors gave the name of Flower of the Holy Ghost, because in its dazzling white cup there seems to be the figure of a dove, with beautifully moulded pinions, and head bent gently forward.

There is an almost endless variety of such deeply poetic names, which were bestowed upon flowers of every sort by our truly Christian ancestors. Far and wide throughout Christendom, young and old, lettered and unlettered, cherished those lovely names of the fair blossoms that ever haunted their memories and recited them of Crib and Cross, and of that long succession of sad and joyful festivals which beam like heavenly sunshine on this vale of tears.

The sacred books of the Old and the New Testament are filled with splendid imagery taken from the odorous flowers that bloom so brightly in far Eastern climes. The inspired writers of Holy Writ call the Son of God the "fairest Flower that ever shone upon the earth"; and the ancient prophets ceased not to cry aloud to God on high to deign to let the heavens rain down the Just One, and the earth to bud forth the Saviour. When the holy Babe of Bethlehem was born into this world of woe and sin, the holy writer sang how the "solitude rejoiced and flowered like unto Libanus"; and Virgil, the pagan poet of Rome, re-echoed his joyful words in these melodious verses:

His cradle shall with budding flowers be crowned; The serpent's brood shall die; the sacred ground Shall weeds and noisome plants refuse to bear; Each common bush shall Syrian roses wear.

A charming tradition of the Ages of Faith, founded on this poetic fancy, declares that on Christmas night the deep snow which whitened the ground melted away, the trees put forth their leaves, and the fields became beautiful with gorgeous clusters of the fairest wild flowers.

In the land of the Pharos, when noble palaces and temples rose aloft in stately grandeur along the fertile banks of the river Nile, it was customary to lay wreaths and chaplets of flowers upon the altars of the pagan gods; the bidden guests, as they reclined at table, plucked a flower from the bouquet which they held in their hand, and offered it one to the other; and garlands of the rarest flowers were placed upon the head of each incoming and outgoing guest. Those gracious customs were long continued in the East and were sanctified by religion in the West.

In England, during the Middle Ages, hard by every cathedral and parish church were church-gardens where flowers of every shape and hue were carefully tended for the service of the altar; and at the merry Christmas-time "the burning bush" (holly) the Jesse-tree (mistletoe), the "Rose of the Shepherd Maid," the "Star of Bethlehem," and many another beautiful flower, were laid thereon, as types and emblems of the multiple mysteries of that great festival. So, too, when Passiontide and the joyous feast of Easter came round, symbolic flowers were culled to adorn the house of God. What a vision of peace and piety does all this reveal!

The story of the rosemary is one of the most beautiful of the charming legends that were repeated at every Christmas fireside in the Middle Ages. Our pious ancestors believed that its beauty is owing to the fact that the swaddling clothes of the Divine Child were hung upon it;

and, knowing that the hem of His garment had worked wonders whenever it had been touched, they firmly held to the belief that, since the first Christmas night, the rosemary has remained ever fresh and fragrant.

They, moreover, beheld in its tiny flowerets a memorial of His Passion; for, as they fondly believed, it budded forth new blossoms on each Good Friday in order to emblazon the body of the Lord. This aromatic shrub was interwoven with all the joys and sorrows of their lives. It was ever present at their festive scenes, and was always strewn on the coffin of the dead by sorrowing friends as a token of loving farewell.

The rosemary, or "The Tree of the Blessed Virgin," also symbolized to devout souls the affectionate union between the Mother and her Divine Son, and on the anniversary of the night when Mary laid her Divine Child in the lowly manger, every House of the faithful in Christian lands was made fragrant by incense from its burning wood.

It is told in an ancient legend that a holy hermit, when walking through the forest glades, was wont to strike with his staff the wild flowers that bordered the woodland pathway, saying as he did so: "Oh, be silent! You call me an ungrateful wretch. You tell me that God has made you for love for me, and yet I do not love Him. But now I understand you, so be silent. Do not upbraid me any more."

The knowledge of the Christian language of those fair flowers, which God in His loving bounty has strewn so plentifully far and wide over this gloomy earth, was never before so needful as in these darksome days, when the world seems to be reverting once more to purely pagan ideals and beliefs.

## RHEUMATIC PAINS

Driven Out of the System by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"My life was absolutely made miserable by rheumatism," says Mr. Geo. F. Hilpert, of West River, Ebeot Harbor, N.S. "I am employed every spring as a river driver, and in consequence am exposed to all sorts of weather and exposure in the cold water. A few years ago while engaged at my work I was seized with the most acute pains in my back and joints, I became almost a cripple and could scarcely move about. I had medical aid, but it did not help me. Then I began taking a remedy alleged to be a cure for rheumatism, and I used ten dollars worth, but derived absolutely no benefit. The constant suffering I was in began to tell on my hitherto strong constitution and I became so badly run down that I despaired of ever being in good health again. Then a friend called my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although somewhat skeptical I decided to try them. I had only used a few boxes when I began to feel better, and after I had used something over a dozen boxes I was again in good health. Every twinge of the trouble had left me, and although I have been subject to such exposure since, I have not had a twinge of the old pain. I can honestly say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me after other expensive treatment had failed."

Rheumatism was rooted in Mr. Hilpert's blood. The cold, and the wet, and the exposure only started the pain going. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured because they drove the poisonous uric acid out of the blood and filled the veins with that new, rich blood that no disease can resist. These pills actually make new blood, and that is why they cure common ailments like rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, anaemia, indigestion, headaches and backaches, kidney and liver troubles, and nervous troubles such as neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and paralysis. And it is in this same way that they cure the irregularities and secret troubles of women and growing girls. No other medicine can do this, and ailing people will save money and speedily get good health by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once. But you must get the genuine with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A correspondent sends us the following extract from the pious petition of a good old colored brother in a Georgia settlement:

"Lawd, we wants a blessin' fer ever' one 'cept one; en dat one is a yaller nigger, what boarded de railroad train, en runned off wid de whole collection what wuz took up ter pay my salary wid! Lawd, please make de train jump de track—don't hurt de yuther passengers, but take off one leg fum dat nigger."

## TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

(By Rev. Brother Justin, in St. John's Quarterly.)

This is a remarkable man. His career is full of striking events—a good boy, an earnest student, a vigorous frontiersman, an honest civil-service official, an efficient police commissioner, a brave soldier, a distinguished governor and a President whom the people love and have endorsed as the nation's choice; a man of sterling integrity, of true patriotism, and unblemished civic virtue—such is Theodore Roosevelt. The breath of scandal has never tarished his fair name; for from childhood to the White House he stands before his fellow countrymen with a spotless record.

The name of Theodore Roosevelt will go down the ages as the president who, while faithful to his party, has never allowed party consideration to sway him one iota from the path of rectitude. Mr. Roosevelt is an American indeed—one who believes that America is and should be "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave," he is a true Israelite who believes that the cardinal virtues of justice, prudence, fortitude and temperance should characterize those who are called to rule.

He believes in God, and his life is in accordance with God's law; he believes in justice to all and favor to none; in a word, he believes in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. He is said to be a rash man and as far as personal safety is considered there is some truth in this—but rash, in the sense of danger to his country, no. He is a man of high and noble impulse, but his impulses are subject to a mature and sound judgment and he examines carefully the questions that come before him. Nowhere in his career is this more evident than in his manly deference to the Senate in the San Domingo affair. His fortitude is seen in the trying circumstances of his eventful life. He is a stranger to fear and his courage while inborn is matured, enlightened and strengthened by his experience; his temperance is proverbial and had much to do with the development and building up of his splendid physique.

His intellectual equipment is varied and of a high order—in every way he is possessed of the essential virtues for the high office to which the suffrages of his fellow-citizens have called him.

Occupying the most important position in the natural order of any man on earth to-day, he is a spectacle of admiration to the lovers of good government anywhere—a lover of liberty without license and of law without subterfuge—he is an honor to humanity, he is a model of rulers and a glory to the people who have selected him as their Chief Magistrate. There is not an honest, intelligent man to-day in the civilized world who does not know, if he has read the history of Mr. Roosevelt's life, that he is a moral man, faithful in all the relations of life, private and public.

"By their works you shall know them." Apply this to the record of Mr. Roosevelt and what does it say? From boyhood's days to ripe manhood it says purity of life, uprightness of character, fearlessness in the discharge of duty, a devoted, faithful husband, a kind, firm and good father, a patriot who loves his country not merely in words but in deeds. In the hour of her trial his sword was drawn to vindicate her honor and his blood was shed in defence of her flag. What are his principles as expressed in his inaugural address? They are plain and clear. They are worthy of the man; they reflect his character and they are a guarantee that he will guide the ship of state during his administration in accordance with the best traditions and the purest aspirations of our people.

Mr. Roosevelt is a firm believer in God, and he is not ashamed to confess it. He begins by saying, "We have reason to thank God for the blessings we enjoy which are His gifts and which we should cherish and preserve and defend and transmit in their integrity to posterity. We have duties to others and duties to ourselves. We wish peace; but we wish the peace of justice, the peace of righteousness—in other words, we try to do unto others as we wish others to do unto us. No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for incontinent aggressions. Our relations with other powers are important; but still more important are our relations among ourselves."

## BUSINESS CARDS

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Here in a few words we have the moral law. Mr. Roosevelt is faithful to the law of nature, which is the law of reason. He knows whereof he speaks, and with the freedom and firmness of a man who is conscious to himself of doing what is right; he has a naturalness in his ways and means that makes a responsive chord in the hearts of the people. The simple, yet touching and beautiful tribute he paid to his wife as he walked down the aisle of the Senate to the President's desk shows the man and his manner. Open, candid, self-possessed, he gives evidence that he is entirely at home with people whom he respects and whose best interests he will consult and further to the utmost of his ability.

Spring lives in your soul! Clear away the pile of dead leaves—your doubts—your dead hopes and pessimistic beliefs—and you will find violets beneath.—Cruel Morgan.

### THE CRUEL EDITOR.

Editor—How much do you want for these sketches? Artist—Ten dollars. Editor—Don't slam the door as you go out.

## SOCIETY DIRECTORIES

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran, P.P.; Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansley.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kiloran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; Treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

O.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. O. McDonagh, 189 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urbain street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

## OFFICIAL CIRCULAR CATHOLIC MUTUAL Benefit Association GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC.

Organized at Niagara Falls, N.Y., July 3, 1876. Incorporated by Special Act of the New York State Legislature, June 9, 1879. Membership 63,000 and increasing rapidly. More than \$14,500,000 paid in Benefits in twenty-eight years. Reserve Fund, November 25th, 1904, 1,677,778.99. The C.M.B.A. is Sanctioned by Pope Pius X, and Approved by Cardinals, Bishops and Priests, several of whom are Officers.

FOR INFORMATION ADDRESS: P. E. EMILE BELANGER, Supreme Deputy, Secretary, Quebec Grand Council, 55 D'ARIGUILLON STREET, QUEBEC. A. R. ARCHAMBAULT, Supreme Deputy, Organizer for the Province of Quebec, OFFICE: 1092 NOTRE DAME STREET. Residence: 747 W. DENIS ST., Phone Bell East 2011.

