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Le True



Witness

Vol. LV., No. 50 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1906. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Faith and Its Enemies.

The question frequently asked is: Why does religion meet with so much opposition in the world to-day? In Germany, Rationalists have recourse to every species of argument to destroy all forms of religion. In France, infidelity is animated with an insane hostility against the religious training of its youth, while at home, agnosticism is the prevailing religious sentiment of our university graduates, business and professional men of all ranks and states. Yet with all the opposition, hostility and indifference, we see and read of, it can not be said that the religious instinct in man's nature is entirely dead. It may be dormant and yield to what is termed the spirit of the age, or it may be like the ears of corn, smothered and stunted in its growth by cares and pleasures of life but entirely dead, no. The age, with its numerous attempts at reforms, the introduction almost daily of new religions, the changing of creeds, is a proof of this.

Philosophy and science claim to have won a victory over all forms of religious belief, yet all philosophy divorced from faith has no principle to rest its arguments on. Its claims that reason and the intelligible world suffice, and that there is no need of revelation, or faith in the super-intelligible will give at best only negative conclusions, or the "I don't know" of the agnostic. Science in so far as it is, science and not theory, has not, in all its discoveries, opposed what faith teaches. The quarrel of our would-be philosophers and scientists is not always against faith, but what assumes the garb of faith, and may be termed theology. In the Catholic sense, faith is the revealed word. It is in harmony with reason and furnishes philosophy with principles to operate on. No known scientific discovery contradicts its teaching. Theology is a human science which has revelation and reason for its foundation. It has all that philosophy has, plus revelation, for its principles. But theology is not faith and arguments, used to disprove the teaching of theology, do not affect faith.

Faith is not responsible for the speculations of the theologian, nor is a Catholic bound to defend the opinions, speculations or what may have been accepted as the current belief of the theologians in any age or country, if these opinions are not a part of the deposit of faith. Yet much of the opposition to Catholic faith rests on the false assumption that we Catholics claim for these opinions, and what is sometimes justly termed superstitions, the same authority as we do for the revealed word of God. Hence the prejudice, even amongst intelligent and religiously inclined persons, against making an honest and fair examination of Catholic belief. There are old traditions, too, which may have been handed down from generation to generation, and to which people attach a religious character, but for these traditions which have no connection with Catholic faith, and which the Church disowns, she is sometimes, by those who misapprehend her faith, held responsible. If certain people believe in fairies or will of the wisp, the Church is no more responsible for their traditional belief than was Christ for the charges of being seditious, a blasphemer and in league with the devil, made against him by his accusers. For these "human traditions" as designated by Christ, that may exist amongst a simple-minded and unsophisticated people, are claimed by persons, said to be actuated by a love of truth, the endorsement of the church. On this false assumption and misapprehension rest their contention that our faith is vain, and that her claims to be the church of God are without foundation. But there are divine traditions, revealed by the prophets of old, by Christ and His apostles, which form a part of the deposit of faith and are sanctioned by the authorities of the Church. Catholic faith which binds the conscience, is confined to the revealed word of God. Theology directed by the light of reason, and having for its basis revelation, may go too far or fall short of the truth. In any case its conclusions may be accepted or rejected. Not so with what is of Catholic faith which em-

braces all religious truths. What the church as an organization does in temporal or disciplinary matters does not come under the head of Catholic faith. They belong to the human side of the church and are often changed to suit the exigencies of times and places, whereas the faith itself is always and everywhere the same, unchangeable and contained implicitly in the original revelation made to our first parents in paradise. The very word Catholic means universal in time and space. What the descendants of Adam believed for two thousand years was committed in writing by Moses after the great Gentile apostasy in order to preserve the original revelation, and bring back, if possible, to the true fold those who had strayed away and worshipped gods fashioned by their own hands, and suitable to the cravings, weaknesses and corruptions of human nature. The synagogue preserved the faith in its purity and catholicity, till its hopes and aspirations were realized in the advent of the Messiah. The same faith, without change, diminution or enlargement, has continued in the church for the last nineteen hundred years. What may be defined in time belonged to the original deposit of faith, the definition becoming a necessity because of its denial. The church, commissioned and commanded by her founder to teach "all truth," jealously guards that faith and preserves intact the revealed principle. Her definitions are simply to guard against false interpretations, or denials of any articles of the true faith. The first article of the Apostle's Creed brings us back to the root of the human family, to whom it was first revealed by our Heavenly Father. "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Creator of heaven and earth, and all things." Have modern Rationalists by their supposed philosophy disproved this first article of faith. Or it might be asked, have they without this faith any real philosophy or may they not be compared to "the fool who said in his heart there is no God." Science makes no pretensions to have made any discoveries which would lead to a denial of this first article of the creed. But this article of faith does not oblige or demand that we believe that the universe was created from nothing about seven thousand years ago, or that it was originally as we now find it. Modern unbelievers, like the Gentile philosophers, against whom Moses defined the true faith, teach that the world was not created from nothing by God, but simply evolved from his own Eternal Being, or formed and fashioned from pre-existing matter. With the definition of faith, philosophy has principles to guide and direct it, without the definition or starting with a denial of Creator or creature, it can never reach any positive, much less any logical conclusion, and at best, all they can give us is simply guessing at what might have taken place in the beginning when time began. Again faith says, God created in the beginning the heavens and the earth and all things visible and invisible, but as to the original form, and how it existed before Infinite wisdom considered it suitable for a habitation for man, faith has no quarrel with geologists and men of science, because it says nothing on these topics. Nor does faith oblige us to accept, in a literal and historical sense the order of creation as given in Genesis. The demands of faith when narrowed down to its essentials are very small, so small that most unbelievers, when imagining that they are aiming a deadly blow at its teaching, are shooting entirely wide of the mark.

Faith teaches the angels were created before man, that they are the noblest of God's works. Here the exactions of faith end. It does not oblige us to believe that angels are incorporeal or that they are divided into a certain number of choirs. The mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation belong to the deposit of faith. This profession of faith means that God is three distinct persons in one divine substance or essence, whilst the Incarnation means what the Gospel declared it to be in the words addressed by the angel to Mary: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the

Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy which shall be born of thee shall be the Son of God."

Thou, who labor to prove that the doctrine of the Trinity is a contradiction, suppose that its real meaning is that there are one, and one is three, which is a false supposition. The orthodox teaching is and always has been that there is one God and only one God, and that in God inwardly, not externally, there is the distinction of three divine persons, and that these three divine persons without vitiating the simplicity and absolute unity of the divine essence, do subsist.

This important subject, with other articles of faith which are included in the Catholic creed, shall be treated at greater length in our next communication.—F. D., in Intermountain Catholic.

A LOURDES CURE.

The following letter, published in the Sun (New York), is, curiously enough, one of the fruits of Professor Goldwin Smith's attempts to demonstrate the fallacy of belief in miracles:

To the Editor of the Sun,—Sir: I have no greater belief in miracles than has Professor Goldwin Smith, nor am I any more of a Catholic than he is; but I know of an instance of a "Lourdes cure" in New York City which is remarkable, however it may have been effected, objectively or subjectively. Several years ago a young woman of about twenty years fell on the ice and injured her spine and hip. She was laid up for some time, and the right leg began to lose its strength. Within a year she was unable to walk except with a strong steel brace to keep the foot in position. Being possessed of ample means she had the best physicians, specialists and others, that could be procured. She also resorted to remedies not exactly in the profession. But none availed, and she gradually grew worse. The only consolation—not a cure—she had came from one physician, who told her that nothing could be done except to cut a tendon in the ankle and stiffen the joint, which would make her a cripple for life, though she might walk without the heavy brace. This treatment she declined.

Although a Catholic, she had not thought of any of the miraculous cures offered by her church at various points. About three years ago she went to Europe, and while there visited Lourdes, but not with a very strong faith. She remained there about twenty-four hours or possibly eighteen, but long enough to try the waters three or four times, and received a small card with a printed prayer upon it, with instructions to repeat the prayer at intervals. That was about the extent of her "treatment," and at 9 o'clock in the evening she left for Paris. The following night in Paris she knelt by her bedside—still unable to walk unassisted—to say her prayers, and when she arose from her knees she walked across the room without the brace and has not used it since. From that time she walked unaided, and as soon as the leg had resumed its normal condition, for it had shrunk considerably, she walked as well as she ever did, and has continued to do so.

If this young woman were of the temperament of some, I could easily understand the influence of psychology upon her case, but she is eminently sensible and practical, and if Professor Smith could talk with her I believe he would wonder a little himself just what it was that affected her cure. I have no faith whatever in miracles, but this instance is puzzling, to say the least.

W. J. L.
New York, May 20.

Time Has Tested It.—Time tests all things, that which is worthy lives, that which is inimical to man's welfare perishes. Time has proved Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. From a few thousand bottles in the early days of its manufacture, the demand has risen so that now the production is running into the hundreds of thousands of bottles. What is so eagerly sought for must be good.

Wear Trade Mark B. Suspenders, guaranteed. Price 25c.

Death of Well-Known Public Spirited Citizen.

Catholic Sailors lose their Greatest Friend.

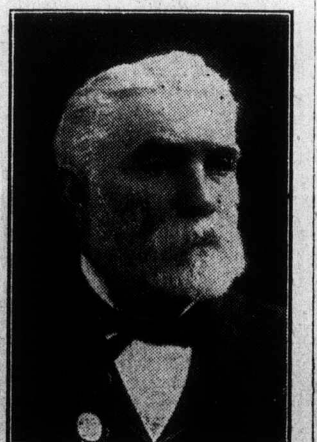
On Tuesday morning of the present week, death claimed as its own one of our oldest and best known citizens, in the person of Mr. F. B. McNamee. The deceased gentleman was in his seventy-ninth year. As a business man he was known in connection with many considerable enterprises which survive him as a living proof of both energy and sterling manhood. Always charitable and of a philanthropic disposition, he identified himself with numerous good works, pre-eminent among them being the lively interest which he took in the Catholic Sailors' Club of the city, of which, if he be not in reality its founder, he must certainly be numbered amongst its most zealous and untiring friends.

It will be remembered that it is about two years since Mr. and Mrs. McNamee celebrated their golden wedding in this, their dear old St. Patrick's, upon whose memorable structure they looked with such fond love and deeply-rooted affection.

Let us hope that as many of those as possible who are still living and who witnessed the memorable and unique ceremony will try to snatch a few moments from their busy life in order to assist at their old friend's funeral, pray for the repose of his soul and encourage by their presence the aged life-partner who is left to feel his loss so poignantly.

The service took place this morning to St. Patrick's Church. The body was received by Rev. Martin Callaghan. The Rev. Luke Callaghan officiated at the requiem, assisted by Fathers P. Heffernan and Killoran as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The chief mourners were Mr. McNamee, son of deceased, and Mr. P. McGovern, son-in-law, and three grandsons. In the sanctuary were noticed the Rev. Fathers R. E. Callahan, Devlin, Donnelly, Malone, O'Meara and Kiernan.

The late Mr. McNamee was born in Ireland, in the town of Cavan, October 17, 1828. When only ten years of age he came with his mother to the country of his adoption.



THE LATE F. B. MCNAMEE.

It was recalled by Mr. McNamee among many reminiscences of a long life that the passage to Canada was made in the brig Escort, Captain Minto, and that the time from London to Quebec was eight weeks. The father had already preceded wife and son to this country. Mr. McNamee, senior, had been a butcher in Cavan, Ireland. He was at one time a strong supporter of Sir John Young, the unsuccessful Liberal candidate in his division, who was afterwards Governor-General of Canada. He also lived to a ripe old age, and celebrated his golden wedding.

It was in the year 1839 that the family landed in Quebec, proceeding to Montreal on the following day on board the old Canada. The time was one of unrest in Canada, following the troubles of '37 and '38,

and it was in the anecdotes of the late Mr. McNamee that he had seen on his first arrival in Canada the departure of the condemned Canadian insurgents for Bermuda, following the executions which took place after the suppression of the rebellion. The methods of justice employed in this country at that time struck him as being somewhat different from those he had seen in Ireland. The Canadian rebels walked on board the steamer leisurely, and almost without surveillance, each man carrying a musical instrument, whereas in Ireland he had seen peasant rebels loaded down with irons and guarded by dragoons.

The first winter of his residence in Montreal Mr. McNamee attended school under the parish church of Notre Dame. At that time the English-speaking churches were Bonsecours and Recollet Church, at the corner of Notre Dame and St. Helen streets. Mr. McNamee was wont to tell that at the time of his first acquaintance with Canada, the Irish people here were strong adherents of the British sovereignty.

The late Mr. McNamee went into business as a contractor, and in business he had a successful career. During his long career he was connected with many of the greatest public works from one side of the country to the other. He also took an active part in many public questions, and he was widely known as one of Montreal's most ardent philanthropists.

In public matters Mr. McNamee was always fearless and at times outspoken and aggressive. Politically he was a warm supporter of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, and particularly of Sir George Cartier, in the Province of Quebec. The first election in which he took an active part was the great Drummond-Molson contest which stirred the city.

As a result of his long acquaintance with the affairs of the country, and his observation of the growth of Canada from small beginnings to its present position in international importance, Mr. McNamee had many interesting reminiscences to tell of public events and men known to the present generation only through the pages of history. Among other men who have taken a prominent stand in early Canadian affairs, Mr. McNamee distinctly remembered Lord Elgin. He described that statesman as an exceedingly mild-tempered man, the type of the British constitutional ruler, who disregarded consequences in the carrying out of his duty.

Another reminiscence of the great interest to Montrealers is that of the burning of the Parliament buildings here in 1849. On the day of that occurrence Mr. McNamee was out at Waterloo, Que., but he drove into the city by stage next morning. Mr. McNamee always contended that the burning of the building was not the work of an incendiary, but that it probably arose from the fact that the gasolier had exploded from being struck by a stone or other missile.