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## ON THE

The very wish of her d passed him on the stairs heart throbbing, so th conscious of a physical relief from the support of as he placed his back against it to make room troubling apparition. She him with a curt nod—by they never spoke on the house stairs; and during th when she was preparing to the pavement outside he w every movement, till the opened sunshine, coinciding disappearance, sounded the his ephemeral joy. He w ly continue his way up the row stairs, trying to ban remembrance of their last tion and to fix his mind thing unconnected with h generally succeeded in thru image in the background fore his open books, he b self heart and brain in t which were now nearing t elusion. But there came a he sprang up in despair, sl volume to the floor, and rily up and down the room "You are not worth m rattered bitterly to his re the looking glass. "Here as low as any of the bless around you, that must ha man, fully or fairly, in th what fend sent that creat just now—now, when my di at hand? I'll never get useable to work. Bother h He strode wrathfully to ad on opening it became a silver voice that floated u "Hark! By the bird's son learn the nest," he mutter unstarily holding the door the sound of a footstep made him realize his attitu tender. Not that he had re word; it was all a confusio of laughter and girls' melody of one voice only with him, and his face soft closed the door. He wal to the table, sat down, cov face with his hands. "I've got to face it!" he "The fact is there. I am r master of myself, and there peace for me until this wo has disturbed my life eithe into it or goes out of it fo drams of happy bachelorhood."

He remained a long time ing the question in all its and at last burst out passi "Heavens, why should now—now, at the turning p my career, when my whole e stake, and every power s concentrated in obtaining a pass? Am I really incapat governing myself?" He sprang up and approach picture on the wall. "Give me strength— strength, O Mother!" he wh "Remove her image from my don't want to love her!"

The Lady with the crown whom he addressed seemed t down pitying on her votary with the contemplation of th tal countenance mental ch rebellion by degrees vanishe "I suppose it is provident reflected. "Nobody has his out for him just as he plan And, after all, hers is not a if a disturbing influence. O is only on serious topics, n always touching on religious n She seems to have drifted so among unbelievers and to lo get back to the staunch elea faith of her childhood." A "I have enough to maintain Once my diploma is secured doctors marry—and if she wi and—his pulse began to beat "If she will have me—" Somebody knocked at the do said:

"Are you in, Darrell? St as usual," said the visitor. ben at it myself; but there time to stop, you know. All same would you mind giving h but or two? I don't believe monies. Symond's lectures on my are lost on me, I'm afraid The speaker was a little n man who had been plucked and was consequently diffide. He hailed his arrival as a G and made up his mind in a twi "I'll tell you what," he said, "I'll come to your ch every day for the rest of th and we'll work together. Thi is too—too distracting. There want to keep away all day come back only at night. W agree?"

ON THE NINTH DAY.

The very wish of her dress as she passed him on the stairs sent his heart throbbing. So that he was conscious of a physical sense of relief from the support of the wall as he placed his back straight against it to make room for the troubling apparition. She went by with a curt nod—by a tacit code him with a curt nod—by a tacit code they never spoke on the boarding house stairs; and during the moments when she was preparing to step onto the pavement outside he watched her every movement, till the click of the open sunshade, coinciding with her disappearance, sounded the knell of his ephemeral joy. He would slowly continue his way up the long, narrow stairs, trying to banish the remembrance of their last conversation and to fix his mind on something unconnected with her. He generally succeeded in thrusting that image in the background when, before his open books, he buried himself heart and brain in the studies which were now nearing their conclusion. But there came a day when he sprang up in despair, slammed the volume to the floor, and paced angrily up and down the room. "You are not worth much," he muttered bitterly to his reflection in the looking glass. "Here you are as low as any of the blessed pack around you, that must have a woman, foully or fairly, in their lives. What fiend sent that creature here just now—now, when my diploma is at hand? I'll never get it. I'm unable to work. Bother her!" He strode wrathfully to the door, and on opening it became aware of a sly voice that floated up. "Hark! By the bird's song ye may learn the nest," he muttered, involuntarily holding the door ajar till the sound of a footstep ascending made him realize his attitude of listener. Not that he had retained a word; it was all a confused impression of laughter and girls' chat. The melody of one voice only remained with him, and his face softened as he closed the door. He walked back to the table, sat down, covered his face with his hands. "I've got to face it!" he thought. "The fact is there. I am no longer master of myself, and there is no peace for me until this woman who has disturbed my life either comes into it or goes out of it forever. My dreams of happy bachelorhood are ended."

For eight long weary days Mary had scarcely glimpsed at Hugh Darrell. The same unfinished sketch stood on her easel, and she sat before it daily with troubled mind and heavy heart. But she could not in justice resent that he had taken her at her word. In this, as in all else, she was forced to admire the conscientious man acting according to his code; impulsive though he was by nature, he would never let himself be led by reason guiding inclination. If he considered her as unworthy, he would know how to tear her from his mind and heart; but she—alas! if he had taken her hand at that last interview she would not have resisted. Was it because she felt this that he hastened away? He wished to shield her from herself—he would owe her consent only to her ripened reflection. He did not understand coquetry; he was too frank himself to suspect that she really belonged to his heart and soul long since. It was his openly professed religious convictions that first drew Mary's attention to this strange man. It was a unique experience to hear him assuring their hostess that she could count on his escort returning from a sermon and late Benediction, as he himself would be present, and their homeward road was identical; and the perfectly natural way in which he alluded to his religious obligations, neither hiding them nor putting them forward, was a source of constant astonishment to her. She blushed for him, and kept her eyes on the cloth when, after many combinations, he ended up before a tableful by declaring that he could not manage to be in for the first football match—"since I have to go to Mass, you see." But she soon saw that this explanation was taken just as well as any other by his comrades of all sects. She also divined that it was a point of honor with him not to slur over any of the practices of his creed; and, with a sense of shame, she tried to awaken in her own tepid soul the childhood's fervor which intercourse with the votaries of "Art for Art's sake" had chilled and stifled. It did her good to meet this honest, earnest man, and watch him keep in hand the impetuous spirit always threatening to break forth. She loved him for his perseverance, his devotion to the task of the hour—his determination to do all things right, at all costs. In their conversations she had been struck above all with his living faith, his perfect confidence in the hand that moulded all lives. "He would know how to console himself if I said 'No,'" she thought. "Not that I mean to say it. Looking at the matter from a higher standpoint, as he would have me do, I believe indeed that it would be for my good in both worlds to live in daily contact with such a man." On the morning of the ninth day Mary arose early and dressed herself with more than usual care. She put a white rose at her throat and adjusted the dainty hat at a becoming angle. She carried her gloves down with her, for she had planned