As a philanthropist, Mr. McNamee has won the love of thousands of the poor and unfortunate in the city, and it may be remarked that these are by no means confined to those who hold the same creed with him. In his labors of charity he has been at all times ably assisted by his wife. Mrs. McNamee was also born in Ireland. Her maiden name was Mary Anne Byren, and she was born in King's County, Ireland, leaving for Canada with her parents at the age of three weeks.

Mr. McNamee was one of the most faithful members of St. Patrick's Church, although he was at all times ready to contribute to the cause of any other church of his creed. His name is identified commonly with the Catholic Sailors' Club, an institution that had its being chiefly through his labors. The various hospitals, the Cathedral, and many other deserving objects found generous support and encouragement at his hands.

Mr. McNamee is survived by his widow and two children, Mrs. P. McGovern and Mr. J. T. McNamee.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extingisher.

Dublin Medical College Celebrates Anniversary of Foundation.

The celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Catholic University School of Medicine calls to mind a little known fact that on the site of the present world-famed Medical School an eminent Dublin apothecary named Wetherall had a house with large anatomical museums in the years 1680 and 1684. In the latter year the Dublin Philosophical Society, founded by William Molyneux, the author of "Ireland's Case Stated," rented Wetherall's rooms, and erected a laboratory under the direction of Dr. Allan Mulvan. In 1686 this Society established a museum and added a botanical garden, but the troubles of 1689 put an end to the existence of a too little-known Irish institution, one of whose members, Dr. Narcissus Marsh, first suggested the term "microphone." In 1730, on the site of Wetherall's Rooms, previously known as "Crow's Nest," the Crow street Music Hall was built, and was duly opened "for the practice of Italian music" on November 30th, 1731. In 1758 the Crow street theatre in Cecelia street replaced the Music Hall, and flourished for sixty-two years, finally closing on May 13th, 1820. The Apothecaries' Hall purchased the site in 1836, and built the Medical School, which in 1755, became the Catholic University School of Medicine.

An Original Home Ruler.

The approaching celebration of the centenary of Charles Lever will render it of interest to recall the fact that although Lever had passed away long before the establishment of the Irish National movement in its present basis, that he was an ardent Home Ruler.

The late Rev. Prof. Galbraith, senior fellow of Trinity College, and the author of what Mr. Isaac Butt used to call the "magic words" of Home Rule, in his speech in the great Home Rule conference in the Rotunda in November, 1873, said: "It may not be known to the members of the conference that an Irishman of great genius and character, who has lately departed from among us, took a deep interest in our movement, and was from conviction and love of country a genuine Home Ruler. I hold in my hand a paper: it is labelled on the back, 'Home Rule—Author's Proof.' It was written and revised by Charles Lever for Blackwood's Magazine, but he went so far in expressing this sentiment that it was suppressed. It came into my possession by Charles Lever's desire. It was too much for Blackwood's."

Prof. Galbraith proceeded to tell his audience that the paper was a brief and interesting one—one of the series so well known as the "O'Dowd Papers," in which, with brilliant wit and choice words, he touched upon all political topics of the day as they passed before him, and among others, Home Rule. "I should also tell you this," said Prof. Galbraith, "that in many conversations with my respected and revered friend, I found he was thoroughly with us. Now, his opinion was worth something, as there were few men in his time who had a larger and more varied experience of life, not only in this country, but on the whole continent of Europe."

There is a little doubt that the proof of Lever's article on Home Rule, which was suppressed by Blackwood's, is still extant. Prof. Galbraith was a man of great method in the preservation of his papers, and the production of Lever's "Home Rule, Author's Proof" at the present time would be a valuable service alike to the literature and political history of Ireland.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

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

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

If you find any one determined to talk failure and illness and misfortune and disaster, walk away. You would not permit the dearest person on earth to administer slow poison to you if you knew it. Then why think it your duty to take mental foods which paralyze your courage and kill your happiness? Do what you can to change their current of thought, but do not associate intimately with them until they have learned to keep silent—at least if they can not speak hopefully. Many a vivacious young woman has come under the influence of just such a "wet blanket" and had all the joy of life talked out of her. Sunshine wives are wanted in these days of hard toil and still harder competition.

** ** *

THE MOTHER WHO LAUGHS.

There are many conscientious fathers and mothers who make themselves and their children miserable by taking youthful foibles too seriously. It is an innate propensity of a child possessed of average good health and spirits to make older people laugh with him; not at him, at the things that seem amusing to his own sense. And the mother who has the blithe and ready humor to enter into his fun becomes his most fascinating companion. He needs her rebukes and bends to her correction without ill feeling where sternness would arouse his pride and ire, for he is assured that she is ready to share all his innocent pranks and that her disapproval has no foundation in impatience or injustice. And when the day arrives that "childish things are put away" and the grown men and women look backward to their early home, with what a throb of pleasure they say, when things happen: "Mother would appreciate this. She had the quickest sense of humor of any woman you ever saw!" And underneath these light words is the thought, "How happy that dear mother made me, and how I love her!"

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TRY HOT WATER.

The best toilet preparation in the world is plain hot water. Here are some of the uses to which it may be put:

Drink a bowl of it every night if you want good digestion, good sleep and a clear complexion.

Put a bag of it to your feet when you have a cold, to your back when you have a backache or at the nape of the neck when you have a headache or cannot sleep.

Bathe the eyes with it when they are inflamed.

Soak the feet in it when they are tired.

Soak the hands in it before manicuring.

Steam the face with it once a week for your complexion.

SOME MEAN GIRLS.

It is a mean pride which a great many girls have to-day—the pride that says to itself, "I should have some pocket-money, and perhaps I can earn it without anybody knowing it."

Without anybody knowing you are doing work! What is there to be ashamed of in doing work?

Only bad work is to be made a secret of; only bad work is to be hidden as if it were a sin, but unfortunately the bad work is told of far and wide and spoken of as the way women work.

It is a mean kind of pride that makes a girl ask, "Can't you tell me some work that I can do at home and that no one will know about?" The girl doesn't know how mean it is.

If she has a home and a father who is happy caring for her she should leave that work to some woman who has to earn her bread and butter by the labor of her hands and not to the one to whom it is an amusement for the time being.

By it she wants to gain a little money. Nine times in ten she is not very particular in the way of doing it, and so she makes the work of other women of less value. That is where the meanness comes in.

There isn't a single girl in the whole world who would like to be called mean, but unconsciously we all do so many mean things. This being ashamed of having to work and doing it so very poorly, taking away from other women who need it sadly, are mean things to do.—New York Press.

** ** *

HOW TO USE ALMOND MEAL IN WASHING.

Use almond meal for washing the hands instead of soap, and the skin will not get dry and wrinkled. It is the soap that takes out all the natural oil. Make a paste of this meal and sweet almond oil to use on the hands at night, then sleep in kid gloves, clean and light colored, cutting the palms and finger tips also for ventilation. If the hands are filled with grime, rub them first with clean lard, then wash with warm (not hot) water and a good soap. Rinse several times, wash again with the almond meal and warm water, rinse and dry and rub with cold cream.

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LEGENDS OF THE LILY.

World-wide sentiment has decreed the lily to be a saint among flowers and the reason lilies are so appropriately and extensively used in the decoration of churches is not only because of their symbolical meaning, but because they are the most perfect of floral types, especially the candidum and harrisi and the so-called calla lily, which, by the way, is not a lily at all; but, as all agree that a rose by any other name is

just as sweet, so the calla is the acknowledged type of absolute stateliness of form and purity of color, and the beauty of these white flowers befits solemn and lofty surroundings.

Legends in plenty cluster about the lily. One legend of very ancient date gives the supposed origin of the "lily of all children of the spring, the palest, fairest, too, where fair ones are." Long centuries ago angels coming as celestial visitants to earth found it bare and gloomy in comparison with the eternal blooms of their home in paradise. They entered rocky tombs and took the shining mantles off the blessed dead and changed them to flowers. From this comes the beautiful and poetic sentiment that on Easter morning in every lily bud is hidden an angel.

A beautiful tradition, which is inserted in the Proto gospel of St. James and mentioned by St. Jerome, relates that the candidates for the Virgin Mary's hand after having invoked the Lord's blessing left each his own rod or staff in the temple in the evening and that the next morning the dry rod of Joseph was found green and blossomed with lily flowers.

Another pretty legend is that Mary on her way to the temple plucked a lily, and upon pressing it to her breast it became white. "Lily of the Virgin," "Madonna flower" and several other mystical names were given to the lily, having reference to this legend. The flower has been for centuries regarded as an emblem of purity and innocence. As Percival says:

Innocence shines in the lily's bell
Pure as the heart in its native heaven.

** ** *

A SAFEGUARD.

To render children's dresses unflamable add one ounce of alum to a small bath of water, and rinse the materials in it. They will then be rendered so slightly combustible that in the event of their coming in contact with fire they would only smoulder very slowly, and not burst into flame.

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RECIPES.

Tomato Souffle—Put canned tomatoes into a saucepan and let simmer uncovered for three-quarters of an hour. Drain off the juice, keeping it for soup or sauce—add one clove of garlic or two slices of onion, and simmer another hour. Drain off the liquid, press the pulp through a rather coarse sieve, and measure. To every cup allow two eggs. Beat the yolks until light, add to the tomato pulp and season with salt and pepper. Beat the whites stiff and dry, mix lightly with the other mixture, fill the buttered souffle cases three-fourths full and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. Serve at once.

Deviled lobster is one of the things that can be made with canned lobster. Half of a can of lobster will be needed for this savory. Melt one ounce of butter in a pan, add one tablespoon of chutney and one tablespoon of made mustard. Have a few rounds of bread fried in hot fat and keep them hot. Heat the mixture in the pan, add the lobster chopped finely and a few soft white bread crumbs. Stir till boiling, then place on the hot bread and garnish with cut lemon and parsley. Canned salmon or the remains of canned tongue may be used in the same manner.

Asparagus Salad—Untie a bunch of asparagus, scrape each stalk and cut off the white end. Tie in two or more small bunches and stand upright in a kettle of salted boiling water deep enough to cover within an inch of the tips; by this method the whole stalk is cooked more evenly. Boil thirty minutes, drain and set aside until cool. Arrange on a dish and serve with French dressing.

In using canned asparagus drain the stalks, hold under the tap and let the water run through them so as to wash well, then lay in cold water for half an hour. Drain, dry on a towel and serve as above.

Banana Custard—Scald one pint of milk in a double boiler; beat three eggs until well mixed, add three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and beat again. Pour the scalded milk over this and return to the double boiler, stirring until it thickens. Take from the fire and strain over one cupful of banana pulp (the bananas may be rubbed through a sieve or put through a potato masher); flavor with half a teaspoonful of lemon juice and serve icy cold.

This simple receipt may be varied by reserving the white of one egg until just before serving, whipped in with two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a few drops of lemon juice and dropping it by spoonful over the top of the custard. Or, in-

stead of being piped, the bananas may be sliced, sprinkled with lemon juice, and the cold custard poured over them.

** ** *

TIMELY HINTS.

A little pipeclay dissolved in the water used in washing linen saves a great deal of labor and soap and cleanses the dirtiest linen thoroughly. This method is specially useful where outdoor bleaching is an impossibility.

To preserve its silvery shades, white hair should be washed in soap made with a pure soap, rinsed thoroughly, then dipped in warm water containing bluing. About twenty drops of bluing to a quart of water is the proper proportion. Hair that is becoming yellowish will be found to whiten by this treatment. Turpentine and beeswax melted to the consistency of cream makes a fine polish for leather upholstered furniture.

Asthma may often be relieved by burning in the patient's room salt-peter papers. They are made in the following manner: Soak blotting paper in a strong solution of salt-peter and water. Dry before the fire or in a slow oven. Cut the paper in strips two inches wide and burn one when necessary. They should always be kept in a dry place.

When boiling green vegetables add a bit of sugar to the water; it preserves the color quite as well as soda.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness, and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in eating unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

FUNNY SAYINGS

SHE HAD OUTSIDE DUTIES.

The public-spirited lady meets the little boy on the street.
The Lady—Little boy, haven't you any home?

The Little Boy—Oh, yes'm, I've got a home.

The Lady—And loving parents?

The Little Boy—Yes'm.

The Lady—Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?

The Little Boy—Yes'm.

The Lady—Will you ask your mother to come and hear a talk on "When Does a Mother's Duty to Her Child Begin?" next Saturday afternoon?

The Little Boy (explosively)—What's the matter with you, ma! Don't you know me? I'm your little boy!

** ** *

SHE PUT A POSER.

Parson Jones was writing when his little daughter walked into the study.

"What are you writing, papa?"

"I am writing a sermon, pet."

"How do you know what to write, papa?"

"God tells me," said her father gravely.

After watching her father a few minutes the child remarked:

"If God tells you what to write, papa, why do you scratch some of it out afterwards?"

** ** *

ABSOLUTE WORTHLESSNESS.

The Clam Peddler—What kind of a feller is't that your niece married Mrs. Tubman?

The Widow—Tell you what's a solemn fact, Mr. Shelly—in confidence of course—he's so utterly no-account that I don't believe she could raffle him off at a church fair!—Watson's Magazine.

** ** *

A little girl in the first grade was asked by her father how to spell rat. When she had spelled it he asked her if she could spell mouse. "Of course I can, papa. You spell it just the same way, only with little letters."

** ** *

"I trust, Miss Tappit," said the kindly employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in store for a rainy day."

"Yes, sir," answered the earnest young woman; "I'm going to marry a man named Macintosh."

THE POET'S CORNER

SHIPWRECKED HOPES.

Sometimes world-weary hearts will turn
To a land where ghosts of their youth abide,
A land where sunset memories glow.
And shipwrecked hopes drift in with the tide.
Where sad eyes strain through the Straits of Death
For a ship that sailed to an Unknown Sea,
Laden with laughter and love and faith.
Bringing answer to wistful prayer:
Joy or Sorrow for days to be.

But never the brave Hope-Ship comes home,
Nor, ever, out of the darkened west
Gleam of a far white sail shines fair,
Alas! We stand on a wide gray beach,
With empty hearts where a joy has been,
And outstretched hands that groping reach
For the shipwrecked hopes that the tide brings in.
—Marie Conway Oemler, in June Watson's.

AS IN A ROSE JAR.

As in a rose jar filled with petals sweet,
Blown long ago in some old garden place,
Mayhap where you and I, a little space,
Drank deep of love and knew that love was fleet—
Or leaves once gathered from a lost retreat,
By one who never will again retrace
Her silent footsteps—one, whose gentle face
Was fairer than the roses at her feet.

So, deep within the vase of memory,
I keep my dust of roses fresh and dear
As in the days before I knew the smart
Of time and death. Nor ought can take from me
The haunting fragrance that still lingers here—

As in a rose jar, so within my heart!
—Thomas S. Jones, Jr., in Appleton's Booklovers' Magazine.

PASSING AND GLASSING.

All things that pass
Are woman's looking-glass;
They show her how her bloom must fade,
And she herself be laid
With withered roses in the shade;
With withered roses and the fallen peach
Unlovely, out of reach
Of summer joy that was.

All things that pass
Are woman's tiring-glass;
The faded lavender is sweet,
Sweet the dead violet
Cuddled and laid by and cared for yet;
The dried-up violets and dried lavender
Still sweet, may comfort her
Nor need she cry Alas!

All things that pass
Are wisdom's looking-glass;
Being full of hope and fear and still
Brimful of good or ill
According to our work and will;
For there is nothing new beneath the sun;
Our doings have been done;
And that which shall be was.
—Christina G. Rossetti.

FALLING LEAVES.

One by one they fall and fade—
Some in the sunshine, some in the shade,
Some in the bright and glowing noon
Some 'neath the cold and quiet moon,
One whirleth here, one falleth there,
Till the ground is covered, the bough is bare,
So every passing hour receives
These falling, fading, dying leaves.

One by one we fall and fade—
Some in the sunshine, some in the shade,
Some in the broad, unclouded light,
Some in the cold and quiet night;
One mourneth here, one parteth there
Till the soul is heavy, the home is bare;
So every passing hour receives
These fading hearts, these dying leaves.
—George E. Woods, in June Watson's.

Skin Troubles of Babyhood

And How Promptly They Are Overcome by the Use of

Dr. Chase's Ointment

The Vital Study.

Your family doctor will explain to you if you ask him, the mission of the pores of the skin, and will tell you of the dangers of using pore-clogging powders for the chafings and irritations to which babies are subject.

Any mother who has used Chase's Ointment for this purpose will tell you of how beautifully soft and smooth it has kept the skin, and of how quickly it cured the chafing or irritation.

Especially during the teething period children are likely to suffer from eczema, and unless it is promptly checked there is danger of its spreading to other parts of the body and becoming chronic.

There is no rival to Dr. Chase's Ointment as a cure for baby eczema, as it is usually called, and it can be used with positive assurance that it will not injure the most delicate skin, but, on the contrary, keep it soft and smooth.

Mr. Chas. K. Moss, Berlin, Ont., states: "My child, six months old, was a terrible sufferer from itching sores on her body. The doctors called it salt rheum, but could not cure it. We also tried remedies recommended by the people, but they had no beneficial effect. Having read of Dr. Chase's Ointment, I decided to try it and am glad to say that it completely cured her before half the box was used."

Mr. Wm. Kirkness, farmer, Mount Forest, Ont., states: "I find that Dr. Chase's Ointment is the best thing I ever used for chafing, itching skin and burns and sores of all kinds. It heals them up very quick-

ly, and I believe that there is no better Ointment to be obtained than Dr. Chase's."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a necessity in every home where its merits are known, and is indispensable in the nursery; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Ave Maria, in announcing a new and cheap edition of "Thoughts on Education," by Dr. Creighton, who has been called "the greatest man in the Church of England since the Reformation," quotes the following suggestive passage giving the views of this distinguished Anglican prelate on the necessity of religious education:

"Religion is concerned with the science of life, the greatest of all sciences; I need not study this: life is short and knowledge is great, and it is only a few things that I can learn." But there is one subject that everyone has to face and that is the science of life; and it is just the science of life with which religion is concerned. Life—the actual life that you have to lead from day to day, the actual problems from which no human being can escape—these are the concerns of which religion treats; and the more you learn other things the more your knowledge increases on every side, the more you have which you can bring to the study of those great truths upon which the whole of our life has to be founded. Therefore go on with your studies, remembering that the object of all religion is to build you up to a fuller and completer sense of all that life contains for you, of all that it opens out to you as a sphere for your activities; and that the more you know assuredly the better you are likely to become."

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as none." 50c.

FOR...
Diarrhoea, Dysentery,
Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera
Morbus, Cholera Infantum,
Seasickness,
Summer Complaint,
and all Looseness of the Bowels in
Children or Adults.

DR. FOWLER'S

Extract of

Wild Strawberry

is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Mrs. GEORGE N. HARVEY, Rosebath, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best medicine I have ever used for Diarrhoea and all summer complaints. I always keep it in the house and praise it highly to all my friends."

OUR

BY

Dear Boys and Girls:
It is my turn now to write you this week. However, letters are all appreciated to write a "worth while" week. My best wish bright, happy day go little first communicants many thanks for letters from my little friends.
I am,
Your loving,
Aunt

** ** *

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am going out Friday, I am going to write you a letter. We were out at the church and were exchanging, and we are going this Friday to confer with the church. We will have a lovely house plant in bloom. The flowers I have in the house are not in bloom yet. Dear Aunt, it would be if you and visit us. It will be two weeks more. When school these days we sit for it so hot we can hope Winnifred D. is time, for it is not very, he sick and not able to and have lots of fun, whether is so nice. I had ther whose name was he was about four years old. My papa, he was the hospital and he was a year. Then after all came home, he died in when he was only Well, Aunt, I will say this time.
Your loving
Lonsdale, Ont.

** ** *

Dear Aunt Becky:

Saturday, June 16, a memorable day for all of us as we are going to receive communion. We are going Friday afternoon to communion. There are about twelve first Communicants. It to be a bright, pleasant day, whatever the weather. I remember that day the brightest and happiest lives, when our Lord came down to us. I hope worthy to receive Him. I wish you could only sit us now, while we are green. I have some milk have a little white calf. Snow-white, ten little twenty-eight turkeys, like you to see. We have nice garden, onions, radishes, beans, cucumbers and tomatoes. The onions are fit to use, and will soon be fit. If you come to visit me I should would send me one of tures. If you do I will sit of mine.
Your loving
Lonsdale, Ont.

** ** *

Dear Aunt Becky:

To-day being a congenial day, my sisters are at makes the time pass quickly me a dish of nices. There are quite that is in the meadows; ries are not ripe yet. In this section are work road now. The roads have just finished building her maple tree that stands in my window. I hope no hurt her little birds were hatched. How I wish I Fred B., able to help in and go fishing. I hope some time. With kind regards to you and all the cousins,
Your nephew,

** ** *

Dear Aunt Becky:

Your letters I got good It is quite warm weather disappointed because our weeks ago were late. I to hear that Joseph was hope to-morrow will be fine to be a procession for ren of Mary. I am getting fine with my music. My was St. Patrick's day. don't forget our bargain. From your affectionate
Warden, Que.

no within my
Jr., in Apple-
Magazine.
++
GLASSING.

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June Watson's

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Bates & Co.,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

It is my turn now to say I am too busy to write you a long letter this week. However, your dear letters are all appreciated, and I hope to write a "worth while" letter next week. My best wishes for a very bright, happy day go out to the little first communicants and with many thanks for kind invitations from my little friends, I am,

Your loving,
AUNT BECKY.

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I am going out to the church Friday, I am going to write to-day. We were out at the church last Saturday and were examined in catechism, and we are going out again this Friday to confession and prepare to receive our first Holy Communion Saturday morning. I hope we will have a lovely day. All my house plants are in bloom now, but the flowers I have in the yard are not in bloom yet. Dear Aunt, how nice it would be if you would come and visit us. It will be vacation in two weeks more. When we are at school these days we sit in the shade for it is so hot we cannot play. I hope Winnifred D. is well by this time, for it is not very pleasant to be sick and not able to get around and have lots of fun, when the weather is so nice. I had a little brother whose name was Willie. When he was about four years old he got hip disease. My papa took him to the hospital and he was there about a year. Then after all, when he came home, he died in a short time when he was only six years old. Well, Aunt, I will say good-bye for this time.

Your loving niece,
ANNIE O'N.
Lonsdale, Ont.

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

Saturday, June 16, will be a memorable day for all of us children, as we are going to receive first communion. We are going to church Friday afternoon to go to confession. There are about forty to receive first Communion. I would like it to be a bright, pleasant day, but whatever the weather we should always remember that day as one of the brightest and happiest of our lives, when Our Lord Himself comes down to us. I hope we may all be worthy to receive Him. Dear Auntie I wish you could only come and visit us now, while everything is green. I have some more pets. I have a little white calf which I call Snow-white, ten little goslings and twenty-eight turkeys, which I would like you to see. We have a very nice garden, onions, radish, lettuce, beets, beans, cucumbers, cabbage and tomatoes. The onions and radishes are fit to use, and the lettuce will soon be fit. If you could not come to visit me I should like if you would send me one of your pictures. If you do I will send you one of mine.

Your loving niece,
AGNES McC.
Lonsdale, Ont.

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

To-day being a conge in the convent, my sisters are at home, which makes the time pass quickly. Rose picked me a dish of nice strawberries. There are quite a few ripe, that is in the meadows; garden berries are not ripe yet. The farmers in this section are working on the road now. The roads have been very bad this spring. There is a robin just finished building her nest in the maple tree that stands in front of my window. I hope nothing will hurt her little birds when they are hatched. How I wish I was like Fred B., able to help in the fields, and go fishing. I hope I will be some time. With kind regards to you and all the cousins, as ever,

Your nephew,
JOSEPH.
Granby, June 16.

++ ++ ++

Dear Aunt Becky:

Your letters I got good every week. It is quite warm weather. We were disappointed because our letters two weeks ago were late. I was sorry to hear that Joseph was poorly. I hope to-morrow will be fine, as there is to be a procession for the Children of Mary. I am getting along fine with my music. My last lesson was St. Patrick's day. Aunt Becky, don't forget our bargain.

From your affectionate niece,
MARY E. D.
Warden, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am just going for a visit, but will write you first. I am to call at the office for the True Witness. I do like the corner so well. I hope to-morrow will be fine for the procession. How grand to see the crowd following the big cross and banners. We have three lovely churches near our home. I wish I could tell you all about our studies and plays and visits, but I do not want to tire you out. With love to the cousins,

Your loving niece,
WINNIFRED A. E.
Warden, Que.

++ ++ ++

THE BETTER WAY.

And what is best for me to do,
If I am tempted in
Some place where children ought not
go,
To do some paltry sin!

A little now, a little then,
Will bring a reckoning day.
Say no and no, and never yield—
That is the better way.

And what is best for me to do
If smiles invite me in
Where pleasure is, and music sweet?
Can that e'er be a sin?

A step a-wrong is just the same,
Remorse will come to stay;
Say no and no, and quickly flee—
That is the better way.
—Vesper Bell.

++ ++ ++

WHY POP STAYED BEHIND.

There was a little girl whose name was Silvia. Would you like to know why she was called Silvia? It was because the house where she was born was in a wood; and the Latin word 'silvia' means wood.

If we had tried to make a name for her in English, we should have called her Woody, but Silvia is a much prettier name than Woody, I think.

Well, you must know that Silvia had a present of a little dog. She called him Pop, because his little sharp bark sounded to her like the popping noise made by corn when it is parched over the fire.

He was a funny little animal. One day Silvia took her doll and a small basket and went out to pick berries. Pop followed her, of course. They went more than a mile from home. But, on her way back, Silvia lost sight of Pop. She called him, but he did not come. When she got home with her berries she found that she had parted company not only with Pop, but with her doll Rose. But she did not sit down and cry over her loss. She put on her plaid shawl and started to hunt for Rose and Pop.

The birds flew around her as she walked, for she had been used to feed them with crumbs. One little sparrow seemed to think it was a hard case that she would not give him anything, for he had followed her for a long way.

She said to him: "You dear little bird! I haven't a single crumb in my pocket now, but I am in such a hurry that I can not go back to the house for bread. You wait till I come back, and then you shall have plenty."

Then the sparrow flew upon a tree and Silvia walked on and called: "Pop! Pop! where are you, Pop! Where have you strayed to, sir! Come here, Pop."

But for a long time no Pop made himself heard. At last, as Silvia went into a thick part of the wood, and saw the trees and bushes she had passed a short time before, she heard a little sharp voice say, "Bow-wow-wow."

"There he is! That's Pop!" cried she with a laugh, and, sure enough, there he was keeping guard over something in the grass. And what do you think it was? Guess once, twice, and if you do not guess right I will tell you; it was Silvia's doll, Rose.

She had dropped it there out of her basket, and Pop, like a good dog, had kept guard over it. He was too small to take it in his mouth and run home, but he did his best.

Silvia took him in her arms and praised him, then she picked up Rose and went home. She did not forget her promise to the little sparrow. She got some crumbs and fed the birds, and they were not afraid, though Pop barked at them in a very savage manner.—The Nursery.

INDULGENCE ON FIRST COMMUNION DAY.

The following is most remarkable. It will make First Communion Day a greater parish feast than ever, though it has always been first-class for all concerned.