"Five weeks," she replied promptly. "So long had he left her. There was a silence. She withstood his pleading look, although her heart was aching. "Make it—nine days," he begged. "Nine days! Nine centuries it will be to me! A week is ample time to know one's own mind. Come, say nine days!" She laughed tremulously, and began to dread the collapse of her self-control. So she assented. "The less we meet till then, the better for me," he said, with a sigh. "Do not misinterpret my absence." "What!" she demanded, in surprise and disappointment. "Do you mean that you will not try to influence my decision?" "In justice to myself I shall feel bound to keep away," he replied. "I have already experienced the dangers of your society and do not wish to suffer any more than I have done. Besides, I have too true an idea of my own personal powers of fascination to count on them as a favorable factor in influencing your decision." "You are a strange wooer," she said, with vexation. "At least I am straightforward," he rejoined. "And I appreciate your deliberation. I do not rush at things, either, I beg you to believe. Neither you nor I, I hope, could be led by momentary passion. You are quite right to reflect, although I did long for an immediate answer in coming here to-day. Think well over it, and let your decision be unbiased by the thought of my eager longings. My happiness must not be bought at the expense of yours."

that they would walk out after breakfast. Surely he would be lingering in the hall even now, to get a hasty word with her before the others appeared. She heard a step on the dulled flooring, and, leaning over the balustrade, saw with dismay and displeasure Hugh Darrell with hat and cane preparing to go out. A wave of anger swept over her. So he would not find time for her until the late or second breakfast! Decidedly her answer was of secondary importance. For the past week he had gone out early every morning, thus missing the few minutes he could have had with her before she left for her morning's work at the studio. She ran down to accost him and take revenge. "Mr. Darrell!" she called as he had his hand on the door. He turned round; his face lit up with joyful anticipation. "If you have forgotten, I have not, that we were to decide to-day whether we could be anything to each other. I decidedly think not." Her heart smote her as she heard his heavily drawn breath. She did not dare lift her eyes to his face. "This is not your last word," he said, almost fiercely. "The day is not over yet, and I shall come again for my answer." She watched him cross the street, and, by uncontrollable impulse, followed him. He walked so rapidly that she had difficulty in keeping him in sight; but finally he entered a neighboring church and was lost to view in a side aisle. Her heart throbbing with emotion and remorse, she endeavored to assist devoutly at the morning worship. "O God, make me good—good and pious, less unworthy of this good man!" she prayed. When Mass was over she waited near the door to meet him at his departure. But the church grew empty and still she waited. At last she walked slowly toward the spot where she had seen him disappear. He was kneeling before the statue where she had also sometimes knelt; and, feeling himself comparatively alone, was pouring forth his entreaties in earnest whispers before the altar of his patroness. Mary now understood his demand for a respite of nine days. This devotion, like many others, had become unfamiliar to her. But it would be so no longer. Ah, what a revival it would be, with God's grace! Softly she approached, knelt beside him, and put her hand between his two clasped ones. Again the feeling that she was not the first object in his life was borne upon her. He did not start nor turn around. He pressed her hand close between his own, and bowed his head upon it in mute thanksgiving. Neither her presence nor her consent was a surprise. Outside the portal he turned to greet her with a radiant smile. "Oh, the serious, serious face!" he laughed. "Come! This has been given to me"—drawing her arm within her own. "Now you shall walk hand in hand before the world as the future Mrs. Hugh Darrell!"—Ave Maria.