Decree of the S. Congregation of Indulgences granting special indulgences to First Communicants and to their relatives and others of the faithful who assist at the First Communion Masses:

The young who approach for the first time to receive the most august sacrament of the Eucharist should be aided by strong helps, and thus they may receive it with more fervent piety and receive therefrom richer fruits. Wherefore most humble prayers have been offered to our most holy Father Pope Pius X., that he might deign to open the treasury of Indulgences in favor of the children who are nourished for the first time at the holy table.

But as the custom prevails almost everywhere that the parents of these children, and not a few of the faithful, are wont to be present at the pious ceremony of First Communion and also themselves receive, that this praiseworthy custom may not be abandoned, seeing that it contributes greatly to the more solemn ceremony of the said First Communion, and by the same the memory thereof may continue more strongly and deeply indelible, our most holy Father has asked kindly to bestow some Indulgences also on those who are present at the solemnity of First Communion.

These prayers, therefore, having been laid before His Holiness in an audience given on July 12, 1905, by the undersigned Cardinal Prefect of the S. C. of Indulgences and holy relics, His Holiness most lovingly received them and kindly granted the Indulgences making them applicable also to the souls in purgatory, as follows:

I. PLENARY INDULGENCE.

(a) For the children, who, having gone to confession, and praying most piously for the intentions of His Holiness, on the day on which they receive their first Holy Communion.

(b) To the blood relatives down to the third degree, of these same children assisting at the pious ceremony of First Communion if they also have received absolution in sacramental confession and have partaken of the holy Communion with them and have prayed as above.

II. SEVEN YEARS AND SEVEN QUARANTINES.

To the faithful who, with contrite heart, have been present at these same ceremonies.

These letters to have force in future all things to the contrary notwithstanding.

Given at Rome, from the office of the same congregation, July 12, 1905.

A. Card. Tripepi, Prefect.
D. Panici, Archbp. of Laodicea, Secretary.

++ ++ ++

HOW FRANK WON.

A prize of \$100, to be used for educational purposes, was offered in a school for boys. Among the contestants was a boy of 17 named Frank Harlow. He did not succeed in winning the prize, and, a day or two later, one of his school-mates, named Harry Murks, said to him, "Didn't get the prize, did you, Frank?"

"No, I did not," replied Frank, cheerfully.

"Feel kind o' cut up over it, don't you?"

"No; not particularly."

"Well, I'd hate to make as hard a fight as you made to win that prize and then fail."

"I don't think I have failed, Harry."

"Well, I'd like to know why you haven't failed! Didn't George Dayton win the prize?"

"Yes, I know he won the money, but I won just as much as George in that which comes from hard study. But, you know, Harry, if you will excuse me for saying it, your failure has been most marked."

"My failure! Why, what do you mean? I didn't go in for the prize at all. I made no attempt to win it."

"I know it," replied Frank, and then he added, "They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

"Oh, I see what you mean," said Harry, rather soberly. "I suppose that there is something in that."

"There is a good deal in it," replied Frank. "It is so true that not one of the eighteen boys who competed for the prize may be said to have failed. All of us won the prize that comes from honest effort, and it was a pretty big prize, for most of us. I thought at first that I would not compete for the prize, for

I felt confident that some of the other boys were so much farther advanced than I was that I had very little chance of winning in the contest. But one day I came across this verse:

"Straight from the mighty bow this truth is driven:
They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

"That's a fact," I said to myself, and I went straight to work and did my very best."

"You stood next to George Dayton at the examinations, too," said Harry. "No, Frank, you did not fail after all."

Harry was right. How could Frank fail to be a winner, after the honest effort he put forth?—Exchange.

++ ++ ++

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Here is something a mother wrote to her boy in answer to a letter in which he complained of her addressing him as "my dear boy." He thought he was too big to be called a boy: "You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Sampson, and wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation, or emperor of many nations, and the world might revere you and fear you but to your devoted mother you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unselfish, conceit, unpampered babyhood. In those days when I washed and dressed and kissed and worshipped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a gross world by contact with it, and I cannot bow down to you and worship you, but if manhood and maternal love are transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment that mother-love can pay you is to call you "my dear boy."

++ ++ ++

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

There are a great many things boys, while boys, should learn. And if they learn these lessons so well as never to forget them during life they will prove of great help to them oftentimes when they need help. Among other things boys should learn, these may be named:

Not to tease boys smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes in to sit down.

To treat mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in his service.

To be kind to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make friends among good boys.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To take mother into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all never to lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, gamble, or drink, remembering these things are terrible drawbacks to good men and necessities to bad ones.—The Glenwood Boy.

The Two Millets.

(St. James's Gazette.)

Jean Baptiste Millet, who has just died at the age of seventy-five, was like his brother, the painter of the "Angelus," a great artist.

He began by carving in wood. One day his brother, Jean Francois, took a beautiful piece of work by Jean Baptiste and showed it to the great architect, Viollet-le-Duc, who exclaimed: "Why, this isn't the work of a student! This is the work of a master!"

"It was all done with a knife," said the proud brother. "With a knife! Send him to me, and I will give him some work," said the architect. In a few days Jean Baptiste had learnt to use the mallet and chisel, and was working under the architect, and it is safe to say that the purest and most harmonious work executed in the restoration of our most beautiful churches is the work of this peasant, who was not twenty years old.

After a time he returned to the country and took up painting in water colors, living with his brother at Barbizon and drinking in so completely the inspiration that infused Jean Francois's creations that it was often difficult to tell the two brothers' work apart.

One day, however, the great painter came back from Paris in a rage.

"What's the matter?" asked Jean Baptiste.

"What's the matter! I've been to see the engraver who is at work

THE "TRUE WITNESS"

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ENVELOPES

INVITATIONS

BUSINESS CARDS

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CATALOGUES

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Metal Skylights or Fireproof Windows, Cor-
nices, Piping, Corrugated Iron, Etc., and want
the best, call on

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Smoke Carroll's Renowned "PREMIER" Coil Tobacco

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T. E. KLEIN,

117 WELLINGTON, ST. W., TORONTO, Ont.

ALL RECORDS ECLIPSED

Manhattan—Nevada's marvellous, new mining camp—has produced \$3,000,000 in the four months of its existence, according to a recent dispatch. The showing made of depth, permanency, and richness has never been approached, and all values are soaring.

The very cream of this marvellous young camp is owned by

The Manhattan Nevada Gold Mines Company

whose properties located in the very heart of the best mines and leases are traversed by great gold-bearing veins showing assay values running high into the thousands of dollars. Development work is being pushed and high-grade shipping ore piled up for treatment. The wonderfully fine showing made warrants the belief that these properties will soon develop into one of the

Great Dividend-Paying Mines of this Superb Camp

In order to carry on the development work on an extensive scale, a limited allotment of stock is offered at the

Special Price of 20 Cents Per Share

This price will be advanced shortly to 25 cents. We Reserve the Right to Return all Subscriptions Received in Excess of the 20 Per Cent. Allotment.

Every share of stock is fully protected by our special Trust Fund, containing securities worth about \$2,000,000. Considering the magnificent showing made—the extent of the increase in value at a very rapid rate, and those who invest now should reap rich returns. Orders should be forwarded at once to

A. L. WISNER & Co, Bankers

61-62 CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Owen J. B. Yearsley, Manager. Main 3290

on my 'Shepherdess,' and he hasn't me." caught my idea at all. It isn't bad, it's true, but it isn't me." Then suddenly he stopped, thought a moment, and then went up to his brother and said: "You are a great sculptor; you his brother saw the result he cried: might just try to engrave that for!" "That is just what I wanted."

Procession Sunday

Celebrated with Great Pomp

Monster Procession Through Principal Streets.

Thousands of lips murmuring pious invocations, the old and the young walking in perfect order enthused by the solemnity of the occasion. Inspiring chants rising from hundreds of throats, sweet incense despersing its fragrance everywhere, such was the scene presented on Sunday morning last. Such an occasion gives a further opportunity to our people to manifest their ardent faith and their respect for the pious traditions of the Church. The interior of Notre Dame was magnificently decorated, while the outside was gaily hung with banners, flags and bunting, the cold gray walls being entirely hidden behind pine branches.

The temporary altar for the open-air service had been erected on the steps of Laval University. The rich altar was resplendent with lights, and natural flowers lavishly distributed everywhere furnished a delicious fragrance, while a score of little girls attired in white filled the carpet-covered steps with flowers as the officiating clergy approached. From every window of the large building flags were flying, and a company of the Mount St. Louis cadets formed a guard of honor on the balcony.

The decorations at the St. Denis Academy, corner of Lagache and St. Denis, were also very elaborate, and a choir composed of the pupils sang hymns as the procession passed that spot.

The procession was composed of the parishes of Notre Dame, St. Patrick's, St. James Cathedral and St. Helen. As usual the officers of the 65th Regiment furnished the guard of honor, and the monstration was carried by Mgr. Sbarretti, Papal Delegate. Immediately following the canopy were Archbishop Bruchesi and Bishop Racicot, in full robes, the rear of the procession being taken by the members of the Bench and Bar.

The decorations all along the line were very elaborate, bunting, flags, mottoes bearing pious inscriptions being displayed in immense profusion. The procession was very much larger than usual, and this notwithstanding the numerous other processions being held in several other parishes throughout the city.

New Superior for Brandon.

Rev. Father Rietvelt, C.S.S.R., has been appointed superior of the Redemptorist Fathers and parish priest of Brandon, succeeding Rev. Father Borgonie (superior) and Rev. Father Billeon (parish priest). The announcement was made at the Sunday services at St. Augustine's Church by the new superior, who is now in charge.

After the death of the late Rev. Father Godts, the founder of St. Augustine's, the heavy work of administering the affairs of the parish was assumed by Rev. Father Borgonie, and later it was divided, the latter holding the position of superior, and Rev. Father Billeon temporarily assuming the duties of parish priest. Rev. Father Rietvelt will have full charge of the Brandon house and parish, as Father Godts had up to the time of his death.

Rev. Father Rietvelt, the new superior, who has been a resident of Brandon for some months, is a Belgian by birth. He is fifty years of age, and has been in the priesthood for 22 years. He was for seven years superior at West End-Fredrickstad-West Indies, and for the last seven years has been at St. Ann's Church, Montreal. He is an able speaker, and a most affable gentleman, under whose direction this very rapidly extending parish and district will undoubtedly prosper.

The changes made in the clergy are the result of the recent visit to the west of the superior-general, Rev. Fr. Lemieux, of Montreal. On Sunday, in taking charge of affairs, Rev. Father Rietvelt announced some important changes, including the appointment of a school board to provide funds for the proper maintenance of the Catholic schools of the city. The board is composed of the following: H. J. McNell, A. R. Crawford, J. Cloutier, Paul Joubert, E. J. Peltier and Joseph Neumeyer. Mr. McNell was elected chairman.

The Catholic schools have been brought up to a very high standard by the Sisters of Our Lady of the Missions of St. Michael's Convent. They are splendidly equipped and very ably conducted, and have an attendance of about 150 scholars. There are also about 25 boarding pupils at the Convent. The Catholic schools in this city receive no

government aid or assistance of any kind. By all other schools in the province where the pupils are almost entirely Catholic, government aid is received, the schools being taken as national schools and as deserving of the usual aid given to schools in general.

HOME FOR INCURABLES.

Thursday, the 14th inst., feast of Corpus Christi, was kept with great solemnity at the Home of the Incurables, Toute Grace. In the afternoon a procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament took place. The good Sisters decorated the different corridors with vinery, flags, draperies, festooned with greens and everything they could manage to make a fine appearance. One could not help admiring the work and good taste. The Sisters did not spare themselves in order to embellish the home for the festival, and truly their work and industry did them much credit, for they won the admiration of all those who had the opportunity and pleasure of witnessing the sight in the walls of our Home of the Incurables, and I am sure many will always remember the happy event.

We gathered in the chapel, which was also prettily decorated, about half past two. Flowers sent by kind friends, colored flags, lighted tapers, with the addition of the electric lights, had a pretty and bright effect. A little later the procession formed. The order was as follows: A young boy carrying the cross, the Sisters with lighted tapers, singing hymns suited for the occasion; then the women visitors with sick women inmates of the house; then came the Blessed Sacrament carried by the Rev. Father Bitau, a Dominican, chaplain of the sick of the institution. Please let me add here, for it deserves mention, the above father has, by his kindness and devotion to all, especially those who are feeble and infirm, gained our esteem and affection, as he greets us with his kind smile and words to soothe and console. Only the sick and the infirm can appreciate such sympathy, in trouble, in pain, in thoughts, alas! sad and desolate to many, for we are separated from those dear and loved ones, far from us.

In such moments as these he calms, he gives us the consolation and sympathy we need. No wonder we feel he is our kind father. Our pastor was accompanied by three or four other fathers, Dominicans, who joined in the Blessed Sacrament, boys dressed in red cassocks and white surplices, carrying two torch lights, censer, followed by the men, both visitors and inmates of the Home, following as best they could.

A very impressive sight was to see the poor little infirm children, dressed in pretty light costumes, seated in their invalid chairs near the Responsor. As the Blessed Sacrament drew near they joined their childish voices in a hymn of praise, adoration and love to our good Lord. Everyone was very much impressed.

The sick who were not able to go around were seated in the open doorway of their rooms, dressed all in their most becoming attire, for the occasion, and were deeply moved as the procession passed by their respective apartments.

After it had passed to the chapel the organ burst forth, the choir joining in the hymns of thanksgiving.

At the close of Benediction the people retired to meet and greet their friends. The weather was fine and everything passed off without anything happening to mar the celebration.

The handsome monstration, thurible, canopy, and the two torch lights were generous gifts for the occasion by a gentleman, inmate of the institution.

Please forgive, Mr. Editor, having taken so much space, but I could not let such a ceremony pass by without mentioning the incident.

L. E. S.
Toute Grace, June 15, 1906.

A NEW CATHOLIC DOCTOR.