take a perfect copy, even if the camera could catch them all, which it cannot. No forger can get the tracery done by hand, because no engraver could do it, and he cannot get the machine. If he had the machine it would take years to work out the secret combination of figures which make any particular design. There are only three or four of these machines in the world. Then for his design, in the shape of portraits and architecture and scenery and lettering, he would want a combination of four or more engravers of high ability and bad character, which would be as hard to come by as the machine. It cannot be done. But the English note is protected by none of those things. Its lettering and general design can be copied quite easily by the camera, and a good plate reproduced on zinc for printing. It can be photographed on stone, and the printing is ready at once if the forger can get paper of the right sort. Ambulance Dogs in War. It is well known that dogs, of certain breeds especially, have a considerable amount of intelligence. As the constant companion of man through generations, the brain of the dog has been developed until at the present time it is probable that this animal can be more easily trained than any other. For something like eighty years the monks of St. Bernard have trained and used dogs to rescue travellers lost in the snow. In Europe many of the armies, inspired by this idea, employ dogs to seek out the wounded on the field of battle and thus aid in the work of the ambulance corps. In Germany, dogs are attached to the ambulance service in many regiments, and were employed in the Herrero expedition in Africa. In Austria, France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Russia and America dogs are utilized in ambulance work. The British Medical Journal of December 10, 1904, contains a special article on the subject and describes the methods pursued in training and using dogs for this purpose. With the object of rendering first aid to those men who are not mortally wounded, the writer says, the dog is equipped with a waterproof canvas saddle, with a pocket at each side. In these pockets are placed eight triangular bandages, while slung around the dog's neck is a small case of brandy or rum, and a bell for use after dark. If the wounded man be strong enough he may take the bandages and temporarily bind his wounds, and he can also help himself to stimulants. Suggesting him to be too weak to take advantage of his temporary assistance, the dog barks loudly until he attracts the notice of the search party. Several officers of the British service have been experimenting with dogs in order to satisfy themselves whether they are calculated to be of value in the role of ambulance assistants. These men have reported favorably, but as yet the British War Office has made no move. However, as the British War Office has the reputation of being the most hide-bound and conservative of all the notoriously conservative state departments of that country, this is not to be wondered at. As a matter of fact, the scheme is but in its experimental stage and needs to be weighed carefully before it is adopted on a large scale. Its humanitarian side cannot but appeal to all, and if the use of dogs is found practicable and of value, it will be another step in the direction of ameliorating the horrors of war.—Medical Record. "If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I hold in utter execration," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the tale-bearer and slanderer, going about like a vile bo-constructor, circulating his camomile amongst the honest folks. I always know one of his phismahogany. It seems as if Belzabob had stamped him with his private signal, and everything he looks at appears to turn yellow." And having uttered this somewhat elaborate speech, she was seized with a violent fit of coughing and called for some "demulcent drops."

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" Fruit with tonics. Try them for constipation, headaches, biliousness, skin and kidney diseases. I am taking Fruit-a-tives, and find them all right. The easiest to take and the most effective laxative I have ever used. At druggists—50c. a box. Mrs. J. DAVY, Prescott, Ont. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

MAKING ENGLISH BANK NOTES. Protection Against Forgery in Printing and Paper.

(London Answers.) The Bank of England note is the most easily forged of all, for it is the simplest, consisting as it does of black printing on a white paper. The great safeguard lies in the quality of the paper and the quality of the printing and the watermark on the paper. To make the actual paper is beyond the skill of the cleverest forger. It is made at a small town near London, but so well has the secret been guarded that the most skilful note printers in the trade do not understand that, though they know most of the other secrets. Note printing is one of the highly skilled trades which still is a virtual monopoly of the city of London. It has always been so, and the great banks of the world come to the engravers and printers of London to have their plates made. They turn out the most beautiful printing in Europe. Some of it is of the most complicated description, and in this fact lies its great safety. The steel plate itself is the work of many hands and many brains. When the main design has been decided upon the parts of the picture have to be given over to several engravers, each of whom is skilled in one branch of his art and could not exchange his part with any of the others. One is an architectural engraver, and with a fine needle he labors for weeks in the effort to convey to the metal a perfect picture of a building. Another, with skill of quite a different sort, makes portraits, a third draws scenery, while a fourth fashions the letters. Still others contrive centre pieces and then there is the machine engraver, which is more wonderful still, for the machine does work so fine that no human hand can imitate it. The complicated work of tracing which you see on the back and front of Scotch and foreign notes is so minute that the camera cannot effectively copy it. To reproduce with photography on zinc it is necessary to employ acid, and the acid would eat away these fine lines. The work is done by a machine which is made on the principle of the pantograph. It seems to consist of a multitude of wheels and concentrics, and apparatus for guiding and checking the needle and sending it in new directions at all sorts of unexpected angles and curves. After the design has been worked out on the machine in accordance with the secret code, which is kept by the proprietor locked in the safe, the machine does the work itself, if the operator will go on turning the driving crank slowly and steadily. The plan is taken out with numbers which represent the wheel and the code figures, showing the work which is to be done by each wheel, and how it comes into play. But the operator cannot know the secret. The machine simply goes on its own way, and the least slackening of any of the parts will put it all out. A workman cannot repair the error, for he does not know the code, and the whole work will be spoiled until the master comes along and resets the wheels and other parts in their proper order. Only a small part of the design is worked out by this delicate machine—just enough to give a complete representation of the pattern. Then that portion is stamped on soft steel, which is hardened by another secret process and made into a sort of die which is used to impress other plates of steel, until the full border is thus completed, or a band made to go across the whole face or back of the note. In the best of colored notes three or four tints are used, and generally you find that one of them is blue. It defies the camera. The different colors are put on with different plates, and each one means a separate printing. The result is that if you hold one of the notes up to the light you will find that the lines of the different colors run into and through one another, making it impossible to