It gives us great pleasure to notice among the names of our young graduates to the medical profession one well known to the people of St. Gabriel's, Mr. Bernard Conroy. The gentleman in question is a member of one of our oldest and most respected St. Gabriel families, his father being for a number of years connected with the Post Office, and his brothers doing quite an extensive plumbing business in the district of Point St. Charles.

Where Dr. Conroy will establish himself is not yet known, but favorably known as he is, we wish him all the success that the importance of his profession and his own mainly personality have a right to expect.

First Gymnastic Contest of Catholic Pupils in the Arena.

Amidst deafening applause of the distinguished audience gathered in the Arena last Saturday to witness the athletic competition for the silver cup offered by La Presse, it was won by the boys of Olier School in the first gymnastic contest of the pupils of the Montreal Catholic schools. His Grace remarked on the very small attendance, which certainly did not give the encouragement the boys merited.

On the platform were: His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, Mr. A. D. Lacroix, director of the schools of the Catholic School Commissioners; Canon Dauth, Hon. J. B. Rolland, Abbé Dubois, principal of Jacques Cartier Normal School, Abbé A. Clement, C.S.C., St. Laurent College; Hon. Judge Robidoux; Abbé Perrier, Curator, secretary of Laval University and Mr. J. A. Desrosiers, assistant principal of the Normal School; Dr. J. P. Gadbois, Mr. P. G. Martineau, Ald. Gallery, Messrs. Leblond de Brumath, V. Desaulniers, H. O. Dore, Patrick Ahern, J. H. Semple, Father O'Meara, J. E. Bernier, H. Valois, James J. Scott, J. J. McGuire, J. N. Manning, R. Bedard, M. St. Louis, L. A. Primeau and others.

Mr. Lacroix, in a short speech, explained how the idea of forming a course of physical culture for the pupils of the Commissioners schools took shape. He felicitated Prof. H. T. Scott, thanked the School Commissioners, La Presse, the Normal School authorities, the donors of medals, the benefactors to the cause, and most particularly His Grace. At the close of Mr. Lacroix's remarks the Archbishop made the following speech:

"After having listened to the eloquent words of Mr. Lacroix, it remains but for me to make comment thereon. Fulfilling my duties as first pastor of this diocese, I have just returned from visiting 26 parishes, experiencing intense fatigue. I can assure you that after performing such arduous tasks, a spectacle such as this is both restful to me and a pleasure. I accepted with much pleasure the invitation to be present at the gymnastic contest. I am but following the example of His Holiness Pius X., who quite recently in the Vatican garden presided at a contest of Italian Catholic athletes. We love youth and we seek every opportunity of giving them proof of the interest we have in them. This hall has not the splendor of the Vatican gardens, but that which we have just witnessed is none the less interesting and consoling. I sincerely felicitate the gentlemen of the Board of School Commissioners. It is a step forward and is a reform which no one can question. What is gymnastics? It is at once physical and intellectual development. It is at the same time a means of moralization. While the body and the mind are absorbed by physical exercises the child cannot get time to do wrong. By such exercises so well executed, a strong and powerful generation which will do honor to its country is being prepared. Physical culture does the body good; it also does good to the mind and to the conscience. There are lessons to be derived from what we have just witnessed. We remarked that Prof. Scott, whose skill is only equal to his devotedness, chose his pupils among the youngest. What he does for the body we can apply morally. It is in childhood that virtue must be practised in order that it may become in later years second nature. It is not at our age that we can begin to be good, no more than that we can create strong and powerful muscles. This practice must commence in youth. It was the continual exercise, perseverance in the task, which has enabled these young boys to present such an admirable spectacle as this we have just been present at. It is also perseverance in good deeds which will make men truly virtuous. I can say that gymnastics in helping to strengthen the body, the mind and the conscience, helps also to hearken to the voice which guides to heaven."

His Grace then invited the successful competitors to come forward for their prizes, which he presented with words of felicitation. A veritable ovation was given the pupils of Olier School as their leader carried off the La Presse silver cup.

NEW FIRM OF FUNERAL DIRECTORS.

We beg to call the attention of our readers to a new firm of funeral directors—The Kane Co. Everything requisite in most modern style will be supplied and satisfaction guaranteed at moderate charges. Favorable arrangements will be made with members of the C.O.F., C.M.B.A., A.O.H., and K.C.'s. See adyt. elsewhere.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

June 20.
Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.60; strong bakers, \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4.20 to \$4.40; and straight rollers \$3.90 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.95; extra, in bags, \$1.35 to \$1.50.

Rolled Oats—\$2.15 to \$2.20 in bags of 98 lbs.

Cornmeal—\$1.35 to \$1.40 per bag; granulated, \$1.65.

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$17.50; shorts, in bags, \$21.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$17 to \$17.50; shorts, \$20.

Hay—No. 1, \$9.50 to \$10 per ton on track; No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9; clover, \$6; clover mixed, \$6.50.

Oats—No. 2, 43 1-2c to 43 3-4c per bushel; No. 3, 42 3-4c to 43c; No. 4, 41 3-4c to 42 1-4c.

Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.55 to \$1.60 per bushel; hand-picked, \$1.80 per bushel. Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, \$1 to \$1.02 1-2 per bushel.

Potatoes—75c to 85c per bag of 90 lbs.

Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; buckwheat, 10c to 11c per pound section; extract, 7c to 7 1-2c; buckwheat, 5 1-2c to 6c per pound.

Maple Syrup—60c to 65c per 9 lb. tin; maple sugar, 8c to 9c per pound.

Provisions—Barrels heavy Canada short cut pork, \$23.00; light short cut, \$21.50; barrels clear fat back, \$22.50; compound lard, 7c to 8c; Canadian pure lard 11 1-2c to 12c; kettle rendered, 12 1-2c to 13c; hams, 13c to 15c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 17c to 18c; Windsor bacon, 16c to 16 1-2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10.50; alive, \$7.65 to \$7.75 per hundred pounds.

Eggs—New laid, 16c to 16 1-2c per dozen.

Butter—Choicest creamery, 20 1-2c to 21 1-2c.

Cheese—Ontarios, 11 1-4c to 11 5-8c; Quebecs, 11 1-8c to 11 1-4c.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.40 to \$5.50; seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; thirds, \$3.70; pearls, \$6.75 per 100 pounds.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

The butter market is without any special features, and prices are holding firm. At the boat on Tuesday from 20 1-2c to 21c was the ruling price, and on the local market today fancy salted creamery is quoted at 22c to 22 1-2c, and salted at 21c to 21 1-2c.

Cheese is firm and steady on a brisk export enquiry. Ontario cheese brought 11c in the country yesterday and Easterns sold at 10 3-4c to 10 7-8c. Locally prices are unchanged, and Westerns are held at 11 1-4c to 11 3-8c, while Quebecs bring 11 1-8c to 11 1-4c.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

The egg market shows but little change, and, with the exception of some stock from the lower ports, which is offered at 15 3-4c, prices are steady. The bulk of the inquiry at present is for small lots from the retail and grocery trade, who pay from 16 1-2c to 17c per dozen. No. 2 are quoted at 14 1-2c to 15c per dozen.

The quotations for prime pea beans on track range from \$1.55 to \$1.60 per bushel, and jobbing lots bring \$1.65 to \$1.70. Handpicked are worth \$1.80 per bushel.

Jobbing lots of good boiling peas readily bring \$1.07 1-2 to \$1.15 per bushel, and in carload lots from \$1 to \$1.02 1-2 is asked for good soup peas.

There is considerable activity in the potato market at present, and growers in Prince Edward Island are placing large quantities of their produce with Montreal dealers who supply the local demand, and the requirements of the market even as far west as Toronto.

One shipment of 5000 bags has been received during the week, and two or three carloads have been sent west. Quotations on this market have been given at 75c to 85c per 90 lbs. ex. wharf. Deliveries are made in three bushel bags containing about 180 pounds.

There is no improvement in the demand for honey, and the market is very quiet, with very little business passing.

CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES CONSECRATED.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, assisted by Their Lordships Bishops Racicot and Archambault, officiated on Monday morning at the consecration of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. Constructed in Byzantine style, this church is one of the most beautiful religious edifices, and today, as in France, it has the honor of consecration.

COLONIAL HOUSE

Phillips Square

Great Annual June Sale!

10 per cent. for cash in addition to liberal discounts on specials in every department.

Silk Department

Black Satin Duchesse, \$2.50 per yard, less \$50 o/o.
Black Peau de Soie, \$2.00 per yard, less 20 o/o.
Black Satin Merveilleux, 75c, 90c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50, less 20 o/o.
Black Moire antique, \$1.50 and \$1.75 per yard, less 20 o/o.
Colored Chiffon Shot Taffeta Silks, splendid range at 85c per yard, less 25 o/o.
Narrow Stripe Silks in chiffon finish, 65c per yard, less 25 o/o.
Balance of our Art Silks at 80c and \$1.15, less 20 o/o.
Fancy Silks in light colors, a special line in light blue, pink, straw, royal and red, 60c per yard, less 50 o/o.
Colored Chiffon Taffeta Silks, 75c quality, for 50c per yard.

Mantle Department.

40 Ladies' Black Silk Underskirts. Value \$10.50. Price, \$6.00.
20 Ladies' Muslin Wrappers. Special \$1.00.
Ladies' Black and Colored Muslin Dresses. Special \$8.50.
10 Ladies' Black Linen Suits. Special \$5.00.
75 Ladies' Colored Cotton and Lawn Underskirts, different designs and shades. Value \$2.00 to \$5.00. Price \$1.00 to \$3.00.
40 Ladies' Black and Colored Silk Waterproofs and Dusters 50 p.c.
20 Ladies' Handsome Black and Colored Dresses, in light summer weight materials. Values, \$85.00 to \$100. Prices \$35 to \$40.
10 Ladies' Pongee Dresses, Values \$30 to \$50. Prices \$12 to \$20.

Corsets

P.D. Corsets—Tapering waist, high bust, from \$1.05 to \$8.50. Less 10 per cent., with 10 per cent. for cash.
R. & G. Corsets—Tapering waist, high bust, with garters, from \$1.30 to \$2.75. Less 10 per cent., with 10 per cent. for cash.
C.B. a la Spirite Corsets—Specially adapted to stout figures. Less 10 per cent., with 10 per cent. for cash.
Warner's Rust Proof Corsets, \$2 and \$2.55. Less 10 per cent., with 10 per cent. for cash.
Ferris Waists (Summer weight) for Ladies, Misses and Children, also Suspender Waists and Skeleton Waists for Boys and Girls. Less 10 per cent., and 10 per cent. for cash.
Odds and Ends of Corsets, irregular sizes, at Half Price, with 10 per cent. for cash.

Black Dress Goods

Special table of Black Silk Grenadines, Fancy Wool Voiles, Fancy Crepe and Fancy Granite, from \$1 to \$3, to be sold at 33 1-3 per cent. off, less 10 per cent. for cash.
Dress and Skirt Lengths of Black All Wool Llama, also a few Dress Lengths of Black Wool Henrietta. Less 20 per cent., and 10 per cent. for cash.
All this season Black Silk and Silk and Wool Grenadines. Less 20 per cent., and 10 per cent. extra for cash.

Fancy Goods and Embroidery Department

Fancy Linen Taffeta Cushion Covers, in terra cotta, green, blue, and pink, 33 per cent.
Cluny Lace Centrepieces, Doilies, Runners, Table Covers, 10 p.c.
White Blouses (heavy and handkerchief linen), 33 per cent.
Irish Linen Costumes, assorted patterns, from \$11 to \$22, less 10 per cent.

Millinery Department

Increased Reductions on the following lines, viz:
Trimmed Millinery, 20 per cent., and 10 per cent. for cash.
Untrimmed Shapes, 20 per cent., and 10 per cent. for cash.
Linen and Embroidered Hats, 20 per cent., and 10 per cent. for cash.
Children's Muslin Hats and Hoods, 20 per cent., and 10 per cent. for cash.
Children's Silk Hats and Hoods, 20 per cent., and 10 p.c. for cash.
French and English Flowers, 20 per cent., and 10 p.c. for cash.
Novelties in Lingerie and China Silk Waists just to hand.

Clothing Department special for boys

Boys' Washable Suits, in sailor style, new colors; our best makes; sizes 3 to 6 years; prices \$2.25, \$2.75, \$3 and \$3.50, less 50 p.c.
Boys' Shirt Waists and Blouse Waists, well assorted colors; sizes 7 to 13 years; prices, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50, for 50c each.
Boys' Scotch and Irish Tweed 3-piece Suits, D.B. coat, straight pants, colors brown and gray checks and plaids; sizes 29 to 33; prices \$7.50 to \$10.50, less 50 per cent.
Boys' Scotch and Irish Tweed 2-piece Suits, straight pants, Norfolk coats; new colors, good fitters; sizes 25 to 34; prices \$7.50 to \$10.50, less 50 per cent.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS.

HENRY MORGAN & CO.,
MONTREAL

An Outline in Argentina

A fortnight ago this journal contained a startling article on Radicalism in Latin America, relating how priests and nuns were daily being insulted by Freemasons, Socialists and Liberals on the streets of Buenos Ayres, at the instigation of sensational Radical newspapers. The sequel has come sooner than we thought. El Porvenir, of Chile, has just reached us, and contains a series of startling despatches from Buenos Ayres, Argentina. These summarized state that on the day that issue was printed a demonstration of Freemasons, Socialists and Liberals was in progress, the participants numbering from 8000 to 10,000 persons; that violent harangues were being made and vicious threats against priests and nuns. Another despatch added that the vigilantes had been ordered out, that the churches and convents had been placed under police guard, but that the manifestants were preparing to attack and plunder them.