take a perfect copy, even if the camera could catch them all, which it cannot. No forger can get the tracery done by hand, because no engraver could do it, and he cannot get the machine. If he had the machine it would take years to work out the secret combination of figures which make any particular design. There are only three or four of these machines in the world. Then for his design, in the shape of portraits and architecture and scenery and lettering, he would want a combination of four or more engravers of high ability and bad character, which would be as hard to come by as the machine. It cannot be done. But the English note is protected by none of those things. Its lettering and general design can be copied quite easily by the camera, and a good plate reproduced on zinc for printing. It can be photographed on stone, and the printing is ready at once if the forger can get paper of the right sort. Ambulance Dogs in War. It is well known that dogs, of certain breeds especially, have a considerable amount of intelligence. As the constant companion of man through generations, the brain of the dog has been developed until at the present time it is probable that this animal can be more easily trained than any other. For something like eighty years the monks of St. Bernard have trained and used dogs to rescue travellers lost in the snow. In Europe many of the armies, inspired by this idea, employ dogs to seek out the wounded on the field of battle and thus aid in the work of the ambulance corps. In Germany, dogs are attached to the ambulance service in many regiments, and were employed in the Herrero expedition in Africa. In Austria, France, Italy, Switzerland, Holland, Russia and America dogs are utilized in ambulance work. The British Medical Journal of December 10, 1904, contains a special article on the subject and describes the methods pursued in training and using dogs for this purpose. With the object of rendering first aid to those men who are not mortally wounded, the writer says, the dog is equipped with a waterproof canvas saddle, with a pocket at each side. In these pockets are placed eight triangular bandages, while slung around the dog's neck is a small case of brandy or rum, and a bell for use after dark. If the wounded man be strong enough he may take the bandages and temporarily bind his wounds, and he can also help himself to stimulants. Suggesting him to be too weak to take advantage of his temporary assistance, the dog barks loudly until he attracts the notice of the search party. Several officers of the British service have been experimenting with dogs in order to satisfy themselves whether they are calculated to be of value in the role of ambulance assistants. These men have reported favorably, but as yet the British War Office has made no move. However, as the British War Office has the reputation of being the most hide-bound and conservative of all the notoriously conservative state departments of that country, this is not to be wondered at. As a matter of fact, the scheme is but in its experimental stage and needs to be weighed carefully before it is adopted on a large scale. Its humanitarian side cannot but appeal to all, and if the use of dogs is found practicable and of value, it will be another step in the direction of ameliorating the horrors of war.—Medical Record. "If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I hold in utter execration," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the tale-bearer and slanderer, going about like a vile bo-constructor, circulating his camomile amongst the honest folks. I always know one of his phismahogany. It seems as if Belzabob had stamped him with his private signal, and everything he looks at appears to turn yellow." And having uttered this somewhat elaborate speech, she was seized with a violent fit of coughing and called for some "demulcent drops."

CANADIAN PATENTS GRANTED TO FOREIGNERS.

- Below will be found a list of Canadian patents recently granted to foreigners through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Canada, and Washington, D. C. Information regarding any of these will be cheerfully supplied by applying to the above-named firm. Nos. 93,021—Julius Walter, Malaga, Spain. Mechanical Multiplication tables. 93,118—Christian Esser, Vienna, Austria. Apparatus for the treatment of peat fibre for the manufacture of half-stuff. 93,138—Dr. Louis Mary, Fegersheim (Alsace-Lorraine), Germany. Pottery molding machine. 93,153—Prof. Edoardo Maragliano, Genoa, Italy. Manufacture of meat powder. 93,208—Henri Iscovesco, Paris, France. Process for treating butter. 93,232—Hector Michel, Bourg (Ain) France. Railway sleepers. 93,298—Heinrich Beck, Meiningen, Germany. Electric arc lights.

AS THE ROCKETS WENT SKYWARD.

A small child seeing the first exhibition of fireworks turned to its mother as the rockets went skywards and said: "Oh, mamma, won't God be pleased." A small boy who was brought as a witness before an eminent judge, was asked by His Honor if he knew the nature of an oath. "Well, I ought ter," replied the boy; "I've been your Honor's caddy for two years."—Harper's Weekly.

OCIETY—Estab 1856; incorpo 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexan Monday of the meets last Wed. Rev. Director, P.P.; President, 1st Vice-Pres, 2nd Vice, E, W. Durack; Secretary, W. J. Secretary, T. P. A. AND B. SO. the second Sun in St. Patrick's street, at the of Manage hall on the 7th month, at 8 Rev. Jas. Kil. H. Kelly; Rec. 13 Vaues B. SOCIETY, Rev. Director, J. F. Quinn, street; treasur 8 St. Augustin the second Sun in St. Ann's and Ottawa m. DA, BRANCHE November, meets at St. Alexander Monday of each meetings for business are 4th Monday p.m. Spiritual Channaghan; Chan President, W. Secretary, P. O. situation street; Jas. J. Cope street; Treas Medical Advisors, E. J. O'Con. CULAR

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THE YEAR IN FRANCE

[Alvan S. Samborn, in The Atlantic Monthly.]

(Continued from Page 1.)

It had beheld without waxing exceeding wroth a measure already sufficiently radical, intolerant, and oppressive, fade into insignificance before a measure still more radical, intolerant, and oppressive; the law of associations gradually transformed from the instrument of control it was designed to be by its sponsor, Waldeck-Rousseau, into a weapon of suppression; the withdrawal of the right to teach from the unauthorized congregations, from the authorized congregations, and from all the congregations successively; and the resort of the ministry in power to the paradoxical extreme of violating the law for the sake of enforcing a law.

It had listened almost listlessly to unabashed proclamations from the ministry that the political disqualification of Catholics and a monopoly of charity, as well as of education, were a part of its ideal, and to bumptious threats from some of the extremist members of the parliamentary majority that they would blot out churches altogether and set up an irreligion of the state.

It had submitted tamely to the closing of more than fourteen hundred congregational establishments, including those (for which it had well-founded gratitude or affection) of the Carthusians who were engaged in industries that contributed to its wealth, of the sisterhoods consecrated to charity, of the Benedictines devoted to the care of orphans, and of the Christian Brothers, whose technical schools had won the highest awards at the Exposition of 1900, and had been openly approved again and again by the Chamber and the Senate; submitted likewise to the diminution of French diplomatic prestige in the Orient; to the closing of mission chapels; to the proscription of preaching and teaching the catechism in the Breton tongue; to the breaking of pledged faith; and to the flagrant violation of all the fundamental liberties (except that of the press), and of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, which stipulates distinctly that no person shall be disturbed for his religious opinions.

All these things it had seen and heard and endured without being greatly disturbed, otherwise than locally, thereby; but it could not stomach delation.

The parties whose names were revealed as district agents of the Grand Orient's information bureau, and who were members of all the trades and professions, were so ostracized and boycotted, and even mobbed, that they were constrained to change their places of residence and business. Many were forced into duels, and a few committed suicide.

Capitaine Mollin, the go-between for General Andre, the Minister of War, and the Secretary of the Grand Orient, was forced to resign by General Andre, who hoped to make of him a scapegoat.

This hope being deceived, General Andre was forced to resign by the Premier, M. Combes, who hoped to make him a scapegoat; and this hope being deceived in its turn, M. Combes finding his position absolutely untenable, resigned, to forestall defeat, while he still had a slender majority.

M. Combes and General Andre paid the tribute vice frequently pays to virtue, by endeavoring to cover up their wrong-doings. They put forth formal, hesitating, half-hearted disclaimers, mildly denying delation. But inasmuch as they visited no adequate punishment on the offenders, and inasmuch as they accompanied their disclaimers, the former with an address to the prefects inculcating espionage under a slightly different form and organizing it into a highly complicated system, and the latter with a statement that many of the army officers were hostile to the Republic, that the army must be purified and republicanized at all hazards, and that no source of information should be neglected which could be utilized for its purification and republicanization, these disclaimers could not be taken very seriously. To repudiate the notes of delation in one breath, and to assert that they employed them only for the good of the state in another, was a proceeding little calculated to impress the unbiased with their innocence. General Andre portrayed to the Chamber with harrowing details the pathetic plight of the Protestant, Jewish and Freethinking officers under the previous ministries by reason of the social ostracism to which their Catholic fellow officers had subjected them, and announced his determination of giving the Catholic officers their turn at being made uncomfortable, as if a resort to social ostracism were a punishable offense, and as if

retaliation were a motive for a minister supposed to be a statesman to avow.

Unlike Combes and Andre, the officers of the Grand Orient of France did not beat about the bush. They did not deny the charges brought against them, nor even attempt to palliate them in any way. On the contrary, they proclaimed, with a frankness that would be effrontery if it were not fanaticism, tale-bearing in the interests of the Republic to be a very rare and special brand of virtue, thereby bringing themselves into a discredit with the nation at large from which they will not soon emerge.

M. Lafferre, the Grand Master of the Grand Orient, defended the notes of delation in the Chamber, and in a document sent to all the lodges of France by the Supreme Council on the third of November, the following passages occur:

"There is not one of our lodges, there is not one of our brothers, who is not familiar with the fierce campaign carried on during the past few days against our order by the entire monarchic, nationalist, and clerical reaction. They have been trying, by resorting to insult and clamor, to distort the acts of which we are justly proud, and thanks to which we have helped in some small measure to rescue the Republic from the underground manoeuvres of its eternal enemies."

"And now, we desire in the name of the whole Masonic body, to declare boldly that in furnishing to the Minister of War detailed information regarding the faithful servants of the Republic and regarding those who by their incessantly hostile attitude to the Republic have occasioned the most natural anxiety, the Grand Orient of France claims not only to have exercised a legitimate right, but to have accomplished the most important of duties."

"The Republic is our common property. We have purchased it dearly, and Masons, above all others, may claim the honor of having caused its triumph. Without Freemasonry the Republic would have disappeared long ago, free-thought would have been definitely stifled by the triumphant congregation, and Pius X. would reign as master over an enslaved France."

"Is it not ridiculous to see our enemies treat to-day as contemptible espionage the acts by which we put the administration of the commonwealth on its guard against the treasons of faithless functionaries, and signaled to them those who were the best fitted to serve them usefully?"

"Our activity is a necessary counterpoise to that of the Catholic clubs. . . . Is the sleeping partner of a great industrial concern a contemptible informer if he signals to the manager of the business in which he has invested his fortune the maladministration of some employees, and the intelligence, honesty, and worthiness of others? Verily, words have changed their meanings in the mouths of the Nationalists, and for them moral laws have lost their force."

"And who are these Nationalists and these clericals who are trying to make it appear a crime for the Grand Orient to have performed loyally its duty?"

"They are the very ones who from the foundation of the Republic have by incessant slander and deceit kept away all Republicans from all the administrations, and more especially from the army, and have replaced them by adversaries of the established order who are ready for all the coups d'etat and all the reactions."

"And it is these men, who ought to hang their heads for their impudent misdeeds, who assume a self-righteous tone to-day and charge with disloyalty one of the most loyal, most legitimate, and most republican acts which the Grand Orient of France has performed."

"And it was before the cries of outraged modesty of such people as these that so many Republicans in the Chamber (several Masons included) were for an instant disturbed and disconcerted; so much disturbed and disconcerted that no one of them was able to find at the opportune moment the fitting word, and no one of them was capable of seizing the occasion to glorify Masonry, which was being assailed by its eternal adversaries, and to proclaim in the presence of all that it had deserved well of the Republic."

"We call the attention of our lodges, and of all Masons of the present and of the future, to the votes of weakness, of fear, of cowardice cast by a certain number of Republicans who, at the very moment when it was necessary to present a united front to the unchained reaction, added their voices to those of our most irreconcilable enemies. They recall, alas, the weakness, the fear, and the cowardice of the most sombre days of Boulangerism and of Nationalism."

"In spite of them, the Republic has

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once more come off victor. Many, we hope, will speedily recover their self-possession. In the meantime, our lodges will keep an eye upon them."

L'Action and several other extremist journals, which take their cue from the Grand Orient, adopted a similar audacious attitude and indulged in similar utterances.