The Radical elements did not fail to act as threatened. The Southern Cross of Buenos Ayres, writing of the demonstration, states that "some of the manifestants carried banners inscribed, 'We Demand the Separation of Church and State,' 'Drive Out the Priests and Nuns,' 'We Demand the Suppression of Convents,' and similar. The chief of police ordered the marching mob to disperse. The answer was a shower of stones hurled at the police. Then the police charged. A female who was reclining on one of the seats urged the manifestants not to give in to the police, who were pursuing the mob from all sides—from the sidewalks, from the streets, from the paths in the plaza. Whilst passing before the cafe, Rivadavia, 2781, one of the vigilantes was insulted, and whilst he was attempting to enter the premises in order to seize the guilty one, Sr. Ernesto Taquini, sub-commissary of the eighth section, arrived along with a vigilante on foot. Sr. Taquini ordered the mounted policeman to withdraw, and whilst the latter was about to obey, some person from inside threw a sifon at him, and all at once a report rang out. A revolver bullet hit the left pocket of Sr. Taquini's waistcoat, which contained his watch. The latter was the means of saving the owner's life, inasmuch as the bullet, which would have entered the stomach, lodged in the lid of the watch. Soon after several other shots were fired by the police, and probably by others, some in the air, but certainly not all. For the time being the tramway service was at a standstill. Three persons were wounded and conveyed to the Asistencia Publica.

Meanwhile the vigilantes learned that other manifestants were marching towards the convent of the Good Shepherd in Caballito, and he at once ordered Sub-commissary Quiroga to start for the quarter which was menaced. The manifestants in question, who went in small groups, succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the police in the Plaza Once, but they were dissolved while en route for Caballito, by armed vigilantes stationed at the corners of the streets. However, a considerable number of the Liberals succeeded in reaching B. Mitre and Hidalgo, and started for the Buen Pastor (Good Shepherd Convent); but shortly after crossing the railway bridge they were stopped by a detachment of the mounted police, whom they stoned in return for their courtesy. However, the vigilantes by the use of the flat side of their swords, soon dispersed the manifestants and prevented them from reaching the convent. As some other smaller groups continued to pour in, Sr. Quiroga ordered two coaches loaded with policemen to take up position near the bridge of the Western Railway and not allow anyone to pass. In this manner the manifestants had to abandon their foul intentions, which were probably to wreck the convent and harm poor, defenceless nuns who devote their lives to the service of others. Some rowdies attacked the Sion Chapel, situated in Calle Mitre, between Bilinghurst and Bustamante, but they were driven back by the policemen on guard, and rapidly dispersed in all directions on the arrival of some of the mounted police. Their flight, which might be compared to a kind of evaporation, prevented any arrests.

"Had the attack succeeded," says the Southern Cross, editorially, "it would have been an eternal blot on the chivalry of Buenos Ayres, for it would have exposed to brutal insult and nameless violence the nuns of the Good Shepherd—known and honored the world over as a glory to their sex—many of them being gently born and nurtured ladies who have forsaken the paths of all luxurious ease, and all worldly desire,

and all exquisite art, to devote their stainless lives to the work of lifting up and saving, in wonderment and tenderest love, the souls of fallen women!" As all just men see it here in the United States, the whole demonstration and attempted attack was infamous—Catholic Sun, Syracuse.

SUMMER FAG.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Best Tonic for Summer.

The long, hot summer thins the blood, and leaves you weary, worn and wretched. Nothing can cure that summer fag except Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—because they actually make new blood and thus strengthen every organ and every tissue in the body. Every dose fills you with new strength, new energy, new life. Purgative pills only weaken you more. Common tonics only stimulate for the moment. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood, and nothing but good, pure, rich red blood can brace you to stand the summer. That is why you should take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills now. Mr. W. J. Norfolk, White Horse, Yukon Territory, says: "I am thirty-nine years of age and have been an athlete who scarcely knew the meaning of illness. Last year, however, my health gave way. I became nervous, did not sleep well, and grew as weak as a kitten. It seemed as though I was completely worn out. I tried several so-called tonics, but it was only a waste of money, for they did me no good. Finally I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they put me on my feet again, and gave me new health and strength."

Every weak and easily tired man and woman will find new health, new strength and new energy through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They cure all blood and nerve diseases like anaemia, nervous exhaustion, headaches and backaches, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism and the special ailments that afflict most growing girls and women of mature years. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Why Build Churches.

(By Bishop Conaty.)

The spirit of the age is not a church spirit. In fact, the question is often asked, "Why build churches at all; why not spend this money for the poor?" The inquiry is not a new one; it goes back to the days of Christ and recalls to us the question of Judas in the house of Simon. The church is the outgrowth of the will of Christ by which men are instructed in their duties to God and under the roof of which the sacrifice which Christ made on Calvary is daily offered on the altar by the priesthood which Christ Himself established. The worship of God is the duty of our nature. The manner of that worship is determined by the will of God in revelation to men. As creatures we are bound to worship, acknowledge God's dominion over us, and our dependence upon Him.

The old law taught sacrifice which was to be offered in places made sacred for that purpose. The new law brought the fulfilment of all the types and figures of the old law and the perfection of sacrifice was in Jesus Christ the Redeemer. His will is the norm of man's action. His law demanded man's obedience. He saw fit to gather about Him His disciples, to build what He called a church which was to be the teacher of mankind. He constituted His Apostles the priests of the new law and He bade them do in commemoration of Him that they saw Him do at the last supper, the night before He died.

The Christian Church for nigh unto twenty centuries has found its place in all nations, under all skies, near the homes of all mankind. In it, men have heard the call of salvation; in it they have drunk the waters of eternal life; by it, they have received the pardon of God for their sins, their minds have been illuminated, their souls strengthened and their lives sanctified by the grace of Christ's redemption which has come to them through the instrumentality of the Christian Church. It has been the perpetuation of Christ's divine mission, it has been the teacher and civilizer of mankind. It has made men good, it has filled their lives with the hope of happiness and made possible for them to enjoy on earth the only true happiness which comes from the fullness of the knowledge of God.

The church is built because in the providence of God, Christ willed that

it should live among men as the teacher of men's lives. It stands as an expression of man's faith in God and in Jesus Christ, His Son, and as the inheritor of the deposit of divine faith which Christ gave to His apostles. To build an altar to the living God on which shall be offered from the rising to the setting of the sun the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, is, indeed, an act worthy of man's love and generosity. It calls men to the service of God and inspires them to love one another, it confers consolation and aids the poor, it teaches love of the brethren and encourages men to work unselfishly for the benefit of one or the other and all for the glory of God. The church stands as a beacon light of hope and consolation, the guide of life, and the friend of humanity.

Foundress of the Daughters of Mary of Namur.

Rome, May 19th.—On Sunday afternoon, 18th instant, His Holiness Pius X. came to St. Peter's to venerate the Beata Julia Billart, Foundress of the Daughters of Mary, of Namur, Belgium. The Beatification had taken place in the morning, with the grand ceremonial which accompanies this great act, and in the presence of the following Cardinals, of Holy Church:—Their Eminences Vincenzo Vannutelli, Rampolla, Gotti, Ferrata, Macchi, Vives y Tuto, and Cagiano de Azevedo.

The coming of the Pontiff in the afternoon was witnessed by an enormous gathering of Romans and Italians and strangers from many lands. In the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament the following Cardinals awaited him: Their Eminences Serafino Vannutelli; Casazza, Casali del Drago, Rampolla, Di Pietro, Gotti, Ferrata, Samminelli-Zabarella, Martinelli, Gennari, Nocella, Cavichioni, Taliani, Merry del Val, Macchi, Della Volpe, Vives y Tuto, Tripepi, Cavignani, and Cagiano de Azevedo.

His Holiness, after a brief prayer here, ascended the Sedia Gestatoria, and the noble and grandiose procession moved slowly forward to the altar of the Chair of St. Peter at the extreme end of the apse, which was illuminated by many hundreds of electric lights. As he was borne along he blessed the people from the height of the Sedia on each side of the passage along which the procession went.

The choir chanted hymns appropriate to the occasion, amongst them being the Hymn of the Beata; and the "Oremus" of the new Beata was read by Monsignor Thomas Louis Heylen, Bishop of Namur, in Belgium. The Blessed Sacrament had been exposed upon the altar. The "Tantum ergo" was sung by the choir, and the same Bishop gave Benediction. The customary gifts were then given to His Holiness, consisting of an image of the Beata printed upon white silk adorned with a golden fringe, her "Life," richly bound, and a Relic of her, enclosed in an artistic reliquary; besides these, a great bunch of artificial flowers tied with a white silk ribbon. A copy of the Life of the Beata Julia Billart was also given to each Cardinal; and other persons associated with the Beatification received images of her.

Amongst those present were the members of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Vatican; of the Roman nobility; the Commanders and Cavaliers of the Order of Malta, and many other distinguished persons. Here also were the sisters and niece of the Pope; and in a special place of honor the Daughters of Mary of Namur. Other Beatifications are to take place on the Sundays of May.

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An Irish-American Senator

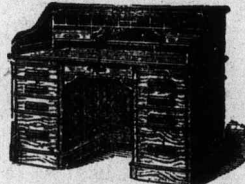
James P. Clarke, Senator from Arkansas, is an Irish-American, a son of a Catholic Irish mother, and father who lived in Yazoo City, Miss., where the present Senator was born and reared, says the Memphis Catholic Journal. The little education which Senator Clarke received, except that which he obtained from his own labors, was received in a private Catholic school conducted by Miss Helen Kearney in Yazoo City, Miss.

Senator Clarke is a thoroughly self-made man. He never had any assistance in youth, his father dying when he was a boy. His rise in life is due entirely to himself. His early education was received at a printer's case. The money to obtain a finished education was saved from his earnings on the Yazoo Herald. After graduating from the University of Virginia he returned to Yazoo City, which had a population of about 1500.

When the Irish-American Clarke was asked in ridicule by the sons of the rich men in his vicinity what he intended to become, he answered, "A United States Senator." He has achieved the hopes of his early ambition, although when he expressed them no one but himself ever dreamed that they would be fulfilled.

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- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land as each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

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Montreal, 1st May, 1906.
M. J. MORRISON,
Atty. for Plaintiff.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1906.

SC
BY

CHAPTER XX

Count Vladimir met site a restaurant one and hurried him once its cool shade.

"From your elegant said he, 'I judge that to call on the charm. But pardon me if I act rashly in pey on an empty stomach. not favor the divine me to put you in bett

The politician did not at the count's rally. an indefinable something which hurt him.

"You have not ch place," said Florian, a restaurant. "It is a tablishment."

"Wait and see. This gem, but when it becom the city will bow to it. You shall have a soup whose flavor no other you will talk to Merrio. What a lucky fellow, high in her favor, and time to be adored by I fair daughter! I wish choose between them o give me an opportu place."

"Your special line of Florian, flushing in epi "is not apt to be encour quarters. You are not

"I know that, but w men the world over. stand in my light I ac can do nothing; but gi field, remove your Jup side or the other, and is not as good a thief do you daily so much? in doubt take my adv Barbara. The divorce pleasant, but it will de quickly and quietly."

"The divorce court! rian. "That sounds q you, who are a Catho tion at least."

"I am speaking to the count answered, "I no difficulties are allow where his ambitions a All your good geni u choose Barbara. You of divorce yourself man Florian did not atte the assertion, only sayi taking too much for gr I cannot see any vel for such a step."

"No?" The tone ironical. "First of all, ing woman appreciates ly, she has become a C you desire the thirdly, exists, although you ca "Thank you, no," hardly able to conceal h "You have a Parisian 'You will not be unders prelated in this country year."

"These are the days innocence," sneered the the republic has usurped of the world. Well, we Florian, but when you throw it off let me kn lost so much."

As soon as possible F eaped from his frien feelings too mixed for t on his way to Brooklyn rion was just prepari when he arrived. She hall fitting on her glo ful form arrayed in a carriage dress. He ap his intrusion.

"No, no," said she come in good time. Yo with me, and I shall tel thing to surprise you. "I was surprised once said. "I do not think another of the same kin nimity."

She averted her eyes ous of his meaning. "Your training has no for you. I thought you against surprises. I su are surprised that you surprised."

They went down the carriage silently, no speak for some time. F unnered and discontent ly knew why he was th was something less, som than an ordinary drive, him because he could n commonplace as usual. "How do you like my of utter despondency when the silence had gr eive.

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Count Vladimir met Florian opposite a restaurant one day at noon and hurried him unceremoniously into its cool shade.

"From your elegant make-up," said he, "I judge that you are about to call on the charming Barbara. But pardon me if I think you are acting rashly in paying this visit on an empty stomach. Fasting does not favor the divine flame, so permit me to put you in better condition."

The politician did not feel amused at the count's raillery. There was an indefinable something about it which hurt him.

"You have not chosen a good place," said Florian, surveying the restaurant. "It is a second-rate establishment."

"Wait and see. This is an obscure gem, but when it becomes known all the city will bow to its superiority. You shall have a soup and a dessert whose flavor no other can equal, and you will talk to Merion as if on air. What a lucky fellow, to stand so high in her favor, and at the same time to be adored by De Ponsonby's fair daughter! I wish you would choose between them quickly, and give me an opportunity in either place."

"Your special line of action," said Florian, flushing in spite of himself, "is not apt to be encouraged in those quarters. You are not in Paris."

"I know that, but women are women the world over. While you stand in my light I acknowledge I can do nothing; but give me a clear field, remove your Jupiterism to one side or the other, and see if Mercury is not as good a thief as ever. Why do you dally so much? If you are in doubt take my advice and choose Barbara. The divorce court is not pleasant, but it will do if you work quickly and quietly."

"The divorce court!" cried Florian. "That sounds queerly from you, who are a Catholic, by tradition at least."

"I am speaking to a politician," the count answered, "in whose path no difficulties are allowed to stand where his ambitions are concerned. All your good geni urge you to choose Barbara. You have thought of divorce yourself many a time."

Florian did not attempt to deny the assertion, only saying: "You are taking too much for granted, count. I cannot see any weighty reasons for such a step."

"No?" The tone was slightly ironical. "First of all, this charming woman appreciates you. Secondly, she has become a Catholic. Do you desire the thirdly, etc?—for it exists, although you cannot see it."

"Thank you, no," said Florian, hardly able to conceal his agitation. "You have a Parisian fancy, count. You will not be understood or appreciated in this country for many a year."

"These are the days of primeval innocence," sneered the count, "and the republic has usurped the virtue of the world. Well, wear your mask Florian, but when you choose to throw it off let me know. I can close no time where I have already lost so much."

As soon as possible Florian escaped from his friend, and with feelings too mixed for thought, went on his way to Brooklyn. Mrs. Merion was just preparing for a drive when he arrived. She stood in the hall fitting on her gloves, her graceful form arrayed in a dark green carriage dress. He apologized for his intrusion.

"No, no," said she; "you have come in good time. You shall go with me, and I shall tell you something to surprise you. Or can you be surprised at anything?"

"I was surprised once to-day," he said. "I do not think I could bear another of the same kind with equanimity."

She averted her eyes, half-conscious of his meaning.

"Your training has not done much for you. I thought you were proof against surprises. I suppose you are surprised that you could be surprised."

They went down the steps and into the carriage silently, nor did they speak for some time. Florian was unnerved and discontented, and hardly knew why he was there at all. It was something less, something more, than an ordinary drive, and it vexed him because he could not feel as commonplace as usual.

"How do you like my new mood of utter despondency?" he said, when the silence had grown oppressive.

"I did not know you were a man of moods."

"Because they are not visible to all the world you think I have none. Even the gods can grow sad, and why not I? I am on the eve of matrimony."

She started at the severe emphasis of the words, threw up her hands in feigned amazement, and gasped.

"At last!" she murmured. "Ah! you are not mortal. Death could not have proved you more human! When am I to congratulate Miss Lynch?"

"I did not say it was Miss Lynch."

"Not to-day, but last summer. You could not off with the old love so quickly, unless your moods were equal to a woman's."

"Let it be granted that it is Miss Lynch. I hope you can congratulate her next week."

Another start from Barbara followed this remark, and another gesture of mock alarm concealed it very poorly from his gaze.

"You look sad," said she, "I was sad on my wedding morning. But there is less excuse for men in those things."

"Why?"

"Oh! they are binding themselves to so little. They are doing the thing to 'better' themselves and the 'worse' need never trouble them. I never does. Madame is usually supposed to look after that."

He laughed at her earnest manner and agreed with her.

"Well, mine is a venture where love is only present by deputy, or accompanied by an 'if.' You remember our talk by the seaside?"

"Hardly," pretending to recollect, "I had so many there."

"It does not matter. I asked your advice about marrying Miss Lynch."

"I remember," she interrupted, laughing—"long before you asked about her inclination to marry you."

"My way," he replied, "but not intended to exalt me at any good woman's expense. I think, I hope, that Frances will marry me if I ask her. I have a high regard for her, and regard so easily turns to love."

"Oh! so easily," Barbara said, with a sigh. "But if you are gloomy there is no need of imparting your gloom to me. I am sure I wish you all happiness. You will come through the ordeal unscathed, and you are getting such a woman!—one out of a city-full."

"Might she not be the one woman of the world?"

"For you, yes, poetically speaking. But in these practical days, when you sit on a law-stool instead of a plunging steed, and there are no tournaments except those of the tongue, that fiction is only tolerated. But now you have not asked me to surprise you."

"Your tone implies that I have surprised you."

"You have, but it was not unlooked for. I shall be sorry to lose you from my bachelor circle—so very sorry! And I feel a kind of regret for your change of life. People change so much with marriage."

"Do they? You certainly ought to know. But in my case the change will not be radical. We shall rise to a staller and better footing, like people of the same profession."

"Do you know," she said, abruptly, "that I have completed my arrangements for entering the church?"

"I had an idea you were already in it. You have been so near it in costume and manner this last year that I trembled every day to hear you say you were a Catholic. At the present rate of progress you will fight shy of it for many days to come."

"Two weeks from to-day I shall be a Catholic."

"Fourteen days are a long time passing," he said lightly. "I shall hope for a répit. The church will ruin you."

"You are bound never to consider me serious in anything I say or do," she complained, with a gentleness that touched him. "It is my punishment. I suppose. Never having been serious till now, my seriousness is taken as a joke. Is there anything preposterous or funny in a butterfly's attempt to save its own life?"

"You are too humble, Mrs. Merion, and I too careless and selfish. I am glad of your conversion. I hope it will content you. There are many trials for a convert. Do you suffer no opposition?"

"None. If I choose to be a fire-worshipper Mr. Merion would not say a word. I find the only opposition from Catholics."

"Do not construe my actions so,



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because I cannot encourage you cheerfully. I prefer to think of you as I knew you first, not under the shadow of this change. Here is a reason why I am gloomy. We both change, and the old selves are dying. I shall propose this very day," he added.

"Then you must have been gently paying the way to this," she suggested. "Your mine is ready; the match needs but to be applied."

"It has been ready this many years. When two people have lived in the same house a long time they must know each other exceedingly well."

"Yes," she said, sighing again, "they must. If many others had the same opportunity there would be so little bitter talk and thought of the 'might have been.'"

They came back to the house in a sombre mood. They had been talking enigmas during the ride and fencing delicately while suspicious of each other's meaning. There was some evidence of the truth in Barbara's manner, but nothing definite; yet Florian felt one point of the position very keenly, and it was that if he wished to save himself from things which even to his cool fancy looked criminal, the sooner he came back to his common sense the better.

During the next few days he lingered long in Frances's company, eager yet dreading to pluck the flower that grew so near his hand. He had not proposed to her that day, as he said he would; he could not bring himself to do it. What if circumstances should change the state of affairs? What if some one should die? He shuddered at the direction his thoughts were taking, and determined to end the uncertainty by an immediate proposal.

Frances was passing his room one afternoon, and, hearing her light step, he called to her cheerfully to enter. He had fought his last battle with self a few minutes previous, standing before the pure pensive face which hung over the bookcase, and he had turned it to the wall with the intention of removing it forever from his aching gaze when he had won from his new love her promise to share life's joys and trials with him.

"I wished to show you this picture," he said, as Frances came timidly to him. "I am going to put it away forever."

"You know its story," he went on; "every one knows it since Mr. Carter first heard it from Squire Pendleton."

She smiled inquiringly and trembled in secret.

"I have heard it," replied Frances, scarcely trusting herself to speak. "Mr. Carter was very earnest about it, and persisted in telling it more than once."

"Precisely. I know the gentleman and am certain that he told much more than was strictly true. But no harm was done. You did not know Ruth Pendleton?"

"I just met her for a moment. She seemed to be a very sweet girl, and I was glad to hear she became a Catholic."

"Yes," assented Florian; "I suppose it was for her good."

"Will you excuse me?" said she, with a blush which betrayed her fears. "Mamma expects me—"

"I shall detain you so short a time," he interrupted boldly. "I wish you to know the truth of this affair—it was such a garbled story which you heard. Do you not think her face a very strong as well as handsome one? Would you blame a man for loving its owner very dearly?"

"She was so good!" Frances answered nervously. "I thought more of that than of her face."

"She was good, poor Ruth? We grew up together from childhood, and I knew her goodness of heart so

well, and had loved her even as a boy. It was no surprise that when we had grown up I should have asked her to marry me. She accepted me, and but for the difference of religion we would have been married these many years."

"And now that she is a Catholic?"

"Now that she is a Catholic," he said sadly, "we are farther apart than ever. The old love is dead; but we are very good friends," he added, without a trace of bitterness. "I must marry some time," he continued. "Ruth is so much my friend yet that she wishes I would get a good woman for my wife. I am trying to do so. Tell me, Miss Frances, am I deserving of a good one?"

"If you are not," she replied, trembling, "who can be?"

"That is your natural kindness of heart speaking. But how many women would care for a man whose heart was once given to another?"

"You have it back again," she said with unconscious irony.

"But not sound and whole. The first love broke it, and the second love may find it hard to accept second-hand furniture."

"Your comparison is too literal," she replied, becoming more nervous and frightened. He was growing nervous himself, but his determination came to his rescue. He turned the picture once more to the wall.

"It shall never look this way again," he said, "until my wife turns it with her own hands. Ruth could tell you, Miss Frances, that I am a very faithful, tenacious lover. I could not forget her for many a year after our parting."

The conversation had narrowed down to a monologue. Frances was ready to cry and looked helplessly towards the door.

"I am in love once more," he said, dropping his voice to a gentler key, "and the woman I love is you."

The hot blood surged to her face and back again to her heart. He took her hand in his with tender respect.

"I have hopes," he continued, "that my love is returned. May I hope?"

She burst into tears and sobs and hid her face in her hands. He let the storm wear itself out before he spoke again, and a very sweet face she turned to him when he began to assure her of his love.

"I know it," she said faintly. "Do not tell me. I return it all."

"I need not tell you," he said, "what a responsible position you are taking. You have now on your hands an ambitious, hard-working man. How will so gentle a being manage me?"

"You are so willing to be managed; and that is the secret of every woman's control over a man."

"Ah!" said he, with a smile and a sigh, "but not always."

"You can manage yourself during the 'not always,'" she replied; and seeing that she was on the point of weeping again—for the excitement was too much for her—he led her to the door.

The servant was just then entering with a note for him. The note was from Mrs. Merion, and read:

"Ruth has just arrived in a state of mental excitement. You are not to know she is here, but must discover her by accident. Come, by all means, come. Her presence has a meaning for you."

The note dropped from his palsied hands. What bitter irony of fate

IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW

Thousands of women suffer untold miseries every day with aching backs that really have no business to ache. A woman's back wasn't made to ache. Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to help her bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Hours of misery at leisure or at work. If women only knew the cause. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause in the world.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it's not to be wondered that they get out of order. Backache is simply their cry for help.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will help you. They're helping sick, over-worked kidneys—all over the world—making them strong, healthy and vigorous. Mrs. F. Ryan, Douglas, Ont., writes: "For over five months I was troubled with lame back and was unable to move without help. I tried all kinds of plasters and liniments but they were no use. At last I heard tell of Doan's Kidney Pills and after I had used three-quarters of the box my back was as strong and well as ever."

Price 25 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.



READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N.S.

was this? Sinking into a chair, he almost wept from disappointment and rage.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Far away from the clatter of the town, in a deep enclosure of trees over whose tops the river could be seen, stood the convent where Ruth was passing the quiet days of her novitiate. The doubt and distress had long been ended. The blessed certainty of the faith had found a resting-place in her soul. The mournful past lay behind her, a picture with faded outline, and all those incidents and personages which had made up the circumstances of her life seemed no more than the remembrances of a troubled sleep. Everything about the convent life was so real. Where passions lay dead or asleep there were no heart-breakings. The daily exercises, so little in themselves and seemingly trivial, filled up the day with a pleasant routine and made sleep a sweet need at night. Every voice was so soft and low, every sound was music; the recreation grounds were so neat and orderly, and the cheerful stillness which hung over the place consecrated anew the sacred dwelling. It was a spot where a soul came to know itself quickly. She had not been there six months when the grace of faith was given to her. So far away now seemed the world, and so indifferent seemed she to its people, that she took with ease the resolution to retire from its turmoil forever. Oh! the pleasantness of those days. It was the nearest approach earth could make to heaven and immortality, for the heart beat like a clock, and the head was never clouded and regret and superabundant joy alike were strangers. A calm rested on the soul which, without paralyzing its faculties, took away the wear and tear of the machine.

One person Ruth could not forget. Paul Rossiter had so closely identified himself with her conversion that every prayer of thanksgiving for the grace besought a benediction for him, and no face looked out more strongly than his from the misty past. She saw him always as she had seen him in their walk from the cathedral, with his eyes uplifted and the moonlight shining in their clear depths. She spoke of him often to the lady-superior, perhaps with more enthusiasm than was necessary, for her confidences were received with smiling reserve. As the months passed Ruth found her gratitude to the poet taking a deeper hold on her heart. Self began to fall away by degrees under the friction of daily prayer and mortification. Her enthusiasms began to diminish in number and intensity. The first hot fervors of the convert died away into the healthier and more sustained regularity of the established Catholic, and with this new feeling came the first intimations of the fact that God had not called her to the spiritual life of the convent. How such a thought fastened in her mind she could not tell, nor when it began, nor why she should continue to entertain it. She was in love with her convent, there was no attraction in the world for her, marriage she never thought of, her literary tastes could be more easily gratified where she was; yet into her spirit, day by day, farther and farther intruded itself the conviction that she was not appointed to this life. It cost her many tears before she opened her mind on the subject to her confessor. He listened to her story with interest, and was a long time in coming to his decision. When he did give one it was imperative. She must go home and find her vocation there. Very sadly, and yet with some relief, she laid the case before the superior.

"I am not surprised," said that lady, to Ruth's great astonishment, "not so much as you were. Have you ever heard anything about your friend Mr. Rossiter? You spoke to me of him often."

Ruth did not see the connection between the first and second half of the lady's remark.

"No, I have not. I shall meet him some time probably, if he is living. I can never forget him."

"And are you absolutely determined to go into the world? Remember it is quite possible that after you are outside your spirit may change as powerfully as it has on this occasion."

Missionaries Meet.

Address by Rev. A. P. Doyle, S. P.

The interest of Catholic America centered about the Apostolic Mission House at Brookland, D.C., during the past week, where a large number of missionaries assembled to discuss and deliberate upon questions bearing on the growth of missionary activity in this country.