When the writer stated, a year ago, that M. Combes probably had a separation project "up his sleeve," he did not suspect that M. Combes, crafty as he was known to be, would be crafty enough to bring about a series of totally unnecessary controversies with Rome, which would culminate in the breaking off of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, and would make separation present itself as the only possible course; nor that he would be crafty enough to father a project of separation of church and state that would not separate the church from the state, but would bring the former, on the contrary, more completely under the latter's power. Nevertheless, this is what occurred. M. Combes did all these things.

He contrived to make it appear that Rome had deliberately violated the Concordat, although he knew perfectly well that what Rome had violated (if she had violated anything) was not the Concordat, but the Organic Articles, the force of which she had not only never recognized, but had always protested against as a gross breach of good faith on the part of Napoleon I., and he even succeeded in getting an overwhelming vote from the Chamber to the effect that this violation of the Concordat by the Vatican left France absolutely no choice.

Then, when he had wrought the legislators up to the proper pitch of vindictiveness, he broached a scheme which he called a separation scheme, but which was in reality a shrewd device for paying off old grudges, for facilitating the suppression of religious education, for making the practices of worship as difficult as possible, and for defying the Pope; a device, in a word, for establishing a concordatory regime without a Concordat. The measure by which he proclaimed his willingness to stand or fall was a bill of persecution and confiscation, not a measure of liberation, and was well characterized by M. Brunetiere as a measure "not of separation but of proscription." The liberty it claimed to confer was not liberty, but oppression, like all the liberty with which M. Combes ever had anything to do.

Among other things, it made the very existence of individual churches dependent on ministerial caprice, and stipulated that their accounts should be subjected to the Prefect, or his representative, whenever he might call for them. It forbade the holding of religious services in any place not built for the purpose and not authorized by the government, and abolished the right of churches to federate, except within the limits of a single department, a proceeding more distasteful and more dangerous to Protestants than to Catholics.

"The rich departments," said M. Desmoulin, apropos of the Combes measure, "will not be authorized to come to the aid of the poor departments, and the churches the most liberally endowed will not be able to turn over their surplus receipts to a central treasury in order to constitute a sinking fund. . . . M. Combes suppresses the solidarity of Christians. The Freemasons may organize and federate as they will, but the Catholics are denied this privilege."

M. Clement, commenting on the same measure, said: "M. Combes thinks, doubtless, that the liberty so parsimoniously accorded to the monastic associations which were recognized by the law of 1901 would be too great for the churches. He imposes on these last, therefore, extra regulations, and, most curious of all, denies them the right to federate except within the limits of a single department. The consequence of this restriction of the right of association will be to deprive the poor departments of every kind of assistance from adjacent departments in the maintenance of Catholic worship. Another consequence will be the suppression of the archbishops. As to the Protestant and Israelitish churches, this restriction means death, nothing more nor less. Having no more a common organization, being no longer able to unite their resources and put them under the control of a central committee, consistory, or general synod, the Protestant cult and the Israelitish

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Vol. LIV., No. 4. A CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. President Roosevelt Baltimore, S.

Paul Morton has written as Secretary of the Charles J. Bonaparte, of Md., will succeed him on June 1st. Bonaparte is a grandson of Napoleon Bonaparte, King of Westphalia, brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, is fifty years old, and a law President Roosevelt him the announcement of the se Mr. Bonaparte for Secretary Navy. The President said Bonaparte had not only be ed, but the arrangement th to succeed Mr. Morton w when it became certain th ter was to leave the Cabine UNEARTHED THE GREAT FRAUDS.

Mr. Bonaparte two years selected by the President a counsel for the Governmen Holmes Conrad, of New York investigation of the posta The President chose Mr. B because of his implacable ha "crafters." He has had no experience with naval affairs, President considers this no dr He is not a wealthy man, b moderate fortune.

Several years ago Mr. B was talked of as a candida the Senate. Mr. Wellington presented Maryland in the branch of Congress. Had Mr parte been chosen instead of Combes there would have been Senate the namesakes of the commanders on the field of W Mr. Bonaparte was gradu Harvard in the class of 1871 the Harvard Law School in Since then he has practiced l tinuously in Baltimore. In was married to Ellen Chennir of Newport, R.I.

MR. BONAPARTE ACCEPTS APPOINTMENT. Baltimore, Md.—Charles J. parte was presiding over a r of the Executive Committee of Reform League, of which he is man, when the Associated Pres patch announcing his appointi succeed Paul Morton as Secre the Navy was shown him. He

"The President tendered me position about ten days ago. due reflection I decided it was duty to accept. I had no rea think previously that he he name under consideration for office. It is needless for me to that I appreciated very highly great and unexpected compli implied in his offer. Neverthe did not accept without much h tion, for I have always been v luctant to enter public life. Th nothing more to be said excep I will try to do my duty and to make a creditable record."

GRANDSON OF A KING. Charles Joseph Bonaparte grandson of Jerome Bonaparte, of Westphalia, who was a brot Napoleon I. It does not take a look at his face to see features recall the familiar pictures of h ancestors.

Persons who have made a stu heredity point to his rise to pr ence as an example of its influ and that his greatness is the e ming of a spirit that has been ment in his family for a time. Bonaparte has never been con about his ancestry, but has c considered himself as an indepe individuality, and he has a po aversion to being compared t ancestors.

He frowns when asked if he is descendant of the French Imp family, and likes still less to persons just introduced to him per to one another that he much like the great French wa and statesman. He is not a condant of Napoleon Bonaparte. is a great-grandson of Charles J de Bonaparte, who was the fath Napoleon and Jerome Bonaparte AN AMERICAN THROUGH THROUGH.

Mr. Bonaparte is an Amer through and through. He cares for foreign travel, and the p made famous by the deeds of his