The object of this conference was significant of the pentecostal zeal, breathed into the priesthood of America by Father Hecker—to make Catholic thought dominate the American life and to free the exposition of truth from rancorous discussion and controversy.

The conference was formally opened by Rev. A. P. Doyle, C.S.P., rector of the Apostolic Mission House, at the Catholic University, where the sessions were held. He delivered an eloquent address of welcome to the delegates, saying in part:

"The organized movement, which has for its definite purpose the preaching of missions to non-Catholics, had but small beginnings. That man among men, his modesty forbids me to speak his name, nor need I, he is so well known among you, inheriting the spirit of Father Hecker, at whose feet he had sat, started in a systematic way the professedly non-Catholic mission. The country seemed ripe for the movement, for no sooner had the system been started, than it received popular commendation.

BEGINNING THE WORK.

"The question box was a revelation to Catholic people, for it demonstrated as no other thing could the pervading ignorance of the doctrines and policies of the Catholic Church among the non-Catholics of the country, as it also demonstrated the desire on the part of that same people to know the truth. This was a revelation to the priesthood of the opportunities that were before the Church in this country. Their energy had been so consumed in aiding up the material side and in organizing the machinery of the Church, that for the time being, the great purposes of the Church's existence were forgotten.

"It became necessary in the beginning to repeat constantly and to reiterate with emphasis such fundamental truths as the necessity of preaching the gospel to every creature, and that 'our own' included not merely those who were baptized into the Church, but within the category were comprised also all who would come to the knowledge of the truth and be saved.

"As soon as the system of missions to non-Catholics was fairly launched, we all felt the necessity of co-operative effort. This led to the first missionary conference that assembled at Winchester, Tenn., in the summer of 1901. The fifteen or twenty missionaries who were gathered at Winchester look back to that time and count the hours spent under the Hundred Oaks as some of the sweetest of their lives. The little group of devoted workers seemed filled with a Pentecostal fire. Such enthusiasm filled their hearts that the conversion of America to the Catholic truth seemed to them an easy task. It was at this first convention that the project of a training school for missionaries was first broached. It took the shape and finally culminated in the building of the Apostolic Mission House.

TO WIN, NOT CONQUER.

"The experience of these years has demonstrated that the policy of eliminating all controversy from the subject matter of these missions is the wisest one. The missionaries who have steadily refused to allow themselves to be allured away into rancorous religious discussions, and who have confined themselves to the exposition of Catholic truth are the ones who have met with any measure of success. The motto of this movement is, 'We come not to conquer but to win.'

"The future here is full with hope, and we who are in the van of this movement are full of the energy and enthusiasm of the young life that pervades it. We are here to study the providential work of God in this land, to draw out in detail the story of the advancing Kingdom of Christ among the best people the sun ever shone on. We are here to restate the fundamental principles that give this great work its vitality and to emphasize again and again the non-controversial spirit that pervades it.

THE FUTURE.

"I think that you will agree with us that the time is most auspicious for this gathering. In the beginning, when methods are about to be adopted,

we must get the best, when policies are to be approved we must cast aside the futile and the mistaken ones and make our own only those that will secure results. The missionary movement is at a stage when immediate enlargement and a notable expansion is close at hand. Underneath all this stirring of the energies of the Church, there is a divine hand guiding it and shaping its work, though our own strivings be crude and ill-directed. During these days we shall get on the hilltops and see the main issue of our work, we shall appreciate the need of co-operation, and while we work with individual energy, we shall not forget that we are factors in a great movement, and so depend on each other for encouragement and for strength. We cannot find words to express the joy in having you here. We shall listen with reverence to the story of your achievements and we shall catch new inspiration from your words as we have already from your deeds."

PRIEST AND PEOPLE.

(From the Morning Star.)

The people of a parish should remember the following facts, and by so doing they will recognize more fully the bonds which unite them to their parochial institutions and clergy: For them the priest labors to build churches and school. When completed these institutions belong to them, all improvements are theirs; the simple or artistic decorations are theirs. School are built and maintained to give their children a Catholic education, the greatest benefit that can possibly be bestowed on them. The priest himself is theirs. He is ordained for them; he is at their disposal at all times; when they call him in the silent hours of the night, while the world sleeps, he rises from his couch and out into the blinding storm he hastens to them. The horrors of contagion have no terrors for him, nor does certain death frighten him when duty calls him to their bedside. Like his Master he is to give his life to them if necessary. The priest is your steward and your friend. He rejoices with you in your prosperity, sympathizes with you in your adversity, grieves with you in your sorrow. When you are down he encourages you to rise and hope, and reminds you that often the darkest hour is just before the dawn. Every morning he stands for you at the altar. He puts all your sorrows and troubles into the chalice and offers them to the Eternal Father as an atonement for your shortcomings. From his hands comes to you the bread of life. You pour into his ear secrets withheld from your nearest and dearest friends, from the partners of your life—tales of sorrow, remorse, and sin that weigh down your very lives, and when the tale is told he fills the vacuum left with grace and balm and consolation and words of forgiveness, and bids you go in peace and sin no more. Who but he could have taken such a load from you and sent you on your way rejoicing? There is in every parish a large number of Catholics who are continually finding fault with the priest and the priest's actions. How easy to criticize the priest's actions and to find fault with the management of the parish, but how hard it is to get the growers to bear their share of the burdens of the congregation! The people who pay their pew rent promptly are not among the grumblers. The people who contribute according to their means are not among the faultfinders. The people who belong to the church societies, who take part in the fairs and entertainments on every possible occasion, and assist their children are not among the mutters. The people who willingly send their children to a Catholic school are not among the discontents. The people who take into their homes a sound Catholic paper are not apt to make ill-natured complaints. As a rule the surly critics in a parish are "hickory" Catholics, and the farther they are from grace the more fault they have to find. The best way for them to start a reformation in a congregation is to reform themselves.

A FAMILY OF LEVITES.

A few days ago in Pamplona, Spain, says El Ideal Catolic, of Porto Rico, Father Onofre Larumbe y Perez de Munian celebrated his first holy mass. A notable fact with regard to the new priest is that he is a nephew of Father Calixto Munian, and that he has five brothers who are priests and several sisters who are nuns in various convents.

Shoes That Pinch.

If your shoes feel too small—if they pinch, gall, chafe and pain you, and make walking a torture, "Foot Elm" will make you happy.

Contributing Factor.

A review of the factors which contribute to the development of Socialism and socialistic sentiments, would undoubtedly contain some surprises for those who believe that Socialism is created by Socialists. The best work for its progress is done outside its ranks; notably by the indiscriminate condemnation of men and institutions and motives. The recent "literature of exposure" has so increased in quantity, and so developed in intensity and personality, that there is danger of exaggeration, the last result of which is to justify the despair of Socialism and endorse its condemnation of everything. The facts are serious enough. None may question that. But the indiscriminate condemnation of men and universal suspicion of what they do, will carry popular unrest too far, and create exacting standards which no human effort can reach.

It might be of interest, too, to ask whether or not education, with regard to social adjustment, may not, at an early day, contribute in an important way to Socialism. If our institutions are turning out every year thousands of young lawyers, physicians, college graduates, who find few professional opportunities, who are compelled to wait for years before they become self-supporting, because they will not engage in any labor which is below the standard set by their aspirations, may they not find in Socialism an organized expression of their feelings against conditions, and possibly an agreeable field in which to exercise their ability. Germany sees it realized in her large number of educated Socialists. Did not Bismarck see danger in Germany's educated proletariat? A writer in the New York Sun says of France: "The profession of Socialism is an easy step to notoriety, and in France notoriety leads to power. Judging by their public conduct, it is hard not to believe that personal ambition, rather than general good, is the motive which actuates many of the Socialist leaders."—The Catholic World.

There is no Remedy Known to Man that is Better for Sweaty Feet than "Foot Elm."

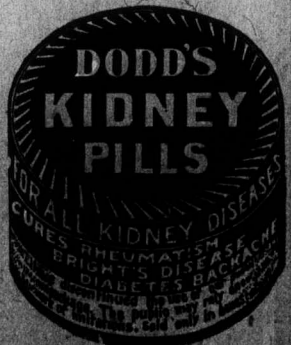
It rests tired feet, cools sweaty feet, and soothes inflamed feet.

WILL REMAIN CATHOLIC.

Bishop Blenk, Archbishop-elect of New Orleans, spoke recently of conditions in his former See in Porto Rico: "Everything is slowly, but surely, coming around all right. The people of Porto Rico have been described many, many times. I have read hundreds of articles written by actual visitors from the United States, visitors who remained on the island for a week or two and allowed themselves to get the impression that they knew all about the matter. I have read hundreds of articles on the wonderful progress that has been made down there by the different denominations since the American occupation. According to the articles which I have read they have done wonderful things; but if you were on the scene of action you would realize how little good they have accomplished and how little harm, fortunately, they have been able to do, and you will allow a Porto Rican to say it. Porto Rico is Catholic and will remain Catholic."

Archbishop Blenk then paid a glowing tribute to the President of the United States, the officers of the Porto Rican Government, and the different heads of the departments. He dwelt at some length on the industrial progress which is gradually becoming a grand fact in Porto Rico, and again referred to the hard and difficult work of the missionary priests who are so earnestly laboring for the faith of Christ.

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Dominion Day

Reduced Fares to
St. John, N.B. 1.00 Peterboro... 8.15
Quebec... 4.00 Toronto... 10.00
Sherrbrooke 3.25 Hamilton 10.55
Ottawa... 3.50 London... 15.55
And all other points in Canada and Return at

Single First Class Fare

Going dates, June 29, 30, July 1 and 2
Return limit, July 3, 1906

No. 1 International Limited, leaving Montreal at 9.00 a. m. daily, now arrives Toronto 4.20 p. m. instead of 4.30 p. m.

MONTREAL and TORONTO

Train No. 7 West leaves Montreal at 9.45 a. m. instead of 9.30 a. m., daily except Sunday making same stops as heretofore.

PORTLAND--OLD ORCHARD.

Sleeping and Parlor Car Service between Montreal and Portland is now running to Old Orchard.
Elegant Cafe Car Service on day trains.

Montreal--PT. LEVI, Quebec.

Parlor Car Service is now running to Pt. Levi on train leaving Montreal at 8.50 a. m. Returning leaves Pt. Levi 1.10 p. m.

MONTREAL-BOSTON.

And points in
NEW ENGLAND STATES

TWO TRAINS EACH WAY DAILY.

LVE. MONTREAL 9.01 a. m.

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Cafe-Parlor cars and through coaches on day trains. Sleeping cars and through coaches on night trains.

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CHEAP TRIPS.

Toronto... \$10.00 Hamilton... \$10.65
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Moose... 2.75 Knowlton... 2.10
and all other points in Canada and east at

Lowest One Way First Class Fare.

Good going June 29th, 30th, July 1st and 2nd.
Good for return until July 3rd, 1906.

SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE

On Monday, July 2nd, an extra train will leave Montreal at 5.15 p. m. for Montreal, stopping at intermediate stations to St. Jerome, arriving Place Viger at 10.30 p. m. Train due to leave Montreal same day at 4.00 a. m. will be cancelled.

NEW MOTOR CAR SERVICE

MONTREAL--VAUDREUIL

and intermediate stations.

Leave Windsor Stn. Ar. Vaudreuil.

9.10 a. m. 10.00 a. m.

11.40 a. m. 12.30 p. m.

3.00 p. m. 3.50 p. m.

Leave Vaudreuil. Ar. Montreal.

10.20 a. m. 11.10 a. m.

1.30 p. m. 2.20 p. m.

4.15 p. m. 5.05 p. m.

This new service will be daily, Sundays excepted.

OTTAWA TRAINS

7 TRAINS A DAY EACH WAY

LEAVE WINDSOR STATION

8.45 a. m., 9.40 a. m., 10.00 a. m.

10.00 p. m., 9.40 p. m., 10.15 p. m.

Parlor or Sleeping Cars on above trains.

LEAVE PLACE VIGOR

8.25 a. m., 9.45 a. m.

*Daily, †Daily except Sunday, §Sundays only.

MONTREAL--OTTAWA--SLEEPING CAR

Sleeping Car is attached to train leaving Windsor Station daily at 10.15 p. m. At Ottawa passengers for Montreal may board car any time after 9 p. m. and remain in sleeper until 9 a. m.

CAFE PARLOR CAR

BETWEEN
MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

An elegant Cafe-Parlor Car is attached to train leaving Place Viger at 8.55 a. m. daily except Sunday for Quebec.

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Next Post Office.

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MONTREAL-TORONTO LINE—Via

Thousand Islands and Rochester, N.Y. Steamers leave daily except Sundays, at 2.15 p. m., from 2nd June.

MONTREAL-TORONTO-HAMILTON

LINE—Via Thousand Islands and Bay of Quinte. Steamers leave on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 2.30 p. m.

MONTREAL-QUEBEC LINE—Steamers

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SAGUENAY LINE—From Quebec,

Tuesdays and Fridays at 8.30 a. m.

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Our yard wide BLACK TAFFETA SILK, chiffon finish, is one of our special importations, and we are proud of it. You would pay \$1.00 for this quality. Special 74c

More 75c Shot Taffeta Silk for 45c.

Hundreds of people have bought of this wonderful Silk, and yet so great was the quantity bought there is ample for hundreds more. Have you seen it? 'Tis the greatest value on record. Finest quality Shot Taffeta Silk, scores of color combinations, and a regular 75c value. Can you resist buying some at the special price? 45c

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Such Towel bargains are sure to meet with a hearty response from economical housewives.

HEAVY IRISH HUCKABACK TOWELS, hemmed, size 13

x 32 inches. Price, each 45c

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border, fringed, best Irish make, size 20 x 38 inches. Price, each 19c

VERY LARGE AND HEAVY ROUGH RUB TOWELS, all linen,

fancy border, suitable for bath, size 22 x 45 inches. Price, each 14c

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